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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

ELIOT

vib #6



MUSICOMEDY NUMBER

MARCH - 1939

PRICE: 15 Cents


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# ELIOT

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Dorothy Tracey, Frances Kisslingbury,  
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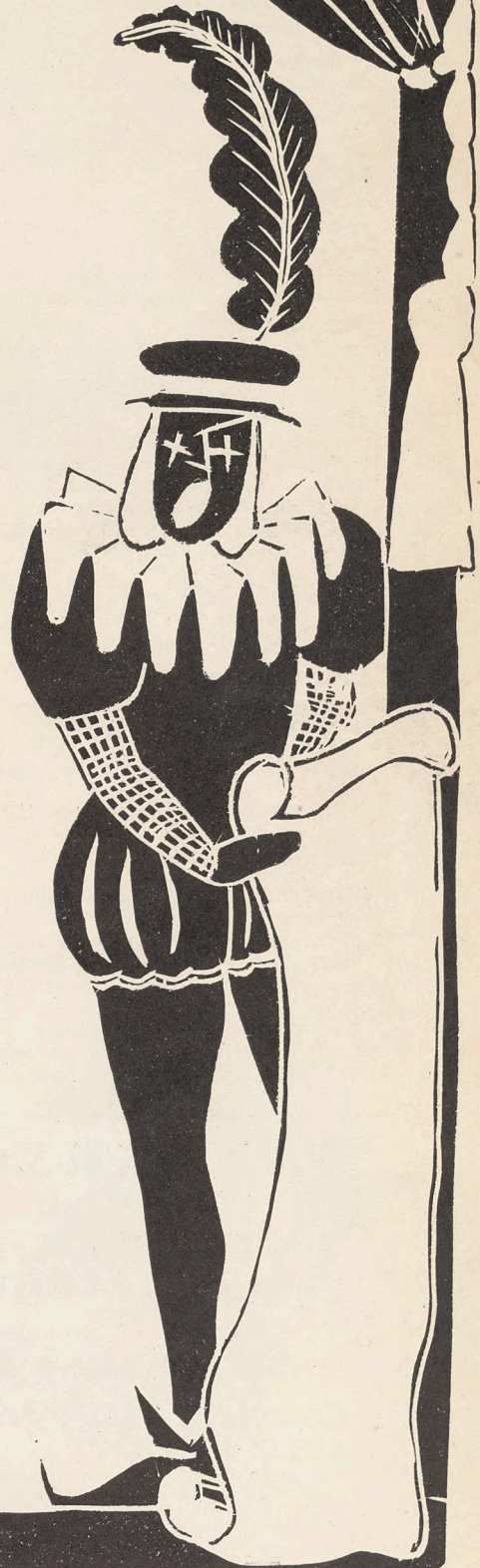
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Quad Club Photos by Bud Hoerr

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March 3, 1879, at the Post Office, St. Louis, Mo.







#### THE ARTIE SHAW ALBUM

- |  |                |
|--|----------------|
| 1. Carioca<br>Bill                             | Bluebird 10124 |
| 2. The Donkey Serenade<br>My Heart Stood Still | Bluebird 10125 |
| 3. Rosalie<br>Lover, Come Back To Me           | Bluebird 10126 |
| 4. Zigeuner<br>Supper Time                     | Bluebird 10127 |
| 5. The Man I Love<br>Vilia                     | Bluebird 10128 |

All Artie Shaw fans will undoubtedly enjoy this album of fine records. I have not heard them all, but the ones I did hear were fine. Shaw's band is very solid these days—his rhythm section has tremendous drive and his sax section is performing in fine fashion.

Of the sides I heard I enjoyed most the "Carioca," "My Heart Stood Still," and "The Man I Love." In "Carioca" the brass section plays some very effective wah-wah figures—part of Shaw's clarinet work is backed in this manner. George Auld's "boogie woogie" tenor sax is splendid. The whole record has tremendous lift. "The Man I Love" is slow tempo stuff and I'm pretty sure the late Mr. George Gershwin, the composer, would enjoy this Shaw rendition a great deal. Tony Pastor (tenor sax) gets off some pretty good work. In "Vilia" there is more wah-wah brass section stuff behind Artie's clarinet, and the sax ensemble work is very well done. Shaw's restrained clarinet work, the well-arranged sax ensemble work, and the drive of the rhythm section, all coupled with the fact that the tune is a favorite of mine, makes "The Man I Love" the outstanding side, in my opinion.

**BENNY GOODMAN—Pick-A-Rib** (Parts 1 and 2) by the Goodman Quintet is really a fine record—it's a fast blues dreamed up at the recording session and credited to Benny. B.G.'s clarinet work is as superb as ever; the old master has always been my favorite among the white clarinetists, and this record helps to confirm that feeling. Hampton's vibraphone is exciting as always. Teddy Wilson's rippling piano is fine, but to me he isn't nearly as exciting as he was a few years ago before his style developed its present-day polish.

**TOMMY DORSEY—Symphony in Riffs—Hold Tight**—Victor. Tommy has a fine band and when they can sink their teeth into a superb arrangement of an equally superb tune they prove their worth. They've done it with "Symphony in Riffs," a tune from the pen of Benny Carter, one of the world's greatest alto saxophone players and one of the finest arrangers in the business. One of my most prized records is of this tune, recorded on Columbia in 1933 by Benny Carter and his great Harlem Club (N.Y.) Negro orchestra and now very hard to get. Dorsey's

rendition doesn't equal Carter's, but that is nothing against it—I wouldn't expect it to. They have done a very creditable job though. The extremely exciting and difficult sax ensemble passages are hit right on the nose by the Dorsey crew, and "Babe" Rusin (tenor sax) gives off some fine solo work. Tommy's trombone work is fine, and he shows good sense in not copying Jay Higginbotham's chorus off the Carter record. All in all it's a swell job. "Hold Tight," the current rage, is Riffs' platter-mate, and well rendered too. If you want to learn the nonsensical words you might get this record instead of pouring nickels into the Quad Shop machine and trying in vain to hear what the Andrews Sisters are saying, but for my sake give "Riffs" a chance too. It's the real McCoy.

#### SPECIAL HOT RECORDS

Bluebird has just released four sides made in New York under the direction of Hugues Panassié, the great French swing critic and authority (author of "Hot Jazz"), by a specially picked mixed group (white and black) of old-timers. One side is by a seven piece band (full rhythm section with two trumpets and a clarinet) and the other by a quintet, consisting of guitar, drums, string bass, trumpet, and clarinet. Two of the quintet sides are a slow and a fast blues and one is really wonderful. The titles are "Gettin' Together" (Bluebird 10088) and "If You See Me Comin'" (Bluebird 10087). There is some wonderful guitar work and fine trumpet and clarinet work on both sides. I think anyone will find these sides tremendously interesting. "Revolutionary Blues" by the seven piece band is fine too, but I'm afraid the remaining quintet side is over the untrained listener's head. No matter which way they will look at it it will be nothing but noise. The reason is that it is free and unbridled collective improvisation and it takes a practiced ear to listen to it right. However, the reverse side, "If You See Me Comin'," is well worth the purchase price in itself. I recommend these records highly to the hot record collector.

#### BEST RECORDS OF THE MONTH:

##### Artie Shaw Orchestra

- |                   |                |
|-------------------|----------------|
| 1. Carioca        | Bluebird 10124 |
| 2. The Man I Love | Bluebird 10128 |

##### Benny Goodman Quintet

- |                               |        |
|-------------------------------|--------|
| 1. Pick-A-Rib (Parts 1 and 2) | Victor |
|-------------------------------|--------|

##### Tommy Dorsey Orchestra

- |                                    |        |
|------------------------------------|--------|
| 1. Symphony in Riffs<br>Hold Tight | Victor |
|------------------------------------|--------|

##### Special Hot Records

- |  |                |
|--|----------------|
| 1. Gettin' Together<br>The Revolutionary Blues | Bluebird 10088 |
| 2. If You See Me Comin'                        | Bluebird 10087 |
- L. M. TOUGH III.

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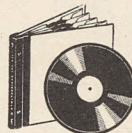
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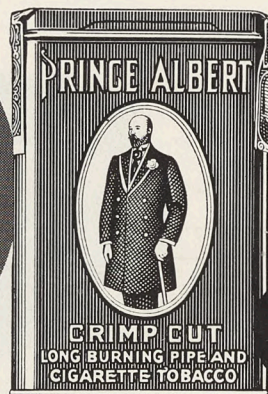
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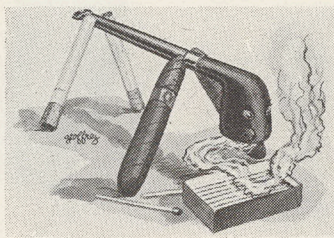
**OUR SHORT  
SHORT STORY**

*The Startling Disappearance of  
Mrs. Fudd*

If one keeps one's eyes open, one notices some of the darndest things. Just the other afternoon, for instance, as I was walking along Fourth Street, a middle-aged woman lost her balance and fell out of a third story window. She landed in a garbage can. A few minutes later a Chinaman passed by and noticed her legs sticking out.

"Americans velly wasteful," he remarked. "That woman good for ten years yet."

THE END.



**THE MAN  
NAMED SINDLER**

"Irving Sindler, who has achieved some sort of glamour despite the fact he is a property man for Samuel Goldwyn, is crazy on the subject of getting his name in the films. In 'Stella Dallas' it was blazoned on a brick build-

ing called 'The Sindler Building'; in 'The Adventures of Marco Polo' it was on a Chinese banner, in Chinese; and in 'Cowboy and the Lady' on a rum bottle.

"Sindler is now serving 'props' for 'Wuthering Heights,' the Emily Bronte classic of the early 19th century, and he was hard put to it to find a place for his cherished name until Director William Wyler suggested a grave-stone which is to be used in a sequence. Sindler didn't like the idea, was very much afraid, but he isn't one to see his name die out, so it will go on the gravestone, with a very nice epitaph to boot."—*Post-Dispatch*.

Wonder if Sindler feels the same way about blank checks?



