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Eliot



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featuring  
20 Freshmen  
Girls

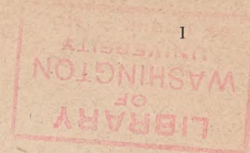
- NOV 18 1935
- Stories
  - Articles
  - Cartoons
  - Sports
  - Reviews
  - Pictures
  - Humor
  - Poetry
  - Scandal
  - Styles
  - Campus Comment



Washington University  
ST. LOUIS

November, 1935





## *Clothes for the Coed*

By Bee Ferring

Are you the girl who aspires to excite our campus' most eligible bachelors? Of course, you want to excite interest and admiration wherever you go; and so I repeat the old phrase, "It's the clothes you wear."

There's something in the air this autumn that is particularly agreeable for suits; and the amazing thing is that the resulting crop includes every type of suit known to the fashion-wise. Suits are particularly adaptable to the college girl's needs and several attractive models have been seen on our campus.

Miss Jean Penney wears a very attractive black tailored one having two coats. The suit proper has a short mannish coat and plain shirt; the material is a nubby woolen of a diagonal weave. The top-coat is a mixed tweed, full length, orange and black being the dominating colors.

Miss Gladys Kletzker makes her way to football games in a nubby wool dressmaker suit in dubonet (a very good color this season). The coat is hip length and has a snugly fitted waistline. A large collar of wolf finishes her shoulders off warmly. Miss Kletzker has chosen to wear with this suit an egg shell crepe blouse and a small hat to match the suit.

You will notice a striking suit ensemble on Miss Norma Ossing. Brown flannel fashions this three-piece model. The under suit has a belted box coat; and at the neckline appears an attractive ascot of plaid tweed in rust and brown. The swagger top coat matches the ascot material, and gets its air from the wolf collar that trims the entire front opening of the coat.

\* \* \*

Perhaps you're one jump ahead of the rest and have the coat situation under control. Fur coats this season are exciting and different. You will notice a predominance of the swagger and seven-eighths length coats in fur.

Miss Ruth Harrison displays good taste in her choice of a swagger coat of pony in a rich brown color. It sports an attractive stand-up collar, which can be worn in several different ways. It has full sleeves ending in a tight cuff; is fitted at the waistline and the bottom ends in a slight flair. This coat can be worn with or without a wide brown and gold suede belt.

A new interesting note is introduced in Miss Joan Stealey's dark brown beaver coat. This is the very full backline, which is pleated onto a half belt of fur at the back. The sleeves are full and terminate in a tight cuff; the coat has a picture-frame collar.

A smart co-ed realizes that the success of her fur coat depends as much on its "line" as on the beauty of the pelts. This year's fur coats are very subtly cut and workmanship is more important than ever.

\* \* \*

This season's cocktail dresses are street length. Many new models are fashioned of lames, velvets, and beaded crepes. Some have long sleeves, some short; however both are equally good and wearable.

Miss Louise Kraus wears a changeable blue and green velvet cocktail gown or "date" dress. The dress is street length; has full long sleeves that are tight at the wrist. There is an attractive white lace collar and lace buttons going from neck to waist. The skirt is very, very full in front. (Another good note this season.)

You will notice a smart green velveteen dress on Miss Marian Hyman. Velveteen has gone dressy and we find this model displaying white Irish lace collar and cuffs as trimming. The dress is made on the shirtwaist lines; has a snugly fitted hip-band, and full skirt. Miss Hyman completes her ensemble with green velveteen beret and green suede shoes.

Miss Frances Piel may be seen about the Quad in a dress of beige camel's hair. It is a two-piece model, made with a long ascot (which can be changed) and is trimmed with brown and beige belt and buttons. The skirt's fullness is achieved by a large double pleat in the front. The dress has long tight sleeves. Miss Piel wears a beige hat and brown alligator shoes to complete her ensemble.

\* \* \*

Miss Juliabelle Forgey has a lovely blue and silver lame blouse that she wears with a long black velvet skirt for dinner and informal dances. The blouse has long tight sleeves; a round rolled collar, and the hemline is cut up to a "V" in both front and back. A lame belt and black velvet buckle finish the ensemble.

\* \* \*

Miss Margaret Mitchell has worn a very attractive formal recently. The dress is of white crepe, the top of which is beaded with silver and brilliants. There are three straps that cross in back, and the neckline is finished off with a stand-up beaded collar that is pleated in back. The front of the neckline comes down to a deep "U" in front. The dress is completed with a silver and brilliant girdle.

Miss Lauramae Pippin wears a lovely maroon crepe formal that has a short draped jacket, making it a dinner dress. The jacket is trimmed with an ascot finished off with mink tails.



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WHEN you get your signals crossed and have to attend a Big Game with a Small Potato . . . don't let him throw you for a loss. Instead . . . light a fragrant, mellow-mild Old Gold, hitch your gaze to that handsome halfback . . . and thrill to the smoothness of both!

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



## We Have With Us . . .

OUR PICTURE SECTION, done in soft-finish lithography, the first time we know of that it's been used on the campus. Eliminating engraving, our lithograph section should make possible many more cartoons and photographs in future issues.

THE LADY LEADERS, via Martyl Schweig. The women felt a bit slighted that we featured four men last month, so this time we're a hundred per cent female. They're the Big Women on the Campus, but don't call them that. Next month we'll combine the sexes; there are really lots of BIG PEOPLE left.

