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CLOTHES FOR THE CO-ED

Early Spring and the Tailored Suit
by BEE FERRING

Spring is dawning upon the fashion world, and our campus is no exception. Fashion-wise co-eds are bringing out sun socks and brown and white shoes, and have their eyes set on Easter clothes, although that fashion holiday is several weeks away.

My word to doubtful shoppers is: Begin the Spring with a man-fashioned *tailleur*, precisely correct and faultlessly tailored. Then have fun selecting your hat and shoes and bags. Be sure to choose them for color, drama and flattery. A top-coat will also add to the success of your 1936 *tailleur*. You may be serious and somber in choosing your suit, but be gay in selecting your accessories.

Your suit will be thirteen or fourteen inches off the ground, the skirt generally straight, but often pleated. The jacket may be fastened once at the waist, or may be a loose box coat stopping at the hip. There are also finger-tip, mess, and bolero jackets to add variety to the spring scene.

Other new notes for suits include suspenders and zipper closings on skirts.

* * *

Up to the minute in this suit mad world is Miss Helen Lipp, who wears an attractive grey and white chalk-striped suit. It is the type fastened at the waist by two tiny buttons. She has a grey coachman's coat of the three-quarter length type to complete her ensemble. An interesting feature of this topcoat is its velvet lay down collar. Miss Lipp usually wears a white pique blouse and grey accessories with the suit, but she says that a tomato-red blouse and hat perk up the outfit tremendously.

Another smart suit which attracted my attention the other day is a blue flannel worn by Miss Mary Ann Wilkerson. It is double breasted and very tailored. Over it Miss Wilkerson wears a powder-blue tweed topcoat. Blue hat, shoes and gloves to match, complete her ensemble.

Miss Martha Ann Nicholson may be seen about the campus in an ultra-smart topcoat of camel's-hair in a natural tone, hanging from her shoulders. The best thing about Miss Nicholson's coat is the fact that its beautiful neutral color can be combined with anything her heart desires—blues, browns, blacks or other colors.

Miss June Pentland wears an interesting variation of the suit mode. It consists of a grey wool skirt and a three-quarter length coat of grey with

a wine check thread woven through the material. Her coat is fitted at the waistline, but flares toward the knees. A wine colored leather belt, wine ascot, and grey accessories make her ensemble quite chic.

* * *

At this time of year, too, we co-eds enjoy a new silk dress to add to the depleted winter wardrobe—a date dress to wear under coats. Your dress will be printed, or perhaps a dark blue. The material may be of dots, flowers, circles or squares—any are good—or it may be silk and wool combined.

In this group of prints, we place Marian Hyman's jacket dress. The colors are turquoise blue and wine, the figure, little squares. The dress is quite complete without the jacket, with short slit sleeves, silk belt, and flowers at the neck. The belt has an interesting buckle of wine leather. The hip-length jacket has long bell sleeves and a high stitched collar that fastens high at the neck. Miss Hyman wears a turquoise blue felt hat with this ensemble.

Miss Margaret Close wears an attractive brown and white dot dress that also boasts a hip-length jacket. Miss Close has a shiny brown hat to complete her outfit.

Among other interesting new things I glimpsed on our co-eds were sport dresses—particularly Marcia Grocock's natural casho with a novel little watch set in the belt, and Miss Gene Penney's lipstick red wool, trimmed with a tailored white ascot tie.

A charming dark blue crepe-de-chene dress can be seen on Miss Grace Gale; hers also has a jacket of silk material. Miss Gale's dress is brightened by a collar and gilet of white and red checked silk. This material also forms large lapels and deep cuffs on the jacket. She wears blue accessories.

Miss Betty Bohannon has a good-looking pink crepe dress with a brown three-quarter length jacket. The color scheme of this dress makes it very chic.

Miss June Crowder wears a lovely silk print suit in blue, green and white, trimmed with large white pique lapels.

So get busy, co-eds, and try to match your wits with this season's fashion predictions. I'll wager you'll like your Easter outfit immensely if you follow the advice I've outlined.



"Well, Stupid," he says, kicking out a chair for me, "What do you want?"

LOVE, HOT WATER AND FUDGE

by NANCY KEALHOFER

ILLUSTRATED BY HELENE CALLICOTTE

LOVE, understand, is all very well. I get just as weeping-willowly as the rest when I hear crooners croon about moonlight and roses and love in a cottage—the point being that I can be human, too. But that doesn't indicate that I am going to sit idly by and twiddle my thumbs while my only brother, with the help of some imbecilic female, proceeds to make a complete ass of himself.

It's not that Yank doesn't mean well—he just never learns. (We call my brother Yank because he went to school in the East somewhere. Personally, I can't see that the Eastern education was particularly beneficial, because he was still a good egg when he got out.) But it does seem to me that after being stung by as many designing wenches as he has—well, what I mean is that he just never learns. He is one of those people who positively thrive on love, hot water, and fudge—the fudge being the line of pure, unadulterated hoey that Yank swallows so trustingly. He still cherishes the delightful illusion that "this woman is different," and so he always falls whole-heartedly in love with the gal. Then, of course, he proceeds to sort of break up mentally and almost drags the rest of the family down with him by wandering around in a stupor, refusing second helpings at meals and not answering when spoken to—that sort of thing. As a matter of fact, it has become so annoying in recent months that we were forced to do something about it. Which is where I come in.

Yank says I am just naturally a nosey child. At any

rate, I take a great deal of sadistic pleasure in interfering with other people's business—particularly Yank's, because he gets so gosh-awfully mad about it. And so, in order to keep him from suddenly finding himself married to some female that probably wasn't good enough for him in the first place, it became my self-appointed duty to break up any romance that might look matrimonially inclined. And I had a lot of fun, too—messing things up and making Yank dislike me generally. That is, until this new menace came along—she was two other things.

Her name was Sue Darling—and I ask you, what chance has a man got against something like that? Anyway, Yank, being Yank, took a hard fall for her, although I must admit that I didn't notice the symptoms for quite some time. I suppose that was because I was enmeshed in a soulful love affair of my own with Toby Cavanaugh at the time. There isn't any particular need to describe Toby—he was the typical All-American youth. But I thought he was wonderful, and so engrossed was I with his charm that I became more or less blind to what was going on around me. But it was at the Fourth-of-July dance at Allison that I really took it on the chin.

Since it was the Fourth of July, everybody was raising particular whoopee, and by 11 o'clock I was beginning to feel as though I had a saxophone stuck in each ear. Through the general confusion of the mob, and the particular confusion of trying to follow Toby in a rumba while he was whispering sweet noth-

ings in my shell-like ear, I still managed to notice that my erstwhile lover was staring fixedly at someone over my right shoulder.

"It isn't very flattering," I told him crossly, "to have you eying some other gal when you are in the throes of making violent love to me."

He didn't answer me—even his gaze didn't swerve. Figuring that this girl must have a lot of what it takes, I turned around to look myself—and darned near swooned.

Although his back was turned to me, I recognized Yank immediately by the peculiar manner in which he sort of lopes across a dance floor. But what nearly caused me to do the vanishing act was one glance at the little gal that he was dragging around. She was little—downright tiny, in fact—and she seemed to be clinging to Yank's bosom as though she were on the verge of collapse. You just knew instinctively that she was made to cling to men's bosoms. She was wearing a lot of ruffles, too—the kind of a dress that anybody else would have looked stupid in. But she didn't—I will say that for her—and she was looking up at my brother with some huge blue eyes that were all mixed up with that expression of pure adoration that most of us girls save for those moonlight and honeysuckle scenes. Honestly, you could just see the pedestal rising under Yank's feet. I wondered idly if the girl just didn't know better. Then I took a second look and decided that it really didn't matter because the result was the same anyway—Yank was feeding his love-starved soul on the very sight of her, and he looked as if he were going to ask for her hand in marriage right there before God and all those people.

"Toby," I asked in a strangled voice, "who is she?"

"Huh? Who?" Then he caught himself and grinned at me. "You got me there, baby," he said, his eyes wandering back to the gruesome spectacle, "but if you find out, dont' forget to let me know."

The music stopped just then, and I stood in the middle of the floor and glared at him. It appeared that my brother wasn't the only stupid ox among the male sex.

"Come on, Casanova," I said in disgust, "I'm gonna find out."

Yank obviously didn't notice us approaching their table—if he had seen me coming he probably would have dashed off dragging the girl by the hair of her head. Because I may as well admit that Yank has never been very appreciative of my efforts in his behalf. As it was, the two of them just sat there gazing wistfully at each other, absolutely oblivious of everything else. It was positively indecent, but that didn't make any difference to me. However, I decided then and there that this would require very subtle tactics. So I barged up, dragging Toby along behind me, and wheezed coily into Yank's unsuspecting ear.

(Continued on page 16)



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Now your pet wisecracks can get you more than a grin. Here's a prize contest where your funny-bone can tickle your sweet tooth.

Send us in your best laugh-maker. An attractive cellophane wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors will be awarded for the best joke submitted each month by one of the students.

Contributions will be judged by the editors of this publication and the right to publish any jokes is reserved. All Editors' decisions are final.

How about that wisecrack you like to pull? Win a sweet prize with it.

We Have With Us - - -

THE FIVE PROM MAIDS, one of whom will be crowned queen at the annual Junior Prom tomorrow night. All we can say is, we'd hate to have been the judges who were forced to pick the queen from this group.



NANCY KEALHOFER who is appearing in Eliot for the first time in "Love, Hot Water and Fudge," and the story itself, just as good as the title.



BYRON HERBERT, captain of the Varsity baseball team. When we asked him to tell us about the team and its prospects, he protested, saying that while he might be able to play baseball, he certainly couldn't write about it. However, we know you will disagree with him when you have read his article.



DON ELLINGER who makes his initial appearance in these pages in an article setting forth the history and aims of the American Student Union of which he is an active member. Don assures us, though, that it's all straight stuff, and that there's not a word of propaganda in the whole thing.



MARTYL SCHWEIG who departs from her "How It Feels to Be" sketches to give us a new series on the peculiar but joyous happenings of Thyrsus rehearsals. Some of Martyl's work was on exhibition at Givens Hall after being shown at the Junior League for the past two weeks.



