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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY
Phi Kappa



ST. LOUIS
OCTOBER - 1935



NO THANKS!
I'D RATHER HAVE
A LUCKY.

They're easy on
my throat

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS
There are no finer tobaccos than those used in *Luckies*

MEN'S FASHIONS

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"Informality," says Apparel Arts, "is the current keynote in fashions for campus wear. This does not imply," it adds, "a return to the 'collegiate sloppiness' of yesteryear but rather a careful selection of authentic apparel which provides a note of ease and nonchalance. It is on the campus least of all that the well attired university man would wish to appear over-dressed."

The gusset sleeved sport jacket with side vents will be the college man's standard in odd jackets this year. It carries two small inverted pleats or gussets, about eight inches long, at each shoulder in the back, and seven inch side vents.

The three button university type sack coat which rolls to the second button will again share favor for general wear with the double breasted jacket with the long roll lapel. Introduction of more resilient materials to be used in place of the usual canvas in coat fronts has made it very practical for the long roll jackets to be buttoned at either the upper or lower button. This necessitates careful tailoring of the collar and lapels to prevent the collar from standing off from the neck.

Emphasis on fabrics for the more or less informal clothing preferred for campus wear will be placed on flannels, Donegal tweeds, Harris tweeds, shetlands, and cheviots. As a point of interest and information, Donegal tweeds are the rough, knotty kind, the salt and pepper mixtures with sparkling dashes of red and green, which had their origin in Ireland. Genuine Harris tweeds are the slightly smoother fabric always distinguished by a very peaty odor which they acquire in damp weather. They are made on the tiny Harris Isles north of Scotland. Shetlands are the extremely soft finish tweeds and cheviots the hard handling fabric most closely resembling the Donegal product.

With regard to outer coats, the most important model for college men is the reversible raglan style in Harris tweed and gabardine. The popular reddish brown Harris tweed and light tan gabardine is the favorite color combination, although many will be seen in a checked tweed pattern of grey and soft Lovat greens.

The camel's hair polo coat is still being worn by many students and should be classed as a permanent fashion. The covert cloth topcoat, either double breasted or single breasted with a fly front, with five rows of stitching on the cuffs and around a flaring bottom which strikes just below the knees, is up to the minute for town and campus wear.

The most popular odd trousers are in solid grey flannel, particularly in the medium shade, although

trousers of gabardine or Shetland in checks or herringbones are correct and often seen worn with solid color tweed jackets. For the first time in many years interest is being shown in knickers, usually to match the jacket. These are seen only in definite patterns, especially shepherd's checks and Glen Urquharts, as well as the regular solid color tweeds.

With reference to shirts the most important fashion note for fall is the new widespread collar attached model, otherwise known as the Duke of Kent collar. These shirts, according to Apparel Arts, are smartest in heavy oxfords and flannels, especially in bold stripes and plaid patterns. The collar rides high on the neck and is prevented from curling by celluloids on each side. It is surprisingly comfortable. Second in importance is the button down collar attached shirt in solid colored oxfords of blue, tan, grey, and white.

The good old wool tie will again be a favorite with college men, particularly in large colored polka dots on black and navy blue grounds. This type of neckwear is especially adapted to the new widespread collars which call for a large knot. Knitted ties in bold stripes and solid colors will also be in vogue.

A returning interest in sweaters for wear with informal campus attire has been noticeable for some time. The trend will continue. Most popular will be the sleeveless model in such colors as navy blue, wine, brown, grey, and white. The Tilden sweater, made in a white heavy cable stitch with colored border and cuffs, is an important fashion for college men. Knitted cardigans in small patterns and solid colors are also "in". Odd waistcoats of knitted materials and tattersall flannels will again set off a great many of the sport coat, odd trouser combinations.

The importance of wool hosiery for college men cannot be over-emphasized, particularly solid colors in 6x3 wools in dark shades of navy blue, wine, brown, grey, green, and white. Argyle plaids and large Glen Urquhart plaids in bright colors are still with us. Horizontal stripes are being accorded an enthusiastic reception by the undergraduate and the coming fall should see a definite acceptance of this type of hosiery. If knickers do stage their predicted comeback, considerable acceleration will be given to the demand for solid color golf hose in 6x3 ribs, as well as Argyle plaids.

The dark brown snap brim hat with silk band will continue in favor with the college man. The pork pie, in rough finished brown and green felts, will be increasingly popular. The stitched tweed hat in solid colors is the newest attempt of designs to satisfy the sporty dresser's demand for variety in headwear.



TAKE IT FROM RICKY

Dear Ed:

It's glad that I am to be able to write to you again, and happier still to let you know that the summer season saw many a mad escapade centered around a Hilltopper. But COME IN.

Several of the Sigma Chis regretted putting their pins out. Probably the spring and the moon had something to do with the putting. For with both no longer in the atmosphere, Bob Hillman has taken his pin back from Jackie Woods while Steve Hopkins now wears his own heartwarmer. The family told Marion to give her's back, or was it the family?

Here is the how, why, and hence forth of the Menges affair that rated the local newspapers: It happened a year ago at Newport. It was here that she first met the No. 1 man. She didn't see him again until July fourth, when she met him in Kansas City, accidentally. (She was there on a short trip with Bob Winkelmeyer and Lou Reynolds, the Beta playboys, and Virginia Emig.) With an "I'll see you soon," the big bawana left, but arrived here in St. Louis the following Sunday. Wednesday it was for better or for worse. The Organ hadn't even stopped playing before they realized 'twas all a mistake. He left for parts unknown. An annulment is on the way.

The Mad Hatter has now recovered and is again in circulation. A little air will clear away the cobwebs, perhaps. H. Taylor Smith, Bill Ens and Winklemeyer still swear by the blond menace, tho. Who are so happy as fools?

Opal Fitzsimmons and Stuart Johnson would like to middle-isle it, but Mrs. Fitzsimmons has a bigger ambition for her daughter—a school teacher.

Did Frances Peil, who is wearing a Sig Chi pin, drive the owner and donor of it to West Point? If she did, the name is Lyon Hall. He received the appointment this year. But Scott Hall should fit in there some place as Don Roland was pushed out for Scott. And did Jocelyn (Tadpole) Taylor receive a proposal from a Kappa Sig who gives his address as Minneapolis, Minnesota?

Betty Carlisle is again wearing Don Logan's pin. But she still dates Al Lynch, Marvin E. Mueller of

KMOX and others . . . Fred Pitts would like to put those Mizzou boys on the spot who hinder the passage to Edith Tidrow. . . . Marie Kaestner, one of the better-figured coeds, gets daily mail from "Carl" post-marked Columbia, Mo. . . . Bill Smith has his Phi Delt pin back from Louise Krause. . . . Come early and avoid the rush. . . . A hero from the Munny Opera has overcome Laura Mae Pippin, the country lass who has made good in the city. . . . So John rushed over to Webster to do a little rushing—her name, Jane Franklin. . . . That green-eyed monster again. . . . But how about Jimmy Parker, Miss Pippin. . . . Bill Bohn tries hard to be seen with Frances, the queenly Peil. . . . Helen Worrall dreams love dreams of her Princeton man. . . . When Joe Limb called Joan Stealey on the telephone after arriving here from K. C. she greeted him with, "Now that Menges is married you call me up" . . . she continues to date Lovick Draper. . . . The girls are comparing the line Fred Varney, the K. A. swimmer, hands out. . . . Bob Ecoff's pin no longer decorates Mary Jane Kerwin. . . . It is a draw between Junior Reichardt and Art Erdhouse for Sweetheart Herget. . . . Edith Garton sees Bill Mason, Ace Efthin and an off-campus. . . . John Stiegler, A.T.O. president, is only a yes-man when around Dorothy Crosswhite of Cleveland Hi. . . . Betty McIntyre finally took Tracey Barnes' Phi Delt pin. . . . With Evelyn Bissell it is Johnny Russell, Gene Beare, Phil Marsh and Bill Edgar . . .

Walter Neun has throbbings on his left side when with Marion Kelter of Milwaukee. . . . Bill McCrackin and Jane Reynolds see a lot of one another. . . . Eleanor Davies and Otto Harker use only one chair when seated. . . .

Tho Jane has many dates while Jim Coyne is in Cincinnati permanently, they are still the ideal college romance carried over through high-school. . . . Did Charlie Quinn think about Jane Trust when a young lady up north was wearing his pin? . . . Junior Reichardt's K.A. pin was worn by an out-of-towner for a few days only . . . she called him "Junie". . . . George Capps wonders what's the use now that Bobbie Gale isn't returning to the Quad . . .

(Continued on page 26)

150-100700

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Marooned with a Mental Mummy?

... light an Old Gold



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WHEN a tropical typhoon traps you on a desert isle with a muddle-minded cavalier, don't waste away waiting for the rescue. Relax! . . . Light a sunny-smooth Old Gold. Its mellow fragrance will soothe your nerves and turn your predicament into a paradise.

ONLY FINE OLD TOBACCO can give that natural aroma and fragrance of Old Gold cigarettes

AT TRYING TIMES . . . TRY A *Smooth* OLD GOLD

WOMEN'S STYLES

by BEE FERRING



LOIS STAUFFER

JO KUMBRA

Dearest Sallie:

I arrived at college with my pathetic and sadly depleted summer wardrobe. In spite of the heat here, the co-eds seem to have all gone autumn-minded, so I began to look around in the stores and shops for some clothes for myself.

I've contented myself, for school, with my tired summer clothes, and have concentrated on dress-up frocks for evening, and, my dear, I've found the ideal black silk dress (at the right) that will see me through the afternoon and on into an informal evening, including theatre dates. It was designed by Ellen Kay and is named, quite appropriately, "Tea-time." It is a two-piece black crepe, trimmed charmingly, I think, with wide, wool open-work in white at both the yoke and as an edging for the bell sleeve.

I know you're interested, Sallie, in what the stores are selling here, because back home in Smithville we're a little slow in hearing what's what. Evening clothes are all dramatic, but drapery is one fashion

note that leads all the rest this fall. Practically every formal I've seen has had either a draped neckline, sleeves or skirt—especially draped skirts. As for colors in evening dress, I have seen splashes of royal purple and gold frequently; beautiful deep wine reds, and several unusual grey velvets. But, my dear, I selected my favorite white for my formal (and white also seems to be the designer's favorite, too). I think they are pretty clever using it, because somehow white drapery always makes me think of Greek goddesses. This dress is of heavy white crepe, trimmed in genuine Jap mink tails at the cuffs and ascot. Louise Mulligan, who designed it, calls it "Sophisticated Lady." Besides, Sallie, it's a double duty dress, which means I can wear it for dinner, too. When the jacket is removed, a regular formal is revealed that is a lovely dress in itself—even without the little shirred jacket (at the left).

And now for the surprise! I've found a dress for you, my dear, that I hope you'll let me send back. I hope my description can do it justice. Your fond-



MARTHA GALLOWAY

ness for shirtwaist dresses will be satisfied in this one with Shirred chartreuse chiffon top and brown crepe skirt. (The color combination is good, and would look lovely on you.) The shirtwaist effect is finished off with charming little brown velvet bows; and the Shirred sleeves are very, very full.

Think, Sallie, this dress (at the right) is called "Love Me Forever." How does that appeal to you? The designer is again Louise Mulligan. It is suited to dinner or informal dancing; in fact, would be just right for any of the dances back home.

Afternoon frock and suits join the army this season, Sallie, what with trim fitted waist, braid, frogs, etc. This new military silhouette I found very flattering in the brown crepe, designed by Ellen Kay, termed "Legionnaire;" this frock fulfills its name. It is a two-piece brown crepe with a perky stand-up collar. It is trimmed with gold military frogs, a gold kid belt, and unusual cartridge pleats. The dress (upper right) has the new three-quarter length sleeves. I think it can be worn either with my new semi-sports coat (in brown tweed) or later with my fur coat.

The dress at the lower left is dearest to my heart, Sallie, and I'm gloating over it, positively. Cartwright,



FLORENCE NOVOSON

the designer, calls it "Flair Up." It is a one-piece alpaca in a coppery red. It has three-quarter length sleeves that fit tightly below the elbow, and are finished off with gored cuffs; the neckline is trimmed with a gored collar. A clever running stitch trims the yoke and is followed out on the collar, cuffs, and belt, too. It has a very full Shirred bosom (which is a quite new and youthful line) and a very full back.

As Aunt Minnie used to say, Sallie, it's the Little Things—or, in trade language, Accessories, that make you this season. Old frocks can be dressed up with tricky new belts of suede, kid, or pigskin. I saw one in natural calfskin with twisted loops across the front that would glorify any of your sport duds. I have bought an adorable box-like velvet vanity bag for evening (in white), and a black Kodak suede bag.

Remember, too, that flip, contrasting ascots and tri-corner scarfs are as popular as ever, and, incidentally, don't forget that wool cashmere gloves will be good this year.

