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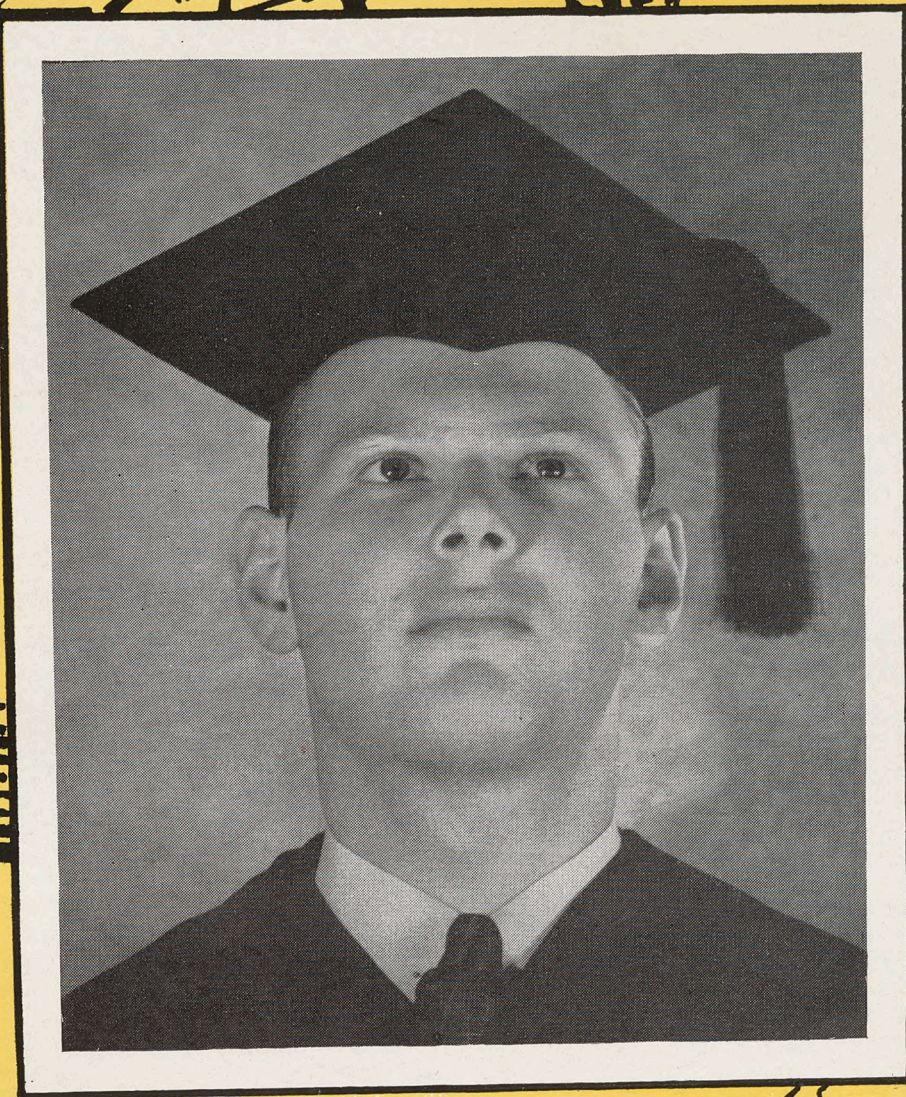
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Youth Marching Forward

**1938**

Washington U. **ELIOT**



# Henry Picard LOOKS THE SITUATION OVER



"I've never favored one particular cigarette, Mr. Picard. I can see you do though. Do you find Camels *different*?"

"Camels are *distinctly* different from other cigarettes, Mr. Stahl, different in many ways. I appreciate their natural smoothness and mildness—the mildness that's easy on the throat. Camels never tire my taste. Camels agree with me. They do—from *all* angles. I hear so many golfers praise them. Camels never get on your nerves. Most top-flight golfers I know smoke Camels. They set you right!"

Picard's game seems effortless. He's a long driver—in a tight spot, a heady strategist. "A cigarette, too, has to be sized up from a lot of angles," he says.

**FAMOUS GOLFERS**—men who need steady hands for that winning stroke—and millions of people under the strain of everyday life, all appreciate this fact: **CAMELS SET YOU RIGHT!** Smoke Camels—see why they are different from other cigarettes. Note particularly the greater pleasure you get from Camel's *costlier tobaccos!*

**On the Air Monday Nights  
E-D-D-I-E (A-N-T-O-R)**

America's great fun-maker and personality brought to you by Camel cigarettes. Over Columbia Network. See your local newspaper listing for correct time.

**On the Air Tuesday Nights  
BENNY GOODMAN**

Hear the great Goodman Swing Band "go to town." Every Tuesday at 8:30 pm E.S.T. (9:30 pm E.D.S.T.), 7:30 pm C. S. T., 6:30 pm M.S.T., 5:30 pm P.S.T., over Columbia Network.



**FROM COAST TO COAST** flits Helen Stansbury, Director of Women's Traffic for United Air Lines. Miss Stansbury speaking: "I choose Camels for mildness. They're never harsh. When the pace I go fatigues me, a Camel gives me a 'lift'—sets me right."

**IT'S CAMELS** for Mike Maguire, tunnel engineer. Bossing 200 men deep under mud and water means, as Mike puts it: "I can't risk 'jangled nerves.' I stick to Camels."



**A matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic**

**PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS**

**THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA**

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

## ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER.. "CAMELS AGREE WITH ME!"

**TOBACCO PLANTERS SAY:**

**"We smoke Camel cigarettes because we know tobacco."**



"The favorite with most men who grow tobacco," is what Vault Snowden, veteran planter, calls Camels. "Camel buys the *best* tobacco. They bought the choice grades of my last crop. I've been a steady Camel smoker myself 19 years."



Top prices, that's what J. B. Jackson, successful planter, got from the Camel buyer last year. He says: "Camel pays more to get the best tobacco. That means finer tobaccos for Camels. I say cigarette quality has got to be grown in tobacco."



"The Camel people bought the best of my last crop," says Vertner Hatton, who has grown tobacco 25 years. "Paid high for my finest grades. I smoke Camels. There's no substitute for expensive tobaccos. Most planters favor Camels."



# WE ASK THE SENIORS

Interviews with mighty Seniors, products of our Educational Mill

by the HILLTOP INSTITUTE OF STUDENT OPINION

Directors: Lampert, Lewis, Neuwoehner.

THE OLD must give way to the new and so the directorship of the Hilltop Institute of Student Opinion changes hands. The old directors, who have served us so well, must go their way: Pickering carries on with his journalistic study at Columbia U.; Thompson ventures out into the cruel world of business; Hotchner has been elevated to new heights.

But our new directors have handled the situation with the greatest of ease and we present for your enlightenment the results of a survey taken at random from the senior class. In some cases the answers to question 3 had to be slightly changed.

1. What event stands out most in your college career?
2. What course bored you most?
3. Were the (men) (women) whom you have dated at Washington fast or slow?
4. Which do you think is the most worthwhile activity on the campus?
5. Have you ever looked on another person's paper during an exam? Been caught?
6. Did you smoke or drink before coming to college? Do you now?

*Fern Stukenbroeker:* 1. I can't think of any event, but it would be a good idea to revive Dirge. 2. Advanced Journalistic Writing—It has a 100% lead. 3. I don't stick to this campus. 4. *Student Life*. It's more fun than any other, and you learn more. 5. Not yet. 6. No. No.

*Jackson Neavles:* 1. When I arrived at a final two and one-half hours late. 2. Organic Chemistry. 3. Medium. 4. *Student Life*. 5. No. No. 6. Smoked, still do.

*"Honest John" Chapman:* 1. The first time I flunked out of school. 2. McFadden's History course. 3. Slow. 4. "Y". 5. No. No. 6. Quit smoking and never did drink.

*Mary Stevens:* 1. When I first got the first Sigma Chi pin. 2. Freshman French. 3. Can't say without incriminating myself. 4. Sports. 5. Yes. No. 6. Smoked. Still do.

*Dick Toon:* 1. Initiation into Sigma Chi. 2. Calculus. 3. Don't know. 4. Fraternity life. 5. Yes. No. 6. No Yes. (free cigars.)

*Loftin H. Sandidge:* 1. Get-

ting kicked out of the Junior Prom my senior year—it was undue discrimination. 2. Greek I. 3. Women I dated were slow—except one. 4. *Student Life*. 5. Yes. No. 6. Yes. Yes.

*Frank Wright:* 1. Can't think of any (She was sitting right next to him.) 2. Money and Banking. 3. Yes. 4. "Y." 5. Yes. No. 6. No. No.

*"Sweetheart" Herget:* 1. Graduation—I hope. 2. Most of them. Neither. 4. Quad Club. 5. No. Yes. 6. No. (?)

*Charlotte Widen:* 1. Paying 25 cents for an overdue book in the Reserve Room of the library. 2. General run of them. 3. I don't know—I haven't had any dates. 4. Thyrsus. 5. Yes. No. 6. No. No.

*Butler Bushyhead:* 1. When I was elected president of S.A.E. 2. Geology Lab. 3. I quote from my experience on the track team. Those that are slow can be made fast with a little conditioning. 4. Campus Y—if you like meat balls and spaghetti. 5. Yes. No. 6. Yes. Yes, after track season.

*Richard A. Clark:* 1. Phil Thompson running around on the roof of Brookings with his pants off at three o'clock in the morning. It was a press agent stunt for *Student Life*. 2. Geology. 3. There was no fast or slow about it—they didn't even move. 4. *Eliot*. 5. Sure. No. 6. No. No.

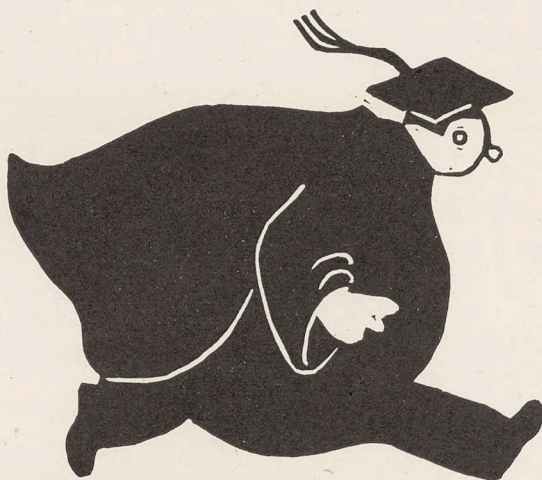
*Norman Tomlinson:* 1. The football game with Duquesne. 2. Math. 3. Now, now, you know I'm a married man. 4. Athletics. 5. No. 6. No. Moderately.

*Ernie Ohle:* 1. Pledging to Phi Delta Theta. 2. I refuse to answer. 3. Swell! 4. Hatchet, of course. 5. No. No. 6. No! No!

*Betty Leutscher:* 1. Meeting Bill. 2. Social Work 400. 3. What men? 4. Being President of McMillan Hall. 5. Yes. But Social Work answers are too long too copy. 6. No. No.

