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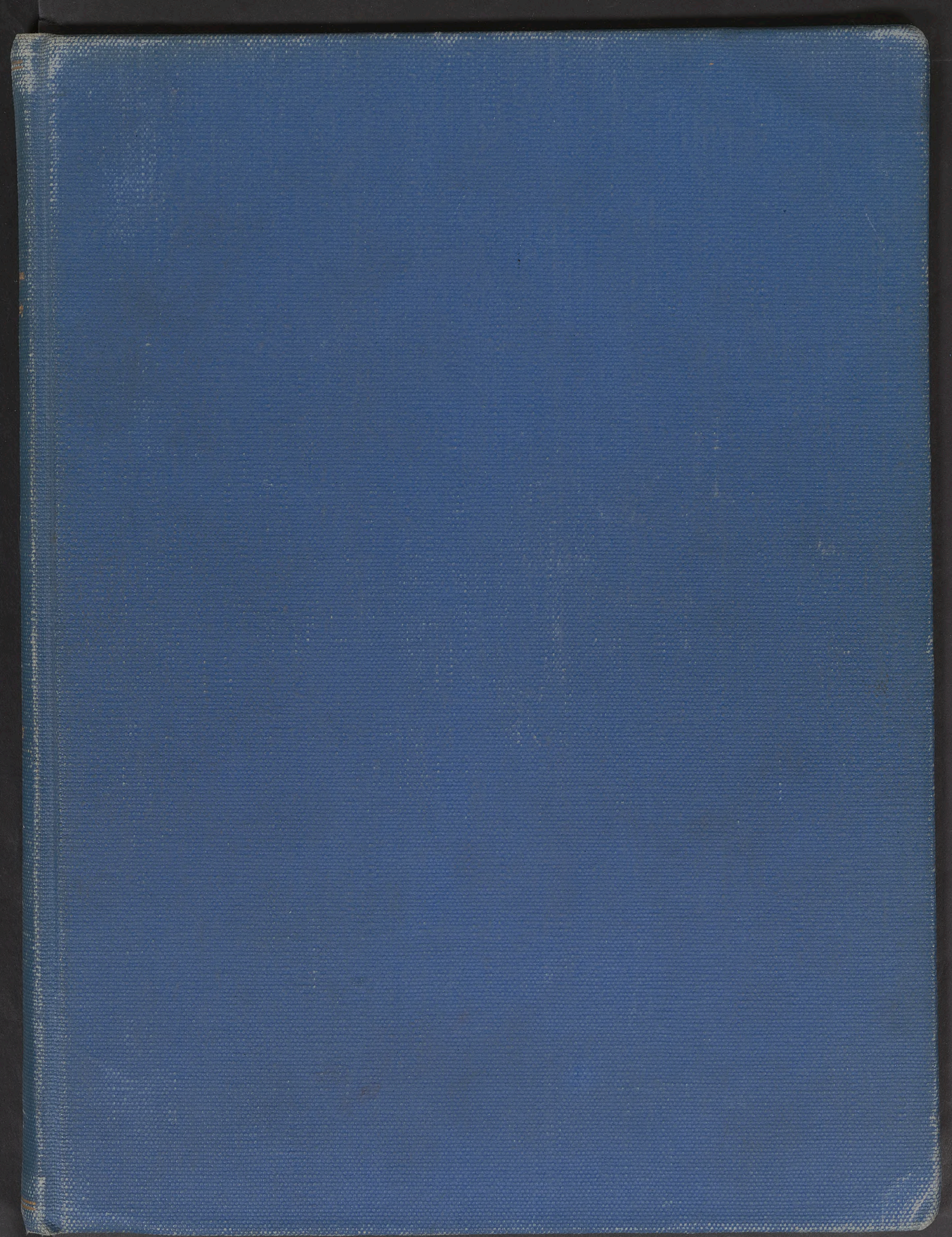
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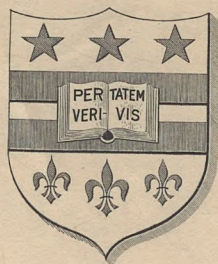
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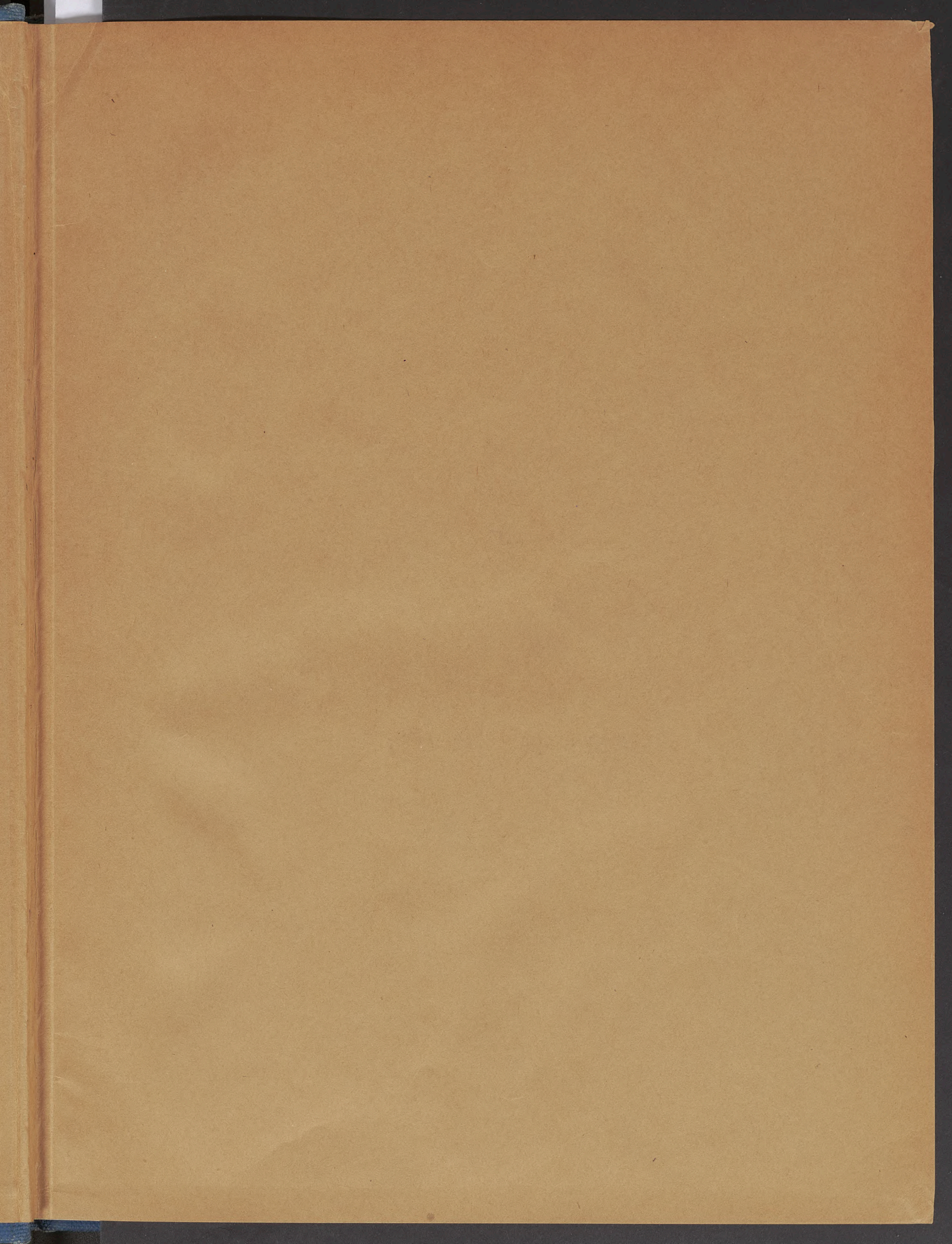
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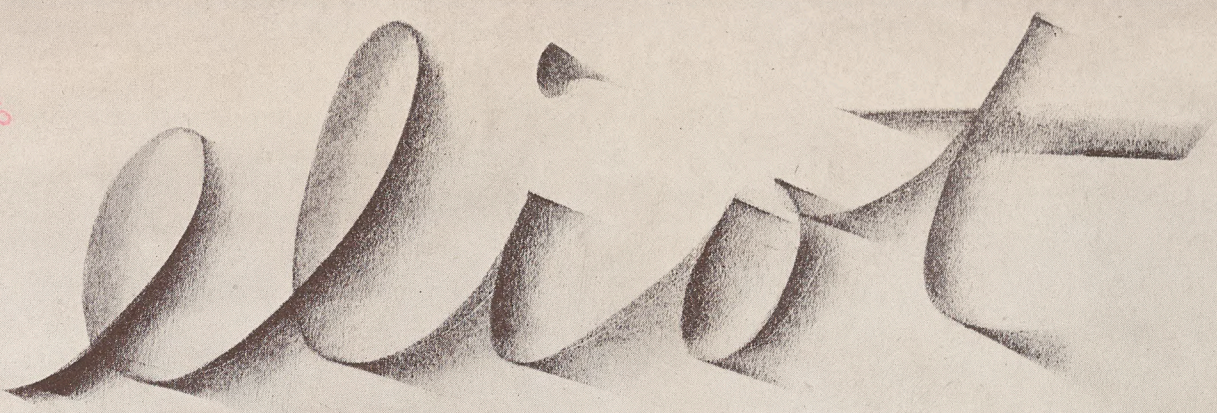


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MARTYL





YOU... *and* a LIGHT SMOKE

It is a Lightness in the smoke that makes people choose Luckies. A rich, clean Lightness in the taste. A smooth Lightness of "feel" in the throat. Puff by puff, a delightful sense of ease. From the choosing of the finest center-leaf tobaccos—to the "Toasting" which removes certain harsh irritants naturally present in all tobacco, every careful measure of Lucky Strike's manufacture is designed to please you more... to offer A Light Smoke of rich, ripe-bodied tobacco.

*Luckies* - a light smoke  
OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO - "IT'S TOASTED"



## THE BETTER THINGS

October 3—*Jessie B. Chamberlain* begins the Saturday afternoon gallery talks for 1936-1937 with a discussion of "Titian" at the Art Museum at 3:30 p.m.

October 6—*Franklin M. Biebel* opens the series, *Sources of Modern Painting*, with the talk, "Beginnings in Italy," 2:30 p.m. at the Art Museum.

October 10—*Jessie B. Chamberlain* will discuss *Vincent Van Gogh*, at 3:30 p.m. at the Art Museum.

October 13—*Frank M. Biebel* will discuss the "Beginnings in the North-Breughel."

October 16—*Principia* begins its season of concerts by presenting *Catherine Neisle*, contralto, *Howard Hall*, 8:30 p.m.

October 17—Saturday afternoon gallery talk by *Jessie Chamberlain* on "The Paintings of Corot," 3:30 p.m.

October 17—November 8—Members of the Artists' Guild exhibit "Summer Sketches."

October 20—The Civic Music League presents *Enzo Pinza* at the Municipal Auditorium.

October 20—*Franklin M. Biebel* talks on "High Renaissance—Titian and El Greco" at the Museum.

October 30-31—The Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra opens its 1936-1937 season with a pair of Gala Opening Concerts, 8:30 p.m. at the Municipal Auditorium.

November 3—*Franklin M. Biebel* lectures on "Holland—Hals and Rembrandt" at the Museum, 2:30 p.m.

November 6-7—*Jascha Heifetz*, violinist, will play with the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra at the Municipal Auditorium, at 8:30 p.m.

November 7—Gallery talk by *Jessie Chamberlain* on "Prints of Modern Masters," 3:30 p.m. at the Museum.

November 10—*Franklin M. Biebel* speaks on "Spain—Velasquez and Goya," at 2:30 p.m. at the Museum.

November 12, 13, and 14—"Shoemaker's Holiday," written by *Thomas Dekker*, will appear at the Little Theater.

November 13—*Principia* brings the *Kolisch String Quartet* to Saint Louis.