ARLEEN THYSON, one of our managing editors, who reveals Thyrsus in print just as Martyl did in her sketches.



BILL VAUGHAN who is getting to be as permanent a fixture in these pages as our own dear Rickey. This month Bill traces the career of a burlesque comedian in "With A Capital A."



KENNETH FOX, whose account of "The Great Rajah And His Art" is based on his actual experiences while working as a reporter for the Kansas City Star. This is the first time Kenny has crashed these pages, but we hope to see him again.

Washington University



Vol. 3

MARCH, 1936

No. 5

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 Almira Stoll
 Lucille Hansen
 Doris Mitchell
 Helen Lipp
Cover by George Engelke

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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY ELIOT
 Skinker and Lindell :: :: St. Louis, Mo.
 Price \$1.00 a year; 15c a copy
 Vol. 3, No. 5, MARCH, 1936
 The Eliot is published monthly except in January, July, August and September
 Entered as second-class matter, under Act of Mar. 22, 1879, at the Post Office, St. Louis, Mo.

TAKE IT FROM



Dear Ed:

June (20 push-ups) Pentland has excited Bill Hunker, or is it the other way around? But both Bill and Harper Allan parted from the Theta at about the same time, leaving June to the S. A. E.'s and Theta Xi's. Hunker has turned right around and has taken up with Katherine Galle, which is typical. Harper has now got Chris Siegmund thinking of Jack Hardaway in the "way-back-when" days. But Chris has been yearning for a campus tot anyway.

The Butler Belles of Kappa Kappa Gamma seem not to be getting as much "catch" recently, so have put their hook and lines back at St. Louis University. The reason for the cooling off here might be explained by the juveniles here comparing notes and discovering that the same terrific line has been handed out to all. There is Todd Hamilton, who thought after his one date with Jeanne that she was too sophisticated. And Jeanne barely seventeen years old. But regardless, Jeanne thinks that Bill Reinholdt is just too cute.

Gordon Sager, editor of last year, and Clark McBurney, poet, et al., were seen at a semi-private club with a blonde who was decidedly not among the campus stock.

Dan Hunter and Lois Stauffer are figuring on getting married as soon as Dan gets a job. Earl Wiley and Jeannette Trice have the same notions. George Lieblang had a second headache when he got the bill reminding him of his ten-minute telephone conversation with Jocelyn (Tad-pole) Taylor from Trenton, New Jersey, at 1:30 A. M.

Does Bertagnolli still park in Forest Park a couple of times a week at noon with that coed?

George Mueller, Fred Varney, and Harper Allan are the backers of that dance on April 9. The girls asking the boys for a change. Sweetheart Herget is booming Bob Hillman as Campus King to be crowned at the same affair. For the K. A. leap year party the men came well "heeled." Instead of the required two feminine dates, many brought four or five, assuring themselves of cuts and not wanting to find out whether or not they are wall-flowers. It's good to be

on the outside looking in, Ed. That Mara-Burns-Skinner triangle is plenty screwy. Jim Mara took Pat Burns to a dance at Westminster and the following Monday his Phi Delt pin was sprouting over her heart. This event caused John Skinner plenty of sleepless nights and has repeated that worn-out refrain, "never again." But now Pat has moved to Nebraska and maybe it was Jim who has been placed on the sucker list and not Skinner.

At the T-Square Tussle, Gus (Always the Gentleman) Snyder lost Virginia Pabst (or she lost him, maybe) for practically the whole dance. Snyder sulked all over the place, but was certain she would turn up when time to leave. Her coat check nestled comfortably in his pocket. At the same brawl, Sou Johnson, S. L. editor three years ago, went around spiling his line on strange girls. But they all thought it a rather nice one. Jack (Big Bad Mansie Wansie) Hewitt persists in calling up Dottie (Reformed) Joslin, telling her he will meet her at nine-thirty in front of school (Miss Hickey's) to take her home. But he should know by now that he only annoys her.

At the Thyrsus Backward Party the better known of the fair sex decided it was their chance to do plenty—so they let down their hair and went to town—including Mary Wilson. And is it true about her saying she thought it was time for her to settle down, and she guessed Harold Clover, ex-Dirge editor, was the one? Grace Gale and Bud Capps still attend the most important affairs together. And from outside appearance he has no rival worries. But Capps continues to worry.

High School romances are still going around and hanging fire . . . Look at Kay Hampton and Byron Herbert . . . and Andy McNealy and Eleanor Wells . . . Kay Jerrue has snared Elliot Koenig's pin . . . Jane (Puss-Face) Ebling remains true to Fred Varney, ignoring the beckons from other collegits . . . Audry Cox and Fred Schaeffer are in that well known trance . . . Jack (Pretty Boy) Carnahan is definitely interested in Sally Sullivan . . . at this writing . . . The first signs of a Quad Romance point to Gene

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THE TOWERS —

W. S. G. A. Rises

Although we dislike to give any free publicity to that organ of the Hearst-like press known as Student Life, we must admit that the chairman of its editorial board, Fred Schuler, certainly started something with his editorial advocating drastic punishment for girls who disobeyed the W.S.G.A. smoking rules. Probably everyone knows by now, as a result of the feature story which the Post-Dispatch ran on the subject, that Fred dismissed W.S.G.A.'s endeavors with stinging satire, urging that it really enforce the rules by hiring a crew of Carrie Nations to go around breaking bottles and things over the heads of offenders. But what they don't know is that the Campus League of Women Voters, W.S.G.A. and all the other women's organizations on the campus, as well as oodles of individuals, want nothing less than either the enforcement of these rules or some kind of definite settlement, and so are most angry with Fred.

It seems that by treating the whole matter in a humorous light in his interview with Virginia Irwin of the Post, Fred gave her the idea that W.S.G.A. is nothing more than a kind of silly organization which presides over such important matters as skiing costumes in classrooms, anklet socks, and other such stuff, thereby dealing a great blow to the prestige of W.S.G.A. The result of it all is that he slinks around the campus somewhat forlorn. Prominent women no longer speak

to him. Groups break up as he approaches. People whisper as he goes by, and all because he only wanted to help.

Another Noble Experiment

But it is not only the editorial board of the rag that is in bad—the Friday staff is in just as much. Its managing editor, Julian Miller, after the way of Student-Life editors, underwent a storm of the brain and decided to put out an issue using only three of his editors (Lack Bloom, Frank Wright and Bill Moore) beside himself without allowing any one else to work on it. The whole thing was to be just an experiment, and so the issue of March 6 was put out by just four men, and the experiment succeeded.

The only thing wrong with the plan was that many of the little dears who had been working on the paper all year became angered, and helped on by Schuler's editorial, said in effect, "Well boo! If he got along without us once, he can do it again," and have refused to work since. Now, Mr. Miller sits at his desk with his three editors and all work feverishly trying to think up plans to get them to return because although they didn't mind that once, they don't want it to happen every time. Miller is reported to have offered to put their names on the masthead of the paper in giant type and also run a by-line with every story, but the girls are said to be holding out for tea and vanilla wafers at 4:10 each day they decide to come around.

So when you see four rather haggard looking individuals walking around school with blood-shot eyes and uncombed hair you will know that you have seen Julian Miller and his three editors who wish they'd

never heard of him and his noble experiment.

As a result of the light we have shed upon the workings of this paper we fully realize that in its next review of the Eliot, Student Life will run us down completely, but we don't care. We are happy in having served the great mass of our readers by letting them know just what kind of a sheet they read every Tuesday and Friday—if they read it.

Attention, Freshmen!

Knowing how you enjoy writing English themes, we have decided to let you combine business with pleasure and tell us what you think of our worthy magazine. We want your criticisms and suggestions; so just go ahead and tell us to our faces. What changes would you like to see in *Eliot*? We promise not to sue anyone for libel and are cheerfully prepared for the worst. There is no word limit for the themes and we will publish the three best in the April issue. So unburden your minds and turn your masterpieces in to your English profs.

You See, of Course

Student Life, in its usual blithe and irresponsible manner, has gone right ahead and in one terse sentence fairly condemned one Mr. Bothwell of the economics department. Said *Between Classes*; "Latest statistics from one of Mr. Bothwell's econ quiz sections indicate that he averages 81 'you see's' per hour." This remark is not only flippant, dogmatic, and irreverent, but is wholly unstatistical, and we therefore hitch up

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—AND THE TOWN

MEMORIAL

To those in final quizzes lost
 In time long past and time to come,
 (Sad souls, from lofty yearnings tossed)
 We write this in memoriam.

As one who guessed in fear and dread,
 Full mindful of the fortune dire;
 Who found remembrance had soon fled,
 Saw yawn the crater, felt the fire
 And trembling on the very edge,
 Beset by things beyond his ken,
 Heard through the sweaty roar of dread
 The scratch of more enlightened pen;
 Who saw the leaden feet of time
 Lift up and swiftly pound along
 And, desperate, with the page begrimed,
 Answers that he knew were wrong.
 To such, the mournful, muted damned,
 Chilled playthings of a morbid fate
 Who, hating cramming, fiercely crammed,
 But late came back the facts—too late;
 Who left on paper stark and bare
 Sad proof of what they didn't know
 And when the time had fled from there
 Arose, and stricken turned to go . . .
 There is no one to give them ease,
 No ear to which their souls can sing,
 Hard, hard, professors are to please
 And we make little offering . . .

How late the seasons grow, how late,
 And students go and new ones come;
 But these let rest in solemn state—
 They well deserve memoriam.