*Jean Martin:* 1. Sophomore Botany week-end trip. 2. Psychology or Math. 3. They aren't all so fast. 4. *Student Life*. 5. Yes. No. 6. No. Very occasionally—beer isn't drinking, is it?

*George Barnes:* 1. Initiation into S.A.E. 2. Money and Banking. 3. Slow. 4. *Student Life*. 5. Yes. No. 6. Smoke.





# Eliot

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Asst. Business Manager  
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The Cover:

Photograph by **David M. Boyd**  
Art work by **Martyl Schweig**  
Posed by Harry Greensfelder

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Harry Greensfelder—Director

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## A PARTY COMES TO ELIOT



*Photo by Grant Russell*

WE were busy as drones, last month, writing all the high class literature that you avid readers have learned to love so well, when who should barge into our den but this conglomerate of hungry souls. Knowing that you would rather see us eating than writing we let ourselves be inviegled into the heinous scene which you see above. Ah, what we do for the art!

The whole thing started over Newton Pfeffer who, like all campus biggies, has a birthday once a year. The gals thought it would be a swell idea to toss a private blowout for Nifty Newt (especially since Omar Ohle was in Geology lab.); so Sally Alexander brought a great big layer cake, Sweetie Herget contributed a sack of peanuts, Agnes May Gilliam brought one of those peachy birds on a stick, and Kay Galle brought a swell appetite. But to clear our Kattie's name—she didn't know a thing about the party and just happened to amble in when she smelled the food.

The happy little circle you see above was just starting on a coca-cola bust which lasted right through Pickering's birthday, two weeks later. If you take a good look at O'Toole, you can probably understand why Agnes May is finding the situation so hilarious. O'Toole has had that effect upon people for years. (Note: Mr. O'Toole used no cosmetics in posing for this picture.)

That next guy who is stuffing down layer cake to beat the band, is Erv Landau, engineer, who probably hasn't eaten since last Lawyer's Day.

"Legs" Herget proved her worth at the party by packing away seventeen pieces of cake and three bottles of coke. She started on the plate but she was overcome by

violent hiccups and had to be carried off the field—"Musta been sumthin I et," said she.

Ex-editor Pickering was just getting set to let himself go when mean old Grant set off the flash bulb too soon. Later, Jack did a Mexican version of "Stompin' at the Savoy" that was a wow. By the way, we can't figure out what Jack is reaching for—maybe it's a Murad—or maybe he's just sneaking up on Herget's layer cake.

You'll notice that Sally hasn't touched her cake. Oh, no, not Sally! She told Hotchner to take a big bite and that if it didn't kick him off his pins then she would dig in. Hotch is in the process of cramming the pastry down the hatch, and just before the picture was snapped, he had said: "Look, Sally, it's got me already." After the first swallow all the air went out of the balloon, and they led Hotchner away, muttering something about ground glass and Swansdown. Sally looks happy about the whole thing.

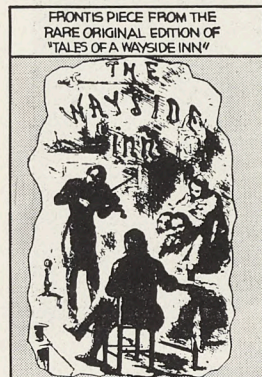
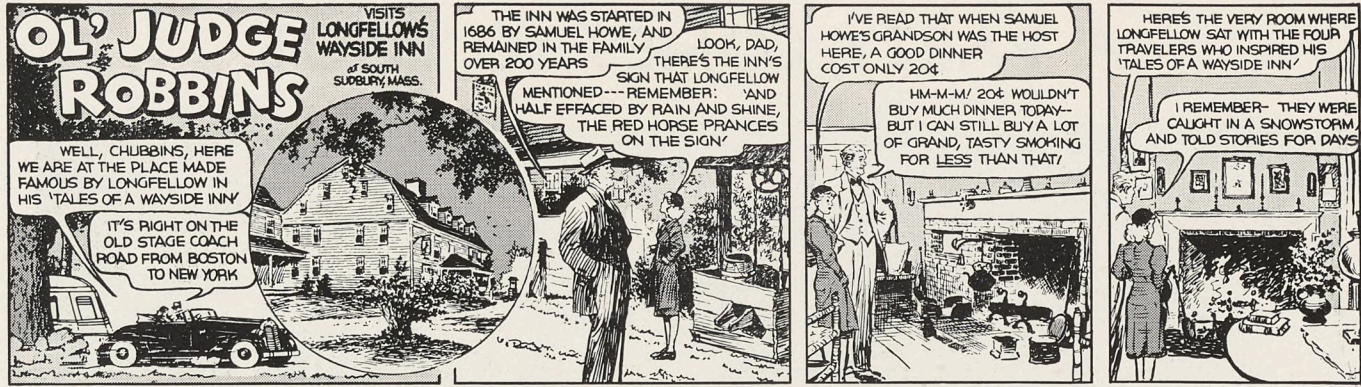
Pfeffer is appropriately festive and if you'll look closely enough, that isn't a chip on Kay's left shoulder.

You'll notice two stray pieces of cake lying on the tables—Byars and Ohle, the local scavengers, took care of the surplusage.

The photo reveals more, however, than the mere revelry which shows on the surface. It proves to those campus skeptics who were circulating nasty rumors about a separation, that Hatchet and Eliot are more closely wedded than ever before. It shows how two sister publications can work side by side to produce a common result—the height of perfection in literary endeavor.

And it shows above all how hungry Eliot editors get.





FRONTIS PIECE FROM THE RARE ORIGINAL EDITION OF 'TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN'

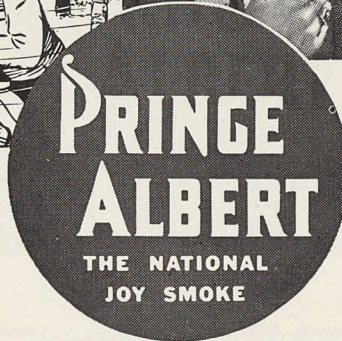
WHEN I THINK OF LONGFELLOW'S LINES— 'AROUND THE FIRESIDE AT THEIR EASE, THERE SAT A GROUP OF FRIENDS ENRANCED, I CAN PICTURE YOU THERE ENJOYING YOUR OLD FAVORITE, PRINCE ALBERT

CHUBBINS, YOU'RE POSITIVELY MAKING ME HUNGRY FOR THIS PIPELOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT. HOLD YOUR COAT OUT A MOMENT WHILE I LIGHT UP

FOR SMOOTH-SMOKING TOBACCO, YOU CAN'T BEAT THAT **CRIMP CUT, NO-BITE** PRINCE ALBERT. IT SMOKES **MELLOW AND EXTRA-MILD**

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

**P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER.** 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 Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.



**SO MILD!**



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

## Poetry By Lapin Rouge

As the 1938 season gave us Mackler, that poet of the proletariat, so now it brings us Lapin Rouge, a new French discovery who, like Mackler, has a poetic style all of his own. These verses were translated from the original French by Abdul Kepocher, Hindu poet and lecturer, who was visiting the campus.

### NO SOUL

I told her of my visions  
In tense inspired words.  
I chanted in her ear  
As we rode through the night.  
I told her of my hopes, my dreams;  
Of the love I bore for her,  
A passion that could unite the cosmos  
In eternal ecstasy.  
I spun pictures of the future,  
Of our perfect state on earth,  
Of our lives so full of happiness,  
Of idyllic years ahead

When we should live such mellow  
lives.  
At peace with all the world,  
At peace within our souls,  
That our gentle love  
Would shed its glow on all about us.  
Oh, then would we possess  
The true riches of the world:  
Then would we be gods!  
I told her of my visions,  
But, alas, she didn't hear;  
For she had visions too—  
Of a hamburger—  
With onions.



### INFINITY

I am,  
But what am I?  
A thing  
Infinitely great,  
Infinitely small;  
Nothing  
Composed of infinitely divisible parts,  
Part of boundless infinity.  
Here am I,  
But where am I?  
An infinite distance from nowhere,  
Lost in infinite time.  
I am a man,  
But what is man?  
Species of ever more inclusive genii,  
Never reaching an all embracing concept,  
Except infinity.  
And I am alone,  
Separated from what's most like me  
By an infinity of differences.  
Poor little me,  
So completely lost.



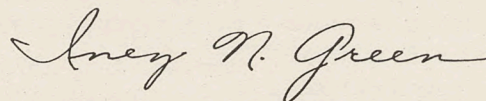
Dear Co-Eds:

OUR THANKS, to you....  
For your charming patronage  
And stimulating enthusiasm over Swopes Co-Ed Corner Shop  
And our shoes and handbags and hosiery  
Which we've always selected with YOU in mind!

Now that vacation time is close at hand  
And you are planning exciting places to go  
And exciting things to do,  
You'll undoubtedly give many a profound thought  
To the vital subject of CLOTHES!  
Wherever your vacation takes you  
Swopes can outfit you perfectly in shoes for every occasion,  
From sleek well-tailored hiking or riding boots  
On through an adventuresome day...  
To the most entrancing evening slippers.  
And all so reasonably priced!  
So if you want to be awfully SURE of your footwear  
Drop in our Co-Ed Corner Shop as soon as you can  
And make your smart selections  
From the most beautiful array of shoes in town.

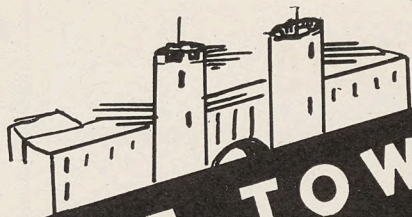
And, now good-bye for the summer months ahead.  
May you have the grandest time ever.  
May you win new friends and conquer new hearts...  
But never forget that your faithful friend  
The Swope Shoe Company  
Eagerly awaits your return!

Sincerely yours,



Publicity Director





### From the New

Our predecessors were a valiant bunch. They fought through a long year of pungent poetry, short stories that ran the length of the magazine without ever reaching a climax, cartoons which looked like Baby Dumplings drawings on the side of his crib, and—this is what made the year so long—Vargas. The student populace helped along in its usual way by contributing bronx cheers and tying its fifteen cents up in its sock. When constructive criticism was asked for, the answer always was: "We want dirty jokes like the other college magazines have."

We know, therefore, just what we are inheriting, and this is what we plan to do with the sacred bequest: (1) Our policy will be to print as much worth while literary material as people on the campus contribute; (2) We intend to found a permanent, functioning staff which will work out interesting short features; (3) We would like to expand and use more cartoons, photographs, and other material. That we will try to make *Eliot* more responsive to campus life goes without saying, but after reading the scores of "humor" magazines which roll into our office each month, we have concluded that about all they do is give the editors sore thumbs from clipping so many exchange jokes. We will not sell for a mess of pottage, no matter how many sports writers *Student Life* uses to review our issues.