So, Sallie, I'm preparing for falling autumn leaves and the first frost and I'll drop you a line or so when I have time. Always,

PAT.



BEE FERRING

We Have With Us—

THE FICTIONIZERS, among whom is Marie Leibson, one of the few women entering the Medical School this year. If you want to know what goes on beneath the placid professional expression of your Zo lab instructor, read "Wherever It Lies". Miss Leibson, who supervised worm-chopping last year, tells us that the general atmosphere of the story is pretty true, even if the incidents aren't. Harry McGregor, who makes Eliot for the first time, writes "Black Gold" from experience. Hugh Johnson is in again, and probably will be, again and again.

BILL VAUGHAN, who has just a cartoon or so in this issue. But the meat of the thing is that Bill got sick right in the middle of an illustrated article on his trip to Germany. He told us about it while he was posing for that portrait, and you'll see it in November, rain or shine.

THE CHISELLERS, forty thousand strong. Guaranteed genuine, dyed-in-the-wool and thirty-five inches long, with the signatures of half a dozen deans to prove it. Thank Gilbert Palen and Fearless Journalism for this one.

MARTYL SCHWEIG, who has had her lithographs in important exhibitions. Art editor ever since Eliot has used art work, Martyl gets her first chance with the crayons this issue. We hope everyone's as pleased as the BMOC were when they sat for those pictures.

ROLAND MEYER, one of Student Life's pesky managing editors, who practically forced himself upon us. He and Bud Edele got so mixed up writing that football article that neither of them knows who wrote what. We'll hear more from them, we're afraid.

RICKY, of course. This year she's operating under a new system, which makes her smaller and browner than ever. A wise little girl.

Washington University

eliot

Vol. 3

OCTOBER, 1935

No. 1

THE STAFF

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Managing Editor..To be announced

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Feature EditorDale Clover

Publicity ManagerBud Edele

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Ferring, Jack Weaver, William
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Vaughan.

Photographic Staff: Charles Lorenz,
Grant Russell.

MARTYL SCHWEIG

How It Feels to Be— Portraits and
mutterings of the BMOC.

Page 9

HUGH JOHNSON

Conventional Young Man. Helen
liked her life—raw.

Page 10

**FORTY THOUSAND
CHISELLERS**

But not all of them at Washington.

Page 12

ROY FLAYD

Hold That Line. The short-short
for this month.

Page 13

MARIE LEIBSON

Wherever It Lies. Bermuda's right
out in front, if you know how to
park.

Page 14

EDELE-MEYER

Bear Meat. The football lowdown.

Page 16

LORENZ-RUSSELL

Campus Snaps. All on the practice
field this month.

Page 17

HARRY MCGREGOR

Black Gold. Snags drops the nitro-
glycerine.

Page 18

ARLEEN THYSON

Out at Frank Wyman Farm. Here
a brat, there a brat.

Page 20

CONTENTS

MEN'S FASHIONS

Trappings for the university
male. Page 1

TAKE IT FROM RICKEY

She speaks for herself. Page 2

BEE FERRING

Clothes for the Coed. Take it from
Pat, from Smithville. Page 4

**THE TOWERS AND THE
TOWN**

Ramblings on the brick walks and
the boulevards. Page 8

Cover by Charles Craver

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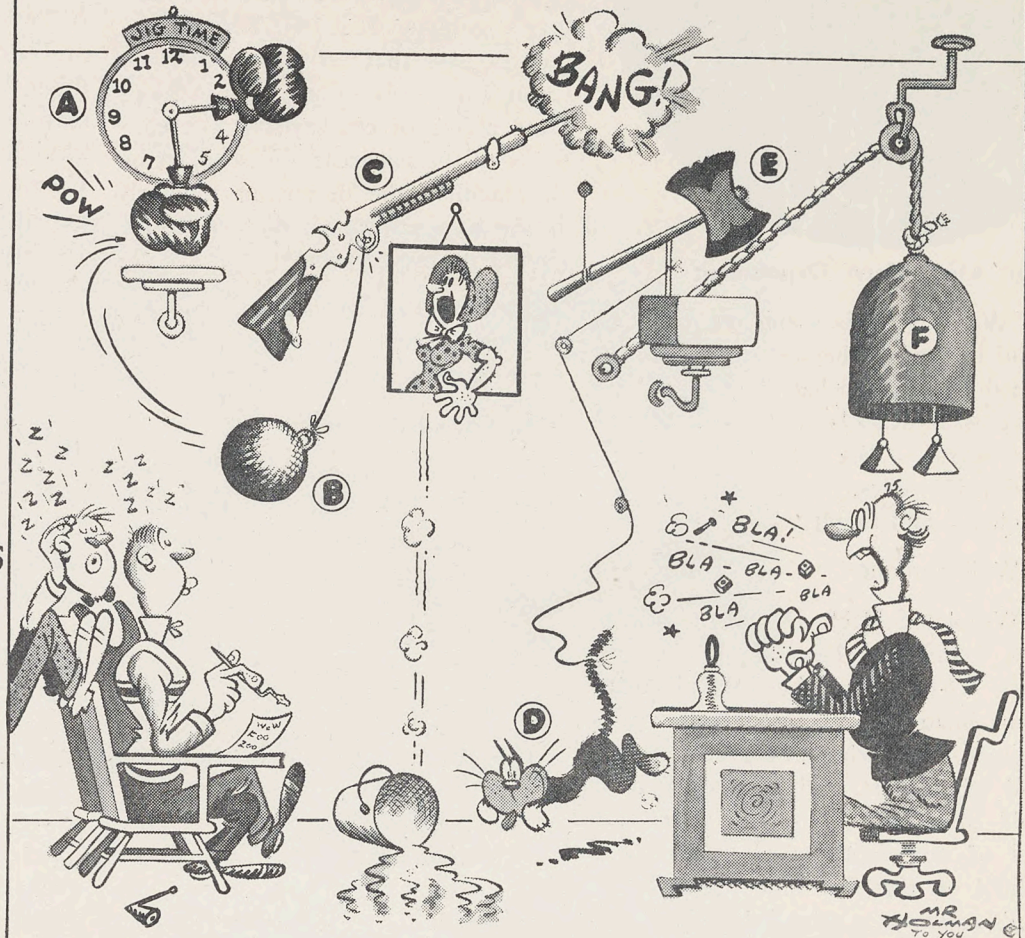
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EASY WAY TO STOP THE PROFESSOR FROM TALKING OVERTIME

MINUTE HAND ON CLOCK (A) REACHES DISMISSAL TIME KNOCKING CANNON BALL (B) OFF STAND FIRING GUN (C) WHICH FRIGHTENS MILKMAID WHO DROPS MILK PAIL. HUNGRY CAT (D) RUNS TO LAP UP MILK RELEASING AXE (E) WHICH CUTS ROPE FREEING HOOD (F) WHICH DROPS OVER PROFESSOR'S HEAD AND BLINDS HIM. STUDENTS TAKE FEET OFF DESKS AND SCRAM



... AND AN EASY WAY TO ENJOY A PIPE

PRINCE ALBERT HAS EXTRA FLAVOR, COMBINED WITH MILDNESS. WHAT A SMOKE!



2
OUNCES



2 OUNCES OF PIPE JOY!!

YES, SIR, IT'S PRINCE ALBERT —MILD, SMOOTH, CRIMP-CUT. NEVER BITES THE TONGUE AND 2 OZ. IN EVERY TIN

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

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THE TOWERS—

other subjects," that we are pre-eminent.

This ranking is not just Dr. Embree's opinion. It is based on various reports, as that of the American Council of Education, and includes these points of comparison: the eminence of the scientists and scholars on the faculty; the output in scholarly journals; appraisals of the various departments by experts.

That football schedule is a triumph of Conzelman's; sing that out. But there have been other triumphs, too.

That Calendar Business

For those who care for the things that really MATTER, we have been threatening for some time to publish one of those *calendars*. This is the sort of thing that tells one when to see the things that are really worth SEEING, and when to do the things that are really worth DOING.

One throws the cards in one's partner's face, opens the Eliot at one's elbow, and says, "I'm going OUT." One mumbles over no end of symposiums, exhibits, concerts, dramas, and lectures that are dated up for that night and one's problems for the evening are solved.

The only hitch in the works is that there is nothing whatever really WORTH WHILE to be done in October. We've asked and we know. So the person who is addicted to this sort of thing had best lapse into some sort of Nirvana until November, when we will present a scrupulously exact and voluminous tabulation of all the finer things.

Fighting Editorial, Number One

It's all very well to fill up an editorial page with nonsense, but that's not getting this university any place. What we've got to do is meet our problems squarely in the face and use Clear Thinking.

—AND THE TOWN

Happily enough, in the last few years there has been open season on problems, but as soon as we find a Real Problem with enough life left in it to give us some competition, we're going to plunge right in. In the meantime we want ODK, Thurtene, Student Life, the Student Council, and the Y. M. C. A. to know that if they want to be Down On cheating, or Hatchet, or school politics, or anything, that we're behind them, every man and woman of us. And if any straight-shooting student with a Cause, a Mission, or a Purpose, can't get in ODK, Thurtene, Student Life, the Student Council, or the Y. M. C. A., we want to help him anyway.

Please address all higher ideals correspondence to Crusade Editor, Eliot, Washington University.

Be An Activity Man

Now is the time for fraternities to take it out on their ex-rushees and make them into Activity Men. The big shots are all activity men. An activity man, freshman, is a man who has a long list alongside his picture in Hatchet, a worried look on his face, and a heavy string of gold keys on his watch chain. He spends his days going to meetings, rehearsals, talking-dinners, printers, and rallies; his principal habitat is the Student Finance Office. The female of the species is similar, often goes in for things like Freshman Commission, Frosh Family Groups, and League of Women Voters because they look long in print, and is more vicious when aroused.

Activities, as somebody wrote, are the organized hooley of university life.

(Continued on page 21)



Hail Alma Mater Department

"Washington is going out over its head in the October games." "Suicide schedule, that's what it is." If we beat *those* schools we'll really be on the *map*." "Big time stuff, hey?" From all sides, newspapers, alums, students, and faculty.

Wait a minute.

We play S.M.U., Duquesne, Michigan State, and Illinois. If we win once we'll be on the football *map*. Conzelman is a great football coach. Agreed. But what Conzelman knows and what most Hilltoppers are only half conscious of, is that we're not out of our depth at all. The only school on that list that is Washington's *equal*, as a school, is Illinois.

Here are the facts.

Edwin Embree, director and vice-president of the Rockefeller Foundation for a decade, president, now, of the Julius Rosenwald Fund, and the nation's foremost authority on such matters, ranked Washington in twelfth place among all the universities of the country. His "In Order of Their Eminence" in the June *Atlantic Monthly* ranks the schools in this order: Harvard, Chicago, Columbia, California, Yale, Michigan, Cornell, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, the first eleven. He then mentions nine others in his discussion of twelfth place, saying that he could not pick any one of them. These nine: Washington University of St. Louis; Stanford, Penn, Illinois, Iowa, Ohio State, Rochester, M. I. T., and California Tech. It is in medicine primarily, "not equally in

How It Feels To Be---

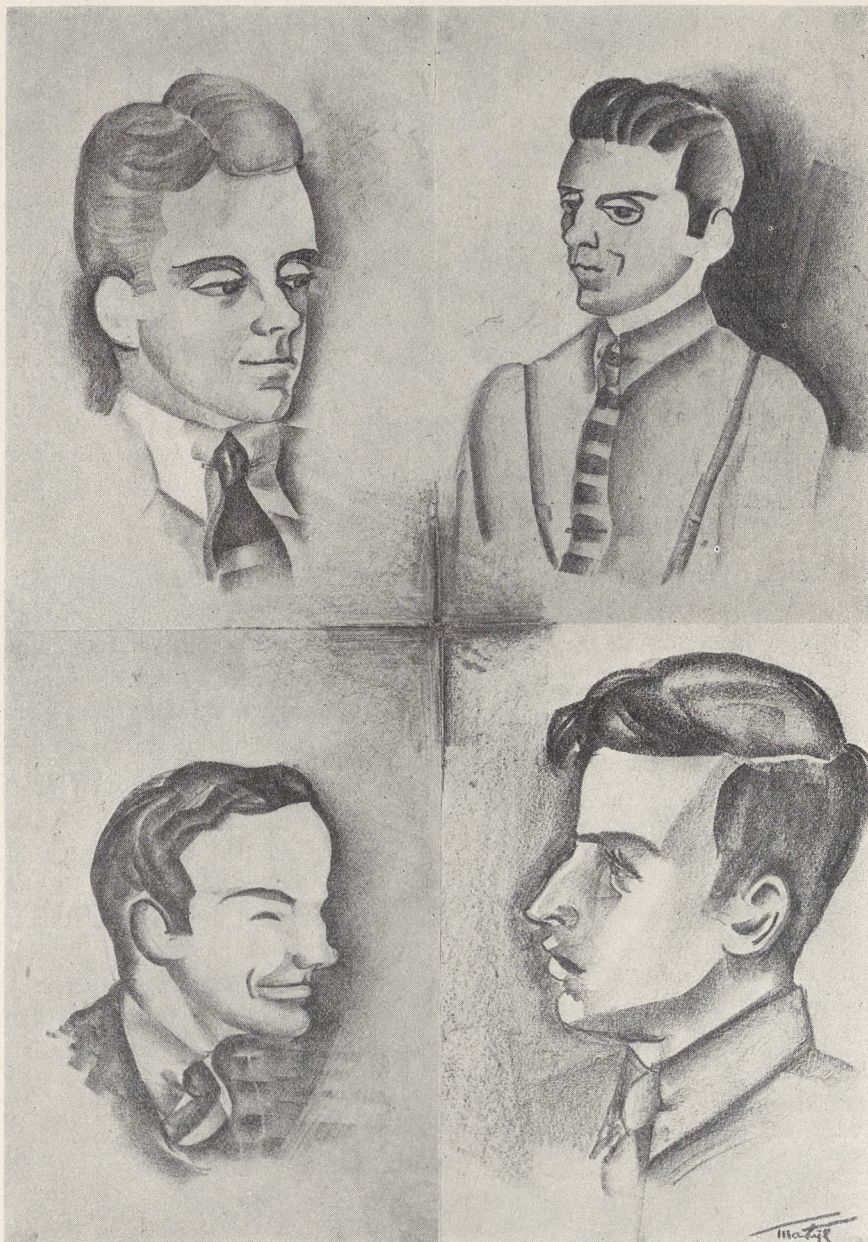
Four of the Big Men on the Campus Bat the Fat While Martyl Schweig Sketches Them From Life.

