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# WORLD'S CHAMPION HIGH-DIVER...

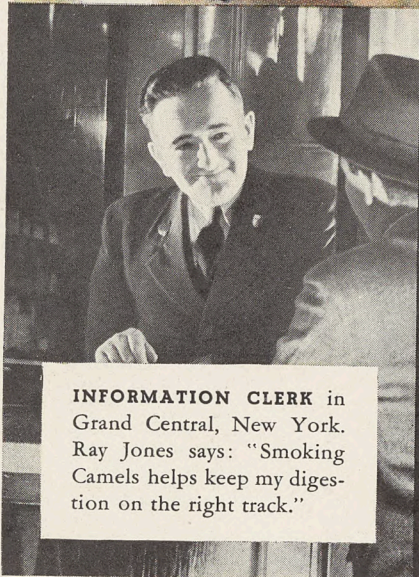
SOME OF HER TITLES: NATIONAL HIGH-DIVING CHAMPION (33 FT. TOWER)  
FOR 4 YEARS... U.S. NATIONAL SPRINGBOARD CHAMPION  
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"I put great emphasis on good digestion," says Dorothy Poynton Hill, Camel Smoker

"IT'S a long way down when I dive from the high board," Dorothy continues, "— you can see why I enjoy Camels 'for digestion's sake.'" Mealtimes (*right*), and between meals, too, Dorothy prefers Camel's mildness. "I've found that Camels never jangle my nerves, or upset my physical condition," she says. By speeding up the flow of digestive fluids and increasing alkalinity, Camels give digestion a helping hand.

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**INFORMATION CLERK** in Grand Central, New York. Ray Jones says: "Smoking Camels helps keep my digestion on the right track."



**COWPUNCHER** Hardy Murphy, from Oklahoma, says: "As a cowhand, I take what chuck I get and count on Camels to ease my digestion."

"JACK OAKIE'S COLLEGE"—A gala show with Jack Oakie in person! Benny Goodman's "Swing" Band! Hollywood comedians and singing stars! Tuesdays—8:30 pm E. S. T., (9:30 pm E. D. S. T.), 7:30 pm C. S. T., 6:30 pm M. S. T., 5:30 pm P. S. T., over WABC-CBS.



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**COSTLIER TOBACCOS**

**FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE—SMOKE CAMELS**



# What Do Seniors Think

**Underclassmen, are their ideas any better than yours?**

by the HILLTOP INSTITUTE OF STUDENT OPINION

Directors: Hotchner, Thompson, Pickering



A director

We asked the following questions of all seniors that passed through our office, No. 8, Ridgley Arcade (the bench near the waste can), during our office hours (whenever we're not in the Book Store). If you're a senior and were slighted, ask yourself the questions, and mail the answers to the editor of *Student Life* who will print them in the Letters from the People Column with editorial comments underneath. We don't know which director our artist drew. The guy's hair looks more like the swim-team manager's.

1. What is the one college experience that stands out in your memory?
2. Did you have a crush while in college, and how long did it last?
3. What are your plans in regard to marriage?
4. What is your highest ambition?
5. After being exposed to four years of college, what are your views on drinking? On necking?
6. Based on your knowledge of campus life, what is your idea of the ideal campus man? College girl?

*Frances Peil:* 1. When I was walking down the aisle to be crowned Hatchet Queen, and the band began playing "Anything Goes." 2. Yes, just one and it has lasted all four years. 3. Marriage is the easiest way out, especially if I see something good. 4. To marry a millionaire. As long as you're going to fall in love, fall for a rich one. 5. O.K. on campus. O.K.—not on campus. 6. Sel Spencer. Modesty forbids.

*Jack Weaver:* 1. When I unexpectedly received the \$50 dramatic award at the Senior Convocation. The notification had been sent to the wrong Jack Weaver. 2. One every year, and none has been outstanding. 3. I'll be married in three years. 4. I'd like to be a director and an author. 5. Drinking—good idea if not done to extremes. Necking—I hold it in high esteem. (LA 4231.) 6. Dick Horner—intelligence, personality, and activity. Jukie Forgey—same things.



Horner

*Guy Bramon:* 1. When I was crowned Kampus King. And, also, when I realized how much there is to know and how little I know. 2. Norma Ossing—three years. 3. I'll be married in three years. 4. To be a commercial artist and happily married. 5. Drinking—unnecessary on the whole. Necking

—don't approve of it. 6. Boy—personality, initiative, intelligence, sense of humor, good social mixer. Girl—Outdoor beauty, intelligence, personality.

*Arleen Thyson:* 1. When I was tapped to Mortar Board in the afternoon, elected president at supper, and departed for the national convention in Granville, Ohio at midnight. 2. I won't talk. 3. I'd never give up marriage for a career—not that I'd ever have a career or marriage. 4. To go pretty far along in the field of writing. 5. Drinking—not bad unless carried to excess. Necking—same. 6. Man—nice appearance, combination of brains and brawn. Girl—small and very attractive with variety and good taste in clothes. Not too intellectual. Interested in studies and social life and athletics.

*Roger Hampton:* 1. When I was elected president of my fraternity. 2. Marion Hempelman. One year. 3. Five more years of bachelorhood. (Subject to change without notice.) 4. To spend a year in Tahiti. 5. In favor of 'em—with modifications. 6. Man—Consensus of what other seniors say. Girl—Off-campus girls are really o.k.

*Lozick Draper:* 1. When I was a freshman and participated in the great egg riot. It was homecoming and we were to stage the frosh-soph battle. We had a secret meeting and bought 3000 rotten eggs, and we waited, but the sophs were afraid and didn't



Homecoming before egg battle.

show up. About a thousand people were lined up waiting to see the battle. Suddenly a couple of sophs began throwing rotten eggs from the outside of the crowd and the whole 200 of us let loose. The crowd was drenched in rotten eggs. (A terse Draper answer.) 2. Joan Stealey. Three years. 3. As soon as possible. Marriage is a social and biological necessity and a solution to many problems. 4. I'd like to be a philanthropist. 5. Drinking—an individual matter, and should never be indulged in to excess but only in amounts that will benefit the individual. Necking—same. 6. Boy—athletics, extra-curricular activity, maintains his grades, congenial. Girl—same except for athletics.

(Continued on page 21)



# eliot

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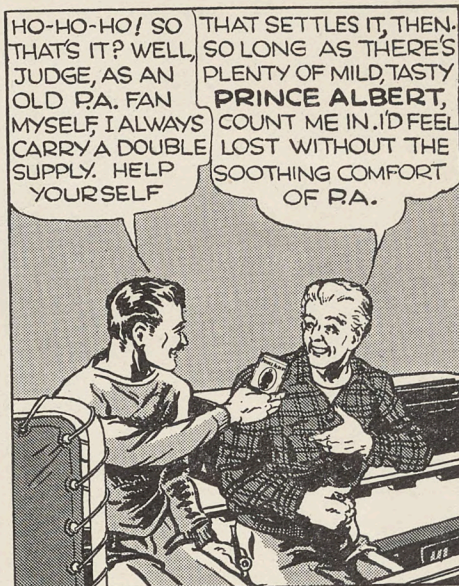
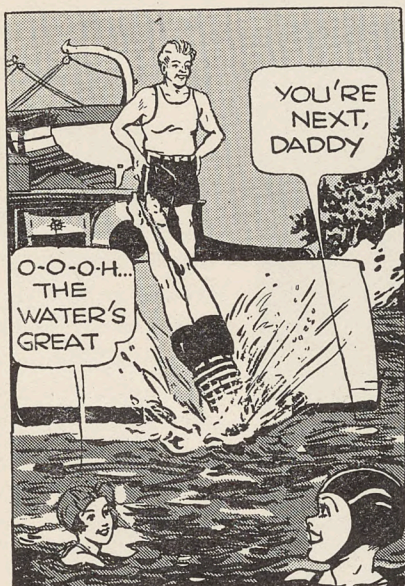
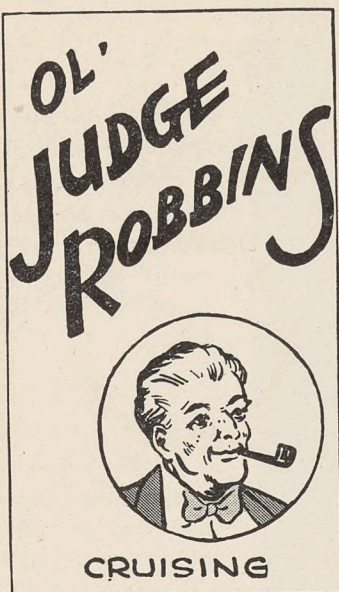
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Cover by **George Engelke**

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**50 PIPEFULS OF REAL SMOKING JOY!**

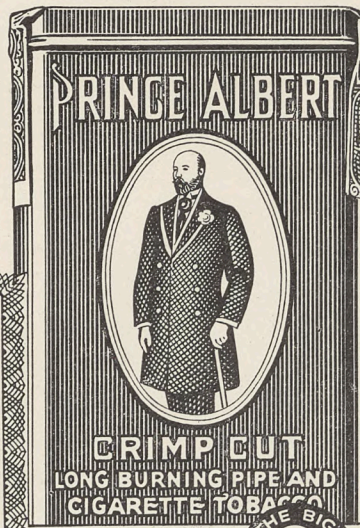
There's good reason why Prince Albert is the world's largest-selling smoking tobacco. P.A. is the "crimp cut" smoke... packs easier in your pipe, cakes nicely, burns cooler. P.A. is prime tobacco too—every last particle of it. Smokes sweet,

mild, and tasty. Doesn't bite the tongue. Harshness is removed by a special "no-bite" process. So get in on real smoking joy, men, with Prince Albert—the princely tobacco for pipes and roll-your-own cigarettes too.

**PRINCE ALBERT GUARANTEES SATISFACTION**

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 Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

**PRINCE ALBERT** THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



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



# Co-ed Fashions

by *Miriam Levy*

Lazy summer skies, a warm caressing breeze, the smell of water nearby, tall grass or sandy beach to romp on, star studded nights to gaze at with that best beau, and, to complete the picture—you, looking charmingly cool in your most knockout new outfit. It's easy enough done too, for with one trip to Kline's Junior Shop and Country Club Shop you can come away with the very

rightest clothes to face any vacation whether it be in your own scorching back yard or on the French Riviera.

To start the day off right slip into the cool everfast cotton piqué to the left on the opposite page. Diagonal candy-stripes give it that latest note and the swing skirt, high pockets, and shirt-waist style give you a correctly tailored look. A starched linen Scotch cap sits perkily atop your head.