November 13-14—The Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra will play *Special Orchestral Features*, 8:30 p.m. at the Municipal Auditorium.

November 14—December 7—The Fifth Annual Exhibition of Crafts and Water Colors opens at the Artists' Guild.

EDITH GREIDERER

## POETS' CORNER

### SONNET TO FOLLOW "DESCRIPTION OF SPRING. WHEREIN EACH THING RENEWS, SAVE ONLY THE LOVER," BY SURREY

*Sooty spring is come; the beds I gently hoe  
Green shoots of future flowers now display,  
And eke the shoots I water tapets show;  
The leaves I care for harbor blossoms gay.  
One Rose alone repulseth my command;  
One flower only scorneth all my plea;  
With sorrow fraught, I can but understand  
Her beauty does not wish to bloom for me.  
Were she but like the flowers that I tend,  
Bedreynt with kindness as the bud with dew,  
At my attention she her will would bend,  
And I the summertime would love anew.*

*Were Rose a Rose, then I might near her hove,  
Happy the man whose garden is his love.*

This sonnet was written for an English XI assignment. The author wishes it to be anonymous.

### FACES

*I am an artist,  
Each day painting  
Upon my face  
A portrait of myself.  
My thought is the brush,  
Experience  
Is my pallet,  
Color—the gift of time.  
Each smile and each tear,  
Each joy, each fear,  
Each evil, good,  
Will make its brush stroke here.  
When I have finished,  
In my gloaming,  
My face will be  
A picture of my life.  
A cynic, a saint,  
A knave, a fool—  
Each canvas shows  
The winding trail of life. TOM KIRKSEY.*

### STATUS QUO—A LA EDGAR GUEST

*'Tis hard to make meet both ends  
Since the price of food is up, my friends.  
I said to my grocer, just yesterday,  
" 'Tis for us poor, sir, hard to pay."  
He looked at me sadly, then heaved a sigh,  
And looked away, a big tear in one eye.  
"Aye" said he. "But 'tis hard, too, for me.  
Aye, 'tis hard, as hard as hard can be."  
And again he looked sadly and heaved a great sigh  
And balanced a double sized tear in that eye.  
"It's just mere money with you, for the most part.  
But with me, it's a pain—down deep in my heart."  
"There, there," said I. "Be of cheer, sir, I pray,  
We're lucky to be alive in good ol' U. S. A."*

AL WILKINSON



Dear Arleen:

I'm afraid I'll have to desert dear old ELIOT. This business of always looking around for two cigarettes in the dark is not what its cracked up to be. Honestly I hate of quit, but my man Elmer insists I give my all to him. So I suppose this must be my farewell letter to you.

I had lunch down at the Art School cafeteria yesterday and overheard a janitor saying to a companion, "There are a lot of freshman girls this year, but not the right kind." And then he looked straight at me. I gave him my Mary Institute glance (and it is a WOW even though I have gone there only one year) and it made him freeze and put him in his place so definitely I'll wager he is still seeing things through a sheet of ice.

The gentle summer breezes—the few we had—stirred up little dust. But enough to know the same romantic streets are being trod, with the same numerous blind allies and one-way boulevards to confuse little boy Cupid.

For instance, the link binding Junior Oscar Reichardt and Ethel Jane Ellis has been snapped. Ethel Jane did not like to be tied down, so she said, and got rid of the ball and chain. Charlotte Widen and Bob White also saw the Exit door; opened it, and parted. Apparently for no reason. All new freshman material is being carefully oggled by George Capps, who wants some one to take the place of Grace Gale, now at U.C.L.A. Capps will no doubt give several a trial before concentrating. And George does like to concentrate.

Dale Clover handed over his Maltese cross in August to Marie Bordon, red-headed import fresh from New Awleans. He hardly waited until his fraternity brother, Bob Maushardt, had been definitely told to cash in his chips, but delt himself in and is staying. Bob is plenty sore about the whole affair. Ken Meacham, the essence of Kappa Alpha Southern, pitched in the Comstock league all summer, struck all others out, and brought about the climax by hanging the pin on Virginia.

Marion Ketter had bright visions of returning to the campus with a

Phi Delt pin from Wisconsin but came back undecorated. So it looks as if Clarence Garvey will have to comfort her. Or will he when he finds out about the Phi Delt disappointment? The fifteen page special delivery air-mail letters he received from her during the summer may blot out any clouds. Ozzie Gibbons also received letters from Miss Ketter, but it is Clarence who probably has the edge with this blond. Lady Killer Ozzie seems to be losing the old appeal, but as Germany would say, "What's a few scraps of paper more or less?"

Joe (One Punch) Noskay took care of Imogene Philpot for Bill Bowman during the summer. So well indeed that perhaps Bill could have been replaced. But Gentleman Joe has retired to the bench, of his own free will. The tall blond from the Art School who spends all spare time here on the "hill," and is a double for Mary E. Wilson (in looks that is), is Mary Catherine Hastey. Captain Alviero Iezzi is the reason. And it is mutual.

Evelyn (Stay as sweet as you are) Bissell is being very well educated and doing all right. John Russell and Gene Beare not knowing the connection between wool and the eyes. George Mueller and Billie Doctor are still letting the same cupid handle their affairs—with Mueller still encouraging Billie to continue at the girls' school. Brother Fred Varney, however, is not going on all twelve cylinders. He and Jane Ebling, it seems, having strained their bindings. I saw Jane at Garavelli's without Fred or the K.A. pin.

Betty Wagner has at last made the final decision

and as a result Joe Manderfield finds himself alone. Austin Brown is the lucky man, with the wedding probably being held in the spring. The Lovejoy family is living up to its name. Now that Muriel is Mrs. Stock, her sister Shirley has almost seconded her sister's performance, being pinned to Bob Jorden, another Theta Xi.

Could it be that Roy Martintoni turned down that teaching job way out in the stix just because St. Louis is so much nearer Hillsboro in summer and Champaign in winter—these two metropolises being where "Peach Bas-

(Continued on page 24)







SHE: . . . **"FRESH!!!"**

HE: . . . **"YOU SAID IT!"**



ZIPS OPEN DOUBLE-QUICK!

Outer Cellophane Jacket opens from the Bottom.  
Inner Cellophane Jacket opens from the Top.

Copyr., 1936, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

AND you'll say "fresh," too . . . when those appetizing *Double-Mellow* Old Golds pop out of their *double-Cellophaned* package. And, if Old Gold's doubly-fresh prize-crop tobaccos don't give you double-smoking-pleasure double-quick . . . THEN, we'll pay you double-your-money-back. And *that* is a double-dare.

PRIZE-CROP TOBACCOS MAKE THEM **DOUBLE-MELLOW**  
**2** JACKETS OF "CELLOPHANE" KEEP THEM **FACTORY-FRESH**



# Fashions

by

Florence Kay

by Jules Pierlow

Does your wardrobe need that certain something that makes the stag like the hen, the jump and the library loafers take a second look? Are you looking for something that does things for your spirits and appearance? If you are, you're sure to find it in the Junior Shop or Country Club Shop at Kline's. They've got what it takes to make a successful college career.

The dress on the opposite page—the one on the left—is the sort of dress that every coed dreams of but rarely finds. It's an evening dress that is demure and fetching one moment and equally as exciting and naughty the next. The amazing transformation is achieved by a tiny fitted bolero jacket with the perkier sleeves possible. They stand straight up forming a peak on each shoulder. The dress is of black silk taffeta made on the new princess lines and has eight gores that make the skirt full enough to swish to the liveliest tune.



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ag liThe hemline is bound in strips of tur-  
r somequoise blue and grape. Without the jac-  
re skirt the decollète bodice is quite daring.  
ot whA touch of color is added by a small  
turquoise and grape bow placed on the  
right shoulder strap. Louise Mulligan,  
the designer, calls this "Border Rustler."

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The other evening dress can serve  
double duty as a dinner dress or for  
very formal occasions and is on the  
right. The bodice is of flowered lame  
cut on the new Napoleonic style featur-  
ing the high waistline and short puffed  
off-the-shoulder sleeve. The slim waist-  
line effect is further increased by a  
flared peplum that is tied very tightly  
in back. The graceful black transparent  
velvet skirt is straight with a slight flare  
at the hemline. A hat is optional with  
this dress depending upon the time and  
place.

To the left on the opposite page is  
shown a sports outfit that is the main-  
stay of every coed from the Atlantic to  
the Pacific. Although this is the regula-  
tion collegiate uniform, this particular  
costume is especially outstanding be-  
cause of its effective combination of  
colors. The skirt is of a black novelty  
weave with two box pleats in front. In  
back is an inverted pleat that can well  
be called the action pleat because it  
makes the skirt grand for walking and  
real activity. The sweater is an imported  
Botany's Austrian wool that is soft as  
down. And the color is this new corona-  
tion red shade that is flattering to both  
blondes and brunettes. The cardigan jac-  
ket has an interesting plaid that picks  
up the color of sweater and skirt. It is  
finished off in black grosgrain ribbon  
like all Brook's jackets. The tyrolean hat  
of coronation red to match the sweater  
completes a perfect campus ensemble.

You've now seen how to appear de-  
mure, daring, sophisticated, and collegi-  
ate, but no college curriculum is com-  
plete without one more item. To be ultra  
smart the dress on the right on the op-  
posite page is just "the" thing. This  
sports dress repeats the popular shirt-  
waist theme but with new details that  
make it unusual. It's a rabbit wool in  
Phillip Morris tan—the new shade that  
goes well with brown, black or any of  
the warm fall shades. It has two high  
patch pockets and a very high round  
neckline. A very effective accent is  
added by a natural calf belt and natural  
calf buttons on the pockets and cuffs.  
An inverted pleat to the waist of the  
yoke in back gives a comfortable roomy  
appearance. With this is shown a brown  
felt roller which has become the coed's  
favorite because of its versatility.

Besides the models shown Kline's  
Junior Shop has a large selection of  
good looking dresses priced from \$10.75  
to \$29.75. They are Louise Mulligans  
which are featured exclusively at  
Kline's. For sports clothes Kline's Coun-  
try Club Shop has a complete line of  
sweaters and skirts ranging from \$3.98  
to \$10.95 and knit dresses from \$7.98 to  
\$29.75. As accents for the sweaters  
many attractive scarfs are shown. Also  
featured in the Country Club Shop is  
riding apparel. All the accessories pic-  
tured here are from Kline's millinery  
and shoe departments.





**We Have With Us - - -**

BILL MOORE, our former co-editor, who masquerades as Alladin and sets out to conquer the obstinacies of a kerosene lamp. Needless to say, his masterful six feet three inches comes out victorious.

ROLAND MEYER, editor-in-chief of Student Life, giving us a glimpse of his paper in the pathetic days of no co-eds. That reporter of 1888 was certainly an advanced thinker!

JULIUS NODEL, a poet who has turned to prose. This month he flings out a challenge to the uplifters of the down-trodden. We trust there will be a reply.

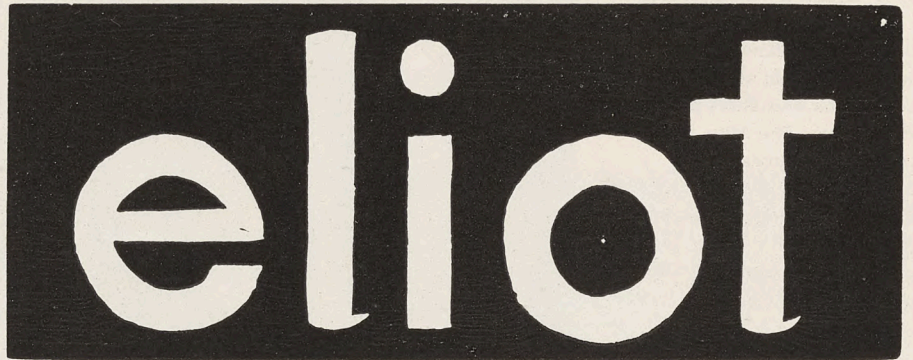
LACKLAND BLOOM, who, you will recall, knows his sports. Lack surveys the Bears in "Eleven by Conzelman—1936."

