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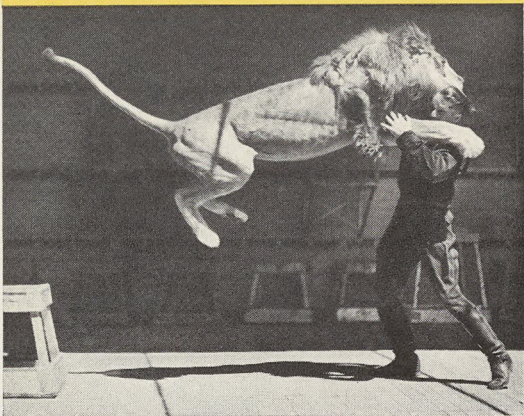
WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

❖ *Eliot* ❖

April

1938

MEL KOONTZ—FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD ANIMAL TAMER—WRESTLES A LION!



Here is Mel Koontz alone in the cage with four hundred and fifty pounds of lion. The huge lion crouches—then springs at Koontz. Man and lion clinch while onlookers feel their

nerves grow tense. Even with the lion's jaw only inches from his throat, Mel Koontz shows himself complete master of the savage beast. No doubt about *his* nerves being healthy!

"I'll say it makes a difference to me what cigarette I smoke"

says
MEL KOONTZ to
PENN PHILLIPS



"I guess you *have* to be particular about your cigarette, Mel. I've often wondered if Camels are different from other kinds."

"Take it from me, Penn, any one-cigarette's-as-good-as-another talk is the bunk. There are a lot of angles to consider in smoking. Camel is the cigarette I know really *agrees with me* on all counts. My hat's off to 'em for real, natural mildness—the kind that doesn't get my nerves ragged—or make my throat raspy. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

MEL KOONTZ was schooling a "big cat" for a new movie when Penn Phillips got to talking cigarettes with him. Perhaps, like Mr. Phillips, you, too, have wondered if there is a distinct difference between Camels and other cigarettes. Mel Koontz gives his slant, above. And millions of men and women find what they want in Camels. Yes, those *costlier tobaccos* in Camels *do* make a difference!

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE
LARGEST-SELLING
CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic



ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER...

"Camels agree with me"

"We know tobacco because we grow it..... We smoke Camels because we know Tobacco"

TOBACCO
PLANTERS SAY



"I know the kind of tobacco used for various cigarettes," says Mr. Beckham Wright, who has spent 19 years growing tobacco—knows it from the ground up. "Camel got my choice grades this year—and many years back," he adds. "I'm talking about what I *know* when I say Camels sure enough *are* made from MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS."

Mr. George Crumbaugh, another well-known planter, had a fine tobacco crop last year. "My best yet," he says. "And the Camel people bought all the choice lots—paid me more than I ever got before, too. Naturally, Camel's the cigarette I smoke myself. Most planters favor Camels."



"I've grown over 87,000 pounds of tobacco in the past five years," says this successful planter, Mr. Cecil White, of Danville, Kentucky. "The best of my last crop went to the Camel people at the best prices, as it so often does. Most of the other planters around here sold their best grades to Camel, too. I stick to Camels and I *know* I'm smoking choice tobaccos."

"My four brothers and I have been planting tobacco for 21 years," Mr. John Wallace, Jr., says. "Camel bought up every pound of my last crop that was top grade—bought up most of the finer tobacco in this section, too. I've been smoking Camels for 17-18 years now. Most other planters are like me—we're Camel smokers because we know the quality that goes into them."



DEAR SENATOR:—

by JUANITA HUNSAKER

Editor's note:—If the reader is interested in the point of view expressed in this article (and if he is a right-thinking person, he will be) we suggest that he attend the meetings sponsored by the Student Peace Committee this week (see inside back cover) where he'll be sure to learn something. And then we suggest, if he is the sort of person who believes in going after what he wants, that he get in touch with Marcia Ann Marks, chairman of the Peace Action Committee, which meets at 12:30 every Thursday, to find out EFFECTIVE ways of securing peace.

"Well, why don't you write your Congressman?" It's awfully smart at present to squelch a noisy classmate with these words. It's smart because the phrase completely vanquishes loud-mouthed individuals. There's something so inane about writing one's Congressman. He never reads his mail. And the letters he gets are so full of drivel.

"Dear Mr. Hennings:

I really cannot condone your stand on this diabolical 'War Profits' Bill. I fear me you have strayed from the path of right-thinking."

"My dear Mr. Anderson:

May I congratulate you on your stalwart defense of the peace and democracy of the American people. By courageously speaking out against the iniquitous Armament Program, you have shown yourself a man of the populace."

or,

"Senator Truman:

I should like to know, sir, on which side of the fence you line up, in this battle for neutrality. Are you *for* neutrality, sir? Or agin' it? If you're agin' it, sir, I regret to inform you that you're a yellow dog, a dastardly poltroon, and a pusillanimous fool."

These are examples of what a person has in mind when he howls, "Write your Congressman today!" And they're silly, aren't they?

No. The government of the United States of America is just getting ready to tuck its people into oblivion and leave for a gala evening of fireworks with that smoothie, Mars. It's a date of long standing. It has been anticipated ever since the President refused to invoke the neutrality law and compel Americans to leave China after this country had become a scene of international combat. It was forecast when the Japs bombed the *Panay*, and American newspapers sniveled over the "rights" of our citizens to immunity in war zones. At this point, Japanese diplomacy very nearly cancelled America's date with

War. In an indemnity note that was a masterpiece of restraint, the Far Eastern nation docilely agreed to pay \$2,214,007 for the sinking of the gunboat, and an additional sum to cover the loss of three *Socony-Vacuum Oil Company* vessels which were being convoyed up the *Yangtze* by the *Panay*. Who did Japan think she was, anyhow—making overtures of peace toward the United States, complying promptly, noncommittally, with Western demands! To discourage further apple-polishing and make certain that the party with Mars would come off, this country wished Japan a Merry Christmas and threatened to spank her pants for "any further attacks upon or unlawful interference by Japanese authorities or forces with American nationals, interests, or property in China."

Although the Administration has spent a long time primping for the big night, it doesn't really want to go out with Mars. Oh, no! It even has its doubts about Mars' being a nice guy. But it made the date in a moment of weakness, and now feels it ought to be ready to keep it. The Administration believes that with an emergency naval bill to authorize expenditures in varying amounts up to \$1,121,000,000, the nation would be half-way prepared. Authorities from the Navy Department have made a number of naive admissions about the need for such a bill. Admiral H. E. Yarnell, of the Asiatic fleet, testified that Japan, to attack the United States, would need twice as much military strength as this country has. Major General Smedley D. Butler said that all the extant ships in the world were not enough to transport a dangerous invading army to our shores. Coast Guard men, officers of the country's chief defense unit, have announced that the projected naval appropriations would not be for their sake. They need mines, submarines, destroyers; not the proposed new battleships. These guileless confessions have made the government lose a little of its face at home. But they've served to upset Japan (who couldn't afford to take any of the western coast of the United States as a gift) and let her know that the United States is no piker nation. If the wily Orientals want to fight, America's ready for them. And even if they don't want to—she's still ready for them.

This country will be shipshape for another Great Catastrophe if the May Bill, alias the "War Profits" Bill, sometimes called the Industrial Mobilization Plan, formerly know as the Hill-Sheppard Bill, is passed. Through this, every kind of power would be hermetically sealed in the President's chamber, and Johnny would go marching off to war.

(Continued on page 18)

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The cover: A still-life entitled
 "Spring Bouquet"
 by Martyl Schweig

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... a Young Man's Fancy turns

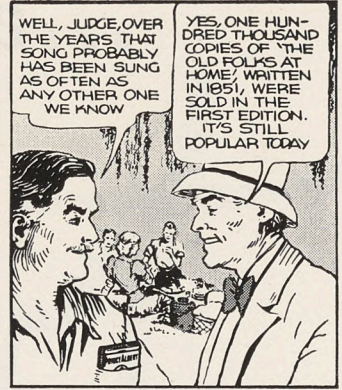
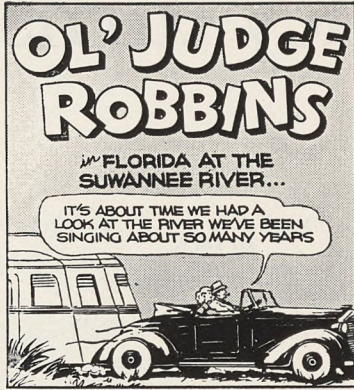


↑
Every pack wrapped in two jackets
of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket
opens from the *BOTTOM*.

In fact,
In the Spring
The young man
Himself turns
Not lightly,
But lovingly
To the gal . . .
Or the cigarette
That's blessed with
Fresh charm.
Today's
Man-turningest
Cigarette is
Double-mellow
Old Gold.
Its rich
Prize crop tobaccos
Are chaperoned
Right to *you*
By a stale-proof
Package . . .
Double-Cellophane
Double-sealed.
Every Old Gold
You light
Is exactly
As fresh,
Full-flavored
And double-mellow
As the minute
It was made.
Temptingly fresh
As a debutante's
Lips!
Yeah, man!
Spring *is*
Here!

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tuesday and Thursday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor . . . Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds



WE'VE LEARNED THE SECRET OF PIPE JOY EARLY—PRINCE ALBERT! IT'S QUALITY TOBACCO—NO BITE, NO RAWNESS, JUST MILD, MELLOW, TASTY SMOKING!

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

SO MILD!
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

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

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co

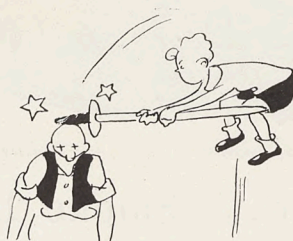
P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.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

BRIEF HISTORY OF MANKIND

Another of Boris Mackler's "poems," containing rhyme (and reason) but—like the taxi every man has dreamed of—no meter.

Our Prehistoric Ancestor, when he went to knock off a few of the opposition, used a club.
He also used it to get his grub.
In days of old
When knights were Bold,
They used Swords and Spears and Arrows and Bows
To rub out Foes.
They also used these same Arrows and Bows
To kill Bucks and Does
So they could have Meat
To Eat.
Modern Man uses Cannons, Machine Guns, and Gas

To rub out Enemies in a Mass.
But these they use only to kill off Man.
Moderners get their Food from a Can.
We have taught the ancient ones a Lesson.
We have invented the Delicatessen.



A PARTY BOSS'S CATECHISM

Kiss the kiddies.
Pass cigars.
Party policy
Fawns on farce.
Diffuse the dough.
Enhance your end.
Enlightened enemies,
Bewitched, will bend.
Claim your spoils.
Ignore the knocks.
Seize and stuff
The ballot box.
Pass the buck.
Forge the files.
Bribe the bench.
Tamper trials.
To hell with conscience'
Icy hand.
Your whim will be
The law of the land.

