Washington University Eliot, St. Louis, Missouri

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fuss about Mor-nes in gets a gent don't too...
"I'll back that to the limit," says Miss Dorothy Kilgallen, spunky globe-circling girl reporter around the world in 24 days. "It was a breathless dash," said Miss Dorothy Kilgallen, famous girl reporter, back at work after finishing her assignment to circle the world by air in record-breaking time. (Right) Her exciting arrival at the Newark Airport. "I snatched meals anywhere," she says, "ate all kinds of food. But Camels helped me keep my digestion tuned up. I'll bet on them any time—for mildness, for their delicate flavor, and for their cheery 'lift.' Camels set me right!"

Healthy nerves and good digestion enable you to glide over trying incidents and get the full enjoyment out of working, eating, and playing. No wonder that so many who make their mark in the world today are steady Camel smokers!

At mealtimes—enjoy Camels for the aid they give digestion. By speeding up the flow of digestive fluids and increasing alkalinity, Camels contribute to your sense of well-being. Between meals—get a "lift" with a Camel. Camels don't get on the nerves, or irritate the throat. Join the vast army of smokers who say: "Camels set you right!"

"My business makes me careful about my digestion," says B. C. Simpson, oil-well shooter. "I find Camels put a heap more joy into eating."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.
THE BETTER THINGS

February 16—Cubism and Abstract Art—Picasso is the next of Franklin M. Biebel’s series of lectures on the sources of Modern Painting, to be given at 2:30 P.M. at the Museum.

February 20—The topic of Jaquelin Ambler’s talk will be Papered Walls, to be given at 2:30 P.M. at the Museum.

February 26-27—The Symphony Orchestra features Vladimir Horowitz, pianist, as their soloist at the Municipal Auditorium.

February 28—Boy Meets Girl, with the same cast, again comes to the American.

March 5—Raya Garbousova, violin-cellist, will appear on the Principia concert series at 8:30 P.M.

March 5-6—The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra presents Belshazzar’s Feast by William Walton and featuring Arthur Fear, noted English baritone who will be supported by the Symphony Chorus at the Municipal Auditorium.

March 6—Jaquelin Ambler’s Saturday afternoon talk will be Constable and English Landscapes at 2:30 P.M. at the Museum.

March 6—Jessie B. Chamberlain will present An Introduction to Sculpture at 3:30 P.M. at the Museum.

March 8—Tallulah Bankhead comes to the American in Reflected Glory, George Kelly’s backstage comedy.

March 9—The Civic Music League’s noted visitor will be Ginette Neveu, talented young violinist.

SHADOW BLUE

Blue . . . shadow blue of twilight hour,
And shadow veil that dims the western tower.
The day will dim; of all the molten wonder
There will be rest; the blue-bells will ring slumber.
A moth of downy tint in circling flight
Will drift as calmly as any dream in night.
Soon . . . too soon each star and dream is slipping
To quiet pools when dew is dripping.
Upon each twig and flower with silver sheen
Is silver tinsel draped on living green.

—Mary Louise Lange.

THE POETS’ CORNER

OLD LIZZIE

Ay, tear her battered license down!
Long has it decked her gear
And many a campus cop has cursed
Her wildly lurching rear;
Beneath her shook her wobbly wheels
And burst her engines roar.
The Galloping Ghost of Washington
Shall roam the streets no more.
Her seats, once burned by cigarettes,
Where slept the soggy drunk,
Where craps were shot and cookies tossed,
Where schemes and plans were thumbed.
No more shall know that double date
Or watch a lover’s scene;
The plutocrats at home have bought
A shiny limousine.

Oh, better that her battered hulk
Should rust upon the Quad
’Mid scenes that might recall her youth—
Where all her friends have trod.
Dress her in all her Sunday’s best,
In colors red and green,
And give her to the gods of thought,
The chancellor and the dean.

—Butler Bushyhead.

RECOLLECTION

It was a steep hill that you went down,
calling back to me,
saying that you would be only a little while.
I waited longer than that.
The little grasses continued to stir in the wind
and the wind grew colder . . .

I looked across the deep valley
and saw the afternoon sun
was yellow as lemon upon the dark pines,
and elsewhere pools of cool shadow
crept down from the hills like stains of dark water
widen ing slowly as the sunlight dimmed . . .

Someone called I think.
I do not remember clearly.
I only know that a long time afterwards
I rose from the grass
and walked slowly back down the path by which
we had come,
the small, winding path,
and noted, here and there, your footprints,
pointing upwards, narrow and light.

—Thomas Lanier Williams.
We Have With Us - - -

AL HEITZMANN, author of Love Is Funny, the prize-winning short story. He may not recognize it now, since it exceeded the length limit by about fifteen hundred words and we went to work with our little red pencils. We like to slash things, and of course we feel that we improved the story immensely. We hope the author will agree, but authors are sometimes a bit difficult.

RICHARD ALLEN CLARK, the essay contest winner. Mr. Clark is a firm disbeliever in love, marriage, and women. In his amusing essay, The Answer Is "No," he expresses some interesting views on love, companionship, independence, and old age, and gives a description of his "ideal girl." However, poor Richard never hopes to find her!

The freshman theme winner, JACK CABLE. We are always glad to welcome an enthusiastic freshman into our midst. Mathews County, Virginia recounts his accidental visit to this beautiful spot.

JACK PICKERING, our managing editor. Pick is a wide-awake boy and as we slumbered peacefully at our new desk one day, he tapped us gently on the head and said, "Look, there's been a flood! We ought to run the personal experiences of some of the students."

Even in our sleep we could see that it was a good idea, so we have with us The Flood Reaches Washington U.

A couple of poets. The poems in this issue were not entered in the contest, but since the judges refused to choose a winner we decided to run some of the stuff from our ever-bulging poetry file.
PHOOEY ON THIS WEATHER, I'D GIVE UP ANYTHING, EVEN MY PIPE, IF I COULD BE WARM AND CLOTHES-FREE LIKE THOSE SAVAGES COLUMBUS DISCOVERED.

SURE—BUT WHY GIVE UP YOUR PIPE?

BECAUSE MY PIPE IS IMPORTANT TO ME—AND THOSE WEST INDIAN NATIVES DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT SMOKING. THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG. WHEN COLUMBUS DISCOVERED THEM.

ONE OF THE MOST CHERISHED OFFERINGS OF THE NATIVES WAS LEAF-TOBACCO, WELL DRIED AND READY FOR SMOKING.

MOST OF THE NATIVES SMOKED BY MERELY INHALING THE FUMES, BUT SOME OF THEM HAD A LONG, HOLLOW TUBE WITH THE FORKED ENDS INSERTED IN THE NOSTRILS.

WELL, COLUMBUS MAY HAVE DISCOVERED THIS INDIAN CUSTOM BUT PRINCE ALBERT BRINGS IT TO PERFECTION.

YOU BET! IN ALL THE YEARS I'VE BEEN SMOKING RAI., I'VE YET TO BITE MY TONGUE OR BURN TOO HOT. COOL ENJOYMENT.

ONE OF THE MOST CHERISHED OFFERINGS OF THE NATIVES WAS LEAF-TOBACCO, WELL DRIED AND READY FOR SMOKING.

PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE: SMOKIE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.

(SIGNED) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT IS Milder... THE BITE IS REMOVED.

TRUST CRIMP CUT P. A. TO GIVE COOLER SMOKING.

I ROLL 'EM QUICKER AND EASIER USING PRINCE ALBERT.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert.
What a relief! Finals are over, and like all good co-eds we know the quickest way we can forget the past and look forward to a brighter future is to liven up our wardrobe with some sunshiny forecasts of Spring. And where can one find two better places to indulge this desire than Kline’s Junior Shop and Campus Club Shop.

For those first mild days when a suit or light topcoat must warm our hearts as well as ourselves, the two-piece finger-tip length suit to the left is ideal. The deep colored topcoat is of Queen’s fleece following the Napoleon line, which gives a high wide rever. A light-colored material makes up the skirt. To enhance the suit a striking innovation is the suédé gilet made by Voris of California, which comes in almost edible pastel colors. A British school boy cap of the same suédé gives a popular accessory.

To the far left is a perfect coat for spring and early fall, practical yet up-to-the-minute in camp style. By Stroock, after Creed, tan Desiré cloth, it is also double breasted with a high double-breasted with a high
tish tan leather belt and the full skirt is accented in the back by a length inverted pleat.

For the gayer informal occasions now and for wear right through spring and summer is a Louise Mulligan pure dye print. White figures on a dark brown background march all over the a-line bodice with fitted waistline. The breezy full swing skirt is made entirely of pleats. A white piqué flower and trimming and the completing light details.