For that most important luncheon date when you must look "fresh as a daisy" the wrinkle resisting linen to the right on the opposite page is ideal. A box-like brief jacket with short puffed sleeves accents the straight lines of the skirt. White stripes of piqué run around the collar and sleeves, while star-shaped buttons march across the square neckline. You are ready for an afternoon in the country too, when you remove the jacket to reveal a backless suspender strapped dress. A linen off-the-face hat with cut-out crown and flying streamers completes the outfit.

Now to knock 'em dead on the beach you must choose a swim suit that fits in the right places and isn't there at all in most places. Such is the Mat-letex suit to the right. Diagonal stripes and halter neck give a smooth line while the shirred cotton assures a perfect fit. This suit is in cotton but you can have it in silk jersey or doveskin as well. For your more modest moments a reversible boxy beach coat, tropical print piqué on one side, terry cloth on the other, fills the bill.

The formals to the left will guarantee that you look your loveliest on those dancing nights



*Clothes by Kline's*



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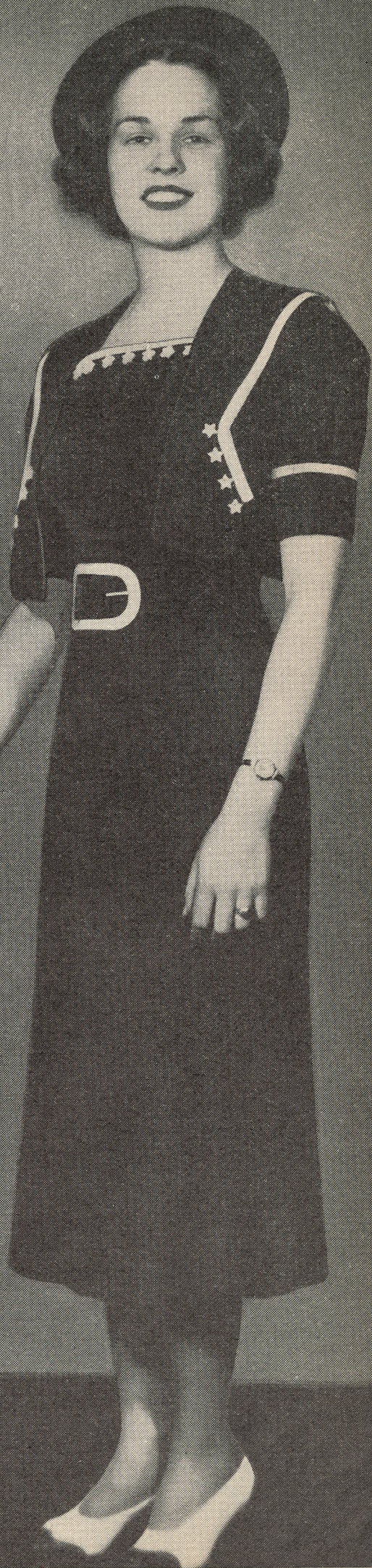
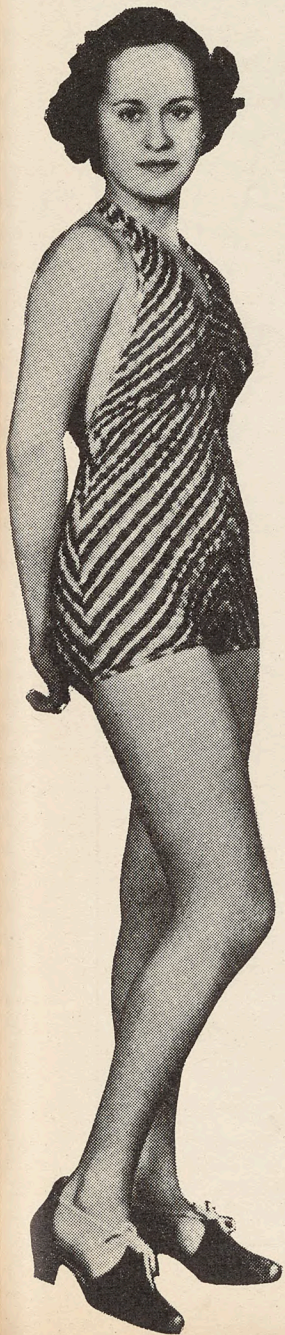
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atop a roof garden or at the country club. "Old Fashioned Love" to the right by Jane Whitney is a print linen cut on empire lines the gored skirt falling straight to a flared hemline. Linen in a contrasting dark color bands the neckline and forms the shoulder straps. The fitted jacket is serviceable for a less formal occasion.

You will appear your most demure in the Louise Mulligan garden print Dirndl frock of imported British chambray to the left. The basque-like puffed sleeved bodice has a six inch shirred waistline which bursts out in to a full skirt, increasingly full to the hemline. Two-tone grosgrain ribbons form a sash and flowing streamers down the back.



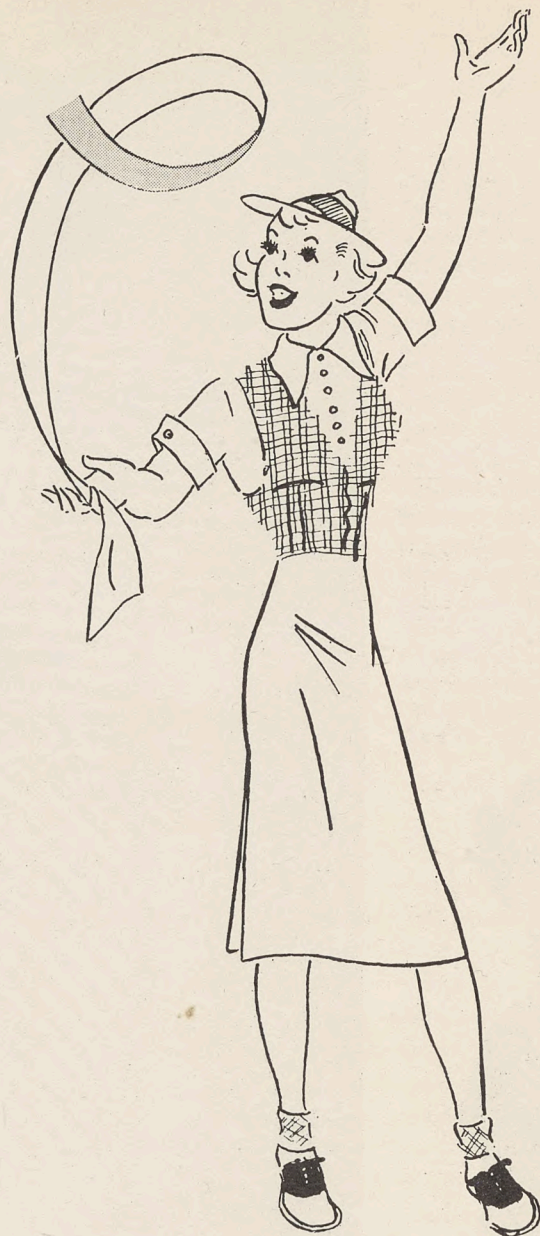


*Step Gaily  
into Summer . . .*

**SWOPES  
CO-ED CORNER**

*starts you off on the right  
foot for every gay hour!*

by BEE FERRING



**STEPPING** out by night in swirls of mousseline and organdie? **CO-ED CORNER** offers that rhythmic, flattering cross-strap Sandal in white linen that tints simply ravishingly to match your pastel sash. Just as comfortable to wear as it is easy to look at . . . grand in white at \$5.50 . . . tinted for a trifling half dollar more.

**STEPPING** high, wide and handsome in town or out of town, you'll want linen and more linen . . . in a spectator pump with Windsor tan trim, in an open toe sandal with contrasting tan, in all white . . . dressy, tailored or sportsy, it's linen all over the map this season . . . and **CO-ED** brings you every tempting phase, at \$5 and \$5.50 . . .

**STEPPING** into active sports . . . may we suggest Kedettes, those colorful, carefree play shoes de luxe . . . in bright young styles, at \$1.89 to \$2.25. High built sandals without toes and heels are grand for lounging . . . and beach shoes with cork soles add their bit of color to the gay summer scene.

**SWOPE SHOE CO. . . . OLIVE AT 10<sup>TH</sup>**

**CO-ED CORNER . . . Main Floor**



**OLE 'SEPHUS**

(Monologue to a Coon Dog)

Quit 'at, ole 'Sephus—  
 Quit shufflin' down de hill!  
 You think she gone down dere t' draw  
 Some water frum de well?

Ah, Law, I members how she climb  
 Dat hill at night, de air lak silk  
 An' water slappin' in de pails  
 Lak kittens lappin' milk.

But, Law, she gone mo' miles dis night  
 Dan dere's a way o' countin'—  
 A fudder piece dan when de White  
 Folks took 'er down Blue Mountain!

Quit 'at, ole 'Sephus.  
 Quit snufflin' at de wind —  
 You know she ain't up there, you know  
 How dat black woman sinned!

Naw, suh, she never had no 'ligion—  
 Leastwise, her soul weren't saved.  
 She allus useter laugh at how  
 De preachers rant an' rave!

Ah, Law, I members how she useter  
 Set on dese steps an' sing  
 So loud on Sunday night I couldn't  
 Hyear de church bells ring!

Quit 'at, ole 'Sephus—  
 Quit scratchin' at de do'!  
 She gone away, she gone to stay—  
 She won't be back no mo'!

— ● ● —

**VALEDICTION**

She went with morning on her lips  
 down an inscrutable dark way  
 and we who witnessed her eclipse  
 have found no word to say.

I think our speechlessness is not  
 a thing she would approve,  
 she who was always light of wit  
 and quick to speak and move—

I think that she would say goodbye  
 can be no less a lyric word  
 than any song, than any cry  
 of greeting we have heard!

—Thomas Lanier Williams.

**FREE! A box of Life Savers**

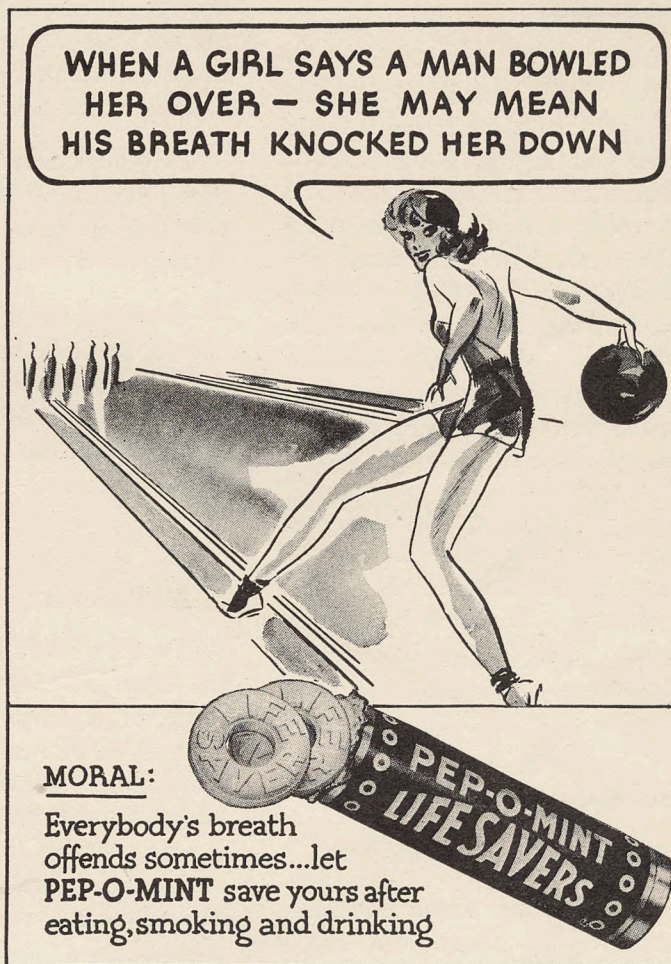
to

**DON LEONARD**

for the following boners:

Esau was a man who wrote fables and sold his  
 copyright for a mess of potash.