## ENTOMBED

**March 5:** I was very clever about it. I wandered into the tool house this afternoon and came right out and asked Sykes for the trowel. The excuse I gave him was that the earth was packing around my potted rubber plants, and I felt I should keep it loosened every day. Sykes offered to attend to them himself, but I told him that the rainy season gave me a longing to dig in black earth again—which it does—and the rain of course makes it impossible to garden. But enough of this. I have more important digging to do. And tomorrow I will buy the flashlight.

**March 6:** Sykes drove me into town today. I went into Hocker's and browsed among the hardware. Bought a watering can and a flashlight with two extra batteries. Everything is running smoothly and I shall start operations tomorrow midnight.

**March 7:** I've begun! March 7, 1938, I began to dig George out. I started on the stone directly behind the lower right-hand corner of the tapestry. The mortar is old and it is really not so difficult as it might be. And after a while I did not notice the hard stone steps, or the chilly draughts which blow continuously down the stairwell, and, for that matter, all over this rattling house, this crumbling heap of masonry which is called an English country house. The moonlight, filtering in through the stained glass window, casts an eerie light, blood-red in spots, especially when the flashlight is out. But it doesn't annoy me. The important thing is to get George out; and slightly more than a week to do it in.

**March 8:** The work is progressing. If only the stones were not so hard. I think it is strange that the mortar is not fresher; he has been buried less than two months—seven weeks. They were very clever about it. They picked such a propitious time. I, delirious with pneumonia for days, then weak, convalescing. I was resting that afternoon a month ago, sit-

ting close beside the fire in my room. I was reading Shakespeare and using George's last letter from America for a bookmark, when Mother Grant spoke to me, quietly: "Try to bear this, Ann. George was killed, automobile accident in New York, two days after you became ill. The doctor thought it wisest not to tell you until your strength had partially returned. . . . We had him buried in the little churchyard of Stokesbury Cathedral. . . . You were so ill, my dear, we thought it best that way. His father and I have been the authors of the last few letters. You'll forgive us. . . . It's been so hard. . . ."

Clever of them. At first I was taken in—yes, horribly—wracking tears that wash your heart away, sleepless nights, a lump of molten lava for a chest, hours spent with George's things, hours spent feeling nothing. But that is all changed now. It happened just three weeks ago, the first night that I really slept after they told me. The dream was a picture framed, with the inscription **Entombed** beneath it on a little gold tablet. It was a street in some little town on the continent; cobblestones, crowded overhanging houses, a procession moving slowly, and a sweet shop to one side; in its doorway a young man lounging. He was George, of course, but he stood there motionless for a while, looking at me fixedly. Then



he took his cane and carefully marked off a square in the lower right-hand corner of the street. He said simply, "Hope, Ann, until the Ides of March."

The next morning I understood immediately. George buried some place, not really dead. Attempted murder. By his parents, of course. They have never really liked my living with them, the Grants of Stokesbury, you know, and George's death would be the perfect way to rid them of me. I thought it all out very clearly. George must have returned from New York when he was due, just a few days after I became sick; so there was the perfect occasion for doing away with him. And I would never know.

The only thing that worried me that morning was the setting of my dream. So familiar, and yet I had no idea where it might be. I thought about it all day, and when I was walking down the broad, winding staircase that night for dinner I was still wondering. Maybe that is why my dress caught on a rough edge of the stairs just as I passed the landing, and I reached out blindly to break my fall. My hand closed upon the Flemish Haute-Lisse tapestry that drops from the ceiling of the stairwell to the steps. It saved me, and in more ways than one. For there was my dream, exactly, except for the inscription of course; and in the sweet shop doorway stood the baker's boy. At once I understood George's message. The cobblestones on the tapestry could very easily correspond to the stones on the wall behind, allowing a little for size. And there really could be a recess back there; this house has been added to for centuries and it has any number of different levels. One reads all the time of victims being sealed behind walls. What better place for George, than behind the mouldy Haute-Lisse tapestry? The last place one would look.

It's taken me three weeks to formulate my plans: to convince George's parents that I no longer needed a nurse, then pack them

(Continued on page 20)





## THE TOWERS

### March

About the only thing that college students observe concerning March is the fact that Spring begins. This is really not fair to March. Now take the 11th of March in the year 1748 when George Washington went on a surveying trip. How many of you knew that? Or how many of you knew that it was March 13th in the year 1775 that Patrick Henry made his speech? That speech gave us the famous gag line, "Give me liberty or give me death!" Then again there's the 14th of the month, 1900, when the Gold Standard Bill was passed; a memorable occasion, for it gave us something to go off of. And do you realize that on March 24, 1812, Washington, D.C. was sacked by the British? Probably that's where the present lobbyists got their technique. But the most important event of the month is the one that is most often passed up: on March 13, 1929, Belgium ratified the Kellogg Pact, and thus the world has been safe for democracy ever since.

### Peace

We don't profess to have followed the activities of the campus peace organizations very closely this year but we cannot help but be aware of the fact that the cause of peace has been rather neglected. At the present writing there have been no indications that the usual peace week activities are going to be held; there have been very few speakers, and the student meetings on the subject have been few and far between.

We have always looked upon the campus peace group as a re-

liable organization whose efforts have been intelligently directed toward the one goal of making the campus peace conscious. It is regrettable that the group has slackened its activities; it is sincerely hoped that they are formulating plans for a well-planned peace week, because their work is probably more important than the work of any other similar group on the campus.

### Shakespeare

According to a recent newspaper item, William Shakespeare received only six votes in a Connecticut teacher college's poll to determine the students' favorite playwright. Far out in front were moderns Eugene O'Neill and Maxwell Anderson.

As admirers of the Bard-of-Avon, we are shocked no end by this report. Not that we don't like the stuff that O'Neill and Anderson turn out, but place "Mourning Becomes Electra" side-by-side with "Romeo and Juliet" and you can't help but notice the difference. They'll be playing the balcony scene long after Electra and

the rest are tucked away in the files.

What's more, can you picture "Winterset" or "Beyond the Horizon" being turned into musical comedies? No, they're plays and that's all, but just change one of Shakespeare's titles to "The Boys from Syracuse," stick in a dancing chorus and two or three songs, and you pack 'em in on Broadway. Our vote's for William.

### Hatchet Cover

We have seen a pre-view of the 1940 Hatchet cover. It is handsomely tooled and we have no doubt that the leather comes from the backs of some of the West's choicest heifers. The only thing that bothers us is the profile which runs the length of the cover. We looked at it for a long, long time before we asked whom it represented. George Washington, we were told. Maybe so, but the Eliot staff voted 14-3 that it was a spit-tin' image of Gertrude Stein.

### Railroad Stations

We have heard of a lot of strange hobbies but Robert Pennybacker of Denver just about cops the prize. It seems that Mr. Pennybacker is visiting every railroad station in the United States. Of course, it's not the sort of hobby that you can collect in an album or keep in a glass case, but it is different. And what's more, it's not a futile sort of activity like collecting cigar bands; you know you can never get all the cigar bands in the world and you die off knowing that somewhere lurks a

(Continued on page 19)



## and THE TOWN



## REMEMBER?

AS THE elevator door slid open, the boy said, "Number 1403, right down the hall."

"Okay, thanks," I said, and the door clanged behind me. Down the hall, on the right, I could see a neat little sign projecting from a doorway, with the words "Prof. J. G. Loisetete, Memory Specialist and Consultant" in small semi-script letters. Ah, my goal at last, I said to myself, and I walked up to the door, which had nothing on it but 1403 and a tremendous red question-mark. Feeling a bit discomfited at having a question-mark looking quizzically at me, I lost my sense of self-confidence and knocked undecidedly on the door. Nobody answered, so I went on in.

It was a nice reception room. Modern and well-lighted, with piles of fresh, new magazines on the tables; plush furniture and thick carpets; tasteful water-colors on the wall—all in all, a restful and pleasing picture. Quite a contrast to the average doctor's office, I thought.

A desk at the other end of the room had a sign with "Miss Carter" on it, and a chair with no "Miss Carter" on it. Busy, I said to myself, and I sat down on a thick sofa near the door, to wait for something to happen.

After a long, long wait, a door opened, and Miss Carter entered, humming "Do You Remember?" softly to herself.

"Mr. . . . er . . . ?" she said, meaning me.

"Don't you remember me?" I asked.

"No, sir," she said in a confident manner. "I am quite sure that you have never visited us before."

"That's right," I said, abashed.

"If you, too, desire assurance in such matters, you may easily acquire it by becoming a disciple of Professor Loisetete." Her tone was smug. "You wished to see the Professor?"

"Well, that was—"

"Just be seated for a few minutes, then. I'm sure he can find time to see you."

I felt the same small, insignificant feeling that I always used to get out at the University when I had to see the Dean, so I curled up into an insignificant mass in a corner.

After an interminable period a buzzer buzzed and Miss Carter said, "Professor Loisetete will see you now."

She opened the heavy door into the Great Man's office, and told me to go in and sit down. There was no sign of the professor, so I took a very plush chair in front of his empty desk and waited.

After a few minutes of breathless anticipation, a side door opened and the professor himself appeared. He strode into the room importantly, sat down behind his desk, and plunged headlong into a torrent of speech.

"Good afternoon, good afternoon! What seems to be the trouble with you? When did you first notice it? Can you remember where you were on January 16th? Do you have trouble when you get up in the morning trying to remember where you threw your shoes the night before? What was your mother's maiden name? Aha, I knew it, I knew it! You don't remember! Young man you're in a very bad way. However, we'll



see what we can do. Fix it up in no time! Any other symptoms? Frequent amnesia? Blank spells? Familiar faces without names?"

He paused for breath.

"Wait!" I cried, throwing the nearest word into the breach. "You've almost made me forget why I came here."

"Yaaaah!" he shouted gleefully. "I told you, I told you! I have a fine six weeks' course here that'll just work wonders for you."

He was almost bald, and he had a little Hitler moustache (only it was gray) that bounced up and down while he talked. His whole face was twitchy, and it bothered me.

"Professor Loisetete!!" I shouted back, "I remember distinctly why I came! There's nothing wrong with my memory. I want an interview."