NANCY KEALHOFER. Staffs may come and staffs may go, but Nancy just goes on writing snappy short stories. Her "Sophisticated Lady" is the tale of the little girl who thought she knew what it was all about.

JACK PICKERING, our new managing editor, who is really in the swim. We are glad he has confided the reason he always knows his Latin verbs.

MARTYL, Eliot's faithful standby, for, and with. She does a neat job on the cover this month.

**Washington University**



Vol. 4

OCTOBER, 1936

No. 1

**THE STAFF**

**Editor** ..... Arleen Thyson  
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**Art Editor**..... Martyl Schweig  
**Story Editor**.... Nancy Kealhofer  
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Serena Schult.  
**Art Staff:**—Charles Craver, Helene  
Callicotte, George Engelke.

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**Sophisticated Lady.** Page 10  
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Cover by **Martyl Schweig**

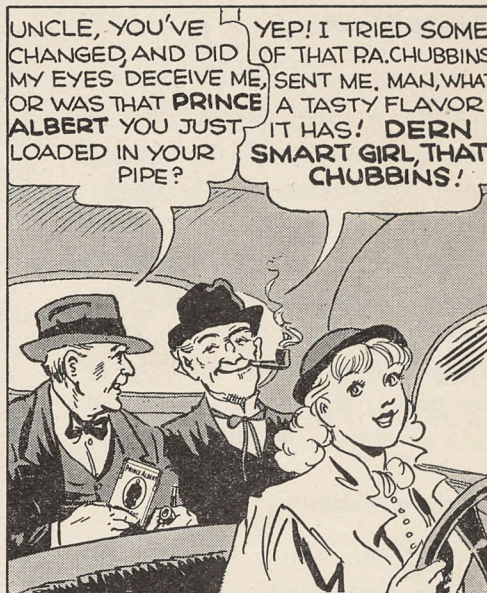
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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY ELIOT  
Skinker and Lindell :: :: St. Louis, Mo.  
Price \$1.00 a year; 15c a copy  
The Eliot is published monthly except in January, July, August and September  
Vol. 4, No. 1, OCTOBER, 1936  
Entered as second-class matter, under Act of Mar. 22, 1879, at the Post Office, St. Louis, Mo.





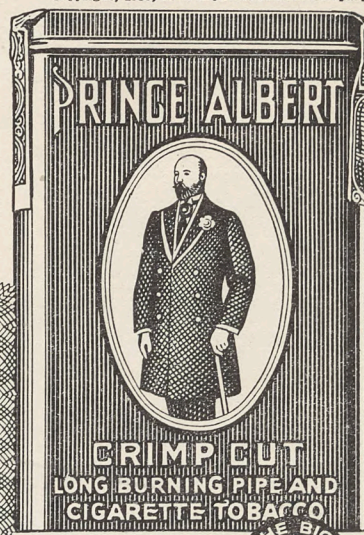
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Right on the back of the Prince Albert tin it says: "Prince Albert is prepared under the process discovered in making experiments to produce the *most delightful and wholesome tobacco.*" We think you'll agree once you try Prince Albert

and discover the extra smoking joy it brings. Prince Albert is "crimp cut," with the "bite" removed, made of choice tobaccos. Make Prince Albert your tobacco! P.A. is swell "makin's" for 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





## THE TOWERS—

### Hi-Yi-Yi

For a long time we have felt that the youth of our nation has been growing soft and decadent, and we feel this applies as much to farmer boys as to so-called "city fellows." What to do about youth in our cities, we do not know, but after much thought and deliberation, we have finally concocted a scheme for the re-invigoration of the country lads, which scheme will meet with the approval of every person in whom the good old hardy blood of our pioneer forefathers still flows.

In the old days, it will be recalled, no man, woman, or child could stray far from the clearing without being menaced by Indians. They lurked in all the shrubbery; their faces appeared at windows at night. Add to this, the fact that they were always shooting some stooge with their damned old bows and arrows or carrying off someone, and it is evident that those who survived in those days had to be mentally alert and physically fit.

Look, we ask you at the state of things now. Farmers can work their fields in perfect safety—any farmer's kid can stray off into the woods and be as safe as a nightingale—and worst of all city people can roam around, have picnics and get lost, with the perfect assurance that a highway with its filling stations and refreshment stands is just around the corner.

Now, we propose that what we call "the country" be once more populated with Indians who will act in approved Indian fashion, complete with war dances, arrows of fire and all the rest of the traditional equipment without which

no self-respecting Indian ever found himself. However, there is one great obstacle in the way of our scheme. The Indians have been on reservations so long, they don't know any of the things they should. In fact, they're said to be just wild about Cowboy and Indian pictures. At this point it is obvious to all readers of Eliot, and all thinking people as well, that the first thing we have to do is to educate the Indian, so he'll know what to do. In line with this, we have prepared a series of booklets all designed to instruct him in the proper performance of his duty. Some of these booklets and their titles include:

The Warpath—How to go on it and what to wear.

How to Use the Bow and Arrow in Five Easy Lessons.

How to Lurk in Thickets (whatever they are).

Correct Way to Conduct oneself at feasts, councils of war and Burnings-At-The-Stake (This last includes the correct dances, costumes and general behavior with which every Indian should be familiar.)

The Construction of the Wigwam and Birch-bark Canoe (All materials to be furnished by the government in its WPA capacity—See Section E of government ruling on the subject of the Edification and Home Life of the Redman.)

The Warhoop—Its principles and History (Because the Indian warhoop has played such an important part in both the history and fiction of this country, we should like to suggest that a course on this general subject be given not only to Indians but to students in every school and college throughout the United States. It could very well be substituted for some that are given now.)

These are all the booklets we have at present, but before we go

### Vive le Moore

We are sorry indeed that our Co-Editor, Bill Moore, has resigned because of an outside job. ELIOT, of course, is an "inside" job and it can easily be seen that Bill has to stay on one side or the other. However, we wish to express our appreciation to him for the great amount of assistance he has given us with this issue. Inside or out, he is still with us.

### Bye-bye, Birdie

RICKY, the "little brown bird" who has been sending us tasty tidbits of gossip for the past two years, has decided to fly away. It seems that her man Elmer is extremely domineering. Personally we think he is just a big bully, but when he says "No more gossip," he means just that. (It is delightful to imagine the dismay of the reader as he reaches this point.) But do not despair, Gentle Readers. Ricky comes from a very nosey family and her aunt, a scrupulous old lady who will keep gossip as pure as the driven snow, has kindly offered to take over her niece's column. So next month we shall introduce none other than that grand old lady of the yellow sheet—Ricky's

AUNT ANASTASIA



any further, we should like to call the attention of our readers to one thing: We positively refuse to put forth any booklet which would purport to tell the Indians how to travel through forests without making a sound. All this stuff about "not a twig cracked as Little Beaver moved silently and swiftly through the thick tangle of the forest" is a lot of tripe. We know—we've tried it, and the Indian never lived who could do it.

In conclusion, we—the editors of Eliot should like to ask for the whole-hearted cooperation of every student on this campus in our great project to re-invigorate the country youth of our nation. Others say it can only be done by war, but we say, "Indians."

### Gone is the Skunk

From the University of Kansas at Lawrence comes news that the long-existent feud between Kappa Alpha Theta, social sorority, and Phi Kappa Psi, social fraternity has come to an end.

Yes, they buried the hatchet at a steak fry at which members of both organizations agreed to bring to an end such things as skunks in the basement and rats in the attic.

However, we cannot help but heave a sigh for the good old days when the feud waxed hotly. There was the night (of course we never went to Kansas, but there was that night anyhow) when the Thetas were subjected to waves and waves of olfactory bombardment emanating from a large and somewhat bedraggled looking skunk who went to town in the basement of the sorority house. The only consolation to be had from the deed was that someone must have taken a beating getting the thing into the cellar, but that was nothing to what the police took getting it out after they shot it.

Then another night, when the big Theta dance of the year was coming off, a large horse was suddenly found in the parlor. Heigh Ho.

On the other hand, the Phi Psi's didn't always fare so well either. If we had been there, we could recall the night all the living room furniture was smeared with molasses and feathers, and many was the Phi Psi car painted a bright, flowing green.

Now, however, all is over—the flags have been furled and again there is peace. But still, a faint ray of hope comes our way. The two groups signed the same sort of truce in 1929, and it came to nought. Who knows, it may come to nought another time. Viva!

### Black and Blue

The popular establishment of Joe Garavelli recently witnessed an interesting scene. Norman Thomas was speaking at a Socialist luncheon there and several of the boys from the Hill were attending of course. As the speeches were being made they conceived a brilliant idea. Remembering that Mr. Garavelli was a recipient of a medal given by Mussolini as well as a Knight of one of the Italian orders, and knowing also that the friendly proprietor will shake hands with almost anybody—let him buy a bowl of chile or no—they hustled the unsuspecting restaurateur up to the socialist meeting. One of the boys called for silence and introduced Mr. Garavelli to the crowd. "Gentlemen," he said, "here is a man who

stands for the antithesis of everything you stand for." He then called for a speech from the bewildered Mr. Garavelli. It is reported that he declined, but a front row spectator says he heard something like, "Hello, my friends."

### New Blood

We were pleasantly surprised at the results of our two little "try-out" announcements. Artists, story writers, journalists, poets, and cartoonists from all classes and Schools of the University flocked to the two meetings held for staff candidates.

As a matter of fact, however, and as we made clear to those in attendance, these meetings were not try-outs, they were simply get-togethers. The only way to try out for Eliot is to try creating something to go on its pages. Anyone is welcome to do this whether he has attended any meetings or not.

But meetings do help candidates think of things to create; so in the near future we shall hold the biggest Eliot get-together yet, heralded by at least twenty-two great big announcements.



**-AND THE TOWN**

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# SOPHISTICATED LADY

by NANCY KEALHOFER

Illustrated by MARTYL SCHWEIG

IT was Sunday afternoon and it was hot and I was getting mighty tired of sitting in the swing on the front porch. So I went back to the kitchen and began complaining to Hattie.

"Would you mind telling me," I asked disgustedly, as I climbed up on the woodbox and propped one elbow against the window-sill, "just what I'm supposed to do with myself for the rest of the day?"

Hattie merely looked at me and then went right on slopping the dinner dishes around in that muddy-looking, negro dishwater that always makes you wonder if you could possibly eat another meal that came out of that kitchen.

"Look," I went on, sliding to a more comfortable position on the edge of the woodbox, "I've been home from school exactly four days and I've already read every book in the house. So here I am on Sunday, the worst day of all with absolutely nothing left to do. I've had my daily religion,—I went to Sunday-School and Church this morning just to prove to the townspeople that Northern college life didn't make a complete heathen of me, so now what? The picture show is closed on Sunday, I don't dare drag out a deck of cards, even for a nice quiet game of Solitaire, and if I started knitting on that sweater I began at school people would think I was positively immoral."

Hattie snickered a little and went over to the sink to empty the remains of the coffee. I noticed that she was still using the old battered coffee pot, although just the day before I had heard Dad give her strict orders to make the coffee in the new electric percolator.

"I don't think it's funny," I said glumly. "What do you do on Sunday when you finish up here?"

Hattie carefully chose another stick of wood and jammed it in the stove. "Wal, Miss Josie, mos' us'ly I jes' go home an' take a nap."

"Yeah, that does seem to be the thing to do," I said, listening to Dad's heavy breathing from his

rocker out on the back porch, "but you can't do that all afternoon, at least not when it's this hot. What do you do then?"

Hattie snickered again. "Wal, then, Miss Josie, I mos' us'ly go out an' plant beets."

"Plant beets?" I repeated. "In weather like this?"

"Wal, I don' jus' 'zactly plant beets, Miss Josie, —I jes' say that." She paused and looked at me curiously for a moment. "What I means is,—I jes' gits me a li'l whiskey an' gits kin'a drunk."