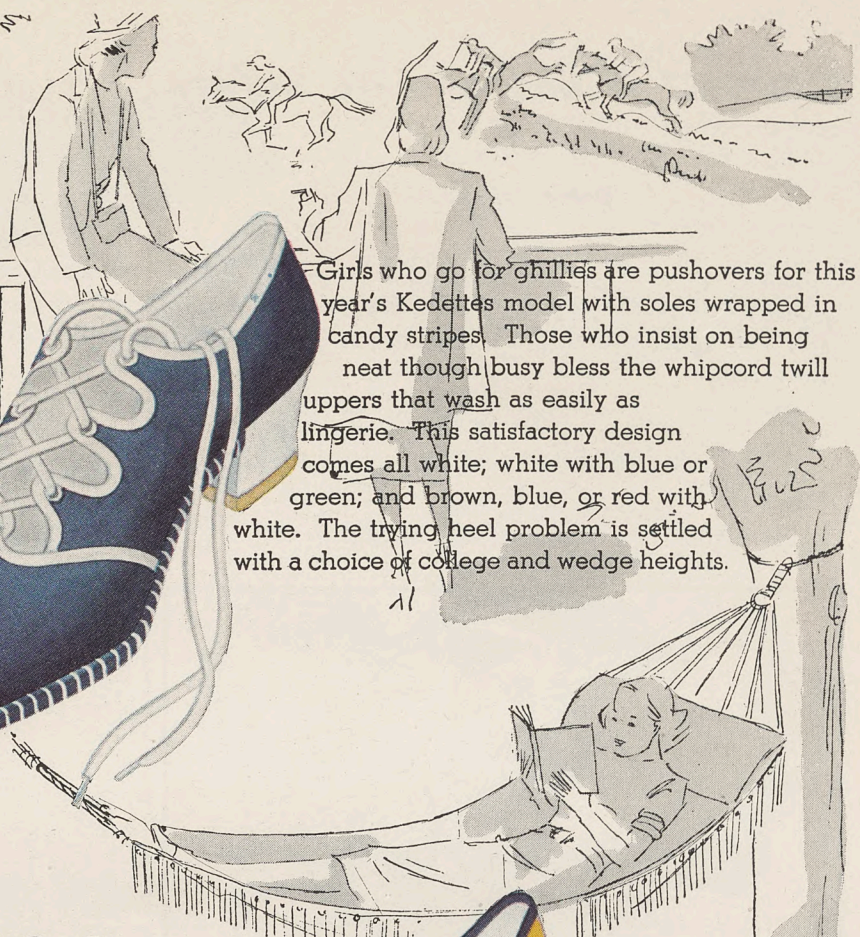
—Julius Josef Nodél

SWOPES sponsors Kedettes for Spring and Summer Sports



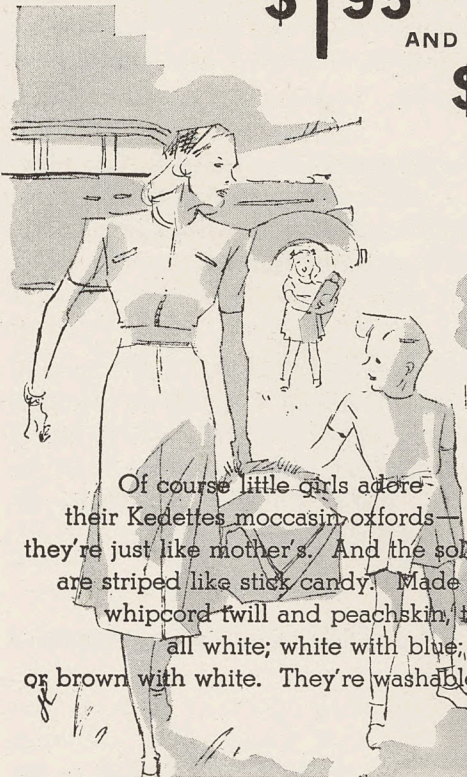
Subject to change are Kedettes peachskin Swiss oxfords. Minus their removable flaps, they become trimly tailored bluchers and show off their perforated vamps. All white; white with blue, red, or green; and blue or brown with white. Thick, square-edged soles and wedge heels.

Girls who go for ghillies are pushovers for this year's Kedettes model with soles wrapped in candy stripes. Those who insist on being neat though busy bless the whipcord twill uppers that wash as easily as lingerie. This satisfactory design comes all white; white with blue or green; and brown, blue, or red with white. The trying heel problem is settled with a choice of college and wedge heights.



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Kedettes

\$195 AND \$225



Of course little girls adore their Kedettes moccasin oxfords—they're just like mother's. And the soles are striped like stick candy. Made of whipcord twill and peachskin, they come all white; white with blue; and red, blue, or brown with white. They're washable. Shown at right.



Revealing toes and covering insteps—that's how Kedettes monk ties enhance the charm of casual summer clothes. The washable darlings are made of whipcord twill with peachskin bands. All white, white with blue or red, blue with white, and yellow with blue. Cuban heels.

Swopes

905 LOCUST
WEST END STORE - 4663 MARYLAND

FREE! A box of Life Savers

to

Peggy Woodlock

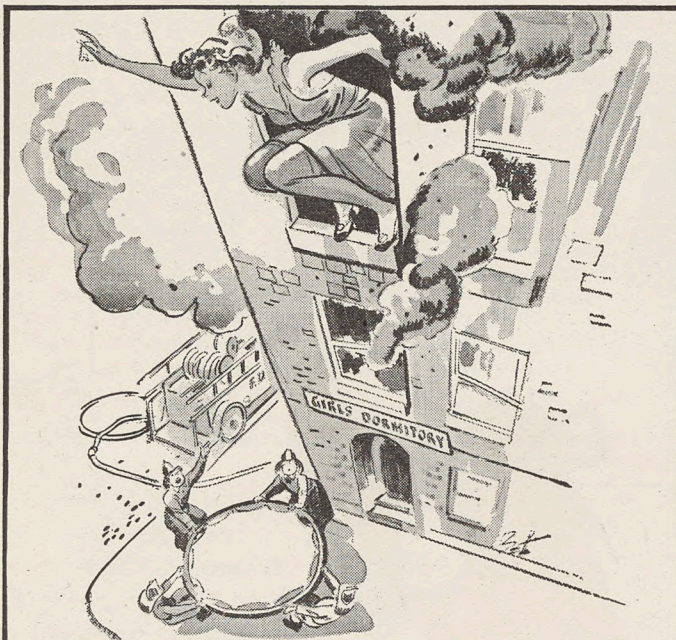
for the following story:

Insane asylum attendant: Mr. Batts, why on earth are you going around with nothing on but a straw hat?

Mr. Batts: Oh, no one's going to see me.

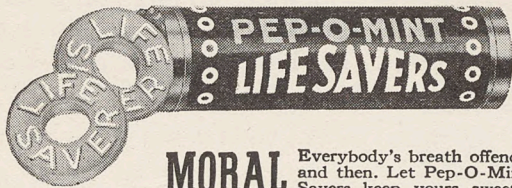
Attendant: Well, then why are you wearing the straw hat?

Mr. Batts: Hmmm. Someone might.



FIREMAN: Just hold your breath and jump, miss.

GIRL: I don't have to hold my breath! I eat LIFE SAVERS.



MORAL Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Pep-O-Mint Life Savers keep yours sweet after eating, drinking or smoking.

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

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

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

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

THE BETTER THINGS

This afternoon at 4: the last, and perhaps most interesting to the average Hilltopper, of the Student Peace Committee's "discussion teas." The subject: "What Can *You* Do for Peace?" Student chairman: Nate Kohn who has had much experience in peace work. Discussion Leaders: a number of adults and students who have something of value to say.

Tonight and every night except Sunday, through May 4: The Little Theatre of St. Louis, Union and Enright, will present *George and Margaret*, a modern comedy which has been running for two years in London. Included in the cast are Rozene Johnson McClelland, a Washington University student, and Frances Buss and Jack Weaver, former students and stars of Thyrus and Quad Club performances.

Tomorrow at 11:30. The climax of Peace Week in the form of an address in Graham Memorial Chapel by Ethan Colton, student of international affairs, author of several popular books, and director of the Y.M.C.A. in Russia before the Revolution.

Tomorrow and Saturday evenings: *Road-side*, the Thyrus "annual" in Brown Hall Theatre (see special Thyrus feature on page 9 for details).

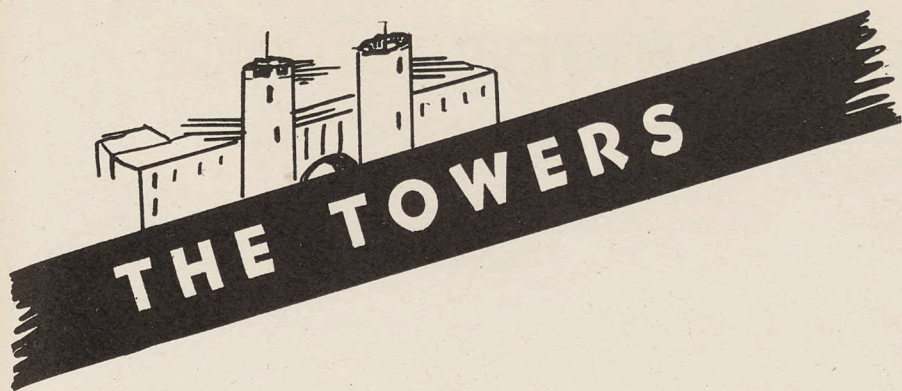
Saturday afternoon at 3:30: Jessie B. Chamberlain in another of her gallery talks at the City Art Museum. On Tuesdays at 2:30, Miss Chamberlain will present a new series of lectures.

Saturday and Monday evenings. Operatic concerts with Giovanni Martinelli, Lucy Monroe, Robert Weede, John Gurney, all of the Metropolitan Opera Company; Rita Delaporte, ballerina, formerly of the Metropolitan, and Maria Marceno, St. Louis soprano. At the Municipal Auditorium.

Sunday at 5: Special Student Vespers dedicated to world peace.

April 30: Jessie B. Chamberlain continues her gallery talks at the City Art Museum, at 3:30.

May 6: Jessie B. Chamberlain will again conduct a gallery talk at the City Art Museum, at 3:30.



Quadruple-threat

Although heralded as the Peace Week Issue, the April *Eliot* turned out to be many other things besides. In addition to our regular features and the Peace Week ones, we were fortunate enough to secure swell features about Thyrsus and Delta Phi Alpha dramatic productions. They are the sort of things we are happy to get, and let us go down on record as willing to give space to any worthwhile feature about any Washington University activity.

Incidentally, it occurs to us that articles about dramatic productions are not incongruous in a Peace Issue. It has been well said that the growth of a *proper* interest in the arts in any nation will gradually reduce its peoples' imperialistic ambition and desire to profit even at the expense of fellow-citizens—two of the prime causes of war. If you are interested in this notion, you should look up Paul Schelp, chairman of the Peace Week Displays Committee, a student in the School of Architecture, and an optimistic rooter in the battle of Beauty vs. Philistinism. The importance to world peace of a study of the language and art of other peoples cannot, of course, be over-emphasized.