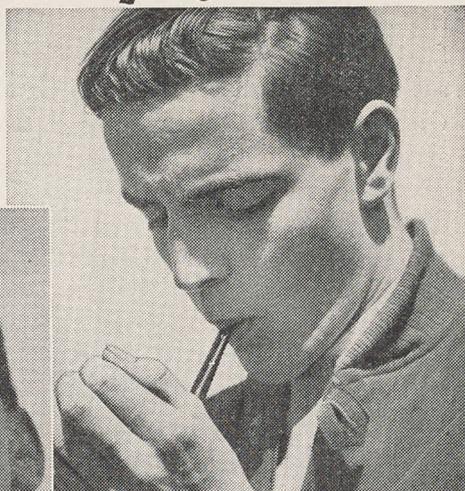
—William Krasner

SLUM

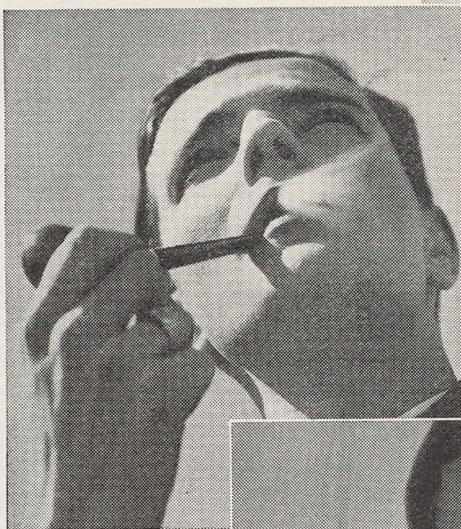
Poverty people, children of toil,
 Dirty faces, swollen hands—
 Lucky if you live your years
 Muddy faces, swollen hands.
 Sound in sleep as if you're dead ones,
 Children grow from underground.
 Women supplicate: "O save us Saviour!"
 Children grow from out the earth.

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GOOD ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE HEEL

THYRSUS INSIDE OUT

Step By Step Over Those Weeks Before the Curtain Rises

by ARLEEN THYSON

PEOPLE may or may not be wondering just how our dramatic organization puts on a play. Perhaps a few Thyrsus members themselves might be interested in knowing how it is done. First there's a committee to select the play, but like most committees it doesn't always function; so the night before the final choice must be made, Mr. Carson and the Thyrsus officers usually run over to Garavelli's to ponder. *Outward Bound*, it seems, was chosen over a bowl of spaghetti. This year's plays, however, had to be selected early because of the season ticket sale. The officers chose *Post Road* and *Beyond the Horizon* at the suggestions of F. Cowles Strickland and Mr. Carson respectively.

In the olden days when only a few people tried out for plays, the would-be actors had to memorize certain scenes before the tryouts were held. Casting was done by a faculty committee. Four years ago, upon request of the administration, Mr. Carson took the position of director and faculty advisor of Thyrsus and installed the Little Theater system of tryouts based on reading. Voice and appearance are also important. "I take the best that I can get," Mr. Carson says. The final tryouts for *Beyond the Horizon* for which scenes were memorized were an innovation this year. Casting is always tentative but changes are seldom necessary.

Many problems arise during rehearsal. One of the present difficulties is getting the whole cast together at the same time. Consequently, rehearsal so far has been of separate scenes. In *Charm*, the first Thyrsus production, Mr. Carson had the nearly impossible task of putting fourteen people on the stage in January Courtroom and in *Three Cornered Moon* Kenneth had to "rush off" and yet be stopped by Douglas before he covered the three steps to the wing. A huge airplane propeller in *Gold Feathers* also caused complications. Someone knocked it down during a rehearsal, and the promptress fainted.

Mr. Carson tries to make the productions as realistic as possible. Last year Dr. Koenig attended several rehearsals of *Three Cornered Moon* in order to teach Wayne Bigler how to faint in a natural way. At present the doctor is instructing Rey Bartling in portraying the symptoms of tuberculosis in *Beyond the Horizon*. Rey must also learn how to die. Thyrsus' most realistic production was *Reunion*, the prize winning English XVI play of 1932. When Jane Blackmer, the prop mistress, became ill, her mother took over her job. Realizing that the play was greatly dependent upon atmosphere, Mrs. Blackmer produced a real Belasco set—complete to the oysters, celery and olives for the formal dinner.

Scenery is another problem. The concrete floor of the Courtroom stage made sets very difficult to brace, but fortunately the new theater will eliminate this factor. Until a few years ago, scenery was built in the basement of Ridgley and delicious odors of glue usually permeated the library. Once a flat was constructed which proved too large to get through the door. So the workshop was moved to Mr. Carson's garage. The greatest trouble, however, was getting people to work. Eight years ago the stage committee consisted of Jim Lucas. On English XVI night Jim completed the set for the final play, *On Jordan's Bank*, while the other plays were being presented.

The stage committee this year is composed of six men, under the management of Harry Johnson and Bill Record. Their most difficult problems in producing *Beyond the Horizon* are the frequent changes from indoor to outdoor scenes and the wall-papering of the farmhouse set. According to Mr. Carson, *Lightnin'*, which called for a log cabin in the prologue, then a hotel lobby with its staircase and desks, and later a courtroom, was the hardest of Thyrsus productions to stage.

Then there's props. Joan Stealey, chairman of this committee, might appear on the campus carrying anything from a Dresden vase to a rusty shovel. The day before the XVI plays she was looking for a dead tree, a pile of rocks, a piece of tin, and a set of genuine antique furniture. Machine guns were required for *Feedin' Souls*, but after the police captain reminded Joan that there is a federal law against carrying machine guns, with a pretty severe penalty, she decided that revolvers would do as well.

Joan has all kinds of troubles. One of the frats promised her their furniture for *Greek Meets Greek*, but on the day of dress rehearsal their mothers' club, which had furnished the house, heard of the plan and refused to allow the furniture to be moved. And the police department lent her the siren needed for *Post Road* only on the condition that she take a stray cat which someone had brought in. Mrs. Stealey didn't want the cat either; so Joan left it in an ice cream parlor, figuring that it ought to be happy there.

Some of the properties which Joan will have to get for *Beyond the Horizon* are a tree, a clump of evergreens, rocks, wild flowers, and a wheelchair. Transporting of furniture and other large objects is one of her greatest problems.

Costuming is often contemporary and comparatively simple, but the costumes committee is sometimes called upon to resurrect a Civil War uniform or a mid-Victorian bonnet. The XVI plays usually pre-

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Bill Record
Test at 8:30



Rey Bartling
as 'Rob'



Andy grows
harsh.



"It's got the stink market
beat!"

'BEYOND THE HORIZON'

MARCH 20th

Sketches from the latest
Thyrus Rehearsals
by

III artyl



1st act

NATALIE
SACKS



last act



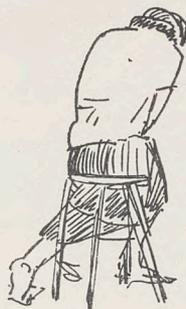
"I Quit"



"You damned Whelp!"
(MR Nodel working up to a climax)



Bill Vaughan
(uncle Dick to Mr O'Neil)



"my God! Andy -
will you stop talking?"



Kay Jerrou as
Rob's mother



Rey Bartling & Natalie
Sacks "Will you promise
not to be angry?"



Bill Record as
Andy



That director look
(Mr. Carson)



Prompter

THE OLD BALL GAME

A Captain Looks Over His Team.

by BYRON HERBERT

BASEBALL is now in its second season since the latest revival, and the current campaign promises to be an interesting, if not an overly-successful one for the Bruin nine.

Coach Gale Bullman will tell you if you ask him, or even if you don't ask him, that he never saw a college team made up of such hitless wonders as last year's crew. Moreover, Gale will say that he didn't have any pitchers last year, that he had nothing but "throwers." He always considered it a moral victory when he didn't have to change pitchers more than once a game. He will tell you that he thought the millenium had been reached when a Bruin batsman swatted out a long foul, but not in exactly these words. You see, Gale is rather new at this baseball coaching racket, and he reckons players in terms of those of the professional Mid-Atlantic League where he played in his younger days.

But, this is a different year. It is March, and March has been for at least sixty years a month of supreme optimism for "the home team." Optimism is hitting a new high on the Hilltop. Bullman actually isn't moaning any more. He sees that his teaching last year is beginning to take effect with the veterans, and that they occasionally do things right out there on the diamond. Gale is getting some help this spring from a former Municipal League player, Harold Hummell, who works out daily with the Varsity. Hummell is assisting Bullman when the latter has to leave baseball practice to go over to the football squad to conduct spring football.

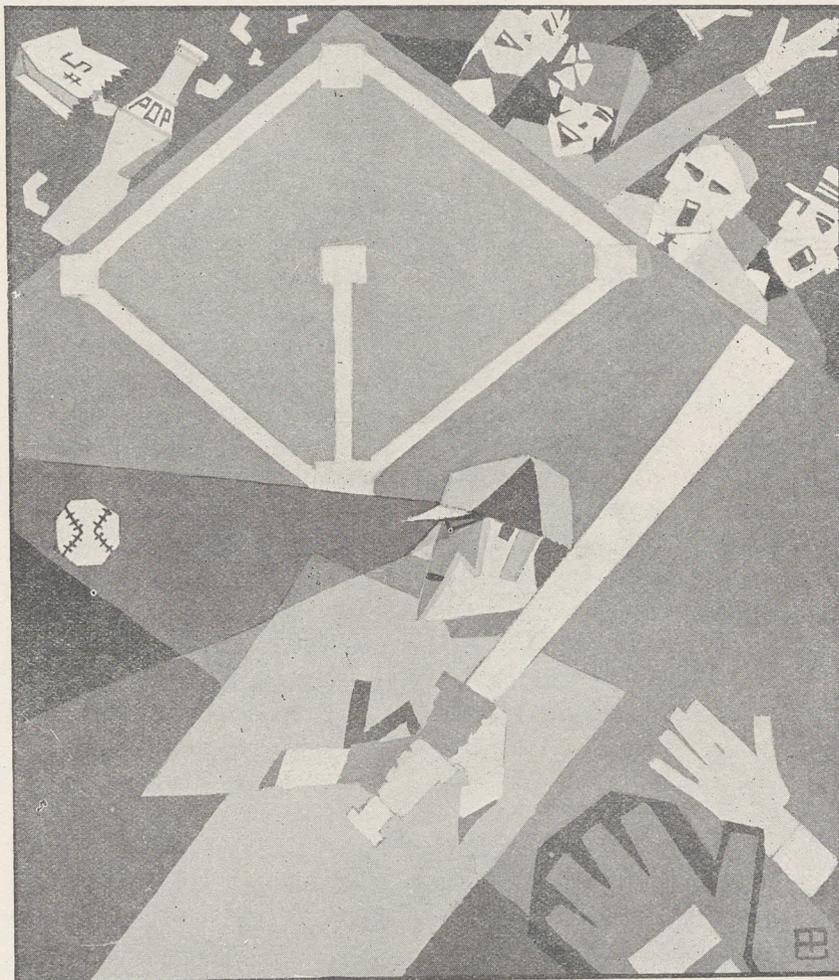
This year's team should achieve a better record than the 1935 team. There are a number of experienced men around which a team can be built. There

are a pair of pitchers, Bill Brickman and Steve Hopkins, who were actually twirling complete games at the end of the 1935 season. There are four veteran catchers. One of these, Alviero Iezzi, is generally considered to be ticketed for fast company in professional baseball. Iezzi is believed to have some sort of verbal agreement with Branch Rickey, Vice-President of the St. Louis Cardinals.