"Newspaper?" he asked, with a sidelong glance.

"Well, sort of. If you would give us the essentials of the Loisetete System of Memory Culture" (he puffed up noticeably at this, and his moustache twitched vigorously) "I'll see that the whole country knows of you within a week. Is it a hard system?" I asked, by way of getting him started.

"Oh, Heavens, no! Simplicity itself—yes indeed, simplicity itself!"

I got out my pad and pencil, and settled myself comfortably in my plush chair.

"Well," he began, "see that big chart up there? That's the basis of half my system—the remembering numbers part." I looked up on the wall, and there was a large sheet of paper with letters and numbers on it:  $th=1$ ;  $n=2$ ; and so on. It had "Loisetete System of Memory Culture" written in big letters across the bottom.

"Uh-huh," I said.

"As you see, each number has a sound equivalent. You can make any number you want to, up to millions, even, just by combining those sounds into words. Marvellous, eh?"

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**E**ACH YEAR in this issue tradition demands that we report the amorous doings of the Quad Clubians. In past years it has been easy: the hero and heroine are always madly in love with each other, the comedian and comedienne have that certain look in their eyes, all the girls in the dancing chorus go with all the boys in the singing chorus—that's enough for you to get a general idea of how the thing works out. The masses eat it up. They've been well reared on Hollywood bromides. But this year is different; tradition will just have to suffer a kick in the puss. Take that hero—heroine situation that we used to play up—Reinhardt's all right, he has come through in the past time after time, but this year we can't even try to put one over on the public, no matter how gullible they are. Reason—"Tig" Marsalek is the heroine. The only thing that "Tig" has ever been in love with was chocolate eclairs at the age of six. To build up a big romance between Dolly Pitts and her stage-mate Mara would be positively futile—despite the fact that brother Freddie thinks that Ed and Dick and Pete and Barney would make a nice foresome. Sido's Huber does not help the situation one bit and Dick Yore and Betty Jehle prove nothing. In short, tradition has been booted in the mush.

Whether or not you know Willard Knobeloch you can appreciate this little story, which really should be included in our "Life's Little Drama's" department. Knobby (as he is known to his intimates) had just received an expensive pen from his best girl. When he came home on the particular day we are interested in, he decided that his usually immaculate face was a bit soiled and so he sauntered over to the sink to scrub up. He carefully placed his glasses on a nearby chair, put the cigarette he was smoking on the window sill, and then took his brand new pen from his pocket, fondled it lovingly, and placed it gently on the window sill. That done, he began washing his usually immaculate face when he was suddenly startled by a loud "swish!" Looking around in utter amazement he discovered that he had placed his brand new pen too close to the cigarette and as a result

the pen's celluloid-like case had been easy prey for the vicious cigarette. It had gone up in a puff of smoke. Picking up the charred debris he sank back on the chair in consternation, but he was greeted with a "crunch, crunch!" He had sat on his glasses.

"Sven" Galle created a mild sensation by appearing in the glass-enclosed studio at KWK in one of those backless, shoulder-less, whale-bone lined formals. Technicians and sound-effects men were lined up four deep. Highlight of the broadcast, which was piped into the auditioning room, was this announcement at the end of the performance: "...and the part of Alice was played by Sven Galle." Must have confused the listeners no little.

Three Theta Xis have given away their little badges: Joe Kelly pinned Beth Decker, a Web Groves high school girl whose mother claims she is the first and only high school dame who has ever worn a college pin, Duane McCallum has tagged Phi Mu's Evelyn Stevens, and A. J. Gilliam has a Theta Xi emblem through the courtesy of brother O'Toole. Remember that by-law which we spoke about last month in connection with the strange Logan-Bonnell case—the brothers are seriously thinking of adopting it.

We have seen a lot of love affairs in our day but never, no never have we seen two people as much in love as our very own Louis August Gottschalk and our very own Cordelia ("I write the reviews") See. For hours on end Louie A. waits patiently in the office while See-See is out peddling Eliots or singing or writing S.L. articles or interviewing people. At even-tide when they see each other, they just sigh deeply, clasp hands, and go bounding off. During advance psych. classes Louie just sits and draws dainty woodland scenes or pens a line or two of throbbing verse. This we found on the editor's desk in the unmistakable hand of Louie A.

(Continued on page 24)



## OF TIME, AND PHIDIAS CROMER

At forty, Phidias Cortlewraight Cromer seemed to be settled for life. True, he made only thirty-five dollars a week clerking for Hanson, Marvin, and Hanson, but he was single and his wants were simple. As long as he got to the office at eight sharp, did his work, and made no mistakes, he was sure of his job.

In appearance Phidias was quite ordinary. He wore dark suits, gray ties, black shoes, did not smoke, and economized with bargain lunches at Thompson's. He hated umbrellas and rubbers as much as any man, drank very little, and occasionally went to a wrestling match, burlesque show, or hockey game. But he never entertained in his small flat, nor was he often invited out. To some that would have been a pretty dreary existence; to Phidias it was Life.

Therefore, when late one foggy winter day he carelessly stepped out in front of a taxi and was shoved over backwards, his head hitting the curb with a resounding whack, it created but little stir in the world as a whole. And since there were no relatives listed on the identification card in the injured man's billfold, the taxi driver hurried him to the City Hospital and notified the insurance company.

Phidias was unconscious for two days—concussion the doctors called it—and then he saw the insurance adjuster, got a hundred and twenty-five dollars out of him, and slept for two more days. It was two weeks before he was released, and even then he had to wear a turban of bandages. It was mid-February and the office was very busy, but the younger Mr. Hanson welcomed Phidias back and told him his pay had been only half docked during his absence. For this he was grateful. Between the insurance and his salary he had managed to make a profit on the incident.

Occasionally after his release from the hospital he felt a queer swishing in his head, and several times things seemed to be flowing through and around his head at a rapid rate. It was very confusing. But gradually these sensations stopped, and he forgot them.

It was about a month after he was out of the hospital that he had the first indication of the real "trouble", as he was later to term it.

He and Paul Durham, another clerk, were walking along the street, headed for their usual restaurant at noon. There were three inches of snow on the sidewalks and a sheen of ice on the streets; a freezing wind swept through the narrow corridors between the buildings. The two men were approaching the corner of Sixth and Olive, going east on Olive, when suddenly Phidias tugged at Paul's coat and said quickly, "Let's cross the street here."

Durham thought he had some shopping to do, and they crossed from the north to the south side of the street and walked on. In a short time there came out of the smoky fog a huge truck which skidded and careened wildly across the intersection and smashed with a loud metallic crash into the corner of the Famous Barr building, pinning two pedestrians to the wall and injuring three others on the way.

It was not until after the excitement was over and the two were headed back for the office that it occurred to Durham that they had come awfully close to being in the accident. As a departing ambulance sped by, he turned to Phidias.

"It's a good thing for us you wanted to cross the street when you did, Phidias. We might have been in that accident. Tell me, why did you cross the street just then? Want to shop?"

"I guess so, but I've forgot, Paul," Phidias said weakly. To tell the truth, he was badly shaken, for he now realized that when he had crossed the street

he had felt a premonition of what was to happen at the corner. Nay, even stronger—he had seen it happen several minutes before it actually did. He could only explain it as a coincidence, or an hallucination.

When he returned to the office he experienced more of the same trouble. He would begin to add up a column of figures, only to see in his mind the correct answer being written at the bottom of the page. All he had to do was copy the answer and thus save a great deal of time. At first he was worried about the accuracy of these figures, but by constantly checking and re-checking them he found that they were invariably correct. It was a phenomenon which he attributed to some subconscious calculator in his brain. Whatever it was, he welcomed the relief and made full use of the device.

On his way home to his lonely flat in Wellston he found this new faculty an aid in getting a seat on the street car. He discovered that he knew several minutes in advance just which person was going to vacate a seat first. Thus he merely had to stand next to that person for a short interval and slip easily into the empty place. And the phenomenon was of inestimable value when, while cooking his meager supper, he "saw" the stew burn a full two minutes before it actually did, and was thus able to save the stuff.

By now Phidias had become vitally interested in the malady and its symptoms and characteristics. It was affecting his whole life. After one particularly bad day in which he twice answered the telephone before it rang, he determined to approach the situation in a more scientific manner.

The next morning he purchased a stop watch, and for a week he could be seen every lunch period lounging on various corners of busy intersections downtown. He would, for instance, take up a position on Locust behind the old Post Office and soon he'd have a mental picture of a delivery truck rounding the corner. Immediately he would press the stop watch and wait until the truck actually appeared. After carefully tabulating the results of a week's work, he found that the time between his first mental warning

(Continued on page 21)





# ELSIE

I guess I was only about sixteen then. And I hadn't seen much of what people call life. I was a good boy. I didn't smoke and I'd never been drunk. That was during prohibition, and hardly any of the fellows drank. George had a card for a speakeasy, but I was afraid to drink any of the stuff.

One summer night George and Dick came by, and asked me if I wanted to mess around. George was several years older than I was, and Dick was bigger. I didn't have anything else to do, so I went along. Pretty soon I got the idea that we were going slumming.

First we went to this liquor place on Olive. It looked like a photographic studio in front, but there was a door in one corner that led to flight of stairs, and down these stairs was the bar. I didn't know what to order, so I waited for George and said the same thing he did. It was a rye highball. It tasted all right, and we had two more. I felt kind of dizzy and light, and wanted to do something.

Dick asked me if I'd ever been to the morgue, and I told him I hadn't. I was shaking a little when George parked the car in front of a gruesome square building and got out. But I didn't let on. I'd seen lots of dead people before. One morning I saw four of them on the beach in Michigan, after they'd been in the water several weeks.

We went inside. It was very quiet, and everybody spoke in whispers. There was a big iron door at the end of a corridor, and an old man was sitting at a table beside it. George said something to him and he opened the door. It was very cold in the room we entered. I guess I must have been trembling a lot then. I pretended to be looking around, but actually I kept my eyes blurred. I don't like dead people. But George wanted to go around examining them, and I had to keep up a good front. The bodies were laid out on little tables placed at right angles to the walls. Most of them were niggers. Their skin was waxy and hard-looking . . . like polished wood. One of them had a large gash in the

side of his head. And there was a little baby, badly swollen. I was glad to leave.