Notre voisin est mort d'une congestion pull-  
 monaire—our neighbor died in a crowded Pull-  
 man car.



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

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

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

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





# THE TOWERS

## Apology to Houn' Dawgs and Readers

We're sorry the houn' dawg "half" of this issue is so much like the "half" of a candy bar a friend gives you in the Book Store—sorta small-like. But, dagnab it, everybody except Queen and Williams wanted to write about seniors. We can't see why. Whoever heard of seniors with as big hearts as Belly-Lou and Ole 'Sephus? Most of our writers must have figured you've got to humor seniors this time of year.

We want to apologize to our readers for the small number of items in this column. But there were some things that just had to be said, and they took a lot of words.

## Final Honors

### JUNE COURT OF HONOR

1. *Dr. Stout and Aaron Hotchner.* Dr. Stout for being more than a faculty "censor"—specifically, for being an adviser worth listening to and an encouraging critic. Aaron for doing so darn much work we didn't know what to call him; in desperation we chose "managing editor." So from now on, when we say "we" in this column, it includes Aaron.

2. *The sorority* that is going to win the *Eliot* cup, to be awarded by Jimmy Conzelman at the Campus Medley on June 7. It is a swell-looking cup, but nothing is good enough for our pals who win it. And we're glad the award will

be made out in the open before a crowd of parents, friends, and alumni; we don't think the light of people who cooperate should be hidden under a bushel.

3. *Professor Carson* for starting the *Thyrus Workshop* and developing it farther in one year than seemed humanly possible.

4. *Omicron Delta Kappa* because, before we come back to school in the fall, these fellows will have done the tough job of preparing a "bible" for the next freshman class.

## In All Fairness

We were sorry to see a letter in the May 21 *Student Life* from three organizations hitherto respected on this campus. (It is rumored that these organizations actually did not send the letter, that it was sent by certain unauthorized individuals who chose to hide behind the names of their fraternities. If this is the case, we apologize to the fraternities and hope that they will clear their names publicly.)

The letter grieved us not so much because it was an unsportsmanlike gesture—poor sports crop up in the best of places; not so much because it was partially what it purported to be, a bone fide revelation of "more flagrant defects" in the way the Interfraternity Sing is run—there are defects to be eliminated from every Hilltop event; but it grieved us very much because it was, by implication, a slanderous charge, based on in-

sufficient and misleading bases, of dishonesty on the part of a high student officer. The letter implied, and none too subtly, that the senior intramural manager had made dishonest use of his powers to help his fraternity win the Interfraternity Sing. Such a charge is, of course, no reflection upon the manager's fraternity—except insofar as the reputation of an organization is affected by the reputations of its members. But it is libelous toward the manager himself in that it could injure his reputation among faculty and students.

A partial analysis of the letter follows. Misleading statement: "The sing was postponed one week for insufficient or at least very indefinite reasons." The truth: The sing was postponed because it would have come but a few days after the Panhel Vodvil; singing directors of most of the fraternities were consulted before the postponement was made (although the manager was required to consult no one). Misleading statement: "Fraternities were not notified of a drawing for places on the program, although places are considered very important in judging—as was demonstrated." The truth: The senior intramural manager makes all drawings in his office; anyone is welcome to be present at these drawings; it is interesting to note that the results of most of the preest manager's drawings have been against the interests of his fraternity. Misleading statement: "Judges should not have any connection with the school. Reasons for this are obvious." The truth: Such reasons were not obvious to those who ran the Intersorority Sing and the Panhel Vodvil this year. Misleading statement: "There were only two judges. Precedent and ordinary common sense dictate the necessity of at least three judges." The truth:



Three judges may seem more desirable, but there is no necessity for three; three are not much more likely to reach a decision on nine fraternities than two are; incidentally the intramural manager could have procured as third judge, Leo C. Miller, who has been a judge at several Interfraternity Sings, but he would not because Mr. Miller happens to be a fraternity brother of his. (Panhel Vodvil had two judges—both connected with the school). The variance between the other misleading statements in the letter and the truth is just as wide.

All of this does not mean that we believe the intramural department infallible, but we feel that suggestions about the running of events should be made privately, in a gentlemanly way—preferably before the events take place; if insufficient use seems to have been made of reasonable suggestions, action in Student Council, or a *Student Life* letter without unnecessary implications, is in order.

If we were members of any of the three organizations whose names appeared on the May 21 letter, we would apologize to the intramural manager and assure him of our confidence in him. In the future we would realize the seriousness of libelous charges student officers.

### New Wrinkle

Many columns contain a list of "things we can do without." The following are things we can do without, we guess (we're going to have to do without them). But it'll be hard, so they are really Things We'll Find It Hard to Do Without: 50% of the team of Menown and Rosenstein; one-half of the High Hatters—the tenor half (Hauser and Percival); Arleen Thyson, the girl who'll do anything worthwhile for anybody worthwhile; Bill Moore's smile and dry humor; "Old Man Weavo" prancing and dancing

around on the campus; Steve Hopkins' baseball pitcherish look, even when he's off the mound; Juliabelle Forgey's name—and also herself and her voice in Quad Shows; Iezzi backing up the line and Hafe getting down under punts—these were two of the most thrilling sights we've seen; the unique smiles, and laughs, and voices of Gene Beare, Roland Meyer; Julian Miller's perpetual youth; Walt Baron's pleasant blandness; Joan Stealey and Lovick Draper; Don Leonard's importance—he always seemed the most important person on the campus; the way Guy Bramon and Norma Ossing look at each other; Glenn Moller's objections; Bill Bohn's preoccupied look; the strange managerial costumes of Jim Redman.

### Shall We See You There?

It has been announced recently that the Little Symphony Association's third summer series of outdoor concerts is to be given on our Quad. A platform will be constructed in front of Ridgley Library, and chairs and cushions on the grass will be arranged for seating. Refreshments will be served.

The forthcoming series of only four concerts—half the number presented last year—will be given on June 25 and the three subsequent Fridays. Admission prices have been reduced drastically, in

the hope of enlarging the audience and lengthening the series in the future. Reserved seats will be only sixty cents, general admission, forty.

About twenty musicians from the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra compose the Little Symphony. Max Steindal, orchestra manager and cellist, will again be retained as resident conductor, and Hans Lange, now associate conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, will conduct all four concerts.

The association's primary purpose is to stimulate an interest in music for small ensembles. Mrs. Powell Fordyce, a member of the Little Symphony executive board, recently provided a fund to commission works by outstanding American composers. Quincy Porter of Joughkeepsie, N. Y., and Charles Naginsky of the Juillard school of Music in New York City have already accepted commissions for this season.

According to Robert Brookings Smith, president of the Association, the music committee is again seeking programs of a fine quality but of a light, melodious character, suited to the season and to the ensemble. A special attempt is being made to interest the Washington U. summer music students.

Tickets for the concerts may be bought at the Open Door or Doubleday Doran book shops.





# What College Has Done For Me

*An optimistic self-appraisal by a member of the class of '37*

ANONYMOUS

*Illustrated by* MARTYL SCHWEIG



AS I reach the point where Commencement is only a few days hence, I find it advisable to pause for a few moments and take stock of the situation. To look back upon my years in college and more or less sum up what I have done; to look

forward as best I can and attempt to discover what is in store for me.

It's not an easy task—this taking of a personal inventory, for I'm only a normal person, and my point of view is naturally biased, consequently, many things which others might consider of great importance I am liable to skim over as trivial—and vice versa. However, in all fairness to myself, I will try to set down both sides; to look at myself from a distance, so to speak, and stand firmly on the results. I am twenty-two, a nice enough age, and in order not to become too complicated, we'll say that I was in school the required four years. (The summer school came in that time, anyway.) My height and weight are about average; my eyes and hair are nothing startling, except for a cowlick which I have fairly well under control since the middle of my sophomore year. I am neither handsome nor homely—after four years of college dating I am sure of this. I have made a number of good friends, I am sure; and I am equally sure that I have a number of enemies. For this I am thankful, for the person without enemies is too often the person without worthwhile friends. I am conceited, but then most of us are and I see no reason to deny a popular fault. I can dance well enough to get around a dance floor without causing a serious commotion. I am rather adept at small talk—in fact, I have often been berated for talking too much. I neither admit or deny this charge. I am one of those fellows who sings whenever he has a chance, and it must be pleasant enough singing, for I am not overcome with requests to stop. I like people, and I naturally enough want people to like me, but if they don't I'm not vindictive. I like to have a good time and can usually manage to, whether I am by myself or with a crowd. I don't worry, principally because I have no cause to worry, and though I am admittedly sentimental I do not very often show my emotions. I dress well, at least as well as a limited wardrobe permits, and I am particularly careful of

my personal appearance, being especially proud of my finger nails. I have been told that I have a pleasing personality (for which I am deeply thankful), and I know I can think and talk about serious things when the occasion demands. As can readily be seen, there is nothing in my personal makeup which would set me off in a crowd. I have been considered, from time to time, as silly, witty, smart, stupid, dull, entertaining, amusing and boring.

In college I have had quite a bit of success and have gained not a little prominence on the campus. As proof of this statement I offer the following: I am a member of a social fraternity, and I am exceedingly proud not only of belonging to the particular organization I chose but also of being a fraternity man, to begin with, and all that this implies. I am not over-burdened with "keys" but I do belong to two of the class honorary societies. My grade average is not even within calling distance of Phi Beta Kappa, a fact which I neither admire nor deplore, but I feel that I am as well educated as anyone in the University. I have taken an active interest in athletics, both as a spectator and as a participant, and I am, frankly, very proud of my letter sweaters, and what they stand for, secure in the knowledge that I earned them honestly. I have worked hard on the staffs of all the publications on the campus, doing various and sundry odd jobs and holding several positions of importance. I have been an ardent devotee of work behind the footlights, both dramatic and musical comedy, and I have been lucky enough to do fairly well in both—not exactly a sensation, you understand, but pretty regularly made use of. I have done my share in politics, both undercover and in the open; yet I have never broken my word to anyone, whether a member of my combine or not.