"Buster Brown" to the right is by Louise Mulligan and is a perfect spring outfit; for, when Sol forces us to shed our coats, we are pleased at the opportunity to show off the dress beneath. The beige coat follows princess lines and is fitted at the waist, the skirt gradually gaining fullness and ending in a very wide hemline. Breast pockets are the front while the belted back is given fulness by a double pleat. The accentuated shoulder gives that new slim hip-line, so popular for spring. The coat can be worn with any dress, but the accompanying one is a pure dye print with the white figures on brown background.

With these cheery pick-me-ups, the woman can be certain of tackling a second term with renewed oomph.
'Three Smart Girls'

who know that Campus Fashion and a Co-ed's Purse can get together when Footwear is chosen in

SWOPES CO-ED CORNER

by BEE FERRING

Our popular co-eds can pick a winner when they see one! Just as deftly as they set an example for captivating male hearts, they show their ability in choosing fashions that will turn all eyes in their direction.

Ever popular and indispensible to college women is the sports oxford. Miss Sally Alexander (at left) has chosen a new crepe rubber soled shoe in gray to match her tweed sports coat. With an eye for contrast, Miss Mildred Grider (center) has selected blue oxfords to wear with a striking suit that combines coronation red and blue. Miss Markey Parman (right) wears the ever practical brown and white Kiltie shoes that harmonize well with sport clothes the year 'round. She is wearing a smart beige tweed ensemble.

These oxfords offer something a bit different in the way of spring footwear. Besides boasting the practicability of crepe soles, they are being shown in three attractive colors—blue, grey, and brown and white. It is predicted that colors in shoes will be very smart this spring. These oxfords, being one step ahead, even have colored shoestrings and crepe soles. Made of serviceable bucko, they also have an added feature—a flap that can be detached at will. All three models are $3.95 in Swopes Co-ed Corner, Olive at 10th.
I offer resistance
To the bane of existence
Finals.
Stay up all night?
Burn up the light?
Oh, no.
I'd rather count sheep
Before falling asleep
Early.

Than study late.
Refuse every date
Nightly.
Too busy to look,
My nose in a book—
Never!
Why, I'd rather flunk
All of this bunk
Tomorrow.

Emilie Pickering.

FREE! A box of Life Savers for the best wisecrack!

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 prize 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.

WHEN A GIRL SAYS A MAN BOWLED HER OVER — SHE MAY MEAN HIS BREATH KNOCKED HER DOWN

MORAL:
Everybody's breath offends sometimes...let PEPO-MINT save yours after eating, smoking and drinking.

...then he switched to the brand of grand aroma

A GURGLY pipe stuffed with wife-strangling tobacco can wreck a love-nest. So keep your briar clean and tidy, reader; fill it only with Sir Walter Raleigh's fragrant, sweet-smelling mixture. Sir Walter is Burley, all Burley, Kentucky Burley. A supreme combination of leaf, easier on your tongue and the other half's nose. Well-aged, slow-burning, cool. And quite a bit milder: we've blended it for the man who wants to save his throat (as well as his sweetheart). Try it.

FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept.W-72.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
crystal walled pipe tobaccos
Pipe and cigarettes
Smokers' favorite tobacco

FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept.W-72.

IDE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MÜNCHHAUSEN)
IBC Blue Network, Mondays 9:30 P.M., E.S.T.
At our first meeting this year, about fourteen or fifteen bright-looking artists, all eager to work on Eliot, appeared. Since only two of them submitted samples of their work and we couldn't just let them practice on our perfectly good magazine, we felt that perhaps they had not been given a fair chance. So we had our contests to give them all an opportunity to show us what they could do. Result: a lovely cut of Stuart's "George Washington," loaned to us by the Art Museum, adorns our front cover. One cartoon graces the final pages.

Naturally, a number of artists are now telling us that they didn't know about our contests. We did keep them sort of dark, having only four Student Life articles, announcements in art classes, and notices on the Bixby bulletin boards. We shed three tears for Art's sake.

To the Rescue
The foregoing tale serves to show what a spot we'd be in if it weren't for Martyl, and we take this opportunity of telling her so to her face. The Art Museum did lend us a cut, but after all, we couldn't just plaster the thing on the cover. Somebody had to make nice letters around it, so we called Martyl back from her vacation in Bermuda.

Our famous Art Editor is exhibiting five lithographs at the Artists' Guild this month. The most unique are "Negro Baptism in the Mississippi" and "Pattern," which pictures shadows on the snow. The other three depict the interior of a Church in St. Genevieve, the rear entrance of a hotel, and a scene beneath the steps of a convent. We're proud to have you, Martyl, and proud to have you work on Eliot.

Reunion in Frisco
As further proof that the world's a pretty dinky place, we submit the following account of "just a typical day" in San Francisco, mailed to us by Harvey Wehmeier '35, now a big-shot in the buying department of Frisco's biggest department store:

...ran into Barney Ofner on an S.F. Blvd. the other day and invited him up to dinner. (Barney, ex-Quad Club, Thyrsus, and Glee Club star is appearing in a West Coast musical show.) Imagine my surprise when he took me backstage and I found Grace Gale... (former Quad Club chorus beauty and one of the three most popular freshman co-eds in '34). Hilltop products cover the globe!

Sarah and Olive
There is romance lurking around St. Louis, and we have discovered ways to come upon it too. One of them is changing street cars at an unaccustomed place or at an accustomed place at an unusual time—or both. For example, we were to change cars at Sarah and Olive the other 9:00 p.m. As we drew near our junction in a crowded trolley, we were surprised to hear "Sa-haa-raa Desert" in a rich baritone coming from the direction of the glum-faced conductor.

Everyone in the car looked around, a wave of disbelief and shock running up and down the aisle. "Su-hay-ay-ree," in a middle-aged falsetto, came next. By now, smiling faces showed that all had caught the spirit. And rightly so. For in all the thousands of years we have spent on that trolley, there has been no other conductor on the dingy run who was actually bubbling over with the joy of life.

Way Out in Missouri
Our thoughts seem to run to art this month but those contests prey on our minds. About the time we had the presumption to remind the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra that a good, solid American composer named Stockhoff is living right here in St. Louis, the Post-Dispatch began its campaign for more Middle Western art at the Museum. And we
February, 1937

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY ELIOT

are happy to say that the Post's campaign has borne fruit, notably the Museum's purchase several weeks ago of the timely flood scene, "Mississippi," by the Kansan, John Steuart Curry.

Fostering our regional art, the Museum, in one of its small galleries, held an exhibition of water colors and sketches by Curry and Thomas Hart Benton. Practically all the subject matter was drawn from Western, Middle Western, and Southern United States. And to us, it was all great—especially so because of the company we had while admiring it, a quartet of Missouri buckos, thin wiry lads in rolled-up shirtsleeves and suspenders, and with faces like four copies of Benton's "Ozark Guitar Player." At such an exhibition, they were the ideal antidote to the Museum's Greek architecture.

To the Judges

Our literary contests were judged by Professor Frank Webster and Miss Margaret Johnson, the covers by Mr. Oscar Thalinger and the cartoons by D. R. Fitzpatrick. We sincerely thank these judges for their time and trouble.

Flood Relief

Ordinarily we dislike following in the footsteps of Student Life—not that we have anything against our dear friends, but we, with our pioneer spirit, just dislike following footsteps. However, we wish to add our voice to Student Life's appeal for support of the Red Cross flood relief drive, which Mortar Board is heading. In "The Flood Reaches Washington University," Jack Pickering relates the flood experiences of several Washuhitarians, hoping to give us all a greater realization of the immediacy of the disaster in our own lives. Our fellow students whose homes have been destroyed have accepted their troubles cheerfully. They are still thinking of others, not themselves. Those of us who are fortunate enough still to have roofs over our heads can, in a small way, follow the splendid example which they have set us by dropping a few of those "coke" nickels in the box in Ridgeley arcade.

Alma Mater

Although it is true that Washington's notorious lack of spirit is largely due to students' idle conversation about their own deficiency, we hereby fall in line with the "noaners" long enough to deplore the spiritlessness on our Hilltop. But we immediately drop out of line when we come to the next step. We want to do something about the situation. We offer as our bit of help a promise to give special recognition to all who do self-effacing service for Washington.

February Court of Honor

1. The Band.—In spite of the fact that most of the instruments have holes in the wrong places and that its members receive little credit for all they contribute, the Band carries bravely on.

2. The Peppers.—When nobody else feels like yelling, or when a couple of dim-wits keep interrupting our poor attempts at organized cheering, these little girls rupture their tonsils to encourage our team.

3. Those game guys, the last of the nearly extinct Bears.

4. Mr. Carson and Thyrsus. First, they have encouraged interest in drama through worthwhile classes in make-up, staging, and acting. Second, they successfully produce English XVI plays. Before announcing the judges' decision, Professor Ellsworth Conkle, author of the recent Broadway production, "200 Were Chosen," said that few college groups and directors would have the courage to produce the works of students who had had only one course in writing plays.

5. James Ingham.—Besides taking intramural gold medals in both boxing and wrestling, Jimmy recently circulated a petition which resulted in the establishment of a varsity wrestling team.