THE ACTIVITY HOUND, who gives us the real facts about the extra-curricular rackets. If he's who we think he is, he was one of the most prominent men on the campus a year or so ago. It's the best discussion of college activities we've read anywhere.

WILLIAM KRASNER, the first freshman, glory be, who has successfully scuttled under our critical noses, and who has, by his own admission, "ears which are of an extraordinary size and color." His poem, "Anti-Climax" doesn't do him justice, but his "Hospital Epic" would take pages to print. It putt-putts along like this for miles:

"Then internes, armed with bottles stocky  
Can chase the errant streptococci;  
Or, putting you into a coma,  
Meddle with your carcinoma."

QUARTERBACK, incognito (that makes two), but the real goods. He's played quarter for several seasons, some of the time with Washington. If you guess his name Old Gold will probably give you a package of cigarettes, or something.

BILL VAUGHAN, who has a cousin in Des Moines. If you like what he says and draws about Germany, why that's okay with us, but if he thinks we're going to pat him on the back any more in this column, why we're not. He'll write us a lot more, because he has to do sixty thousand words for Mr. Webster anyway.

# Washington University

# eliot

Vol. 3

NOVEMBER, 1935

No. 2

## THE STAFF

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## CONTENTS

### BEE FERRING

**Clothes for the Coed.** Cribbed  
from a dozen of the better-dressers.  
Page 1

### TAKE IT FROM RICKY

Eighty-five names, so she says.  
Page 2

### MARTYL SCHWEIG

**How It Feels to Be**—The women  
chatter, and Martyl draws. Page 6

### THE TOWERS AND THE TOWN

Ramblings on the brick walks and  
the boulevards. Page 7

### NOVEMBER CALENDAR

A whole month of the finer things.  
Page 8

### MEN'S STYLES

A summary of male style trends.  
Page 8

### A QUARTERBACK

**What They Think in a Football  
Game.** Page 9

### HUGH JOHNSON

**Susan Dares.** Wherein a young  
man becomes a wild Indian.  
Page 10

### BILL VAUGHAN

**Europe and Me.** Looking Germany  
right in the eye. Page 12

### TWENTY FRESHMAN GIRLS

Portraits of the Freshman Queen  
candidates. Page 14

### LORENZ-RUSSELL

**Campusnaps.** Quad shots. Page 16

### EDELE-MEYER

**Check Signals.** Is anything wrong  
after all? Page 17

### UNKNOWN BMOC

**I'm An Activity Hound.** You prob-  
ably know him. Page 20

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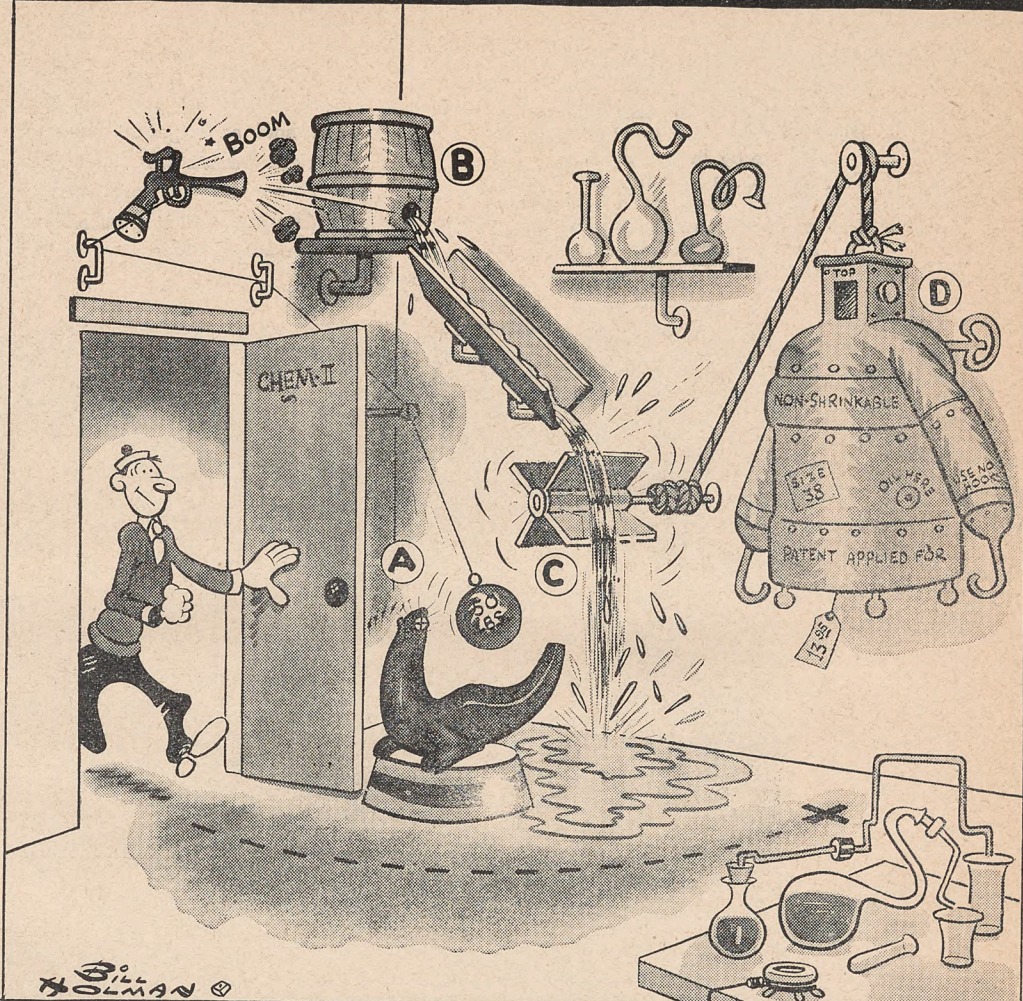
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# EASY WAY TO STUDY CHEMISTRY SAFELY