After that we went to a taxi-dance hall. I'd never been on one before. George asked for five tickets, and I did likewise. The place was located in the basement of a hotel. The dance floor was decorated with Chinese lanterns, and a small orchestra was playing "Dinah" when we came in. The floor was partly roped off, and the girls were standing in a group in the center of it. They all wore evening gowns, and some of them were good looking. Most of them had that hard look, though . . . platinum hair and thick lipstick and washed-out faces. I danced with one called Patsy, and didn't like her. She had a cheap kind of accent that made me feel uncomfortable.

I noticed a girl in a pale blue gown standing a little apart from the others. Her hair was brown, and she had a soft, pretty face . . . She looked like a nice girl. I danced with her, and asked her what her name was. She said it was Elsie. I think that's the only question I ever asked her . . . about herself, I mean. The orchestra was playing "Gypsy Fiddles" when I danced with her. That night I thought about Elsie for a long time before I went to sleep. If it hadn't been for her, I probably would have dreamed about those corpses in the morgue.

The next night I went to the dance hall alone. Elsie was dancing with some big man in a blue shirt. They were laughing together, and I hated the man with all my heart. He danced

with her for nearly an hour, and finally I bought a pack of cigarettes. I'd never smoked before, but now I lit one after the other, and they didn't bother me at all. I'd always known it was bunk about cigarettes making you sick.

At last the big man left, and I danced with Elsie. As a matter of fact I was feeling a little dizzy, but after a few dances it wore off. I asked her if I could drive her home that night, and she smiled and thanked me and said she'd love me to. It was only about ten, and she had to work until one-thirty, but I said that was all right . . . I'd come back for her.

I went to one of the neighborhood shows, and afterwards I had a malted milk and a ham sandwich at a drug store. Then it was almost time to go back to the dance hall.

When Elsie and I went out to the car it was raining a little. She was very tired and yawned half a dozen times on the way to her apartment. She lived on West Pine, and said good-night to me at the door.

I went to the dance hall several nights a week during the rest of the summer. I brought some of my friends there, too, and introduced them to her. They began kidding me about her, and said I'd fallen in love, and I guess I had more or less. I began calling on her in the afternoon. She had a nice little apartment and a police-dog pup named Major. I used to lie on the floor and play with the pup, while she'd knit or read or write letters. Sometimes she'd invite me to stay for supper, and she'd make me call up home so my family wouldn't be worried about me. The meals were good, too. I often wondered where she got enough money to live the way she did.

One afternoon we went swimming in a mill-pond about thirty miles out in the country. We lay in the sun and played in the waterfall formed by the dam at one end of the pond, and both of us had a wonderful time. I was kind of a poetic guy then, and I wrote a poem about it when I got home.

Sometimes Elsie was kind of sad. She never told me what the matter was, and I never asked. I wouldn't



(Continued on page 24)



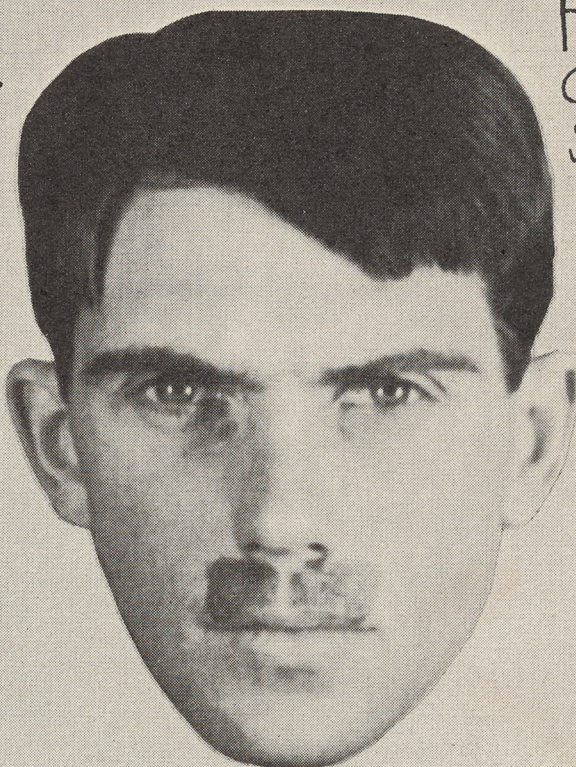
# Quad Club Cut-Outs



MARA - so dapper,  
so cute, oh shoot →  
BANG!



HEINEMAN - oh  
gosh, where's Sue,  
sweet Sue →  
YOO HOO!



YORE - thick dia-  
lect, thick moustache,  
thick ears - thick!

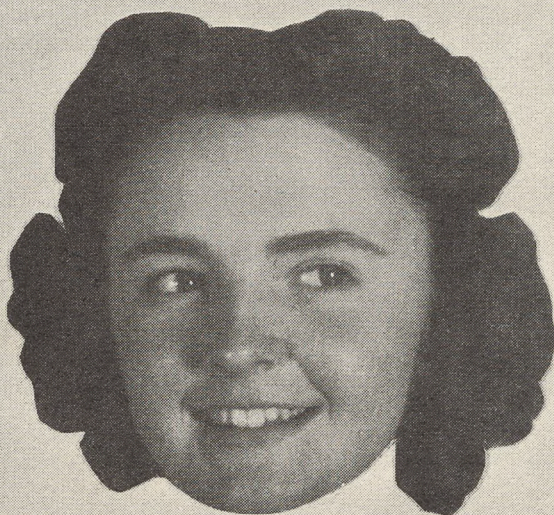
RAMSAY - Cecil B,  
big stogies, big  
headaches, every-  
thing stinks!



Pitts - 20 languages,  
20 lines, 20 beaux,  
20 noes!



MARSALEK - very  
sweet, very pure,  
very innocent -  
OH YEAH!



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OF  
WASHINGTON  
UNIVERSITY  
ST LOUIS - MO.

AET



# QUAD CLUB



**1** Quad Club's founder, Dr. Elihu Gruntzagel, M.D., in the spring of 1903, decided to put on an ice revue in commemoration of Admiral Dewey's naval victory at Manila. At the last minute Dr. Gruntzagel's leading man suffered an attack of acute umbilical strombosis, and the pageant was produced on roller skates in the maternity ward of Barnes' Hospital.

As must to all men, death came to Dr. Gruntzagel several days after his memorable plunge down the elevator shaft in Grant's Tomb.



**4** And then came "John Kelly's Funeral," an extravaganza in twelve acts by Rugby W. Twitch. Here is the colorful grand finale which lasted 27 minutes. The show ran for nine semesters and would probably still be running if it weren't for the great tornado of 1927 which blew the roof off the Twitch garage.



**5** "John Kelly's Funeral" was followed by "Pox-Marks," a colorful little revue that featured the terpsichorean twitchings of the celebrated Gadzooks Sisters. Their buck-and-wing tap novelty, which was performed on pillows behind a black curtain, absolutely stopped the show. Fanny Gadzook, the cute number on the left, was often mistaken for Ginger Rogers.



**7** With "The Shower Curtain," though, Quad Club's first great romantic team was born. Oliver Skootbutter and Jennie Dinglewasser thrilled audience after audience with such memorable love ballads as "Schmaatz," "Flumumph," and "Ptolpke." The book that year was particularly funny. One speech which started, "Who Was That Lady I Seen You With Last Night?" was so funny that it has been repeated every year since.



**8** The following year... first extensive ro... "Who Missed the American Cities and... rift with the immigra... might have played in... son Square Garden th... early in the evening... for the Turney-Demp... ately followed it. Ma... ence could not tell v...



# UB: 1783-1939



**2** From this humble beginning the Quad Club just grew and grew. In 1914, on the very eve of the Great War, the celebrated production entitled "The Girls from Albany," attracted the attention of several prominent chiropractors who founded a trust fund to cover the cost of new reeds for the saxophone players.



**3** Star of the show was none other than "Laughing Joe" Krumpetbubble, whose sensational rendition of the hit song, "Waddaya Think This Is, Field Day?" was interrupted several times by the groans of romantic young ladies who had fallen out of the gallery.



**6** It was for Glighandle R. Russet, however, to put Quad Club on a big time basis. Every critic south of the Mississippi sat up and took notice when Glighandle took all the parts in the monotonous production, "Three Maids and a Girl." Glig had a little trouble with the singing and dancing chorus scenes but in 1923 he won a scholarship to the Massachusetts Institute of Bacteriology where he has been ever since.



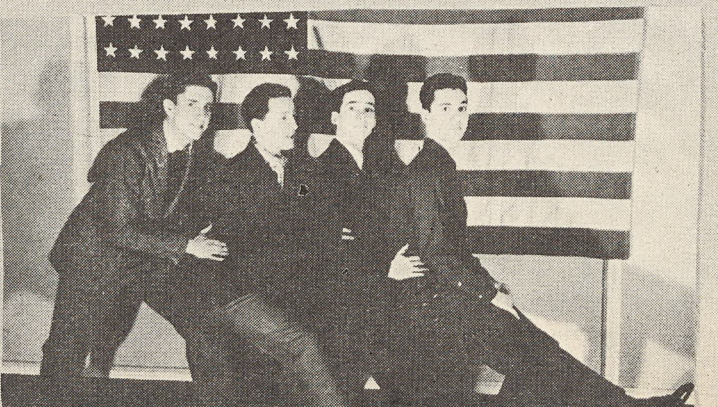
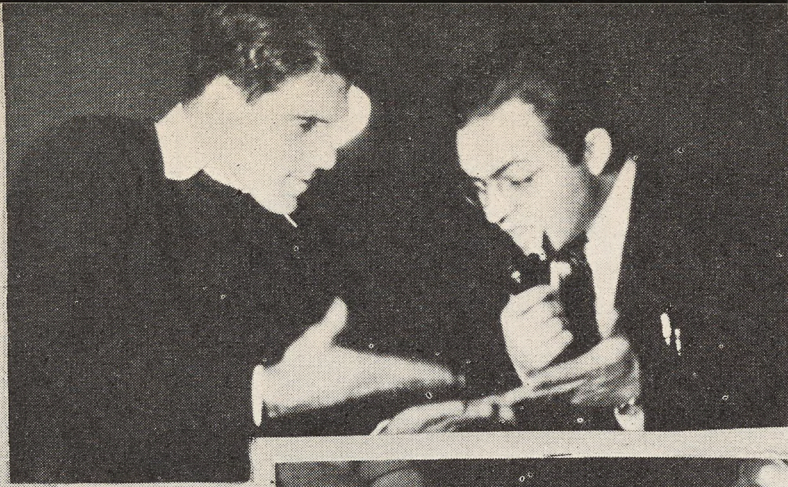
**9** But what of the future, you may ask. There are bigger things to come. We present here an exclusive pre-view of the 1965 colossus, "Arbuthnot and the Door Bell." It will be presented on six revolving stages at the Hippodrome, Stokowski providing incidental music. Hit song of the show will be "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby"—the title may be vaguely familiar but the music, we assure you, is like nothing you have ever heard before. The composer, L. Bugugly Tanglebee, worked out the whole thing on a chromium-plated zither which fell apart immediately thereafter. Thus, this is Quad Club's 21st anniversary.