—Student President . . . Dick Horner:

"I have been asked to state just how it feels to be Student President. To answer that is very like catching the will-o'-the-wisp. 'Now you feel it, now you don't' would be my best answer. I like the job because of the opportunity it offers to do constructive work, to take responsibility and to meet many people I would not otherwise know. Sometimes I think I dislike it because of the many things to be undertaken about which I know very little, but that is merely my particular fault. To anyone aspiring for the job, I can say with much feeling that they should be on Student Council for the year previous at least. However you look at it, it's not as difficult as putting out the 'HATCHET'.

—Director, Students' Advertising Bureau . . . Walter Lorch:

"Any statement for better or worse. It is my opinion that practical business training such as is given in connection with the Board of Student Finances, coupled with the classroom theory, will tend to make a more desirable business man. However, there are exceptions to every rule—I hope I am not an exception."

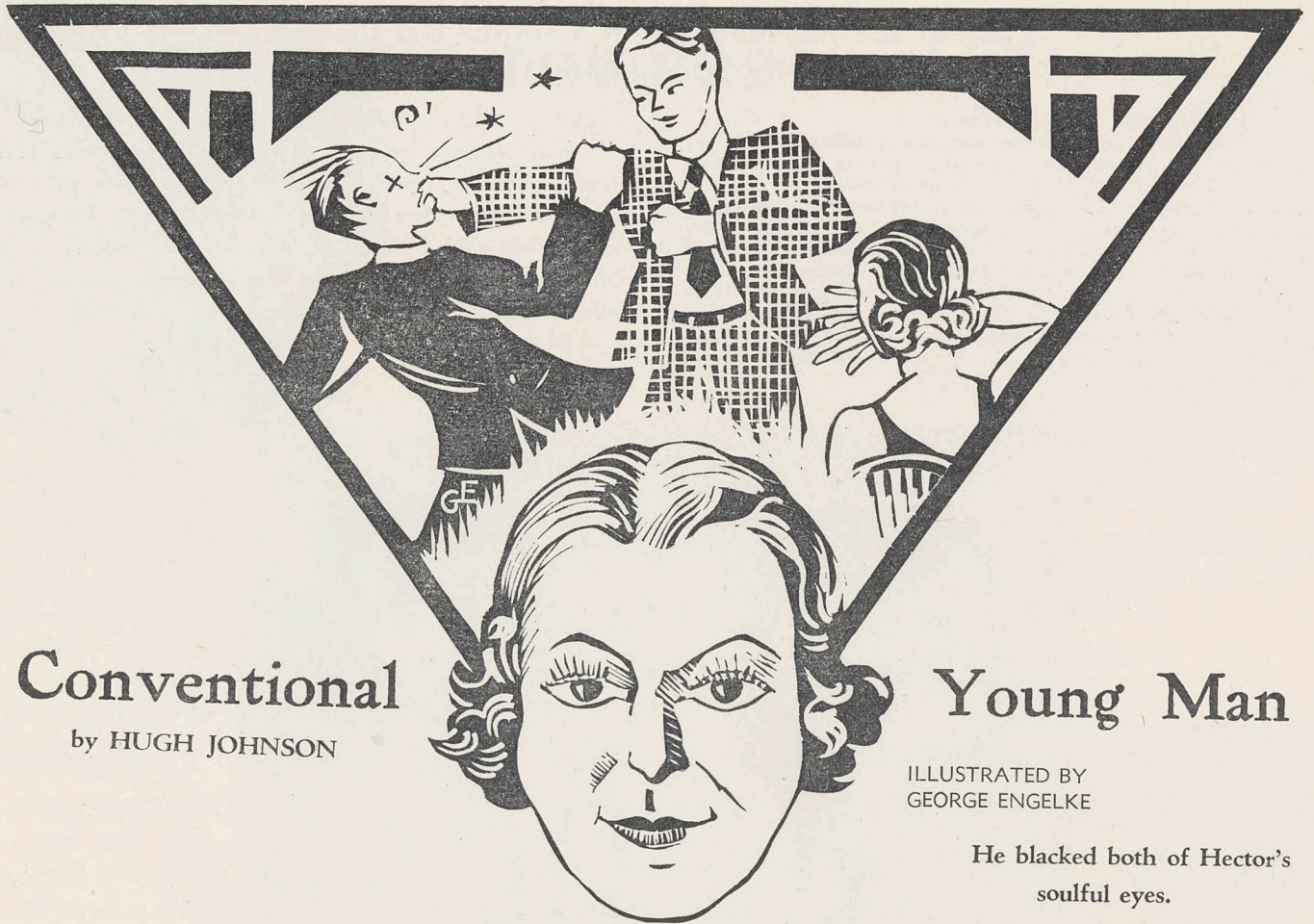


—President of Thyrus . . . Frank Casserly:

"Being President of Thyrus is just a bowl of cherries. It's pretty much of a snap job because things take care of themselves. We never have to worry about finances because everyone just naturally comes to our shows. No one disperses curses on Thyrus, since Thyrus nurses purses. [Ed. Note: Frank means you can get in for two bits.] The set-up for this year looks so good we felt we had to go off-campus to get a hall to avoid that disappointing S. R. O. sign." (Advt.)

—Editor of Student Life . . . Bill Vaughan:

"Being editor of Student Life is just like being anything else. Sometimes it's great and sometimes it's terrible. It's nice when everything is going right—when there's plenty of news and the staff is working so you don't have to do much and the last issue of the Eliot is no good so you can take cracks at it. But it's not exactly heaven when you're 5,000 words short and you've just found out that you've misspelled the name of an alumnus who is going to give the school \$60,000 and you've run out of ideas for editorials. All in all it's a good job. I like it, anyway."



Conventional

by HUGH JOHNSON

Young Man

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE ENGELKE

He blacked both of Hector's
soulful eyes.

EVERYBODY said Helen Winthrop was "too utterly beautiful for words". Of course they said other things too, but only on condition they were not to be repeated.

Now, Miss Winthrop had ideas. She also had notions. And someone even went so far as to hint she had ambition.

When Helen's mother heard this last malicious rumor, she went to bed for three days with nervous hysteria. She feared this ambition might manifest itself in a desire for a stage career. She feared even more it might take the form of Helen's wishing to "live her own life," marry a social nobody for vulgar love, raise an unfashionable number of miscellaneous children, and live in a West Side flat. It drove Mrs. Winthrop to taking cocktails before luncheon.

Altogether a most unhappy situation.

And all because Helen had once said to her one real intimate girl friend, "I want to live. That's my ambition. Life, realism—Stark Realism—crude and gripping . . . Life without pretense and swaddling clothes of conventionality . . ."

Helen talked in capitals when she talked of life, and she would italicize the slightest reference to what she called Nude Realism.

Her pursuit of realism was quite exciting and often

pleasurable. Once she thought she had found it in a mad young poet who lived in a garret without steam heat or creature comforts. This poet wrote rather unintelligible verses to the little mole on her neck, or "I love the way the faint down kisses the soft flesh of your arm." You know the kind—personal enough to be slightly offensive—impersonal enough to be safely submitted.

But Helen had been cheated in this episode as in others. As a gauntlet thrown in the face of this Kansas conventionality, she had gone one morning unexpectedly to the poet's garret. She found him unshaven, in a none-too-clean flannel bathrobe and carpet slippers, frying calves' liver and bacon over an efficient little gas stove while a bright nickel-plated oil burner heated the garret quite comfortably.

Helen was indignant; it was disgusting, revolting. She told him so. He wept, which, while it sounds lovely in poetry, looks awful in a bathrobe and carpet slippers.

"But I adore liver and bacon," he wailed, "and I hate cold weather, and I have a corn on my right foot which is really quite painful, and these slippers are so restful . . ."

Helen returned his verses, which were later published in a tabloid newspaper under the caption "Poems of Purple Passion." She hoped they paid him for them. Liver was quite expensive.

For a while after this episode Helen went to parties with men whose tastes did not run to liver and bacon.

At one of these parties she met Donald Marlowe. Donald was thirty-two, six feet tall and a junior partner in a firm down in Wall Street. He made enough money to keep an apartment, a car and a wife, had he wanted one; and he went to London once a year—on business.

I tell these irrelevant details to justify, perhaps, Helen's rudeness, for, upon meeting him, she had remarked, "He should be hung in Anderson's Galleries and titled, 'The portrait of a Conventional Young Man' . . . I'll bet he even goes out and plays golf."

He did.

So you can see what a hopeless case Donald had when he fell in love with her.

As for Helen, she grew more and more rude as Donald grew more and more impatient.

"I do like you," she would tell him . . . "As I like real linen sheets and my shower every morning—unexciting, but comfortable gestures of refined civilization . . . But marry you! My dear Donald, I want life and realism—as it is—not as it would be in a Park Avenue apartment with a doorman who looks like a grand duke and a landlord who looks like a Bolshevik."

And Donald's rather fine mouth would compress and Donald's rather fine eyes would narrow to hide, perhaps, the little sparks that kindled in them.

Helen's mother said: "Good gracious! What do you want? A husband who will beat you? . . . If you do, I'm quite sure Donald would oblige."

And Helen's father said: "Jumping catfish! The poor boob doesn't know when he's well off. I'd like to tell him a thing or two, young lady."

So Helen said: "If I thought Donald would beat me, I'd apologize for some of the things I've said, but I still wouldn't marry him."

Thus Donald and Helen drifted through the days and nights of a New York season, until one evening, at the apartment of an "advanced" young matron, Helen met Hector Danowsky.

Hector believed in things. He believed in equality—racial, social, financial—in speech, love and meals.

He also believed in the greatness and invincibility of Hector. And he never lost an opportunity of letting others share that belief.

Helen represented a new disciple of Hector's self-adulation; a new acolyte to burn incense before the altar of his greatness. He took her up quite fervently, having first looked up Mr. Winthrop's rating.

Donald watched Helen's growing intimacy with Hector silently.

Mrs. Winthrop said tearfully: "Why don't you speak to her about it?"

And Mr. Winthrop snorted: "Speak to her. A helluva lot of good words'll do that young lady. She needs action."

Still Donald kept silent, taking the crumbs that Helen brushed from Hector's table. He would drop in for tea and wait until she had returned from a labor rally with Hector.

He would stop by the Winthrop house after church on Sunday morning and listen to Hector's opinions of the parasite rich over a marvelous and expensive luncheon.

"What do they represent—these blood-sucking capitalists?" Hector would demand as he had a second helping of lamb cutlets and French peas . . . "What do they give to the world and its people beside misery and unfair economics?" he would sneer, helping himself to strawberries out of season.

Mrs. Winthrop would sigh and look uncomfortable; Mr. Winthrop would snort and look like a man with high blood pressure; Helen would beam; and Donald would eat disinterestedly.

He never lost his temper; he always held his tongue. And on the night he shoved in Hector's Greenwich Village apartment door he did it quite neatly.

He had courteously rung the bell first and gotten no answer.

(Continued on page 26)



"Just you try a little persuadin'."

Forty Thousand Chisellers

How Cheaters Get Away With It . . . A Nation-Wide Survey of Exam Cribbing in Universities.

ILLUSTRATED BY OWEN HEITMEYER

"I GOTTA havut, y'unnerstand, I gotta havut," says Joe Spankwitz, his arms trembling from the shoulder, and hopping from one foot to the other.