STUDENT OPENS LABORATORY DOOR CAUSING TRAINED SEAL (A) TO DROP BALL — FIRING PISTOL AND PUNCTURING BARREL (B). WATER RUNS DOWN TROUGH ON TO WATER WHEEL (C) WHICH TURNS AND LOWERS ARMOR-PLATED SUIT (D) OVER STUDENT SO HE CAN PERFORM EXPERIMENTS IN SAFETY. IF THIS DOESN'T WORK DIVE OUT NEAREST WINDOW —



# ... AND AN EASY WAY TO ENJOY A PIPE

I WANTED MILDNESS AND REAL FLAVOR— FOUND 'EM BOTH IN PRINCE ALBERT



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# How It Feels To Be---

This Month It's the Women's Turn . . . Here's What Four Coed Leaders Say While Martyl Schweig Draws Their Pictures

—Women's President . . . Helen Konesko:

"Helens two went up the hill  
To rule the women students.  
Ross fell down and left her crown.  
To me by jurisprudence.  
"So I go running 'round and 'round  
'Till I scarcely could be dafter.  
I have to watch my step, you see,  
Lest I go tumbling after."

—President of Ternion . . . Janita Walters:

"I think the compiling and publishing of a directory of a school so large as Washington is far too tedious a task for eight women who know almost nothing about it and who are new at the job each year. My only feeling is one of joy that the work and responsibility are now practically over. After all, I guess it is fun . . . in a way."



—President of Women's Athletic Association . . . Zetta Berger:

"Well, I'll tell you, it's okay and then again it isn't. People think you're supposed to be a swell hockey player or a grand swimmer, and when it turns out you're not, it's sort of disillusioning."

"Making speeches stumps you at first, but you get used to it and after a while you don't mind it a bit. The meetings aren't bad (if they don't come too often or last too long)."

"All in all it's a lot of fun and I like it."

—President of Mortar Board, Women's Senior Honorary . . .

Elizabeth Ham:

"There've been moments when personal pride has reigned under false pretences, but really, there being just six of us, I suppose it was mostly chance that I drew the odd straw for the title seat. As such, however, there are numerous privileges and restrictions never sensed before—the right to do a little departmental snooping, and then there is this college morale to uphold (I'm not sure I know what this is)."

"Actually I remain just another campus inhabitator."





## THE TOWERS —

wraps, he suddenly realized that Miss Beatrice Whiffing, shall we say, was only a name to him. He asked his friends: "Do you know Beatrice Whiffing?" "No." "No." "No."

Being a bold fellow, he decided to take a chance, and waited by the stairs where the girls came up. He picked out one pledge-looking lass who seemed to be about the right size and color, and fell in step. They danced and chatted till he was cut, whereupon he was presently thrown with a remote acquaintance who wanted to meet some more of the girls.

"Miss Whiffing is just the one," he said. "She's a bit dumpy, but I think you'll like her." They approached the dancing couple.

"Miss Whiffing, hell," the fellow said, "that's my sister!"

All right, don't believe it.

### Hop, Skip

Whatever our small brown friend, Ricky has told about the popular Pi Phi, Mary Wilson, we fancy this will come rather as a shock. Mary's father, we hesitate to say, is the present intercollegiate hop-skip-and-jump champion. The authorities probably figured that it was useless to think of ever surpassing Mr. Wilson's colossal hop, gigantic skip, and stupendous jump, for they discontinued the event the next year.

### Psychological Note

A good many people have been wondering how the football players felt the night before some of those "suicide" games. We use John Lamb as an example. "Piggie" has always been known by the squad as one without any nerves, no emotion where football was concerned. If asked three days before a game who they

were going to play, it was even money Lamb would not know—it made no difference to him. Just another football game.

But the night before the Illinois game, so our correspondent says, John, the emotionless, rolled and tossed all night. He slept very little, making mental blocks and tackles into the small hours. What would he do on this play, how would he make that tackle, when, where, why . . .

The rest of the squad must have been in seven hells that night.

### New Blood for Our Magazine

Student Life's naive correspondent who thinks the Greek - unlettered "barb" is a horse or a brightly colored fish, reminds us somehow of the charming young ladies who come, every year, to "try out" for the Eliot. Far out-numbering the serious applicants comes this troupe of bright-faced willing young things who are "going out for an activity" and who can "write anything, stories, articles, book reviews . . ." Somehow they never start, and we're coming to know that when they walk out the door they're gone forever.

Maybe it was one of these who threw our book-reviewing section out of kilter this month. She—maybe not just one—took out a batch of just-off-the-press books from our lending library, in Eliot's name, no other. Every one was returned, days ago, but the reviews—where? If our

*(Continued on page 23)*



## —AND THE TOWN

### Notes On Our Bevy of Beauties

We hope everybody likes the pictures of the freshman girls, because we're sure getting in plenty of trouble about them. Hatchet's Man Medsker says we're "a literary magazine" and gives us an ultimatum not to use so many pictures. So the Eliot group in Hatchet will probably have its heads cut off and its names spelled wrong.