Well, that was one way to spend a dull Sunday, and for a moment I was tempted to tag along and join her in a drink. It seemed to me that the negroes were the only people in town who had any idea that you could

be human on Sunday as well as any other day. But you can't run around getting drunk with your negro cook, so I said, "That's all right for you, Hattie, but what about me?"

Hattie was thoughtful for a minute. "Wal, why-n't you go visit some o' th' girls?"

"Like who, for instance?" I asked disdainfully. "I never saw such a bunch of nasty-nice girls as there are in this town. None of em' have ever been anywhere or done anything, and they wouldn't know what a good, old-fashioned highball was if they saw it, much less what to do with it. Not that I blame them, though," I added. "After all you can't expect anything else when none of them have ever been taught to do more than go to church faithfully and believe that if they act like they're human they'll go straight to hell."

Hattie merely ignored my outburst. "Annie Jo,—she cooks fo' th' Rev'rend Davis' folks,—she say that Miss Cath'rine Davis is a right smart girl."

"Yeah, I'll bet," I remarked cynically. Of the three preachers in this town, her father is by far the most narrow-minded. I noticed this morning that she still sings in the choir at church like I used to do before I went away. I saw her up there look-



"That moon sho' is bright," he remarked idiotically, "but I'm damned if it's puttin' out any heat."



# THE MAGIC LAMP

by BILL MOORE

I SHALL never forget my first experience with a kerosene lamp. Cousin Oliver had invited me to spend a week in the country with him, and when I was going to bed the first night, he asked me if I understood the workings of the lamp. I said yes a little scornfully because it looked easy enough to me—and besides it was not meet that I, a lad from the city, admit to a country fellow and not such a bright one at that (Cousin Oliver was never very bright) that I could not even take care of a simple lamp, so I bade him good night, got into bed and settled back to read.

I read for about an hour and then feeling rather sleepy decided to put the book way, turn off the lamp and go to sleep. It was right here that my trouble began. I turned the thing down as far as it would go, and then turned over expecting it to go out. But it did not go out. Instead it blinked and sputtered, and in general, behaved in a most outrageous manner for several minutes. At first, I hesitated to interfere but finally I began to fear that its performance might go on all night and I was just getting ready to see what was wrong when with a final hiss and loud blinking, it went out.

The next morning, I remarked rather casually, that there was probably something wrong with my lamp. "I turned the darn thing down," I said, "And it took about fifteen minutes to go out—I wish you'd take a look at it."

"Oh," said Uncle Ned, "You're supposed to turn it quite low and then blow it out. Otherwise, it'll fool around half the night."

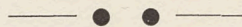
Well, I thought no more of it till the following night when after writing a few letters, I decided to go to bed and get a good night's sleep. I turned the lamp down fairly far and then leaned over the top of the chimney to blow it out; instantly I was greeted with a hot blast which would have done credit to a steel mill. I recoiled in sudden shock and anger. But Uncle Ned had said to blow it out, and he ought to know, so after some experimentation in which I strove to get as close as possible to the lamp without getting too much of its intense heat, I began. I blew and blew and blew. It began to waver a little about the fourth puff, and at the end of the sixth, I could see that I was definitely gaining on it—in fact, it was only a few minutes later that one last mighty effort put the thing out completely.

In utter relief and exhaustion I sank down upon the bed, tenderly feeling my lips and nose which had gotten somewhat scorched in the process. Almost instantly I fell asleep. Moreover I was quite well pleased with myself in the morning when I found that my nose was sufficiently better to enable me to wash it rather gingerly.

All went well then till Uncle Ned said at breakfast one morning; "For goodness sake boy, what do you do up there at night? Some times just as I'm going off to sleep or when I've dozed off, I suddenly hear a mighty puffing and blowing and wheezing. This usually goes on for about ten minutes and then I hear you crash back on the bed with a heavy sigh and a sort of dull thud. What do you do up there anyhow?"

"Why," I answered with great dignity, "I didn't know I raised all that disturbance. As a matter of fact, I'm merely putting out my lamp for the night." At this there was a mighty roar of laughter in which everyone joined. In fact, they're still laughing. I can hear 'em yet.

But when the noise died down, Cousin Oliver explained that all one had to do was turn the lamp down a good way, cup the hand around the chimney and then blow. He said it would go right out. Well, I was somewhat skeptical of this; but that night I tried it, and to my great surprise, it worked. I tried it a few more times, and it also worked. Since then I have had little trouble with the kerosene lamp. I can always get it out in two puffs and most of the time in one, although it's true enough that I practice a good bit. But it's worth it—fifteen minutes a day devoted to blowing out the lamp saves me a great deal of time and energy at night. True I don't sleep as soundly as I did in the beginning, but my nose is quite healed now, and I feel that I'm really better off.



*Breathes there a man with breath so strong  
Who never gave himself the gong  
When called upon in rural scene  
To blow out flames of kerosene?  
An iron man who never shrank,  
But with one expiration rank,  
In smirking ease attacked the lamp,  
Without a fight became the champ?  
If such there be, mark him a rat—  
Who wants to know a brute like that?*

J. M.



# ELEVEN BY CONZELMAN « » 1936

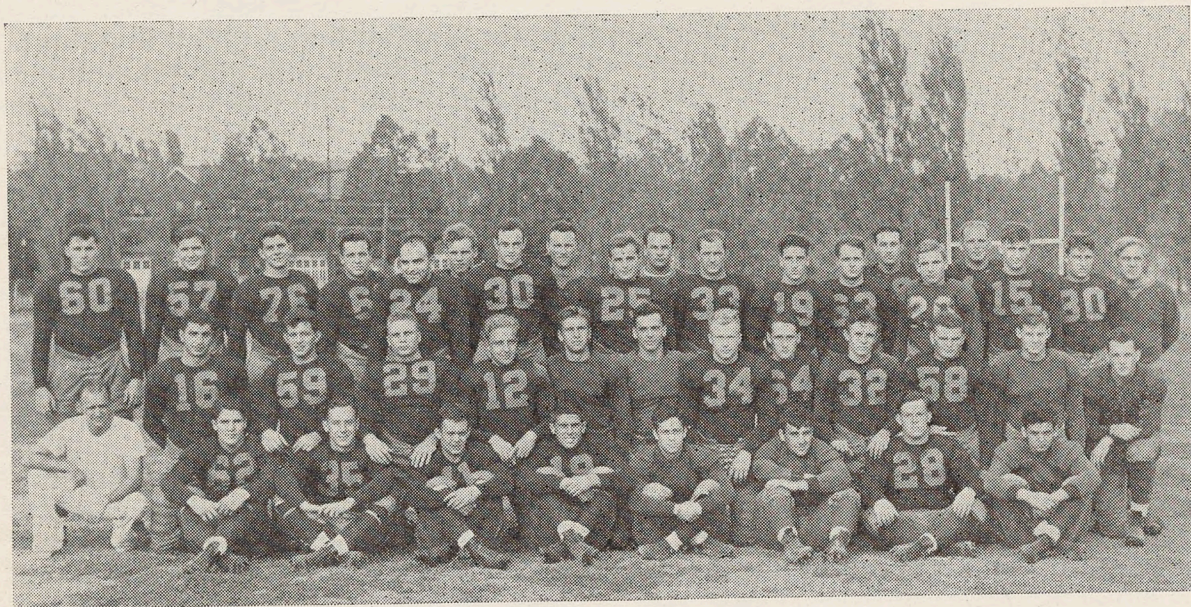
The Bears' prospects for the coming year

by LACKLAND BLOOM

FOR the third straight year, Coach Jimmy Conzelman is leading his Washington University football machine against nationally famous teams. In these three years the Bears have met such teams as Illinois, Chicago, Duquesne, Michigan State, and Southern Methodist. This year Washington has already played Illinois and Notre Dame and in addition will be pitted against Duquesne and Boston University. All these games, with the exception of that against Duquesne, will be played on their op-

come great odds to win. The Bears have a fine first team and a small but dependable group of reserves. Conzelman's team is light but fast. They have not conceded victory to any team on the program which means that every game will be a fight.

To win, Washington will have to fight in every game and fight hard. The figures prove that. Conzelman has thirty-five men on this year's squad, fourteen of them having varsity experience. Included on the squad are fourteen men who are sopho-



THE '36 VARSITY

ponents gridirons. Thus each year sees another step taken by Coach Conzelman in his effort to place Washington University on the football map. If the going has been tough at times, it is well to remember that great football machines are not made overnight. It is well to recall the material with which Jimmy started. It is well to take pride in the progress thus far made, and to look forward to the satisfaction which will be Washington's and Conzelman's when that first "Big-Time" victory is won.

When will that victory come? A great many students and alumni are already conceding that it will not be this year. It is true that the odds were great against the Bears beating Illinois, Duquesne, or Notre Dame. Outside of the first eleven, there are few experienced men; reserves are few; injuries and ineligibility have already removed a couple of needed reserves in William Ferfucky, sophomore half-back; Charles Gould, reserve center; and Jack Hewitt, another reserve center. But the experts have been wrong in the past, and teams have over-

mores this year. It is true that some of these, like Dick Yore, are sure to see plenty of varsity duty. But nothing takes the place of experience in football, and Conzelman is faced with the task of rounding these men into first team calibre despite their lack of experience. The sophomores who will see plenty of football action this fall include, besides Yore, George Campbell, a 198 pound tackle from Little Rock Junior College; John Frosch, Robert Minkey, and Harold Tracy, all three of whom were outstanding half-backs on last year's freshman team. Frosch comes from Savannah, Illinois, while Yore, Minkey, and Tracy all live around St. Louis, indicating that the Bears are beginning to draw the outstanding football men from this vicinity to Washington. Russell Meredith, a guard, has already seen action this year, doing well against Bradley Tech. Meredith formerly played with Yore on University City High School's championship team.

That the above men will aid Conzelman this year can hardly be doubted. Tracy, while only in the

(Continued on page 18)



Through my cold window  
I watch snow sift  
Noiselessly,  
From an indifferent sky—  
The world is dead,  
Since you're gone.

Black mantled crowds  
Surge up and down the street  
Sullenly.  
I raise my face  
To catch your smile,  
But gray rain fills my eyes.  
I'm alone,  
Since you're gone.

— ● ● —  
**N'EST-CE PAS?**

There was a young lady from  
Mars  
Was wont to gaze at the stars.  
As she gazed at the earth,  
Through a glass of great girth,  
Said, "Two-bits people live there  
as on Mars."

— ● ● —  
**IMPRESSIONS OF  
WINTER MOONLIGHT**

Where the snow had melted,  
the pools of moonlight  
were blue-white and  
luminous.

The tops of the trees  
were black lace. Some of  
the branches ran straight  
up, parallel, and  
frizzled at the top.

The moon was a circle of  
white paper,  
one foot in diameter,  
and with depth,  
standing apart from the  
sky—  
mysteriously.

Houses, washed in the  
blue air,  
Were patched with fire.

The moon burned in the dog  
and  
glinted green from his  
eyes.

**POOR MR. CRUSTY**

Poor Mr. Crusty,  
Brain was musty.

Dreary story—  
Also quite gory—  
Of  
Poor Mr. Crusty,  
Brain was musty.

One of those drowsers—  
Held a Philosophic chair  
In a college somewhere—  
By pressure of his  
trousers.

Vet. said to file 'im  
In an asylum.  
Where  
Doctor Bold  
Scraped off all the mold  
From  
Brain that was musty  
Inside Mr. Crusty.

Pulled out the gray  
stuffing,  
Replaced it with fluffing.

Here comes the sad part,  
Rest was the glad part,  
For,  
Now, long since, a coffin is  
rusty.  
Had cost the life of poor  
Mr. Crusty.