"I hate to do it, Spankwitz," says a small shrinking individual, looking through his thick glasses into Joe's furtive, ratlike eyes.

Joe tosses off a leer, spins on his heel, and walks in the building to his Mathematics 12 exam. Joe sits by the window, which is open. Presently the papers are given out. Joe, who has been throwing rocks at his mother and feeding sand to the goldfish, instead of doing his homework, looks blankly from one problem

goldfish, and you have an incident that is true as gospel. It is one of the many that were unearthed by Gilbert Palen, former editor of *Student Life*, in a nation-wide investigation of collegiate cheating. The above affair took place at Washington, and was not officially detected.

While cheating, or cribbing, was being publicly denounced on the Hilltop, and the much-ballyhooed Honor System was being periodically suggested, Palen quietly continued to write to scores of colleges and universities to find out what they had to say about it. The most recent development on the campus was the



The answers were folded in the envelope.

His room-mate read out the material.

to another, slips a piece of paper from his sleeve, and copies the entire question sheet, hiding the paper in the exam book. Joe then sneaks a look at the proctor, crumples his paper, and slings it out the window.

No one sees the small spectacled individual scoop up the paper. He works frantically for an hour, and calls a Postal Telegraph boy. Joe completes his fifth picture of a battleship and looks up to see the telegraph boy go up to the proctor.

"Smatter lifenddeath," says the boy.

The proctor finally hands the envelope to Joe and goes away. Joe rips the envelope, pretends to look startled, and spends the next hour copying down the solutions that his small mathematical friend has supplied.

Joe receives an A on the exam and passes the course.

Change the names, drydock the battleship and the

Affaire Omicron Delta Kappa. ODK suddenly decided last spring that cheating was bad, and publicly issued a Manifesto against it. The Manifesto, about as effective and as intelligent as a Proclamation Against Hot Weather, has remained the last word to date.

Meantime the Palen Collection is ready for publication. There are few remedies among the letters, but there are many ingenious devices, scraped up by inventive chisellers, and passed on, tongue-in-cheek, by collegiate deans and editors.

"I personally am disgusted with conditions as they are at Hanover," says an editorial writer of *The Dartmouth*, sending Palen this account:

"The class is in session. White papers are torn from quiz tablets and the weekly ten-minute ordeal is on. The instructor is called from the classroom on a mildly urgent call . . . Suddenly a remarkable thing happens. As if from nowhere an amazing supply of blue-gray notebooks pop forth; singularly enough they fall open

(Continued on page 23)

HOLD THAT LINE---

A Short, Short Story Complete on This Page.

by ROY FLAYD

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTYL SCHWEIG

"I WISH," said Roger, gazing pensively at the bottom of his glass, "I could sit just once on the side of the field where they don't have to keep yelling 'Hold that line.'"

This was a shock, coming from Roger, who is known far and wide as Endion's most loyal alumnus, but I merely said, "Joe, give the gentleman another high-ball," and went right on with our usual Saturday evening post-mortem. "The Bears," I said, "unquestionably won another moral victory. Outweighed ten pounds per man, they outrushed the Bulldogs ten yards to one. If Zboyoni hadn't fumbled on the five-yard line, we'd have tied the score in the third quarter. And we had the ball on the Bulldog fifteen-yard line when the game ended. If the second half had been two minutes longer . . ."

"Hold that line," mumbled Roger. "Hold that line."

The time had come to be firm. "Roger," I said, "your conversation grows monotonous. Sometimes I thought you could tell a half-spinner from a Tom Collins, but my faith is wavering. I don't know what's the matter with you, but I'm tired of hearing nothing but 'Hold that line.'"

"So am I," said Roger. "So am I." His hand shook as he lit a cigarette. "Eighteen years now I've been hearing it. Back in Central High School I saw all the games—every Saturday afternoon. Soldan, Roosevelt, Cleveland, Beaumont—all alike. We'd yell, 'Hold that line. Hold that line.' And Monday



morning old Sparling would call an assembly, with the football team on the platform, and Mike Mahoney would get up and sorta gulp, and the tears would run down his face, and he'd say, 'My boys . . . played . . . real . . . football.' And we'd all cheer. And the next Saturday we'd be back in the stadium again, yelling, 'Hold that line.' Now I've been out ten years and I'm getting gray hair, but still I just sit there and watch the other teams score and yell, 'Hold that line.'

"Sometimes," he grated, clutching the arms of his chair till the knuckles turned white, "Sometimes I've been tempted to get a seat on the other side. Just once. So I could yell, 'We want a touchdown.' But I never have."

"No," I said. "It wouldn't do."

"No," he agreed morosely, "it wouldn't. 'Hold that line.'"

"Well," I said, "if you feel that way about it, we'd better have a round of golf next Saturday. Endion meets Carter, and that new telescope shift can't be stopped. Grantland Rice says the Golden Avalanche has more power than Notre Dame and twice the brains."

"Golf!" he exploded. "Golf! To hell with Grantland Rice," and before I could move he was flicking my nose viciously with a \$10 bill. "I bet we win by three touchdowns. Our boys," he said fondly, and a tear slid down each side of his nose, "Our boys . . . play . . . real . . . football."

WHEREVER IT LIES

by MARIE LEIBSON

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE ENGELKE

"Is He Alive?"



"AREN'T you glad we're that sort of people?" The girl shrugged, "Yes, I suppose so, but Stephan, think how much happier we'd be if we weren't."

"Happier? Not to think, without imagination, insipidly content?"

The girl pulled a dry black curl around her fingers.

"Remember the wishbones we used to break for luck?" The pale head nodded.

"The only wish I ever made was for contentment."

The boy rolled over and sat up. "Contentment," he said contemptuously, "Good Lord, that word reminds me of a large, maternal bosom."

The black curls shook when the girl spoke after a pause. "Perhaps." Her voice was steady but as she turned to look at the boy, the tears in her eyes glistened in the sunlight.

The clear eyes of her companion were staring out over the shorn, stubbled fields. The clearing spread on for miles, till the distance was blocked by the vague outline of a swell of black hills. Low, dim hills gathering the thin clouds down from the horizon. A field mouse ran past. The two jumped up and began to laugh.

"Oh well," the boy said, "I've an 'eleven thirty', we'd better start back." They reached the parking lot in time to see students crowding the doors and cobbled

walks, hurrying or idling from one smoke-incrusted building to another.

The second bell was ringing when Mary twisted into her chair in the well-filled class room. The skinny professor was laughing at one of his own jokes. The front row audience laughed with him, the rest of the students smiled faintly or gazed out the window at the skyline of the downtown section rising into the grey air.

"—sold them out for five bits," the voice at the head of the room lectured on.

Who cared, Mary thought; what did it all amount to? This course was a waste of time. Four years of what? Living on a campus, meeting the same people. She wanted to get out and live. The fat boy next to her pushed her arm and pointed to a paper on the arm of her desk.

"Tit-tat-toe?" he suggested.

They played gravely, a circle, a check and a line, until the fat one glanced at the big watch on his wrist.

"Twelve thirty" he said, slamming his notebook shut and screwing his fountain pen tightly.

The professor looked up and blinked. "We'll continue next time," he concluded.

That terrific boredom returned at lunch. The room was cold. Mary bit into the hot, melted cheese, holding one hand over the toaster to warm her fingers. The worn spot in the red checked oilcloth was hidden by

the huge shining coffee pot. From its place on the wall a historic chart of scientists started with blank countenances at the group around the table.

"Old Alex is slipping in his lectures," George was saying, pouring coffee as he spoke.

"No," Mary answered, speaking to no one in particular, "Dr. Alex couldn't slip even if he wanted to. I remember one lecture he gave, on death. Death, he said, was bearable, even acceptable only if one died knowing he had given his best to humanity."

A clear-skinned girl at the foot of the table laughed. "As solemn as all that?"

As solemn as all that, Mary decided. That had been her ideal, in fact still was, but it no longer had the power to inspire her to work. No longer did visions of scientific discoveries make physics problems more bearable. Research now was no more inviting than anything else, all grey and monotonous. Everything, except Stephan's pleased smile. That rare pleasant smile.

The noisy crunching of celery on both sides aroused her. She bit savagely into her own piece. Why pity herself? She'd get over it—always had before.

Tom was talking, his eyelids blinking behind thick glasses. "My next invention folks, a hand to reach from the sink, clear the dishes and put them away."

The clear-skinned girl laughed and then suggested, "Why not a device to peel silver paper off of brick cheese?"

George's eyebrows puckered thoughtfully. "No," he decided, "What we need is something to butter bread with successfully."

"One o'clock," some one shouted.

"Ye gods." Mary pushed her chair back. "Up slaves, sixty-four worms to cut up. Joe, I'll unlock if you'll lock up."

The starched white coat collar rubbed into her neck. She felt in her pockets for her teeth-marked yellow fumes rose from round stone jars along the wall. The blue lights above the tables were dimmed by the layers of dust on the glass of the lamps. Radiators sizzled a monotonous obligatto.

The freshmen trooped in. Big ones, little ones,

sophisticated, naive and conventionally normal. The pencil and worn grade book. The long bare windows covered the walls of the laboratory. Formaldehyde girl with the figure squealed at the worm.

"Is he alive?" she gasped. Boys from all sides rushed to soothe her.

Mary looked on, her mouth quirked cynically. "Miss Smith, the worm is dead."

An annoying boy rested his chin on his microscope and gazed up at Mary. "Miss Jones," he smiled, "you know so much."

Mary paused to make sure the freshman wasn't mocking her. "Is that any reason for your not learning anything!" she snapped.

At the far corner of the room George was explaining the work to a pretty redhead, paying no attention to the numerous shirt-sleeved arms waving on the other side of the table. The curly-haired assistant stared out at the bare graceful trees and the browning grass. Men always got the breaks! Here she was with a lot of youngsters, while George amused himself with interesting coeds. This teaching was a bore. Another year would stamp out all her dreams, her imaginative wanderings.

"Miss Jones!" She turned wearily to answer question about the reproductive system of *Ascaris suum*.

"I'm asking him to the dance." A slim blonde was informing her neighbor. "He's the cutest fellow."

Good lord, Mary thought, how did one tolerate "cute" men? She noticed George walking toward her and backed against the wall until the pencil sharpener pushed into her spine.

"See that blonde, third table?" the handsome fellow asked her, and then continued without waiting for her answer, "I'm getting a date with her tomorrow night."

A bright-colored circular on the silver platter in the hall of her home caught Mary's attention as she drew off her gloves. Her books clanged as they fell; her cold fingers grasped the letter. Exaggerated, enticing pictures of Bermuda.

"Mother," she ran into the warm kitchen, "Bermuda, imagine away from this dull routine!"

(Continued on page 25)



BEAR MEAT

Why Conzelman Is Worrying. And Why a Few Other Coaches Ought to Be Worrying, Too.

by DURAND EDELE and ROLAND MEYER

FOOTBALL coaches are peculiar people. At the end of each season they begin to see the world through rose-tinted spectacles. Life takes on a new meaning and the lovely attitude continues throughout the year, until the squad reports again for fall practice. From the moment the men step onto the field until the final game of the season, a coach just wears himself out worrying about each successive game and viewing the healthy opponents that haunt his sleep with alarm.

Jimmy Conzelman is no different than any other coach. The rosy season of life has now passed and Jimmy is in for hard work. He is now worrying because his Bears aren't perfect. If they were perfect, he would worry that they might not stay that way.

Jim has more to worry about this year's squad than any he has ever had since he came to Washington. This year's team is undoubtedly big and fast, with enough reserve power to spell "power" in big letters. Different from previous years, the schedule and outlook are bigger and better than at any time in the history of football here.

Jimmy isn't the only person who feels funny things traveling the length of his spine when he stops to consider the schedule for the season. A normal sized setup should allow the Bears to work hard and come out with more than an average set of wins, possibly only one or no more than two losses for the year. But the setup isn't normal.

Coaches, however, like to worry. They figure it as part of the job. Without something to worry over the prospects would be poor, indeed, and they might worry because there was nothing left to worry about.

It's always a case of "bigger and better club," and "they trampled over Goshco College" or some other such story. Still, no one is predicting too many victories for the Bears. The "suicide" schedule started after McKendree College with the powerful Illini eleven. Reports indicated something "awful" would happen to the Bears. Illinois papers have been filled with stories calling the Orange and Blue club the "finest squad since 1929." The roster shows Captain Galbreath as star guard, and the irrepressible Lindberg at halfback. Two sophomores seem to be capturing all the limelight among the first year men. "Better-than-Beynon" Henry is at quarterback calling signals and Spurgeon, a Centralia back who started at Washington and then deserted the ranks here for the Illini field, fills up the halfback posts.

Rounding out the month of October, the Red and Green faces Southern Methodist, Michigan State and Duquesne University. If by that time all the pep hasn't disappeared, the coaches can breath easily for about two days and then begin plotting for the down-

fall of Creighton, Oklahoma Aggies, Drake and Missouri U.