Returning to the girls, we count them, look into our crystal, and prophesy. As nearly as we can figure, not more than six or seven of those twenty-odd will be in school two years from now, such is the academic-mortality rate of popular freshman girls. Look at the record. Of the five yearlings chosen two years ago, four maids and one queen, only the queen, Mickey Hyman, remains. Mary Lee Harney, Myra Kerwin, Lucile Keeler, and Jo Ireland have left for one reason or another.

We pause for twenty seconds of silence and shed a tear for—our passing fair.

### Short Short Story, No. 1

Through our grapevine comes this story which sounds a bit too neat to be true, but which we pass on. One of the better known young bloods was asked to bring a pledge to one of the better known sorority pledge dances. He was introduced, briefly, and saw no more of the young lady until he called for her the evening of the dance. The night was dark, and she was mightily befurred, so that after they parted to check their



# NOVEMBER CALENDAR

This Month's Schedule of the Better Things in Life

- All November—*Exhibit of Contemporary British Painting and the Rotary Exhibition of the Society of American Etchers at the Art Museum.*
- November 6—"Faust" at the Municipal Auditorium.
- November 7—Lecture on "The Maya Civilization" by Dr. Herbert J. Spinden, at the Art Museum at 4 p. m.
- November 8—Opening Concert by the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra at the Municipal Auditorium at 2:30 p. m. Vladimir Golschman, Conductor.
- November 9—Gallery Talk by Jessie B. Chamberlain on Rubens at the Art Museum. 3:30 p. m. Symphony Concert at the Municipal Auditorium at 8:30 p. m.
- November 14—"The School for Husbands" at the Little Theater at 8:30 p. m. Subsequently on November 15, 16, 21, 22, 23, 25, 26 27; December 2, 3, 4, 7, 9, 10
- November 15—Serge Rachmaninoff with the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra at the Municipal Auditorium, 2:30 p. m. Vladimir Golschman, Conductor. Lecture by Christopher Morley in Howard Hall at Principia, 8:15 p. m.
- November 16—Special Exhibition at the Art Museum Liberal Forum Lecture on "Democracy"—Synicism or Faith" by Dr. George E. Vincent at the Y. M. H. A. at 8:30 p. m. Rachmaninoff with the Symphony at the Municipal Auditorium, 8:30 p. m.
- November 18—"Wunderkind" at the Little Theatre 8:30 p. m. Subsequently on November 19, 20, 29 30; December 5, 6, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17.
- November 19—Madame Kirsten Flagstad in the Opening Concert of the Civic Music League at the Municipal Auditorium at 8:30 p. m.
- November 22—Concert by the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra at the Municipal Auditorium at 2:30 p. m. Werner Janssen, Conductor.
- November 23—Demonstration of Painting a Portrait at the Art Museum at 3:30 p. m. Symphony Concert at the Municipal Auditorium at 8:30 p. m.
- November 29—Fritz Kreisler with the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra at the Municipal Auditorium at 2:30 p. m. Vladimir Golschman, Conductor.
- November 30—Gallery Talk on Tapestries at the Art Museum at 3:30 p. m. Kreisler with the Symphony at the Municipal Auditorium at 8:30 p. m.
- December 6—Max Steindel with the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra at the Municipal Auditorium at 2:30 p. m. Scipione Guidi, Conductor. Otis Skinner presenting scenes from four plays in Howard Hall at Principia at 8:15 p. m.
- December 7—Gallery Talk by Jessie B. Chamberlain on Medieval Germany at the Art Museum at 3:30 p. m. Steindel with the Symphony at the Municipal Auditorium at 8:30 p. m.
- December 10—Moscow Cathedral Choir at the Municipal Auditorium at 8:30 p. m.

## Men's Styles

"Seldom", says Apparel Arts, "does any fashion trend achieve such widespread extension throughout the entire gamut of men's apparel as now seems certain will be the case with the vogue for deep tones in accessories and clothing. There have been deep tones in men's clothes before, of course, but what was once a local and somewhat restricted tendency is now becoming a national and all-inclusive trend.

"Fashion's latest dictum may not be 'lights out!' but at least 'darks' are very much in." It would be a mistake to pick out one or two instances of the trend—shirts or ties for example—as evidence of its presence. The thing about the deep tones that is new is the fact that they affect practically every item in the college or any other man's wardrobe.

The favor dark neck wear will enjoy this year is largely reactionary. The original acceptance of the striped rep tie developed in the last two or three years to the national adoption of the same tie in the brilliant colorings of British regimental stripes. The tendency to use color in the extreme

is probably the reason for this year's emphasis on the darker, more subdued colorings.

Shirtings have already been accepted in the darker shades. Although the navy blue and dark brown shirts which have been worn to some extent with white clothing are not particularly good for town wear, being essentially a resort fashion, the vogue for extremely deep-colored shirtings in plain weave fabrics can be forecast, according to Apparel Arts.

\* \* \*

Hosiery in the darker shades is definitely scheduled for prominence this year. This does not mean necessarily that black socks will be any more popular than they have been for some time. On the contrary—the deep colorings are not only supplanting the very light, they should find favor with those accustomed to wearing nothing but black socks in winter.

Suitings for town wear will hinge on hard finished worsteds, which are at their best in the more

(Continued on page 25)



# What They Think in a Football Game

A Former Quarterback Speaks His Mind

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES CRAVER

**M**ANY people have tried and longed to find out what a football player thinks during the 60 minute struggle down there on the field they view. This article is an attempt to give an idea of the thoughts that pound from side to side of a quarterback's brain from the minute he enters the damp locker-room.