6. Helen Close and Joe Tanaka.—The regular Sunday vespers services in the Chapel and the fellowship suppers in the "Y" rooms have been enjoyed by many commuting students as well as those living in the dorms. Helen and Joe have presented many inspiring programs such as the one by the Opera Guild of St. Louis, and that by Professor Paul Weaver and the Stephens' Sunrise Choir.

Further nominations for this Court of Honor are in order.

Toot of the Horn

Of course our natural modesty prevents us from being so presumptuous, but we are strongly tempted to name ourselves in this month's Honor Court. Oh, not for anything that we have done, but for three things which we nobly have not done. First, we have not run the usual hash about exam boners. Furthermore, be-
At 11:30 on the morning of January 1, 1937, Greg Cassidy stepped out of his front door and walked down the street whistling gaily. Young men with hangovers and old men with the gout peered glumly out of their windows and swore at him for a brainless, damned optimist. Mr. Taylor next door reached for another Alka-seltzer and went back to bed. Old Gadbottom, another door east, took one look at Greg and shoved a shaving brush into little Willie's face, and told him to get the hell out of the bathroom so he could shave without cutting his esophagus into veal cutlets.

Entirely unaware of the cataclysms of wrath and envy he was causing in the row of brick flats, Greg turned the corner and ambled up La Salle Street. When he got in front of Johnny Gibbons' place, he hesitated, stopped whistling for a moment, and then, translating a shrug and a what-the-hell into a three-quarters jazz stop, he swung into the door of the tavern. He took a seat at the bar and beamed at the bartender.

“Good morning, Johnny.”

“Who the hell said it was?” said Johnny. “You didn’t have to work all night passing out drinks to a bunch o’ idiots that don’t know the difference between a stomach and a kitchen sink. You got a lotta nerve.”

“O.K. O.K. It’s one hell of a morning. How about giving me a rye-high?”

“Do you have to have a highball? Why can’t you drink it straight? I get tired of mixing drinks.”

“Aw, now, Johnny, just one little rye-high. Come on. Be a good fellow.”

Johnny got out a bottle of rye and mixed the highball. He squinted at Greg. “What are you looking so happy about? You musta stayed home last night and got your knitting done.”

“Knitting nothing. I was so tight last night I squeaked.”

“Yeah, I bet you were.”

“Oh, wasn’t I? Say, I didn’t meet Morphens until 6 A.M.”

“Who the hell’s Morphens? Another one of them queer friends of yours?”

“Naw, you dope. Morphens is the god of sleep.”

“Well, I’m damned! Why don’t you come right out and admit you went to bed?”

“O.K., Picklepuss. I went to bed at six and I got up at ten-thirty. So what?”

“Well, I still don’t see why you should be so cheerful this morning. What’s got into you?”

“Johnny, I’ve hitched my wagon to a star. I’m master of all I survey. In other words, the little gal said ‘Yes’ last night.”

“Fer the luvva Mike. Do you mean to say you’re doin’ all this yellin’, just because that dame of yours said she’d let you buy her meals all the time insteada just seven nights a week?”

“Johnny, you’re hopeless this morning. You musta been drinking some of your own liquor.”

“Say, how did you ever get that dame to promise to clean out your ashtrays? I thought she was hard to get.”

“Hard to get! You know it! Anyhow, in between our thirteenth rickety and Auld Lang Syne I kept pullin’ for the right answer. About ten to twelve I said, ‘Come on, Baby, what’s the good word?’ And she said, ‘Say, who do you think I am—Peggy Hopkins Joyce?’ And I said, ‘Hell, I don’t care if you’re Aunt Eppie Hogg, I still wanna marry you!’ Well, that got her, and she said, ‘O.K. my fran’. You win. Such devotion can’t go unrewarded.’ That’s when I jumped up and kissed the old bat standing next to me. I’ll bet that was the first time anybody kissed her since Carrie Nation.

(Continued on next page)
made Winchell’s column. Wow, was she sour!"

"Well, Greg, I wish you all the luck in the world with that blonde of yours. But when she starts goin’ through your pockets at night and burnin’ your toast in the morning, don’t say I didn’t warn you."

"Thattaboy, Johnny. I knew there was a sentimental streak in you somewhere. Well, I gotta go. I’m off to call on the future Mrs. Gregory Cassidy."

Greg walked out of the tavern and turned in the direction of Ginger’s house. A slight thump in the back of his head answered each click of his heel, and his eyes burned a little, but Greg was far beyond such mundane considerations. He stopped to pet a forlorn dog with a mangy coat and a sad eye.

"What’samatter, pup? Did the girl friend say ‘No’? Never mind, old fellow, we can’t all hit the ball."

He passed Mr. Garfinkle and his wife with a cheerful, “Good morning. Beautiful day,” Mr. Garfinkle stopped and stared after him.

“That’s the first time that young Cassidy squirt said good-morning to me in a month. He must be drunk.”

A few minutes later Greg was in the Ronson living room, comfortably seated in Mr. Ronson’s favorite Cogswell chair. He helped himself to one of Mr. Ronson’s cigarettes, and was busy trying to get the lighter to work when Ginger entered the room.

“Hello, my chickadee. Seems to me a guy with a name like your old man’s could at least keep a cigarette lighter working. Well, how is my little turtle-dove this morning?”

Ginger took a cigarette. “If you want to know, I feel like hell. So what?”

“Well, O.K. I just wanted to know. Say, Baby, you’ve found me in a very happy mood this morning. I must be drunk.”

“What d’ye mean, I found you? The only person that ever found you was your mother, and that was at a rummage sale.”

“You know, I like you because you’re always in such a nice mood in the morning. Anyway, I was about to tell you how much Ah loves you. You sure made me one happy boy last night. And now, if you can stir up as much interest in me as you have in those smoke rings that you can’t blow, when are we going to announce the engagement?”

“What engagement?”

“What engagement! Listen, Honey, you weren’t tight when you said you’d marry me. I remember distinctly.”

“Oh that! That was at twelve o’clock. Do you remember what happened at two?”

“At two? No, to tell you the truth, I don’t exactly. It’s a bit hazy. Seems to me we must have been dancing at two.”

“It does, eh? Well, we weren’t. It was at two o’clock that I told you to go soak your head. That was just after I told you I wouldn’t marry you if you did a bubble dance on Grand and Olive.”

“You said that?”

“Yes. And then you went over to the orchestra and tried to do a dance with the bass drum.”

“Aw, Ginger, there must be some mistake. You just had too many drinks last night. I couldn’t have done that.”

“Oh, you couldn’t! Well, do you remember when you decided you wanted some cocoanuts, and you tried to climb those imitation palm trees by the orchestra? I guess you don’t remember that.”

“Aw, Ginger, I didn’t do that. I’m a sober young man looking for a ground floor to start in on. Gosh. Well, what made you change your mind about marrying me?”

“Don’t you think it’s enough reason when you start making a darned fool out of yourself and me, too? I was ashamed of you. You were all right until twelve, but after that you went wild. It wasn’t enough when you tried to proposition old Grandma Howell, but you insisted on telling Mrs. Roberts the filthiest jokes. And you know how easily shocked she is. Greg, where did you ever hear such horrid stories?”

Oh, my gosh. Say Ginger, how did she take it? Was she sore?”

“Was she sore! She just sat there and gave you the fish eye. When you got through with that atrocious thing about the woman who wanted to gain weight, she said, ‘Young man, you belong home in bed.’ And you slapped her on the back and said, ‘Don’t try to proposition me, Gal.’ My gosh, wait till she talks to Mom.”

“Gee, Ginger, I’m sorry about that. Really I am.”

“You don’t have to apologize to me. I’m no longer responsible for any sprees contracted by anyone but myself. Seriously, Greg, I’m sick and tired of acting as a nursemaid to you everytime we go out. You can’t hold your liquor, and you haven’t got backbone enough to quit drinking.”

Greg’s face brightened a little. “Well listen, Gin, if that’s all that’s eating you, I’ll stop drinking.”

“No, you’ve promised me a hundred times that you’d stop getting tight when we go out, and then you do it right over again. There’s no use making any promises this time. I’m through—definitely. And you’ve got to admit, I’ve been patient with you for a long time. More than once I drove the car home when you were too plastered to tell an ignition key from a riding crop. And I’ve had to darn near carry you into the house at times. But I stood for it because I thought you were just getting a little devilment out of your system. Now it looks like something that’s moved in on you. And I’m going out the back way, Greg.”

(Continued on page 22)
THE ANSWER IS "NO"
by RICHARD ALLEN CLARK
First Place in Essay Contest
Illustrated by CHARLES CRAVER

I don't believe I want a wife. There are no reasons why I should. There are no reasons why I shouldn't. A wife can do but one thing better than anyone else can do it. This is the exception which proves the rule.