I have been president of two of the more prominent organizations on the campus and have been able to carry out the duties of the jobs successfully. I have managed to get myself into enough minor difficulties to far surpass the average student, but I have never cheated on an exam of any kind, nor have I ever done anything malicious. Whatever pranks I have played, or schemes I have carried out, have been done in the spirit of fun. Notwithstanding, I have been on probation. I do not particularly long for the "good old days," of my freshman years, but I am strongly in favor of the return of Freshman Rules, and all that they stand for. I have

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# What College Has Not Done For Me

A (you choose the adjective) self-appraisal by one of the class of '37

ANONYMOUS

Illustrated by MARTYL SCHWEIG

If you ask me—and nobody is asking me right now, that I can see—it wouldn't take very long to think up innumerable things that college has not done for me. I have been told that parents, professors and other serious-minded individuals do not care to think about such things, much less to hear about them from a graduating senior, but come what may, my mind is made up, and I am determined to continue.

In the first place, after four long years spent in the preparation for and actual writing of final examinations, I have never become reconciled to these inventions of the devil. When I first began taking final examinations in my freshman year, I was naturally a bit nervous, but I attributed this to the fact that everything was new and somewhat different. I told myself that after a time this fear that gripped my trembling frame at the approach of "finals" would gradually go away. But it hasn't. I have been waiting all these years and nothing has happened. I still get that lost feeling in the pit of my stomach at the mere mention of an exam. A senior in college should have confidence, but look at me, an inefficient bundle of nerves.

College hasn't made me a playwright, either. I took a venerable course in the technique of the drama during my junior year. As the final work in the course, the students were instructed to write a one-act play. The plays were to be submitted to judges who were to select three of the best for production by the dramatic club the following year. Well, it did take me an awful long time to think of a plot, but when I did, I thought it was a "wow." I wrote my play in two afternoons. When I read it to friends for criticism, they all seemed to like it. I recall one particular reading. It was at a friend's apartment, and a small group had gathered to hear me give my all to the manuscript at hand. The play concerned a night club dancer who was found murdered at her cocktail party. I was sure that it contained thrills and suspense, and this was proved to me conclusively the following day. I didn't finish reading the play that night, and the next morning I learned that the people in the apartment below had asked how the play had ended. They had been listening, eavesdropping as it were, but *they* found it interesting. My professor, however, didn't feel quite the same way about it. He said that it wasn't new, and what was worse, it wasn't realistic—it couldn't happen in life. Even when I pointed out to him the other day the recent case of a New York actress who had in-

vited friends to a cocktail party and was found dead upon their arrival—a striking similarity to the situation in my play—he gave the rather ineffectual retort, "Yes, something like your play, isn't it?" returned to what he evidently considered more important work. So, I am no playwright.

And then, there's another thing. College hasn't made me democratic. That is to say, I don't enjoy mixing with the masses—and that's something that may or may not be good, depending upon the way you feel about such things. Having grown used to associates who have had practically the same advantages as I, it's going to be hard after leaving school to look with equal approval upon the non-college man and the college man. This attitude is a form of snobbishness, I suppose, which comes from attending a private high-school and belonging to what is generally considered one of the three best college fraternities on mid-western campuses. For it's a well-known fact that the fraternity man, whether he admits it or not, considers himself just a little above the non-fraternity man. Why, I shall never know.

But on the other hand, college hasn't given me that know-it-all air for which the college man has so often been criticised. I recently overheard one of my classmates telling a friend that he felt there was nothing he couldn't do now that he had a college education. What assurance! I could only stand wide-eyed and gaping, but gradually, envy began to creep into my consciousness. Why hadn't college done that for me? Only God and a handful of psychology professors could answer that one. I'd be more than happy to be feeling like that with regard to my future work, but I'm not, and I may as well admit it.

Of all the scientific failures any college has ever turned out, I feel reasonably certain that I am the worst possible example. A study of geology only made me wonder that anyone could ever have been interested enough in such a subject in the first place to ever do anything about it at all. Over zoology, I simply couldn't become enthusiastic. I never became ecstatic over the home life of the sea-anemones nor over sexual differentiation among amoeba. In fact, I just didn't give a damn, and I still don't. Psychology, both general and abnormal, interested me at





# Belly-Lou

by ROBERT T. QUEEN

Illustrated by GEORGE ENGELKE

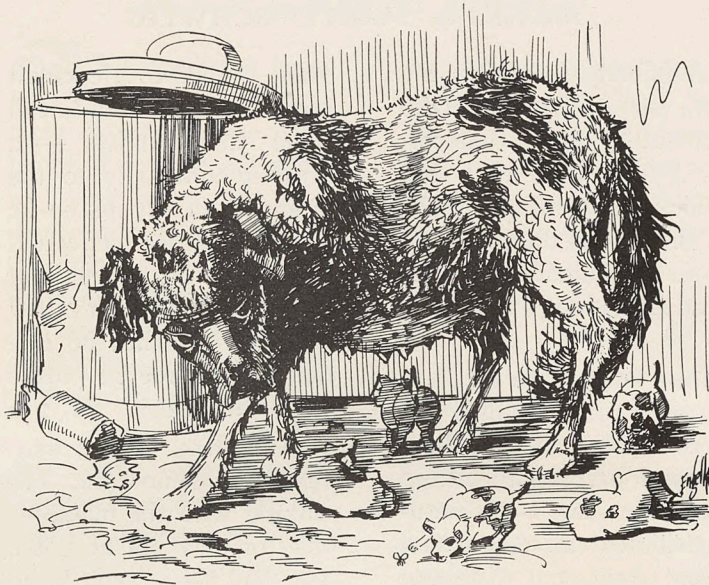
**F**UNNY name fer a houn'-bitch you'll say, but it allus did seem downright logical to call her that since it *was* Maw's cousin Lou give her to us. Maw's cousin Lou you know, was the one as had twins in the buckboard a'comin' back from Higginsville. P'raps that ain't by rights got nothin' to do with it, but I just thought I'd tell you. Fer a healthy houn', that animal was the most underslung critter ever I see—that's how come she got the other part o' her name.

No man ever had a friendlier houn' though, than Belly-Lou; even old Jeremiah Colburn sorta hankered after that dog and ever'body knows Jeremiah was an ornery cuss. He hated his whole family. He used to farm our back forty until that night he took on a little more'n his innards could rightfully get the best of—Paw allus called it a "disgustin' episode," and maybe 'twas, but when Jeremiah took sick on his feet and went to *heavin'* over into the pig lot, I thought it was plumb humorous. All them shoats came fightin' and squealin' aroun' there and then says Jeremiah sorta solemn-like, "Ye needn't squeal, there's agoin' to be enough fer all o' ye."

Paw had right smart o' book lore, and mayhap that was why he allus had a highfalutin' name fer whatever'd happen—weren't nobody else in the county who'd a-called that mess Jeremiah made an "episode." Howsomever, Jeremiah *went* and Belly-Lou stayed. She was awful poorly fer quite a spell, and we all felt sorry fer her when she'd watch us with that soulful look in her eyes.

I thought she had ought to have a collar, but Paw said it was fritterin' to git a boughten one, so I made one fer her out'n a piece of old harness. You should've seen that dog perk up after that; it was just as if she knew that now somebody'd taken an interest in her again, and life was goin' to be worth livin'.

It weren't long after I made the collar that Belly-Lou littered up the wheat bin in the barn. We hadn't seen her around the house much fer sometime, but nobody thought anything about that 'cause she was



Not beautiful, but a real lady.

allus smellin' out rabbits in the woodlot or followin' old Ed Gibson when he went down the road to git his mail. 'Fraid I'm gittin sidetracked—I'll tell you about Ed later on—he was one o' them people in our county that Paw called *characters*. About the houn'-dog again—she'd gotten kind o'skittish from Gran-maw throwin' cobs at her every time she'd get in the garden, and I guess that explains why we

hadn't had a close look at her for a long time. Then, she sorta drooped between the legs like I told you, anyway, and probably nobody'd have guessed her condition.

Well, when we found her in that bin, she had nine pups squirmen' around there and takin' nourishment by turns. Most of them pups was pretty fine lookin' animals, but two of 'em was plumb runty. Paw was goin' to drown the runts, but I told him I'd take care of 'em if he'd let me have 'em for my own. He didn't care so I became a nurse to the runts, and it weren't allus the easiest thing to see that they got their proper share of what there was to git. After about three months they'd pretty well caught up with the other seven and it was plain to anyone that they was a pair of mighty perky houn'-dogs. Belly-Lou seemed to understand about the runts, and after we'd given the others away, (two of 'em died), she used to romp with the runts by the hour. Course, by rights they weren't runts now; they'd both growed into strappin'-big critters. It couldn't o' been more'n a few weeks after that first time I'd seen Belly-Lou and the runts roughin' each other, when it happened.

If it hadn't been that old Ed Gibson was such a harmless kind of a coot, none of us would've felt so sorry for him at the time, but he took it so to heart that you just couldn't help sympathizin' with him. You see, besides gettin' the mail weekdays, Ed liked to walk down to the crossroads of a Sunday to git his paper. The mail carrier didn't bother to come up our road of a Sunday, but just left all the papers in

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*Your cigarette line  
reads...  
They Satisfy*



*And there's a wealth of  
good taste in store for you*



# The Visiting Firemen

by ROLAND MENOWN

THE Hollywood studio gate has been regarded for years as an impenetrable barrier to those who desire to tread the same ground as the dream people of the silver sheet. But it isn't! It is practically wide open. Month upon month thousands of visitors throng studio streets, all of them curious about the same things and all of them asking the same questions. They have paid no heed to the bold signs at every gate, "Positively No Visitors Allowed," for they have been introduced according to the system by which outlanders may see how motion pictures are made. Every one is a "friend of a friend" of someone.

No industry receives more requests for permission to tour its factories, and no industry is more loath to accede. However Hollywood has learned that it is good business to welcome the "visiting firemen," as tourists are known, providing they carry the proper credentials. The passport is the ability to establish the fact that a friend of an important person sent them. An important theatre man, an exchange manager, a reasonably influential politician or the editor of a fairly large newspaper can generally pry open the gates for any home town character who visits the West.

Even those who are admitted have difficulty, however, in penetrating the places they desire most to see. All are curious about process shots and how tricks are performed. All want to see the outstanding celebrities in action—but most of the biggest stars keep their stages closed.