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The following year Quad Club went on its first extensive road trip. That year's show, "Who Mashed the Cuspidor?" visited 147 American cities and if it had not been for a tussle with the immigration authorities the show might have played in Rhode Island. At Madison Square Garden the performance was given early in the evening in order to draw a crowd for the Tunney-Dempsey fight which immediately followed it. Many members of the audience could not tell which was which.



**QUAD CLUB SNAPS:** Producers Katz and Steinberg have a slight disagreement over whether their big star should marry Reinhardt. (Knowing Reinhardt, we'd say "NO")... Director Ramsay is tickled to death over a big scene... Chief Censor Barbee wrinkles his brow over a naughty line while Secretary Huber turns on the old appeal on Heineman who is catching flies, but Huber gets him in the end... "Thumbs Down"—subtle, eh?... The lineup—this is the best picture we took of Marsalek... This is a good shot if you like legwork... Well, don't say we didn't warn you—here's Reinhardt slipping the ring on the innocent heroine's finger... Ah, spring! A touching moment in Ina Mae Aronberg's routine... Yvonne has a little trouble remembering her name, and Mara, as usual, is no help at all... Three gentlemen, a flag, and Lorch... "Sven" Galle following the script...





## THE WEIGH OF ALL FLESH

As fulltime instructor in Sociology and related subjects, Professor William Paul Gosden did not have much opportunity for getting the physical exercise that he needed. For fifteen years his daily routine had been a simple one: a five minute automobile trip to the University after a hasty breakfast, a two minute walk from the parking lot to his office, several twenty second excursions from his office to his classrooms in between classes, and the afternoon automobile trips home for lunch and dinner. On Sundays, holidays, and certain rare occasions when he might spend an afternoon off the campus, the Professor would usually see to it that no great amount of physical exertion was involved. He was truly a sedentary creature.

On his forty-fifth birthday, as a result, Professor Gosden was fat and paunchy; his muscles were flabby; his stamina was poor; his shoulders were rounded; and his wife was disgusted.

"William," she told him as he sat down to breakfast, "you're simply going to have to do something about that waist line. It's a disgrace. I don't see why you are so obstinate about exercising."

The Professor, who was by nature an amiable and peace-loving man, did not care to argue about the matter. Theoretically, he was not greatly concerned — or so he said — but when it came right down to explaining why he never started "exercising", he could rationalize beautifully.

But Mrs. Gosden was a woman with a will of her own. Once her mind was made up on a question, it was mighty hard to change. And if her husband had not been so anxious to begin the morning newspaper, he would probably have taken warning when she cut short his usual apologetic remonstrances with a quiet "We'll see, William."

He found out what she had meant early that evening. "How about some chess, Flora?" he asked, after he had finished the paper and had settled down into his favorite easy chair.

Mrs. Gosden didn't answer at once. She seemed to be having quite a men-

tal tussle. Finally, she spoke, slowly and very deliberately: "I'm sorry, William, but there'll be no more chess until you begin to take off some of that excess weight."

The Professor was stunned. Chess was his sole diversion. It was his only recreation, the one form of entertainment that he really enjoyed. And his wife was the only person that would allow him to win consistently. To be deprived of her friendly competition was like losing an arm or a leg, so much were those evening chess games a part of his life.

At first he refused to believe that she was serious, and it took a full two weeks to convince him. The prospect of another such week he found unbearable: the future without chess was impossible to consider. He could divorce her, yes, but where could he find another woman who would play chess



with him as she had? There was only one way out. He had to give in to her demands.

"All right, Flora," he said, "I know when I'm licked. When do I begin?"

He began the very next Monday afternoon. It was decided that he should take regular weekly workouts at the University Gymnasium, under the watchful eye of the school trainer. And so at two o'clock sharp he presented himself at the Gym office, carrying in a paper bag a complete set of the latest style athletic apparel, which Mrs. Gosden had thoughtfully purchased.

Unfortunately, however, the man with whom he had made his arrangements was not there. Professor Gosden waited until three o'clock, when

one of the assistant football coaches, a kindly chap, took pity on him and suggested that he go ahead without the trainer, who had "probably let the appointment slip his mind." As a matter of fact, it was the last week of spring football practice, and that worthy gentleman was really much too busy to bother with overweight professors who wanted to take reducing exercises.

Fearful of returning home until he had at least made some sort of a beginning, Professor Gosden allowed himself to be ushered into the small gymnasium, where the function of various apparatus was briefly explained to him. Then he was shown a locker room that was not being used, given a combination lock for a small deposit, thrown a clean towel, and left to himself. Whereupon he slowly and timidly retreated to the dark little room, picked out an empty locker, and proceeded to disrobe.

Half an hour later the Professor appeared in the gymnasium. His five feet seven inches of beef and bone were elegantly draped in scanty, loose-fitting shorts and shirt; his small, tender feet were smartly shod with airy brown gym shoes tightly tied over white wool sweat socks.

Thanking his lucky stars that he was alone, he decided to take a few laps around the little track that edged the upper balcony. Climbing the stairs, however, so winded him that he thought it advisable to rest a while. He did—about fifteen minutes. Then resolutely he set out, trotting slowly. At every heavy step the flaccid flesh of his upper legs vibrated violently, roll-

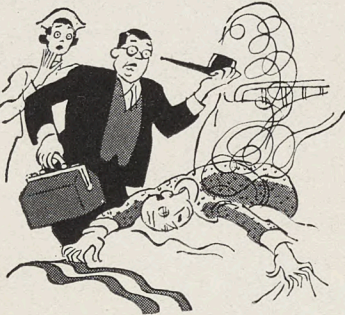
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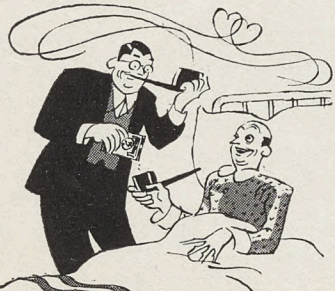
"You will notice, students, that I never come late to class."



## NO WONDER HIS PATIENTS LOST PATIENCE!



**FAINTED DEAD AWAY!** But Doc can't seem to figure *why*. Of course Doc doesn't think to blame that cut-throat *tobacco* in his briar. Get yourself a *milder* blend!



**THE CURE!** Doc switched to a 2-oz. tin of Sir Walter. Now his patients perk up and cheer. Know why? It's burley of A+ mildness . . . good-smellin' to others.

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**PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN.** In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

**TUNE IN** Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday, coast-to-coast, NBC Red Network.

## JUST TALK



"What's wrong, Betty? What have I done? You're angry with me for something. I can tell from the way you looked at me when I came in."

"Nothing's wrong, Don."

"Haven't I tried to please you? Haven't I done everything

you've wanted me to?"

"Yes."

"Oh, you don't have to act so supercilious. Why don't you listen to me, Betty?"

"I'm listening."

"I'll bet you're mad at me because I wanted you to stop dancing with that fellow last night and go home. That's what's eating you, isn't it?"

"Don't be silly. We had that out last night. Let's not start talking about that again."

"Oh, I see. You don't want to talk about it any more. You still think you were right. How can you be such a stubborn person?"

"Don, if you're going to start calling me names again you'd better go home. I told you I was tired tonight and didn't want to go out with you but that you could come over here and see me for a while. But I didn't think you were going to start scolding me again."

"I'm not scolding you. But something's wrong. I just want to know what I've done, that's all."

"Nothing. Nothing, at all."

"Ha, sarcastic stuff, huh. You probably think I've been dating Janice again. I know. I guess that smart-aleck Edwards guy has been telling you lies about me again. Why don't you tell that guy where to get off. He's a liar! Honest he is Betty."

"Jack's all right. I wish you wouldn't talk that way about my friends."

"He's all right, is he? I suppose you like him better than me."

"No, Don."

"Maybe you don't love me anymore. If I could only find out what I've done."

"I already told you I'm not angry with you. Isn't that enough?"

"But I can tell by the way you act."

"It's just your imagination. You haven't done anything. Can't you believe me?"

"You mean you're not sore at me? Everything's fine?"

"Of course."

"And I'm still tops?"

"Of course."

"Well, why didn't you tell me, honey? You had me worried."

"I've been telling you ever since you came."

"I know I'm foolish but I can't help it. Will you forgive me for . . . well, you know, the way I've been talking?"

"Uh huh."

"Gosh, Betty, I love you so much . . ."

"Don! You're mussing up my hair, and I won't have time to fix it before Jack gets here."

—L. G.



"He lost his car—but he still has his chauffeur."



## HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

SHAKESPEARE, WM. An unusual plot and one I might advise reading if you are in one of those moods. What I mean by one of those moods is one where you figure that the whole world is about to come to an end, so what? It is a rather dreary production and must have been turned out when the author's wife came to London, concluding his holiday.