By the time the Thanksgiving game rolls around the outcome for the season should be evident as far as concerns the fate of our arch-enemy, St. Louis U. Still, the coaches need not worry too much, for the squad has the spirit and the physique to step out and account to any team in the country.

The selection of opponents has made it somewhat easy for Bob Willier, publicity director. National football magazines and papers from all sections of the country seem to realize that all the jubilation over the squad is not just pre-season war talk. The result is that the name of the Bears is drifting into conversation of important teams throughout the United States.

Attempts to make Conzelman and Bullman express fond hopes for the year are hopeless. At times, Jimmy will slide into a huddle with himself in order to consider seriously his chances. He emerges to announce that the Bears are bigger and better than ever, but all the opponents are better and bigger also, so take your pick.

This year, incidentally, is the one for which Jimmy has been building for three years. Fourteen men will tog up for their last game when they meet St. Louis U. on Thanksgiving Day. Then arises the problem of refilling positions with men just as capable. A few of the positions seem to be filled for the next few years. On the line, Bullman has his own personal worries in making selections for each position. Every spot in the line is teeming with talent.

Both guard positions are jammed full of likely candidates for the honor of flanking Iezzi at center. Tony Konvicka, Dick Young and Bill Bowman at right guard and Irv Londy, Frank Davis and Liben Betagnolli at left guard are engaging in a mad scramble for the honor of starting position. Bullman stands on the side line and scuffs a toe on the ground and scratches his head in dismay and indecision.

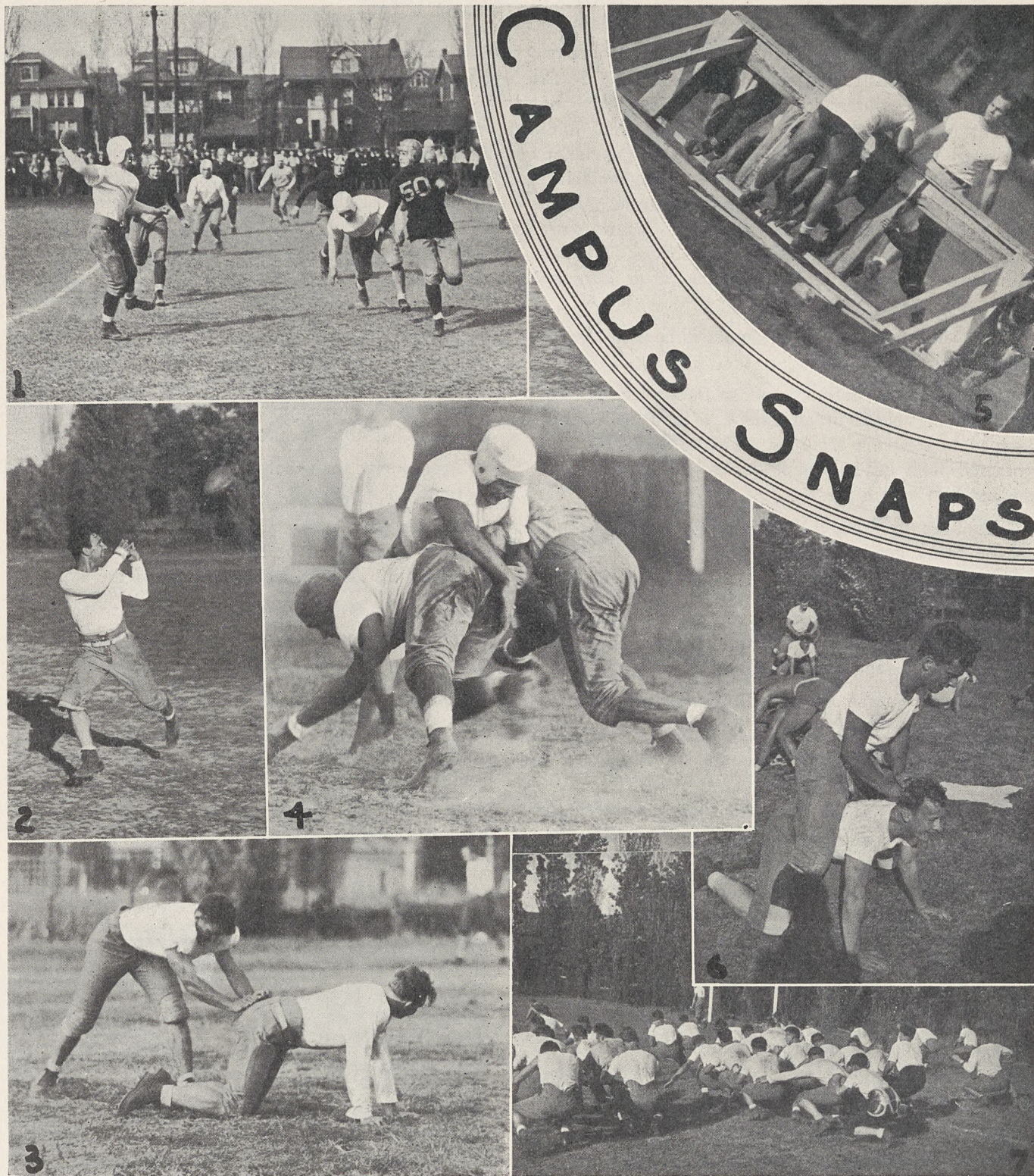
Walter Gog, Ralph Bentzinger, John Lamb, and Bill Wendt provide further worries at the tackles. All seem to be about at a par and the battle becomes tougher day after day. Lamb and Bentzinger, two healthy looking individuals of about 200 pounds each, seem to have the inner track, probably because of the year of extra experience they have had over Gog and Wendt.

All are sure to see plenty of service, however. Incidentally, a former cheerleader has turned tackle and giving a good account of himself. Jack Hewitt, a member of the freshman squad of last year, is likely to play in several of the games.

The ends are equally well filled. Hafeli has com-

(Continued on page 23)

Lorenz and Russell Go Gridiron for This Month's Picture-Page



CAMPUS SNAPS

The last days of pre-season practice, on the lower field. 1. The pass starts on its way. Look at that crowd. 2. And it lands. You can even see the seams on that ball. 3. Tutinsky gives Bukant a rub-down. Must be stenographer's hips. 4. Going into reverse. Brungard seems to be enjoying that high-low block. 5. Groner cages a ride on the pushmobile. That's Percy Gill cracking the whip hindside. 6. That's not cricket, Glaser. Looks like polo from here. 7. Waddle, waddle, waddle. This team is really going places.

BLACK GOLD

by HARRY MCGREGOR

ILLUSTRATED BY OWEN HEITMEYER

JOHN SNAGEN rode into Burkburnett, Texas, on a newly constructed spur of the A. T. & S. F. Railroad. The vibrant locomotive jarred its string of freight cars to a crushing, rattling stop and John squirmed out from his uncomfortable but exclusive resting place on the rods. It was night; a night stabbed by two yellow tongues of flame that squirmed in the wind. These flames searched the night from amidst the clutter of wooden derricks and shacks that was Burkburnett. John stretched his long arms into the air.

"Ow," he yawned. "There're gassers here so I guess I'll set awhile."

He piled himself into a corner of the protecting railroad loading platform and slept. John had never learned to sleep on the rods of a "rattler". No one bothered John until morning, when the station agent nudged him with a toe.

"Hey! get up. They'll be unloading here in an hour, so you better get going."

"O K," John yawned.

He got up, tightened his belt around his spare middle, brushed the Texas dust from his shirt and pants and jerked his ragged cap straight.

"Say, where's the Bardol Oil Company's office," he inquired of the agent.

"Over thar," the agent said, as a supplement to a pointing thumb.

John shuffled off until the blood pumped back into his legs, putting a sway-or roll into his walk. His was the gait of a sailor on dry land. He approached the bleached weather-aged shack identified by the station agent. A glance at the shack's label assured John that he had picked the right one from a straggling string of like structures that meandered away from the station.

John pushed a clapboard door just hard enough to open it but the hinges screeched resentment. Two steps brought him in front of Mr. Bardol who hung suspended between an old swivel chair and a boot-scarred desk, at the first point by the back of his neck and on the desk by his heels.

John stared in wonder, creating a sight no less amazing than the one he watched. His large hands hung like dead weights at his sides in a passive state that sagged his whole being. His trousers belt sagged in a perfect catenary, between his narrow hips, allowing the trouser knees to hang like a fat woman's chins. His lean face stretched from the slight red rims that were

his lips, to his lower eyelids tugging on them strong enough barely to expose his staring blue eyes. The tension was supplied by his unsprung lower jaw, gaping ajar to capacity and revealing a beautiful cavity. A cavity full of a heterogeneous clutter of stumps, vacancies and even whole teeth, although the latter groupings lost their identity behind a camouflage of tobacco stain.

To have strained himself to active talking from such a state, would have demanded a tremendous effort.

But John was curious.

"Ahem," he emitted.

The suspended figure before him catapulted into a semi-sitting position on the swivel chair so hard that his derby hat konked onto the desk.

"More knave than fool thou art," the fat Mr. Bardol spat out when the derby stopped bouncing on the desk.

"Wadda ya mean?" Snagen asked, having received impetus to snap out of his passivity, more from the tone of voice than from the meaning of the words,

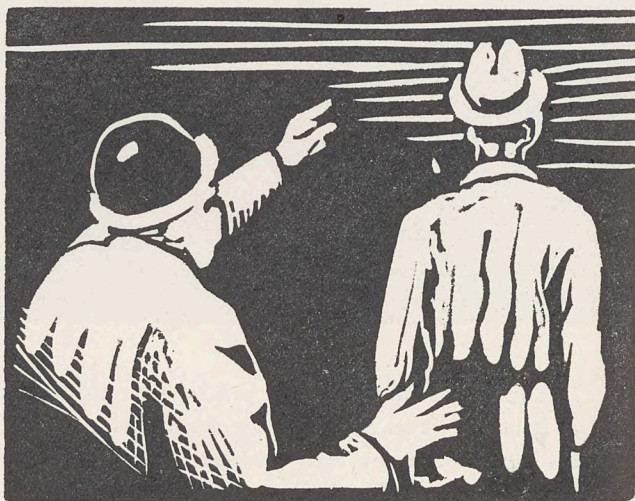
"What do you want?" countered the fat one.

"I come around for a job. Joe Spangenberg said effen I ever lit here to look ya up," Snagen explained.

"Spangenberg? Did he hit anything down there in Mexico?"

"Naw, he drilled too high. The water down there pushes that crude down hill an' that big gusher in the valley a piece below his layout run long enough to drain away any chanc't he had of gettin' anything. He only got water," Snagen said, feeling more at ease.

"What experience have you had?" Mr. Bardol asked.



"How fast is that screw letting the string of tools down?"

"Well, ever since I quit sailing an' since the onliest thing I knowed was rigging, tackle and some machinery I been working around in Mexico and Oklahoma doing this and that at oil fields," Snagen answered briefly.



"This and that, Anything in particular," Mr. Bardol scratched between the ridge of brown fuzz that ringed his head trying to dig something from the summary knowledge this fellow had given of himself.

"We are drilling in sand here but we are not going to shoot because the strata is too soft. I don't think I can use you. Our money is running out, and we have to be conservative," Mr. Bardol finally said.

"Where's your riggin?" Snagen asked rather impulsively.

"In the rear of this office about a hundred yards. Would you care to see it?"

"Sure." Again Snagen was laconic.

Mr. Bardol stood up, retrieved his derby and led Snagen through the back door and the dust towards the wooden derrick.

Snagen did not say anything during the walk. His eyes took in the eighty-feet high wooden derrick as they approached it. When they were closer he walked swiftly through the high uprights that formed the base of the derrick, gazed at the wiry man who was setting the temper screw.

"How fast is that screw letting the string of tools down?" he asked.

"About . . . feet . . . in . . . hours," Mr. Bardol answered.

"Humh?" Snagen had no trouble making himself heard above the clatter of the walking beam arm that was rising and lowering the drilling tools but he could not hear Mr. Bardol.

"About forty feet in twelve hours," Mr. Bardol said, speaking louder.

"C'mere!" Snagen shouted, grabbing Mr. Bardol's arm.

He pulled the fat man out of earshot of the pounding engine in order to hear what Mr. Bardol would say. It was unnecessary. Snagen did all of the talking and he could have made himself understood in the vicinity of the noisy drilling.

"Yore agoin' to have to junk all that damn' stuff," he said.

"But," Mr. Bardol expostulated trying to back away. Snagen still held him.

"Well, sell it to some other fool that doesn't know what he's adoin'. I know yore aholding the shorts but yore losin' money on that Pennsylvania rig. That string a' tools costs ya every time the cable runs it over the bull wheel up there. An' a manilla cable to hold a thirty-foot sinker an jars and bit! Who the hell ever pulled such a set up on you for cuttin' through sand," Snagen demanded.