A Change in Public Opinion?

We are always finding questions to toss at those who say blandly, "Public opinion does not change in connection with matters related to war and peace?" For example, we have asked, "Was public opinion the same in regard to the sinking of the *Panay* as it was in regard to the *Maine* dis-

ter?" The latest query suggested itself when we were trying to work up a Peace Week feature.

Nate Kohn had outlined an article taking the affirmative of the question, "The United States should not use its armed forces to protect the 'rights' of its citizens in foreign countries." We decided to run it with an article upholding the negative view. Well, in the first place, we looked far and wide to find a student who even saw a negative argument. We looked hard too, and we looked among all the reputed "conservatives," "reactionaries," and "worshippers of the *status quo*" who have a reputation for being at all articulate.

We finally discovered a good student who believes that Uncle Sam should protect the "rights" of his nephews and nieces by risking the lives and happiness of other nephews and nieces. "But," this fellow said, "I won't publish my views in a student magazine. If I did, I'd become unpopular with many students and a laughing stock to others."

We realize that the question

suggested by this incident does not apply to public opinion as a whole, but only to a little corner of it—presumably the best. And yet we feel that the query suggested is significant: "Is campus opinion the same in connection with protection of American 'rights' in foreign countries, as it was in the time of the Mexican War, the Spanish-American War, the World War, the various Central American Revolutions?"

April Court of Honor

1. ARNO HAACK, executive secretary of the Campus "Y," for giving *willing* and *valuable* help to any worthwhile campus organization with a problem (for instance O.D.K. and the Student Peace Committee) or to any individual who goes to him. And in addition, of course, for doing a superb job of guiding his own organization.

2. MARCIA MARKS, chairman of the Peace Week Program Committee for doing a tough job well. Honors also to Paul Schelp, Laverne Lochmoeller, Bob Riedell, Murray Mann, Chester Tanaka, Melvin Shaner, Bill McDade, Bee Kramer and many others for Peace Week work.

3. NATE KOHN for doing a lot of voluntary work on Peace Week although he is a law student and Associate Secretary of the "Y" by day, a student of psychology and a National Forum lecturer by night, and a speaker before college professors and other experts on personnel problems by week-end.



BY HIS HANDS

by BETTY REID CHAPPELL

AS the traveler stood leaning on the rail and watching the distant land cloud take form, he remembered how glad he had been to get on the boat. He had anticipated a certain amount of difficulty, but to his surprise he had not been questioned and everything had gone off smoothly. He happened to glance down at his clean-scrubbed hands, and he let his gaze rest upon them for a moment. He was proud of them. They were his life. The nails were filed, and they had a certain tapering delicacy that often misled people into thinking he was soft. One time in a bar there had been a wrestler who had spilled a drink on him. The man had apologized shortly and then turned to the bar-keeper to remark, "It's nice the way most fellas don't get mad easy." The wrestler had been interrupted by a well-cared-for hand which had reached down the black shiny surface of the bar and grasped his wrist. Then the fighting man had felt a sharp, little pain and had seen his hand flop helplessly. "It's broken," a quiet, almost shy voice had remarked, "two complex fractures."

At his elbow the traveler heard the voice of his steward asking him about details concerning his luggage. The passenger had made it quite plain to the steward that he was not a man to be trifled with, so that his bags had been checked early and arrangements had been made to have them put ashore with special care. There was one large trunk that the man had been especially solicitous about, and now the steward came to tell him that this had been put in a special wagon with shock absorbers to be taken ashore with the least danger of damage. The traveler listened attentively and then tipped the steward more than generously.

The steward smiled and almost seemed to bow as he said, "Thank you, Mr. Saint-Jean. I hope you have as pleasant a trip as possible." He laughed a little, "At least you have a bright day to land in sunny Spain."

Saint-Jean remembered the day he had gotten on the boat. A slow murky drizzle had fallen all morning so he had decided to get on at noon, have dinner, and read in his cabin until sailing time. He had picked up a newspaper as he passed by the stand on his way to his cabin. The headlines had seemed to amuse him and he had stopped in the shelter of a big pipe to scan an article on the second or third page. The story that interested him so much concerned a certain "scientific slayer" who had eluded the police of New York. The man was described as being of medium height, slim, dark, dressed in good taste, and speaking as a rule in low, polite monosyl-

lables. He was wanted for four or five murders, the victims of which had been dismembered. The cutting had been done with miraculous precision, and the parts had been distributed throughout the city with strange carefulness. Some in paper sacks had been left on butchers' counters; others in knitting bags, on park benches; and still others (and the greater part fell in this group) had been left unostentatiously in dark alleys in galvanized garbage cans. There was enough system apparent in the work to uphold the theory of the police that the murderer was possessed with an obsession, was, in fact, insane.

As soon as he got ashore in Spain Saint-Jean converted his remaining cash into whatever hospital supplies were available. He rented a big closed car and took a chauffeur with him to drive it back. He explained this to the agent by saying that he was going to meet friends who had a car. During the entire journey to the battle lines he did not say more than a dozen words to the driver. When they approached the front it became necessary to stop frequently to ask for war news, and Saint-Jean would always ask the same questions. He wanted to know where the steadiest bombardment was taking place. He was particularly interested in the sectors where the enemy was using shrapnel and scrap iron projectiles.

Finally they were able to locate a section that seemed to interest him. He left the chauffeur to guard the car and went to interview the Red Cross officials in charge of the district. He found that the division was desperately understaffed, some of the doctors had contracted malaria, the supplies were low, and the number of wounded was daily growing higher.

Saint-Jean was frank with them. He was an American doctor whose practice had dwindled to nothing after a divorce scandal in which he had been involved had broken in the papers. In desperation he had sold his possessions, packed his instruments and a few hospital supplies and come to Spain to profit by the experience of war surgery. The hard-pressed Red Cross doctors took him at his word and had no desire to investigate further his credentials.

His extraordinary talents became evident, immediately, and his brilliant work made him the wonder of the division. The doctors in charge assigned him only most difficult cases and, as often as they could, watched him operate in order to learn from him. Soon he was put in charge of his chosen division. He organized its work on a basis of simplicity and efficiency. To the men whose lives and limbs he

(Continued on page 16)



THYRSUS PRESENTS

The play: The love story of Hannie, a divorcee, and Texas, her rough-and-ready cowpuncher, in the good old days (1905) when Oklahoma was still Indian territory. The author, Lynn Riggs, who was born in Oklahoma, knows the country of which he writes, so the play is rather a frank treatment and "precipitated, on its New York opening," in the words of Arthur Hopkins, distinguished producer, "such a storm of invective as has not often enlivened our theatrical history." But, in Mr. Hopkins' opinion, a person of understanding will see that the play is not only frank but completely sympathetic. In fact, Mr. Hopkins, went so far as to call it the "first American dramatic classic." The two sets employed represent a roadside camp with a covered wagon in the background, and a courtroom which Texas has smashed up.

The playwright: Lynn Riggs is a comparatively young poet and dramatist. Born in Oklahoma, he has lived in many parts of the country he loves—the United States—including New York, Santa Fe, Los Angeles, Chicago, and Provincetown. He has also lived a year abroad, as a Guggenheim Fellow. While in France he wrote the well-known "Green Grow the Lilacs."

The cast: Hannie and Texas are played by Jean Speakes, whom you will recall as the young American bride in "Kind Lady," and Harry Gibbs, a newcomer to Thyrsus productions but, inasmuch as



"ROADSIDE"

Rehearsal Candid
by DAVE BOYD

(Another Thyrsus Feature on Page 17)

his home is Las Vegas, New Mexico, somewhat of an authority on cowboy speech, manners, and point of view. Jean and Harry were snapped as they rehearsed a romantic moment. Thyrsus veteran Bill McDade, whom you see at the extreme right of the top left picture, apparently staring at Jack Fink's back, plays Hannie's divorced husband. Ed Sherwood, seen standing on a chair, plays "Pop" Rader. Ed's portrayal of the inhumanly vicious artist in "Kind Lady" proved his ability to handle the most difficult of character parts.

Black Ike and Red Ike are played by Dick Clark, the sheep-stealer of the "Second Shepherd's Play," and Henry Stealey, who has worked for several summers on a ranch. They are to the left and right of Harry Gibbs in the top left picture. Veteran Ralph Cook, coming between the aroused pair in the top right picture, plays the judge. On his right is Jack Fink of English XVI and French play experience, and on his left is Bill Bush, playing the town marshal. Peggy Lou Meir, a newcomer to Thyrsus productions, seems worried about the outcome of the quarrel.

The director: Gordon Carter (squatting at the left of the top left picture) is technical director of the Little Theatre of St. Louis and instructor of the Thyrsus Work-Shop class in stagecraft.

The time and place: Tomorrow and Saturday evenings in Brown Hall Theatre.



Delta Phi Alpha is, as you should know, the German language honorary. But its members do not simply sit back and enjoy that honored feeling. Instead they undertake all sorts of projects including that most difficult of feats, the production of plays in foreign languages. Dr. Theodore H. Leon of the German Department is their director. Dr. Silz, head of the department, and Dr. Hofacker, help out. The above photo was snapped at a rehearsal of **Nein**, a comedy which shows what happens when a husband who can't bring himself to say "nein" (no) to his wife gets tangled up with a fellow which has a heck of a time saying "ja" to anything his better half suggests. The two wives (as might be expected) also figure very strongly in the plot. It seems to the

Eliot staff that many of the boys and girls who are mentioned frequently in *Between Belles* could learn things from this comedy if they know a little Deutsch. Helen Reller, president of Delta Phi Alpha is at the extreme left of the picture. Next comes Anita Koestering and then Jack Neavles who, of all people, plays the softie who can't say no. Registering disgust is Ben Borus, the no-man, who has raised a moustache (can you see it?) especially for his part in the play. And last of all (unless you start from the right) is Grace Bergner giving her make-believe hubby the eye; even in German plays the girls seem to like their men to be masterful. The background is one of Dr. Usher's history maps. **Nein** is by Roderich Benedix.

DELTA PHI ALPHA GOES ON THE BOARDS

Photographs by DAVE BOYD

The picture below shows the cast of **Die Kleinen Verwandten** (The Poor Relations)—well-known to all second year German students. Just as a middle-class civil servant and his wife are about to marry off their daughter to a well-to-do young merchant, in pop their poor relations from the country, the Bonhalzers (who are sort of German counterparts of the Yokums). Frances Hurd—who proves that college girls knit elsewhere than in the lecture hall—plays the girl's mama. The bashful couple next to her are, of course, the girl and her young merchant, played by Eloise Bradley and Bob Tyzzer, the well-known globe-trotter. Papa Ernie Wolken smiles at his poor relation, Audrey Buddensick, while

beyond Director Leon, poor relation Dave Feldman takes it easy. Rehearsals for both plays have been going on for some time, for, as the members of the cast point out, you'd have to be a super-genius to ad lib in a language other than your native one. Lines must be really down pat. Members of the cast, however, have one consolation: the members of the German faculty have no trouble at all turning a Missouri accent into the proper German inflection. All in all the enterprise looks like a lot of fun, and we like the two bit admission charge. The date is Thursday evening, April 28, in Brown Hall Auditorium.