Visitors are divided into two classes, the out-and-out fan who cares for nothing except stars, and the more substantial person who sees in the cinema a lively and intriguing business and wants to see what makes it "tick." One out of every ten either has written a story that would make a great photoplay, is willing to write one if encouraged, or has read one that would be the greatest drama ever produced. Conversation is always tactfully or brutally switched from this subject immediately.

All of the fans want to know "what so and so is like." Generally, they ask if the off-screen personalities are like those on-screen. While they are brave before entering a set, after admission they invariably stand in awe of celebrities and are content to worship from afar. Some manage to touch the garment of a famed one without being seen and then hastily scamper back to the guide and the rest of the party.

Rollie, a star in Quad Club performances during his four years at Washington, met LeRoy Printz while dancing with a Fanchon Marco unit at the Fox. Later Printz became an important dance director in Hollywood. It was there, one summer, that Rollie met him and was given a place in the dancing chorus of **Forty-Second Street**, and in succeeding summers he has worked in **The Sin of Madeline Claudet** and various short subjects. This would indicate that he is on the way up to fill Astaire's shoes, but he says his ambition is to be a big advertising man (see survey, page 1). "Most dancing jobs pay well enough," says Rollie, "but not often enough."

Publicity men pride themselves on the fact that the questions asked indicate that the visitors have read and believed the tomes that the press agents write. The fact that the visitors have makes it practically unanimous, for many of the stars believe the publicity themselves. Generally visitors are more intimately acquainted with the

habits of the stars than are the guides, for they seem to read all the fan magazines and news columns dealing with such things.

Few "firemen" have any conception of trademarks. They rarely know on what lots their favorites work, which is quite irritating, for they invariably ask about rival stars. By innocently doing this, however, they receive more honest information than they would by going to the studio where the favorite is employed. Any employee is prepared to "knock" a personality of another studio at any time.

All visitors ask the same questions. They want to know whether Joe E. Brown's mouth is "actually that big" and whether Marlene Dietrich really wears trousers. Other popular questions are, "Is Ruby Keeler as sweet and simple as she appears on the screen?" and "Is Shirley Temple spoiled?" When they get away from the subject of stars, two things interest them most. They ask about specific effects in pictures they have seen and want to know how they were achieved.

Those who are fortunate enough to get into the studio cafe often fail to recognize celebrities but always ask the identity of good-looking extras in make-up and are usually disappointed to learn that they are extras. If they are near enough to a celebrity's table to see what is being eaten, they express amazement that the star has not ordered some glamorous and indigestible dish. Seeing their dream person digging into a plate of corn beef and cabbage seems to shatter many of their illusions.

Hollywood's night life is probably the greatest disappointment "visiting firemen" experience. Hollywood Boulevard is a none too glamorous street in the daytime, and by nine o'clock at night it is deserted. Natives know how to track previews down, and at the more important of these, stars may be seen—but outlanders have no way of locating them, and celebrities are rarely seen at regular showings.

The town is over-run with night-clubs, but only a few are patronized by the great. The gambling

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# Graduate?—Never!

*Dick, a junior, achieved fame in a former issue when he said, "Marriage?—Never!"*

by RICHARD ALLEN CLARK

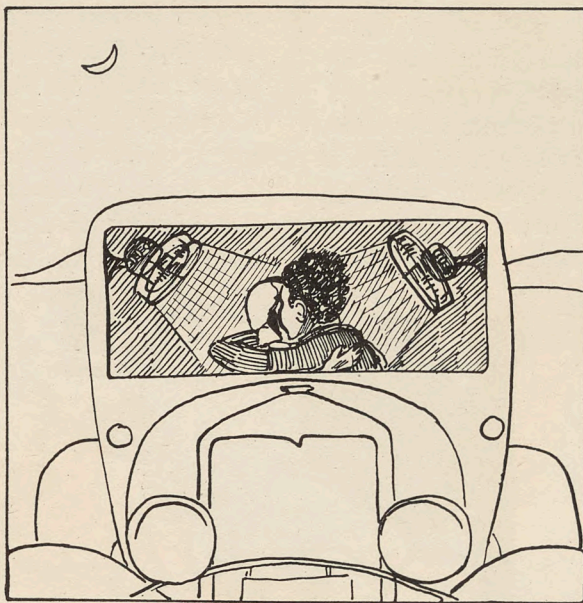
EVERY year, starting around February, a mumbling undertone can be heard on most any college campus. As the new year progresses it grows louder and bursts into a veritable roar late in May. The origin of this growing undertone is the senior class, and the thought it expresses is, "I'll be so damned glad to get out of this place once and for all!"

The poor fools! I can't possibly understand how anyone could be so asinine as to make such a statement. Of course they may be using some sort of psychology they have learned and are trying to fool themselves into thinking that they don't like school and really do want to leave, but I doubt this very much. I know that I, for one, will never be guilty of such gross misstatement of fact. I don't want to graduate.

The reason for my definite stand against graduation is simple and clear. Graduation means the end of my life of ease. All my life my family has provided for me and furnished me with a plan of living to follow, but from the moment my heart and hand are weighted down with a sheepskin diploma my life of ease and bliss is at an end.

I've watched seniors parade proudly up to some bored and benevolent-looking old fogey, after a sentimental address on the benefits of a college education, and receive a parchment scroll tied with a blue ribbon. So armed, they dash gloriously inspired out into the world to make their fortunes, happy in the belief that they have reached a new plane of social and economic freedom.

My unrestrained laughter is decidedly at their expense. They have lost the greater part of their freedom and independence. While I sleep on cold winter mornings until nine o'clock, or ten if I'm tired, they are shivering in the cold and riding a crowded bus to work. If they're late to work they suffer from a penalized pay check. If I'm late to class, ninety-nine times out of a hundred nothing at all happens. If I am so inclined I can put off my studies for three or four days at a time and take a vacation. Nothing is ever said as long as I complete my work by a specified time and with a fair degree of success. The



Nowhere are there such friendly relationships...

freedom from routine which I enjoy is obvious, but they do their work day by day, and not only everyday but all day as well. Perhaps I'm peculiar, but I rather enjoy having nothing to do for an hour in the middle of the morning and having the afternoon free for golf or tennis.

There is, to me at least, a great satisfaction in knowing that I don't have to do unpleasant or abortive tasks, especially at specified hours. At Christmas the pleasure of gay parties and all-night dances is doubled by my realization that I can sleep the

following day, if need be, and be fresh the next evening for another round of fun. The same thing applies to the summer, but on a larger scale. I can go away and be utterly content in the knowledge that I can stay away as long as I want and that I won't have to go back to a hot, stifling office at the end of a mere two weeks.

In college there are relatively few things which the student must decide for himself. These decisions carry little weight or importance and consist of deciding what elective courses to enroll in, whether or not to cut class today, the place to go for lunch, or which girl to take out instead of studying. The one major question concerning college, to go or not to go, is more often than not decided by parental decree and the student's I.Q. Once the dust of the campus walks has been shaken from your heels, the decisions—and truly important ones—come thick and fast and involve not a little thought and responsibility. The graduates are forced to decide where and how and what they are going to do with their lives. Should they go to work for J. K. Glotz and Company pushing pencils, or would they go farther if they worked at peddling Pim's Piney Pills for Pimples? And if they go farther peddling pills, where are they, and are they happier than if they had gone sadly to the tremendous task of pushing J. K. Glotz's pencils.

Aside from the more concrete and physical advantages of college life, I greatly appreciate the more intangible aspects of the social life and came-

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# Between The Sheets

*Louise Lampert looked into a Senior Co-ed's mind and found this letter*

Illustrated by MARTYL SCHWEIG

Dear Mr. Editor,

I am a Senior, and in fifteen days I am going to graduate from this university and go out into the cruel, cruel world and receive all the hard, hard knocks against which my dear professors have been protecting me for four years. As I lie here between the sheets on this beautiful, warm, spring morning and suddenly realize that I will never again in my whole life be able to cut my Monday 8:30 class as I have done this morning and every other Monday morning for the past four years, I feel a great cloud of gloom settling upon my usually sprightly spirits, and little pixies begin to run swiftly up and down my spine, making me cold and hot all at once; and before I know what is happening, I find large, salty tears trickling down my cheeks and dampening my pillow. Yes, I get that sad when I think of my coming graduation.

Really, Mr. Editor, I'm in quite a quandary. I had acquired such a habit of cutting that 8:30 class every Monday morning that I won't know how to act next September when I wake up at 9 A. M. after a week-end tear and remember that I have graduated and will never again have to worry about having sessions with the Dean because of overcutting.

I suppose that for the first few days next fall I shall continue to sleep until noon just to see how it feels to ignore an alarm clock. But when I awake at 12:30, and realize that if I were still going to college I would have already attended two classes, written at least two pages of notes, recited at least once correctly in French, consumed one coke, one drumstick, and a half pack of Camels in the Quad Shop, "jellied" with Jimmy on the campus, and played several games of contract in the Room, I know that I will feel so guilty and ashamed of myself that I will be getting up at 7:30 before the end of the week. No, Mr. Editor, I'm afraid that a continuous morning sleep won't be able to ease the pain which campus memories will cause me.

It's not only the "cutting" and "morning classes" that I am going to miss after graduation. I'm terribly worried about how I am going to spend my leis-

sure time when I no longer have exams to study for or term papers to gripe about. Why, I have already spent approximately two hours daily for the past month sitting in the women's room, smoking and discussing with my sorority sisters just how I can get Wordsworth out of Germany in two thousand words and fifteen days—and thereby pass my English 12 course; I've called Jimmy regularly every afternoon for the past three weeks to ask his advice on the same question, and as he always ends the conversation by asking me for a date, It's really very profitable; I don't know what I will do when my term paper days are over and I no longer have a logical excuse to call him.

When I remember that I first met Jimmy and fell in love while I was browsing among the musty volumes of the City Library, trying to get Wordsworth out of Germany, I get all squishy inside and find myself becoming even more sloppily sentimental over that bothersome old poet than I become when I hear "Stardust" or look at my baby

shoes. And then when I realize that after I *do* finally get Wordsworth out of the German snowdrifts I will never, never again, in all my life, have to write another term paper, my throat feels just like it does when I accidentally swallow an ice cube whole, and my pencil swerves like a pickled Phi Psi, and I know that I don't really want to graduate at all.

I also feel my spirits landsliding, Mr. Editor, when I think of how my graduation is going to wilt my wonderful romance with Jimmy. You see, Dad doesn't think that Jimmy is quite the collosus of intelligent and industrious young manhood that I am convinced he is, and, therefore, Dad will allow me to date him only once a week, which cramps my style considerably. However, when Jimmy comes over each night in his car to take me to Ridgley to study, Dad doesn't raise his blood pressure one single degree. In fact, he even treats Jimmy civilly, thanking him generously for saving the family the trouble of chaffering me to school every night. He doesn't realize that our studying invariably ends with cokes and caresses, but I always figure that "what he doesn't know won't hurt him" and let it go at that.