LOVE

"The tendency in modern times is to discount the future," so say the economists. That is precisely what I am doing with love, discounting the future. I am not in love now. I have never been in love. Perhaps I have been in love. I was once filled with the deepest sort of affection for a beautiful long-haired Persian cat named Sir Walter Raleigh. He was also greatly attached to me. Wherever I went in the house Sir Walter would follow me and sit watching my every movement with big saucer-sized inquisitive eyes. When I left the house Sir Walter would leap to a chair near the door and lie there until I returned. At night he would sleep in my bed on my feet. He did a far better job of keeping my feet warm on cold winter nights than any hot water bottle, electric heating pad, or wife in existence could do. At the insistence of an automobile, Sir Walter departed one day from this mortal world. I cried for three days and slept fitfully for three nights, for I missed the soft fluffy fur at my feet. Later I berated myself roundly for my sentimentalism and decided to keep love from my life. I think I was in love with Sir Walter Raleigh.

When I grew older I became infatuated with a very pretty, brown-eyed blonde girl. For two years I went with this girl and virtually no one else. She was very much in love with me. She told me so. After I had gone with her for a year I gave her my fraternity pin.

During the summer she always visited with her aunt who lived in Wilmington, Delaware. The night before she left for Wilmington the second time, she sent me a gardenia. With it was a card bearing the legend:

Oh, I send a little white gardenia
As refreshing as a day in May
You may wear it if you care or toss it away.
If you look into this white gardenia
There's a message there I dare not say
That I'll let this little white gardenia convey.
—Helen.

In July she wrote me a letter which read in part, "One certain little blue and gold pin means just as much as ever, and my feeling about you has not changed or weakened—in short I still love you and I miss you very much. Very much love, Helen."

In August my fraternity pin came home in the morning mail.

In September I received a beautifully engraved wedding invitation.

In October Helen married Dick Reese, a nephew of one of the wealthiest Du Ponts.

I was not in love with Helen. I was inspired with a foolish and extravagant passion—an infatuation.

It has taken me two years to renew old friendships and to regain the social popularity which I lost in going with Helen. Having never been in love, why, then, should I imagine that some day love will jump on me from behind or meet me some night on a moonlit park bench and best me in a knock-down, drag-out fight! Love will not attack me. I am invulnerable. I religiously avoid park benches and have developed eyes in the back of my head. Against my shield of sarcasm and satire Cupid's darts are ineffectual. I will never marry for love.

INDEPENDENCE

I was created a free, unfettered, and totally independent soul. I intend so to remain both socially and economically.

Joe is a young lawyer who has been out of school for five years. Joe married Dotty when he had been working for two years. He receives now, and he received then, a salary of a hundred and fifty dollars a month. He and Dotty have been married three years. Joe says he is just as much in love with her now as when he married her. I don't know why.

(Continued on page 19)
..one of the first pleasures of 1937

Enjoy Chesterfield

for the good things smoking can give you

Copyright 1937, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
If we had consulted the map, we should never have gone to Mathews County. Insignificant in size, it has neither hotels nor railroads to recommend it for a vacation. Moreover, no tourist bureau ever heard of it—no tourists ever go there. That is its beauty. We too would have missed it had not a chance remark brought us an invitation to spend the summer on Major Thomas' farm.

We motored down from Richmond late one afternoon, arriving in Mathews County just as afternoon was merging into evening. As we turned off the highway into a wooded country lane, we were met by shadows, ghastly shadows, which lent a gruesome air of uncertainty to the whole countryside. The fields shrouded with dust of speeding autos depressed us with their quiet. The wind came breathfully through the trees, carrying the pungent odors of decaying fish. Emanations from an agitated skunk were wafted our way on a woozy wind. Negro smells filled the air. And negroes, indistinguishable from night, were skulking along the road. Obscure country stores sprang up out of the darkness every mile or so. Here loitered useless coons, some drunk, others singing, swearing, and flirting. Others, more respectable, were laying in supplies and gabbin' bout their neighbors. Miles of this, but never a sign of a white person. We were getting uneasy. Would we be all alone with these negroes?

We had missed our road. —Lost! in an alien world of blackness! We should have to rely on the negroes. Could we trust them? As we stopped in front of the next store, a dubious lot of Missourians, we were met by mingled attitudes of animosity and wonderment. "Gawd! A Missouri license." Those lingering darkies wondered who we could be. Pouring out of the store, they edged closer, watching us intently, as curious as cows. Finally one of their number, an old granclpappy, face bristling with beard, advanced towards us. "Hullo there," we called. "Can you tell us the way to Miles Store Post Office?"

"Yas suh, yuh jes' kip gwine down thet road aboo't a mile 'til yuh comes tuh a 'lit'le white chuch settin' there in da folks' ob da road. Then yuh tu'ins snar' tuh da lef' an' gwine on up til yuh comes tuh one, two, t'ree stores. Yas suh, thud store's da place."

We thanked him profusely, and following his directions carefully, we soon passed "da 'lit'le white chuch settin' in da folks,'" and the two stores. As we approached the third one, Miles Store, we saw a mail-box bearing the words "Ingleside, Maj. R. B. Thomas." Our Destination!

Aquiver with anticipation, we turned up the lane toward Ingleside. In our eagerness to see what lay ahead, we forgot the thousand monotonous miles behind us. What would our new home be like?

Looming up before us was a dark deserted looking structure. Lifeless! Black! Forboding! Its very silence held us. Spell-bound by the night, we sat there. After a while a faint anemic light dispersed itself from an upstairs window. Some one was stirring. Soon the pallid light was out. A door slammed. We could feel someone approaching through the darkness. Flashing teeth came toward us; now we vaguely saw him, a grinning black Goliath! Ernest Spriggs, our friend already, grinned and bade us welcome.

He opened the gates, and we continued down the lane through more fields and past the barns and stables to the master's house, an ancient rambling mansion, a friendly homey place. Shutters flapping fitfully, the eerie sound of moaning wind crying through the house, the lapping sound of idle waves,—a strange introduction, but we liked it. Eager, yet with caution, we went into the major's lonely mansion, hoping it a haven against nocturnal sounds outside. We were wrong. The spirit of the night had crept into the house—it was so big. Dim and dangling lanterns, swinging in the wind, revealed us dancing shadow-spectres on the wall. Fearfully we climbed up aged rambling stairs to find our rooms—huge barren chambers they seemed that night. We now dismissed our colored friend, and alone we took a late night prow before we finally found our stranger beds.

We were awakened early by the intrusion of the sun. Persistently it beckoned us to come outside. We dressed and went out of doors. Our wildest hope had been outdone. Such loveliness we had never seen, even in the fragrance of a summer morning. The house, beautiful with stately columns, faced Mobjack Bay and looked beyond to the Chesapeake. Five hundred yards away the lawn slipped into the sea, a sea made warm and friendly by the sun. To the right was a little cove, a veritable harbor, where rode all manner of craft from the oyster boats of the negroes to the major's lovely catboat. Behind the house were stables, fields, tenant's houses, and roads leading to impenetrable woods.

(Continued on page 22)
Aunt Anastasia Again

Illustrated by MARTYL SCHWEIG

My dear Arleen:

First chance I’ve had since Xmas to bang out a little gossip and so Auntie gives you what no other scoop sheet can—up-to-the-minute Christmas dirt in the middle of February...

Bill Wilter is in the way of having some laurels wreathed around his cranium for being the only fellow ever to think up what he thunk...now, usually when a high-pressure Casanova wants to knock his gal silly with a Christmas present, he wraps it up in razz-matazz paper with a red-hot ribbon, flips it on Christmas afternoon and gently lays it at her feet as he would for a goddess...and when a stout-hearted Brother is about to transfer the stamping grounds of his pin for awhile, it is usually under a moony sky...but not Bill... Elva had told her mother to tell Bill when he asked that she wanted a pair of black gloves and Mrs. Hassendeubel did as instructed...come Xmas day, Bill popped in with a nifty looking box which Elva plucked from under his arm and opened, expecting a pair of black gloves...they were there all right, but Elva now admits that they were awful ratty looking things...but always demure, said Elva, “Oh, Bill, they’re lovely”...she picked up a glove, tried it on and her finger went right on thru the glove... “Oh, Bill,” cried she, now sure that something was amiss either in her Romeo’s head or pocketbook, “this must be a joke”...Bill was hurt to the quick—“Try on the other,” barked he...Elva did and in the finger of the glove she found a peachy little Beta pin, all bright and shiny...then, Elva to express her gratitude...

There are some who say that Wash. U. is not appreciative of its truly great...last Dec. 25th such was not the case...Our first scene discloses the Alexander home on Christmas morning...little Sally trips down the stairs and rushes to her leg piece hung by the fire...she extracts a large rattle with a baby face and big rolly-polly eyes, a dunce cap atop the head, and bearing the inscription, “Cari-cature of Miss Popularity”...Scene III...the Baker home...Peggy Lou flits down the flight and finds a little lead soldier...Scene IV...the Woodlock home...same business and Peggy receives from the Wash. U. populace a nice, big box of onions...Peggy has an obsession for this particular delicacy on all her victuals...Scene V...ditto, the Wilkerson home and Marianne’s optics dilate when she receives a little ice-box...Scene V...tripping downstairs, etc., Olive Depelheuer gets a roll of ribbons so that she can put more bows, oh just here, there and everywhere...Scene VI...Jeanne Hempel of the Washington Hempels is the recipient of a ducky necktie to add to her wardrobe...oh, it’s such a bore to be in the throes of popularity, oh...