ANOTHER LANGUAGE

Here, as on page 12, a student makes an amusing observation of a small bit of the American scene

by EARL SMITH

I SUPPOSE that newsboys fascinate me for the simple reason that I am Public Busybody Number One, with a penchant for living other people's lives. I regret that I have never sold newspapers myself; perhaps if I had I would have been initiated into some trade secret which prevents this cult from ever yelling just plain "Paper!", giving the word its true syllabic values. So while I remain an untutored admirer I suppose I can hope only to be written down, Abu-Ben-Adhem style, as one who cherishes all the members of the profession. But I like coloratura sopranos, too, and the mysterious bundles a negro girl inevitably clutches to her on a street car. I collect doodles, and I never tire of those movie butlers with the wonderful disdainful English. Having watched Jeeves or Dimes or Comstock put an American cowboy in his place with a barby bit of old Oxford, I lose my pally feeling for "Oh Yeah" for days on end. However, those are abstract things in which I can take no actual laboratory interest as I can in the toothless old man on my corner, or Shanky on Eighth Street, or Maude who holds sway over her box empire in front of the Third National.

Those inarticulate things a newsboy dins as he vends his papers on street corners and in bus stations have done more to make me a gaping traffic nuisance than could the tallest skyscraper ever conceived. I once kept an alphabetical list of the sounds I heard issue from the throats of newsboys, but it wore itself out from sheer satiety. From the "Auxtra!" of Gavroche on Broadway, down through the gamut of "Boppo!", "Crowday!", "Dancrmurdsbankrpost-times!", "Pape!", "Mornpape!", "Stimes!", and "Ray-here!" of all the Johnnies, Nicks, and Dimitris from Ninth to Kingshighway to the eloquent "Yup!" of Mike on Union, I tried to analyze them all. I was quite proud of several very learned deductions which I was prepared to unload upon the uninformed world, too. Then one evening as I hurried movieward around six o'clock, that transition hour when the price of admission suddenly ceases to be proletarian, above the confusion of Olive Street crossing Eighth I heard a rendition of the French "Papier!" perfect enough to haunt the Champs Elysees. I have always had trouble with certain French endings, and hearing this one float out upon an air vivid with snatches of box score, the peccadillos of unscrupulous lawyers and such Americanisms, gave me pause. I kept walking up and down past that newsboy until I, whose police record had heretofore consisted of surreptitious smiles at one of the department's horses, began to elicit glances from a strolling officer. I was determined to hear more of this street corner phenomenon, however, even at the risk of being thrown into a cell with a strip tease artist. But no such interesting adventure befell me, the only result of the episode being that I had to pay full fare to the cinema plutocrats. That was the last straw

(when my research began actually to cost me money), so the scholarly world must do without my newsboy study.

As a student of language, however, I still feel righteous indignation at the impunity with which these gamins are allowed to mutilate an already too colorful language. On the contrary, why not take advantage of these healthy lungs to bring about a Renaissance, as it were, in the spoken word of St. Louis, Bridgeport, and Peoria? In the Italy of the last century, I remember having been told, the favorite and cheapest way of putting over a new opera was for the composer to distribute complimentary passes to all the city gondoliers. These warbling street pilots came away from *Rigoletto* or *The Barber of Seville* with all the choice tenor and barytone arias fairly dancing up and down inside their souls, with the result that during the next few months one never knew, upon entering his aquatic cab, what the driver was going to throw in with the price of the boat ride; you might draw "Donna E Mobile" if you got in with a gondolier who thought himself quite dashing, or you might experience the privilege of floating rather bumptiously past Violetta's Fish Emporium to the tuneful excitement of your driver's version of Figaro's trouble. Why not, then, send the truant officer after that lusty down on Broadway every evening at six o'clock to subject him to a session with Mr. Boake Carter? Then, instead of trying to dodge the salivary charge of "Boppo!", how pleasant it would be to buy one's paper at the gentle hint of: "I say, sir, your paper, you know".



"DEFINITELY"

A learned dissertation upon the word which has become the pet hate of many of us

by LOUIS TRIEFENBACH

I.

IT WAS several winter seasons ago that a New York debutante wandered into her father's library and found a dictionary. In the dictionary she found a word, and history, in a sense, was made. Wearing the word like a diadem the little lady bowed to the *grandes dames* and their tail-coated men friends, and when social reporters gathered around to ask if she were enjoying the season, she answered in stentorian tones, for all the old order to hear, "*Oh, definitely!*"

Immediately her word was lionized, it became the darling of society, a petted, pampered thing. The debutante had found a word of great price, and her budding sisters realized its value. They fixed it in memory and brought it forth on every occasion that called for an extra flourish of polish and *savoir-faire*. Said in the right way at the right time it threw the common horde into mild spasms of worship. It had been manna from heaven that fell only into the best families on Park Avenue.

But the word didn't stop on Park Avenue. It made a swift exodus from deb to butler to first cook to gendarme to mob. It echoed from the ebony swing-bands of Harlem to the toiling pants-pressers of the Bronx. Then it took flight from Babylon-on-the-Hudson to the hinterlands: Cincinnati, Chicago, Saint Louis, and points west.

II.

From the time an ivory teething ring was thrust into my aching mouth to the recent debacle known as finals, there have been trials and tribulations that have threatened to unseat my sanity. The teething ring, easing the ordeal of sprouting molars and bicuspid, was a necessary evil. Likewise the finals, or so, at least, I'm told.

When the teething ring was cast aside, the antics of extroverted relatives appeared to head my list of personal plagues. Relatives you have always with you, so they still monopolise the list. But other mental hazards followed. Such screaming affronts as satin suits and bangs, algebra and sentence diagramming, dancing lessons and first parties. By the time my bewildered footsteps had progressed that far, life was in there swinging and giving me an extra kick in the ribs each time I went down.

Fortunes came and went, each one with its own manner of driving the victim crazy. The Charleston; the yo-yo; unfastened galoshes with their discordant click, clack, click, clack; collegiate slickers tattooed with sex appeal bathing beauties and juvenile wisecracks; trousers with bell-bottoms; "Oh, yeah?"; bank nights; handies; and knock-knock: this list scarcely touches the evidence in the case of Popular Fancy *v.* Sanity, but it will recall vividly to my contemporaries some of the worms in the apple of life.

Fortunately most of these have disappeared. Today I am allowed to choose my own suits, my bangs were sheared long ago; I can take school work or leave it; and the loathsome dancing lessons, accompanied by future glamour girls all arms and legs, prepared me for the stag line.

The Charleston has only changed into the Big Apple, but this is an exception. The yo-yo is dead as the dodo; galoshes have tamed down, likewise slickers; bell-bottomed trousers have been pronounced tabu by the better pants-carvers; "Oh, yeah?" holds on with an octopus grip, but it's awfully wobbly in the knees; handies—remember when every acquaintance, male and female, wriggled fingers under your nose and said, "What is it?" the answer being anything from "Cleopatra looking under the couch for Antony" to "A nervous Eskimo pacing his igloo"? Its short but glorious reign has passed, amen. And "knock-knock, who's there?"—then the struggle began. But it's gone, too.

With these buried under the sands of time the forecast for the future was bright with hope.

Then the New York debutante got intellectual and opened a dictionary. *Definitely* came along and it forgot to leave. The omniscient Alexander Woollcott made a plea against the usage of good words until their weary syllables lose all originality and force; a popular magazine rated the word as one of the most belabored of the year. But what happened? Only an increased following of the incredible fashion, more addicts to the cursed word.

A fair co-ed of pure, unsullied mind and speech enters college. She stands in the awesome shadows of her sorority sisters, listening to their brilliant conversations.

"Do you like this lipstick?"

"*Oh, definitely!*"

"Does he neck?"

"*Oh, definitely!*"

"I think she's a cat."

"I agree, *definitely.*"

"How is Psych I?"

"A snap, *definitely.*"

Her family is tortured day and night with the dreadful word until they grow numb and repeat it after her.

Mother orders groceries; she is firm.

"I want *definitely* fresh eggs."

Father pays a bill; he is angry.

"I am *definitely* the goat around here."

Sister comes home from a cinema; she is excited.

"I've discovered I'm *definitely* the Lombard type."

Baby wants hot milk; he is imperious.

"I'm *definitely* hungry!"

The grocer gets the idea from Mother, the secretary from Father, school mates from Sister, and the nurse from Baby.

(Continued on page 20)

Look this way
for **MORE**
PLEASURE



*Three things that add up
to more smoking pleasure...*

Chesterfield's refreshing mildness...
good taste... and appetizing aroma

They Satisfy
..millions

OLD KING COLE WAS A SOUR OLD SOUL!



HIS STINKO PIPE MIXTURE knocked out everyone but the court jester, who pleaded: "Just clean that pipe of yours and switch to the Brand of Grand Aroma."



"IT DOES SMELL GOOD!" the king agreed, after he puffed those mild, ripe burleys in Sir Walter. "Give this man half my kingdom, and get me *another* 2-ounce tin!"

**SWITCH TO THE BRAND
OF GRAND AROMA**



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

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday, 8:30 P. M., E. S. T., NBC Red Network.

8:30

by HELEN HEWITT

Fred Geld ground his cigarette butt under heel, yawned audibly for the benefit of the newsboy, and gazed with dissatisfaction across the busy street which in the early morning sunshine gave the impression of being nastily wide-awake.

"Hell," he murmured without passion. His watch was a little fast. It was really only about ten after eight. That gave him twenty minutes to make Dillon's class. Helluva class to have at such an ungodly hour, with a prof who talked loudly and fired questions at unpredictable intervals. Really inexcusable habits in any educator. Kept the class awake just from the pure social pressure of it all. Across Fred's mind flitted the uncomfortable memory of one rude awakening when he had given a convincing "Yes!" to an unforeseen question which decidedly demanded something more. He smiled sardonically, dismissing the thought.

"Hell," he murmured gently but firmly again. If he hadn't just missed that last car he would have had time to bull over a coke with Hank and Bill. Maybe there'd be time for a quick one anyhow.

Finally a streetcar grated to a stop in front of him and Fred swung on. The car seemed full but with practised eye he scanned the aisle hopefully. "Aah, Eureka!" he thought, dramatically ambling to the only vacant seat left. It was next to some "skirt" who was watching the vista of backyards whiz by. But Fred didn't even notice her. That is until she tried to settle her coat more comfortably about her only to discover that her fellow passenger was firmly ensconced there-on.