### Farewell to Auntie A.

Exactly one year ago a kindly old lady came into our office and asked if she couldn't handle the

gossip for us; she assured us that she had a Ford convertible, got around plenty, and had a real nose for news. We were a bit skeptical at first, but in Auntie Anastasia we found a snooper of the first order. She has served us well, letting us hear the pit-pat of enraptured hearts, bareing secret love pacts, telling us of loves just sprouting. It is with a tear in our eye that we bid the old gal farewell, but she is leaving on her own accord—she's going to be house mother for the Sig Chi chapter at Dartmouth.

### We'll Miss Them

There is one bad thing about all the hurly-burly of graduation—we lose so many people that we have learned to like. There will be others to fill their shoes in the various activities but it will be difficult to duplicate their personalities. We'll miss most: Louise Kraus and her chirpy "Hello," Frank Wright and his editor-being-heckled look, Tommy Tomlinson breaking through the line, Libero Bertagnoli's shrill, "Get in there and fight, gang!" Joe Bukant's calm way of tossing passes, Harry Greensfelder and his high-pressure, Bert Tremayne's attitude of experience and his sound advice, Jack Pickering's pleasant nature and unassuming prominence, June Pentland—the picture of health—and her maternal Thyrsus parts, Jo Christmann—the girl's girl, Newton Pfeffer—the fellow anyone would like to call his friend, Marty Ann Smith's

pleasing smile, Martyl Schweig's artistic carriage.

### Tale from Dunker

It is widely recognized that the business school boys are not I.Q. giants, but even so, it's hard to believe this incident told by the exam graders. One poor Dunker soul had been perspiring through an accounting final but try as he would, he couldn't make his ledger balance—it was two cents off. For one solid hour he figured and re-figured, but always there was the shortage of two cents. Finally a smile spread over his worried face as he handed in his paper and slipped away.

That night as one of the graders unfolded an accounting final he was surprised to find two shiny pennies roll onto the desk top.

### Dead Man's Tale

Famous authors often despair of their work when they meet members of the proletariat who misinterpret the subtle thoughts behind their writing. It is this ignorance of the masses that has driven many an aspiring young poet to drink and ruin.

It is easy, then, to explain the haggard look and graying hair of campus author, Mr. Samuel Murphy. He has been misunderstood by the masses. S. Murphy was co-winner of the *Eliot* short story contest, and his contribution, "Ice Car", received considerable comment. Last month, though, one of *Eliot's* avid readers approached S. Murphy and said:

"That's a helleva article you wrote."

"You mean 'Ice Car'?" pursued Samuel.

"I mean 'Ice Car'."

"Well, what about it got you?"

"The ending—what ever happens to the guy in the end."

"He dies."

"Just as I thought—then how in the devil could he tell the story?"



# Eliot's Hall of Fame

*We present here those seniors who have covered themselves with distinction—  
a distinction which perhaps might have passed unnoticed.*

*Decorative Design by* MARTYL SCHWEIG



## ROBERT LASHLY

Renowned for his perpetually drunk look. Individual star of the Trusts and Combinations class. Admired by all for being able to lean over so far without actually falling on his face.

## JOHN PEIL

Pioneer in the high pants movement. Has succeeded in raising the level of pants cuffs up to the ankle bones. Definitely denies rumors that he is being subsidized by the Flashy Sock Co.

## JIM BLACK

Only senior on the campus who ate two live goldfish during his college career. Has felt no ill effects other than an occasional unexplained wiggle of his adam's apple. Also famous for his election technique, cigar passing ability, and second fiddle playing.

## FRANCES HURD

Queen of the Quad Shoppe. Paid homage to by scores of loyal coke fiends. Loved for her generous distribution of straws among her subjects. Speaks German like a native American. Father writes the Weatherbird sayings in the Post.

## ART KRUTH

Blew his way through college on a hot cornet. Leads the corniest band on campus. Likes Wagner and Chopin but plays like Ellington.

## DAVID ROSINSKY

Famous for his flighty romances. Anchored down for the last ten months. Losing his hair faster than any man on campus.

## BETTY REID CHAPPELL

Writer of spooky stories. Stories became so gory that Eliot staff was kept up at night, biting its finger nails and drinking warm milk in order to fall asleep. Has at least three killings in every story. Gentle and civilized in real life.

## ADELE HELMKAMPF,

## ELBERTA HERGET,

## CHARLOTTE WIDEN

Renowned for having lasted through four years of college as Pi Phis.

## KENNETH FOX

Originator of the "Fox Note Taking System." Only man on campus who can take down Dr. Lien's lecture, word for word. Can't read a word of what he takes down. Smokes vile cigars. Is not the biggest stooge on campus.

## HARRY HENRY

Only conservative left on the campus. Takes reactionary view on any subject. Is at present defending Sitting Bull in the new nickel controversy. Will not spend another nickel if he loses. Won't anyway.

## JACQUELINE WOOD

Still famous for her ability to bounce down steps. Goes down thirty flights with a smile on her face. Proud of black and blue marks.

## CHARLES F. BERGESCH II

W. U. fashion plate. Advocate of knee length coat. Gets leave of absences from school to dash off to participate in fashionable 5th Avenue weddings.

## PHIL THOMPSON

Winner of the "Most Stray Cat" contest. Groomed the winning cat for six weeks on axle grease and Siberian fleas. Distinguished also for having received three tickets inside of thirty-six hours.

## BORIS MACKLER

Dialectician of the Law School. Uses accent heard nowhere outside of East Petrograd. Originator of "Mackler Poetry," meterless phenomenon that somehow manages to rhyme.

## EDWINE SCHMIDT

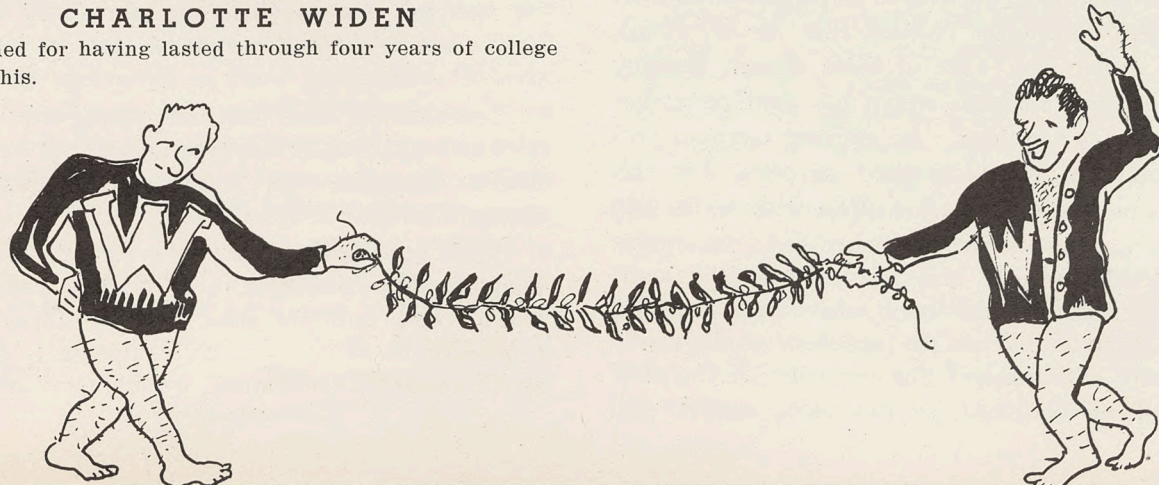
Famous for being the only member of the 1938 Quad Show cast that looks like Martha Raye, in most respects. Bridge enthusiast who has never trumped her partner's ace.

## MAURICE GOLDBERG

Scalloped out own seating place on the basketball bench. Only man on campus ever to wear square toed shoes.

## EARL FISHGALL

Campus smoothie. Chased by blond beauties. Profile like Robert Taylor's. Has not missed a prom in six years.





# WE BURY THE HATCHET

The Year Book Moguls reveal what goes on behind the scenes of a great publication

by ERNEST OHLE and NEWTON PFEFFER

Illustrated by MARTYL SCHWEIG

WHEN George Washington swung his little weapon to lay low the famous cherry tree back in 1760, he had no idea of the work he was creating for future generations. For, despite the ignorance of the poppa of these vast United States, editing a volume of the *Hatchet* is a man sized, or we might say, a two-man sized job, and one that takes planning, organization and above all, patience.

Speaking of patience, it's funny how we most remember the times when we lose it. Take the time last October when we showed the dummy to seventeen printers in one day. Mind you, that means turning 260 pages, 17 times in one afternoon for a grand total of 4,420 "turnings." By the time the last bidder was finished, the dummy pages were about the thickness of the glassine sheets you saw in our "divisionals" and our patience was just going thru the archway of Brookings Hall.

Not all the patience consumed in the production of our book, however, was that of the editors. We never will forget—and probably neither will the second floor of Brookings—one little episode which took place when our office was located in a vacant closet above the archway. A favorite staff trick was the burning of rubber cement in a little open dish on the floor, causing the emission of a tremendous cloud of black smoke and soot. As the office was about the size of a ten gallon hat, the atmosphere constantly rivalled that of St. Louis' darkest winter day. One of these cement burning days caused an incident which we shall remember for the rest of our lives. An eminent German professor occupied the room next to ours. On this occasion he rushed from his office with books and treasures in arm, and nearly choked from the smoke, he coughed violently and screamed in the same breath for the fire department, the Chancellor, and Colonel Boorstein. When the persistent conflagration was finally extinguished, the members of the staff who had been caught in the office might well

have doubled for Al Jolson in a minstrel show.

The make-up of the book has been our constant worry. Though the average student gains his first impression of his year book sometime in May, the editors know page for page how it will appear as early as August of the summer before. So it was with the 1939 *Hatchet* which, by the way, is the three-dozen-th in Washington history. In August

we made a trip to Chicago. Although our purpose was to lay out the new annual, we didn't fail to take in the more-famed Windy City night spots and to learn as much of the printing, engraving and cover-making businesses as a couple of hours would permit.

'Twas in an engraving office on Washington Boulevard in that city, that our shadow figures, now famous under the names of Wuzzy and Uzzy, first saw the light of day. There mid the hustle and bustle of the modern business office, they took shape 'neath a nimble artist's pen, later to lead you through the pages of classes, activities and athletics which make up



Martyl takes the boys back to pre-editor days

*Hatchet*.

Our late-hour debauches in Chicago during the summer were good conditioners for the nightly stretches we spent in the home office during the winter and early spring. Nights were rare that found us gone by nine o'clock. Things reached a climax during the time that printer's proof was coming through, we stayed in the office until time for 8:30 classes—the only people in *Hatchet* history to pass 19 consecutive hours in Brookings Hall.

It was at this time, too, that our printer ran out of S's of a particular size type and substituted dollar marks. Imagine our surprise at finding Dean Stephen\$ in half inch letters.