Then there is hard-luck Bill Wolf, who was last year's heaviest hitter and only .300 batsman. Wolf headed for stardom on the gridiron as a sophomore, but never did reach the expected height after he twisted his trick knee. However he can crack a baseball and catch flies with the best of them when his knee will let him. Preston Williams, Ralph Bentzinger and Walter Pattee, the three reserve catchers, are expected to fight it out for the two remaining outfield positions.

In the infield the set-up is highly uncertain. Two lettermen, Dave Blumberg of the educated football toe, Byron Herbert, and Johnny Huffman, a veteran, comprise the experienced infielders. Dave Schade, a legal student, and Vaughn Devine, late of the basketball squad, are both naturals and will see considerable service. Ben Harris, another newcomer, is leading the field at first base.

When discussing the 1936 baseball schedule the most expressive thing that a person can say is that it is a direct antithesis of a Notre Dame football schedule. Washington's diamond athletes play local schools in a great majority of their contests, and have games listed with only two teams from out of the St. Louis area.



(Continued on Page 21)

WHAT IS THE A. S. U.?

The Newest of the Less Conservative Campus Groups Speaks for Itself. Next Month, the University Liberty League.

by DON ELLINGER

It was over! The hectic era of collegiate prosperity, of flivvers and short skirts, of bootleg and jazz, of million dollar stadia and thousand dollar class rooms, was over, cut off in its prime by the '29 crash. As the realization that jobs were becoming scarcer and allowance checks smaller and parental tempers shorter, began to penetrate the collegiate mind a great change came over the campus.

The feeling of isolation from the problems of the world vanished. Medical students began to dread the hour of graduation, since the prospects of profitable practice were obscure; lawyers saw litigation increasing and the place of the young lawyer decreasing in importance; even football players saw that bond selling was on the decline. Several commerce students actually began to worry about their chances. "It's conditions," was the universal observation. But as the first year slipped by and then the second and conditions changed into Depression, an uneasy, uncertain feeling ran through the student body of America.

Financial stringency wrought havoc among the fraternities and enrollment figures tumbled. As the campaign of 1932 got under way, student opinion showed a decided progressive trend. In the collegiate poll, although President Hoover took first honors, Norman Thomas was second!

That same year Japan invaded Shanghai and the threat of foreign war sent a shiver of excitement through the campus. Spontaneous opposition to war danger filled classrooms and fraternity houses with heated argument. The attitude "I'd go to jail first" had widespread support.

The graduating class of '32 left the fold with commencement speeches about the future leaders of America ringing in their ears, to find that the only service they could accord the world was in filling gasoline tanks and waiting on tables. Undergraduates, working their way through, found wages cut and jobs hard to keep. Vigorous repressive measures by university authorities to prevent student discussion of controversial subjects began to occur with significant frequency. More serious raids on academic freedom were conducted by "patriotic" organizations and well known professors were subjected to vicious Red hunts. The trilogy of troubles which destroyed the complacency of the students were those three fundamentals: peace, freedom and a job.

Student organizations, somnolent during the twirling twenties, reacted to this impetus from the outside and again took the world into their cognizance. The National Student Federation, composed of Student Council members, enacted a program of progressive

resolutions on important questions. The national organizations of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. pushed forward into consideration of vital social questions. The League of Women Voters became active in support of peace legislation. Discussion clubs and forums featured the pressing problems and facilitated the formation of student opinion. Sometimes the debates went 'round and 'round so fast that the groups came out nowhere.

The left-wing groups, the Student League for Industrial Democracy and the National Student League, dropped their discussionaire methods and supported direct action by students to push their demands for security and peace.

The continuing depression intensified the difficulties in an economic sense, and renewed drives of the ROTC dramatised the war threat. Nineteen thirty-four and nineteen thirty-five saw students all over the country participating in the greatest and most significant activity in American colleges—the Anti-War Strike. Last year 175,000 took part; at last our young men had begun to care.

From this ferment of progressive feeling emerged a new inclusive student organization to represent student attitudes toward the fundamental problems and afford a mechanism to aid in their solution—the American Student Union. Students, having passed through six years of depression and having had experience in other organizations entered the new union with a wealth of knowledge and realism which was reflected in their program. Gone entirely was the "splendid isolation" of former years. The program, adopted at the initial conference last Christmas, states succinctly:

"In a larger sense, the ends which ASU has set for itself cannot be secured by students alone, nor within the confines of the campus."

The preamble of this same document announces the establishment of the American Student Union "because American students want peace; because they, like their forefathers, are devoted to freedom and equality; because they seek educational and economic security."

On the most acute and serious problem facing the student body today the Union states: "The ASU uncompromisingly opposes the war preparations of our own government. It undertakes to organize the collective resistance of students against the steps which lead to war and in the event of war to the war itself." It supports the Anti-War Strike as a "dramatic, effective, unmistakable statement of our regard for peace." Declaring that the only war in which America might participate would be an aggressive war, the org-

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MARCH CALENDAR

Times and Places for the Better Things

All of March—April 6—The Twenty-third Annual Exhibition of Oil Painting and Sculpture at the Artists' Guild.

All of March—The Special Loan Exhibition of Eighteenth Century Venetian Painting at the Art Museum.

March 16—Ode to Liberty, adapted by Sidney Howard, to be given six nights under the auspices of the League of Women Voters at the Little Theater.

March 16—Dodsworth with Walter Huston to run for one week at the American Theater.

March 18—Jaquelin Ambler on Michelangelo, 10:30 a.m., in a new series, Great Artists and their Times, at the Art Museum.

March 21—Gallery talk on the Special Exhibition, Saturday afternoon 3:30 p.m. by Jessie B. Chamberlain, at the Museum.

March 22—Opening of Alex Yokel's Three Men On A Horse, to run for a week at the American Theater.

March 25—Jaquelin Ambler on Holbein, 10:30 a.m. at the Museum.

March 27-28—Rudolph Ganz, pianist, with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, at the Municipal Auditorium.

March 28—Gallery talk on the French Decorative Arts, 3:30 p.m. by Jessie B. Chamberlain at the Museum.

April 1—Jaquelin Ambler on El Greco, 10:30 a.m. at the Museum.

April 3-4—The Verdi Manzoni Requiem with the Saint Louis Symphony Chorus and Orchestra at the Municipal Auditorium.

April 4—Gallery talk on London, 3:30 p.m., by Jessie B. Chamberlain, at the Museum.

April 6—Opening of a group show given by Artists' Guild members.

April 8—Jaquelin Ambler on Poussin, 10:30 a.m. at the Museum.

April 9-11—Gala Closing Concerts given by the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra at the Municipal Auditorium.

April 11—Gallery talk on Sir Joshua Reynolds by Jessie B. Chamberlain, at the Museum.

April 15—Jaquelin Ambler on Hogarth, 10:30 a.m. at the Museum.

April 16—Opening of Anton Chekov's The Cherry Orchard, to run for 12 nights at the Little Theater.

THE TOWERS AND THE TOWN

(Continued from Page 6)

from one of Mr. Bothwell's econ quiz sections indicate that he averages 81 'you see's' per hour." This remark is not only flippant, dogmatic, and irreverent, but is wholly unstatistical, and we therefore hitch up our pants and come to Mr. Bothwell's defense. As he put the thing to us, it was this way. "You see," he said, "I was giving an unusually intricate explanation for five minutes. During that time, you see, the tabulation was compiled, and the hypothetical total for the hour reached by multiplication." As you see, the whole thing was utterly unscientific, and Mr. Bothwell is vindicated completely.

Herr Moses

Some time ago we read that Herr Hitler's fuzzy-brained cohorts had set themselves to rewriting Martin Luther's Bible. The idea, of course, was that there were altogether too many Jews in the Bible, and the thing must be, so to speak, Aryanized, to fit in with the German belief that "Christ, after all, was not Jewish." The assumption, we expect, is that something will be done about Moses and Abraham and the rest of those pesky Hebrew fellows who are continually popping up. We don't remember reading any kind of

burlesque, satire, or parody on this situation, so it might be suggested to all freshmen and people who like to get things in Eliot that the door has been left open. Quite wide open.

Travel Department

Out in Lafayette, Indiana, where lies Purdue, and where the swimming team recently paid a visit, freight trains go right across main street. This is not too disturbing to the complacent inhabitants of Lafayette, who simply turn off their motors or sit on the curbstone, as the case may be, and wait fifteen or twenty minutes for the caboose. Not so the alert and clear-minded men from Washington. Backstroker Bill Kiessling, who had some friends in a malt shop across the tracks, rushed the train, took hold, and promptly went out of sight down the road. Rescue parties some time later found him seated placidly in the malt shop—across the tracks. He had crossed through an open car, jumped off, and walked back to town.

At Purdue, incidentally, the sex-ratio is eight men to one woman, a fact which is reflected in discouraged male visages. Through our tears we read this one volume-speaking squib from the *Purdue Exponent*: "The Prom is only seven weeks off. All students are advised to get their dates immediately."

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



HOW THE JUDGE
LOST HIS FIRST
PIPE...AND FOUND
IT AGAIN

YOU KNOW, SHERIFF, I'VE GOT THE FIRST PIPE I EVER OWNED RIGHT HERE IN MY COLLECTION! I BOUGHT IT UP IN THE NORTH WOODS IN A LOGGIN' CAMP — AND PROMPTLY BURNED MY INITIALS ON IT



I'LL NEVER FORGET THE SPRING DRIVE! I WAS JUST A KID THEN — ONE DAY I LOST MY FOOTING —



— IT LOOKED AS THOUGH I WAS A GONER!