The story is about a young prince of Denmark, Hamlet, whose father was murdered by Claudius, Hamlet's uncle, in order to marry his sister-in-law, Hamlet's mother. The crime was unsolved, showing the playwright's lack of ingenuity. Here was a perfect set-up for a True Detective Masterpiece or a Sherlock Holmes' "Case of the King of Denmark," but young Shakespeare messed it up in order to make the plot one of revenge rather than crime solution. The Ghost of Hamlet's father appears and sees Hamlet, telling him of the murder most horrible. Hamlet then decides to have his revenge. So he stabs his would-be father-in-law, drives his sweetheart insane and eventually to the grave, and gives a rotten play. Then comes the finale, where there is a big duel scene. Claudius (remember?) poisons the sword of Hamlet's opponent, and also poisons Hamlet's drink so that there will be no mistake. Hamlet kills his opponent, his mother drinks the poison, Hamlet stabs his stepfather, is stabbed himself, and all but Horatio die on the spot.

I fear that Wm. Shakespeare did not make the most of his talents in this particular play. For instance, in the cast of characters we read Cornelius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern, courtiers. Here, you would say, are the gag-men and we are to get some of that good old-fashioned two Jews and an Irishman with lots of dialect. But none of them pulls a gag during the whole play and there isn't the faintest trace of dialect. The comedy effect, as it may be called,

is supplied by two grave-diggers. That is indeed original but the comedy is bad. There is a riddle asked but the answer remains indefinite and anyone will tell you that that is no way to pull a gag, no matter how punk it is.

A further mistake is that in the cast of characters we read: A Gentleman—a Priest. This gives the reader a bad impression. It looks as if Shakespeare thought that priests, in general, were not gentlemen. Also, you wonder why this particular character was picked and designated as a "Gentleman." Were none of the rest gentlemen? Serious international complications will no doubt result if this play ever gets to Denmark. The Danes will not like the idea that out of a whole cast of Danish characters, only one was a gentleman.

Another bad feature of the play is that there are only two women characters. That leaves no room for a "menace." Certainly Hollywood would never think of using this play. It would not give them the opportunity to display feminine limbs. The only scene that they would like, perhaps, is where Ophelia, which is no name for a heroine, drowns herself. They



might be able to distort this into a scene of bathing, like Claudette Colbert's in "Sign of the Cross," or the bathing scene from "Ecstasy."

As to the main character, there is not much can be said for him. He is certainly no hero. He allows himself to be bundled off to England and called mad when he wants to be home cutting patterns in the King's throat. He gives plays when he ought to be using an ax on his parents. He must have been an awful disappointment to his father's Ghost, who traveled all the way from Hell to urge Hamlet to avenge him and then saw Hamlet turn out to be a stage-door Johnny. The "menace" could have been brought in here. A flirtation in which a chorine had Hamlet stage this production to star her would bring the play up to date. But Shakespeare ignored that.

What should have been done is this. The Ghost is all right. I would leave him in. A ghost can do a lot to an audience and it starts them off on the ends of their chairs. Then, as soon as Hamlet hears what the Ghost has to say, he ups and slays his Mom and Uncle with an ax. Here there should be a slight explanation that Denmark was, at that time, frowning on ax murders. Hamlet is forced to flee the land. He is picked up by pirates and does a few daring deeds. Then he comes back to Denmark, produces this play with the menace in it, gives up the menace and marries Ophelia, who will be called Ophelia Ophelia to give her a little more romance. Due to Hamlet's excellent crooning, the people of Denmark forget about the ax murders, and then a detective named Rosencrantz outsmarts his colleagues, Guildenstern and Cornelius, (the Irishman and the Jew, with lots of dialect), and discovers that the ax Hamlet thought he used was paper mache and that the parents were really axed by the C.I.O. boys, who thought they were unfair to organized Mad Princesses, Local No. 708.



**FREE! A box of Life Savers**

to

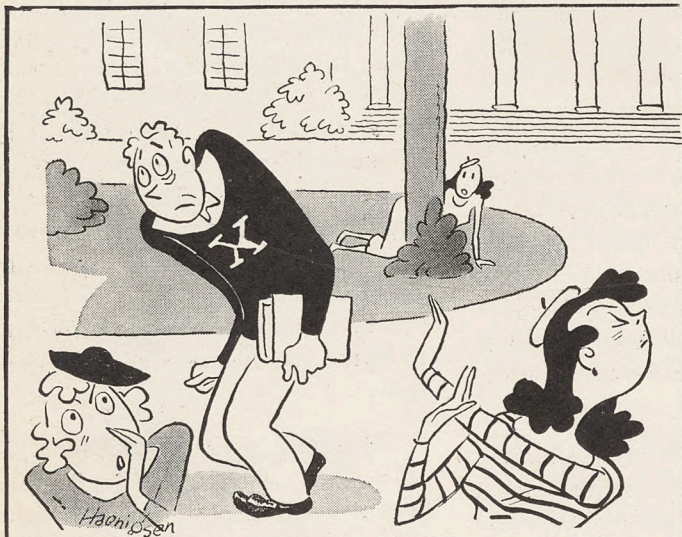
**Bette Middleton**

for the following joke:

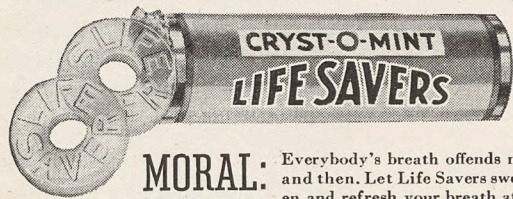
Gloria: "I don't like your boy friend."

Agnes Jane: "Why not?"

Gloria: "He whistles so many dirty songs."



On campus, Henry walked alone,  
His breath made all the "lovelies" groan.  
But then he took to Cryst-O-Mints,  
And now he's treated like a prince.



**MORAL:** Everybody's breath offends now  
and then. Let Life Savers sweet-  
en and refresh your breath after  
eating, drinking, and smoking.

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the Editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

**"THUMBS DOWN"  
CHORINES**

**Virginia Eppler**—5'-3"; 113; hates being called a chorus girl, loves her fingernails, wants to be an adagio dancer.

**Jane Krebs**—5'-5½"; 120; detests English jokes, enjoys being with crowds of people, wants to be happily married.

**Claire Agatstein**—5'-8"; 131; dislikes short men, would like to shrink about 10 inches.

**Toni Wagenfeuhr**—5'-¾"; 96; hates street cars, loves dancing, wants to grow 2 inches.

**Jane Clark**—5'-5"; 118; hates Spanish and spinach, thinks Rolla, Mo., is a swell town.

**Doris May Hacker**—5'-1"; 105; doesn't care for short sweaters or inferior orchestras, likes to knit.

**Pat Ahern**—5'-2¼"; 101; hates salad dressing, Guy Lombardo, and red nail polish, won't marry anybody but a millionaire.



**Elizabeth Borgsteadt**—5'-5"; 117; hates tomatoes and bad colds, likes hockey, wishes she could sing.

**June Myers**—5'-1"; 98; detests boring lectures, is very enthusiastic about growing fingernails, wants to teach the deaf.

**Marjorie Kammerer**—5'-7½"; 128; hates short men, likes jellifying, wants to be a doctor.

**Dean Maize**—5'-5"; 123; hates bad ball room dancers, loves cokes, has no ambition.

**Sally Meyer**—5'-3"; 110; disapproves very strongly of people who chew gum in the movies, likes cooking and clothes.

**Jane Stribling**—5'-5"; 118; detests conceited boys, loves ballet dancing, wants to make some good grades.

**Adrienne Palan**—5'-5"; 130; hates to write themes, wants to take a Quad Show trip and to travel by plane.

**Virginia Woas**—5'-4"; 93; hates Botany labs, goes for tall, dark, and handsome men, wants to weigh 100 pounds.

**Florence Dooley**—5'-1"; 97; dislikes waiting for people, loves automobiles, wants to make all A's.

—Interviews by Cordelia See.



THE TOWERS AND THE TOWN

(Continued from page 6)

precious Corona-Corona which you've not been able to add to your collection. But not with railroad stations, for Mr. Pennybacker has succeeded in visiting the railroad stations in all but two of the states—Maine and Vermont. Needless to say, Mr. Pennybacker is a Democrat.

Rev. Ellis

We have been justifiably alarmed at the indifference displayed by Washington University students in connection with the laudable vice crusade of Reverend Mary T. Ellis. Incredible as it sounds, we have actually overheard an occasional smattering of adverse criticism directed towards the efforts of this truly inspired and saintly woman.

Fellow students, are we going to remain supine and unmoved by this spectacle of one woman's tireless and self-sacrificing efforts in behalf of humanity and its betterment? We, the editors of Eliot, are willing to take the lead in support of this great crusade for decency and virtue. First of all we advocate the removal from our library of such foul obscenities as the works of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Goethe, Rabelais, Dante, Boccaccio, Balzac, Daudet, de Maupassant, Aldous Huxley, Samuel Pepys, Flaubert, Walt Whitman, Emile Zola, Eugene O'Neill, and Oscar Wilde. And the Fine Arts staff will just have to refrain from speaking of such degenerate monsters as Phidias, Praxiteles, Michelangelo, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, Raphael, Velasquez, Goya, Rubens, Degas, Gauguin, and Renoir. Finally, we might add that we consider the whole system of co-education both vicious and corrupt, and dangerous to the morals of our fellow students, and we therefore demand the immediate removal of either all the males or all the females from our campus.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE AS SEEN BY THE SAMPLE TYPEWRITER IN THE QUAD SHOP

FEB. 2:

qwertyui . . . . . and the the the John H
the quick brxwn fox juml
jumped
Eliot is the best magazine in washing A. Hotchner
xx— Gee, but I'm lonelxy. Dear Miss Lonelxy heart: What can a girl do?
Here it is February and still no date for the Junior prom.—B.L.
prom.. Prom... abcdefghijklmnop
Helx
Dear B.L.: You think your lonely. I don't even know a girk to take to the
prom with me.—F.W.

zyx Once there was a big, bad
Svetlana Netchvola Netchvolodoff
Down with Hutler

FEB. 3:

Williams Woolo asdfgh touch control
i l l x l o l x I never win anything
I o l x
I I
o l I x

Dear F.W.: I'm glad somebody else around here feels that way too. I'm sick
of it all.—B.L.