"Well we'll change that as soon as we can get a fish tail rig in here," Snagen stated.

"What do you mean? Will it work better?"

"Sure," Snagen answered, walking toward the derrick.

(Continued on page 22)

Out At Frank Wyman Farm

Where Washington Coeds Spend the Summer Giving Poor Little Brats Fresh Air . . . and All That Goes With It.

By ARLEEN THYSON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES CRAVER

Four year old "Toughie" Blake, having just finished two dishes of cornflakes, a dish of oatmeal, a fried egg, two pieces of toast, and a cup of cocoa, gazes apologetically at the counselor who is waiting on the table. "Please, Teach, may I be excused?" he mumbles, his mouth still containing the last piece of toast. "I'm not very hungry this morning." Before the poor girl can answer, Toughie is out of the door. Sighing, she turns back to the remaining fifteen children and gives "Tarzan" O'Leary his fourth egg.

The Frank Wyman Outing Farm, with Edmonia Beal and Melvin Dillon—Washington U. alumni—as head counselors, attracts many courageous W. U. girls who think that they can manage two hundred and twenty-five lively kids for a week. Deserving children

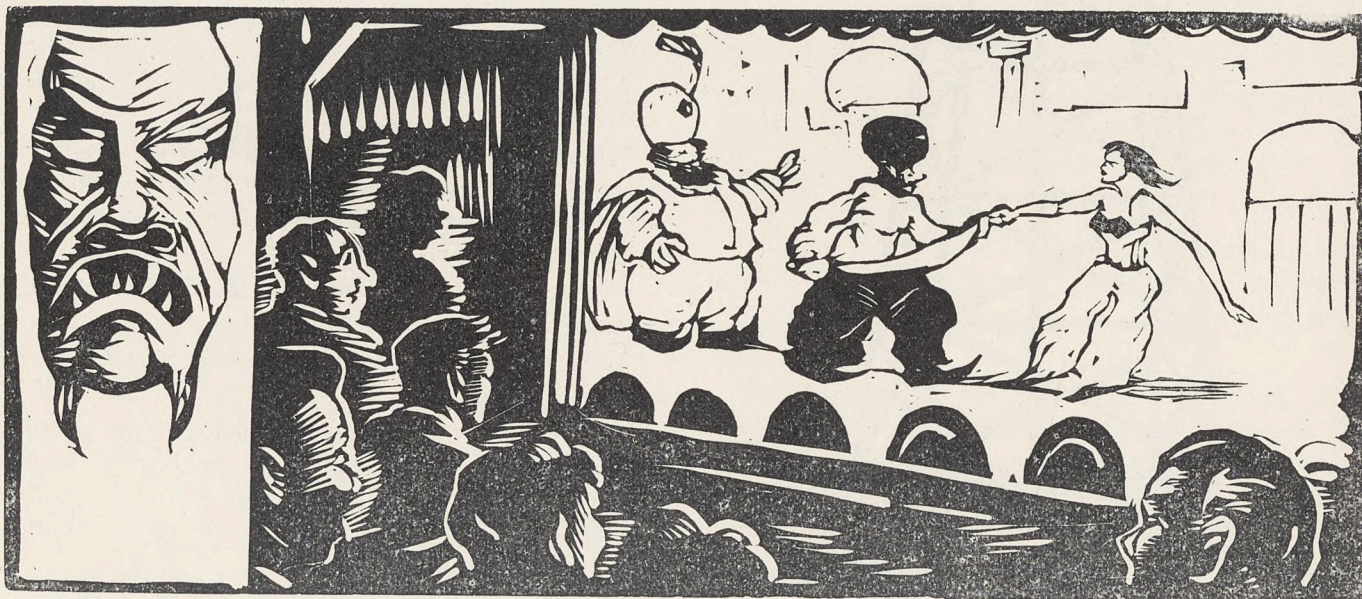
little girl proudly informs us that she has no "bugs" in her hair, because her mother washes it every week. Another serious-faced youngster inquires where he can buy candy.

"I've got nine cents," he says. "To write to my mother."

We tell him that he will be given candy every evening and that he must use his money for stationery.

"But I only need six cents for a postcard every day. I've got three cents extra. Can'tcha buy anything at this place?" Our negative reply convinces him that the Farm is a "washout."

Meals, at first, are nightmares. The children are supposed to line up outside the dining room and march



We give a play every evening. The gorier the better.

are selected by the various relief agencies and missions and assemble with the counselors at Union Station. The train ride to Eureka is the first for many of the little neophytes and there is much screaming and yelling on the way, especially in the very thrilling tunnels.

It's hard to describe how delighted most of the children are with the Farm. Some of them have never seen "woods" before and make many surprising discoveries about the construction of turtles and the pleasant odor of peppermint. The first morning is pretty upset. The kids misunderstand instructions and we new counselors feel rather dazed ourselves. Soon after arriving we help misfit the children in the farm clothes. They firmly believe that anything will fit and accept a size 8 or a 14 with equal satisfaction. One

in in orderly fashion, but they refuse to stay in line. They shove and jostle each other and there are fights galore. But the fun really begins at the table. Each counselor waits on sixteen children, most of whom don't know what it means to get enough to eat. Believe me, they keep us busy. And the camp hospital overflows with tummy-ache cases caused by overeating—for eleven dishes of cereal is a mere appetizer. The second morning one of the little girls ate nine eggs. Someone had broken her former record of six; so she decided to establish a permanent championship. The result can easily be imagined.

Somebody is in mischief every minute of the day. The boys are on the girls' slide. Edna bit Johnny be-

cause he wouldn't let her "play" the piano. Bobby is throwing sand again. "Those boys" are spitting water on the little girls. Wilma won't let Agnes play jacks with her. We soon learn, however, that these are merely minor difficulties and just part of a nice, peaceful day. One of the more serious problems is keeping the children on the farm. Often several of them decide to hitch-hike home. We caught three runaways one day who thought they were walking back to the city.

"Do you know how far you are from home?" we asked.

"Sure," they said, "it must be at least three miles."

Playground duty is a joy. "Teach, make him stop!" "Teach, push us on the ocean waves." "Come and see-saw with me, Teach." "Teach, those boys are in the orchard stealing apples again." "Push faster, Teach." "Teach, a bee stung me!" "Tell us a story!" "Teach, make her get out of the swing." "Teach, that boy hit me!" The child is in tears; so I stop pushing the swings.

"Who hit you, Tony?"

"Th-that boy on the merry-go-round."

"Which one?"

"The one in overalls."

And so it goes.

At last it's time for rest hour (that's what we think.) The children are no sooner in bed than someone wants a drink. Then all sixteen want drinks. Then they want to lie with their heads at the other ends of the beds. It'll be cooler. Then they want a story. Well, then at least a song. Oh, can't they even whisper. Fortunately, after a few days of strenuous camp life many of them really go to sleep. So do the counselors.

On the second day letter writing replaces projects. Every parent is notified of his child's safe arrival. We have to write most of the cards ourselves—from dictation—for even some of the eight or nine-year-olds can't write. We inspect every card. One is addressed "I like the swimming fine." Few of them have any greeting or signature. The facts that they "eat smashed potatoes" and "sleep in *beds*" furnish subject matter for quite a few of the correspondents.

"Is this to your mother?" I ask an eight year old boy. And at his nod, "What's her name?"

"Gerard."

"Her first name?"

"Gerard."

"That's her last name, Tommy. What comes before that?"

"Gerard."

I write "Mrs. Gerard."

"Your address?"

"Twenty-two south Broadway O half."

"Listen, Tommy, there are four numbers and then the name of the street. Twenty-two what?"

"Twenty-two south Broadway O half."

I try again.

"Twenty-two south Broadway O half."

So I look it up. 2205 S. Broadway.

We give a play every evening. The gorier the better of course. Action and dialogue are always extemporaneous—we have no time for rehearsals—and sometimes a few of us don't even know the plot before we go on the stage. At dinner someone informs you that you are to be a doctor that night. So after campus games you rush to the counselors' cabin and fish for trousers in the heap of costumes which is always on the floor. Then you run to assembly hall while smearing on a mustache and arrive just in time to be shoved onto the stage and told to prescribe pills or something. Naturally after your hours of study and preparation you rival Walter Hampden in your superb execution of the role.

But the kids love it. They scream in terror as Cassim is murdered in *Ali Baba* and shriek with delight when the spoiled Prince Tucker gets a spanking. Sometimes the children put on a play. The dialogue is sprinkled profusely with *ain'ts* and the climax is reached when the beautiful Cinderella gazes at her wicked stepsisters and says dramatically, "I forgive youse all."

Well, we have to forgive them all—often. The little devils are starved for attention, but unfortunately they can't be ruled by love. We just had to learn that when three imps climb into a tree when it's time for rest hour and yell "Come and get us!" the proper procedure is to count to ten mentally and then "go and get them."

THE TOWERS AND THE TOWN

(Continued from page 8)

Tryrsus, Quad Club, the Bears, Student Life, and the Icicles are activities Eliot is an activity. We know men and women who have learned as much from their activities as they have from their classes. And we know others who have sidetracked their energies in so many directions that they end up as blithering idiots with a handful of keys.

It's a ticklish choice, freshman, but when your fraternity wants you to go out for three activities at once, remember what Eliot said.

The First Time is the Hardest

We heard about the gentleman from Oxford who liked a course so well he managed to take it four times.

"Oh, I know," says Tom Draper, the best golf player this side of, and he'll tell you how we were walking over to the first session of Mr. Carson's English 16, the drama technique course, talking over Mr. Carson and drama courses in general. Tom spoke with authority on both. "It will be a good course," he said.

Mr. Carson was sitting at the desk when we came in, and Tom flashed him the old Draper smile. The professor recovered himself quickly, glanced at the registration cards, and whipped out a dramatic pose. "You can't come in here," he said. "You've had this course!"

Tom looked at him closely. "Yes," said W.G.B.C. triumphantly, "and I believe you passed it."

It spoils our story, but for Tom's sake we add that English 16 used to be English 6.

BLACK GOLD

(Continued from page 19)

"He did," Bardol pointed to the wiry man.

Mr. Bardol was anxious to get away from him, so he started back toward the office.

"Snagen's my name," John said to the wiry man at the engine.

"Hart's mine," the wiry man answered.

Then to open the conversation he said, "Did you talk him into putting you on?"

"Yes and no," Snagen answered.

"Well, it wouldn't be hard to do. The old man doesn't know nothing about this racket. He used to be a school teacher until somebody put a bug in his bonnet about getting rich on oil," Hart continued, nonplussed by Snagen's answer.

"Uh hunh," Snagen grunted.

He walked over to the engine, sat down against it and fell asleep. He seemed to sleep all of the next four days except for the time necessary to get Mr. Bardol to order new equipment. Hart was able to sell the old material. This wiry man was uneasy before the slovenly sleepy fellow and tried to ease himself by keeping busy while Snagen apparently slept. Whenever Hart found time he tried to open conversation with Snags, as he called him, referring to Snagen's unsightly dental equipment. Snagen was not affronted by

the nickname. He was docile until the new equipment arrived.

Hart started supervision of the unpacking without consulting Mr. Bardol.

"Why don't ya ask the boss about that stuff?" Snagen asked.

"What for? He's just a iron hat," Hart said. Then amused by his own remark he added, "Ain't that derby a pistol?"

"Listen, squirt, he's no more fool than you are. He's a greenhorn an' knows it, but you don't. Yore nerves are steady when yore aworkin' but goin' about things just right is what keeps you alive in this game. Yore agoin' to get yore orders from me from now on as soon as this new rig gets put in."

"I ain't asleep allus," Snags burst forth.

Hart receded before this tirade. He listened patiently while Snags explained the action of the new equipment.

"This yere fish tail bit spins as she's goin' down. Ya force mud down thru the pipe drill that carries the bit. The tail on the bit swings mud again the sand yore adrillin' thru and the push of the mud in the pipe keeps this yere plaster from caving in front of the sand," Snags explained.

"Uh, hunh! But there ain't no way to hold that eight-sided pipe drill to a gear on the engine," Hart said.

"We'll make one an' make it quick," Snags said.

He was a transformed man while he was working. His drive pushed Hart's mechanical ingenuity to the utmost. He was working himself at top speed. He shook his inertness for speed, agility and caution. Under the combined force of all of the men the drilling speeded up to a hundred and twenty feet in twelve hours.

They were approaching a depth of three thousand five hundred feet.

"Put some casing in there with a lead shoe on the outside so she'll expand if there's any pressure," Snags directed.

"Mr. Snagen—" It was Mr. Bardol.

"Yeh."

"I think we'll have to stop. I'm about broke," Bardol explained. "We can only drill two more days."

"Get some nitro-glycerine and we'll shoot her today," Snags said.

"What, in that soft stuff?"

"Sure, we'll have to," Snags stated.