"Pardon me," she said distantly. "But—unless of course you need it more than I—" and she tugged expressively at the anchored coat edge.

Fred stared for a startled second.

My lord she was a good-looking gal! And on a streetcar too. Suddenly anxious to appear well in the sight of those deep blue eyes, he gallantly pulled out the tweed corner and, with the smile that had won him his popularity vote in high school, replied, "So sorry. I was afraid you would notice, but with twenty-five in the family and me selling magazines to get through college, I just couldn't resist".

Her eyes twinkled, but in serious tones she sympathized, "Poor fellow. But I do need my coat. However, let me give you a nickel for a cup of coffee, or a couple of doughnuts, or the first installment on a model T".

"Thanks," he said, humbly and then, changing his approach, he added as he looked at her books, "Say, do you go to out to school, and if so, why haven't I seen you before?" He felt sure he couldn't have missed noticing her even in a large crowd.

"Yes I am just a poor, eager learner at heart. But I just started this semester." And she looked ahead where the campus buildings were already looming dimly in the "smog."

"Oh, that explains it," Fred nodded knowingly. Then, glancing at his watch, "How about a 'coke' before class? We almost have time."

"All right," she grinned.



MODERN SCENE

by SUSAN ROSS

Part II

Last month we learned that the "scene" the author is painting in this story is the pleasant living room of Mr. Rhodes and his daughter, Donna. Mr. and Miss Rhodes are entertaining a young couple, the Wilsons, with an evening of bridge. Everything seems to be very civilized and chummy. "But," the writer tells us, "if you were a careful observer, you would sense something almost frightening underneath the gaiety and the laughter." And what accounts for this strange something? Simply the fact, the author tells us, that Donna and the young married man playing bridge with her—Chris Wilson—are madly in love, and everyone present knows it. But that sort of thing shouldn't happen in civilized society, you and I say. Yes, but it CAN happen, our author continues relentlessly, especially when a wife no longer loves her husband. Yet is afraid to let the world think she can't keep her man.

It's a tense situation, all right. And how does each of the moderns involved in it react? Well, old Mr. Rhodes loves his daughter and knows she's in a crisis. So what does he do? HE LEAVES HER TO HER OWN DEVICES! There's modern paternal love—of one type. As for what will happen to the others—this month's installment will tell.

(Now there's danger. Watch your step, old man, or your hands will be around her throat, twisting it until those cold grey eyes pop out.)

"You know damn well I can't pay what you want."

"Don't swear, Chris. We don't want to have a scene." Her voice was mocking.

Chris looked at Donna. "Don't get upset, darling. We might as well get this off our chests."

"Oh, I rather enjoy it, Chris," and she smiled as if to prove it.

(For God's sake, don't cry. Don't let Ruth know how much it means. Don't let her see your hands twisted together.)

"I can't see, Ruth, why you expect Chris to support you indefinitely when you are perfectly capable of supporting yourself."

"Darling, I've become too used to being a member of the leisure class. Work doesn't agree with me and Chris supports me in very fine style. Why should I leave him?"

(Don't let her know you're scared. Don't get Chris too angry.)

"Doesn't it mean anything to you that I'm in love with Donna, that I want to marry her?"

"Not very much, I'm afraid. I don't mind if you see her, that is unless you decide to give me what I want. Then you'd be free to do as you like."

"Chris, why don't we skip the whole matter?" Donna made her voice sound bored. Tried to keep it from shaking.

He smiled at her, a little tired smile. "Maybe it would be best. We seem to be going around in circles."

Ruth's attention was focused on Donna. "You mean you don't want to marry Chris?"

(Is the girl bluffing, or is she just smart?)

"Have I ever said I wanted to marry Chris?"

(Put it on thick. Be nonchalant.)

"But of course you want to marry him. You're in love with him. No one could sit at that bridge table as I did this evening and not know that."

"Lots of girls are in love with Chris. He's a very attractive man. You should notice him sometime."

(Don't let her know that she is twisting your heart into little pieces.) "I'll bet there are millions of girls who want to marry Chris."

"Donna, you're being ridiculous. And I think you're lying."

"I'm not lying—I don't want to marry Chris. I told you that, didn't I, Chris?"

(Make a fool out of her before she makes one out of you.)

"I think you did, now that you mention it."

(That was a long time ago, last year, when we first knew. Donna, darling, you are so brave. Pass it off lightly, dear. Make her think it doesn't mean much to you.)

"I think both of you are lying. Who started this in the first place?"

"You, my sweet," said Chris. "It was all your idea."

"Do you mind if we break it up for this evening?" Donna yawned. Her throat almost caught in a sob.

(Don't let go now. Keep control until they're gone. Then it doesn't matter.)

Ruth rose to her feet. She looked rather baffled. "I don't get it," she said as she put on her coat.

"I think I could make you understand." Chris looked old. His face was set in hard lines.

At the door, Ruth said to Donna, "Such a nice evening. And you must come over." Nasty-nice.

"Dad and I are going to Florida next week for a month."

(Dad doesn't know it now, but he'll take me, he must.)

Ruth went on out the door. Chris held Donna's hand very tightly, said only, "Goodbye, darling. Forgive me." And was gone, with murder in his heart. There she was leaning against the door, waiting for grief to come. She felt only cold and numbness.

(Be gay, Donna. Hide the hurt with laughter and noise and singing. Be modern, Chris. Don't let your hate get beyond control. Be hard, Ruth, and you will get what you want. Or will you?)

THE END

BY HIS HANDS

(Continued from page 8)

saved he became almost a deity. Both to them and to the others it seemed that Saint-Jean had a super-human touch . . . that by his hands he worked miracles. As he walked through his improvised wards a hush would fall over the room, the men who usually talked a great deal to keep from growing bored with their pain, would fall into silence, and an aura of awe-inspired quiet would encircle him. The long white gown which he somehow managed to keep clean reflected the hard sunlight so that he seemed to be surrounded with light. As he passed men would half rise from their pallets and turn to watch him as he went on. His presence inspired them with hope, and it seemed as if he walked among the sick healing them.

The offensive in their district became gradually heavier and a small village on which they had been partially dependent was shelled. Saint-Jean conceived the idea of setting up a surgery station in the ruins of the village. The position would be central and they could better arrange to take care of both civilians and soldiers. A little more than an hour after the shelling of the town had stopped he was installed in the patio of a small stucco church, going about his business in his usual cold manner. Saint-Jean had a long communion table brought out into the court and, after throwing some straw on it and covering it with a sheet, announced that he was ready. The large trunk that he had had transported with such care was open beside him, revealing a small but strangely complete cabinet of instruments. The small satchel which he had insisted on carrying off the boat himself contained bone saws and drills of the finest type. The other doctors wondered how a young man in the straits Saint-Jean had claimed to be in could own such equipment. But they understood the comradeship of war and did not ask him about these things.

In the patio the sun shone brightly and was brightly reflected from the yellow-white stucco walls. The other doctors worked in the shade and wondered why Saint-Jean chose to suffer in the brassy glare. He told them he needed the light. And indeed, no matter how hurried he was, his incisions, his sutures, his bone-grafts, all had the meticulous exactness of laboratory research work. Men were carried from his table to knit into their former wholeness when other doctors would have left them distorted outcasts, who would spare their families the horror of seeing them again by never going home.

The casualties started to come in about noon on the day of the offensive, and by their great number Saint-Jean knew the attack had been much more destructive than they had anticipated. By three o'clock the benches of the church were all filled with

cases that could not be moved. At evening the work was not showing any signs of slackening, so huge bonfires were built to light the patio, and bright torches were given to the wounded to illuminate their own operations since no extra men were available who could hold them. The stream of patients brought by the litter bearers decreased somewhat because the casualties were harder to find in the dark. But many wounded were guided by the high flames of the fires and managed to crawl or drag themselves to the church.

As soon as it grew light again the shelling was resumed and the casualties began to flow in again. Saint-Jean changed to a clean gown and resumed his work with vigor. He gave orders in his quiet voice and was obeyed without question. One of the night fires was kept burning, and over it, in a large kettle, the sterilizing water boiled, while in a smaller kettle coffee bubbled in a cheerful way. The floor of the patio was washed with steaming water, and the gutters at the edges ran hot and red.

In the late afternoon the offensive turned its heavier guns on a different sector, and most of the litter bearers were told they could get some rest. Saint-Jean told the doctors working under him to sleep, and they were too tired to disobey. Alone, he was not quiet able to keep up with the remaining stretcher bearers so that they laid their charges down on the stone pavement of the village square to wait their turn and confined themselves to carrying the final patients from the square to the patio. Saint-Jean worked more and more slowly. He washed his instruments as though he were performing some sort of mystic ritual in the twilight. But his movements were ever accurate. Finally he looked up from tying a last stitch and found there was no one to bring the next patient. Twice he called the names of the litter bearers and heard no answer. In impatient desperation he walked toward the square to see what was the matter. He found two of them asleep under the archway that led from the court to the square. Their groaning patient was sliding from the litter which they still held. The other two litter-men had fallen in the square. He bent over them and saw that they were asleep from exhaustion. Saint-Jean's "God damn them" echoed from the wall.

Slowly he walked back to the archway, picked up the moaning soldier, and carried him to the table. Operating with what seemed like renewed energy he finished the man, moved him to a sheltered corner, and went for the next one. Blue stars were beginning to burn dim in the grey sky above the court. The slow clock in the tower chimed a late vespers and Saint-Jean's shadow flickered on the stucco wall, fainter and fainter as the fire died down and the last casualty sighed in relief as he was lifted from the table. Tomorrow, smiled Saint-Jean, feeling the edge of his knife, there might be some more

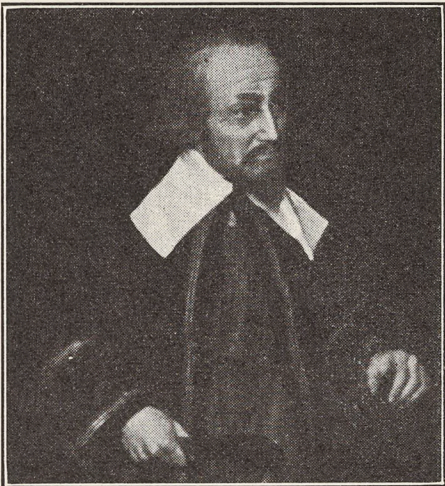
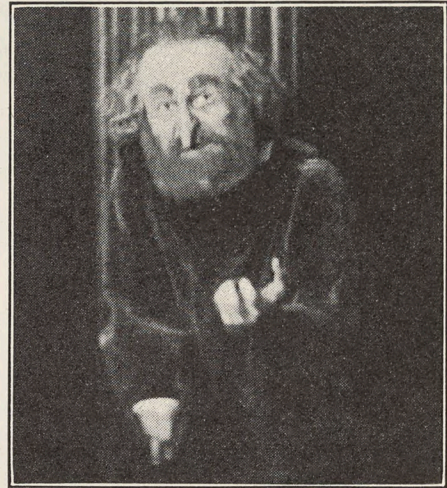
THREE SHYLOCKS

by HERMAN WALDMAN

Photographs by GRANT RUSSELL

An outstanding campus actor tells how he and his director, Professor W. G. B. Carson, worked up one of the most ambitious performances Thyrsus Work-Shop (or any other dramatic group) has ever undertaken.