While putting out last year's annual, which was planned and published in three months, we attracted considerable criticism from *Student Life* for our promotion of an editor-a-day campaign to keep the staff interested. Undaunted, we this year substituted

(Continued on page 10)



# ARE YOU AND I CHEATERS?

Eliot's Ex-Editor makes a studied appraisal of the college scene as he finds it

by JACK PICKERING

|| OFTEN say to myself: What would *you* do if all the hicks and yokels stopped producing the food you eat, and if all the members of the lower classes refused to make clothes for you? My answer is always: I would soon be hungry and naked. I then say to myself: What would the hicks and yokels and the members of the lower classes do if *I* did not study for my finals, get the *Eliot* out, keep my date Saturday night? My answer is always: They would go right on eating, sleeping, brawling, dying, producing children. In other words, I am dependent on them; they are not in the least dependent on me. In fact, they are supporting me in fine style and permitting me to engage in all sorts of pleasant activities which are of no use to them.

But that is obviously not the whole story. These people are surely not just a species of philanthropist who amuse themselves by supporting a group of intelligentsia. Of course not. Rather they are good, ordinary, self-interested people who expect to get something out of us university students in return for what they provide us. And they have a right to expect something. That is the only fair and reasonable arrangement: They have the skill and the temperaments necessary to provide our material needs, and they provide them; we (that is, those of us who belong in the university) have the mental ability and the temperaments necessary to perform certain services for them, so we are—or should be—preparing ourselves to perform these services.

If we are not preparing ourselves to be of service, we have no earthly right to be in a university. Anything about our natural rights is bosh. No one "deserves" a higher education and the pleasant life that goes with it because he has a fine mind, for no one "deserves" a fine mind, any more than a hunched back, or acne, or beautiful legs, or a hardy constitution. A fine mind is just the luck of the draw and does not provide rightful membership in a smug aristocracy.

But I have been too general. To get down to the concrete: it is my opinion that too many university students believe they have a natural right to their higher educations; and too few are ever-mindful of the fact that we are parties in a give-and-take proposition, that other classes do our class the service of sending us to the university so that we may learn how to do services in return. This shoddy thinking of ours, and this lack of awareness, are not worthy of fine minds.

You and I, moreover, unless we are very exceptional, will come out of the university convinced that our "right" to attend the university includes the right to an aristocratic and cushy job when we graduate. With eyes fixed upon the glittering old idol, Success (financial and "social"), or upon the more genial, Lar-like post-depression idol, Security, we shall pick out the job with the best "possibilities" (for us)—without any thought as to what good our jobs will do for society (including the hicks and yokels and members of the lower classes who made it possible for us to go to the university). Many of these jobs will turn out to be of utterly no use to society. Many will be of some use, but will be of such a nature that a person of mediocre ability could do them, saving the university graduate for better things. Many will be of great harm to society. Many will be, usually by accident, of real value to society. And you and I, every one of us, either because of the attitude with which we took our jobs or because of the actual results of our taking them, will be the lowest sort of cheaters. There is no way of getting around it. The fact that so many, and such nice people, are cheaters is no justification. A fair, unwritten contract has been made. One party has kept its side. We, the intellectual aristocrats, have not.

Now then, since I have brought the whole matter up, what do I suggest? I suggest a constant realization that we are a privileged class, and I suggest that we make a constant study of types of jobs in which we can perform services in return for our privileges, plus a constant study of ourselves in order to determine for what jobs we are best fitted. This study must, of course, be intelligent. All jobs, for example, which are of *real* service to members of our class must be considered as benefitting all classes through us (as college teaching, much art). All work, on the other hand, which seems to make less intelligent groups happier but which is against their interests in the long run, must be scorned as unworthy (as much radio, moving picture, publishing, and merchandising work). And there will be many more subtle distinctions. There will be a few cases in which some of us will be literally forced into useless or unsuitable jobs, but those of us who have such tough luck can always discover useful avocations. All in all, if you and I make a sincere effort to be of real service to society, this old world may become a better place. If you and I—you and I on whom the other classes of society are depending—are cheaters, I don't see much hope.



## ON THE RECORD

by

MARJORIE SEBASTIAN

**R**ECORDINGS by famous bands have become more and more popular and so for the fans who like to drop a nickel in the slot and hear their favorite swingsters while they sip their cokes, we present a brief review of some of the recent top notch releases.

Benny Goodman is in the groove this month with *FEELIN' HIGH AND HAPPY* (V. 25840) a new one by Ted Koehler and Rube Bloom, played at a medium swing pace by Benny and the boys. This song tells the story of a Harlem jam session. On the reverse side is *I LET A SONG GO OUT OF MY HEART*, a slow blues arrangement. Martha Tilton sings the vocals in both of these numbers which show off the relaxed Goodman band at its best. These recordings are minus the bangings of Gene Krupa who broke with the Benny outfit as a result of individual differences on swing music.

Prof. Goodman has made another top notch record for Victor—*WHY'D YA MAKE ME FALL IN LOVE?*; *IT'S THE DREAMER IN ME* (V. 25846). Benny swings the first number at a medium fast tempo, featuring a most pleasing vocal by the Tilton girl and a solid arrangement for the band. Jess Stacy deserves mention for his piano work in back of Martha's vocal on the *IT'S THE DREAMER IN ME* side as does the entire sax section for its nicely coordinated playing in the first chorus.

Tommy Dorsey offers a Victor Swing classic: *COMIN' THRU THE RYE*; *I NEVER KNEW* (V. 25813). On the former Pee Wee Irwin blows some fine trumpet riffs, Freeman gets off a few licks, and Edythe Wright does a good job on the vocal. Tommy does a straight chorus on the trombone in *I NEVER KNEW*.

*I WANNA GO BACK TO BALI*; *DAY-DREAMING* (V. 25836) are two new offerings by Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees. The former, a slightly roguish number, is sung in Vallee's best straight-faced manner in direct contrast to *DAY-DREAMING*, a very beautiful love song. This slow, sweet ballad will be heard often from now on or we miss our guess.

"Fats" Waller of the ivories and husky voice offers *IN THE GLOAMING*; *THE SHEIK OF ARABY* (V. 25847). The first tune is strictly an orchestral affair. It builds up from a solo piano chorus to an ensemble of compelling swing including

some swell trombone, tenor, trumpet and alto get-offs along the way. *THE SHEIK* is similar but includes the vociferous "Fats" in the role of vocalist as well as pianist.

The Boston "Pops" Concert, under the direction of Arthur Fiedler, has recorded an excellent Red Seal disc, *TURKEY IN THE STRAW*; *MUSIC BOX* (V. 4390). You have probably never heard a symphony orchestra play *TURKEY IN THE STRAW* and the "Pops" orchestra certainly does a fine job of it.

Andy Kirk has recorded a swell disc for Decca. *LITTLE JOE FROM CHICAGO*; *THE KEY TO MY HEART* (D.1710). The first side is the best. Mary Lou Williams can be heard throughout and needless to say her tickling of the ivories is excellent. *KEY TO MY HEART* is a nice ballad with good sax ensemble and vocal.

Bob Crosby's *YOU'RE AN EDUCATION*; *JEZEBEL* (D. 1713) are first rate tunes. The former disc is one of those excellent Crosby ballads, nice to listen to, and also nice for dancing. Bob does the vocal. *JEZEBEL* again offers Crosby as vocalist. The last chorus has swell clarinet work.

Larry Clinton and crowd do up *IF IT RAINS—WHO CARES*; *FERDINAND THE BULL* (V. 25841). The latter is from one of Walt Disney's efforts and is played in fast waltz time and consists mainly of several choruses of very clever lyrics most engagingly sung by Bea Wain. The former is played at a medium slow swing and features attractive ensemble scoring plus an extra fine vocal by Bea Wain.

From "The Girl of the Golden West" Nelson Eddy has taken two of his songs for a Victor record. *SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE*; *SEÑORITA* (V. 4389). The first is a stirring ballad, sung in masterful fashion, while the second is a tender love song.

### WE BURY THE HATCHET

(Continued from page 8)

an equally-successful "Hatchet-party" system. Each day one of the co-editors "set 'em up" at the Quad Shop and thus kept everyone contented. The climax of our "social season" was Pfeffer's birthday party in March when, surrounded by presents from the staff and a cake baked by Sally Alexander, he held open-house for anyone who happened to wander into the office. (See *Eliot's up-to-the minute news photo*, page 3—Ed.)

Thus with bribes, threats, and a general tearing of hair, we have kept the wheels oiled during our two years as scions of the year book. We're not ones to toss orchids, much less in our own direction, but we do hope we have contributed our little bit to making *Hatchet* more modern, more representative, more the type of book students will want to look at the years to come.



# FOUR YEARS BEFORE THE MASTHEAD

by FRANK WRIGHT

HERE I am again, sitting down before a typewriter with just one hour to deadline. But this one will be my last deadline on a Washington University publication—and that one for *Eliot*. What an ending for a *Student Life* editor—buried in *Eliot*! Perhaps this will even be my very last deadline at the University—at least until I join the dead line to end all dead lines as it wanders cross campus to the Field House the morning of June graduation. But come, come. Tarry not! One hour remains to deadline and I'm supposed to write an article on my reminiscences as a *Student Lifer*—four years before the masthead!

I came to Washington with a background for newspaper work after serving as editor of the *Echo* of Webster High School, and I was actually on the staff here before I had registered. But that first year I was just a first-class stooge (now as a senior, I'm a fourth-class stooge), so nothing outstanding happened to me. And the next year my position was that of general handy-man, doing everything from make-up to headline writing. I even stooped to writing society. A record I kept of my time budget shows that as a sophomore, I spent an average of 22 hours per week in the office, almost a total of 700 hours in the school year. So take heed, ye who would progress in *Student Life*.

But the reward came in April when I was elevated to a managing editor. Then the fun began. We had a little of everything that year. Once we were all steamed up and went to the Chancellor's office with a written resignation (to be delivered if our "rights" of freedom were not granted.) We didn't even get to present our problem, let alone our resignation; so we docilely returned to the office to fret and fume and calm ourselves.

But it wasn't all so serious. Ideas were thick in our office that year, and we had the men to carry them out. Until now it has remained a secret how that big red, Communistic flag was placed up on Brooking's Tower,

one cool autumn night. Well, it took the *Student Life* pranksters the better part of a night to get it up on the pole and grease the pole. (Of course, I had nothing to do with it. Please note.) But the efficient custodians had it down before 8 o'clock—and Washington's chance for headlines was ruined again.