AL WILKINSON

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# BACK THROUGH THE AGES

by ROLAND MEYER

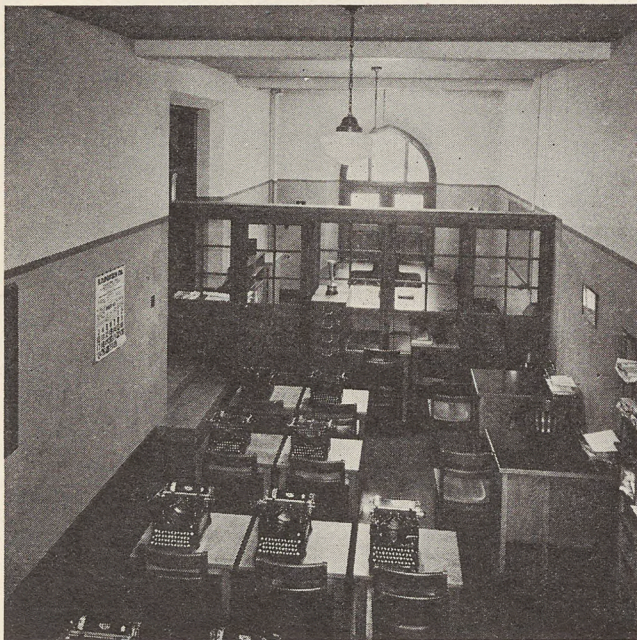
*The editor of our present bi-weekly peeps into the files and discovers its past and predicted future*

NEARLY sixty years ago a group of Washington U. students with journalistic inclinations began publishing a small monthly magazine titled "Student Life." The first issue appeared in January, 1878. Apparently no one thought to save a copy. The publication was young. Its future was precarious. A second issue might appear—and it might not. The Washington U. library, which usually preserves such outpourings, ignored it.

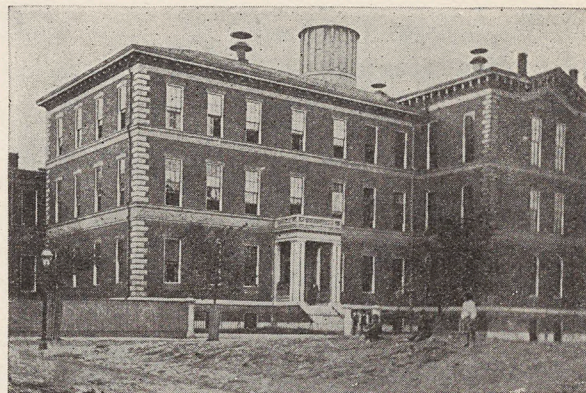
Nevertheless, Student Life grew and prospered. The subscription list was never as large as it might have been and student contributions, except from the editors, were infrequent. But it was kept going, thanks to the efforts of some students who are now unknown.

Student Life did not pretend to print news in those days. It consisted of poems, stories, and articles. Effusions graced its pages with titles like these: When to Study, The Power of Thought, Has Nature Slighted Man in Creating Him Without Instinct?, The Progress of Women, Moral Results of Material Progress, Is It Advisable to Introduce the Question of Prohibition Into Politics?, or A Bath in Salt Lake.

There were occasional newsy gems, as: "Most of the teachers have new suits," or a comment which the collegiate dandies of 1880 apparently thought humorous: "The first floor of the school has been cleaned. No one recognized it."



THE PRESENT STUDENT LIFE OFFICE



ORIGINAL UNIVERSITY BUILDING AT SEVENTEENTH AND ST. CHARLES STREETS

Smoking on the campus was not a problem with the coeds in the eighties—but it was with the men. The following article disposes of the situation quite nicely: "Mr. Arnold made his annual address concerning the conduct of the school on Friday last. He spoke beautifully of the fatal results of the use of tobacco in the neighborhood of the academy." Shades of W. S. G. A!

Coeducation was not a vital problem either. In 1885 Student Life informed its public that "two young ladies have entered and bid fair to make the boys work to keep up with them. The (freshman) class in all numbers 23."

As usual, however, undergraduate men took their coeds seriously, what there was of them. A discussion of the "typical W. U. student" included the following edifying information: "Presently the Chapel bell rings. Our student (if this is a rare occasion) descends to Chapel. Seated there he watches for the coeds. Presently they come, and all feast their eyes on them." Ah, Youth.

Evidently the college students of those days obtained as much benefit from their spare time as those of today, for the article says that loafing around the library consumed generous portions of each student's day. Only they stood around twirling their mustachios and laughing at frosh whose soup-strainers refused to become anything but fuzz.

Of course there were occasional jokes about the faculty. This one might cover a lot of territory, even today: "We are informed that Prof. J—recently tried to get off a joke; it being his first attempt, his condition was somewhat critical, but he is now improving slowly and is considered out of danger, but a relapse would be fatal."

(Continued on page 20)



# SOCIAL WORKERS ARE STILL GRADUATING

by JULIUS NODEL

JUDY was a social reformer. Pathetic sights interested her. They touched her deeply. She even got up early every morning from a comfortable bed; hurried through breakfast and rushed down to the squalid slums to try to comfort and aid the poor unfortunates whom God willed to be poor.

Judy was a graduate Social Worker from a reputable college. She learned exactly from the book what created those abominable conditions that pained her tender little heart. And often would she sit in the large library study hall at college and with eyes brimming tears, she would gaze above her copy of "Social Diseases and Their Prevention" and resolve that she would sacrifice her life in the noble task of helping poor humanity. She applied herself so conscientiously that she had memorized theory upon theory of cause and solution. Malnutrition, delinquency, unemployment, venereal diseases, recreation programs, child-welfare, crime, slum clearance—all the whys and wherefores were known to Judy.

How thrilling it was during her senior year to go out on case work—to visit the wretched lives—to hear the tales of their wretchedness. And with a conscience filled with the goodness of a "good Samaritan" she was able to say:—

"I am sure that if you follow our advice Mrs. Spjorka, you will be able to see things out all right.

Mrs. Spjorka knew what "all right" meant and smiled at Judy. Why shouldn't she smile if everything was going to be all right?

But often on her visits, Judy was met with resentment and disinterest. And finally there was the time she had a talk with Mr. Finnegan.

"Don't you realize Mr. Finnegan that you ought to live with your wife again? You hardly give her enough money to provide bread for your three children. They are suffering from malnutrition. And then Mr. Finnegan, by not living at home but spending your money on dissipating pleasures, you are setting a terribly bad example for your children which will lead them to delinquency, crime and disease. Won't you please cooperate with me?"

Mr. Finnegan who had just come out of the saloon across the street when he saw the pretty girl standing in front of his house, stared at Judy for a moment and then suddenly:—

"Get the hell away from here—you lousy, rich—! Them is my kids and my wife an' if I want to lay with her, all right. If I don't, 't'ain't none of your goddam business." And before he could

raise his hand as if to strike her, Judy was away—her face, red—tears caused by fright and shame smearing her mascara.

Professor C. Otis Dubbs had never mentioned such things.

The ideal of a helping hand to shattered souls lost its appeal for Judy. Those people were to unresponsive to appreciate any goodness, she thought. But pathetic things still interested her. The ecstatic pang of pity still dug into her heart whenever she moved among them. It hurt so good inside to feel sensitive to the misfortunes of others. If she saw a beggar in the street; saw a cripple; saw a four-year-old newsboy downtown; saw a line in front of a transient kitchen; saw a group of children playing in a dirty, busy street; saw a picket in front of a dress factory—if she saw all this, and much more, she felt good and clean and pure inside just because she understood and realized what a pity it was. And if Judy was near a church, she would go in and kneel and pray for all these things she saw. And she would leave a coin in the box which the good Father distributed to those whom God willed to be poor.

Judy decided that she needed some outlet, when she gave up case work. She would take to writing. She wanted to make other people sensitive to the unhappinesses that went on around them—that they never bothered to see and learn. Yes, she would write.

She wrote about Mr. Finnegan:—

"Eyes red. Teeth black. Hair mussed and gray. Face dirty. Black pores like a sieve. He staggers out from a saloon and talks and curses with crooked lips."

She wrote about the beggar woman she saw downtown:—

"And upon the curb sits an old woman. Throw her a cent someone, for her crippled foot. She neither begs, neither thanks; she quivers her lips and blinks with lids stuck with flux."

She thought about Mrs. Spjorka and her family and she wrote:—

"Poverty people, children of toil. Dirty face, swollen hands—. Lucky if you live your years—muddy faces, swollen hands. Sound in sleep as if you're dead ones. Children grow from underground. Women supplicate: 'O save us Saviour.' Children grow from out the earth."

She thought and she wrote and she wrote some more. So what, Judy? So what? Social Workers are still graduating. So what, Judy?



# HELP!

by JACK PICKERING

*Our managing editor spot-lights his career as a life-guard.*

*Illustrated by GEORGE ENGELKE*

## I.

FOR three summers I have been a lifeguard. For three summers countless kids have looked at the letters on my suit and said, "You ain't no life saver." "I'll bet you can't even swim." "You couldn't pull nobody out if they was drowning." For three summers countless older people have asked how many minutes they should wait before going into the pool after having had a ham sandwich and a glass of beer—two martinis and a plate lunch—a frozen Milky Way and a pineapple malted milk. During three summers I have reddened scores of scratched male and female limbs with pints of mercurochrome and iodine.

My first summer as a guard, when I worked at a public pay pool, is least memorable only because I have since worked at a public free pool and a private country club pool—the latter being the two types of bathing places where it seems to me the most things happen. My first summer had its thrills, however, as when I, a mere eighteen-year-old, 140-pound stripling, watching the huge, 200-foot long, 14-foot deep tank by myself, had to blow my whistle at some big coal heaver and tell him not to do something.

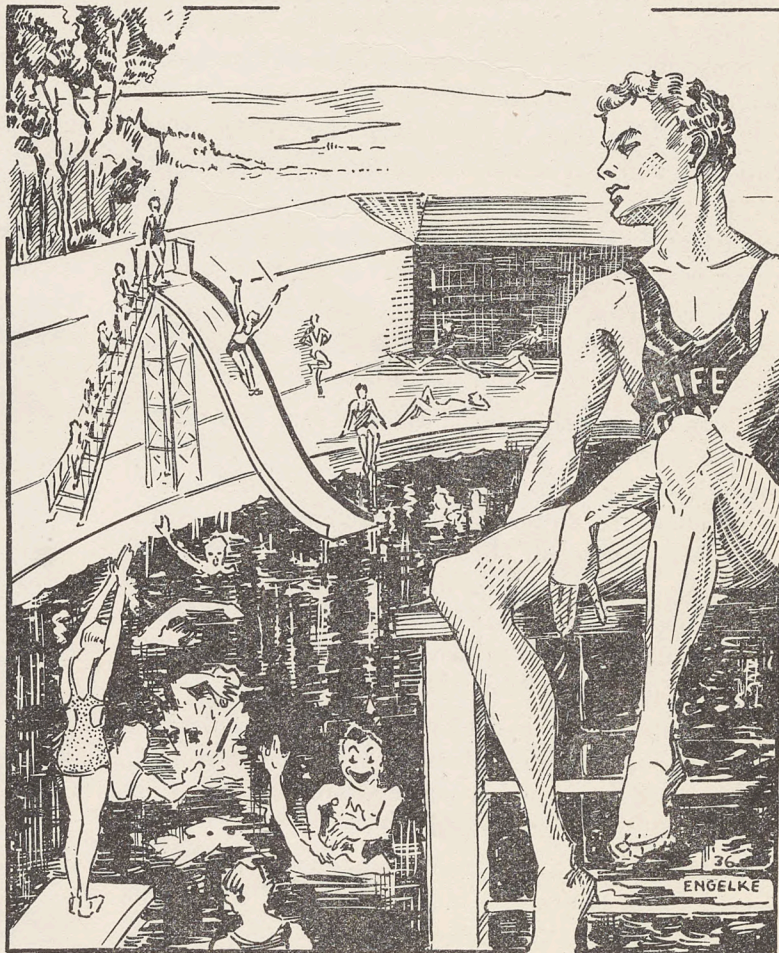
It had its rewards too. For instance, one or two nights a week I would close the pool, which meant getting everybody out of the water, peering wisely down into the tank (with the patrons looking on) to make sure that no corpses were on the bottom, and taking a little swim—for practice of course (with the patrons still looking on). Then, one night the Veterans of Foreign Wars had a half barrel of beer left over from a swimming party. The company wouldn't take it back they said. Would the pool employees dispose of it? . . . Yes, as I look back, that first summer did have its points.