Bill Wendt, whose pugnacious pan has caused him to lead a volcanic existence, reached his pinnacle at last...Bill went to a private shin-splitter at the Jefferson, mixed it up with Mine Host and...well, you can’t get bounced from much better places than the Jefferson...

There is an antique custom that when the clock strikes 12 on New Year’s Eve the girls and boys kiss each other to display the good spirit of the New Year...Ann Blackinton and her bunch celebrated midnites all over the country via the radio, dialing from one city to another...lots of static...

Auntie shoves aside a briny tear as she hears of the cleavage of the Beare-Bissell combine...Auntie’s big, bad birdies don’t seem to know the real story but...no matter where you turn your peepers, Bluebeard Beare has J. Pentland in company...whether the Eng. XVI plays or signing up for the Junior Prom...Gene had better watch out that it doesn’t turn out to be re-Pent-land...Adele Helm-kampf around with Howard Cory...Bob Diehl trying hard to pull a one and only with Jo Wilson...John Robert Moore is practically engaged to be hitched...J. R. himself for further details...

Love is a powerful thing...since Norm Tomlinson pinned Billie Gallagher (Ralph Clay discovery) he has been getting manicures regularly...that ought to go over big with opposing tackles...Karin Uhlig and her lab instructor, Gordon Letterman, have been stepping out quite regularly since they met last fall...and oh, by the way, Karin got a “B” out of the course...Mary Jane Krueger and her date went to the Varsity the other night, met

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THE FLOOD REACHES WASHINGTON U.

by JACK PICKERING

ELIOT is in favor of anything that helps keep our university from being an ivory tower. As a matter of fact, thanks to such organizations as the Campus "Y," the A.S.U., the debating team, Student Life, and Eliot, Washington students have some understanding of the consequences which great national and international events, such as strikes, wars, and drouths, must have on them, on their families and friends.

That is why we are running the following notes — so that all of us will realize that the great Ohio-Mississippi flood has affected the lives of our own fellow students — so that we won't feel the same way when we hear about this flood as we do (although we shouldn't) when we read about a terrible flood on the Yangtse-kiang — so that, therefore, we'll be more eager to help the Red Cross and perhaps, in the future, to vote or campaign for some approved system of flood control. As I write, the following are the effects the flood has had on just a few Hilltoppers.

Claribel Rynearson's old home, where some of her family were still living just before the flood, lies right in the great "spillway" which was purposely flooded to save more populous areas. In fact, her former home is just about halfway between the two cuts made in the Mississippi River levee, one opening being to the north at Bird's Point, Missouri, and the other to the south at New Madrid, Missouri. Specifically, it is in the neighborhood of Wolf Island, and the following incident will give you an idea how deep the water is there: before her family left they built a runway and drove all of their stock up into the loft of a high barn; several days later Claribel's brother visited the barn by boat and found the stock standing in four inches of water! He is now making preparations to have the animals taken out by boat. How does Claribel take all this? When we talked to her, she said, "Well, it had to be done, and it's just hard luck that my old home happened to be standing in the way. But let's not talk about me. So many people had worse luck."

Lois Fay Roos is from the section helped by the sacrifice of such people as Claribel Rynearson's family. In fact, she is from the one city which, according to experts, would be absolutely gone if it hadn't been for the spillway. We are speaking, of course, of Cairo, Illinois, which, in spite of the "safety valve" across the river, now finds it necessary to make a valiant stand against the swollen Ohio, six inches from the top of the seawall in most places and actually over the wall but kept out by a three-foot earth, board, and sandbag extension in other places.

Lois's mother and little brother have left Cairo, but her father has stayed on to help fight the flood. As Lois says, the greatest immediate danger to her father lies in "sand boils," which are caused by water undermining the city and which may crop up in the middle of a street, in the backyard, or anywhere. When we last spoke to Lois her sympathy was for those whose houses are entirely destroyed, not at all for herself.

Sam Martin is one of the few students who have visited the flood area. During post-final vacation he took a running trip to his home town down in Missouri's "boothoo." There he found his father one of the busiest men in the United States. Sam's dad is one of the two resident physicians in East Prairie, a town of sixteen hundred which has been taking care of two to three thousand refugees from the spillway section. And a great proportion of those who fled to East Prairie are poor people who walked out of the voluntarily flooded area through a biting wind. On this flight, many suffered horribly from exposure; some even contracted frozen fingers and hands and feet. Then too, a great number of these homeless people soon caught "flu" and pneumonia. Dr. Martin's duties, therefore, include everything from administering hot coffee to amputating frozen limbs. Although there are ten sick refugees in Sam's house alone, many of the trips on which he accompanied his father were to patients lying on cots in boxcars. Sam's brother, Bruce, was one of a group of Barnes and City Hospital interns sent into south-eastern Missouri to aid such resident doctors as Sam's father. Bruce, however, overturned a sterilizer and scalded himself seriously.

A levee has kept flood water out of East Prairie, but the low parts of the town contain two or three feet of "seep water." Sam belittles this, however, and paints a terrible picture of the more unfortunate spillway. Pieces of ice the size of a classroom in Brookings Hall are floating idly around in it smashing houses like eggshells. These great ice floes, as we understand it, were frozen snowbanks on the ground before the flood water rushed in and floated them. Perhaps you're wondering how Sam feels about the whole mess. Well, he is studying to be a country doctor.

Up the Ohio from Lois Roos — at Harrisburg, Illinois — live Tommy Ozment and Charlie Seten. But, as a matter of fact, as Tommy explained to us the other night, Harrisburg is not right on the Beautiful Ohio, but a number of miles from it. When Tommy first told us this, we thought we had pulled a boner in asking him about the flood. "But, as far

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another couple, and played bridge in the lounge all evening... Red Krieger has Art Hauser's Pi K.A. emblem on display... Marianne Wilkerson received a corsage of violets from Jim Sido just before her departure for the Dartmouth Winter Carnival... one of those June in January ideas... The Kappa Alpha's have had a lot of trouble trying to decide which sorority they wish to honor at their bridge party... Thetas and Kappas are neck and neck... but then, they usually are neck and neck...

Ed Waite drove his bob-sled just a little too fast at Westborough and he missed the bridge and slammed right into a tree... the boys were unscathed but Jo Doyle, Mary Wingert and Jackie Woods were bounced up considerably... Jo has been on the sick list and while she was ill, Ed Waite, the blackguard, has been seen mining a bit in the Coro-nado Coal Hole with a flashy blonde... Lauramae the Pip and Willie Wischmeyer are still stepping out after all these years and years... Those of you who saw "Girl's Dormitory," imagine, if you will, Simone Simon played by Sally Alexander and Herbert Marshall's part portrayed by Phillip Monypenny... Phil has been giving Sally private instruction and she even took a lesson at 9 o'clock New Year's day because he commanded it... well, what have you to say, Alexander Alexander?... Lackland Bloom has stolen Dimples Ketter from the ailing Clarence Garvey... or maybe Marion wants to tide over till Clarence can get around again... Mary Alt had Walter Neun's pin for a few days and then gave it back to him cause "I'm afraid I'll lose it"... Jordan gave a present to Shirley Lovejoy and Shirley one to Jordan on Xmas nite and then a few minutes later they had a big clump-rump and said good-bye to each other for good... The Quad Club plans to keep the girls in one pullman and said going in for the bruiser type... any one with a four inch chest expanse and eighteen inch biceps please apply... Elaine Niehaus minus Duke Garber's pin... Roland Usher has a date with June Pentland yanking Gene Beare, Esther Huber pulling Guy Bramon, Mary J. Krueger leading Herschel Payne... Beer-Nose Riner has lost interest in Sheehan activities... Beanie Bryan now has competition from Lowco Locke, who has enlisted the gal's sympathy with a story about how a new piano which he bought on the buck-a-week plan got washed away by Paducah currents and now he has nothing to sing with... Butler Bushyhead looks like he and Dorothy Wobus are coming along just fine... George Seacat runs up between exams to catch a glimpse of Martha Pearcy... Elise Lueking going in for the bruizer type... any one with four inch chest expanse and eighteen inch biceps please apply... Elaine Niehaus minus Duke Garber's pin... Roland Usher has a date with June Stevens for every big dance this year... Dottie Dean horning in on Ossing's Law School boy friends... Gil Coughlin on the verge of buttoning the insignia on Grace La Rue... Jane Morgens shipped back the pin and is free as a lark, etc.... Dale Stanza off-cAMPUS since Virginia Kreutzer has Tim Christopher's ring... Betty Neher told Jimmy Van Cleave a mouthful... Is that Terril Vaughan's pin that Marcia Grocock is wearing... Rozene Johnson will "I do" it with Frank McCallum on Feb. 22nd... there was a shower for her at Comstock's on the 29th... Add Don Weber's name to Kay Galle's list... Call for Danny Hunter! Come home quick! I think your one and only, Lois Stauffer, is playing mousy... Bill Seeger and C. M. Moseley in attendance on Marj Dempsey... Sam Evans took Jean Mohler to the Pi K.A. dance so that she could be near the orchestra leader with whom she's steadyng... Sam just doesn't give a toot... Joe Bartlett slicing up the Peabody-Rein...
BETWEEN BELLES
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hardt monopoly on Mary Ramsay... More accidents... Shirley Reichardt and Emma Jostes banged up in an auto crash... Shirley broke a wing... Bill Seibert folded up his car against something and stayed well-lighted for three days over it.