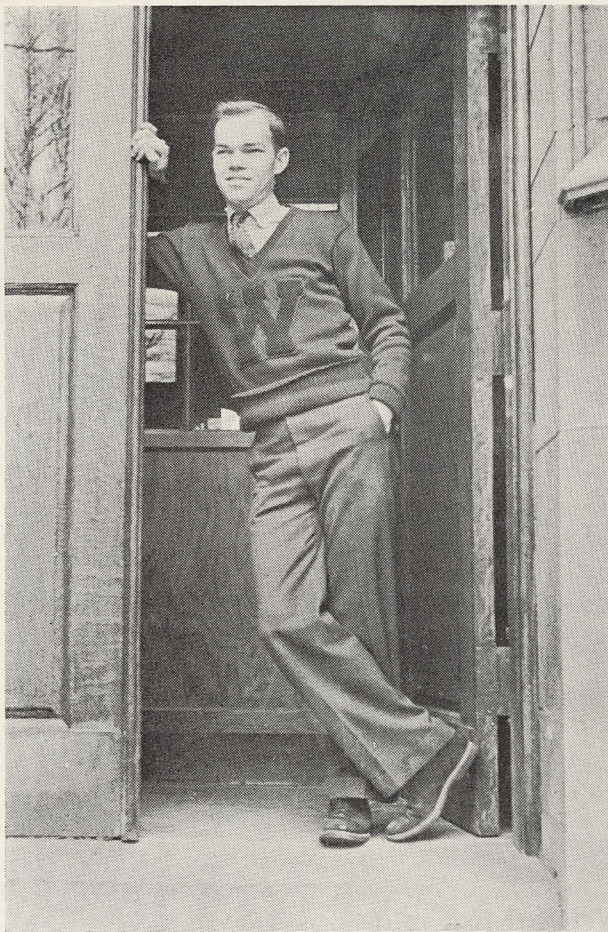
And I have no doubt that those Queens of Silence, who reign over Ridgely Reading Room with accusing glares and sarcastic tongues, are still wondering how three white rats got out of the Psych lab and into the library. Only the particular brand of "rats" propagated in the news office could have accomplished that feat. And what fun it was watching the janitors chase after the rodents while the girls jumped away from them.

That was also the year of the famous "most-stray cat" contest, the first inter-staff touch football game (won both years by the Tuesday Touchdown Toters, captained by yours truly), and the infamous "Nite-Club" edition on April Fools' day, featuring "Show-mo" Starbeard.

But even more prominent in my memory of that year are those long Wednesday nights when we finished our work on the Friday issue. I remember well: Everything behind time, always late . . . "Typhoon" and "Rollo" playing "hockey" with rulers and erasers on the copy desk . . . Noise . . . They break a ruler and start using win-

dow poles . . . Pitching pennies with "Typhoon" always winning . . . Buddha perched in corner, smirking . . . Bell rings and classes are out—9:30 . . . Why can't those nuts quit playing and get some work done? . . . Copy in terrible shape . . . Darn sorority pledge reporters never get articles . . . Phone to get them . . . Busy . . . Noise, so can't hear . . . Typewriters going to work at last . . . 11:00 p.m. . . . Headlines—tomorrow's news . . . One, two, three, four, five, half, six, seven, eight, half,—too long

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Wright—at the Portal of the Sanctum



# ALMA MURDER

by GEORGE C. SMITH

IT was the late Dr. Cranmer who was the first man to recognize, or at least to admit openly, the great need for more comprehensive training of young men in the various phases of crime, and who thus provided Washington University with one of the most colorful periods of its history. We moderns perhaps cannot understand the feelings of the public in those early days of 1942, before Dr. Cranmer put forth his theory in his book, *The Alarming Growth of Unemployment among Policemen; Its Causes and Effects*. At that time, crime was foolishly regarded as a blight on society, one of the cancers that would in time kill humanity, rather than as the blessing that we today find it. This view had led to the wholehearted public support of criminology, and had aided it in reaching a peak of efficiency never before known. Children traded in their gangsters' "rods" for G-men's badges; the cry of "I wanna be a policeman when I grow up!" was heard everywhere; and schools were established for the general study of criminology and police methods. Policemen became popular heroes and leaders, receiving the acclaim of the multitudes. And, as the great climax to the movement, the glory of J. Edgar Hoover proved its power even over the oratory of Franklin Roosevelt, when, in the 1940 election, Hoover II became President of the United States.

In the midst of all this popular fervor, a large and worried profession was beginning to look to its last defenses. The criminals had seen the handwriting on the wall. They met furtively in cellars and garrets to decide on policy, and secretly they discussed the solution to their problem, while on every side their comrades were being taken prisoner by the enemy. A military spy organization was set up, to worm its way into the inner police circles and report on the methods being used by the police; the spies, however, lacked training, and seemed unable to control their criminal instincts, betraying themselves always when they tried to get away with a policeman's horse or badge, so that they were captured as fast as they were sent out. On the other hand, the experienced police spies kept in touch with every move of the criminal leaders, who soon realized that nothing they said or did was private. As a last resort, the outlaws sent ambassadors to treat with the enemy; but these were as inexperienced in the arts of international intrigue as the amateur spies. Moreover, the ruthless police refused to honor the personal inviolability of the emissaries, and clapped them in prison without hesitation.

Under this final blow, the organization of the criminals went to pieces. They scattered as leaves before the wind, taking refuge under bridges and in trees; the more prominent leaders, knowing they could expect no mercy under the new regime, committed suicide in appalling numbers. As the triumphant police marched into the haunts of the criminals in a glorious parade, they were greeted by frightened but wildly cheering mobs of the outlaws' friends,

families, and helpers, all wearing cloth police badges on their arms, with shamrocks in their lapels, and giving the police salute. The reign of law and the oppression of the criminal was now complete. Amnesty was given to pick-pockets and other minor offenders; but the rest were sent to concentration camps or summarily executed.

Things went along very well for a time after the great purge, and the people thought a great feat had been accomplished. But then, murmurs of unrest began to be heard, first among the homeowners who grew tired of having to feed the burly policeman who came to see the maid, not once, but three times a day, and then among the late parkers on Art Hill, who complained that the police seemed to have nothing better to do than go around shining flashlights at them, which was disconcerting, to say the least. The truth of the matter was that the police really *didn't* have anything better to do; their regular work had deserted them. They had even been replaced on traffic duty by the electric signal and the nickel parking meter. The situation became so acute that the taxpayers finally woke up and began to wonder just why they were paying all those uniformed officers just to wander aimlessly through the streets. After that, unemployed police lengthened the breadlines, and talked of revolution from the tops of soap-boxes.

Taxpayers and police were nearing an open break when Dr. Cranmer came to the rescue with his famous book, which, though few realized it at the time, was to take its place alongside of the works of Marx and Adam Smith in later years. The essence of Cranmer's philosophy was this: Police are necessary to civilization to prevent the spread of crime beyond normal bounds; crime, on the other hand, is necessary to prevent the decline and demoralization of the police force, as well as to relieve the more immediate and pressing unemployment situation; for if crime were restrained long enough to allow the degeneration of the police, the police would lose their efficiency, and crime would then be free to spread at will, which would thus, in a roundabout way, defeat the purpose of society in having a police force in the first place. There was some opposition to this theory at first, but its utter simplicity quickly convinced the majority of the people.

Dr. Cranmer's remedy was also simple. He proposed to take the criminals who were in prisons and concentration camps, and use them as a nucleus around which to build a great training school. The school would be subsidized by the government, and the instructors would be chosen on the basis of the grades they made on civil service examinations. Those who could write were to prepare textbooks, and those who could speak English were to become lecturers. In preparation, the lore of the oldest criminals was recorded on dictaphones, in order to preserve their characteristic language and dialect, which was on the verge of

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*Mr  
Mrs*

*and*  
**Chesterfields**

*for a lifetime of*  
**MORE PLEASURE**



*.. better taste*  
*.. refreshing mildness*

*They Satisfy*



# GAMBLER'S CHANCE

by FRED J. MUELLER

JERRY and I were just wandering around the countryside that week-end. It was a glorious time of the year—last of September, and the leaves were beginning to turn.

We were traveling south on Route 61, and although we eventually wanted to go to Perryville, we weren't in a hurry. We stopped to get gas and got to talking with the attendant.

"If you ain't in a hurry, why not drop over to St. Genevieve?"

"Anything to see over there?" I asked.

"Well, ain't much of a town, but it's the oldest in Missouri."

At the time we didn't think much about it, but when we got on the road again and turned down Route 25, Jerry looked at me rather inquiringly.

"What say we drop in on St. Genevieve?" he asked.

"Makes no difference to me. We have the time."

"Suppose we try it."

"Okay," I said, rather half-heartedly. I have never been able to appreciate things whose value lies in their being antiquated.

Jerry turned left at the next junction, and I don't believe it was more than five minutes later when we were suddenly in what evidently was the town. The macadam road that we came in on was wide enough, but the streets were narrow and for the most part unsurfaced. The buildings were just plain, red front brick places, none of them over two stories. Jerry pulled up alongside some other cars which were parked in the square.

We left the car and began to walk to the left where there was a line of stores, now all but two having turned out the lights. As we approached the first store, a small, unkempt tavern, we heard the familiar strains of "Sweet Adeline." This was enough to make us investigate, and we took a place at the bar. A fellow who seemed to be the leader of the group which was singing at a long table, got up and announced another song.

"C'mon, everybody, let's sing 'I'm Tired and Wanna Go to Bed'."

The crowd gave a yell. Someone sounded a pith on the mouthharp, and the singing started, loud and boisterous.

Jerry's face lit up a little.

"Guess we hit it pretty good tonight, anyway," he yelled over the singing.

"Looks like it," I said.

I noticed the crowd was composed of young fellows and girls. They were having a good time, even if they were noisy. It was then that I noticed an old, gray-haired man sitting at a table over in the corner. At his side sat a good-looking young man. The old man was watching the younger people with a kind of half-smile, half-frown, and yet I don't believe he was seeing those people. He seemed in

somewhat of a dream.

The bartender was waiting for our order. Jerry and I both ordered a beer and turned around to watch the singers again. The little stocky bar-tender waddled behind the bar, but was back in a minute and set the bottles and glasses down with a clink. Jerry cleared his throat.

"Is there anything exciting going on tonight?"

Herman (that was his name, we found out later) seemed a little ashamed, but was decisive enough.

"Just what you see over there." He pointed to the group of singers.

"Are they here every Saturday night?" I asked.

"No," he laughed, "they're from St. Louis. They're bicycle riders."

"Who's the old fellow in the corner?" I asked.

Herman cocked his head to one side and squinted one eye.

"Well, now it's right queer you should ask that. Nobody ever asks that question. He's the last of the Benoist family.

"The Benoist?" queried Jerry, striving to keep the conversation going.

"Benoist!" Herman looked amazed. "Ain't you never heard of the Benoists."

We both had to admit our ignorance.

"Well, now since you ask," began Herman, "I'll tell you, but I thought everyone knew about them." He waited until the singing was loud enough to keep his words from the two men in the corner.

"Grandpa Benoist came down here with another family, the Méliers, away back in eighteen hundred, and started this town. Yes sir, they just got the idea to start a city for trading on the River and they set out to build it here, that is about a half mile nearer the river than this town is now. But along in the 60's there was a big flood that nearly wiped out the city. After that they moved it back up here on the higher ground. Those two families lost a lot of money, but they began again 'cause they still had more'n anyone else.