The game is to be played between Coach Jimmy Conzelman's Bears and the United States Navy team. The day is clear and sharp and the stadium is bursting, buzzing and pounding with seventy thousand second-guessers. Colors gleam and flaunt in the cool air and shrill voices yell from point to point.

Deep down beneath the concrete pillars and spread over half the length of the stadium is the locker room, now filled with chattering men in all stages of dress. The familiar smell of sweat, musty uniforms and liniment fills everyone's nostrils. Several of the men walk around naked; others fit pads like harness around their bodies; trainers dash from side to side of the room tapping weak spots. Swiftly they begin to assume shape for the coming battle. Finally all are dressed and sitting in long rows on the wooden benches that surround the room. There is no sound now, only the occasional shuffling of a cleated foot.

Then—Conzelman speaking.

"Not much I can tell you about these fellows that you don't already know. They're bigger than you are; primed for you; they'll be tough.

"But you're smarter—faster," his voice rises, "get the jump on them. The second team starts—they'll try to score on you and we can't afford to spot Navy a touchdown. You have to wear them down.

"You know the plays—we've been over 'em—you're in condition—we'll have no excuses if we can't do it. I want the line to keep charging—keep your

daubers up and we can take 'em.

"Alright, forget everything but this game. Keep cool, poised. You can do it—go on out now and win."

The squad roars, releasing pent-up emotion, and dashes single file out onto the field.

In a daze I begin putting the second squad through their signals. The place keeps buzzing so, and pounding.

Taking off sweat-shirts.

Words of encouragement.

Go get 'em gang. Crack 'em hard. The old pepper.

Then—the longest minute in the world, just before the kickoff.

Come on, Mug, kick it—get it over with.

The whistle. Freeze it Bob . . . let's go . . . Take—this—guy—out . . . Coming down, Navy. . . . Lay—on—him.

"Hey—what do you think I am, a bed?"

"Pretty soft," I answer.

"Listen Buddy—I'll be laying on you all day when you start catching punts."—the Navy end.

"28-43-72-67—"

"One, two, three, four," Hudgens takes up the count as the backfield shifts. The ball floats from center like a pecan—slowly—right into my arms

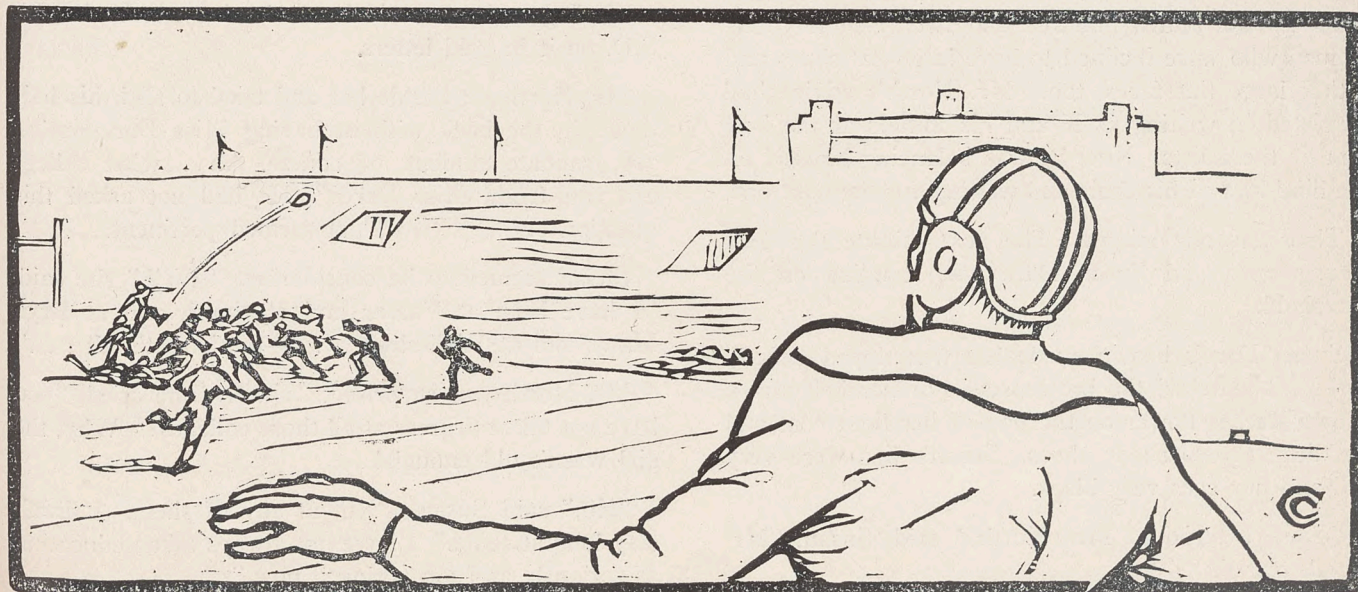
Here I go—right through center. One yard—two. Down—that Navy end again. Take a good bump early and get the mental decks cleared for action. That's the best way to start.

Third and four; ball on our own thirty-seven yard line. Wind with us; green team; play safe and kick. Good! Out of bounds on the Navy thirty-yard stripe

I feel calm. My first decision has been good. Just a ball game after all.