I. When trying to decide what historical versions of Shylock to present as our **magnum opus**, Professor Carson chose those of Richard Burbage, Charles Macklin, and Edmund Kean, in part because they were the most distinctive and important in the evolution of the role, and in part because they offered the best dramatic possibilities. The grinning gent at the right represents the way we thought Richard Burbage must have looked in his portrayal of the Jew of Venice. Burbage, the first actor ever to play Shylock, acted under the watchful eye of Shakespeare himself, during the late 16th century, and was presumably coached in his interpretation by the immortal bard. We had no written records of his performance on which to base our interpretation, but we did have some literature, (notably a master's thesis on "The Shylock Tradition" written by Jacquelin Ambler, a Washington University graduate now employed by the City Art Museum) setting forth the stereotyped stage portrayal of a Jew in the Elizabethan period. In those times of excessive Jew-baiting in England, the only portrayal of a Jew that would be acceptable to an audience was an extremely loathsome, avaricious, gloating, cackling, unctuous, thoroughly ogreish old man. He was always played with a long hooked nose, a red beard, and a flying red wig. Hence we built our first interpretation on this pattern. In addition, we knew that acting was in its teething stage during Elizabethan times and was a matter of roaring, ranting, hissing, weeping, in which no restraint was employed at all. All feelings were shown externally with no attempt at subtlety. Asides to the audience, which virtually surrounded the stage, were common. Much of the audience was a rough-and-ready element that had to stand on its hind legs to watch the entire show and, by God, they wanted nature in the raw. So we added up all these bits of knowledge, overacted Shylock all over the stage and climaxed the show with him grovelling at the feet of the duke. We tried to give a whiz-bang melodramatic performance that would rush the audience along so fast they would be panting, at the end of it in the true Elizabethan tradition.



II. With the reopening of the theatres in the early Restoration period, the "Merchant of Venice" was revived, but with a very significant difference. Whereas Shylock had been portrayed originally as an inhuman ogre, he was now depicted as a buffoon, and played entirely for laughs. Charles Macklin, a rather morose, dour, lone-wolf sort of actor, disagreed with this interpretation and resolved that if he ever got a chance to play the role he would recreate the serious, menacing Shylock that Shakespeare intended. His chance came, and, knowing the critical amusement with which his fellow actors would regard his resolution, he rehearsed his interpretation secretly. His performance of a cold, calm, cunning Shylock was a revolution and a revelation. He brought down the house, and even his fellow actors came to him with respectful admiration. He was, to use his own words, "king for that night."

Building interpretation on the basis of fragmentary reports of Macklin's performance, we evolved the interpretation of a cold, calm, sinister plotter whose sneering self-assurance is disturbed temporarily by the elopement of his daughter but who enters the court room once again master of the situation. When he is finally thwarted in his devilish plot he is more (we felt) the frustrated villain than the broken old man. However, in portraying the Macklin Shylock, we had to abide by the Restoration tradition with all its courtly mannerisms and declamatory speeches, and in part had to sacrifice emotion to declamation. In addition we made use of Macklin's three pauses—his pause, his long pause, and his Grand Pause—and his habit of hogging the center of the stage. We had so many factors to consider that this portrayal was undoubtedly the most stylized and automatic of the three.

III. Like Macklin, Edmund Kean (regarded by most as the greatest acting genius the English stage ever produced) was a revolutionary. Previous to Kean's interpretation, "The Merchant of Venice" had always been played, in the early 19th century, as a straight comedy with the sympathy all on Antonio's side. It was Kean who introduced the "noble avenger" type of Shylock. For the first time, Shylock, formerly the most hated character in all Shakespeare's comedies, was played for sympathy. Kean regarded him as a normal man with the idea of avenging all the insults that had been heaped upon the Jews for centuries. He portrayed him as a man of about forty-five years of age with black hair and beard, in contrast with the traditional red-haired olderster that Burbage and Macklin had played. In addition, he stood erect instead of adopting the bent posture of the aforementioned actors. The keynote of Kean's portrayal was a righteous smouldering rage which he kept in check by tremendous effort and allowed to flame forth in blazing bursts of wrath only when it became too great to contain. His appeal to Salarino in the street scene: "Has not a Jew eyes..." is an impassioned plea for justice rather than the cold reasoning of Macklin or the frantic ravings of Burbage. In the court scene he is calm and impassioned until his plans are overthrown, his wealth endangered, and his racial pride injured. It is at this point that he makes his supreme bid for sympathy as a broken-spirited man trying to hold on to the last shreds of dignity.



DEAR SENATOR:—

(Continued from page 1)

War is bad. That is a cliché. But, should the May Bill go through, this truism might some day be etched in the souls of all Americans, including university students. To fool the suckers in the back country, someone said that this was a measure "to take the profits out of war." After the preamble, however, taxes are not mentioned until the last paragraph, wherein the bill provides that "during any war . . . there shall be in effect a system of taxation which shall absorb all profits above a fair normal return to be fixed by Congress" and that "to this end, the Secretary of the Treasury . . . shall cause a continuing study to be made from year to year" and recommend a way of curtailing excessive profits. Not a loophole in it. It should scare profiteers to death.

But somewhat more explicit and just as much the law of the land if the bill is passed are the sections giving the President power in "time of war or national emergency" to exercise absolute and arbitrary control over all forms of human endeavor and to draft into military service all able-bodied men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one. The United States does not need an emergency law. The National Defense Act, organizing the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps for the exigency of war and giving the President vast and absolute powers, together with the Draft Act, was sufficiently well-written in 1917 to allow the country to participate in war on an effective basis. No benefit, and incalculable harm, would accrue to Americans through the passage of the May Bill. The President by "Proclamation" could command services and set prices; could change the form of government; could grant and revoke license for any enterprise whatsoever; could appropriate private property, asking what he deemed "just" compensation therefor; and could order goods at "just" prices, even if the materials were already contracted to private individuals at better prices. The President could make it more practical to die than to live—for business men who balked his authority, for striking workers whose bosses had been "proclaimed" military officers, and for college students.

In September, 1917, the process of war raised the Freshman enrollment at Washington University from an approximate 400 to 800. It is to war that the college owes its present size. The government sent "sojer-boys" to school here; it quartered them in barracks built where the baseball field and tennis courts are now, prescribed their courses and the sizes of their classes, and gave the Freshman English teachers a little book entitled *War Aims* out of which to teach sentence diagramming. If a student-soldier disagreed with his text, he was permitted to say so without incurring the vengeance of higher-ups. Few of the boys were actually sent across. And in most

cases, the military discipline was a boon of good health and mental habits. This was the situation during the last war. In any future emergency, the President, backed by the May Bill made into law, would do more than promulgate *War Aims*. He would find college students the thinking, rebellious element in the country, and conscript the majority of them by "proclamation." They would be shipped off to the front trenches with the first boatloads. He would discover in the classrooms and libraries citadels of free thought, and might confiscate "seditious" literature and stop the printing of texts or other books which illuminated the dirty corners of governmental policy. With seeming tolerance of at least one of the civil liberties, the bill magnanimously states that the section on the licensing of enterprises excepts "newspapers, periodicals, and books." But refractory publications could be quelled through the section which would authorize the President to decide "the order or priority in which any business man should fill orders, or transport or deliver anything or furnish power or service of any kind." The presses of an out-spoken magazine might be opportunely furnishing "service" to the government when the publication date rolled 'round. And there would be no issue for that month or any succeeding month. And by exercising the governmental right to priority of shipments and intercepting a newspaper's supply of printer's ink and paper, the President could gag a vociferous enemy. Radio, which would fall a victim to licensing, would become the Chief-executive's scullery maid, doing all his dirty work. John Brown, Bachelor of Arts, deprived of the right and occasion to use his mind after four tortuous years of cultivating it, might just as well lie mouldering in the grave. For, living, he would be cut off from the intellectual food to which he was accustomed, and forced to suffer the terrible agonies of mental malnutrition.

It is asinine *not* to "write your Congressman today." He *is* opening his mail. And the drivel that he reads there is making the Administration alternately grow apoplectic with rage and crawl under its silk hats in sheer, gasping panic. The *People*—that motley crew for whom government was created—have started to emerge from the interior via the pen and pencil route. The Ludlow Amendment would have died a death unsung by Mr. Ludlow, even, had not the yokels from out of the Middle-west, the prairie farmers, the bugs from the Bronx—in fact all of the inconsequential—suddenly been minded to express their objection to dying at someone else's behest. If President Roosevelt, acting contrary to precedent, had not resorted to writing a letter in opposition to the plan, the voting citizens of these United States might now have the referendum. Eleven more favorable votes would have secured it. Letters—humble, scribbled notes

(Continued on page 24)



ALDEN SETTLE

AUNTIE'S MULTIPLE CHOICE GOSSIP TEST

1. Betty Budke (1. Acts like Baby Dumpling in a corner; 2. Goes with Murphy; 3. Goes with Wright; 4. Is colder than an iceberg; 5. Has never been kissed.)

2. "Ghoul" Schepman took (1. Jeanne Harney to the Sig Nu Sweater dance; 2. An aspirin; 3. Sick on the punch.)

3. The S.A.E. dinner party (1. Caused a food shortage; 2. Was the highlight of the social season; 3. Caused many people to burp.)

4. Edith Marsalek (1. Has more brains than she seems to have; 2. Has not; 3. Doesn't give two whoops in a Phi Delt house for Bloom.)

5. Ed Sherwood (1. Would swim the ocean for Pitts; 2. Would swim back again; 3. Doesn't know how to swim.)

6. Charlotte Fairbank (1. Likes Tapioca; 2. Has a pin and doesn't want anyone calling her up for dates; 3. Has a pin but would like some dates to keep the pin's owner from becoming overconfident.)

7. Paul Locke and Peggy Lou Baker are (1. A song and dance team; 2. Too terribly fond of each other; 3. Brother and sister.)

8. The whole campus wonders how Gloria Ball (1. Puts up with that guy Byars; 2. Even lets him hang around; 3. Will ever get rid of him, the leach.)

9. Peggy Woodlock is (1. O.K.; 2. N.G.; 3. R.W.'s.)

10. Why doesn't someone (1. Ever read *Eliot*; 2. Set the archway clock right; 3. Come to the rescue of poor Boyd Fletcher.)

11. Bill Record (1. Doesn't want his name mentioned with the young lady's in number four, above; 2. Is bashful around women; 3. Oh, yeah!)