## II.

The second summer I worked at a City of St. Louis indoor pool. I thought this job was going to be a snap: two guards on a mere 25-yard long tank, hours from one p. m. to nine p. m. with an hour off for dinner and no swimmers in the pool fifteen minutes out of every hour. But with all due credit to the city indoor pools, which are Rye Beach, Grand Haven, and La Jolla,

California, to the thousands of St. Louisans who swim in them, they are simply madhouses to the dozen boys who watch them and keep them safe.

A typical day at my pool was something like this. Let's say it was a Boys' Day (mixed swimming in that neighborhood had always resulted in the girls' getting pretty waterlogged). When the other guard and I got there, a half hour before the first arrivals were to be let in, we found a couple of hundred dirty, barefooted, blue-denim-clad urchins sitting outside on the sidewalk where, if it was early in the season, they might have been waiting for a couple of hours. Some of these kids we knew well—the regulars at our pool; some we didn't know at all—boys from another neighborhood who usually swam at a pool nearer home and were down at our pool on a big adventure; some looked slightly familiar—itinerants who made the rounds of the city pools and consequently only hit our pool every week or ten days. The "pesty kids" in all three groups greeted us with the old, traditional remarks about our lack of size, muscles, good-looks, and



*I recited all the poetry I could think of. I made love in French*



swimming ability with which pesty kids the world over probably greet lifeguards.

The locker room attendants let the boys in to dress while we were putting on our grey wool suits with the red device, "City of St. Louis, GUARD." Then, at exactly one o'clock, came the big moment: my colleague and I blew our whistles and in from the locker room burst the swim-hungry kids. I had to turn back the ones with coal black feet—all of their feet were dirty—to the shower and meanwhile keep the whole crowd from running. As soon as the first of them got into the pool the other guard and I had to keep our eyes glued to the water. The kids were so anxious to get all the swimming possible out of the comparatively short time allowed them that they took no thought either for their fellow swimmers or themselves.

It was curious the amount of confidence they all had in us. Even a pesty kid, who a moment before had been telling us that we couldn't swim, might consciously get out beyond his depth. If I saw him I would blow my whistle, dive out to him, and pull him to the side. He would hang trembling on the scum gutter a moment and then, without thanking me, disappear suddenly and sheepishly into the crowd—always somehow before his face had made much of an impression upon me, so that, actually, I could never afterwards recognize a person I had pulled out.

There was one fact about the pool room which conditioned everything that happened there: because of the fact that it was all concrete and low-ceilinged, and had only four windows, the roar of the exhaust and circulating fans, the shouts and whistles of the swimmers, and the sounds of splashing water echoed and reechoed to make it a perfect bedlam. This noisiness naturally made our first responsibility, discovering swimmers in need of assistance, a much more exacting task than that of a lifeguard on a quiet pool who can depend on his ears as well as his eyes.

The noise also made our second responsibility—general supervision—quite a trick. The most important rules were painted on the walls, and we warned a swimmer who was breaking one of them by blowing our loud, shrill whistles, pointing at the swimmer and pointing at the rule. For regulations which were not on the walls the other guard and I substituted little pantomimes. We "bawled out" conscious offenders by snapping them with a wet towel on the seat of the bathing suit.

The third and fourth consequences of the noise, for us, were nervousness and boredom. The constant noise not only jangled our nerves but, in addition, discouraged almost all conversation—the lifeguard's

chief diversion. I found that stuffing cotton in my ears and chewing gum as hard as I could helped my jangled nerves. As for the lack of conversation, I found that this was a blessing in disguise. It put me on my own, forced me to think things up to do (just as the prisoners in novels have to).

I soon found that I could sing at the top of my lungs, and the swimmers would merely think I was sitting there with my mouth open. I sang everything I could dig out of my memory—grammar school songs, hymns, fraternity songs, selections from grand opera (muchly mangled). Then I began to whistle and found that I remembered even some themes from classical music—a thing I had never thought possible. Finally I began to elocute. I recited all the poetry I could think of. I made love in French. I read Omar Khayyam on the street car going to work and then recited him all day at the pool. I went through a chapter of my high school Latin grammar every dinner hour and declined and conjugated all evening. And, oh, by the way, I didn't stop all conversation. The other guard, who had a way with people, got a deaf and dumb boy to teach us the sign language, and the three of us conversed back and forth across the pool much to the mystifications of the swimmers.

But to get back to the typical day I was describing, let us say that in my first forty-five minutes on duty I pulled out one brat, recited one sonnet, stopped one fist fight, conjugated five third conjugation verbs, stopped three bullies from bullying one poor kid who had to wear his daddy's 1890 bathing suit, sang one aria . . . Then, bang! I knew it was exactly one forty-five, for the other guard was shouting, blowing his whistle, and threatening with his wet towel. You see, in order to give someone else a chance we ran everyone in the pool out forty-five minutes after each hour (we called this difficult feat "changing shifts").

While the new shift was dressing the other guard and I retired to our room, which was a nice enough room but only about as cosy as the Primate House. The guard room had two large grated windows which were just on a level with the sidewalk and just large enough to reveal every nook and corner of the room to a pedestrian on said sidewalk. During the swimming season, Outside the Lifeguard's Windows was just as much *the* gathering place for certain younger elements of society in the neighborhood as Pete's Tavern and the Regular Democratic Club were for various other elements. A constant stream of rocks, abuse, compliments, peace offerings, requests for photographs, professions of love, paper wads, and obstinate questionings poured through the guard room embrasures whenever my colleague and I took our ease within. Soon, however, the other



### ELEVEN BY CONZELMAN

(Continued from page 12)

Bradley Tech game a few minutes, tossed a pass to Jack O'Toole which accounted for one touchdown and kicked a point after another touchdown earlier in the game. Yore was outstanding against Bradley. Dick passed and ran like a veteran. An all-county half-back in High School, he is expected to prove himself one of the greatest half-backs in the history of Washington University, despite the fact that he is one of the smallest backfield men on the team. Yore is five feet eight inches tall and weighs 170 pounds.

If the above sophomores live up to Conzelman's expectations, things may not be so bad. For that first string eleven is a good team. On it there are such outstanding veterans as "Bounding" Bob Hudgens and "Bucking" Joe Bukant, two all-American mentions of last year. Hudgens, Bukant, and Yore will be closely watched by every team on the Bear's schedule. In these three is combined a passing, running, and kicking attack which any coach in the country would think twice about before turning down.

At quarterback Conzelman is depending upon Tommy Ozment, understudy for the past two years to "Mike" Zyboyovski. Tommy has seen action against Southern Methodist, Illinois, and Michigan State. With this experience behind him, he should prove a capable general in the Bear's campaign. Backing up Ozment is Jones Klein, 191 pound full-back of last year, who is slated to alternate with Ozment at quarter. Klein also has shown considerable ability as a punter in practice.

Unless injuries prevent Conzelman from carrying out his plans, it is probable that his 1936 line will start with Captain Al Iezzi, all-Missouri Valley center, at the pivot position, Libero Bertagnolli and Irving Londy at the guards, Bill Bowman and Norman Tomlinson at tackle and Les Brungard and Dwight Hafeli at the ends. Four of these seven men are seniors with two years of football experience behind them. Tomlinson, Bertagnolli, and Bowman are all juniors. This line averages 188 pounds per man, Brungard and Tomlinson being the only two men to weigh over 200 pounds.

The reserve linemen who will see considerable action this year are: Paul Locke, and Charles and William Seibert, all three of whom are ends. In addition to these men who are now juniors, Conzelman has in reserve Otto Geyer and Frederick Merritt two sophomore ends. The reserve tackles include Walter Gog, who tips the scales at 205 pounds, George Campbell, a sophomore; Victor Mansor and Joe Noskay, two lettermen who are serving their last year on a Washington eleven. The guards

who show promise of seeing a lot of play are Joe Glaser, Richard Lund, and Russell Meredith. Meredith and Lund are sophomores, while Glaser is a senior.

But the Bears are probably strongest when it comes to coaches. In Jimmy Conzelman, Gale Bullman, and Percy Gill, Washington has set up an experienced and able coaching staff. Conzelman's record shows him to have been an outstanding backfield man himself, the coach of a championship professional football eleven, and the recipient of the most valuable professional football player award of 1928. Bullman was, while attending West Virginia Westleyan University, considered one of the country's outstanding football ends. As line coach here at Washington, Bullman has proved equally capable. Percy Gill, the youngest coach on the staff, is now serving his second year as freshman coach at Washington. He played three years of football at Missouri University before coming here. This year Gill has in his charge about fifty freshman football candidates. The importance of developing these men into varsity material for next season to take the place of the men to be lost through graduation, makes Gill's job all work and no play. In addition to his freshman coaching Gill, generally accompanied by Bullman, scouts the games of Washington opponents before Washington meets them on the gridiron. This prevents these men from having the satisfaction of seeing their own team in action, since they are generally scouting somewhere else.

With the Washington team and coaching staff set up, there remains only one obstacle to a great season—opponents. Washington has already beaten Bradley and lost a tough one to the Illini, who earlier in the year overcame their first game jinx and came from behind to defeat the strong DePaul eleven from Chicago 9-6.

Following the Illinois game, the Bears journeyed to South Bend to play, for the first time, Coach Elmer Layden's Notre Dame Ramblers. On October 17 the Bears will travel to Boston, Mass. to be the guests of Boston University. The "Terriers" present few of the worries that Illinois and Notre Dame do. Nevertheless Coach Pat Hanley is expecting better things of his boys than the three victories and four defeats they turned in last year. The Terriers, according to reports are in need of a number of ends and first string quarterbacks, and the Bears should be the favorites when the two teams meet.

After playing Boston University, the Bears return home for four straight games, when they will be hosts to Drake University, Oklahoma A.&M., Duquesne, and McKendree in that order. Their two Missouri Valley foes should not give much opposition to Washington. At Des Moines, Coach "Vic"



Green is struggling with the remains of a team which was hard hit by graduation. With only two varsity men from last year returning, things are looking bad for the Bulldogs. Oklahoma A.&M. with a small squad, devoid of returning regulars, ought to bow before Jimmy Conzelman's Missouri Valley champions also.

Despite the fact that Washington should go undefeated in Valley play, they will be unable to repeat their conquest of the Valley title. Since the Bears only play two Missouri Valley Teams, Drake and Oklahoma, they can lay no claim to the title, under the new ruling which requires that three games be played.

On November 6, Duquesne comes to Washington for the first time. Coach "Clipper" Smith's 43 ranking "Night Riders" will be seeking to repeat their victory of last year over the Bears, when they barely eked out a 13-6 night victory over Conzelman's team. The Bears, if unhampered by injuries, may go into this game as favorites. In any event the battle will be a close one, and the outcome a tossup.

The final two games of the year find Washington pitted against traditional rivals, Missouri University and St. Louis University. Both these games will be played on the latter's fields. On November 21 Washington meets Coach Don Faurot's rejuvenated Tigers at Columbia in a game which many people are predicting will be the battle of the year. If Faurot can bring his youthful team unscathed through such tough opposition as Kansas State, Michigan State, Nebraska, and Iowa State, the Bears may be in for trouble. But the odds are against the Tigers, inexperienced as they are, doing all that in one year.

As far as football is concerned, Washington followers will have nothing to be thankful about on November 26 unless Conzelman's boys again hand St. Louis University another "Turkey Day" beating. In the past two years the Bears have successfully turned back the challenge of the "Blue and White," but Coach Mullerleile has a group of experienced men back who may cause trouble. On the basis of present performances and prospects, however, the Bears are favorites to win. Thus discounting too many injuries and unlooked for mishaps, the Bears are in a position to win seven of their ten games, losing only to Illinois and Notre Dame, with the Duquesne game being a toss-up. Jimmy Conzelman will tell you tain't so. And fails to see how the Bears can win more than five games. But Captain Al Iezzi and his team will tell you this season's record simply cannot be written until the season closes and the football togs are put away, and in any event, the "Iron Men" of Washington University, will write that record in no unpleasing terms, if fighting has much to do with it.