"But just a few years later the War between the States broke out. 'Course you know what happened in Missouri. Well, Grandpa Benoist had been a naval officer afore he came down here, and he went back in the navy for the North. He was a little man, but he had a lot of energy and it wasn't long before he got command of a ship. I can't remember the name of that ship, but it was in the blockade of the South. After the war he came back to settle down again.

"But by that time he discovered that Grandpa Mélier had been buying land, here'bouts, and owned over half the town. Naturally that made Benoist mad. He had a fiery temper anyway and he just about declared war on his partner. From that time on there's been some pretty strong feeling between the two families. The third generation is

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ALDEN SETTLE

Dear Aaron:

It is with extreme pleasure that I take over where that illustrious old lady of the press, Auntie Anastasia, left off—

I think, though, that it is high time that I exchange the maternal point of view heretofore expounded in this widely read column for a rip-snortin' collegiate view of things. So drag out your raccoon coat, stick a feather in your hat, roll your pants above your ankles, draw cartoons all over your slickers and notebooks, and get set for an exciting exposé of a sadly neglected side of college life.

This time, since your poor little brains are shaggin' themselves into a fever over that bug-a-boo known as "finals" we will go easy on you kids and give you the straight stuff.

It's come to us that Sweetie Herget's doggie, Winifred, was named after the Dean of Women for the sake of Sweetheart's psych grade. I trust that this christening was done in reverence and for Winifred's (the dog) sake, without busting her on the conk with a champagne bottle . . . After the Pi. K.A. Barn Dance there was a mass rush by the billious boys of the Saturday night stag line to find the correct telephone number of an off campus cut-up, Betty Fox who, it seems, gave out numerous combinations of the number. Tops among the suckers, and I do mean suckers, was Ted "Beta's Best Bet" Young who spent four nights on the Beta house phone trying all the combinations of Forest 5679 (if a man answers, hang up). The funniest part of it was, that when B.B.B. finally hit the jack pot Betty promised to wait for him, that is, 'till his crew cut grew out . . . Teddy spent his lunch money on hair grower . . . "Stew" Hines (the Stew comes from Stuart, of course) had his date drive him home from the Phi Delta Phi picnic . . . Aaron Pierson, eminent engineer, whose pin adorns the remaining Kerwin Kutie, didn't approve of Mary Eicher's lack of stockings. Pierson prettily plucked the pumps from off our Mary's ten tiny toes and toyingly tossed them across the quiet quad. Our meek and merry Mary (no I don't stutter) waxed indignant, snatch-

ed one of Aaron's books and deftly dumped it in the mail box. Aaron packed a lunch and gathered up his embroidery to await the mailman (just like Pentland). After hours and hours he came, and in spite of Pierson's pretty pouts, refused to give the book back. Hours of red tape, identifications and trips downtown and finally he got the book back. You sure are some kidder, Mary . . . Byron Herbert, Phi Delt Alum, after having dated Kay Hampton for six years, came up with a drag bid to the Delta Gamma dance with Eileen Reilly, while Kay threw kisses over the shoulders of intruding stags to her Bud . . . Peggy Lou Baker lovingly lisps "You Couldn't Be (Kuehner)" to Howard . . . Freddie (Twinkle Toes) Bastman, a bit excited over Tommy Dorsey in Collinsville, in his excitement pushed long sufferin' Alice Lloyd right off the chair upon which she was standing so's that she could see. Alice merely bit her lip, smiled sadly but sweetly, and picked herself up . . . Bob (absence-makes-the-heat-grow-fonder) Diehl had four dates with the beautiful Jo Wilson before she finally left on her proposed trip to the Longhorn State. Now through his purchases of stamps, he is helping the Post Office Department balance its budget . . . "Hugga" Schmid is flinging because she will probably announce her engagement some time this summer . . . Jack Lich, the blond Adonis of the Law School, has now begun his campus dating in his last year of school. It took him a while but he made it . . . Curly-haired Kay Davis is back in body but her heart is still at the University of Washington. Some say she wears a Beta pin in her dressing table drawer . . . Mary Jane Siegel incensed over her last month write-up, denied it fiercely as only M.J. can deny fiercely, and then meekly went to the Track Meet with said "Shorty" Bomstock. (For details see the May *Eliot*, that is, if you go in for details) . . . The dashing Melvin Setzekorn is really pathetic about petit Mary Ann Davie . . . We wish that some one would give us the real lowdown on that "affaire" between the beautiful Olive Depelheuer and a nifty named Grauel.

See you in October, KITTY.

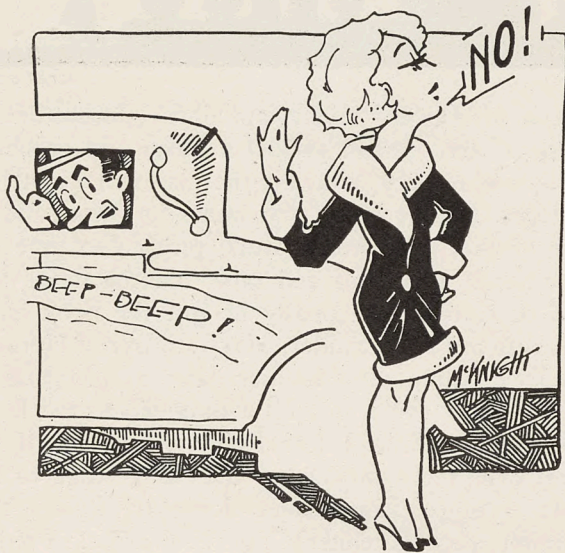


# ARE YOU LOOKING FOR T

We girls have the answer

by DOLLY PITTS and PEGGY WOODLOCK

YOUNG MEN of college age have probably read scads of advice on how to conduct themselves on a date. Judging from complaints which have been circulated recently, however, the time is apropos for even more advice on how a young lady likes to be treated.



We realize, of course, that to follow this procedure with your regular Saturday night Nancy would be pretty boring, for she has long since discovered your true self. Therefore, this advice constitutes the initial step and these little niceties are, as a general rule, discontinued gradually at the young man's discretion.

Fundamentally, we have the telephone call. The scourge of a girl's existence is the "Guess Who" variety. This species can prove not only very annoying but also very embarrassing to the more popular young ladies who are "Oh, so glad" to hear from Mr. Wrong Number.

The real man about town reveals his name immediately and with a minimum of preliminaries asks you if you would care to do a specific thing on a given evening. Those who fall in this category, however, are practically extinct, since most young men have caught on to the fact that the young lady is inclined to be busy on the aforementioned evening if said entertainment doesn't appeal to her.

When calling for the date, please be prompt. If there is anything which annoys a girl who is habitually ready on time, (and there are such) it's to have to wait for her date until the powder has worn off her nose.

Getting the boy in and out of the house gracefully is an endless problem. Some are like bulls in

china shops, not knowing what to do with hands or feet.

If the boy will just remember that the ordeal is often as great for parents, he will perhaps bear up better, for if there's anything a father hates, it's to pull on his shoes and have a long session with a young blade while daughter, oblivious of time, is just stepping into the tub. In making small talk, discuss nice, safe topics that will not air your pet views which might be contrary to papa's, or which might betray to the family something about which they are totally ignorant. In spite of these inhibitions, it is still possible to be friendly and natural.

This is also the time to be as courteous as you know how to be. Don't, for heaven's sake, stay rooted in your chair like a potted plant when someone enters the room.

Having taken his leave gracefully, a delicate feat for the young man is getting his date into the car. It is a thankless job, insofar as a well-executed maneuver goes unnoticed, while a poor one may render you a permanent social scar. Such suggestions as "Scoot under, Babe," come under the latter rating.

As soon as you have carefully installed your date in the car, and she has begun to make conversation, which should not be her exclusive job, but which she usually takes upon herself, do not suddenly blast the radio on in the middle of one of her sentences. This deflates her ego. A very nice courtesy is to consult her about the radio question.

Let us pretend that you can think of nothing better to do than to go to the show. There is nothing offensive about your suggesting the movie you would care to see. The young lady is usually grateful for this key to your personality. But it would be nicer to ask your date to express an opinion, if she is not naturally of an opinion, for you might be asking her to see something which she has witnessed enough times to quote the dialogue.

If you are denied your choice, don't pout should the movie not measure up to standard. After all, it wasn't written, acted, and directed by your date. She merely thought the title sounded "kind of sweet."

Shall we say it is raining? If it is necessary to park your car half way home, let the young lady off in front of the theatre, so that she isn't forced to spend the rest of the evening twirling the ends of her erstwhile curls and wringing her skirt.

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# R THE "PERFECT" DATE?

A scientific analysis of the male's viewpoint

by SAM MURPHY and AARON HOTCHNER

EVER SINCE the day old Sir Wally Raleigh tossed his Bond Street cloak over that mud puddle for Queen Lizzie, the species have been waging a heated battle over what is correct and what is incorrect as far as dating conduct is concerned. The age of cloak slinging has passed, but in its place we find a chaotic code of etiquette and chivalry which has sprung partly from the past and partly from local brew parlors and ale palaces. It is with an eye to the enlightenment of the modern generation, therefore, that we turn our thoughts to a scientific analysis of the genteel art of dating and the views expressed are not necessarily our own but the result of long months of laboratory research.

The first step in the dissection of a date is that of the telephoning process—commonly referred to as "giving the kid a buzz." The technique over the telephone (telephonitus) can be easily classified. Type number one we have called the "not sure" girls. These are the young ladies who are undecided; they just can't make up their minds. "I have so much studying to do and its kind of late to be asking for a date for that night, but maybe..." Every male runs into this type sooner or later. Women, because she lives only in the present, has only a vague and chaotic concept of the future. Another type we have catalogued as the "curious." "Where will we go? What'll we do when we get there? Is anyone going with us?" And although the question as to how much money is going to be spent is not asked, it is inferred.

Then there is the "gushy" type. The kind who, between the snaps and shifts of her large wad of gum, gives you her concise and extremely uninteresting autobiography of 40,000 words—over the telephone—when you've got a party line and irritable neighbors. This monologue is almost always devoted to herself, you or friends, mutual or otherwise and the final effect is usually a kind of muddy stream-of-consciousness.

From this maze we have selected as most appealing, the girl who makes up her mind easily—without the aid of a surgical operation; the girl who, if she is asked, will offer suggestions as to what to do and who knows that she has to eat with her mouth as well as talk through it.

We have now accomplished the rather arduous task of getting the date and are standing on her front porch, pushing the door-bell. A rather common situation is where the girl stands waiting on the other side of the door, her hat and coat already on, and who, at the first sound of the bell, waves

a farewell kiss to her ageing mother and is already half way down the walk before we can get our hat off. This is in order to effectually forestall any evil attempt to get a glass of water or put in a good word with the old man about a summer job.