Jimmy's girl—before awaking.



Dear Jack and

Martyl:

You have heard of me through my dearest Aunt Anastasia. I'm her darling, precious Egbert.

I have been reading Aunt's little ditties all year, and since she exposed her column in the May issue, I have decided we need a change of sex. I therefore, being the male member of this snooping family, decided to jot down for you the little unimportant happenings of the past month. I am writing this under Abe Lincoln conditions. I have a beautiful moon over my shoulder and an oil lamp by which to see. So with the spring air in my nostrils, I feel very inclined to write of the romances and experiences of our fellow *hominines sapientes*.

I'm glad to be able to announce that Helen (Blondie) Worrall is considering re-entering school next fall, as is Marie Ruebel who will attend summer school. Penn and Washington U. missed their first chance at student relations because of a sprained limb. Margaret Close could not attend the Ivy Ball at Penn because of a sprained ankle...

The boys tell me there are still men on the campus, but I doubt it when I hear such stories as the following: Sam Murphy had a fight with a certain steno, Bobby O'Laughlin. She gave him back his pin and told him she would never take it again unless she could



keep it permanently, whether they were going steady or not. Now Bobby is wearing Sam's S.A.E. pin and is seeing very little of Sam. Take heed of this poor boy's plight.

Mary Jane Krueger asked Bud Capps if he had won a bet in the following manner: "Have you won your Bud bet?" (There is no sense in the above statement, but I thought I might help 'youall' speak by giving such an illustration of the campus daily chatter.)

Marion (Dimples to you) Ketter is again complaining. This time it is because Lackland Bloom is too busy with track and the like. But she still manages to hold on to the lawyers—Ed Wetton and Clarence Garvey, for example Jack Weaver (not the Kappa Sig maestro) is again trying to date her, but is seen mostly with two others. McMillan dorm-dwellers. Don Lorenz seem to be in a fog of late... He dates both Ginnie Davis and Nelly Gray (pals). The girls would appreciate it if he would make up his mind.

Two K. A.'s are the reason Mary Ronnau has decided to stay in St. Louis after finals... The East St. Louis flash, Harold McCann has his pin again. Helen Close decided she didn't want the catch.

Gene (Interview) Beare and June Pentland had

(Continued on next page)



## BETWEEN BELLES

(Continued from page 17)

a fight at the Pi Phi dance and have since been seen together. What the tongue-lashing was about your little correspondent couldn't even find out.

Flash: A Phi Delt at Westminster, Art Wharton, is about to place his shield and sword on Evelyn Hufford.

Marge Stevens has had Fred Grant's pin for 7 months this June first.

A love letter was given Kay Galle to take with her to the Pi Phi house party. Pete Mara was the author of the four pages which she was not to open until arrival at her destination.

News: Juliabelle Forgey is finally pinned . . . June Crowder is not returning to the Hilltop next fall . . . Grace La Rue will not be seen next fall either . . . Bob Todd had a date with Olive Depelheuer for the Kappa dance, but Greg Burdick (Norma Belle Dee's steady) took her home . . . Explanation: Bob, Gil Lutz and Ernest De Winter drove to the Pi Phi house party . . . they arrived at 4 A.M. and were not allowed to enter . . . so they decided to swim in a nearby lake . . . off came the tuxedo pants and white coats . . . into the pond went the boys . . . the girls quietly swiped the clothing and fled to the house . . . clad in towels, the boys pleaded for their clothing . . . even threatened to return to town before they were given back their clothes . . . incidentally, they left for home at 2 P.M. . .

One day Betty Chappell decided to go to Waynesville. Two of her admirers followed her there from Jefferson Barracks and slept in Waynesville Hotel all night to be near her. I wonder what her magic power is.

The Sig Alph house party was quite a colorful affair. The boys gave a private square dance right at the hotel (Wildwood) Saturday night, with a three piece band, a caller, and everything.—except, of course, corn likker. Homemade root beer, donated by F. Phil Montrose Thompson, took the place of alcoholic beverages. Martha Percy and Charlie Leutwiler were apparently the only city slickers on the party. The other S.A.E.'s and dates must be some of Mr. Nodel's "university yokels," for they caught on to square dance steps so fast that the caller wanted to enter them in the National Folk Festival. Martha and Charlie went off in a corner and did the Lindy Hop.

P. Du Ree (aqua pura) Caldwell took the stony hill to the swimming pool so fast (and in his bare-foot too) that one of the snippy co-eds squealed, "He must think he's going from the Sig Alph house to Vescovo's."

Harry (Cowboy) Gibbs serenaded Ginny Brown at dawn Sunday morning. His costume: boots, sombrero, and blue jeans. His instrument: the "acoredine."

Al (Dizzy Dean) Von Hoffman follows Ethel Jane Ellis to all fraternity dances in that slick car of his. Then whenever guys like us is dancing with her Al grabs us gently but firmly by the arm. It's real devotion though.

Bob Stockho and John Clark can't ever decide who should take Virginia Heath, an off-campus beauty, to Candlelight. So they sandwich it. That Sig Chi grip must mean something.

Cam Higgenbotham had better watch his step in dating Barbara Judd, that nifty transfer from Maryland. Jimmy (Killer) Ingham could hardly study for finals for thinking about Barbara. And remember, Cam, Jim can meet you either on the mat or with the gloves, if the occasion demands.

Beanie Bryan says he couldn't have directed the Sig Alphas to victory in the sing if Peggy Lou Baker hadn't been in the stands cheering him on.

Blind dates aren't always a washout. Jim Redman had one with Margaret Simpson for his house party. It looked like a good combination. Jim is non-committal. All he'll say is: "the ideal girl is a red-head who can sing."

Dan McCluney spent a week-end at his farm near Columbia a fortnight or two ago. The reason: the Tri-delt girls were scheduled to stop at their Mizzou chapter house on the way to and from a province convention at K.C. Dan met the triple-delts each time and took Mickey McCulloch out to dinner. That is devotion.

A number of Rolla miners also hung around Columbia that week-end. They had "blinds" with several of the Tri-delts. Gwennie Oliver was thrilled to draw the son of the president of Peru—a handsome Latin and a real tango artist.

Gentlemen: In case you were not previously informed, Betty Middleton dragged Hunker to the Kappa dance.

Sally Alexander, Peggy Woodlock, Bob White and Fred Leyhe had a picnic (with ants and everything) in the great outdoors (namely, Woodlock's backyard.)

Bee Whitney had a date one bright afternoon and the couple decided, for a laugh, to buy (from the dime store) wedding and engagements rings . . . Rey Eilers saw the sparklets, thought them real, and was he mad . . .

Note: "Honeychild" Davis, several days after the last issue of *Eliot*, came to school wearing his fraternity pin . . . I'm wondering if the girl friend at Vanderbilt returned it . . . He is now interested in Betty Leutscher . . . An ex-beau of Mary Alt is due in town next week . . . What will the poor little heart-throb do with W.J.G. Neun, Jr. Beth Nelson has two Charlies on her list . . . I imagine she will take a Charles to the Theta's next shin-dig . . . Kay Galle was seen on a picnic with Bill Brooking . . . Brook-

(Continued on page 23)



## Poet's Page

### TANEYCOMO AT SUNSET

*Willow trees against the sunset,  
Mingling odors of pine and creosote from the rail-  
road trestle.*

*Green crease furrowing through the water  
As the gray oars dip rhythmically,  
Cool air bringing odors of fresh-cut grass—  
And the willow flies, swarming, fall  
To the water and float, a prey to striking bass.*

*A tree frog rasps on the hill and another answers,  
A whippoorwill calls his quick, staccato notes,  
And the stars begin to puncture  
The pale, softly sunlit blue in the east.  
Darkness enfolds, and my pencil-mark  
Grows dim, my eyes narrow  
To follow the jiggling line, and  
We turn our boat and softly paddle home.*

—R. T. Queen.

### THE MORIBUNDUS

*Incalescent the night as insects strum, beating a  
threnody of life;*

*Febrile is my skin and hot my breath.*

*The brume of the lake creeps on stealthy feet within  
the room.*

*There is no moon to quell the choking darkness, and  
the vague narcosis of sleep lulls me to oblivion  
—the fingers of death softly stroke my eyelids  
like a cool hand, seeking.*

*Days have been many and I am not loathe to go  
into that silence all-encompassing with the  
tender arms of the cool lover clasped about me.*

*How insistent is he and how strong his call!*

—R. T. Queen.

### THE SHALLOW POOL

*As one by the side of a pool  
who idles at ease  
to dabble his feet in the shallows  
discovers the cool  
green-wavering surfaces rising  
in sudden seas,  
so am I caught by surprise and  
immersed in these  
your delicate ankles arched,  
your delicate knees,  
your face without passion, your hand  
without passion, even  
your eyes unshadowed,  
unshadowed as level land  
unshadowed by trees!*

—Thomas Lanier Williams.

### PENATES

*Identities become confused  
With chairs and rugs and such  
When these for many years are used  
To our recurrent touch....*

*A porcelain that's out of place,  
The leaking of a pipe,  
A ravel in a bit of lace,  
Or melons over-ripe*

*Can more disturb our consciousness  
And cause us more dismay  
Than maritime disasters or  
Starvation in Cathay!*

—Thomas Lanier Williams.

### SANCTUARY

*Let down your hair, dream-dark at night...  
I shall forget that fear was bright,  
I shall evade whatever doom  
Was waiting in this narrow room!*

*I am secure locked in this tower...  
No peril looms beyond this hour,  
No foot shall scale this final stair  
When you let down your dream-dark hair!*

—Thomas Lanier Williams.



**BELLY-LOU**

(Continued from page 12)

a big mailbox at the forks on the Higginville road. Ed had on his Sunday-go-to-meetin' corduroys and they was plumb baggy in the seat. That weren't nothin' unusual o' course, all Ed's pants was baggy in the seat. But his Sunday pair had more'n customary leeway in that region. When he passed our place, Belly-Lou trotted down the road to follow him as she allus did, but this time the runts went along too. Now a houn's a nosin', curious critter and one o' them runts was mighty interested in that bulge to the rear o' Ed Gibson. It just didn't look right to him so he ups and attaches himself to that bulge awful sudden-like by way of investigatin' what it might contain. There wasn't much of Ed in the bulge, but the runt's teeth nicked him just the same. The whole thing was harder on Ed's digestion than anything else; it startled him bad and he swallowed an awful hunk o' Kentucky twist that he'd just bit off to do him 'til dinner time. Them pants of Ed's must've been in stock too long, 'cause the runt's teeth ventilated him so doggone well that Ed had to come up to the barn and let Paw sorta lace him up with binder twine before he could git on back home.