That afternoon the five-foot shells of nitro-glycerine arrived. They were about two inches in diameter, just large enough to hold six quarts of the explosive. There were two of them and a five pound pointed piece of iron or "go devil"

Snags personally took the shells to the top of the derrick. He did not want anyone with him.

"Thet there place is only five feet square and it has paling around it. Thet kind of room is too little for me and anybody else," Snags said.



"I wouldn't disturb him now. He's just discovered that he's mixed up his note cards and given the whole course backwards."

He took a rope marked with the drill depth on it. Cautiously he lowered the first shell. The destructive shell pulled on the rope hungrily until the drill depth was reached and the rope slackened.

"She's home," Snags muttered to himself.

His large fingers were no longer taut. A gentle tug on rope nerved him. Then the rope slackened again. An unexpected flow behind six quarts of nitro-glycerine would be free in seconds. No time to run. The hissing gas drove the projectile through his clutching hands. He was hurled against the paling at the top of the derrick, clinging to the sensitive shell. His long arms swung into space and then snapped as his body hit the top of the paling. But those fingers held the shell.

"Just a shoulder out of joint, Hart," Snags explained as the wiry man helped him down from the derrick, now treacherously slippery from the flow of oil.

Snags stayed with the Bardol Oil Company when they were doing business from a palatial office in Oklahoma City. He never stayed in the office. He came in to see fat Mr. Bardol, wearing clothes very similar to those he wore when he first got his job. It was there that the state senator first met him. The meeting didn't bother Snags; instead he had so little to say he got up and walked out.

"Who is that man?" the senator inquired.

"That is Snags, the most valuable man in this organization, barring none. He's so valuable that we can't allow him to fall asleep as he most certainly would if he were not working," Mr. Bardol explained.

BEAR MEAT

(Continued from page 16)

pletely recovered from a trick ankle injury that bothered him for the whole of the 1934 season and prevented him from playing. Tomlinson, a lad who tops the 200 mark and a member of the 1934 undefeated freshman squad, has been converted into an end and is backing Hafeli on the right side of the line. On the left side, Ray Hobbs, an All-America selection from 1933, and Lester Brungard, are battling for the right to stop plays on that side.

The backfield is graying Conzelman's already gray hair more rapidly than ever. Mike Zboyovski returned to direct the team, but for a time it appeared that Tommy Ozment, understudy to "Zib," would be unable to attend school this year. This left Jimmy with Bob Smith at quarterback, but Bob inadvertently snapped a collar bone and may be out for the major part of the season. Hunkins, a halfback, was immediately converted to fill the gap. The clouds cleared up when Ozmont discovered that he could come back and the problem seemed to be temporarily solved.

Co-Captain Chick Droke appeared for the opening session in perfect condition and began displaying the blocking ability that makes it appear he will be one

of the best men in the Middle West in that department.

Dave Blumberg, Nat Tutinsky, Bill Wolf and Ed Wagner, halfbacks, are driving through daily sessions in great style. Bounding Bob Hudgens is headed for the ailing list at the moment. Someone massaged his shins with the business end of a cleat, leaving Hudgens to limp through practice at a slower pace than he usually employs. Bob is filling the shoes of Captain Harry Brown, so fans may forget "Hundred-yard Harry" in time.

The fullback position, according to Jimmy, is still open, but it is closed. The idea seems to be that the peak is reached in Don Wimberley, last year's star fullback, and Joe Bukant, powerhouse from Southern Illinois. Both men are sharing time, the one playing on team A and the other on team I.

Both teams are on a par with each other and the distinction into A and I team without a separation is used to avoid the feeling of overconfidence that comes with power and ability.

But until the show opens, all the data on paper means nothing. A powerful aggregation on paper may explode right in the faces of theorizers on opening day. The closing game will show just how far the statistical experts were correct when they foresaw the Bears as the finest team in this section of the country. And it is no secret that the boys believe it and are set to prove it in every game.

FORTY THOUSAND CHISELLERS

(Continued from page 12)

exactly in that section which covers the week's assignments, and for the *very same* course which is now meeting. . . . Those who have failed to bring notebooks suddenly bend over to tie their confounded shoelaces or put their burdensome jackets on a nearby chair. Come next evening and the instructor finds a breathtaking similarity among his papers.

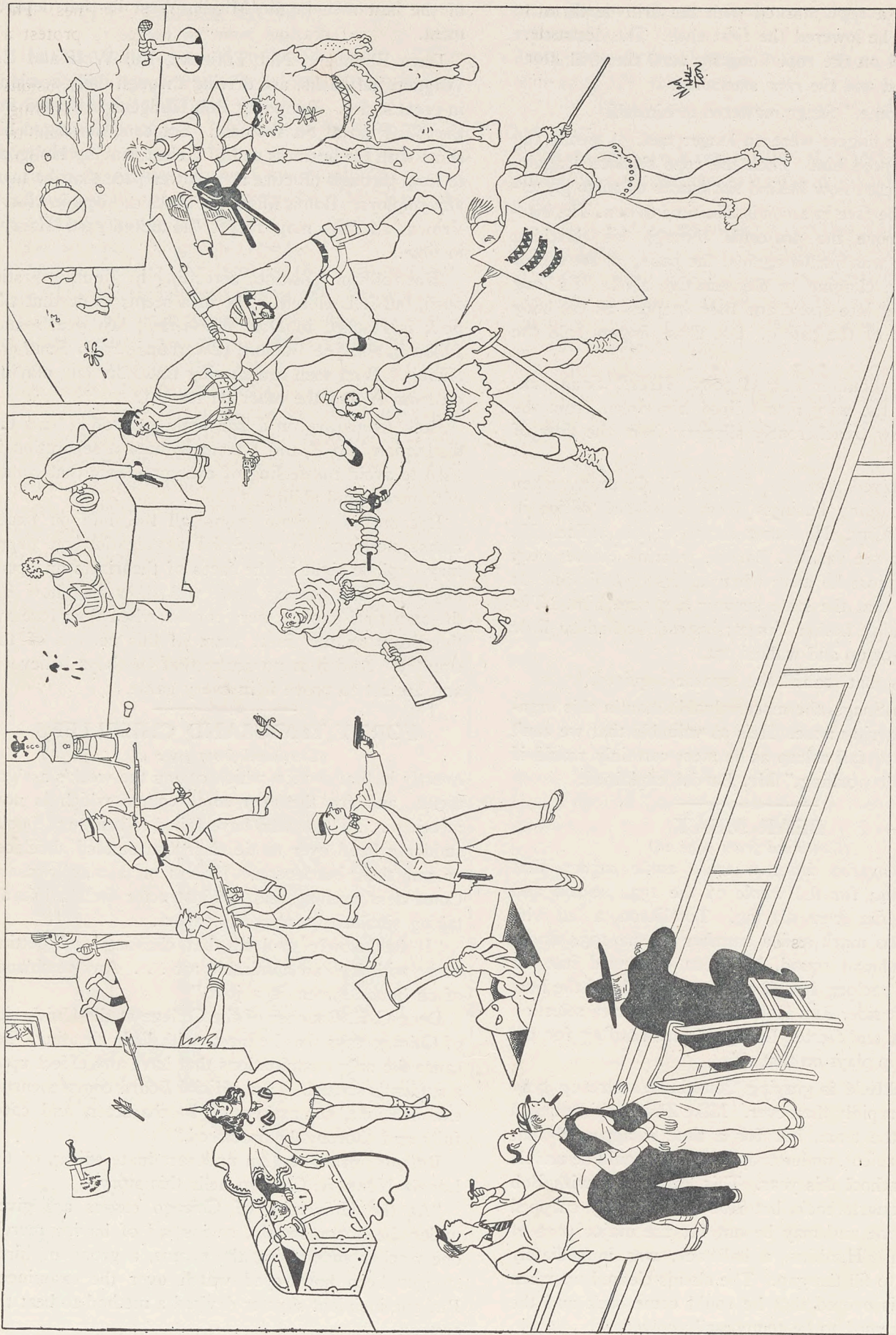
"It has slowly evolved that cheating and getting away with it is an admirable art . . . Any semblance of an honor system is a joke."

Dean C. S. Boucher of the College at the University of Chicago says that he meets with little cheating, "because the only examinations that have any effect upon a student's status . . . are official Board comprehensive examinations, comprehensive in character, and carefully and thoroughly proctored."

But not infallible. An undergraduate editor, of the Loyola News, in Chicago, tells this story:

"At the University of Chicago exams are given under the honor system, so instead of having merely one teacher supervising the exams, a group of hired stooges keep hawk-eyed watch over the examinees. But one incipient shyster devised a method to beat the system.

After many protestations he finally convinced one of the invigilators that he simply *had* to make a phone call. His girl was passing through town, and he had



Captains of Industry: William Randolph Hearst looks over some new models for the funnies.

—Courtesy LIFE, on sale the 20th of every month.

to call her between trains. Well, the invigilator was doubtful, but he consented to allow the call to be made, provided the shyster would allow another invigilator to listen to his end of the conversation. The shyster agreed. He had foreseen this.

"The payoff was this. The shyster had arranged with his roommate to read a certain answer over the phone to him. No matter what the shyster said, his room-mate should continue with the answer.

"We can imagine the conversation went somewhat like this:

Friend: 'A person who leaves the state, with intent to elude any provision of this article . . .'

Shyster: 'Yes, dear! Of course you know I love you.'

Friend: ' . . . or to commit any act without the state, which is prohibited by this article. . . .'

Shyster: 'Well, why should I try to fool you? I haven't slept a wink since you've gone!'

"And so on."

The Loyola News editor says this for his own school. "Cribbers as a rule aren't very clever at Loyola. But I did once hear of a person who wrote his crib-notes on his person, and was discovered in the washroom during the exam copying the notes off, as he leaned over in front of the mirror. You figure where he wrote them."

"Cheating here has never become very well developed because it is so easy to get by with crude methods," writes the editor of *The Missouri Student*. "The most common form is copying off information in a blue book which may be boldly referred to during a quiz, since the prof has the impression that it is merely the quiz book.

"Other forms include copying off material on small cards which may be manipulated neatly between the folds of a double breasted coat, or on a long sheet of paper, about an inch and a half wide which is rolled up on two match sticks over which a rubber band is placed to keep the little device together.

"In large classes individuals other than those taking the course are often paid five to ten dollars to take the final. The class is so large that the professor neglects to learn the names and faces of his students, thereby making the plan a very sound one."

At Bradley Polytechnic Institute at Peoria, "the greatest difficulty we have is in connection with term papers." The Dean of Men writes:

"Several years ago, we had a student who turned in not only the theme of another student but as he finished copying the theme—evidently late at night—he also copied the student's name. Some three months ago, one of our English teachers discovered a theme definitely copied from a book. On another occasion, one of the teachers of Freshman English discovered a student who was producing themes well above the average of writing produced on other occasions in the course and through investigation it was discovered

that the father was the one writing the themes. The father, on one occasion, went so far as to protest a grade!"

Palen made no comments upon, drew no conclusions from the letters. But if we must conclude something, perhaps our best clue is in the casual tone taken by most of the letters. The deans and editors seemed to agree that cheating has little bearing, one way or another, on the accumulation of knowledge, but is concerned with the pesky ornamentations of it, credits, comparative standings, grades, ranks, degrees. Perhaps we read too much between the lines, but the general attitude taken by the correspondents seems to indicate that whether the Honor System or the Bureau of Investigation System is used, cheating for credits is still a rather tiresome child's game, to be compared with cheating at solitaire.

One of the soundest arguments in favor of the Honor System is that it eliminates so much bother.

WHEREVER IT LIES

(Continued from page 15)

"Mary aren't you ever satisfied?"

"I'm afraid not, but we live only once, why can't we really live?"

Warm breezes, fine sandy beaches, blue ocean, yellow moon, brilliant flowers teased her mind.

She spoke of those brilliant flowers to Stephan when they had parked before her house late that night.

"It's romance, Stephan, adventure, maybe that would satisfy me."

Stephan wasn't listening, he interrupted. "Mary, what did you mean before when you said you had never kissed any one?"

"Just what I meant."

"But I——"

"Men have kissed me."

"And you——"

"Perfectly passive, most girls are."

"So it doesn't really make any difference who does the kissing?"

"No. Not much," Mary lied. Why go into that whole matter again and bare her feelings to Stephan? She knew how he felt. Her pride wouldn't stand any more trampling.

"And if I wanted to kiss you good-night?"

"Go ahead, if you'll enjoy it," she spoke lightly, "but perhaps you shouldn't. You see, the more you kiss me, the more I like you. Propinquity, I suppose. You wouldn't want me to fall in love with you."

The rays of the street lamp glittered into the small car.

"No," Stephan said, "We wouldn't want that to happen."

His arms held her close as he kissed her. Minutes later Mary whispered into his coat collar.

"All that talking, and then this, Stephan. Let's stay here for ever."