O say can you see I
III
IIIII
Quad Shoppe
This six six Kappa
The Quad show si stink.s So does student Life.
Elito does too.

XxxxxXxXxx Eliot
Dear B.L.: So am I. What's your name?—F.W.
Phi Alpha Phi Beta Kaxpa
Dear F.W.: It's none of your business. Don't get so fresh.—B.L.
Down with roosivelt

FEB. 4:

Mead Walter Wubbylu Mead
Where was he last night?%
3/4 what?
Dear B.L.: So that's why your lonely. Come on, let me in on the big secret.
piano jelley jelly jelley? Who am I to come to
the aid of the parity?
Dear Fred: I'll go as far as you did. My name is Betty—Betty L.
professor
Parlez vous Deutsch
old new . . . . xxx. . . xx. . x. period

Down with Mussolini

FEB. 14:

another Indian bit the dust, gathering no moss
ddsgghj zyxwvutsrqponmlkjihfedcba
if ig qwer were
how do I do it
Dear Betty: Will you be my Valentine? xxx—Fred W.
how what hot hotel
Dear Fred—I'll be glad to. How about a box of candy?—Betty
vv
Arthur Q. Wurblesnurtz
Tararaboomdeay
Betty Darling—How can I send you any candy if I don't know your last name?
—Fred W. P.S. I love you Wiii you xxxxxx—Fred W.
Down with Chamberlain

March 10 (or thereabouts):

Fooley NRA TVA Stuff
PDQ oxx
Dear Betty—I love you more and more every day. When are you going to tell
me you last name? Wiii you xxxxxxxx—Fred W.
Cinderalla ella Dopey
Hey, Betty: What the Hell is this? How about coming to the Prom with me?
Will you?—Joe L.
Sd St Symphonique Francaise sedilla ceditlo
shrdlu xx dhtu
Dear Joe: Swell. See you at 8:30—Betty
far far far far far ohx
Dear Miss Lonelyheart:
Gee but I'm lonely. What can a boy do?—Fred W.
Down with people.

—George C. Smith.



## REMEMBER?

(Continued from page 7)

"Wonderful," I said.

"Now I'll show you how it works," he said. "Let's pick out a date. Know any dates you can't remember?"

"I'm afraid I can't recall any that I don't remember just now."

"Well, one you can remember'll do just as well. Name one—any one."

"1492... Is that all right?"

"Why yes—of course, of course. Let me see—" he began to mumble to himself. He went over to a large dictionary and pored over it for a few moments; finally he consulted a copy of "Roget's Thesaurus" on his desk.

"Ah, yes," he said. "Columbus. Well, we'll have to see what we can make out of 1492. That'll take a 'th' for the one, an 'r' for the four, a 'b' for the nine, and an 'n' for the two." He consulted the chart out of the corner of his eye as he reeled all this off.

He was silent for a while, meditating and twitching. Then suddenly he brightened.

"I have it!" he said. "THRee BeaNs! Remember 'three beans,' look up the consonants on the chart, and you have 1492."

"Oh," I said, listening absently to the thin wail of a siren in the distance.

"Yes," he went on, after a moment, "all you have to do—" the siren was growing louder—"when you want to remember 1492—" a whole lot of sirens were stopping close by, far below us—"is think of three beans"—a puff of smoke wafted itself through the crack under the door—

"My God!" we both yelled at once. "Fire!"

We ran through the empty reception room and opened the hall door. The hall was full of smoke, punctuated here and there by little orange flames.

"Where's the fire escape?" I asked.

"Let me see," said the professor. "You can't get to it from this floor, I'm quite sure. A long time ago a railroad used all these floors

up here, and they remodelled the place quite a bit. Anyway, we have to go down to thirteen or up to fifteen, but I don't know which."

I looked at the stairs. There were flames going up, and flames going down.

"We'll have to chance it one way or the other!" I shouted. "For God's sake, can't you remember which?"

"Certainly I remember," said the professor. "You can't forget with the Loiset system. Just give me a little time, that's all. Nothing to it!"

He thought for a while, twitching and rubbing the back of his neck. Finally he said, "What does 'fire escape' remind **you** of?"

"Fire engine?" I suggested.

"No, I don't think that was it. Fire bell—fire alarm—fire house—Oh, pshaw!"

"Smoke?" I said. "Flame?"

"No," he said. "I really can't think any more—it's too confoundedly hot out here. Let's go back into the office and work this out."

So we went in and sat down. Flames were beginning to outline the window frames and crawl around the edges of the carpet. I tried to make my mind work, but what with the crackling and all that, it was a bit difficult.

"Hurry," urged the professor, when he saw a flame jump up and nip the 'P=8' off the chart.

"I can't think in this atmosphere," I said. "It's not conducive to—"

"Perhaps a little fresh air would help," he interrupted. He got up and went toward a window. "No, I guess not," he remarked, as the floor under the window began to cave in.

"I can't think of a thing," I repeated. "All I know is that we've got to get out of here. This smoke is getting too thick. It's—"

"That's it!" he cried. "That's it—thick—**thick** smoke!" He

walked over to the chart. "Now, then—" he lit another match—"Th equals one and C equals—" He had a hard job, because the chart was a mass of dancing flames

—"C equals three... Thirteen!"

"Let's go," he shouted, as the chart went up in a puff of smoke.

● ● ●

"There," said the professor, as we came running, singed and blackened, out into the street. "Another triumph—" he had to pause while the building collapsed at our heels—"another triumph for the Loiset system!"

—George C. Smith.

● ● ●  
ENTOMBED

(Continued from page 5)

off to the South of France and finally move the servants into the east wing. They are quite alone there, and any strange noises they might hear in this antediluvian stone heap can always be attributed to mice. But I've taken care to work when they're all abed, sleeping the sleep of the dead. How horrid that sounds! The sleep of the dead—or the near dead, as George is.

**March 9:** I have got three stones out of the first layer, and a half-dozen ought to be enough for a body to pass through. The mortar I gather in an old flour sack which fits very nicely into a corner of my closet during the day. I've decided why the mortar is so old. If it were fresh it would be much too evident, of course. Very easy to detect. Oh, this has been handled cleverly; I might never have stumbled upon it but for the dream. The murderers are not so stupid, really. They just did not count on George's finding a way to tell me. Good old dependable George!

**March 10:** It is storming tonight. I can almost write by the lightning flashes. It helped the work as a whole, although it would have been frightful if I hadn't known that George was close at hand. I've tried calling to him, but there's never any answer; I could hardly expect one, for he is drugged, of course. I was working diligently when I heard a door slam in the east wing. Sykes up to see about the window, I knew immediately. There was scarcely time to replace the stones, gather the sack,

(Continued on page 23)



## OF TIME, AND PHIDIAS CROMER

(Continued from page 9)

of the event and the real occurrence ranged from two minutes, thirty-one seconds, to two minutes thirty-three seconds.

Having completed the first phase of his research, Phidias began to haunt libraries during his lonely evenings. Seeking a parallel to his own condition, he read books on psychology, "time," and mental phenomena of all sorts. His ideas slowly crystallized around a conception involving the fourth dimension. The past, present, and future all exist at one and the same "time," what we see happening and with whom we live depending only upon where we are on the time stream. Time is a long, broad river along which we drift, unable to discern objects on the shore until we are directly opposite them. As Phidias reasoned, the shock of his recent accident had jarred him into a state where he was two and a half minutes ahead of the present. Thus physically he was drifting down the current of time with the rest of the world, but mentally and emotionally he was entangled in the dimness ahead, mixed up in the mists two and a half minutes farther down the stream . . .

This constant research necessarily limited much more Phidias' already restricted social life, and his associates drew farther and farther away from him, for he was becoming progressively queerer in their eyes. "It'll do him no good" was the consensus of opinion, and Phidias was no longer included in the periodical parties to the Garrick and less reputable entertainment spots. The whole question was summed up by one fellow who said, "He's missing lunch to read H. G. Wells and guys like that. I tell you he's nutty."

But it was all very serious to poor Phidias. His mental forecasts were becoming more and more pronounced. Often he had difficulty distinguishing the mental picture from the true one. Only occasionally did he obtain some small measure of happiness by unobtrusively stepping into a telephone booth and calling an ambulance two minutes before the accident occurred, or by quietly grabbing a woman's arm and steering her to safety on the sidewalk a moment or two before the truck swung by where she would have been. But such incidents were rare indeed, and Phidias' life became extremely difficult in the everyday business of living two and a half minutes in the future. He was constantly answering phones and doorbells before they rang, quitting work before the others, and even nodding to people before they appeared.

After a while he confined himself wholly to his flat except for the absolutely necessary trips to work every day. In time he found that his food no longer had the novelty of new tastes. He tasted it two and a half minutes before he sat down to eat. One evening, in a return to his old scientific curiosity, he refused to eat after preparing a meal of beef stew replete with onions and dumplings. Despite the fact that he had eaten nothing, he could not get the taste

of onions out of his mouth until he had brushed his teeth and sucked several pieces of peppermint. It was enough to test the sanity of a strongly social man, let alone weary, deserted Phidias Cromer.

He became increasingly convinced that the only remedy, the only way he could obtain relief from the dreadful condition, was to undergo shock sufficient to set him back two and a half minutes. Of course, there was also the danger of getting farther ahead—which would mean an asylum—but it was worth the risk. So he tried to butt his head on the wall but only succeeded in producing a sore head and the humiliated sensation which must result from a padded cell.

Finally in desperation Phidias decided to consult Dr. Sopwith, the most famous psychiatrist in the middle west. He might know the type of operation that would bring about the desired shock. And so on the night of the seventeenth of August Phidias went to bed with a calmer and more confident spirit.