Third and four, Navy—maybe pass—Lloyd sneak-

(Continued on page 24)





# SUSAN DARES

by HUGH JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE ENGELKE

SUSAN DARE was a serious young graduate student at Winslow University. You could see that she was serious just by the earnest way she stood there in front of the mirror getting her little brown suede hat tipped exactly right. Besides, Susan herself said so.

Now, just as soon as she got her hat tipped exactly right, Susan was going upstairs to say how serious she was to Mr. Hilary North, graduate student adviser in courses of study. She ran up three flights of stairs and knocked at Mr. Hilary North's conference room door.

The conference rooms at Winslow were small and bare, equipped each with a shelf of dusty orphan books, a table with a drawer in one side, and two hard-bottomed chairs. In one of these chairs Mr. Hilary North sat and swung his long legs. Mr. North was very tall and spare. There was something unacademic in the far look in his blue eyes, something suggested more experience with a boat or a tennis racket than in giving advice about courses of study to serious young women.

Mr. North looked rather more annoyed than bored. When he had discovered that he must spend some months at Winslow studying Chinese and other things in preparation for a remarkably good job with the East and West Importing Company at Peking he had been glad enough to say that he would do advising on the side. Mr. Hilary North had pictured himself as advising football heroes on how to choose courses that would not interfere too much with football, and he had considered himself competent.

At the moment, however, Mr. North had been advising for three days, and he had advised one young man with no chin and a hundred and twenty-eight young women who were inclined to have large flat shoes and rather large flat faces, too. Mr. North's advice had consisted in writing O K and his initials at the bottom of these lists. Now he was balancing himself on the hind legs of his chair and waiting for the next one.

That was one minute. The next minute the door swung open and Susan Dare was standing on the threshold.

Susan Dare's brown suede hat was tipped exactly right. It matched the brown suede of her belt and a brown leather flower on the flap of her light coat and her little brown suede shoes. Susan's lips were very red and her eyes very black.

"Good afternoon, Mr. North," said Susan. Mr. North stared.



"Good afternoon, Mr. North," she repeated

Mr. Hilary North clapped his chair on all four legs and rose. He fumbled hastily through the list that the college office had given him, checking it in his mind. (No. 128 was Miss Muggins, with the wart on her chin, who would take High Dutch. No. 129 . . .) "Good afternoon, Miss . . . ah . . . Miss . . . ah . . . Dare," he said.

Susan seated herself demurely in the chair that Mr. North held out for her and laid on the table a small suede bag and a beautiful new leather notebook with S.D. on it in gold letters.

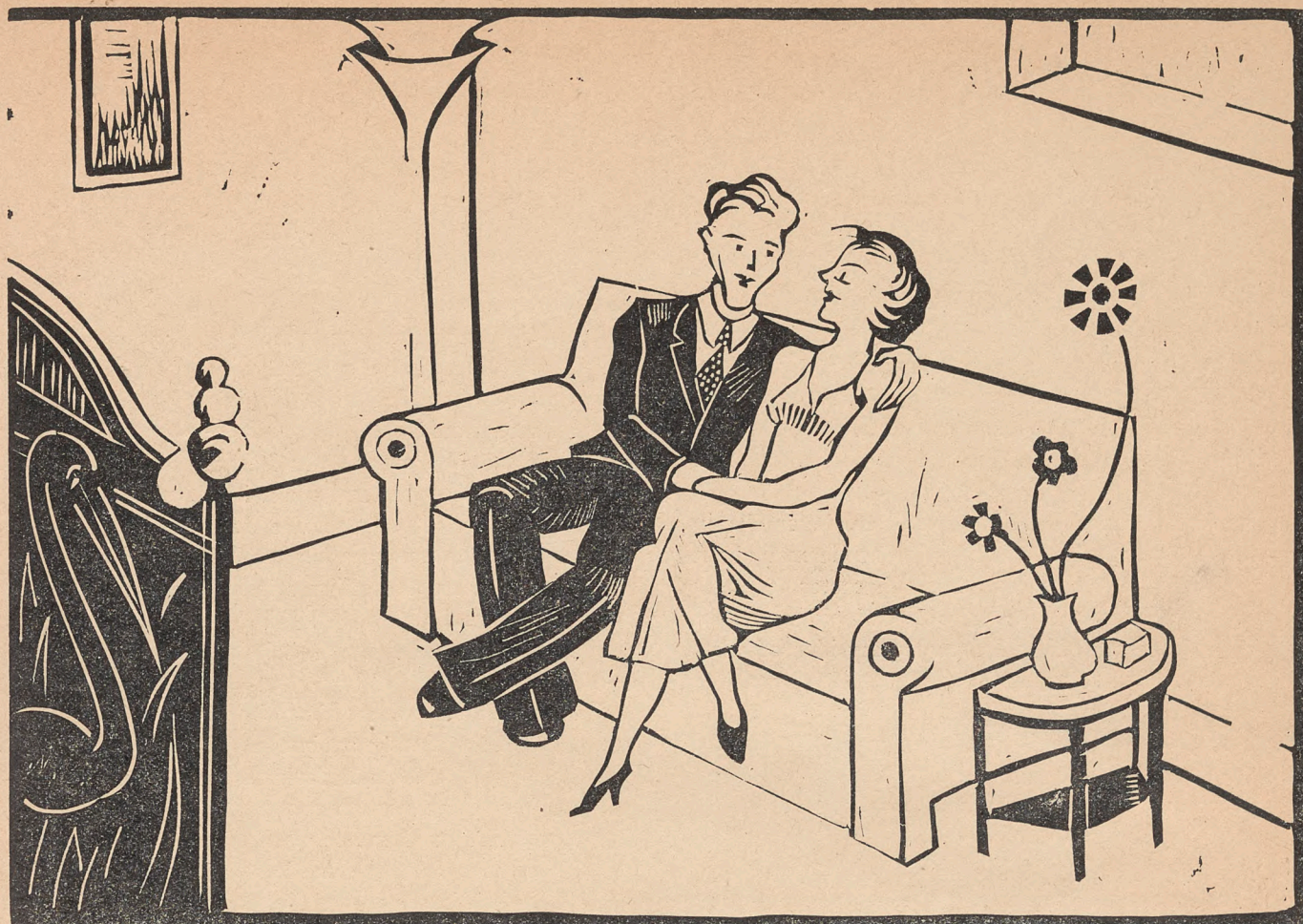
Mr. North sat beside her and tried to slick his hair down in the back without having Miss Dare notice. "A graduate student, of course. Ah . . . what college are you from, Miss Dare?" He had not asked this question before; it had not seemed pertinent.