TAKE IT FROM RICKY

(Continued from page 2)

The local coeds here will make Glenn English and Norman Hare, the "Texas Rangers" living at the A. T. O. house, forget the very sentimental line written on the picture of the girl-back-home now resting on each one's dresser. . . . Grace Weigle thinks of others besides Bob Pegram, and Mary Jane Wright is not very serious with Bud Pegram either. . . . It is still Mary Stobie and Bud Edele. . . . It was Muriel Hicks and Tony Konvicka who won the \$60.00 vial of perfume at the football party given by Dr. M. Heideman. . . . Don't confuse it with the party Barbara Schafer gave for some of the football players. . . . Her's was veddy, veddy select. . . . Bill Bowman spent the summer in Colorado. . . . you ask him about the maid. . . . Bob Bullington, T.K.E. initiate, embarrassed Roy Martintoni the whole summer by telling his cousin, Roy's best, of Roy's W. U. wild oats. . . . It is December that the F. L. Deming's expect the stork. . . . The Pi Phis wait anxiously. . . . Jane Konesko can't always evade Harry House's persistent efforts. . . . I'm told to be on the lookout for Jane Overly, Elfue Andrews, and Sally Sullivan, all of the class of '39.

Never half and half, I continue to be

RICKY.

P. S. Henry Graves, former basketball star, was shown the exit sign by Mitzie Catlin of Principia . . . too much hesitation on his part.

BILLET

A voice from an unsullied sky,
A little wistful . . . longing perhaps,
Wanting it knew not what.
A violet's breath from spring's fresh scent;
Thoughts riding on word's wing'd toes;
Poignant cadences;
The glory of a day an eon gone.
Dust is on the heart that rapturously
Tripped away, leaving a myth . . .
Somnolent the voice,
Quiescent the song.

KATHREN MCKINNEY.

CONVENTIONAL YOUNG MAN

(Continued from page 11)

Helen looked furious. Hector looked frightened, Donald looked like a man who wanted to hurt somebody.

"How dare you!" cried Helen wrathfully. "Of all the stupid, conventional gestures you have made in your lifetime, this is the worst! I told Hector to open the door—that it, no doubt was you. But he said it might be the landlord after the rent—and wouldn't do it. . . . Well—what apology have you?"

Donald had been looking at Hector. He now looked at Helen and gave her one glance from his narrow gray eyes.

"Shut up!" was all he said. But how he said it! Helen sat down limply and watched him with aston-

ishment. He didn't take very long—perhaps because he didn't waste much time in preliminaries. He blacked both of Hector's soulful eyes, he put a suspicious dent in his nose, and he demolished in a few seconds what it had taken nature thirty years and a dentist six months to build up in the way of teeth for Hector.

And when Donald discovered that Hector, though he urged others to violence, was rather opposed to it for himself, he grabbed Helen's arm, threw her luxurious wrap around her, and yanked her down three flights of unsavory stairs.

"I'll never forgive you for this!" she gasped furiously.

"Wait until I ask you," advised Donald savagely.

His car was there, and he flung her into it. She tried to get out the other side, and he caught her arm between cruel fingers. She scratched and kicked and fought, but she couldn't break that grip.

"You—you—" she wailed. "I could kill you!"

"You try any more funny business and I will kill you," promised Donald.

She became silent: he started the engine and turned into University Place, then into Fifth Avenue.

She said finally: "I suppose you think yourself clever—beating up a frail young man just because he entertained a girl in his apartment!"

"Yes?" returned Donald. "Well, that frail young man happens to be a strong old blackmailer with a wife and two children in Albany, and with his picture and finger prints downtown in the Rogues' Gallery. . . . He is up for deportation on account of his radicalism, for prosecution on account of his blackmailing proclivities, and for several other beatings for his love making abilities."

"I don't believe you," gasped Helen. "You're just—just talking."

Donald ignored a traffic light and kept on going. "If you mean lying, why not say it?"

"All right," said Helen promptly. "You're lying."

Donald laughed then and put on more speed. Helen hoped viciously he'd be caught and arrested. She decided that if he was she'd sass the cop; then Donald, no doubt, would get thirty days.

Instead, Donald sped along unmolested and Helen slumped lower in her seat.

At Thirty-fourth Street she said: "Of course you're lying."

Donald said nothing.

At Forty-second Street she said: "Of course you're lying, but even if you're not, what of it?"

Donald said nothing.

At Fifty-ninth Street she said: "Of course you're lying, but even if you aren't, what about it? It's none of your affair, is it?" Donald said nothing.

At Seventy-second Street she said: "Why—You've gone past my house! Stop immediately, please. I'll walk back."

Then Donald spoke for the first time—spoke without lessening the speed of the car.

He said: "I'm not lying . . . and it is going to be my affair . . . and I know I passed your house . . . and I'm not stopping the car, please."

She reflected upon this for a moment then asked coldly: "Would you mind telling me where we are going, what we are doing, and et cetera."

"Not at all," answered Donald politely, "I am driving up to Connecticut: I am going to get married when I get there, and I will take care of et cetera later . . . As for you, well, you are just going to be present on all those occasions."

Helen looked at him in horror.

"You're crazy," she stated decisively, "that's what you are—just plain crazy!"

Donald grinned down at her. "If you think I'm just plain crazy now you'll be out of adjectives in an other hour."

And an hour later she firmly and rigidly refused to get out of the car and be married by the old justice Donald had unearthed in a sleeping village.

So Donald apologized to the drowsy old justice, saying, "I'm sorry for disturbing you . . . but the lady needs more urging."

"Oh, that's all right," cackled the drowsy old justice. "Jest you try a little persuadin' . . . Surprisin' how far a little persuadin' will go . . . yes indeedy!"

Donald's persuadin' wasn't so little. It was dark and cold and crouched there rather high up in the Westchester hills about five miles from the nearest house and twice that far from the nearest railroad station.

"I wont get out," stated Helen, squaring her lovely little chin obstinately, "I'll stay right here till you come to your senses."

"And you'll stay right here until you come to yours," said Donald calmly. "This is my father's summer place . . . it's uninhabited. . . . It's miles from anything . . . and no one comes near it. Also I told your folks

this evening that I was planning to elope with you. They told Jimmy Taylor. Jimmy told Alida Stratton, and Alida is crazy about young Kirkwood, who is a reporter on the Times . . . So you had better think it all over."

Helen was for once in her life, quite speechless. She looked at Donald, who stood in the radius of the car's headlights, as though she would like to have seen him struck by a bolt of lightning.

"You brute!" she gasped finally.

"I'm not," denied Donald very gravely; "I'm a thoroughly conventional young man."

Helen jumped out of the car; she walked rapidly up the wide stone steps and over the wide stone veranda.

She turned when she reached the door, and said: "If you'll unlock this door I'll go in. As long as it is to be a battle of wills, we might just as well be comfortable while we are fighting."

Donald came up the stairs, unlocked the door and she went in. The house was cold with the damp, penetrating chill of long untenancy.

"If you could make a fire," she suggested, "it would eliminate the possibility of our freezing as well as starving to death."

"Oh we won't starve," Donald assured her cheerfully. "There's plenty of canned goods in the house . . . all it needs is fixing. Are you hungry?"

"No" said Helen emphatically.

"Too bad," observed Donald, "for I am. I'm going to have hot coffee, hot cakes, and maple syrup. If you want me—or anything—I'll be in the kitchen."

And Donald was gone.

A half hour later she strolled as nonchalantly as possible into the kitchen.

"I only came for a cigarette," said she, coldly, and sat down.

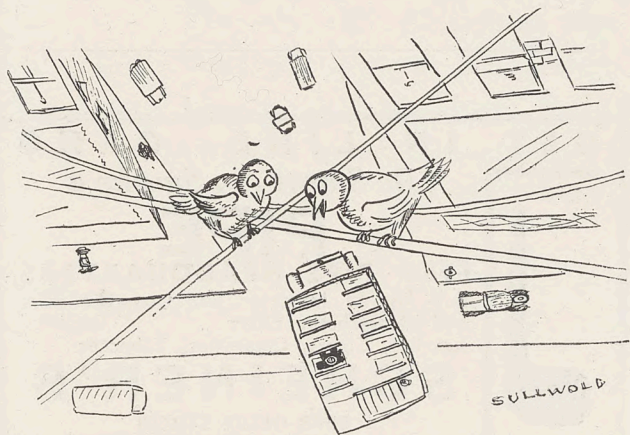
Donald was sitting before a white topped table. On it was a steaming coffee pot, a can of evaporated milk, a pitcher of syrup and a huge plate of golden brown wheat cakes. Helen looked at these rather superciliously.

Donald handed her his packet and poured another cup of coffee. Then he lifted several cakes from the platter to his own plate.

"Sure you won't have any?" he asked rather carelessly.

Helen moved closer to the table. "No," she refused with dignity. "But I'm frozen . . . I'll have some hot coffee."

She had it and another. She eyed the plebian cakes with less antagonism now, but still maintained her air of superciliousness.



"NOW?"

—Wampus.

She lighted another cigarette and had another cup of coffee.

Donald placed several cakes on a plate before her.

"Eat them," he ordered. "You can't smoke cigarettes and drink black coffee without being ill."

"I won't eat them," said Helen, but not very resolutely.

"You'll eat them or I'll feed them to you," returned Donald.

She ate them, pretending great distaste and contempt for them, him and everything in general.

Donald got up, went to the stove, threw some wood in it, then stood looking down at it.

Suddenly Helen stood up, crossed noiselessly to him, and clasped two arms about his waist, semi-pinioning his own arms.

Startled, unbelieving, he turned swiftly, and would have caught her hungrily into his released arms, only, with a second, adorably childish little hug, she escaped him.

At the door to the hall she paused and looked back at him, smiling. But Donald did not pursue her. For I may as well tell you now, he was a very clever man, was Donald.

When she had quite definitely gone he started gathering up the dishes.

The sound was very faint, but quite definite. A soft little purr, then a sharp crunch.

Donald was through the house and at the front door like a streak of summer lightning.

The low-hung roadster, bathed in defiant headlights, was turning swiftly around and into the drive.

"Damn!" said Donald fervidly. "You little demon!" shouted he. "I disconnected that battery."

"I know it," laughed Helen back at him over her shoulder. "But I'm just as good a mechanic as I am pickpocket . . . Dear—all that hugs you is not coquetry—"

And she was gone.

That unexpected, sweet little hug! Then she had only maneuvered it to get the keys out of his pocket.

What could a man do in the face of such an absurd and mortifying turn of tables. Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

So Donald went back to the warm kitchen and went to bed—in a straight-backed chair with his feet on the coal scuttle.

Alas for the romance and primitive measures.

It was a disturbing aroma that flicked his nostrils. A sort of bitter, pungent aroma. And against his eyelids the sunlight played a little tattoo so that finally he opened them to protest this unsolicited familiarity.

But he closed them again swiftly. For what man having gone to sleep in his right senses, wished to awake without them? And what man in Donald's position, and seeing what he saw then, could believe other than that his wits had suddenly and unexpectedly deserted him?

To begin with the apparition was smiling; that, at six o'clock on a cold morning, is enough to be incredible. Second, the apparition wore, beside the smile, a bright head and checkered apron. Third, it held a huge, steaming coffee pot. And fourth—Ye gods, what a fourth! it was saying, "Darling, I do think it's time you got up."

Donald got up. He also advanced toward the apparition.

"Will you tell me—" began Donald threateningly.

The apparition nodded vehemently.

"I came back, after-I-decided-that-it-wouldn't-be-right-for-me-to-allow-you-to-commit-suicide-by-drinking-your-own-coffee," explained Helen breathlessly. Breathlessly, for-for-oh, well, you know how impossible it would be for anyone to talk clearly when someone is—is . . ."

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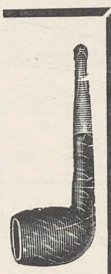
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*Yearling witches, first-year swells,
Freshman sirens, freshman belles—
Every year a hundred more
Fairer than the year before.
'Round in circles go the males,
Knocked for loops by bales of frails.
Here's a chance to clear the air,
To find the Beauty for the Bear.
Ask your friends, compare their notes,
Then date the girl who gets the votes.
Freshman ladies, stand in line!
Who's the perfect '39?*

This by way of saying that next month old Eliot swings its big guns into the annual Freshman Popularity Contest to pick the Freshman Queen and the four Popularity Maids. In the November issue we will print the pictures, scads of them, of all serious contenders, from each of the sororities, and elsewhere.

Watch for the next issue, which will be practically an illustrated directory of the best-looking yearlings on the Hilltop.

*They tell about
an Englishman—*

*Who closely scrutinized
His income tax blank
And then sent it back*

With the following notation:

*“I have given the matter careful thought
And have decided not to join
The Income Tax.”*

• • •

*Now getting around to cigarettes
There are no ifs ands or buts
About Chesterfield
Two words make everything clear . . .*

They Satisfy



*Chesterfield... the cigarette that's Milder
Chesterfield... the cigarette that TASTES BETTER*