GOSH, IT'S LUCKY YOU HEARD ME YELL FOR HELP!

HEARD YOU? SAY, NOBODY HEARD NOTHIN' IN ALL THIS UPROAR —



THE BOSS LOGGER HAD SEEN MY PIPE COME FLOATING DOWN THE RIVER — THAT'S WHEN HE FIRST FIGGERED I WAS IN TROUBLE —

A CORNCOB — EH? THAT'S THE KIND I SMOKE MYSELF — LOADED WITH PRINCE ALBERT!



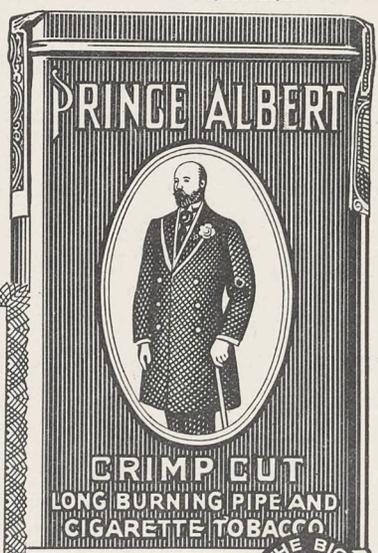
© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

WHAT TO EXPECT WHEN YOU TRY PRINCE ALBERT



It was Prince Albert that popularized the improved, scientific style of cut — "crimp cut." And Prince Albert that brought forward the special P. A. process that banishes all harshness and "bite." It is made from choicest tobaccos and recognized as

the world's leading smoking tobacco. So expect mildness from P. A. and a soothing mellowness. Try Prince Albert on the trial terms given below—100% refund if you're not delighted with Prince Albert. Great for roll-your-own cigarettes too.



OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

"You must be pleased"

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert.

WITH A CAPITAL "A"

by BILL VAUGHAN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES CRAVER

I FIRST met Droopy Drake in 1925 when he came around backstage at the old Star and Garter theatre in Kansas City and asked me for a job. In those days you could get jobs by going around and asking people for them, so I put Droopy in my show, the Jazz Lips Review of 1925. He got the comedy lead when my first comedian died in Denver from a complication of liquor, women, and the high altitude.

Jazz Lips was just another little tab show, but I usually managed to book it pretty regular, and Droopy stuck with me for the next five years. He was a natural for Burleycue, Droopy was. He'd been raised on a farm out in Oklahoma and he was one of those born comics you come across now and then on some farm or on the sidewalks of some and then on some farm or on the sidewalks of some tenement district. A big awkward kid, homely as a young colt, he knew how to put over comedy lines.

Of course, he had a lot to learn, but he learned it in a hurry. "Sockless Sim" Bone, the great-grandfather of all burlesque comics, taught the kid. Sim taught him how to take falls and gave him the benefits of his vast experience in fighting the natural enemy of the burlesque performer—the audience.

Droopy picked up that constant, aimless, loose-jointed jig, and that perpetual, idiotic grin for himself. They became his trademark and he soon built up a following all his own. St. Louis, K. C. Des Moines, Chicago, Cleveland, Denver, and Louisville all got to know him and they all laughed at him. He was a good comedian. He worked for his laughs, and he got them. His humor was the kind you would expect on a burleycue stage and it was the only kind he had ever known. It was the kind they liked out in Oklahoma on the farms, and it was the kind they liked in all those dingy theatres where he brought his jig and his grin.

In Memphis he picked up a coon named Ole Alabam, and he and Ole Alabam worked out a routine that I can still remember. It was about two fellows building a privy, and it was the only act in my show I ever watched. If I just saw that and nothing else I could kid myself into thinking that Jazz Lips was not quite so bad as I knew it must be.

In 1930, Billy Minsky offered Drake a decent salary and he went to New York. He was tickled to death with the chance and he and Ole Alabam worked out

some new angles on the privy routine. Droopy left right after the show one night. He had his day-coach ticket and a new yellow suitcase. He came into the office where I was adding up the deficit, and said good-bye and that he appreciated what I had done for him. I told him good-bye and that he shouldn't take any wooden nickels. He said he wouldn't and I didn't see him again until a little while ago.



He wrote to me now and then, though. At first his letters were all about how he was getting along at Minsky's and how the privy act was laying them in the aisles. He sent me clippings, too. For the first year or so, the articles were all from *Variety* and *Billyboy*, but after that they changed. The first sign of the change was when he sent me his picture clipped from one of

was when he sent me his picture clipped from one of the slick paper magazines. It was taken by one of those birds who specializes in snaps of the underside of a waffle and the Empire State building taken through the burner on a gas range. This picture of Droopy was very artistic and fuzzy and kind of hard to recognize since it was taken from directly above the stage and half of it was taken up by a sand bag this guy had evidently been hiding his camera behind.

Well, I didn't let it worry me too much at first, but I soon saw that the kid was in a bad spot. I started reading in the Broadway columns that the top hat and ermine coat trade was starting to go to Minsky's to see "the new comedy favorite of the sophisticates" who, I was informed, was none other than Droopy Drake. I really got worried about the boy when he started sending me clippings from the class mags. It seems he was being taken up by the intellectuals. A friend told me that Ole Alabam had been shipped back to Memphis.

Just to give you an idea about what was going on, I'll quote what Alexander Woollcott wrote about him in *Vanity Fair*. "Droopy Drake," said Woollcott, "is probably the outstanding artist of our time. With the possible exception of that dear soul, my good friend Harpo Marx, he best expresses the tragedy and the essential futility of our modern world. There is a tear lurking beneath every laugh he gives us. He is the eternal comic. All of human care and trouble lies on those bowed shoulders. Not since that gentle soul, Joseph Jefferson, has the theatre seen his like."

They were all like that and they went on and on

with that "smiling through tears" stuff. He expressed the modern spirit, it seemed, in age-old symbols. His art was directly derived from that of the ancient Greek mimes, and, all in all, he was quite a fellow.

His jokes, which according to the police of several cities were definitely injurious to the public good, were now heralded as Chaucerian, Rabelaisian, or earthy. I had once tried to tell a police judge in Ashtabula that Droopy's humor was Chaucerian and he had fined me \$10 for contempt of court, which was a pretty strong argument in favor of the opposite view.

I was interested in the affair because I hated to see a good comic ruined, as I was afraid he would be. I remembered what the intellectuals had done to Ring Lardner and to Charlie Chaplin, both of them damn good comedians until they started worrying about Art and checking up to be sure they had their full quota of eternal verities in everything they did.

So, when Jazz Lips of 1934 folded up, I went to New York to see Droopy. I had read that he was going to open in a show backed by the Theatre Guild and I was worried. When I got to New York, Drake was out of town so I dropped in on my old friend Sol Greenblatt, Theatrical Entrepreneur. Sol had some of the advance publicity on the show, and it almost made me sick to read it. Mr. Drake's show, it appeared, was going to be quite an affair. It was intended to show the conflict between modern material and industrial progress and the cultural values of the human soul. The action was going to take place in a power house and Droopy was going to symbolize humanity in the grip of a dynamo, or a 20,000,000 watt transformer, or something. It sounded like a clambake to me, and I went out and got drunk.

The next day I saw Droopy, who said he was glad to see me. But he looked pretty worried. The intellectuals had been rushing him off his feet, and when he wasn't being compared with the classic action of a Greek vase he was being asked to symbolize class struggle for some new Thought outfit by dancing his jig and grinning his grin.

We had lunch together and I could see that the arty crowd had really gotten hold of him. When I kind of hinted around about the matter and suggested that he might be losing sight of the fact that he was supposed to be a comedian, he pulled a line that convinced me he was done for.

"Doc," he said, "I'm still a comedian, but a comedian has more of a responsibility to His Public than just to be funny. What I'm trying to do is to express through the medium of my Art, the warm, pulsing, living heart of humanity."

I saw there was no use arguing about it. If a guy says he's going to express the heart of humanity, why, he's going to do it, and it's a pretty hard job to talk him out of it. Anyway, he'd ruined my appetite and I didn't even wait for the apple pie I had coming on my lunch.



There was poignancy in the way he socked Ole Alabam with a 2x4.

Droopy invited me around to some of the rehearsals and, God help me, they were terrible. Perhaps I couldn't appreciate the rest of the show because I felt so bad about the way Droopy was making a fool out of himself. I suppose he was doing his act all right; the others all said he was good, anyway. The only trouble was that he wasn't funny. You see, I remembered the privy act, and I knew the kid had the stuff if they'd only give him a chance.

I tried not to let Droopy know how I felt about the show. I told him that I thought it was great, but I was afraid my voice didn't sound as though I really meant it. As it turned out, however, I needn't have worried. He was pretty sure it was going to be a success and his high-hat friends had pumped him so full of hot air that he was dead sure the show couldn't possibly lay an egg.

So I figured it was up to me to do something if anything at all was to be done. At first I thought I

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LOVE, HOT WATER AND FUDGE

(Continued from page 3)

"Hello, darling," I said.

He turned around with such a venomous expression that for a moment I seriously thought of retreating behind Toby's sturdy frame, but that young man was gazing so soupyly at this other girl that my resolutions were strengthened. So I planted my feet apart and reiterated: "Hello, darling."

Yank finally broke down when he found out that I meant business. "Well, Stupid," says he, kicking out a chair for me to help myself into—my brother is very chivalrous about helping ladies into chairs—"What do you want?"

I achieved a beautifully hurt look. "Well, if you don't want us—"

He squelched me with an icy glance, and proceeded to introduce us to this Darling person. And I must say she knew her stuff—never for one moment did she forget to be a lady. And to top that she thought everything was wonderful—Yank, Toby, the food the music, even me. What I mean is, she was just one big bundle of enthusiasms.

From a few very pointed questions, I gathered that she was visiting the Shelton's at their country place, which, incidentally, is where we always have our big Labor Day party. The Shelton estate is one of those places that simply reek of love and romance, what with gardens and trees and flowers and stuff, and more girls have been proposed to over Labor Day at the Shelton's than at any other one spot in town. As a matter of fact, I had definite intentions of dragging Toby down there and bringing things to a rapid and logical conclusion. However, I could see that Sue might be harboring the same idea about my brother Yank, and that presented a real problem. For I knew that if that clinging vine ever got Yank down there in the moonlight, it would be all over but the wedding bells.