Susan seemed to be considering. "Well," she said, "I have been at Vassar and at Smith and at Bryn Mawr and at Wellesley . . . I—think that's all . . ."

Mr. North was surprised. "Surely," he cried, "you have not taken degrees at all those colleges!" Why, the girl wasn't old enough!

"No," said Susan. "Not at any of them. I didn't stay long at some." I have not always taken education as seriously as I am taking it now."





"Wind-in-the-face," jotted Prof. Budge. "Obviously an Indian name."

Mr. North looked at Susan, and his eyes twinkled. He saw that a mistake had been made by the college office and that Miss Dare should not have been on the graduate list at all.

"You're a special," he told her.

"Oh," said Susan gently, "is that what you call me?"

Mr. North decided that he could advise a special just as well as any one else. Maybe better.

"You have a list of courses for me to approve?" he suggested.

Susan looked up at him. Her lashes were very long and dark.

"Why no," she said gravely. "I thought that was what you were for—to help me decide."

"So it is," agreed Mr. North—and he moved his chair a little farther around on Miss Dare's side of the table, because the open drawer got in his way.

"Now what did you wish to concentrate in—English, history, science—?"

"I think I'd do better with the social sciences," said Susan. She drew the new notebook toward her and opened it. Inside was an unblemished first page. At the top of this she wrote Social Sciences. Mr. North

looked over her shoulder to see that she wrote it correctly.

"Now about courses," said Mr. North.

"What courses have you?" said Susan.

In the end they made a list between them: Social Ethics 37A; Anthropology 42; Philosophy 6 and 7; Experimental Human Psychology 29 (Advanced Course).

"I think that will be enough," Susan decided. Mr. North stood up. He shook hands with Susan. Mr. North had not shaken hands with any of the other advisees; but, then, none of them were concentrating in the Social Sciences.

"I hope you will enjoy your year's work," said Mr. North.

"Thank you," said Susan gravely.

Classes began the next day, and Susan attended all of them—all, that is, except Philosophy 6, which she did not find until it was too late, and Anthropology 42 which turned out to be at eight and so was of course impossible.

In general, classes were not much of a success. Social Ethics 37A was all about prison reforms. Susan wrote

(Continued on page 25)



# EUROPE AND ME

A Complete Analysis, Omitting Nothing, of the German Situation, as Seen by an Eyewitness.

by BILL VAUGHAN

WITH SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR

FOR three weeks I worked in the boiler room of a freighter so I could see Germany, and when I finally got there it was a terrible disappointment. Nobody tried to throw me in jail for not saluting while Mr. Hitler's Storm Troopers passed by and I didn't even get within shouting distance of a concentration camp.

It wasn't because I didn't try. I made cracks in English and what I fondly believed to be German about the probable mental and moral character of *Der Fuehrer*, but I didn't even get a dirty look in return. As a last desperate effort I drew up my idea of what a spy's notes should look like (at right) and let it lie around on the table as I was eating in a Berlin restaurant, but even this produced no effect and I came to the conclusion that either I didn't resemble an international spy or that the Germans just didn't give a damn.

I was pretty sore about the whole matter; it seemed to be some sort of insult to my professional standing. Here other people were going over to Germany every day and being forcibly detained and deported without half trying. When they got back to the U. S. they could make a pretty penny writing articles and giving lectures, but here I was with nobody even speaking crossly to me. Why, everybody would think I was a sissy. It all smacked of race prejudice to me.

To get along in Germany, the first requirement is to have a complete command of the language. Fortunately I found that a complete command of the language consists in being able to say "*ein Glas Bier, bitte*" and "*Wieviel.*" For the benefit of those of my readers who are not linguists, the first of these expressions means, "Where is the men's room?" and the second means, "I'll give you half of the price you want for it."

From my experience as a student of German I also knew how to say, "My cousin Arthur lives in Berlin with Aunt Marguerita. He is 13 years old." Somehow, though, I never could work it into the conversation. It's not true, anyway, since my cousin Arthur is named Charles and lives in Des Moines with Uncle Fred. He is 13 years old, though.

Another little tip on the language business is that if you say something and the person you're talking to doesn't quite seem to get the idea, all you have to do is repeat the sentence and on the end add "*haben sollen worden gewesen*" and the trouble is all cleared up.