This waiting beauty has for her antithesis the



girl who is never ready. The one who thought the date was for nine instead of eight, and who calls down from the obscure heights of the second floor: "I'll be right down, John, I just stepped out of the tub, but I'll be down in a second." She then takes two hours to brush her teeth while you sit in the front room lighting one cigarette off the other, gnashing your teeth, and generally approaching a nervous break-down. Then there is the rare type of girl who comes down and asks you to button her up in the back, tie her belt, and put on her shoes (*no doubt* the dear girl thinks you were formerly a window-dresser at Vandervoort's). Tied up intimately with this variety is the "wrong-clothes" type who, though you distinctly told her "formal," trips in with a naive smile on her face and a dress which barely reaches her knees.

The ideal girl, a rare phenomenon, is the one who is ready when you call but who asks you to sit down and talk awhile; the girl who is ready to leave at any time but willing to leave the choice to you. This kind of girl thinks you're good enough to meet her parents and sees to it that little brother doesn't



# DEBATE ON THE LOOSE

Debate managers have always been unusual fellows—read this article if you do not think so

by FRED HAFFNER

I HATE everybody. In particular, I hate Hotchner—better he should drink poison. Here it is late Saturday night, I think I have bubonic plague from those damn white rodents in our carnival booth, and my date tonight refused me the ole nite cap because of a Parkmoor hamburger “with.” And I’m supposed to amuse you slugs with “anecdotes of the debate trip.” All this because Hotchner has a silly cartoon which he thinks slips the needle to my boy Otto von der Au—sterling debater and stout fellow. Better the red head should lose his blond venus.

But Hotchner has that cartoon and as debate manager I have to write this kind of stuff; but there really is a lot to tell about the trip we took toward the close of the season. After having heckled every hotel clerk south of Ogden Avenue, Chicago, we whipped down to Jacksonville to tangle with Illinois College. We hauled in there late on April 14 and were faced with a twenty-four hour stop-over. Now Jacksonville is a swell town. There’s only one good restaurant and one good theater but then there’s McMurray College and although the girls are kept on a leash, you do know that they are there for they scream from dawn to dusk. Ah, a capital place! Well, we washed up and Friedrich and von der Drip (I call him von der Drip for short) and I sauntered over to Cosgriff’s and knocked off three sides of beef. Then Von, the cad, decided that he’d better catch up on Othello (he still hasn’t memorized—“most potent signors, etc.”) and so Gene and I went to the show. (Boy, did Student Finance take a beating that night!!)

We had asked Von to stay awake and let us in because they padlock Hunter Hall Cafeteria and all the guest rooms at about 11:30 P.M. Yep, you guessed it. The ugly orator had fallen asleep just about the time we were watching Buck Jones kill all the bad men. Gene threw pebbles at our second story windows—but to no avail. There was only one thing to do. Gene hoisted me to the fire ladder and up I went. (My friends call me “Fireman Haff.”)



Friedrich and Von der Au speak before Illinois College. Von der Au has had a heavy meal.

Imagine Otto’s surprise when he awakened from my pounding on the window. He looked at me in a dazed way, grinned like an idiot and said, “Wait, I’ll be right down!” Before I could stop him he had run downstairs to let Friedrich in and he couldn’t understand where I had disappeared.

But Otto rose to even greater heights on the following night. He was feeling pretty jovial at the debate—and why not? He had eaten more than any ordinary human should and after that final, horrible ordeal he was to be off to his dear fraternity house, where he knew darn well Othello and

his cohorts would never receive their due. But no matter, that. Von opened for Washington negative and what with constant blushings due to his burping and his nearness to acute indigestion, he managed to squeeze out: “I shall use the Oxford style of debate! I shall rack my brain (wishful thinking) for ‘lousy ole jokes’ and try to amuse you for ten minutes without uttering a sensible word.” Anyone might have bet on Von with as much confidence as on Lawrin. For a man in his gastronomic condition he did admirably well. After ten minutes of very dry humor he said “—and, therefore, you can readily see that the National Labor Relations Board should not be empowered to enforce compulsory arbitration in industrial disputes.” The debate was carried on so that the audience cut in whenever it chose to pelt the men with questions. But Von was safe, for he aggravated no one.

Ah, but thanks for Friedrich who did much on that Chicago area trip to prolong my days. He came through whenever Otto reverted to his “Oxford Style.” My only pet hatred in his direction is due to the atrocious clothes combinations that he sported on that debate excursion. Believe me—brown checked trousers (retail \$1.95), gray coat and shirt with a red tie, is enough to drive anyone to Valhalla.

There were innumerable other happenings along the way which I’m sure would make interesting reading—in fact, so interesting that it is for the

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### ARE YOU LOOKING FOR THE "PERFECT" DATE?

(Continued from page 16)

And, by the way, no matter how petite she may be, don't try to get the girl in for half fare. This babes in arms stuff passed out generations ago. When you are seated, don't snatch the young lady's coat off before she can remove her gloves. This is very annoying and usually acts as a straight-jacket during half the feature.

If you are watching some M.G.M. melodrama, be careful in your attitude toward the young lady's weeping at some touching scene. This situation must be handled with delicacy. A sympathetic pat on the shoulder is not amiss; however, if you see from the corner of your eye that the young lady's mascara is running down her face, it is best to ignore her until she can repair the damages.

If you have decided to go to a dance, and if the dance is one where there aren't many stags, or they are slow in arriving, don't act as if you can hardly wait to be cut. If you like a girl well enough to ask her for a date to a dance, you should be satisfied to dance with her. After she is cut, don't make yourself too scarce. It is very reassuring to a girl to know that her date is still mindful of the fact that she is there, especially when some would-be Casanova is holding her with a death grip around her waist, singing loudly in her ear, and doing steps that are impossible for the smoothest of dancers to follow without the aid of an Arthur Murray dance card.

Procedure after a dance or show is practically the same—you eat or drink. If extenuating circumstances prevent you from doing this, (these may be lack of funds, curfew time for the car, or any given number of things) it is best to explain to the girl that your intentions are the very finest.

We'll suppose that on this particular evening, all is well and you have gone to one of the more popular spots to eat or drink. Consideration and courtesy are still the rules. Forget that the plump little waitress makes your date look like a lanky stringbean and don't call her by her first name and pat her on the hand. If you are doubling, don't quibble with the other boy about the bill. Do your accounting later.

Your conduct on the way home is purely personal. If the evening has been a particularly enjoyable one, conversation usually gets a little more mellow. It is best to let the young lady set this conversational pace to a certain extent, but it is never amiss to say in a frank and friendly manner what a swell time you've had and say it as if you mean it.

If you are deep in conversation, it is not necessary to jump out of the car as soon as you reach the young lady's house. It is best to ask her advice about this, however, because some mothers object strenuously even to innocent conversation when it

takes place in front of the house or on the front porch.

It is best to make these "good nights" short but sweet.

But if you should succeed in making a profound impression and from the first you seem destined for each other, above all things, don't spoil it by bragging about the *affaire* to all the young men of your acquaintance. We consider this ample grounds for throwing cold water on the fairest conquest.

### ARE YOU LOOKING FOR THE "PERFECT" DATE?

(Continued from page 17)

demonstrate the effectiveness of his new air-gün by putting a slug through your eye.

Having now gotten the creature out of the house we are faced with the problem of getting her in the car. Try as we will we can discover only two general divisions in this category—the athletic kind who refuses any help at all, opens the door herself, knocks your arm from her elbow, and makes a standing broad-jump into the general interior. The other is the helpless, clinging vine type, who demands every attention and who should be labeled "Handle With Care—Glass".

Once the gay young thing has taken her seat in the car, a false feeling of security often steals over the male. Such feeling is usually short-lived. Most common among the types he has to contend with, is the "gabby" variety. This dame talks about everything—the new baby girl her Aunt Bess just had, the two Sig Chis who came over to hear her new victrola records, how many flunk notices she has from the Dean. A large wad of cotton down the aesophogus is the only remedy.

Strangely enough, though, a new type is becoming increasingly popular; perhaps the sudden appeal is the result of the male mass rebellion against the "Gabby Gals." This new type is the "Sphinx Sister." She can sit for hours without saying a single word, cracking a smile, burping, or looking intelligent. Such a variety was formerly labelled "Beautiful but Dumb."

Other varieties include the "Dirty Joke" type, the "Apple Polishing" type—who never ceases telling you how clever, handsome, and *generous* you are, and the most deadly of all, the "Play With the Dashboard" type. The latter kind will yank and twist everything on the dashboard, causing short circuits and spilling the contents of the ash tray all over the front seat.

We do not have the space in this article to delve into the results of our scientific study in the specialized fields, such as the picture show, dances, weenie roasts, hay rides, kid parties and the like, but we can in a general way touch upon the show and the dance.

(Continued on next page)



#### FOUR YEARS BEFORE THE MASTHEAD

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... Longer word for Peace, or shorter one for demonstration... Ways of saying "to be held."... 12:15... Done at last... Issue put to bed.. Wish I were... Me home in cold... Unprepared for class in morning... No cuts in this issue... No cuts tomorrow morning... Too bad... Sleep...

A nightmare, that is what it was. It was a hard life, but it ended when I was made editor the middle of last year. My dirty work was over—now it was up to my mind—or something. To look back on what I have accomplished through the paper can give only a feeling of futility, for I can not point to much. The greatest thing I have done probably, is to occupy my time effectively and learn a lot about people and typewriters.

Yet, it is great fun now, as a has-been, to look back on four years of paper work that have been real sport. I wouldn't have missed them for anything. Being an editor of a college paper, particularly in this college, is a real educational experience, for college officials almost universally regard a newspaper as a source of trouble and insurrection. The good editor is one who can take his place firmly on this hot seat and then keep it constantly warm without scorching his pants.

I have tried—perhaps now I need to go shopping for pants. But I am assured of my reward, in heaven if nowhere else, for I have it on good authority that St. Peter heartily welcomes college editors. In poetry:

"What have you done," St. Peter said,

"That I should admit you here?"

"I ran a paper," the editor said,

"At my college for one long year."

St. Peter sorrowfully shook his head

And turned to tap the bell.

"Come in," he said; "select a harp.

You've had your share of Hell."

And so, I say goodbye to my constituency—if there is anything left of it. The deadline is here and my last effort is offered. Writing for *Eliot*, I have felt at home just as if I was writing my editorial column—one feels it doesn't matter much what one says because the chances are no one will read it anyway.

#### ARE YOU LOOKING FOR THE "PERFECT" DATE?

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Some young things insist on starting down the aisle before the usher and a couple of other parties so that, forgetting that you are totally blind, it takes half of the first feature to sort them out. Most embarrassing is the girl who either because of an athletic day or a hectic week-end, falls sound asleep on your shoulder. This leads to no end of piercing

glances from your neighbors and if the young lady begins to snore, it will very likely lead to a visit from the management. Then there are those who chew gum loudly and occasionally pop it between their teeth; those who have a "terror picture complex" and as soon as Karloff or Lugosi flashes on the screen, shriek like owls and grab for your arm, lowering your sleeve length two or three inches; those who never settle down and will continue to move their position until its time to go home.