Belly-Lou was plumb embarrassed at the way the runts had acted, but she couldn't do anything about it—then. There weren't a lick o' logic in Ed nowhere and he *did* hold it against Belly-Lou about that airing he got. He said it was her runt did it, and even if the goods in them pants was rotten, that was no way fer a houn'-bitch to bring up her pups.

Now a houn'-critter takes a slight like that more to heart than some people would whose brats had tore up somethin' really valuable. Belly-Lou made it up to Ed though. That was the night Ed's leg went through a knot-hole in the old South Fork bridge. It tore Ed up considerable and he couldn't git his leg out'n that hole, but Belly-Lou she'd been follerin' Ed, she knowed he needed help, 'n help she brung too!

There'd been a storm ragin' and the crick was risin', but they got Ed 'fore the water had clumb high enough to drowned him. Since then, they ain't been nobody out to our way as could cast a slight at Belly-Lou when Ed's around.

**BETWEEN THE SHEETS**

(Continued from page 16)

But after I receive the sheepskin and have no more studying to do, my nightly dates will "fold" as neatly as a Boy Scout's tent, and after June 8, I will have to pretend that telephoned "I love you's" are as thrilling as the Gillete blade kisses I used to get in my college days. Oh, Mr. Editor, the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that the Dean was speaking directly to me when he said "the present day graduate will have to put up a strong fight if he expects to go anywhere at all."

But I still haven't told you the greatest calamity of all. Dad has declared that after I graduate I will either have to earn enough money to keep myself in mascara, manicures, cigarettes, charm bracelets, and permanents, or else I will have to give these things up entirely. He insists that he can't afford to humor my whims any longer, now that Joe is starting college and will need all of the extra family funds to pay for his fraternity pin, speed tickets, and corsages for the Freshman queens. Dad says that I am now old and wise enough to get a job and to prove that my college education has been worth-while. Now, Mr. Editor, you know perfectly well that my college education has been very worth-while to me, culturally and socially; I "got" Jimmy, learned how to play "pounce" and badminton, how to knit in Geology class when the room was darkened for the Yellowstone slides, how to make French book reports without reading the books, and how to spike rushees after the second party without getting reported to the Pan-Hel Council. But when I get technical about my education and begin considering it as a means of getting me out of the ranks of the unemployed, I find that the odds against it are so great that I might as well not even run in the job-hunting derby.

True, I have managed, after three terms of summer school, to accumulate enough credits to be among those eligible to purchase a diploma. I have also sat on enough hard chairs and listened to enough dull lectures to enable me to teach tender little lispers under the age of six how to cut out paper dolls and play in sand boxes. But even though I have the correct number of credits to rate a cap and gown, I do not have a sufficient number of grades above the region of "C" to convince any superintendent of any school that I am "Just the woman he is looking for" to teach his little ones



how to grow up to be intelligent citizens of the community. No, Mr. Editor, I'm definitely on the "black list" as far as landing a job is concerned, and my professional future looks as cheerless as a final exam.

In other words, for me, "A. B." spells social suicide; for without Dad's allowance I will soon be as obscure socially as an unpinned junior. I won't be able to haunt the places that my friends haunt, or cut the capers that my friends cut, if I have to depend upon my own puny purse. Why, Mr. Editor, I won't even *have* any friends. For nobody loves a moocher, and after I have smoked several packs of my sorority sisters' cigarettes and have drunk several "favor" cokes without returning the compliment, I will find myself as popular as little Lucy was in the first picture of a Lux Chips advertisement. I suppose that even Jimmy will desert me and start yodeling his auto horn in front of the Theta Room when he sees my unpermanented hair, my unmasked eyes, and my unmanicured nails, and that I shall eventually die an old maid just because I had brains enough to earn a degree.

Oh, Mr. Editor, when I think of all these troubles piled up so neatly before me, I become very frightened and am completely filled with the *weltschmerz* that I studied about in English 11, and I feel as futile as a spinning mouse. For in spite of finals and fossilized professors with their dull dronings, I have become very attached to this university, the way that you become attached to a pair of holy pajamas or a faithful toothbrush or some other intimate article that you use every day. And really, Mr. Editor, if Jimmy hadn't bet me a large coke that I couldn't get Wordsworth out of Germany in time to take the "long walk," I believe that I would just leave that poet struggling, snowbound in the mountains, and flunk the course so that I could come back to college and live a life of leisure and enjoyment again next year. It's that much, Mr. Editor, that I like Washington.

A Senior.

### WHAT DO SENIORS THINK?

(Continued from page 1)

*Joan Stealey:* 1. At a Pi Phi dance when I was president of the chapter—suddenly I saw a pair of panties lying in the center of the floor. 2. Lovick Draper. Three years. Faculty: McClure of the journalism department. 3. I intend to be mar-

ried as soon as I can. What do I look for in a husband? A sympathetic nature. 4. To be successful in advertising. 5. They are both inevitable but not necessary. Necking is a definitely overrated pastime. 6. Boy—Intelligence, not a stooge, but must be able to carry on an intelligent conversation; fairly good looking; nice appearance; personality more essential than physical appearance. No particular physical requirements. Guy Bramon. Girl—Looks are not so terribly essential; personality and intelligence most important. Somebody who can be serious but isn't except when necessary. Mary Wilson.

*Jack Percival:* 1. When I was initiated into S.A.E. 2. None of your damn business. 3. Love 'em and leave 'em. 4. to be a good dramatic singer. 5. Drinking: should not be done on the Chapel doorsteps. Necking: Should be limited by one's conscience. 6. A girl with beauty and personality and something on her mind besides eating.

*Roland Menown:* 1. When I got an A and four B's last semester. 2. Yes. Still on. 3. None in the near future. One of these days. 4. Be at the head of a big advertising concern. 5. Broad-minded on both subjects. 6. Jukie Forgey. Walter Lorch.

*Mary Wilson:* 1. Being a Pi Phi and all that goes with it. 2. Prof. Marsh for two years. 3. Haven't considered seriously. 4. Frankly, to graduate in 1937. 5. Drinking—quite all right if done in moderation. Necking—use discrimination in choosing whom to love. 6. Looks matter not at all. Should have a good sense of humor, good dancer, good all-round egg, ability to make money (honestly), taller than I am.

*Roland Meyer:* 1. The story about the three students who lost their scholarships over the R.O.T.C. controversy. 2. Oh, hell, these damn women around here! 3. Not 'til I have plenty of money and a great love comes into my life. 4. I'd like to write a daily column of some kind which would be syndicated in every newspaper. Or else, I'd like to take Hearst's place. 5. Both all right if taken in moderation. 6. Boy—The editor of *Student Life*, 1936. Girl—Any woman who would fall in love with the editor of *Student Life*, 1936.

*Julian Miller:* 1. That night up on the towers of Brookings Hall. 2. Once—wow! 3. Whenever I

(Continued on next page)



meet her—if at all. 4. To be the fellow who drops Meyer's columns in the wastebasket. 5. Drinking is an unnecessary pleasure. Necking is a necessary evil. 6. Girl—Aunt Anastasia. Boy—Halter Hinchell of Dirge, deceased, '34.

*Mary Stobie:* 1. As W.S.G.A. president. 2. Never mind who it was—but it lasted too long. 3. I don't have any—I'm going to be a school teacher, but I hope I'm not an old maid school teacher. 4. To be happy for the rest of my life. 5. We can easily do without both. 6. Boy—intelligence, sense of humor, active (interested in something besides going to classes), good looking.

*Al Fleischer:* 1. When I was a sophomore and my head was shoved into a crate of rotten eggs. (Frosh-Soph fight.) 2. I've had at least five, and they've lasted from one to two weeks. 3. As soon as I get enough dough. 4. Drinking—not in excess. Necking—excellent. 5. To have a steady income—in other words, not to be a song writer. 6. Little over average ability in everything. Not a grind in one thing.

*Bill Bohn:* 1. Sitting through my first class with Dr. Klamon. (After deliberation.) All the rest, same as Fleischer. (Real hero worship.)

*Janita Walters:* 1. Being president of Ternion and W.A.A. It's loads of fun having people think you're a good athlete when you're really not. 2. I guess I haven't had any or, at least, I'd know about them, don't you think? 3. Oh, yes, someday. As soon as I've done everything I want to. 4. To go to Hawaii and swim and surfboard ride. 5. O.K. in moderation. 6. Sense of humor, not too, too studious, but not stupid, and at least not ugly or repellent.

*Art Hauser:* 1. The 1936 commencement exercise when I was supposed to graduate. 2. If you don't know by now you don't know your campus gossip. 3. The sooner the better. 4. Executive in a public utility. 5. Emphatically approve of both of them, with discretion in drinking. 6. Intelligence, personality and beauty last.

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#### WHAT COLLEGE HAS NOT DONE FOR ME

(Continued from page 11)

first, but when I found the examinations in these courses completely unintelligible, I was certain that somewhere in my college career the scientific spirit had failed to become a part of my mental machinery. And it is still lacking.

Some have said that college should instill in the student a love for the classics. This has not been so in my case. In fact, if there is anything more distasteful to me than a Greek class, I can't think of it at the moment. Not satisfied with the fact that I was required to take his course if I wished to graduate and was therefore already doomed to boredom, my professor told me one day as I was translating a particularly dull passage from Xenophon, that my pronunciation was terrible. This prompted me to reply that I was afraid I could never read Greek with feeling, and what was more, I had no such aspirations. This, of course, put the professor and me upon the friendliest of terms! I flunked the course. Thus, it came about that during my senior year I had to take the whole thing over again, besides hiring a tutor to whom I paid \$35.00. I still dream of the new spring suit I might have had. You can readily see why I have no love for the classics.

College has never made me a B. M. O. C. ("big man on the campus," to you). My extra-curricular activities have been confined to mere reporting of unimportant and unexciting events in the college newspaper and a membership in the campus dramatic club. The only office I have ever held was that of Treasurer of the latter organization, a position which, by the way, will gain you more enemies than anyone could conscientiously feel comfortable about having. Not being a B. M. O. C. has rendered me the delightful peace of mind which comes in knowing that you do not have to be forever equipped with bright sayings and salutations for other B. M. O. C.'s as you pass them on the campus. People never ask me to pose for pictures, or to sign their autograph books. If I wish, I can pass them by with not even so much as a glance, because they don't know me and, what makes it even pleasanter, I don't know them.

Another thing that may surprise you is that I have never become a football fan. There are those who believe that if college does nothing else for you, it should, by all rights, fill you with a love for football. This, it has not done for me. I may as well frankly admit that I could live happily the rest of my life without ever seeing another football game. In my freshman year, I made a conscious effort to understand the game, but somehow, after spending hour upon hour watching the game, fairly melted by the sun's rays or numbed by icy winds (the

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**BETWEEN BELLES**

(Continued from page 18)

ing and Deckert slipped off to have a coke and Deckert almost slugged Bill. Incidentally did you know that Teedee Alexander (Sally's sister) is secretary to Bobby Meeker . . .