Around the night spots... The night of January 15th, Howard Hess and Margaret Mitchell, Jimmy Ritterskamp and Norma Ossing gaping at the murder thriller at the American... Princeton Triangle Club performance viewed by Helen Worral and Junior Reichardt, Sally Sullivan and Jack Carnahan... Jack Brough and Betty Middleton, Bryant Rich and Betty Jane Ziock, interested spectators at the tennis matches... Ballet Russe fans included Betty Trembley and Bud Craig, Marion Wind and Web Green... Whooping at the Optimist Club were Lorraine Yaeger and Art Sand, Gladys Kletzker and Ted Bayer, Mickey Hyman and Bill Duetting, Jackie Woods and Warren Davis, Jo Christmann and Leonard Krauger, Marge Christmann and Don McGill, Mr. and Mrs. Stock, and Mr. and Mrs. Garstang... John "One-Eye" Hundley now having the rep of being the best crash on the campus... the Greeks had another word for it... Johnny Frosch out of school and back in Savannah, Ill. keeping house with his wife... they were secretly joined last June... Bill Ferfecky has brushed off his mitts over his Nakomis wench and has been receiving mail regularly from another Nakomis belle, Margery Miller... each epistle bears on the flap the initials, S.W.A.K.—to you illiterates, that means Sealed with A Kiss... Bill Evans losing sleep over trying to hush up his adventures with Jane Frazier...

HEART SONGS

May the songs that I sing have a human ring
Though pitched in a minor key,
May the undertone have a note of its own
That is likened to wind in a tree.
May they offer release, a life of peace
To kindle again the flame
Of desires won, when the dreams are spun
With the warp and the woof of a name.
May they find beauty kin to the spirit within
When phantasy comes into play;
For the melodies sung are tunes that are wrung
From a heart that has learned on the way.

—Mary Louise Lange.

THE FLOOD REACHES WASHINGTON U.
(Continued from page 18)

from the river as it is," Tommy went on, "water has reached my home town. In fact, it is fifteen or twenty feet deep outside the town levee. All roads are covered. The water, gas, and electric systems are shut down."

"Well, are you sure that your family is all right."

"Yes, my folks and Charlie's live on one of the highest hills in town. They're entirely safe, although uncomfortable, so they're just spending their time making themselves useful to people who've had worse luck than they've had."

Still further up the Ohio is Paducah, Kentucky, Paul Locke's home town. Paul's home on Eighteenth Street (eighteen blocks from the river) has ten feet of water in it. During finals Paul had not heard any news of his family. Finally he got a telegram that they were safe at the house of Potter Smith (another Washington student) in Paducah Heights. Next day, the supremely ironical—he received a postcard mailed long before in which his mother said that she had assurance the flood would not reach the Locke home. Knowing that his family was safe, Paul's chief interest was in his piano—the piano he had bought with his own money so that his sister could accompany him when he sang. In regard to it, he was not so lucky. It is down where the fish and mermaids and things can play on it. But is he downhearted? No. Paul says that he will serenade his friend Potter (a freshman architect) without a piano if Potter will design a floodproof house.

"An tink of all de cultural advantages a fratoinity offers youse."—Covered Wagon.
THE ANSWER
(Continued from page 12)

Dotty is no longer the girl of anyone's dreams. Her personal appearance is not what it was when her father paid her bills. Her hands are rough and red and she could do nicely with a manicure. Her hair is not dressed as well or as often as it once was. Her clothes are obviously not so good as those she wore before her marriage and her stockings, not nearly so sheer and fine as they were, more frequently exhibit runs.

Joe has changed too. He is not the same carefree Joe of his pre-wedding days. Joe used to have a car. He bought two new suits a year. He was always faultlessly and immaculately dressed. Now Joe patronizes the Public Service Company. He hasn't purchased a new suit for over a year. His clothes are always in need of pressing and he no longer wears a clean shirt every day. He has lost the ruddy complexion he acquired from beer, wine, and much rich beefsteak. There are shadows under his eyes and his cheeks are drab and pale. Joe hasn't been on a good drunk for more than two years. He's afraid his boss might see him in that "morning after" condition. His boss could tweak Joe's nose and Joe wouldn't move a muscle. In the old days Joe would have hung one on the boss's eye with half that provocation. (Joe played guard on one of Michigan's championship teams.) Joe is afraid of losing his job. He has lost his economic independence completely. And what did he get in return? The opportunity to be a life-long meal ticket to a once pretty girl who plays bridge all day and bemoans the fact that she didn't marry a man with money. Yet she loves Joe. He told me she told him so.

Doc works in a broker's office for two hundred dollars a month. He spends fifty a month and lives off the fat of the land. A rather nice looking young fellow, Doc is single, dresses in the latest fashion set by Esquire, has a pleasant personality, a car. He has invitations for almost every night of the year. He attends all the debutante parties, is always being called as a fourth at bridge, or as the dinner partner of young Mrs. Gotjack, whose husband is out of town on business. In other words Doc is the extra man of whom we hear so much. He has virtually complete freedom, both economic and social. He earns his living by selling stocks and bonds to the papas of pretty young girls. He is free to come and go as he pleases, working and playing as his fancy dictates. Having no dependents, Doc never worries about the future and spends what money he desires, within limits of course, on whatever he desires.

Doc goes with any and all girls and doesn’t have to look at the same face, devoid of makeup and surmounted with curl papers, across the breakfast table morning after morning. Thus he escapes contact with that old saying, which in my opinion oh so closely approximates the truth, “Familiarity breeds contempt.”

I think I'll fashion my life after the pattern of Doc's. I'll put on my white tie, top hat, tails; go to a debutante ball; stay single always; and thoroughly enjoy my freedom.

COMPANIONSHIP

I, as much as anyone, enjoy the companionship of my fellow men. Most people in this world are honest, friendly, and companionable. Companionship is not difficult to obtain.

Hook your heel, be it high or low, over the brass rail of a bar and order a scotch and soda or a mint julep for yourself and the person standing next to you. If he appears to be affronted and exhibits a tendency to stand aloof, merely tell him that you make it a rule never to drink alone. In less time than it takes to tell, you may have started a deep friendship and found yourself a lifelong companion. Of course, the bar you pick will determine the type of companion which you will acquire. For example, Culpepper's or the Merry-Go-Round will germinate a companion of the most ultra-ultra type. Bottoms Up or Vescovo's, on the other hand, breed a companion of a distinctly different class. So much for the ease of finding company in which to while away lonesome or empty hours.

The lack of the companionship of a woman and the need for a home and family is generally recognized to be most noticeable when a man has become middle-aged. It is said that without the restraining influence of a home and family, a bachelor will be-
come grouchy, selfish, and very set in his narrow-minded ways. I have a bachelor uncle who is middle-aged. He has an apartment to himself and only a man servant to run the place. Uncle Bushy is the most genial and good-natured soul that I know. He is far from being selfish and derives great pleasure from doing something for others. His hospitality is quite well known, and his parties are never surpassed by those of anyone of similar means. An invitation of Uncle Bushy's is never refused. His ways are anything but set, as his man will testify. The poor fellow never knows when Uncle Bushy wants his meals or what he will decide to do next. Only one thing is certain about Uncle Bushy and that is his annual winter trip. Every year he goes to Bermuda, Florida, or California for a month or two. He has numerous friends among women who, having chosen careers for themselves instead of family life, live in much the same manner as he. They seem to supply whatever feminine touch Uncle Bushy needs to fill his life.

No, I think that I prefer to be a bachelor and take my manservant to Bermuda with me every winter.

OLD AGE

They say that when one becomes old one's wife is a truly great comfort. I wonder.

My great aunt and uncle are still living. Both of them are well past sixty and neither is very active. My great aunt spends most of her time listening to the radio. She is very hard of hearing and consequently has the radio turned up to its maximum volume. This makes conversation utterly impossible, so my great uncle sits in his den and reads. My great aunt and uncle may be a comfort to one another but not so far as I can see.