Probably the most irritating type at the dance is the young lady who can always spot an old chum in the band and with a blood curdling, "Oh, there's Eddie playing the drums," dashes off to spend a few hours admiring his tomtoming and chatting about old times. The temptation is strong at this point for the gentleman to mutter vile things about Eddie beating his grandmother as well as the drums and to drag himself off to the bar to consume a few dollars worth of Manhattans.

As far as the actual dancing is concerned, however, all women can be divided into two groups: the ones who always want to dance and those who never want to dance. And those who are always ready to take up the stomp either have unbridled "leading" tendencies or else insist on shoving you off to the side of the dance floor and teaching you that stunning new "Hobo Hop" that they just brought back from Philly.

The problem of getting some food also has its ramifications. Most common is the type of girl who never has a place when asked where she would like to eat, but who has a violent "No!" to every place that her date mentions. These girls should be taken directly to a White Castle. There are also the problems concerning not knowing what to order, joking about the price list, making catty remarks about the waitresses, and insisting on meeting the chef.

There remains one phase of this subject with which we have not as yet dealt. It is the topic: Taking your date home. It is in this field that we have done most of our original research and if there are readers who wish to benefit from the findings we have made in the name of science, just mail to us a self-addressed, stamped envelope and we will send you our private survey by return mail.

#### DEBATE ON THE LOOSE

(Continued from page 18)

good of society and the younger generation that I withhold them from the eyes of *Eliot's* vast reading public. So now I've written all about our delightful little trip, the big hand on the clock has moved around a couple of times, I can still taste those onions, and I hope somebody marries Hotchner's girl friend by morning.





"I'm not used to prayin' with my clothes on!"





## FAMILY PORTRAIT

MR. BIRNBAUM, who draws funny pictures for bright magazines like *The New Yorker* and *Stage*, painted this picture.

It's a portrait of a family in this enlightened year of our Lord, 1938.

In the front row are Papa and Mama, in their Gas-Masks for Grown-ups. Back of them is son Jimmy, in the latest Youth's Model Gas-Mask. Then there are little Sally and Tommy in their Gas-Masks for tots. And finally, Buster, in the special Gas-Mask that man, in his great humanity, recently designed for dogs.

Funny picture, isn't it? Only Mr. Birnbaum did it in deadly seriousness. And he's right.

What could be more serious than the fact that the ordinary citizens of one civilized country have to protect themselves from poison gas with which the ordinary citizens of another country will try to kill them? What could be more depressing than the necessity of digging up the green lawns of modest little homes to make gas-proof holes for women and children to crawl into! What could be more alarming than the realization

that these things actually are happening in Europe today. And if we think we're safely removed from it all we're crazy!

Maybe war can be stopped; maybe it can't. Maybe if it does come, we can stay out; maybe we can't. But this much is certain: it *could* be stopped if enough decent citizens reared up on their hind legs and said, "*We won't have war!*"

We think it's worth trying. Are you with us?

*Write to World Peaceways, Inc. . . . .  
103 Park Avenue . . . . New York City.*



**GAMBLER'S CHANCE**

(Continued from page 14)

getting pretty old now, but there's still a rivalry between them, 'cause each family owns just about half the important buildings in town."

Herman crouched near the surface and whispered:

"You know, Benoist there is waiting for Mélier to come in tonight." Both Jerry and I were interested.

"Waiting for Mélier? What for?" asked Jerry.

"Oh, they're to have a poker game here tonight."

"Poker game! You mean these two enemies sit down at the same table to play cards?"

"Oh, they don't like the idea. It isn't play either. It's really serious with them."

"Serious! Seems like a poor way to be serious."

"Well, I ain't told you the whole story. Seeing you're strangers, you wouldn't know, 'course. But these two old men are coming here to play off to see who gets to buy this here building that you're in now. You see, this is the only building on the square that doesn't belong to one of the two families and they're to play off to see which one gets to buy it from the estate that owns it."

"Still hard on the old rivalry," I said. Two men entered, just then, and Herman leaned over the counter again.

"Here they come."

We turned around.

"You see, that's Mélier and his friend. These two young fellows are to look on to see that the game is fair."

"Just like a regular duel, seconds and everything," Jerry laughingly said. "Listen kid, I think we got into something here."

The bartender pointed out Mélier to us. He was a fattish man with a large pouch that he seemed to push along in front as he pattered across the floor. He, too, had gray hair, but only a few strings spanned from front to back on his otherwise bald head.

Mélier and the other man went straight to the table in the corner. Only the two seconds talked, making arrangements for the game. Benoist and Mélier stared at each other, neither making the slightest movement. It was such a stern business that I had to smile to myself.

Jerry and I got a little nearer the table in order to see better.

Gaston, Benoist's friend, produced a deck of new cards, and laid them in the center of the table. Alfrede, Mélier's second divided the chips. Mélier took the cards and began to shuffle them.

There wasn't much of an expression on either man's face as he picked up his cards. Benoist put five chips out in the center; Mélier did like-wise. Each drew two cards. Benoist pushed a neat stack of ten chips to the center. His face was inscrutable. Mélier glanced at his opponent and shoved three

stacks of five to the center. Benoist called. Mélier laid down his three kings and two queens. Benoist tossed his cards to the deck where they spread to reveal the three tens, an ace, and a deuce. Alfrede said, "First hand goes to Mélier."

The second hand fell to Benoist with three queens against Mélier's two pair.

Jerry and I looked on, watching those two old men, descendants of old families, the two oldest families of the town. And there they were, playing a grim game of poker over the last important piece of property. It caused me to speculate on what their ancestors would have thought of such a way to settle a dispute.

I don't know how long we watched those four men keep track of the chips as they went from one side of the table to the other. At twelve o'clock the two men stopped playing; when the chips were counted and the tallies had been made by the seconds, the results were announced. It was Mélier who had been victor during the evening. He smiled a kind of sneering smile, and then broke the silence for the first time.

"That settles the account, Benoist."

"So—so it does," was the slow reply.

"I'll see the lawyer Monday morning and have the building transferred," said Mélier.

Benoist didn't answer. He arose. He pushed Gaston aside, and walked slowly to the door. I couldn't keep from feeling a certain pity for that man. He seemed so thin and weak, but he did carry himself well, like the finest gentlemen that I have seen. He looked more haggard than he was at the start of the evening. He passed through the door, into the dark street outside. The rest of the men looked inquiringly at each other. Even Mélier seemed perturbed.

Gaston started to run to the door. Just then we heard a shot outside. It was electrifying. We all seemed to know what had happened. Alfrede and Mélier ran to the door. But by that time Gaston was carrying in the little old man. Gaston laid Benoist on the long table the cyclists had used that evening. Benoist was dead, but there was still that haggard look on his face—it was a look of hopelessness, and the look of a man who has lost his position.

There wasn't anything we could do, so Jerry and I walked slowly back to the automobile. We didn't say a word the whole time. When we got out on Route No. 25 again, on our way to Perryville, Jerry looked at me.

"It's a serious business, kid, trying to keep up a reputation."

I was thinking the same thing, "Maybe that's why I don't have much of an interest for old places," I said. "They don't seem to interest me much. Never did."



### ALMA MURDER

(Continued from page 12)

extinction. Finally, Dr. Cranmer picked out a site for his new school, the American Academy for the Advancement of Crime, in Washington, where, he thought, the atmosphere was most suitable for this study, since it was practically the only place left where an organized machine still mulcted the people of their money. But the Academy was not a success.

It was then that Washington University, always quick to realize and snap up any opportunity for the improvement of mankind, stepped in. The University called on Dr. Cranmer to come out and establish a new and better school, with complete laboratories and other research facilities. The Doctor was delighted, and came at once to begin his task. The new school was built on the unoccupied side of the quadrangle of the Criminological School, which had gained fame as the foremost police training center in the country. It was a happy choice, for now the two schools could work in healthy cooperation (or at least so it was thought). Later, the school of Criminology, the Academy for the Advancement of Crime, and the Law School were lumped together to form the Crime and Punishment Division of the University, since it was considered necessary for lawyers to learn something of the methods of robbery and extortion in order to be most successful, and for other obvious reasons.

The Academy began with a fairly limited curriculum. Preliminary courses in it and in the police school were combined, for the fundamentals were about the same. Most students entered this general course undecided, and made up their minds as to which was the most profitable as they went along. After two years, they entered one school or the other. The advanced courses in crime were few, although such specialties as safe-cracking and kidnapping were covered thoroughly. Endowments from grateful alumni began to pour in, and many contributions came from friends or relatives of criminals killed in action, enabling the school to open new departments and hire new professors. The John Dillinger Department of Gunnery and the Spike Doran Chair of Electricity were two of the most famous of these.

The school prospered in this manner for several years, cooperating with the other schools and growing larger all the time. As it grew, the forces which were, in the end, to bring about its downfall, grew with it. These took shape in the growing rivalry between the crime school and the police school. This originally exhausted itself in the games of "Cops and Robbers" which the students used to play after

study hours; but one day Jimmy the Dip, captain of the criminal team, put real bullets in his pistol and began bringing down the police students all around him. The next day the police came out to play with a submachine gun, and the battle was on.

The feud that followed was such as to make the Lawyers and Engineers seem like butterflies battling each other. On "Coppers' Day," the criminals threw bricks at the police from their windows. On "Robbers' Day," the police let fly with tanks of tear gas. And when the annual Criminological Prom was held, the criminals were on hand to have a good time. They kidnapped the Queen, and held her for \$50,000 ransom; when the police wouldn't pay up, they kidnapped the orchestra, still nothing happened, so the criminals surreptitiously planted a few bombs under the dance hall, and called it a day. In between such playful pursuits, the students of both schools took pot-shots at each other from the windows, until the janitors gave up trying to replace the broken glass.

The end came at a football game. The crucial game of the season was played on Thanksgiving Day, 1953, and it was something of a classic. The trouble began in the first quarter, when "Butch" Malone, the "Rats'" "squealer" or quarterback, got out of a pile-up to find a pair of handcuffs snapped around his ankles, seriously impairing his play for the rest of the game. In the next quarter, the "Dicks" fullback was found lying on the field with the marks of brass knuckles on his jaw. On the next play, the referee called "off sides" and fell with a bullet through his brain. Finally, in the last quarter, with the score tied at 0-0, the "Rats'" center passed the fullback a "tommy gun" instead of the ball, and the police team began to melt away before him. That was the signal for a general riot, and the spectators joined in, barricading themselves behind the grandstands and firing across the field at each other. There was desperate fighting in certain sectors, particularly along the West goal line, where the fleeing waterboys had dropped several cases of beer. There was soon a shortage of ammunition behind the police lines, and there might have been more serious results, had not the Dean arrived at that moment. The fighting stopped abruptly as he demanded to know what was going on, and both police and criminals came and stood shamefacedly before him as he scolded them. Thus the Thanksgiving Day Massacre ended, with a score of 776 dead and over five hundred wounded.

And thus ended also the healthy cooperation. The Academy of Crime was moved to East St. Louis, where a more congenial atmosphere prevailed, and there it stands today, surrounded by high walls from which sentries keep continual watch for an invasion from across the river.



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