## HELP!

(Continued from page 17)

shift was in, and, thus, with "shift in, shift out" *ad infinitum*, passed the day, the month, and the summer.

### III.

Last summer I worked at a country club pool. July and August are still so recent, however, that my impressions of them, like my Zo I drawings, are just a bit mixed up. But perhaps this is just as well, since I may want the job back. Two incidents stand out in my memory above the literally thousands of others. One of these is not fit for publication. Here is the other.

On one of the hottest days of the summer the locker boy came up to me and said quietly that there was a man in the locker room who he felt sure was dying. Now, I had had a lot of bloody wounds to take care of in my time including a compound fracture of the nose but never anything like this. Somewhat dazed, I went into the locker room, and I'll swear I could hear the rapid beating of a heart before I could see where the sound was coming from. The possessor of this noisy organ was a small, pale man with a cold sweat on his face. We naturally thought he was suffering from a terrible heart attack.

I immediately loosened his clothing and got him as comfortable a chair as I could find — —he couldn't get his breath when he lay down — — meanwhile sending for a doctor and the manager of the club. Then, since it was extremely hot and close in the locker room house, the ticket-taker got a large towel and began to make the air circulate around the sick man (who later commended the members of the pool staff for their consideration). After a bit I took over the tiresome job of fanning.

Soon the manager and a doctor arrived. When the latter learned that our patient had undergone a tonsilectomy a week before, he quickly diagnosed the case as severe heat exhaustion. So the manager sent a messenger to the bar for half a glass of seventeen-year-old Scotch which the patient drank in one swallow without even quivering, while the doctor gave him a shot of caffeine in the arm. "After all that stimulant you'd better let your wife drive you home," said the doc.

Then everybody but me left the poor fellow to see if the pool stretcher, which had never been used, was in working order. I was still faithfully fanning. A few minutes of silence passed; then our patient fixed his eyes on mine; his face held what looked almost like a sneer: "Say," he drawled, "if it's all right with you—you can quit waving that damn towel in my eyes now."



### BACK THRU THE AGES

(Continued from page 14)

This little poem is another of those classics which has not suffered during the passage of time and changing of fashions:

"Put some sponges in her bustle,  
She is going out to skate;  
She will need their yielding softness,  
When she tries the figure eight."

Classroom conduct and maintenance of discipline were other subjects which intrigued Student Life's early editors. For instance: "The daily fight in the basement ought to be stopped, as several have been hurt." Or, more important: "Is it not to be supposed that students advanced to the dignity of college life should abandon such childish acts as are exhibited in one or two of the classrooms, such as wrestling, lounging, tipping chairs, and eating caramels?"

Running down criminals was another duty for Student Lifers to perform, as witness this notice: "Who broke that pane of glass in the Gymnasium? Let the guilty person speak up and pay his fifty cents, like a little man."

Discussing the typical college student was apparently a favorite pastime of the typical college student. An article on "The Student's Four Ages," after comparing itself with Shakespeare's seven ages of man, described the various classes thusly:

"The Freshman class is always remarkable. . . . The freshman doesn't take kindly to coeducation, and knows it to be a failure when he detects the coeds laughing at his expense . . . . He is still but a half-fledged boy.

"A Sophomore would sooner miss a recitation than be without his cane. A cigarette is also an indispensable accompaniment, and the Sophomore fondly believes that if he only keeps his head filled with tobacco smoke he will never be found wanting in brains . . . . If you do not see him with the latter in his mouth, you will surely recognize his presence by the atmosphere of tobacco smoke, in which he walks enshrouded, as 'Pius Aeneas' in his aetherial mantle.

"The Junior year is regarded as an easy one, and consequently, at this stage students do not feel obliged to resort to the help of ponies. Yet, for all that, some Juniors do not prosper in their studies.

"Seniors are wonderful creatures . . . ."

We thought that was enough about seniors.

One forward-looking journalist, in 1888, chose to examine "The W. U. Collegian of 1988." Nearly fifty years have elapsed since his narrative appeared in Student Life, and we find that he was somewhat conservative in most of his imaginative creations.

"The object of our thoughts, the W. U. collegian of 1988, is to be found in his study room in the large college dormitory, toward which we forthwith proceed. This student dormitory, together with all the other buildings of the University proper, is situated in the outermost suburbs of St. Louis. Beyond the reach of city dirt and smoke, removed from the various distracting street noises which are said to have seriously interrupted classroom work nearly a century ago, but of convenient access to the city, the Washington University of 1988 stands, a fair type of the American university." (In 1888 Washington U. was still located downtown.)

The author then interviews a 1988 student, discovering that Latin, Greek, Elocution, and French History (which were just as dull then as now) are no longer required courses. So far, so good. His interview is interrupted by feminine voices, however, and he discovers that "the two sexes are more evenly proportioned than they were a century ago, there being twice as many young men as lady students."

Whereupon the 1988 student is called by one of the fair sex, who demands his presence elsewhere. "Therefore, our interview with the W. U. collegian of 1988 must be cut short, gentle reader, for the fair authoress of the above-mentioned appeal is waiting patiently at the door to act as escort—the laws of leap year are more rigidly observed than they were a century ago. My curiosity to know what the student was writing when we disturbed him tempts me to detain him a moment, however, before we depart. He explains to me that the W. U. students publish a semi-monthly magazine, called the Student Life, and that he is trying to write an article for it."

And 1988 is still fifty years off!

### ECHOES—

*As lonely as an empty room  
With twilight shadows filling it,  
A room that waits and holds its breath,  
And listens to its emptiness;  
A room that waits and strives to hear  
The echoed footsteps on its floor,  
Whose windows stare with sightless eyes  
At scars of laughter on its walls.  
Deprived of life, it dares to grope  
Within the dim half-opened tomb  
Of life that it has known;  
Or in its somber solitude,  
Devoid of beauty, dares to dream.  
As lonely as an empty room  
Where silence calls to memory,  
And memory cannot escape  
The silences that hurt the heart.*

J. M.



### SOPHISTICATED LADY

(Continued from page 10)

ing so sweet and pure and angelic. I'll bet she reads the Bible and meditates on Sunday afternoons."

"I dunno," Hattie said thoughtfully as she poured the dishwater in the sink. "All's I know is Sundays Rev'rend Davis and his wife goes out to visit the sick an' all such people, an' they ain't nevah at home. Reck'n Miss Cath'rine mus' git kin'a lonesome sometimes." And then with a very peculiar glance at me, "Whyn't you gwan up an' see Miss Cath'rine? Y'all use' t' play t'gethah when y'all was little."

"Yeah," I said sadly, "and now we're grown and I'd rather stay home and watch you clean up the kitchen, thank you."

"Y' can't," Hattie said shortly without looking at me. "I gotta scrub th' floah an' y'all's in mah way."

I glared at her for a minute, but it didn't have much effect. Hattie's been chasing me out of her kitchen for too many years to be intimidated by a mere college degree. So I found myself sitting out on the front porch again wondering if there could possibly be any old detective magazines around that I might've missed. But there weren't so I began thinking about Catherine Davis again.

I remembered her as a little funny-faced girl with a lot of freckles and even more morals. Everything shocked her,—she was brought up that way. She used to have to get up in the morning a good half-hour earlier than the rest of the school kids because her father always had a sort of family service before breakfast and he would read the Bible and they would all pray. I could also remember that I used to hate to go to Catherine's house for dinner because no matter how hungry you were, her father always said a blessing that was twice as long as anybody else's. There was no doubt, however, that in spite of everything, Catherine had grown up to be a very lovely girl,—I had seen that in church that morning,—but I still couldn't regard her a girl possessed with a sense of humor. Still and all, though, if the Reverend Davis and his wife would be out all afternoon, it might be fun to go up and tell Catherine about some of the wild goings-on in a big Northern city, just to see if she was still shockable. After all, the poor kid had never gotten around or done anything exciting. And there is nothing quite as pleasant as being a cat.

So I wandered down the street to the big Davis house next door to the church. The front door was standing wide open as is usual in the South, so I just walked in and started upstairs to Catherine's room as I always had in the past. For the first time in all my years of acquaintance with the Davis house it occurred to me what a perfectly swell place it would be for a house party. On the other hand,

I thought sadly, these small-town people wouldn't know what to do with a big-city house party.

But I was wrong, of course. I usually am. Because when I got up to Cathie's room I found myself crashing the most terrific house party you'd ever want to see. There was about ten girls up there, girls who, I discovered later, made it a point to remember that the Reverend and Mrs. Davis were never at home on Sunday afternoons. Even through the smoke of all their accumulated cigarettes I recognized most of them as daughters of the really respectable families in town. The little portable radio that Cathie had had in her room at school was tearing away full blast at what seemed to me to be a particularly irreligious rendition of "St. Louis Blues", while four of the town's nicer girls carried on a bloodthirsty game of contract bridge over by the side windows. Catherine herself, wearing nothing more than a pair of shorts and a white short-sleeved jersey, had the center of the floor and was executing some sort of weird dance that she described as "a little routine she picked up at school last year."

"Hi there, Josie," she yelled at me when she saw who I was. "Come on in and join the gang. Just having a little innocent fun, y'know. Forgot to tell you this morning in church to be sure and come on down. Roll over, Kitty," she said to a sleepy blond head, an ancient kimona and a pair of bare legs that were stretched across the bed, "roll over and let Josie sit down."

I sat down, still a little amazed by the whole thing. The girls seemed very glad to see me, all of them offering me cigarettes, and Cathie gave me an old pair of slacks and a sweater to make myself at home in. After they got to know me better they dragged out some of their corn whiskey, which, Catherine claimed proudly, was acquired from her very own, exclusive negro bootlegger, a complete supply of said whiskey being kept at all times under Catherine's very own bed. I couldn't help reflecting that in my four years of sophisticated, big-city life, I had never had a private bootlegger all my own. But Catherine seemed to have everything except, as I noted suddenly, that there wasn't even a prospect of a man in the offing,—although to be fair, I must admit that it was hardly the place for them. But instead of keeping my mouth shut about it, I came out coyly with, "It's a shame to have a strictly female party. Why don't you throw the whole house open, invite the boys over, and have a real binge?"

But the girls didn't seem to be embarrassed. "Well, it's a sweet thought, Josie," Cathie said, entirely unabashed, "but it can't be done. The boys always spend their Sunday afternoons shooting craps in the dentist's office up over the drug-store, and all Heaven or Hell couldn't pry 'em away. Sunday

(Continued on next page)



nights are our big times with the boys,—after they've lost all their money shooting craps in the afternoon," she added ruefully.

That was something. I couldn't help wondering if the crap game included such people as Bill Montgomery, who used to sing duets with me in the choir, and Crocker Ray, who once was presented with a Red-Letter Testament for reciting the Ten Commandments in church services at a really remarkable age,—I couldn't remember what.

"Say, incidentally," Cathie broke in, "speaking of the boys,—what are you doing tonight, Josie?"

I gave her a disgusted look. "Right now," I said with some venom, "I'm trying to decide whether to read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' for the eighth time or to lock myself in the bathroom away from all prying eyes and play a nice, quiet game of 'Tiddly Winks'."

"No, really," Cathie said seriously, "here's the idea. Just before you came in the gang of us here decided that what we really need is a little excitement. So we have decided to go on a watermelon-cutting or a chicken barbecue or something. The name really doesn't matter because we never take anything but whiskey. I was just getting ready to call the boys,—they're willing to go almost any place if there's enough liquor in sight. Always a lot of extra men floating around, too, Josie, so how about it?"

"Sounds elegant," I told Cathie in my best indifferent manner, "but I'm afraid it can't be done."

Catherine looked blank. "Meaning what?"

"Meaning," I said, trying to appear casual, "that if I came home to Dad with the demon whiskey on my breath he would promptly hand me my suitcase and I would find myself out in the cold, cruel world."