I don't think I'll take unto me a wife to keep me company in my old age.

MARRIAGE

Some day I may get married. I'm going to get married when I find the right girl.

Carol, my wife, will be beautiful. Her beauty will be of the dark quiet type. Dark complexioned people do not fade as quickly as do blondes.

Carol will be intelligent. She will have completed four years of college courses preferably taken at Vassar or Smith or possibly Mills. She will be interested in books and music and she will be to some extent an accomplished musician. She will be witty or sarcastic as the occasion demands and she will be an excellent judge of the demands of the occasion. She will be able to carry on an intelligent conversation about all subjects in which I may be interested.

Carol will be athletic yet at the same time feminine. She will play a good game of golf or tennis and be able to swim well. She will like life in the open country and will enjoy a long arduous mountain climb. A supper and a bed on the ground beside an open fire will please her as much as a formal dinner or a feather bed in a Louis XIV frame. She will not be of the horsey muscular type, however, but lithe and graceful and in an evening gown her biceps will not resemble those of a prize fighter.

Carol will be the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer. When she becomes my wife her father will make me a vice-president of his company. I will receive a respectable salary for signing half a dozen letters or so a day. Upon my father-in-law's death I will become head of the company—which will enable me to support my wife in the manner to which I should like to be accustomed.

Carol will do what no other person will be able to do. She will keep me from being forced to go to war. Being her sole means of support I shall have to remain out of the army in order to provide for her living. This is the exception which proves the rule.

Carol will marry me in a church before a minister. It will be an old-fashioned wedding insofar as the word "obey" will be included in the ceremony. She will say "I do" and until her death will uphold the vows which she will make before the altar.

Call it intuition if you will, but I don't believe I shall ever find Carol. No, I guess I'll never become engaged in the bonds of holy matrimony.
THE TOWERS AND THE TOWN
(Continued from page 9)

fore finals we did not write a
tirade against their injustice and
uselessness. In fact we have never
even mentioned exams, which is
indeed an achievement.

Second, we have not printed
any amusing anecdotes about Hell
Week. We have not editorialized
either for or against it. And third,
contrary to all tradition, we have
not published the prize-winning
English XVI play. Thus we are
upholding our “pioneer” spirit.

Junior Prom

With the Junior Prom in the
offing, it seems an excellent occa-
sion to dust off our files and spec-
tacles and do a little research into
the origins of this great event. The
Student Life and Hatchet
files gave no hint of when the first
Prom took place. We believe that
the genealogy of this popular in-
stitution is hard to trace because
the students on the Hill have al-
ways taken the Prom too much
for granted. Other big doings are
referred to as “the third annual
Surkuss,” but the Prom is men-
tioned casually as though it had
always existed.

We did find without much
trouble that the first Hatchet
Queen, Miss Gertrude Walther,
reigned from the Prom of 1919
to that of 1920. Although the
competition that put her on the
throne was not the first queen
competition, Student
Life says
flatly—and characteristically—
that it was the “most popular
popularity contest ever staged on
the campus.” So great was the
interest that the managers of sev-
eral candidates nobly cut classes
to give all of their time to cam-
paigning. The coronation, as our
bi-weekly describes it, was a bril-
liant affair: at exactly eleven
o’clock the Hatchet editor read the
official results and “Miss Walther,
blushing and surprised, was es-
corted to a cleared space on the
floor at the west end of Francis
Gymnasium where she was pre-
sented with a huge bouquet of
flowers...”

The year of the first Hatchet
contest was the first time that the
Junior Prom was recognized as
the “biggest social event of the
year.” Quite puffed up, the men
of the class, according to Student
Life, “favored giving it at the
Statler Hotel...” But the girls
of the period were made of the
right stuff, for, as the article con-
tinues, they “insisted upon adher-
ing to tradition and having it at
the Gym.” We must not infer,
incidentally, that the Gym of the
Prom in the early 1900’s was our
Gym of intramural wrestling and
volleyball. As both word-pictures
and photographs testify, it was
truly a “place of beauty,” adorned
with arbors and bowers, vines
and potted plants, and glorified by
a class banner.

An illuminating sidelight which
we uncovered in our research is
this: many of the promenaders did
not reach home until morning,
since their comfortable-looking
closed carriages got caught in ten
inches of snow. Tsk, tsk!
MATHEWS COUNTY, VIRGINIA
(Continued from page 14)

Almost at once we began to tramp through fertile fields of succulent vegetables and corn, through pastures of glistening, grazing horses, past the well-built homes of darkies, and along the sides of virgin woods made inviolable by throngs of thorny thickets until at last we came to the road stretching down through the center of the peninsula. We followed the road and began to explore.

Mathews, a tide-water county, is nearly surrounded by Chesapeake Bay and its arms—the water front is over one hundred and fifty miles. The land area is only ninety-four square miles, but abundantly supports a population of nearly eight thousand, over half of which is colored.

Mathews County is named after Major Thomas Mathews, of the Revolution, afterwards prominent in the House, from the Borough of Norfolk. It was here that Pocahontas, the Algonquin Princess, saved the life of Captain John Smith. Here, too, is Gwynn's Island, at the mouth of the Piankintank River, where Lord Dunmore landed in 1776, several months after the burning of Norfolk. General Andrew Lewis forced him to abandon his camp, and, opening fire on the British Fleet anchored off the island, banished him in ignominy from Virginia forever.

Beautiful old estates line the banks of the rivers pouring into the Chesapeake. One of these, Poplar Grove, where still stands the old grist mill turned by the tide, was once the home of Thomas Patterson whose granddaughter was Captain Sally Tomkins, nurse of the Confederate soldiers, commissioned by General Lee so that she might pass through the lines.

Steeped in the traditions of the past, the whites still unpolluted by the twentieth century, live the simple, rural, aristocratic life of their British forefathers. Nearly all are gentle folk, being direct descendants of the original settlers and living on the land of their ancestors. They are so bound up in the past that their life, despite the presence of automobiles and electric lights, is very similar to what it was a hundred years ago. In this era of shabby human institutions, we expect cheapness everywhere; consequently, it is a great surprise to find here the glorious triumph of family, church, and marriage. There is nothing weak or shoddy about these people or their living.

Pretty girls are here. How could it be otherwise? One just couldn't be greeted by the Virginia sun morning after morning and retain a grumpy ugly face. Their simple happy life preserves their beauty, dissipates their ugliness. Generations of careful breeding have produced a beautiful sensitive blending of every facial feature. Every Saturday night when the whole white population goes to town, even the most respectable young ladies promenade up and down the street shamelessly flaunting their charms to all the world. At other times they are models of propriety, ceaselessly requiring chaperons and guidance.

The primitive instincts of the darkies in Mathews County have carried over into their big Masonic meetings, church services, and funerals. Trussed up in gay regalia, evening dresses, stolen things, the colored belles gallop off to early mass, a frenzied orgy of devotion.

The colored type is exemplified in Ernest Spriggs, the major's foreman. The neighbors called him a damn good nigger, but he was more than that—he was the adopted charge of old Mrs. Thomas. She had brought him up with her own. As Ernest said, "She didn' jes' grow chillun, she raised um. Yuh gotta raise um if they's tuh be any good." His father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and many other Spriggs had worked for the Thomas family for generations.

Here there is a beautiful cooperation between the whites and blacks. The whites supply advice and capital, the blacks the labor. Thus they get along admirably. Their attitude was well summed up by something Ernest once said: "Whenevuh we has a little missmeanin' we jes' gets togethuh and does a little gentlemanizin'."

I once said to Ernest "This is a place of beauty, a paradise on earth."
And Ernest said, "Ain't it so."

LOVE IS FUNNY
(Continued from page 11)

"Gee, Gin, you're really serious, aren't you?"
"I'm in dead earnest. I like you a lot, Greg. In fact at times I've thought I was in love with you. But I don't intend to marry an utter fool."

Greg sat twisting a button on his coat. He looked imploringly at Ginger.

"Gin, I'm serious, too. Give me one more chance. I swear I won't touch another drop as long as I live. I don't give a damn about the stuff anyway. It's you I want, Ginger. You know how crazy I've been about you the last couple of years. Gin, don't break off our engagement."

"I'm sorry, Greg. I've thought the whole thing over, and nothing that you might say could change my mind now. You'll have to excuse me now."

"Well, listen, Gin, at least you're going to Dean Graham's party with me Saturday night, aren't you?"

"No, Greg, I'm sorry. Wes Hardy asked me to go with him, and I've decided to accept. We'll probably see each other there."

"Yeah, I guess we will. Well, I'll be going. 'Bye. Honey-dove. Remember, you're still Kelly with me."

(Continued from page 14)

February, 1937
Greg walked thoughtfully down the steps and turned north on La Salle street. In front of Johnny Gibbons’ place, he stopped for a moment. Then he shoved his hands deeper into his pockets, kicked a rock into the gutter, and started for home.