\* \* \*

The policeman who saw the whole thing absolved the taxicab driver of all blame. As his official report stated, he saw the victim, Phidias Cromer, step from the curb at a time when he, Officer O'Neill, had given the traffic the right of way. The victim took several steps to the car tracks, put one foot up, stretched out a hand as if to climb up onto a street car, and then, with a surprised expression on his face, fell just as the taxi hit him. The officer was at a loss to explain the strange gestures of the victim, as there was no car due for approximately two and a half minutes.

—Robert Byars







## THE FIELD OF DISHONOR

A BATTLEFIELD—strewn with the remnants of men, and of animals, and of machines designed to kill them . . . littered with the hopes, and ethics, and ideals, of a world gone mad.

And *this* is what they would have us call "The Field of Honor!"

We gladly honor the poor devils who fight there so bravely and die there so pitifully. But for the men who put them there, the battlefield is a Field of *Dis-honor!*

And men *did* put them there. Let's face facts: War is not the idea of a divine power . . . it is not an inevitability of nature . . . it is not a part of

the universal scheme. Wars are made by *men!*

Men greedy for fame and power. Politicians so fond of seeing themselves on the front page that they'll risk international complications to get there. Men who make a living by manufacturing implements with which the citizens of one nation can kill and maim the citizens of another nation. Men, in various lines of endeavor, who see in war a chance to line their pockets with gold.

These men make war. Not directly, of course — nothing so crude as that. But by sowing the seeds that grow

into misunderstanding, hate, and finally *war.*

### **What to Do About It**

Today with talk of a coming war heard everywhere, Americans must stand firm in their determination that the folly of 1914-1918 shall not occur again. World Peaceways, a non-profit organization for public enlightenment on international affairs, feels that intelligent efforts can and must be made toward a secure peace. To this end you can do your share to build up a strong public opinion against war. Write today to WORLD PEACEWAYS, 103 Park Ave., New York City.



### THE WEIGH OF ALL FLESH

(Continued from page 15)

ing here and there in restless little waves. With every heavy step his breath came faster and the next step slower. He lasted a lap and a half, and then wearily stopped to catch his breath—for thirty-five minutes.

That was all the running Professor Gosden did. I'll go at it gradually, he told himself, and in the next hour or so he walked a dozen more laps. After that he was much too fagged to start on any of the apparatus. It was time to quit, anyway, and dreadingly he dragged his outraged body back into the locker room.

Miraculously he found the right locker and got his lock open. Then he had to do it all over again because he forgot to remove his glasses before getting into the shower. That was really a big mistake—returning to put his glasses in the locker. Professor Gosden had been nearsighted for many years, and he wasn't at all used to making his way, optically and literally naked in a fast fading twilight, through strange, unfamiliar corridors cluttered up with hidden benches and swinging doors.

But somehow he muddled through again, and after five terrible minutes of alternately scalding and freezing under the needle-point stream of a highly temperamental shower system, he finally got the darn thing regulated just right. He felt the delightfully tepid water begin to wash away some of his fatigue.

Then bedlam broke loose: the football squad was let off early. Shouting and singing, laughing and joking, the huskies tore out of their gridiron finery—and right into the Professor's shower room.

"Who's the funny gink?" asked a burly footballer of his much-amused companion. "Looks like something the cat drug in," the other commented, and they both laughed heartily.

But it wasn't very humorous to the Professor. Not with hard, slip-

pery pieces of wet soap flying about (he was struck three times, twice in the face). Not with twenty hilarious human animals pushing and shoving each other (and especially him) in a concrete-walled room about the size of a small nursery. And not with the whole shower system thrown into chaos, and his own shower, so lately a thing of beauty, once again a wild, hopelessly untamable demon.

Of course the Professor didn't linger long. Almost immediately he lost his shower to a six-foot two-inch left tackle. It was every man for himself, and no holds barred. Then, while our frightened and bewildered hero tried desperately to grope his myopic way out of this steaming inferno—awkwardly dodging hot and cold water from each side but eventually stumbling clear—one of the more mischievous young ruffraff took great delight in nipping him neatly from the rear with a stinging wet towel. His quick cries of anguish were followed by the startled exclamation of his tormentor—"My God, it's Gossie!"

That's the way the story leaked out. Once started, and verified by trainer and coach and two or three actual eye-witnesses who chanced to observe Professor Gosden in the gym, it spread like wildfire, growing with every telling and becoming more and more extravagant. The campus relished it for weeks. How the poor fellow managed to stand up under the punishment, no one will ever know.

But every cloud, as they say, has its silver lining. This one did. The unhappy episode changed Mrs. Gosden's mind. Now the Professor and his wife play chess together almost every other evening. Never do they mention this infamous incident. Never does she remind him of his rapidly expanding avoirdupois. And never, since that memorable Monday afternoon, has the good Professor been known to come within a mile of the University Gymnasium.

—Melvin Marx.

### ENTOMBED

(Continued from page 20)

and run upstairs. It is still storming, and I won't be able to do any more work tonight. I shall have to work twice as long tomorrow night.

**March 11:** I'm exhausted. This right hand has callouses from holding the trowel; it actually pains me to grip the pen. The eternal chipping, chipping, chipping. Occasionally tiny sparks fly out, if one hits the stone too often in the same place. I can start on the second layer tomorrow night and that should not be so difficult. It must not be! I've only four days until the Ides! I shall sleep tonight, after kneeling for countless years upon cold stone, rough stone that rips and tears right through one like a grist mill, grinding, grinding . . .

**March 14:** It's dusk and the doctor has just left. I'm quite alone for the first time since I awoke this morning. They tell me I've been ill; over-fatigue, exhaustion and delirium for two days—two whole days gone by! I can scarcely believe it. My God! I have just thought—today, March 14—that means unless I hurry—

**March 25:** They never let me out any more. For ages now, I've been locked in these two rooms. But I don't mind—George is out. I was digging furiously that night; I had discarded the trowel and was using my fingernails. I was frantic . . . just a few more hours to get him out before the drugs wore off. Suddenly I heard him calling, "Hurry, Ann, hurry!" I cried out wildly in answer, but that attracted Sykes and he found me before I could get away and they locked me in my room. I wept all night, helplessly, but early the next morning I broke the lock and ran down to the landing. All the stones were removed and George was gone! The place was empty! I must have fainted then, because when I came to they had locked me in my room again, and I've been here ever since. But that's all right. He's out, and that is all that matters. —Alice Peele.



**MONKEY CHATTER**

(Continued from page 8)

"Life was empty, ugly, futile—nature had no beauty.

I had no interest in the flowers or the tiny humming bee.

But now that you have come into my dismal life,

I've found that beauty, and I owe it all to you, Cordelia See."



Probably the most frantic thing that we've seen for many semesters was the rush of the Phi Delt, Sig Chi and Beta brothers to get chaperons on the afternoon of the big Triad. The boys forgot the school rules, it seems, and braving the wrath of a quartette of deans they finally found a couple of willing souls on the faculty and got the white cards in about zero hour. It's all quite silly, however, because everybody knows that there is really no reason for having chaperons at a nice dance like the Triad.



From our Lithuanian correspondent comes this add simile of the month: As out of place as an S.A.E. at the Miami Triad. We don't get it.

Patty Peele, sister of the author on pages up front, is reported holding mitts with Chesty-Westly Schaum . . . Frank Wissmath is mucho jealous about his Behrens . . . "Mobile" Vickers has a "Yenne" in the geology department . . . Kappas Krebs and Griswold saw the sun peek over little Bohemia the morn after the Tussle . . . Charlie Quinn still constant over Maria Quillian . . . but where's his pin . . . Evelyn Hufford is heart and soul and Ed Wright . . . little Jackie Davis' little pride kicked around over the convict story . . . we read her column all the time, bless 'er, and we saw the item there and it looked so good that we decided to make it interesting and put it where people would read about it . . . For sheer popularity we nominate Jeepers-Peepers Alt who is sweet-heart of the freshman law class . . . and Neun . . . Gloria Ball: "Walk out to the swimming pool with me, Bob?" . . . Bob Byars: "No!" . . . It has been suggested that all those persons who would like to have their past written up in fifty words or less should send their names, an auto-biographical sketch, and ten cents in coin to "Monkey Chatter" . . . good idea, then we could use the dough to found a lonely hearts club . . . if we could be president . . . oh, well . . .

—A. H.

**ELSIE**

(Continued from page 10)

know what to say anyway, and I'd just watch her with a dumb look on my face. After a while she'd smile and everything would be all right again.

One night when I came for her she was awfully drunk. Some man who was also drunk wanted to take her home, but I didn't want him to. He was pretty big, and said he was going to knock hell out of me, but the manager of the place fixed things up and told the guy he'd better go home and go to bed. I was sure scared for a few minutes. I almost had to carry Elsie up to her apartment that night, and she made me come inside with her. She kept putting her arms around me and kissing me. We were sitting on the sofa, and Major was lying on the floor whining. I guess he wondered what was the matter with her. Pretty soon she went to sleep, and I covered her up with a blanket

and took off her shoes and went home. The next time I saw her she thanked me and said she'd never met anybody like me before. That still makes me feel good whenever I think of it.

I was dancing with her one night towards the end of the summer, and all of a sudden I realized she was crying a little. As usual, I didn't know what to say, and just looked at her. She said she had to go to Chicago the next day and we'd never see each other again. The orchestra was playing "Gypsy Fiddles" . . . "Gypsy fiddles were playing, but they play no more" . . . just like the first time I danced with her. I had a big lump in my throat too. I always was a sentimental guy. She said it would be better if I didn't take her home that night. She told me just to leave at the end of the dance. That's what I did. I went home and cried all night. I was much younger then.

A few days later I got her first letter. I read it over and over again. Her hand-writing was small and neat, and the letter was well written. She said she was working as a stenographer, but somehow I didn't believe it.

I got two more letters, and then I never heard from her again. I used to go around to the dance hall every week or so and ask the girls if they'd heard from her. I always expected to see her there, out on the floor with the others. But I never did. The year went by, and soon I found myself almost forgetting her. The next summer a friend of mine who was visiting in Chicago sent me a picture and a clipping from a newspaper. It was Elsie, all right. She'd turned on the gas in her apartment one night and killed herself. I've been in love lots of times since then, but I've never met another girl like Elsie.

—Walter Mead.