Cathie gave me a hard look and then laughed. "Oh, Josie, for Heaven's sake! And I thought you were the little gal from the big city that knew her way around."

The funny part about that was that I had thought so too, and it made me mad to think that my sophistication was being questioned. After all, I should be the one to tell these kids what they had been missing in life, not vice versa. But I said cautiously, "What if I do go? Then do I simply ignore the hell I'm bound to catch from Dad as a result?"

Catherine and the girls were no longer blank. They were amazed. The look they all gave me irritated me more than when Catherine said, "Josie, where on earth have you been all your life? Does Papa have to know everything you do?"

For a few minutes I sat and wondered where they were getting all their bravery, because I knew darned well that their parents were far worse than my father as far as liquor was concerned. The answer

to that came when someone finally explained to me that they were in possession of a simple solution that was absolutely guaranteed to remove all trace of liquor from the human breath,—a little remedy that Kitty Ray always made it a point to pick up on her numerous trips to New Orleans.

"You see," Catherine explained,—a trifle scornfully, it seemed to me, "there's nothing to it,—provided, of course, that you can hold your liquor."

So I took another drink of whiskey and made up my mind. I'd show these gals I was no slouch. "I'm as good as there," I told them belligerently. "I'll have supper with you, Cathie,"—you can get by with invitations like that in the South,—"And I'll go home when I get damned good and ready!"

For that I received a cheer from all present, "Great!" Cathie enthused. "I'll go call the boys right away and let them know. And then, dear Josie," she concluded with a pat on my confused head, "you can help me think of a story to tell the Reverend so we can get away from here."

Well, we got away all right. We even managed the Reverend Davis' car, because I had a very sick aunt over at Blackhawk that night and we had to go visit her. When we walked into the coffee-shop at 7 o'clock to meet the rest of the gang, Catherine was still carrying the bouquet of roses intended for poor Aunt Mary. Catherine was a very clever girl.

Swimming seemed to be the accepted thing to do,—at least to start out, because Cathie had brought along an extra suit for me without even mentioning it. So we all piled in several different cars and struck out for Horseshoe Lake about five miles out of town. Somehow or other I got paired up with Bill Montgomery, who turned out to be anything but the choir boy that I remembered, and could gurgle his whiskey with the best of them. I glanced skeptically at the two gallon jugs in the back of the car as we started out, but I was soon given to understand that it was not merely to be looked at. The whiskey I had consumed that afternoon at Catherine's had by this time left me only a sick headache, but I bravely started throwing down drinks with the rest of them.

We didn't stay in swimming very long because everybody said that the cold water was only sobering them up. "That's the trouble with these lakes that are fed by mineral springs," Bill informed me sadly. "The water's so damn cold you can't get good and drunk for hell."

Well, that was one way to look at it, but I climbed out of the lake with some regret because I was just beginning to lose my headache,—and also beginning to regain the ability to focus my eyes. It's one thing to have a couple of sociable highballs in the big city, but it's something else to throw down pint after pint of corn whiskey just to get deliberately cockeyed.



I didn't know how the rest of them felt, but I felt awful.

Nobody bothered to put their sport clothes back on. We all kept on our wet swimming suits,—the idea being that it was more comfortable or something that way. But it gets cold at night in those Southern swamps so I put on the trench coat that Cathie had loaned me, and slid my wet feet into my white oxfords. Everybody else looked very much the same way, but I would've traded Bill Montgomery and all his whiskey for a hot shower and a dry towel. Instead I took another drink of whiskey.

On the way back to town somebody remembered that there was a full moon and that it ought to look pretty swell over the river, so we all stopped on the concrete river bridge to see about it. Bill turned on the radio in his car, and we all got out and began dancing, stopping after every dance to have another drink. It was nice there on the bridge with the full moon shining down on the white concrete. Far below us was the black jungle of swamp growth, and every here and there through the trees you could see the muddy, sluggish river that wound around down there. Except that after about an hour or so of alternately drinking and dancing, the whole thing was just a blur as far as I was concerned.

Even Bill Montgomery was getting tight. "Josie," he said, waving a whiskey bottle under my nose, "c'mon, lesh go over an' sit on th' railin'." So he piloted me somewhat unsteadily across the bridge and lifted me up on the concrete railing. He lost his balance once, and for a minute a had muddled visions of the Reverend Davis preaching a funeral sermon over my crushed and mangled body down there in the swamp. But somehow I managed to stay where I was and to hang on to Bill while he climbed up beside me. It was cold as the devil up there on that railing and I saw that Bill was shivering inside his slicker. Handing me the whiskey bottle, he wound both arms around me and then looked accusingly at the moon.

"That moon sho' is bright," he remarked idiotically, "but I'm damned if it's puttin' out any heat."

"Maybe," I suggested carefully, although not at all sure about the logic of what I was trying to say, "maybe it would help if we sang something."

Bill thought that was a great idea, so we began singing one of the local ditties called "Quitcha Rollin' Them Eyes" and rocking back and forth in time with the music. Bill said it was just like old times in the choir at church. I didn't know. I just clutched the whiskey bottle in one hand and held on to Bill with the other.

After a few moments Bill slid down from his perch. "You stay there, Sugah Baby," he said fondly, patting me on the shoulder. "I got some business."

"Whatsamatter?"

Bill eyed the moon again. "If it's gonna stay this cold," he said bitterly, "th' jus' ain't no sense in havin' a moon."

That didn't make sense to me for some reason, but it didn't bother me. I watched Bill go over to his car, and then turned my attention to Crocker Ray who was doing a tight-rope walk on the bridge railing over on the other side. After every two or three wavering steps he would stop and pose gracefully and announce that he was about to do a swan dive. It occurred to me that if he happened to fall off he'd probably kill himself,—anybody could see that the fool was drunk. But nobody seemed to bother about him, and I'd rather have choked than admit that I was even a trifle scared. Not for anything would I let this crowd think I was a sissy.

Finally Bill came back with a gun. He showed it to me proudly. "Where'd you get it?" I asked curiously.

"In the car. Always keep it there."

"Whatcha gonna do with it?"

"Shoot the moon out," he said bluntly. "It ain't good for nuthin'!"

"Is it loaded?"

He looked at me scornfully. "Wait and see, little girl."

I watched him back up against the railing and start to take aim. His arm was unsteady and wavering around and he was having an awful time. "Two-bits you miss," I laughed at him.

Nobody else was paying any attention to us,—they were still watching Crock make preparations for his swan dive. That reminded me of something so I slid down from the rail alongside Bill. I followed the line of his arm that held the gun and then let out a sick shriek. Crock was directly in the line of fire!

"Bill, you fool, put down that gun!"

"Sh-hh! I'll miss my aim."

"For God's sake, Bill, you're gonna kill Crock. Cut it out."

"Ain't nowhere near Crock. Be quiet, Josie."

The trigger finger was beginning to bend and I gave one wild scream and dived at Bill. I didn't care what the others thought. As far as I was concerned Crocker Ray was on that bridge railing and Bill Montgomery was going to kill him. So I hung on to Bill's arm and sank my teeth in his wrist. Then I heard the gun go off with a sickening bang and Bill and I were knocked back against the concrete ledge.

I didn't dare look over on the other side of the bridge where Crocker had been. I could only look at Bill. "You've killed him," I wailed hysterically. "I told you not to do it and you did it anyhow, and now he's dead. I saw you do it, and it's all your fault."

(Continued on page 24)



**TAKE IT FROM RICKY**

(Continued from page 2)

kets" heart lies alternately with the seasons.

LeRoy Rasch of the Engineering School insisted he would never wear a suit to school—and kept his promise up to this year. He now washes behind his ears and sprouts a suit nearly every day. Her name is Audrey Douglas. Johnny Poulos is rapidly becoming discouraged with Virginia Peters. The competition, when it comes to getting a date with her being terrific enough to bewilder him. Frank Cox is beginning to wonder too, over Ann Mackey. Before she left for the north the cooperation between them was nearly perfect and Frank had visions of putting out the A.T.O. pin. Frank claims the cold weather is still in her veins and heart and is hoping she will soon thaw out.

Roy Bergmann and Jerry Schaaf are being left behind as far as Birdie Biston is concerned. And are mournfully watching Frank (Personality) Caserly lead her around. As he has been doing since last spring. Bob Byars and Gloria Ball are again hitting the high spots together and have stopped fighting for awhile.

The Frosh Mixer was viewed with alarm by the belles of the upper classes, and with open admiration by the males. The following can be expected to cause the throbbing and breaking of hearts: Mary Ramsey, Jo Wilson, Harriet Kingsbacher, Marky Parman, Sara Jean Alexander, Lillian Broida, Peggy Lou Baker. Newton (Hoffke) Pfeffer preferred Peggy Lou to any of the rest. The boys are going to have a lot of trouble in trying to get Jo Wilson to be serious. W. H. Sullivan, the Teke's Home Coming master-mind, has been dating her for over five years and right now has the edge over any campus men. But an off-campus in Maplewood will cause most of the trouble. Bill Hunker is a High School ex of hers.

Jack (Rough & Ready) Hewitt emerged from summer school without a scratch but had a really serious affair. She was even willing to visit the church with him . . . Jane Bonnell, Kappa pledge, is starting off with Joe Bartlett . . . Shirley Hatch is ditching the Dunard brothers after three years of dating . . . Charles Droke, you know, is now a married man. . . Virginia de Haven gave Joe Limb back his Beta pin . . . Franklin Peabody is being disturbed plenty by the personality of Mary Ramsey . . . Marianne Wilkerson sported an S.A.E. pin from Dartmouth during the summer, but has put it away for the school year . . . Paul Guidry is again holding hands with Lorraine Yaeger, but then so is Art Sands . . . An S.A.M. pin rests placidly on the bosom of Evelyn Grossman . . . Florence Kay thinks that an S.A.M. will get more of her attention

than Oddie Garland . . . Bill Ferfeky has forgotten the Nakoma wench and is looking around for more material . . . Dave Rosinsky is all for Harriet Kingsbacher, a former Clayton High School queen . . . Florette Kaplan sprouts a Phi Ep pin from Illinois . . . Don Lorenz still with Carolyn Wright . . . Jack Baughman and Florence Whisnand can't get rid of each other, and don't want to . . . Lee Hendrix says he likes to be around pretty girls, so spends most of his spare time in the book-store, watching . . . Dolly Pitts would like to keep it a secret that she goes stead with A. Varney . . . Florence Baker is wearing the pin of a man from Westminster. Brushing away a tear, I leave you.

Ricky

**SOPHISTICATED LADY**

(Continued from page 23)

Bill looked at me petulantly. "Whatsamatter with you, Josie? You've gone and made me miss my aim."

"You killed him," I shrieked. "He was gonna do a swan dive and I told you—"

Catherine Davis was suddenly by my side. "Shut up, Josie! It's all right."

"It's not all right." I was crying now. "Crock was gonna dive and Bill was gonna shoot. I saw him, and I told him not to. I tried to—"

Crocker Ray, still very muddled, came over and put an arm around me. "Don't cry, little girl," he said sympathetically. "It's all right. Only you oughtn't to scream like that. You made me lose my balance."

But I was too hysterical to care. "He's killed him," I wailed. "Bill's killed Crocker Ray!"

"My God!" Crock moaned. "I'm dead!"

Cathie pushed him aside. She took me over and shoved me in the car while the others looked on in mingled amazement and disgust. "Crying jag," she said calmly while I wept on Bill's shoulder. "Guess I've gotta straighten her up somehow and take her home with me tonight."

She climbed slowly into Bill's car and looked at me. "I guess the North had really got you, baby. I never saw a Northerner yet that could ever get decently drunk without getting excited about something."

But I didn't care. Crock was dead. Bill had killed him, and he'd hang for it. I'd see to it that he did. I had seen him do it. I tried to stop him but he wouldn't listen.

Just then Bill handed me another handkerchief to blow my nose. "Thanks, pal," I sobbed gratefully.