The thing to do, of course, was to mess up the whole affair before Labor Day, or at the least to get Yank side-tracked to some simple young thing that had a career she wouldn't give up, or perhaps an aged grandmother to support. Anyway, I decided to go home and think it all over. So I finally managed to disentangle my great love from Sue, which seemed to make Yank very happy with life, and we departed.

And, so help me, all I did on the way home was to ask Toby if he had a cousin or something that was devoting her life to art, and would she be interested in wooing my brother away from that menace with the fawning eyes, and then it all started. Toby immediately became all strong and protective and started defending poor little Sue against a great big meanie like me—so I got mad. We went round and round for a couple of hours, all because no man would ever think of me as helpless, I suppose, and we ended up by saying good-bye forever. Which, by the way, I



"But Ma, we can feed 'im the scraps."—Kitty Kat.

didn't take as lightly as it might sound. After all, I had been in a stupor over Toby for lo, these many months. Still, I felt very much like a martyr to the cause when I considered that I was sacrificing my life's happiness with the man I loved because of my duty to my brother. But to be quite truthful, I will admit that it was only in my more dramatic moments that I considered it a sacrifice, because I knew that once I got Yank safely out of danger, I could patch things up with Toby and make him see my point. Then there would be the weekend at the Shelton's—and so what was there to complain about?

So I went to bed that night with a comparatively easy mind as far as Toby was concerned. But I did lie awake the rest of the night trying to devise an antidote for that Faith, Hope, and Charity gag. It was along about dawn when I finally thought of Peg, which, the more I considered it, was a positive inspiration.

For Peg was the type that sweeps them off their feet—I was her roommate at school, and I know. She is very sophisticated, and somehow manages to look like a lady at all times. And although she can hold her own in darned near any sport, she still has the ability, so far unachieved by me, to make a man feel that he is a great big protective mass of muscles and she is just a lonely little desert flower that would be trampled on if it weren't for him. Therefore, Peg was the one girl. If Yank didn't fall for her he wasn't human, anyway.

(Continued on page 21)

WITH A CAPITAL "A"

(Continued from Page 15)

would just let his destiny shape his ends without any attempts at rough-hewing on my part, so that the kid would learn his lesson and turn respectable again and come back with my tab shows. As I say, however, I always had a soft spot in my heart for Droopy Drake, and after I thought about it a little more I hit upon a plan that seemed a sure winner. It would not only give Droopy the lowdown on this smiling-through-tears stuff, it would save his pride, and at the same time bring him back to Jazz Lips of 1935 with tears of gratitude in his eyes. That night I wired to Ole Alabam down in Memphis and told him to meet me at the stage door of the theatre on Droopy's opening night. Meanwhile, I scouted around and picked up the necessary props for the privy-building act. They didn't amount to much—just a couple of boards and a hammer.

When the opening night came, Droopy had me backstage as guest of honor. All his new friends were very nice to me. They thought I was quaint.

I hate to remember the first two acts of that show. The lines had been written by a brilliant satirist, the scenes had been painted by a French genius, the music was by a talented young composer, and the cast was capable. In other words, the show was lousy. It almost broke my heart to watch Droopy. He worked harder than he ever had before. Whenever he came off the stage there were beads of sweat on his forehead and, as the evening went on, and he still didn't get any laughs, he began to get a sort of puzzled look in his eyes. He was doing good, but he wasn't funny. Oh, the audience laughed now and then, because they could tell that the lines were very brilliant and if they didn't laugh everyone would think they weren't right up there among the more ritzy members of the *intelgentzia*.

But after a while even the four-flushers stopped laughing, and the whole thing went to pot. I was dividing my time between the wings and the stage door. Ole Alabam was late, and it was well into the third act before he showed up. I rushed him in past the doorman, who stood up and waved at us in a sort of feeble protest a couple of times. We pushed on through the actors and stagehands, most of whom were looking as dejected as a strip dancer recovering from an appendix operation.

The coon and I reached the wings just as Droopy

came off, after what was supposed to have been his big number. It must have been terrible, because the kid looked as if he were going to cry, and the audience was managing to control its enthusiasm very successfully. I saw there was no time to waste. I grabbed Droopy by the arm, shoved the boards and hammer into his hands, pushed him and Ole Alabam out on the stage, and tripped the tenor who was about to make an entrance.

"Give them the privy scene, you blankety blank," I yelled. At first he looked dazed, but finally he seemed to understand and went into the routine even smoother than he used to in the old days.

Now, I don't know much about Art, but that privy scene, the way he played it that night, was the nearest thing to beauty I've ever seen. There was poignancy in the way he socked Ole Alabam with a 2x4; there was human sympathy when he nailed his shoe to the floor; and there was a heart throb beneath the guffaws when he fell through the hole in the seat. It was a great performance, and the audience went wild. They cheered and stamped and laughed until the boys had to take ten encores. Finally they rang down the curtain, and the show was over.

It was quite a while before I could get into Droopy's dressing room. It was thick with people. I was happy, though. Everything had turned out as I thought it would. The kid wouldn't fall for the soft soap of the arty crowd again. I had taught him where he belonged. So, I took my time about strolling around to see him. Finally I figured the crowd would have thinned out, and I went back to have him thank me. As I went in I patted my pocket. I had a contract in there for him, with my shows.

When I walked through the door, Droopy jumped up and came over and shook my hand. "Congratulate me, Doc," he said, "I just signed for a new show."

"My God," I yelled, "don't tell me Minsky got to you first."

"Whaddaya mean Minsky?" he cracked back, "after that triumph tonight do you think I'd go back to burleycue? Gee, Doc, quit your kiddin'."

I got kind of a sick feeling in my stomach then; I could see what was coming. "All right, kid," I said, "don't tell me. I know. You're signed to do a show in which you represent the spirit of the downtrodden masses at war with capitalism. The scenery will be a couple of hunks of beaver board representing modern civilization, and it'll be symbolic as all hell."

"Gee," he gasped, "that's right. How did you know?"

"Oh, I just kind of guessed it," I answered sadly.

I suppose I should have socked him then, but I didn't. I just walked away. I haven't seen him since.

THE FIVE JUNIOR PROM QUEENS

One of these five girls will be crowned queen of the annual Junior Prom Thursday night at Norwood Hills Country Club. The judges who selected them from among fifty candidates were Dean Edmund Wuerpel of the School of Fine Arts, Miss Gerhard of Gerhard Studios and Miss Fitch of Dieckman Studios.

—Photos Courtesy Dieckman Studios.



CASHA BULL
Kappa Alpha Theta
5 feet, 4 inches. 110 pounds.
Brown Eyes—Brown Hair.
Junior in Social Work.
Thyrsus.



VIRGINIA DE HAVEN
Kappa Kappa Gamma
5 feet, 10 inches. 140 pounds.
Green Eyes—Brown Hair.
Sophomore in the College.
Maid at Last Year's
Junior Prom.



JANE MORGENS
Delta Gamma
5 feet, 4 inches. 122 pounds.
Blue Eyes—Brown Hair.
Junior in the College.
Thyrsus, Glee Club,
Chapel Choir.



MARGARET ROSSITER
Delta Gamma
5 feet, 5 inches. 125 pounds.
Blue Eyes—Blonde Hair.
Senior in the College.
Maid Three Times at Junior
Prom, League of Women
Voters, Glee Club.



JANE SHEEHAN
Kappa Alpha Theta
5 feet, 6 inches. 123 pounds.
Blue Eyes—Brown Hair.
Freshman in the College.
Thyrsus.

A Great Rajah and His Art

by KENNETH FOX

Out of a clear sky the Great Rajah—the Great Rajah from Bagdad—blew into town. With his swarthy face, his gaudy turban and his mystic air, he easily convinced many that he was a seer, a clairvoyant and a prestidigitator of the first order. Of tangible evidence he produced little; he merely talked.

But he talked so solemnly and so persuasively that the owner of a local night club, of the kind an advertising copy writer calls "swanky," decided that the Great Rajah was Allah's gift to struggling night club owners. Dreaming of an end to his financial worries, he beamed at the magician, slapped him heartily on the back and gave him a job.

Then, in a fraternal mood, "Doc," as the night club man was known to his bartenders and his friends, said:

"Come on out to the apartment with me. My mother-in-law has never seen any royalty. She'll get a kick out of meeting you."

The Great Rajah bowed humbly and followed his new boss out the door.

"Doc" was right. His mother-in-law, Mrs. Kratz, was elated when the "Pride of Bagdad" walked in the door with his regal, stiff-backed stride. Mrs. Kratz gushed and fawned all over the place for some time and then left her mystical royal guest to meditate on whatever mystical royal guests meditate about. The host decided that a cool shower would be just the thing to get himself in trim for the Rajah's initial appearance that afternoon on the cocktail hour program at the night club.

His bath finished, "Doc" returned to the parlor to see how the "Gem of the East" was getting along. There sat the great Rajah, his face in his hands, his mind with things not of this paltry planet. "Doc" reached for his watch, which he had placed on the library table. But the watch was not there.

"Rajah," he said, "did you see a watch on the table?"

The Rajah shook his turbaned head negatively. Then "Doc" and his mother-in-law set about to search the house thoroughly, but with no success. Growing exasperated, he turned towards the Rajah.

"I think you know where it is," he said, "and you're going to talk!"

But the Rajah was aloof, immobile, silent, pensive. "Take off your clothes," growled the night club man, his face flushing.

The Great Rajah complied. When he had finished, his stolid mien had given away to a look of mingled puzzlement and outraged innocence. An examination

of the magician's clothes proved fruitless. Then he stepped forward, raised his hand and spoke:

"I cannot help you now, but soon my mystic powers will tell me where your watch is."

Unimpressed by this promise, "Doc" pushed the Great Rajah towards a window.

"If you don't tell me where my watch is," he said, "I'm going to toss you out the window. It's ten stories to the ground, too."

No longer calm, the Great Rajah quaked a little and sputtered out that his spiritual allies were bound to go into action any minute now.