12. Sterling Tremayne (1. Studies with Marion Jack; 2. Walks on the Quad with Marion Jack; 3. Goes to the show with Marion Jack; 4. Is getting nowhere.)

13. Esther Huber (1. Can make more noise than

the Army band; 2. Is still in company with Sido; 3. Jellies with "King" Coughlin.)

14. Joe Welborn, ATO senior lawyer, has a secret love for (1. Sending comic Valentines to professors; 2. June Stevens; 3. The cashier at Med-art's.)

15. Bill Leue, *Eliot's* fiction editor, spends hours (1. Sliding down the ATO house front stairs on a mattress; 2. Playing hide-and-seek with fraternity brothers; 3. Sitting in brew parlors inveighing against women and dashing off epigrams in a vest-pocket notebook.)

16. Bud Skinner and Jane Allen (1. Are pfft! 2. Spend many happy evenings playing double solitaire; 3. Sat off in a corner and held hands during the greater part of the last dance they attended together.)

17. The recently crowned Queen of the Quad Shop is none other than (1. Ollie Depelheuer; 2. Maggie Simpson; 3. "Cokie" Frances Hurd.)

18. An unlikely W. U. "triangle" would be (1. Jack Fargher, Lynn Saunders, and Grace Artz; 2. Lafayette Young, June Pentland, and Gene Beare; 3. Dale Stanza, Betty Kentzler, and Tom Stauffer.)

19. Luther Dunard would rather (1. Be with Doris Gramp than study history; 2. study history than be with Doris Gramp; 3. Study history with Doris Gramp than go to a good show with any other fem; 4. Sleep than eat.)

20. Of the following musical selections, Eve Bissell prefers (1. Vive le Pi KA; 2. Violets; 3. Phi Delt Bungalow; 4. Marching Along in Beta Theta Pi; 5. Schubert's Serenade.)

21. Sally Meyer is (1. Nuts about the leading man of the play she's in; 2. Having a romance with the flower of Phi B.D., "Tarzan" Cohen; 3. Destined to be an old maid.)

22. Jack Warner and Markey Parman are (1. Having pin trouble; 2. Learning double solitaire; 3. Happy about the whole thing.)

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"DEFINITELY"

(Continued from page 12)

But the co-ed isn't the only pop-eyed enthusiast, the only germ-spreader. Listen to the male student do his part in class some day.

"That paper is *definitely* a satire, and a good one."

"I think that *definitely* states the point."

"Can we *definitely* say what was the real cause of the conflict?"

Every time I heard the word my spinal cord unravels and it takes hours to coordinate my senses again. Scarcely have I recovered from one breakdown when another follows. I pick up the telephone to transact a bit of commonplace business.

"Can you have my suit back by Friday?"

The cleaner answers, "It will be there, *definitely!*"

When I have collected myself I ask for a piece of cake to give me strength. Denial is accompanied with, "You will *definitely* ruin your dinner!" I collapse into a dark corner. Hours later the head of the house finds me there and thinks I'm asleep.

"You are *definitely* the laziest person I have ever seen."

My toes are assuming an upturned position. The door bell rings. It is an old friend to see me, the last person I'd expect to be a Brutus. He salutes me.

"Let's go out and get *definitely* plastered."

A yell is heard for blocks, with devils hissing on its fiery trail. Old people think it is a three alarm fire and graying heads in night gear pop out windows. Children dash for home, certain that the curfew has been reintroduced. Dogs howl. I storm into the cellar, soot my face, and sing mammy songs to a shovel posed like Charlie McCarthy on my trembling knee.

There is no way to predict the future. But I can't stand the present much longer. I don't intend to. It's the old law of self-preservation, every man for himself, the survival of the fittest. It's either me or the word. The world isn't big enough for both of us. So beware, I'm ready to commit mayhem or manslaughter.

This is my ultimatum. *Definitely!*

BETWEEN BELLES

(Continued from page 19)

23. "Peaches" Alexander (1. Can play "Yankee Doodle" on a coke bottle; 2. Gets all choked up when she hears "I'll See You Again," for it is all that remains of an old high school romance; 3. Is currently co-starring with Ranny Lorch, another of her one-week stands.)

24. Dick Yore is (1. Mrs. Yore's little boy; 2. Still going with "Ginger" Rasbach; 3. In charge of the May Fete.)

25. Dottie Wobus likes (1. To eat graham crackers in bed; 2. To throw bricks at plate windows; 3. Butler Bushyhead.)

26. "Bebe" Gold is (1. Punch-drunk; 2. Still running around with Dottye Bobel; 3. Ready to flunk out of law school.)

27. "Jeep" Howell (1. Eats orchids; 2. Has become a regular campus jelly since he met Virginia Niedringhaus; 3. Doesn't wear garters.)

28. Evan Wright (1. Is Frank Wright's little brother; 2. Is Frank Wright's big brother; 3. Can't decide between Eleanor Meier and Kay Graff.)

29. Helen Stiers, Pi Phi pledge, has Bill Jones (1. Pin; 2. Footing all the bills; 3. Guessing.)

30. Cartwright and Hundley are (1. Fighting it out over Shirley Conrad; 2. Learning to shag; 3. A couple of chumps.)

31. Julius Friedrichs jellies on the quad each day with (1. His blond; 2. A professor's wife; 3. A Latin from Manhattan.)

32. Bud Harvey is between (1. Two campus red-heads, Marian Thoms and Genny Davis; 2. The devil and the deep blue sea; 3. The line and the backfield.)

33. Mary Ramsey is (1. Leading Ohle by the nose; 2. Pining away for Ferring; 3. Gaining weight rapidly.)

PEACE TALK

*"Lo, hear the gentle bombs
Falling from the sky ...
Happy am I
That I am here—
(Let's have a beer—)
In the U.S.A.—
Hip, hip, hooray!—
Where there is always peace;
May its quiet never cease.*

*"Lo, hear the gentle troops
Marching to the line ...
Isn't it fine
That we are free?
(You're sweet to me—)
Safe in the fatherland—
(Mind if I hold your hand?—)
Where there is joy for all;
May its rapture never pall.*

*"Lo, hear the gentle war
Raging on the field ...
(Come, Baby, yield—)
There is no cry—
(Who is that guy?—)
Freedom and life—(That bloke
Eyeing you needs a poke)—
Peace is our—(Take that, ham)—
Heritage, Babe; let's scam!*

—L. W. Triefenbach.

FIRESIDE CHAT

by ALFRED O. HEITZMANN

CARLOTTA had scarcely settled herself into the comfortable leather chair by the fireplace with her slippers feet perched on the ottoman and a book propped up against her knees when the doorbell rang. With a soft "Damn!" she snapped close the book and rose impatiently. She took a deep pull on her cigarette and laid it carefully in the chromium ashtray at her side. As she walked to the door she unconsciously began smoothing her hair. It lay, however, faultlessly as usual, in long graceful waves that caught the twinkling light of the fire, and its copper-gold gleamed brilliantly above her black silk pyjamas in carefully chosen contrast.

"Why, Sandra!" she said as she opened the door. "How perfectly adorable of you to come to see me. Won't you come in?"

A woman about thirty years of age, smartly dressed in a Persian lamb coat and toque to match, entered the room, smiling sweetly.

"Hello, Carlie darling. I hope I'm not disturbing you."

Carlotta raised her hand deprecatingly.

"Not at all. I hadn't a thing to do. I'm always so glad to see you."

She retrieved her cigarette from the ashtray while Sandra slipped out of her coat and hat and threw them upon the divan. As Sandra stood before the mirror touching up her hair, Carlotta surveyed her through half-closed lids. Beautifully tailored, she smiled to herself, but she *was* beginning to have that past-thirty look. Her neck was ever so slightly scrawny. Tiny crows feet under her eyes. But you had to give her credit, she still seemed to have no trouble attracting men—Don, for instance, the dunce!

"Sit here, dear. You'll be more comfortable."

Sandra seated herself in the tapestried chair, crossed her knees, and smoothed out her skirt. Then she looked up and smiled brightly at Carlotta. It was curious the way she smiled—a wide brilliant smile showing her sharp, flashing teeth, her long curled lashes giving a twinkling effect but not quite hiding the icy blue of her eyes. It was her way of beginning a conversation—like a fencer's address.

"Well, and have you seen Don lately?"

Carlotta's eyebrows rose slightly at her coming to the point so abruptly. As she hesitated, Sandra added a word of explanation which was consciously inadequate: "You are with him so often, you know."

"Oh, not so often. I haven't seen him since Wednesday. We went to the opera. *Faust*, it was. *Beautiful* stuff. The company this year is so competent!"

"Did you like it?"

A hint of amusement shown in her eyes. Carlotta, noticing it, experienced a wave of annoyance at her impudence, not unmixed, however, with the pleasure of flaunting before Sandra an evening's enjoyment with Don. Exhibitionism, perhaps, but it was satisfying to sit comfortably before

the fire and submit to this questioning by the woman who loved Don, and wanted him, perhaps, as much as she did.

"Yes, and Novelli was masterful. He has such an astounding range."

"And Don enjoyed it, I suppose? Gounod is a favorite of his, you know."

"Oh, yes, he was quite enthralled. We danced at the Savoy afterwards, and Don said the orchestra sounded absolutely tinny after *that*."

"Oh," said Sandra. She leaned forward and took a cigarette from the humidor on the little walnut table and lit it slowly. "So you danced afterwards! It must make you feel ten years younger to go out dancing again."

Carlotta looked at her through narrowed lids. Then she smiled blandly.

"Ten years ago I was still getting permission from Mother to dance past midnight."

Sandra's twinkling laugh rippled out delightedly.

"Darling! You seem absolutely to *resent* growing older."

There was a pause. A log that had burned itself into a cherry-red ash broke of its own weight and settled more deeply into the fireplace; and the two women looked at each other for rather a long time with eyes smiling and determinedly friendly. Carlotta silently vowed not to let Sandra's thinly-veiled innuendoes ruffle her—to ignore them at least until she discovered what Sandra was driving at. Heaven knows, it was impossible to guess what purpose was in her mind, sitting there as she was, apparently interested entirely in contemplating her cigarette, in depositing the ash carefully in the ashtray, in blowing concise rings of smoke. Sandra looked up and smiled again, if indeed she had ceased to smile. Oh, she was attractive—attractive in a way that would appeal to a man. But to a woman there was something snaky—something *false*—about her. Or was that unjust? Perhaps this was just a friendly, gossipy visit.

"I suppose," Sandra murmured, "he told you of our having lunch together last Saturday. For of course he tells you everything."

"Not everything—just what he cares to tell me. But he did mention that you'd met downtown at Pacini's. Said you'd had quite a long talk. As a matter of fact, he said you'd even pointed out one or two of his weaknesses. Did you?"

"Oh that!" Sandra laughed. "I don't remember how it came up. I merely mentioned that he was so easily taken in. You know how transparent he is. A woman can simply wind him around her finger—and he wouldn't even know it. I told him he ought to look more for motives. After all, he is quite a catch—isn't he?—and a conniving female could simply *feast* on him."