Saturday night at nine-thirty, Greg and a slinky looking girl called Mona were handing their wraps to the Graham’s maid. Mona left him immediately, and went to the powder room to freshen up. A few minutes later he saw her approaching from the other side of the room. Mona was a new date for Greg, one thought up on the spur of the moment after he found that he wasn’t taking Ginger to the party.

He’d known Mona for several months, seen a lot of her at cocktail parties and dances, but he’d never dated her before despite the fact that she’d given him a lot of house. He never could see anybody but Ginger. Quite a difference between Mona and Gin.

"Well, here I am, Gregory, my sweet. Do I look pretty now?"

"You’re all right, Sugarfoot. Let’s go in and meet the folks."

The room was crowded, and the dancing was in full swing, but, though Greg looked all around the room, Ginger was nowhere to be seen.

Mona took Greg’s hand. “Come on, I’ll show you how to enjoy yourself. In the first place what you need is a drink.”

Greg hesitated. “I don’t know. I don’t think I want any.”

“Don’t be silly. Come on. Here’s the punch.”

Greg filled two glasses.

After the drinks, they started to dance, and then somebody cut in. Greg strolled around the room until he found Ginger dancing with Wes Hardy.

Greg laid his hand on Hardy’s arm. “Hello, Wes. May I divest you of your burden?”

“No burden, I assure you.”

Greg was feeling himself again. “Hi, Honey-dove. How’s the queen this evening?”

“O.K. You seem to be enjoying yourself.”

“Ah, my love, but under this mask of gaiety lies a heavy heart. Me, Pagliacci.”

“Oh, poor thing. May I divest ye of your giubba?”

“O.K. You seem to be enjoying yourself.”

“On the contrary, Greg. From now on I’m distributing the risk.”

“If you’re referring to me, young lady, I’m not a risk. You can always tell what I’m going to do.”

“Yeah, I can always tell what a cyclone is going to do, too, but that doesn’t mean I want to be embraced by a cyclone.”

Just then Kurt Peters walked up to cut in. Greg said, “Why don’t you go away? Didn’t you see Ginger waving at you to scram?”

“Why you simpleton, the poor girl was waving a dollar bill behind your back.”

“Well, my stock is going up. The last time she was waving nickels with no takers. Every day in every way…”

“Every day in every way your date is getting prettier and prettier. I don’t know what you got that I haven’t got.”

“Hmmm. I don’t know either, unless it’s a headache.”

Greg walked away. He found Mona with Tom Jones over by the punch bowl. She waved to him.

“Look, Sugar, the party is about to start. Tom here has rescued us with a pint of good, old V.O. Fill your glass about half-way, and we’ll tone it down with some of this tonsil-remover.”

Tom held out his bottle. “Sure, Greg, come on. One drink of this would make a Don Juan out of Andy Devine.”

“Well…”

“Come on, fella, this is good for what ails you. And if there’s nothing wrong with you, it’ll fix that up, too.”

“All right, I will. The trouble with me is that I’ve been troubled lately with inhibitions.”

Tom said, “Well, this is good for that, too.”

“Say, that tastes pretty good at that. What are you chuckling about, Mona?”

“Your yesterday’s madness just danced by, and I don’t think she liked what she saw.”

Greg choked on his drink.

“Sissy?”

“No, only I sorta told her I was going to lay off a little.”

“Say, whose date are you anyway? Seems to me you might consider me a little instead of worrying about Ginger all the time.”

“Sure. You’re calling the shots, Baby. What’ll it be?”

“Well, I think it’s about time for another glass of punch.”

A few drinks later Greg was decidedly more carefree. “Boy, a few more of these and I could show Nijinski a few things about swing.”

“Who’s that,” asked Tom, “an orchestra leader?”

“Naw,” Mona said, “Nijinski is a fan dancer.”

“You’re both wrong,” said Ray Fullis, who had joined the group. “Neither of you knows what you’re talking about. Nijinski is a guy that runs a burlesque show in New York.”

Greg looked disgusted. “I’m ashamed of you, my lowbrow friends. Nijinski is the dame that introduced the dance of the seven veils. If I had six more veils I’d show you how it was done.”

“What do you mean, six more?”

“Well, I got one here in front of my eyes. I can’t get the darned thing off.”

(Continued on next page)
“Hey,” cried Mona. “I haven’t got seven veils, but I got a georgette handkerchief. It’s kinda little, but if you’re as good as you say you are, you don’t have to depend much on the veils.”

“Whee-e-pa,” shouted Tom. “Now we’re all fixed. Come on, Greg, let’s see you strut your stuff.” As the music started, Greg assumed a graceful pose, then began fluttering around the room holding Mona’s handkerchief about his head. His dance was beginning to attract quite a crowd. On one side of the circle, stood Ginger with Wes Hardy. Her mouth was set. At the same time, Wayne Martin was pushing his way toward Greg. Martin was a football player and he was watching Greg with an amused look in his face. Then he said, “Well, what are you doing? Drying the family wash?”

Greg cocked his head to the side, closed one eye, and examined Martin carefully through the other. Martin’s face still wore an amused smirk. Greg didn’t like that smirk. He had a vague idea that Martin was making a fool of him. He walked unsteadily up to his tormentor, and pointed his finger in Martin’s face.

“Say, are you choosing me?”

“After seeing that dance, I’m tempted. If you could only cook!”

Greg was tight, but he didn’t miss the point. He stuck his face into Martin’s.

“Say, another remark like that and I’ll hit you so hard on top of the head, you’ll be looking at me from inside your ribs.”

“Now listen, Gertrude. I don’t want to hurt you. You better go back and start sewing your doll clothes again.”

Greg scowled and stuck out his underlip. Then he wound up, and swung a roundhouse at Martin’s chin that missed by inches. He lost his balance and almost fell. Martin stood and laughed at him. Mona yelled at Greg.

“Come on, Greg! Honey, hit that monkey so hard he won’t stop bouncing for a week.”

Greg looked at Mona, then back at Martin again. He charged into Martin with his head down and both fists flying. Martin put his hand in Greg’s face and pushed. Greg staggered backward for a few feet, then sat down abruptly on the floor. He looked at Martin stupidly. Everything was getting hazy, but he wasn’t giving up. His one thought was to annihilate Martin. With that in mind, he got to his feet and started in Martin’s direction. A figure stood in front of him. He squinted at it. How Martin had shrunk! But no, Martin didn’t wear dresses, whatever else you could say about him. Why, this was Ginger! What was she doing here? This was his fight. He began to go around her. But Ginger put her hand on his arm.

“Greg, stop this infernal foolishness.”

“This guy’s choosing me. I gotta—”

“Greg, please. You’re making a darned fool out of yourself. You don’t know what you’re doing, and everybody’s having a lot of fun at your expense. I think they’re cads.”

“You do?”

“Come on, get your hat and coat. I’m going to take you home before you get into some more trouble. You’re in no condition to drive, anyway.”

Greg looked very happy. “You’re going to take me home, Gin? Gee. What about Hardy?”

“I’ll explain to Wes. He’ll understand.”

Mona came up to Ginger, “What d’ye mean, you’re going to take him home? He’s my date, and he’s gonna take me home.”

Greg stepped in. “That’s what you think, Baby. Gin’s taking me home. You heard her say wasn’t in any condition to drive, didn’t you? Gin knows best. You wouldn’t want me to drive you home and go over a cliff, would you? No. You go home with Hardy. He’ll love it.”

Once outside, the night air had a sobering effect on Greg. Ginger started the car without a word and pulled out of the drive. Greg looked at her out of the corner of his eye.

“Mad, Gin?”

“Of course I am. You were disgusting.”

“I know, Gin. I didn’t intend to take even one swallow tonight, but when I got to thinking that whatever I did, it didn’t make any difference to you, I thought, ‘What the Hell!’ It was just because I was so blue.” He peeped at her again and thought he detected a little softening around her mouth.

“You should have let him pound the daylights out of me, Gin. I deserved it.”

“I know I should. But when you get tight you don’t know how to take care of yourself. And I couldn’t stand to see everybody taking advantage of you. And that Mona person... she was the worst one of the bunch!”

“Yeah, she’s a dud.”

Greg was getting very sleepy as the drinks began to take a fresh hold on him. He looked at Gin with half-closed eyes.

“Listen, Honey-dove, the old brain isn’t going at top speed tonight, but it seems to me you must like me pretty much after what you did tonight.”

Ginger didn’t answer.

“And maybe,” Greg went on, “maybe you won’t break off our engagement anyway.”

Ginger stuck her nose in the air. “Don’t fool yourself. I wouldn’t marry you on a bet... But—” Ginger’s face softened, and she looked at Greg appealingly. “But I just can’t bear to see you make a fool out of yourself when you’re tight. See?”

Greg laid his head on Gin’s shoulder. A smile was on his lips. His eyes were closed contentedly.

“My little turtle-dove!”

Then he was asleep.