"Doc" relented a bit and ordered the Great Rajah to dress. On the way back to the night club, "Doc" heaped a fancy assortment of threats on the Rajah. But this had no effect, and the victimized boss had about given up hope of ever regaining his watch.

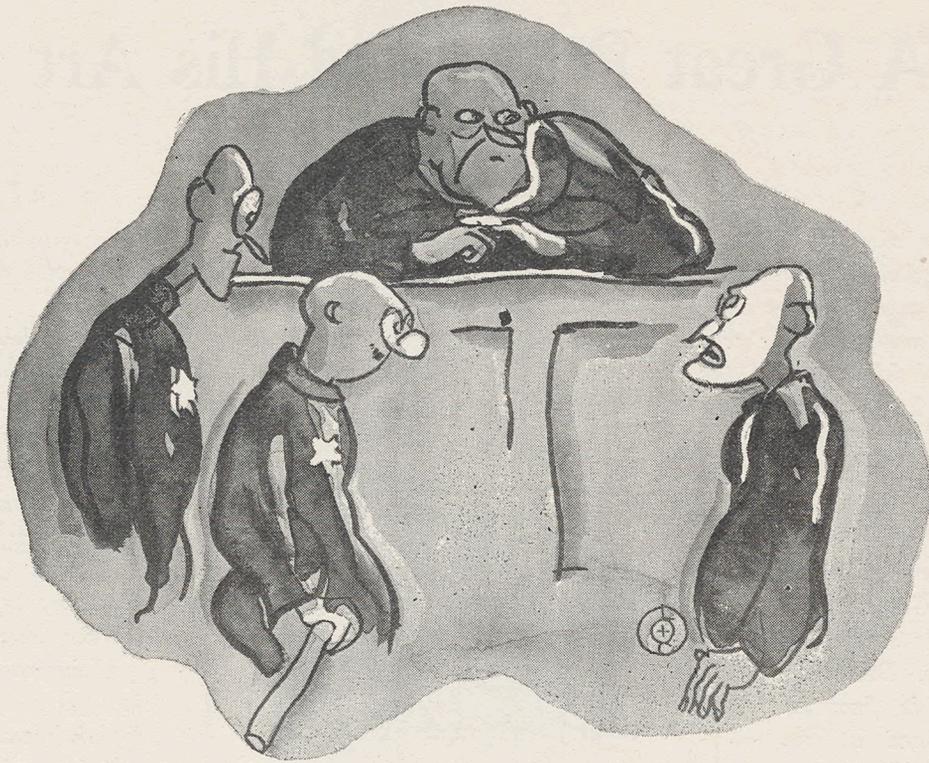
Wearily he flopped into his swivel chair on arriving at his office. Then a cryptic note on the desk caught his eye:

"Call Mrs. Kratz at once."

The telephone rang. It was Doc's excited mother-in-law, all right, telling him that she had found the missing watch stuck tightly behind a leg of the table on which "Doc" had placed his timepiece.

Then "Doc" revealed he had first-class clairvoyant powers of his own. The gods—maybe they were Persian gods—whispered to him that all was not as it should be. But his immediate reaction to this realization certainly was not divinely inspired. Taking careful aim, he planted a kick squarely in the middle of the Great Rajah's royal baggy pants. The magician made his one and only exit from the floor of the night club in a distinctly unregal sprint.

This little tale is true. Kenny, now a sophomore in the College, happened onto it (and others) while reporting for the Kansas City Star.



"So it's none of my business whether you killed her or not? Ninety days for contempt of court."

—AWGWAN.

WHAT IS THE A. S. U.?

(Continued from Page 11)

ganization calls upon all students to pledge non-support of the government in that contingency.

In demanding the right to education and a job the American Student Union declares "that a society which cannot find places for its young people, except in work camps or on battlefields stands condemned." Legislation for educational security for the student and a raise in living standards to insure employment are called for.

The Union rallies to the defense of educational opportunities and academic freedom terming "every attack on free, democratic education, an attack on democracy itself."

The formation of this organization is a recognition of the crucial position of students today, of the need of positive action by American youth to preserve for itself the American heritage of peace, security, and equality. The Washington University chapter of the Union, is organized around three major projects for the coming months: the Anti-War Strike scheduled for April 22nd, the Labor Forum series, and general education.

Cooperation with other campus groups represented on the Campus Peace Committee is the keynote of plans for an effective meeting in April. Last year's

highly successful meeting will be duplicated with greater effort to obtain administration support. A Peace Referendum, in addition to the Peace Poll, will be part of this year's program. The Peace Committee emphasizes the increasing gravity of the situation; American students can not allow war to be forced on them without a struggle.

The Labor Relations Committee in sponsoring the Labor Forums plans to show the nature of the problems facing professional students in search of positions. Representatives from important professional labor groups will appear in meetings to discuss their organizations. Actors, musicians, government employees, and newspaper workers will explain their employment activities and problems. The realism of this program represents the character of all the activities of the organization.

In presenting the successful dramatic performance "Waiting For Lefty," the Drama Committee illustrated the type of educational work the ASU will employ. The purpose of this committee is to make these important issues seem acute to the students.

To dissatisfied students the ASU offers a program, to restless students a method of action, to the American student body leadership in the path of peace, freedom, and security.

THE OLD BALL GAME

(Continued from page 10)

High spots in the schedule are a series of five games with our Mound City rivals, St. Louis University, a home and home series with Missouri, and a visit by Illinois Wesleyan with its two all-American baseball stars, Chiado and Goldsmith, first and third basemen, who were two of twelve players selected by Leslie Mann, former big league outfielder, to make a tour of Japan and play Nipponese all-star aggregation. All eyes will be on these two boys when they come to Washington on April 2 and 3.

Of course, sports followers will be told that out-of-town teams just won't draw in St. Louis, that local fandom prefers to see "natural" rivals here in St. Louis in action. Some are gullible enough to accept this explanation. Others know that the athletic budget is being strained to the utmost, and that Washington cannot afford to bring outstanding teams to the Hilltop. They know that basketball and its construction projects contracted in days of prosperity, wipe out football's modest profit.

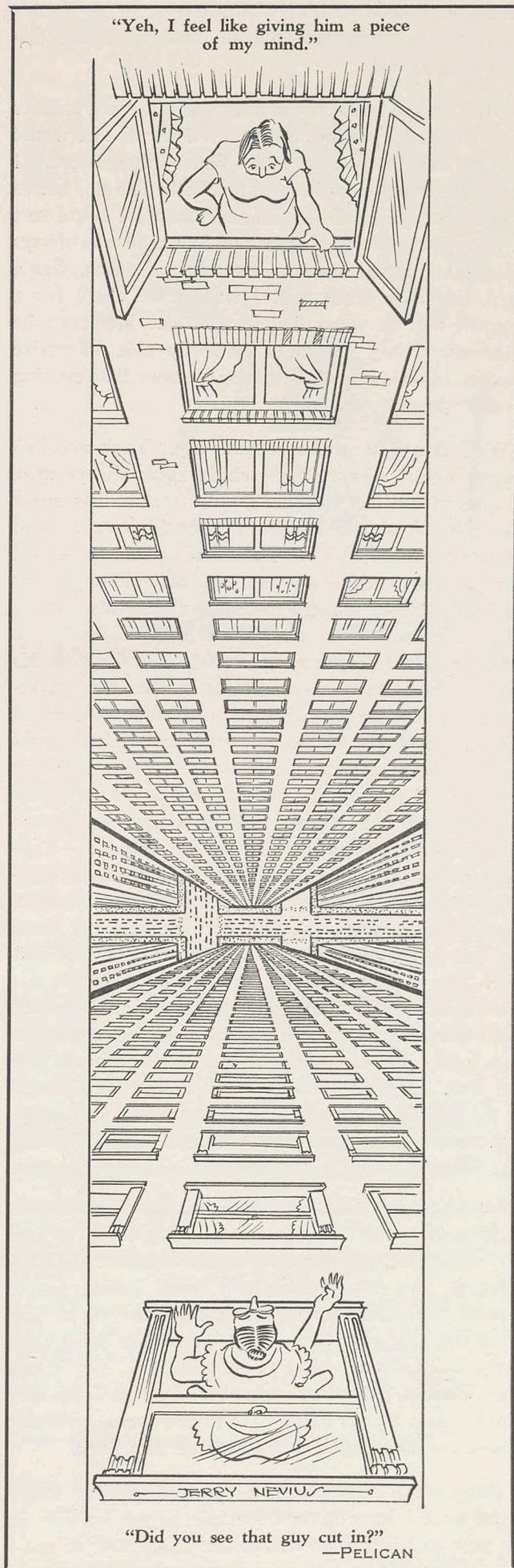
However, despite the relatively make-shift set-up, one does not hear the baseball players grumbling, nor, for that matter, is this applicable to baseball men alone. It also applies to the track team, the swimmers, the golfers, and the fencers. The 1936 varsity baseball team is glad to be able to play, and is out to have some fun playing. In the final analysis, college athletics are for body building and the pleasure of the participants, and baseball at Washington truly carries this idea out.

LOVE, HOT WATER AND FUDGE

(Continued from page 16)

So I climbed resolutely out of bed and wrote her a long letter telling her the whole story—Peg being the kind to whom you can tell anything—and I told her, as long as she'd been planning to visit me anyway, she might just as well come on up now when I really needed her so badly. And in due time I had an answer from her to the effect that she'd be up the first of next week and why didn't I mind my own business.

So, after days that seemed years, what with my brother hanging on the phone with his face at half mast most of the time, Peg finally did arrive, and I dragged Yank down to the train with me to meet her. I had to make him break a matinee date with Sue, but by the time he got acquainted with Peg, who happened to be wearing a turquoise blue dress that made her eyes look even bluer, and a hat that nobody in her right mind would attempt, but that Peg looked marvelous in, I could see that he didn't mind the broken date so very much. And although he only repeated the old legend, "Where on earth have you been all these years?" it was as plain as the nose on your face that he was definitely impressed. I know, because I



have always been positively intuitive as far as Yank's emotions are concerned—that's probably why he dislikes me so much.