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The children who will not come home from school

THERE is one good thing about the next war, if it comes—*everybody* will be in it. And “in it” does not mean such tenuous participation as women knitting wristlets and men buying non-taxable bonds “until it hurts.” It means going hungry, wasting away from disease, suffering unbelievably, dying horribly. Planes, and ships, and submarines, and artillery that can laugh at distance will see to that.

Whole cities of non-combatants will be wiped out. Children will leave for school and never return. People will die in the streets, in their offices, and their homes.

As they have in every other war, epidemics will strike where troops congregate. But epidemics also will ravage cities demoralized by bombs containing not only explosives and gas, but *germs*.

All this will bring home to the stay-at-homes the true monstrosity and futility of war, and that will be a good thing. For that alone, probably, will make the great mass of people do what so far they have failed to do—rise in all their might and *refuse to allow another war!*

There's only one drawback to this lesson: that is, that most qualified experts agree that civilization cannot

survive another war. The next “war to end wars” probably will end civilization also. The time for us all to rise in our might is *now!*

What to do about it

Americans must stand firm in their determination that the folly of 1914-1918 shall not occur again. World Peaceways, a non-profit organization for public enlightenment on international affairs, feels that intelligent efforts can and must be made toward a secure peace. Write today to World Peaceways, 103 Park Ave., New York.

FIRESIDE CHAT

(Continued from page 21)

"And what did he say to that?"

"Oh, he merely said I was too cynical. I told him I wasn't cynical at all, but, at the same time, one needn't necessarily be blind. He seemed amused. He said . . . Well, he seemed to think that I was jousting with windmills."

"Well," Carlotta looked at her with wide eyes. "Weren't you?"

"Well—was I? . . . Perhaps I was."

"Of course you were . . . After all, Sandra, he is thirty-three. He should be old enough to take care of himself. If he weren't, he'd never have lasted this long."

Sandra smiled broadly.

"Wouldn't he?" she asked innocently.

Carlotta felt that she would have blushed at that ten years ago. Those damned thrusts! Well—perhaps she did want Don. After all, he could do worse. And there was certainly nobody trying to ensnare him any more persistently than Sandra. If Don had half an eye he'd see it. Speaking of being transparent, there was nothing obscure about *her* methods.

She looked up. Sandra was still staring into the fire, but she had turned slightly; her face was now visible in profile. She *did* look worried. There must have been some reason for her coming tonight that hadn't come out yet. She was sincere, evidently, in her way. Beneath all that tommyrot about protecting Don there was evidently a germ of truth. Perhaps she felt him slipping from her grasp . . .

"Well, I don't know what can be done about it," Carlotta said, sighing. She leaned back in her chair, relaxed. "After all, he is living his own life."

Sandra turned and looked at Carlotta seriously.

"You said you haven't seen him since Wednesday. What has he been doing? I haven't heard from him since last Saturday."

"Oh, he did mention something to me about an out-of-town guest. A girl—second or third cousin, I believe—came in upon him the beginning of the week. He said he'd have to show her the town. Duty stuff—Grant's Tomb, the Battery, one or two night clubs—you know the sort of thing."

Sandra looked thoughtful.

"Yes. Well, but just who is she? I mean, what sort of person—young?—old . . . ?"

"Oh, quite young. I met her for a few moments. We stopped at Don's mother's apartment after dancing. He said he wanted me to meet the girl. A nice child, really. Can't be more than eighteen or nineteen at most. Her name is Lucy—comes from Virginia, or some place down there. She's just out of school, and visiting here for the first time. But she's a refreshing young thing—so innocent and naive."

"So that's why he hasn't called me. Well, I suppose he can't help himself. But I wonder if she's as innocent as she makes out."

She gazed down at her trim, smartly-slippered foot, turning it abstractedly to make the buckle sparkle in the light.

"You never can tell about these young chits. They usually aren't as simple as you might expect."

Carlotta laughed loudly.

Sandra darling! You're not beginning to suspect *her* of setting a trap for Don, are you? You're not really worrying about the girl?"

Sandra hesitated for a moment as though thinking the matter over. Then, drawing her feet under her, on the chair, she answered,

"No, I don't suppose I am—not about Lucy. The point is though, Carlie—and I'm not sure you realize it—I'm in love with Don. I've been in love with him for months. And it's so maddening not knowing where you stand. You can't wonder that I'm suspicious—even of Lucy."

Carlotta said nothing, and, in the silence, the clock on the mantelpiece chimed the half-hour. Sandra crossed her knees, and absently kicked the fender in soft staccato beats.

"I've never tried to fool myself into believing I had a free field, Carlie. And even though you do say so little about it, I'm sure you want Don too."

"Well, yes, Sandra. I'm in love with him. And I've taken it for granted all along that you were too. But what of that?"

"I don't know," Sandra said slowly and with an air of deliberation. "Both of us want him, but obviously we can't both have him. I'm not sure just where that leaves us."

Sandra jumped up and faced Carlotta.

"Why don't you give him up, Carlie?"

"But why on earth should I? I love him."

"Do you? I've often wondered. Is it really Don you want—or is it that you want to be Don's wife?"

Carlotta stared at her with wide eyes.

"Why, the two are synonymous as far as I am concerned. Of course I want him, and naturally I want to marry him."

Sandra waved her hand impatiently.

"Oh, of course. But there is, after all, a difference. As Don's wife you'd be sought after. There would be smart parties, social position, the prestige of being married to a rising young lawyer."

Carlotta eyed her narrowly. A slight frown was on her face; her eyes gleamed angrily.

"So it was I who were warning him against! I was the conniving female that was set to pounce on him while he was entirely unsuspecting of my plots! Really, Sandra, you're too obvious."

Sandra looked at her steadily, and replied in a determined voice.

"Whenever you're with him, Carlie, you're an entirely different person. Every minute you're acting desperately. Every word, every gesture—absolutely false!—and motivated! Even your laugh—so

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FIRESIDE CHAT

(Continued from page 23)

controlled! You're always playing the part of a polite and . . . and loving admirer. Do you think you can go on fooling him, Carlie? If you were *sincere*, Carlie, but I know you too well. I know you the way you really *are*. And I know that you'd give your right arm to be married to him—whether you loved him or not."

Carlotta sat staring at Sandra in silent fury. A cold, disdainful smile accentuated the despising anger in her eyes. When she spoke, it was softly, in perfectly controlled, icy tones.

"You speak to me of sincerity! You dare accuse me of wanting to marry him for his money, and social position, when for months you've been using every trick you could think of to get him to propose to you. Don't you suppose *I've* seen what you've been doing? Oh, Don is gullible all right. If he weren't, he'd long ago have seen through those sickening compliments of yours. I can't believe he hasn't realized how you've been working on him."

They were silent, sitting before the fireplace, glaring at each other with intense feminine hatred blazing from their eyes. The room was suddenly quiet. The fire had burned down to mere red, smouldering ashes. Only the clock on the mantelpiece broke the silence with its regular ticking.

And then the telephone rang. Carlotta rose, murmuring an apology, walked across the room, and picked up the 'phone.

"Hello . . . Yes . . . Oh, hello Don . . .

Carlotta felt Sandra's hand on her shoulder. It quivered slightly. She turned her head so she could see Sandra's face. What a perfect situation, Don calling to make a date and Sandra there to take it all in. Carlotta smiled into the telephone.

"What, Don? . . . You're where? . . . Across the river? . . . What! . . . Who! . . . Lucy! (a long pause) Oh . . . Y-yes, of course I am. Oh, I do, Don. I think it's fine . . . Yes, and—loads of luck, Don—and—th-thanks for letting me know . . . Goodbye."

Carlotta slowly put down the receiver. She turned and looked into Sandra's strained face. They stared at each other in silence.

DEAR SENATOR:—

(Continued from page 18)

and postcards came that near to accomplishing a great democratic end. Letters—indignant, scathing missives so numerous they could no longer be counted but had to be measured with a yardstick—brought about the surprising defeat of the Government Reorganization Plan. The articulacy of a radio priest's audience achieved this. Letters—many of them originating in collegiate groups—have filled representatives with so healthy a fear of the con-

stituents who keep them in Washington that, for the present, the Industrial Mobilization Plan, with its vicious little sections, has been shelved. A calendared bill is not a dead one, but as long as this white flood of protests continues to overwhelm the Capitol, there is little danger of the May Bill's being passed, even if the Administration calls it up by giving it the right of way.

Sure, "Write your Congressman today!" is banal. It's a bromide. And it's good for a laugh. But it is also good for compelling a war-minded administration to conform to the wishes of a peace-loving people. It's good for insuring the college man's future. It is a policy that will make certain his living to enjoy the fruits of an education—if he'll keep up the premiums by writing his Congressman.

WHEN IT COMES

*Summer evening:
Soft caressing breeze
Rustling through the trees,
Peace and life
Whispering in drowsy contentment.
I loll upon the porch,
Puffing dreamily on my pipe.
The Moonlight Sonata
Flows from the radio within.
Neighbors' children playing tag
Laugh and scurry by.
Across the street
Cigar ends glow from out the shadows
Where the baseball senate
Holds perpetual session.
"Pittsburgh ought to tie for second."
The girl next door, as usual,
Is picked up by a red sport roadster.
My wrist watch says eight-thirty;
And the locusts drone on and on,
Pleasant monotonous waves of sound
Through the golden hours.
Suddenly the music stops;
A tense excited voice proclaims—
War!
Europe a howling holocaust!
Squadrons of bombers roaring over France!
Berlin a shambles!
London blown off the map!
Congress expected to declare war by midnight!
Soft caressing breeze
Rustling through the trees,
Peace and life
Whispering in drowsy contentment,
And the locusts say
All is the same.*

—Lapin Rouge.

DO YOU WANT

YOUR HEAD BLOWN OFF?

No?—Well, you may be able to keep it. There are certain things a nation can do, you know, which raise the odds against citizen—decapitation. Learn about these things at the last meetings of Washington's

SECOND ANNUAL PEACE WEEK

Today at 4: "Discussion Tea" on the question, "What Can You Do For Peace?"—Brown Hall Lounge.

Tomorrow at 11:30: Ethan Colton, noted student of international affairs and author, will speak on "The Chances For Peace In Our Times."—Graham Chapel.

Sunday at 5: Special Student Vespers Service dedicated to World Peace.—Graham Chapel.

With Independent Tobacco Experts..
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST

*It's Luckies
2 to 1*



HERE ARE THE FACTS! Sworn records show that among *independent* tobacco experts, Lucky Strike has *twice* as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes put together. These men are auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen. They deal with all, but are not connected with any manufacturer. They *know* tobacco and they smoke Luckies... 2 to 1!

Remember, too, the throat protection of the exclusive process, "It's Toasted." This process removes certain harsh irritants present in all tobacco, and makes Lucky Strike a light smoke—easy on your throat.



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