Mary Wingert, Margie Parman, George Kletzker and Bill Seibert had been on a picnic and began the long journey home . . . Deciding to quench old man thirst, they stopped at a tavern . . . the boys became playful and had a little fight with some tough eggs who pulled out black jacks . . . so chairs were used as a defense, and the referee, one of the badge boys, took the crowd to jail . . . Mary took Bill's car keys and went after Dr. Seibert, who put up the bail for the Sig Chi ruffians . . . Charlie Seibert spent \$2 this month to hit his brother Bill . . . A little expensive, to say the least . . . "Yore is the sweetest boy I know"—so "Ginger" Rasbach informed me.

But Egbert says, "All Washington U. girls are sweet, and Auntie told me the boys are too." So, with the promise of greater snooping heights than ever next semester, I in the name of Auntie and my whole family, I bid you, "Don't drink too much sarsaparilla the night of your last final."

Eg.

**GRADUATE?—NEVER!**

(Continued from page 15)

raderie which exists on the campus. The world at large often condemns colleges for just these things. It is said that college students are educated and trained in a world apart from reality—or, far more correctly, brutality. It is certainly no lie to say that in college there is something that the business world definitely lacks—trite but truly, college spirit. Nowhere in the business world, with the possible exception of the professions, is there an equal opportunity for making acquaintances with interesting people, and nowhere are there such friendly relationships between those working beside one another.

Leaving college is leaving all this behind. There will be no more three or four minute chats with friends and acquaintances as you smoke a cigarette between classes, no more quick trips to the campus store for a coke or a glass of beer before class, and

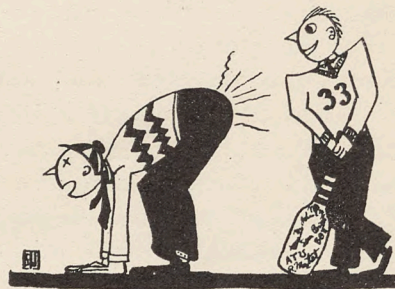
week-end dances will become the exception rather than the rule for those who graduate from college.

No, I can find no half-way valid reason for the avidly expressed desire of seniors to graduate and get out of school and college for once and for all. Certainly no self-respecting college student strains either mind or muscle in daily toil, and the mode of existence termed college life certainly has a goodly share of compensating features for allowing someone else to control your purse-strings. I'm going to stay in college, have fun living an easy life, and stave off my graduation date as long as it's humanly possible.

**WHAT COLLEGE HAS DONE FOR ME**

(Continued from page 10)

probably spent as much time loafing on the Quad as any one in my class, but I have never turned in a paper or made a report late in my four years in school. Of this latter I am proud.



I do not long for the "good old days."

I've done my best to cover both sides of my "college self" in these paragraphs—the side universally admired . . . and the other—and if I've failed I can only say: try looking at yourself some time. That brings me up to the present, commencement time, but the way I am for this short period doesn't really matter. Nobody is himself when he is in the midst of graduation. Let's pass over my "graduating self" and look ahead to what I expect my "graduate self" to be. Will a Bachelor of Arts degree from a first-rate university do me any good when I attempt to break into the business world, or will my four years in college turn out to have been a waste of time?

I saw in recent issues of *Eliot* and of *Student Life* that a number of authorities have agreed there are better prospects for graduates to get jobs this year than there has been for quite some time. It is gratifying to know that I picked a good year to graduate, but prospects in general are really neither here nor there for me specifically. The important thing is this: in a week or two I am going to have to start look-

(Continued on next page)



### WHAT COLLEGE HAS DONE FOR ME

(Continued from page 23)

ing for a job, and I have never worked before in my life.

There are a lot of different things that I would like to do: writing, singing, perhaps acting; but there is nothing that I won't do, and there is nothing that I feel I can't do. I am certain that I can adequately fill any position, no matter how large or small, or, for that matter, carry out any job. For this belief in my own capabilities I can thank only my years in college. The ability to meet people and make friends that I have acquired in the university will stand me in good stead all the rest of my life. The knowledge which I have garnered from textbooks and lectures puts me on an equal footing with any person under the sun, and the liberal education which I got from my extra-curricular activities, not forgetting bull sessions, has given me the jump on the majority of students. The ability to talk, seriously or amusingly, on practically any subject will pass me into the most exclusive circles, if any as a paid entertainer. Certainly with all these things in my favor the future can cause no great fear. I fully intend to be successful in my chosen field.

I realize that there will be disappointments, many of them, but I am ready to face them down and to re-start as often as necessary my climb to the top. I realize that I will probably encounter a bit of cheating and sneaking after I am in business, but have no illusions about these things; I am fully aware that unscrupulousness is pretty common, and if necessary, I can learn a few tricks myself. I realize that the road to success is long and, very often, round-about, but I am young and patient and not afraid of detours. I know that there will be many sorrows which may distract me from my course, but I am big enough, thanks to college studies of the lives and philosophies of great men, to overcome these and keep on my way.

I would not trade my years in college, and what they have brought me, for those of any one I know. I am as well prepared to make a success in life as any college graduate in the country, and, best of all, I am eager to be on my way.

### THE VISITING FIREMEN

(Continued from page 14)

clubs are generally well-filled with celebrities, but admission to these is restricted, and a visiting delegate, besides knowing where they are, must be obviously "in the money" or he is not admitted. Any native can identify tourists immediately, and unless they have the required appearance they are turned away.

The best places to see the heroes and heroines at dinner time are the Hollywood Brown Derby, Sar-

di's and Levy's on first nights, and the Beverly Hills Brown Derby any evening, but particularly on Thursday, "maid's day out." Many of the colony eat there on Thursday, even when they haven't a maid, because, by so doing, it looks as if they have one. Because of the crowd of "regulars" it is difficult for a stranger to get a table. There are few of those "little out-of-the-way spots where the food is delicious" in Hollywood, and celebrities prefer to dine where they will be seen.

It is all a fairly hopeless problem. Residents of the town wish they could find places to go where they would not see celebrities, and the sight-seers have difficulty in locating the "spots" where they are to be found. So the "visiting firemen" content themselves by getting into studios when they can, by day, and wondering and wandering by night.

And they always ask the same questions.

### WHAT COLLEGE HAS NOT DONE FOR ME

(Continued from page 22)

weather is never just right at a football game), I despaired of ever learning. The next two years I attended the games simply because I felt it was the thing to do, and my friends got such a kick out of it. But now I can no longer remain so deceitful. Watching eleven men being knocked over by eleven other men, picking themselves up and coyly repeating the procedure is about as interesting to me as a photograph of the Central Park Obelisk in its Egyptian home.

And another thing, college hasn't made me a drunkard. Not that I don't enjoy a few bottles of beer, or even better, a Mint Julep or a Scotch and seltzer, but I can't see the point, as some of my worthy fraternity brothers and classmates do, in getting drunk. Maybe that's because I've only been drunk twice in my life, and I just haven't got the swing of it yet. But if all hangovers are like the ones I've had, and I have no reason to believe they aren't, I want no more of them. I am looked upon as being rather peculiar when I suggest to my friends that we enjoy the drinks before us rather than play "bottoms-up" with full glasses of beer. Enjoying my liquor is an old trick I learned in Europe, and I am not willing to give it up yet.

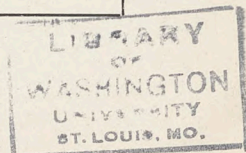
There is one thing that really bothers me, though, about the four years I have spent in college. In all those years, I feel I have gained no more than a smattering of knowledge about any of the subjects I have studied. This puts me in a hell of a fix, doesn't it? Or does it? For after all, I am inclined to agree with the person who said that education is not life, but life is education. And I am damned glad I am graduating.



## A Student Reflects

*I remember the day that I came to college  
To drink my fill from the cup of knowledge,  
And gain what they call a coat of culture,  
From first year Greek to horticulture.  
I gave up dances, dates, and beers,  
And settled down for those four long years;  
And I learned that one of the seas is Baltic,  
And igneous rocks are not all basaltic.  
I studied the ancient laws of Rome,  
And the family life of a chromosome;  
I learned why Greeley said "Youth, go west;"  
I watched a hydrozoa egest;  
I dwelled on the lives of Thucydides,  
Plato, Homer, and Themistocles;  
I poked around in an earthworm's belly  
While I memorized a poem by Shelley;  
I studied the "Glorious Revolution"  
And the definition of an "institution;"  
I wrote discussions on Charlemagne  
Attila, the Hun, and Lynn Fontaine;  
Of the Latin verbs, I took the lot  
Amo, amas, amamus, amat.  
I finished up with a 2.3  
And I barely missed a Phi Beta Key.  
Steeped in knowledge from wisdom's marts  
I was bubbling over with Liberal Arts.  
Cum laude, on Commencement Day  
Awaiting my sheepskin, I could say  
That I'd done quite well. I closed my eyes  
In peaceful thought, 'neath those peaceful skies.  
As the Valedictorian's voice droned on  
I thought of the years that had come and gone,  
But you know, as I sat there in reverie,  
The funniest thought occurred to me:  
I had studied extensively as hell  
But there wasn't ONE thing I knew real well.  
"I wonder," I said, as I scratched my knob,  
"Where in the heck I can get a JOB!"*

—Butler Bushyhead.





# Janet Gaynor says:

## "Leading artists of the screen prefer Luckies"



"I live at the beach most of the year and there is hardly a weekend that a number of friends don't drop in. Naturally, I keep several brands of cigarettes on hand, but the Luckies are always the first to disappear. I suppose it's just natural that Luckies would be the favorite brand because picture work certainly places a severe tax on the throat. Leading artists of the screen prefer Luckies because they are a light smoke that sympathizes with tender throats."

*Janet Gaynor*

FEMINE STAR OF DAVID O. SELZNICK'S  
TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION OF "A STAR IS BORN"

Copyright 1937 The American Tobacco Company

**The Finest Tobaccos—  
"The Cream of the Crop"**



An independent survey was made recently among professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, scientists, etc. Of those who said they smoke cigarettes, over 87% stated they personally prefer a light smoke.

Miss Gaynor verifies the wisdom of this preference, and so do other leading artists of the radio, stage, screen and opera. Their voices are their fortunes. That's why so many of them smoke Luckies. You, too, can have the throat protection of Luckies—a light smoke, free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive process "It's Toasted". Luckies are gentle on the throat.

# A Light Smoke

"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection **AGAINST IRRITATION  
AGAINST COUGH**



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THE ELIOT  
1936-1937

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SPEC. COLL. ~~378.1~~ PER

Washington univ.

The Eliot.

v.4. 1936-37.

*R. S. Stanford*  
*WR* *3-15-42*

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42  
SPEC. COLL.  
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U. A.  
1936-37.