After we got home, my elation was increased further when I heard Yank call Sue and tell her that he would also be unable to keep their dinner engagement. I don't remember what he told her he had to do, but as I listened to his end of the conversation, I could sort of piece in the inevitable pleas of Sue, who was always being taken advantage of. But love, it seems, dies a hard, lingering death, and I was afraid there for a moment that he was going to weaken. However, he remained strong, and was evidently able to revive himself from her spell, because at dinner that evening he was almost hilarious.

Well, things progressed beautifully. Yank and Peg played tennis of mornings—which Yank always won, in spite of the fact that his game of tennis has never been what it should be and Peg could have romped all over the court with him if she hadn't been so darned clever. They went canoeing, too, and although Peg was never stupid enough to tip over the boat or anything, she made him understand that if the canoe should suddenly capsize she would be entirely at his mercy. Then there were picnics in the country, attended by just the two of them, and Yank told her all about the evolution of the buttercup, to which she paid more attention than she had ever accorded a botany lecture. All this was reported to me as we sat in my room and did our hundred strokes with the hairbrush before retiring. That is, Peg did the hundred—I always got so excited after the first ten minutes of narration that I just couldn't sit still and brush any more. Thus, I knew about the first time he held her hand and the day he told her she had beautiful eyes. But when she told me that he had confessed to her his past romance with Sue, and that it was all over and done with, and that his life was now to be devoted to Peg, it was just too much for me. After all, our side had won, and now life was worth living. So I stood in the middle of the bed and jumped up and down and clapped my hands and promised Peg faithfully that I would trade my blue sweater for her yellow hat.

But about this time, what with this budding romance running all over the place, I was beginning to feel very much like a flower from an old bouquet. What I mean is, you don't particularly mind having people around you acting stupid and asinine as long as you are acting that same way. But it's no fun being cool, calm, and collected when nobody else is. Try it and see. Besides, you must remember, I loved Toby very much. As a matter of fact, Toby and I were probably meant for each other, and I wanted him back.

But you can't just pursue a man, not openly, I mean, or at least I have never been able to get by with it. So now all I had to do was to decide whether or not I

should call him up and pretend to have gotten the wrong number, or whether I should just manage to bump into him on Main Street—the "Fancy meeting you here" type of thing.

It was on the second or third day of my private debate that I happened to answer the telephone and found myself suddenly in conversation with Toby himself, who, it seemed, was completely happy with life, although he did admit to a few doubts as to how I might receive him.

"Darling," he asked—with some anxiety, it seemed to me, "you aren't holding that grudge against me anymore, are you?"

It was no time to play hard to get, so I capitulated rather easily. "Well—no-o-o—I guess I got over that."

"Swell," Toby enthused, "because I don't ever want you to be mad at me."

I thought that was sweet, and I told him so.

"You see," Toby went on, "you're the kind of a girl that a man can tell anything to—what I mean is, you're so understanding. See?"

I saw.

"So it stands to reason that—well, look—I want to ask you something."

"I thought I couldn't stand it if he didn't get to the point soon. "Yes, Toby?" I prompted.

"Well, you see—well, do you think it would be all right to propose to a girl down at the Shelton's—over Labor Day, I mean."

I just quit breathing altogether. He had remembered the Shelton's party and he was going to ask me then. "Toby," I said, trying to keep all catches and sighs out of my voice, "I think that would be lovely."

"Well, that's what I thought," Toby said, considerably relieved. "I guess Labor Day isn't so far off, at that. I was kinda worried—you know how the boys are about Sue."

For one awful moment I was sure I had misunderstood him. He had said "you", not "Sue". But I took my courage in hand and said bravely, if a trifle weakly, "Who, Toby?"

"Why, Sue," he said distinctly—oh, ever so distinctly. "Didn't you know? I thought everybody knew—ever since that night you and I met her with Yank. Isn't that funny, darling, that you and I—"

My knees felt awfully queer. "Toby," I said faintly, "that's terrific—it's positively excruciating. As a matter of fact, I think I'm going to have hysterics."

So I collapsed weakly into the nearest chair and decided to have a good cry.

TAKE IT FROM RICKY
(Continued from page 5)

Penney and Guy Bramon . . . but have along your bushel of salt when seeing such signs . . . Donna Deal has told Mr. Woods of Springfield, Ill., that she cannot be bothered . . . Is Russ Meredith engaged as according to reports? . . . If Claude (Spiderlegs) Beeler would not become conscience stricken over the back-home Granite City flame when out with Byrdie Diston he could think her sweeter than he does, but Ed Carson has no worries when with Byrdie, which is often. . . V. C. Meklutin, Betty Wantevhalm (all right, you spell it, Ed.) are letting it fly away . . . Willard Rowland and Helen Lipp are well contented with each others' company . . . Bill Wendt is very serious over Barbara Schafer . . . Walter Funk holds both the hands of Jane Morgens and Sally Hallowell . . . Greg Burdick has his pin on a high school girl, but is afraid to get it from her, though he wants to decorate Norma Belle Dee with it . . . Dick Frank is another who thinks Evelyn Bissell is sweet . . . and that Beta pin she had on during Pi Phi initiation was only a joke, she said . . . It was not Gene's . . . Virginia Kreutzer has been holding hands with Tim (Many Pins) Christopher . . . It's Charlotte Widen with Bob White . . . Pat Smith and George Allemang are steadying it . . . Flash . . . Mary Williams took Bob (—Big Brother) Brossard's Beta pin . . .

RICKY.

THYRSUS INSIDE OUT
(Continued from page 8)

sent the greatest variety of costumes. The coming production will cause no particular difficulties.

Makeup is usually done by an artist from the Little Theater. Jim Gillis officiated at the XVI plays and *Post Road*; Herr Gehring, formerly with the German stock company and at present working at the Little Theater, will do *Beyond the Horizon*. Mr. Gehring has watched the play in rehearsal and has studied the various characters. He plans to give lessons to the members of the cast so that they will be able to do their own makeup for the performance.

Thyrus productions are of course "art for art's sake," but someone has to sell the tickets. Jack Carnahan is the man. His principal problem is exchanging tickets for misguided freshmen who decide to go with a couple of other people.

(Continued on next page)



—Mercury

DENOUEMENT

Thy shadow hovers silently above;
A shadow over shadows all around.
Thy fingers, clutching at my heart are wove
Of shadows too whose lightness is profound.
By gracious Time, am I rid of my woe?
No. Do not speak, my longing, do not speak.
The movements of thy lips may make forego;
Thy voice may shatter all the peace I seek.
My day shall pass with sorrows gone like ghosts.
I wait for death. My heart abandoned now
Is beating, beating in the march of hosts,
To end in rhythm with my final vow.
Thy shadow tries inside my heart to bore,
But clutches only now an iron core.

—Julius Nodel.

Along with rehearsal, scenery, property, and insufficient lighting, Mr. Carson lists appendicitis as one of his most trying problems. Bill Ohle had an attack during a rehearsal of *On Jordan's Bank* and had to miss the performance; Louis Kanasireff temporarily withdrew from *Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star*, and Tom Draper from *Lightnin'* because of appendicitis.

Beyond the Horizon is the most serious production yet undertaken by Thyrsus. The roles are heavy, but the cast seems capable of handling them. Mr. Carson feels very hopeful about the play. "I always spend two or three sleepless nights before each production," he says, "but we've never had a flop yet!"

Somehow the actors learn their lines, somehow the sets are completed, somehow the props appear, somehow the tickets are sold, and "the show goes on."

BE ECONOMICAL — SMOKE A PIPE
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"What size did you say, Ma?"

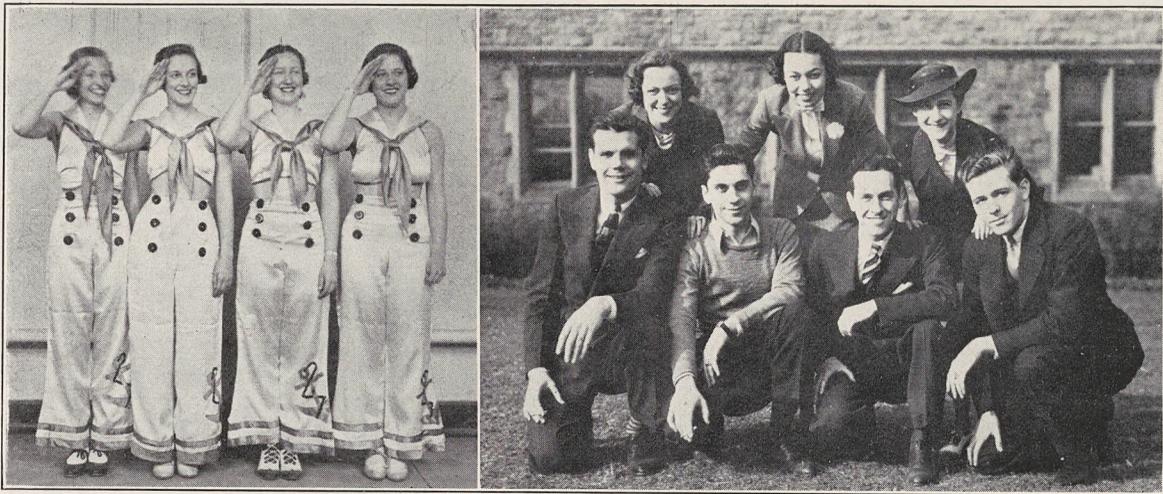
—Punch Bowl.

Our April issue, coming out (by Superhuman Effort) in time for Quad Show, is guaranteed to be colossal. Beside pictures, sketches, and a program for the show, dear old Eliot presents an additional 24 pages of fun and frolic.

Ask Mr. Bowman

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Krause, Hyman, Gale, and Pentland
of the leg-it-outers.

Principals, crouching. Top: Marifrances Rosenstein, Helen Lipp,
Constanze Wiedmann. Bottom: John Buettner, Walter Lorch,
Roland Menown, Metcalf Bristow.

A Glimpse of
“Come and Get It”

The annual show to be presented April
 3rd and 4th at the old Mary Institute

by the

QUAD CLUB

An entire section with pictures, sketches and the
 complete program of the Quad Show will appear
 in the April Eliot, on the campus April 1.



— and Chesterfields
are usually there

.. they're mild
and yet
They Satisfy