It's funny the things I remember when I think back over the brief time I spent in Germany. They're not at all the things that your mind *should* cling to. A tourist is supposed to look at *things*, instead it is the

people that I remember. Among the examples of "very old (14th cent.) structure combining Roman, Gothic, and Renaissance architecture, admission 30 pfennigs", I find myself lost, but when I think of the people, I know where I am.

I think of the Prussians in Berlin—all in uniform, all marching, all greeting you with a "Heil, Hitler". I think of pale, stooped office drudges in the brave uniform of the storm troopers. Particularly there comes back to me the officers in all their splendor of shined boots and high collar. With spurs on their heels and cavalry swords through their belts they ride along—on bicycles.

Of Munich, I have two sharp impressions. Two pictures stand out clearly against a dim background of important buildings—cathedrals and museums. One is of a soldier of the regular army who stood watch before a war memorial on one of the city's busiest streets. As the women with their market baskets and the men with their briefcases passed by, arms straightened up in a Nazi salute. People on bicycles, people in automobiles, people driving all the peculiar types of motor vehicles which plague the German streets, made that singularly expressive gesture as they passed the soldier. It meant something, I think. It seemed to have some significance beyond the fact that these particular people were saluting this particular soldier.

My other picture of Munich is the great *Hofbrauhaus*. In a room as big as the floor of the Coliseum, the people of Munich sat and drank the beer that has made the name of their city a familiar one around the world. They sat there, young and old, most of them dressed in the Bavarian costume—shorts and jackets for the men, flowered skirts for the women—and drank the brew, *dunkel* and *hell*, in great liter steins. That is Munich, that great old room with little boys in costumes exactly the same as their fathers' standing on chairs to stick their faces in the cool foaming *bier* (or "beer" as we Americans so quaintly put it).

You remember so many people—the German tourists who dissolved into rivers of emotion at the beauties of their own country and could only murmur over and over again, "*Wunderschon, wunderschon*"; the American family who bought souvenirs everywhere they went so they could remember where they had been; and the negro in a Brussels cafe with his pearl grey topper and gold-headed cane.

And then you remember the little touches that tell you something about these people. There is Herr Goering's vast new building for his Air Ministry, sure-

(Continued on page 22)

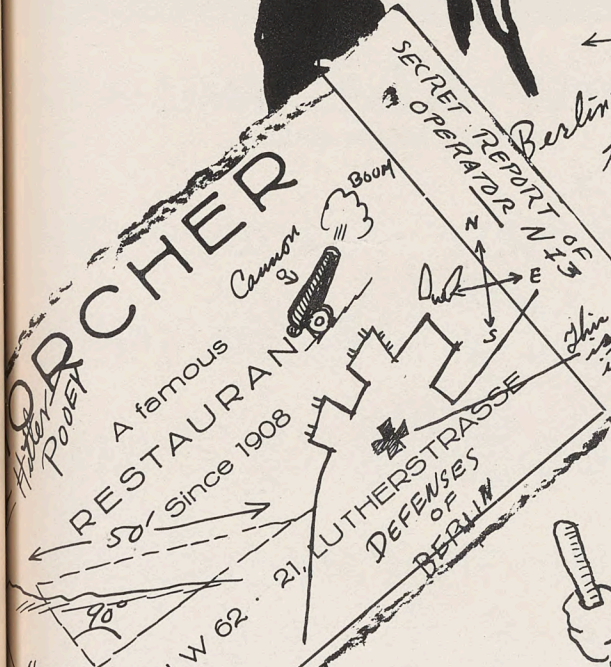
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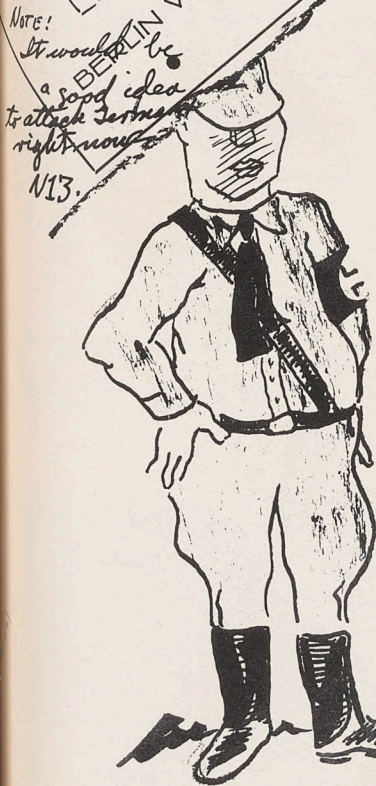
Berlin - the police

München - the younger generation



Journalist art in the Fatherland

German exterior A serious business

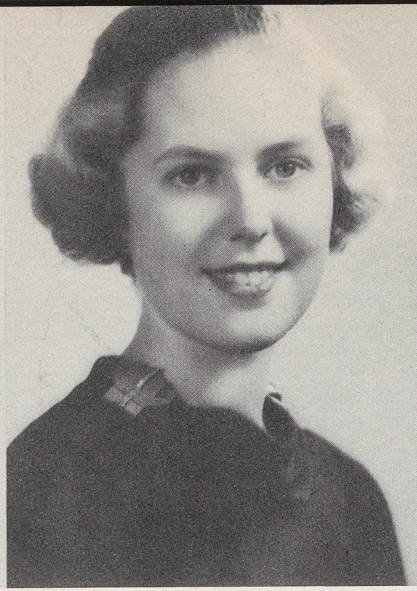
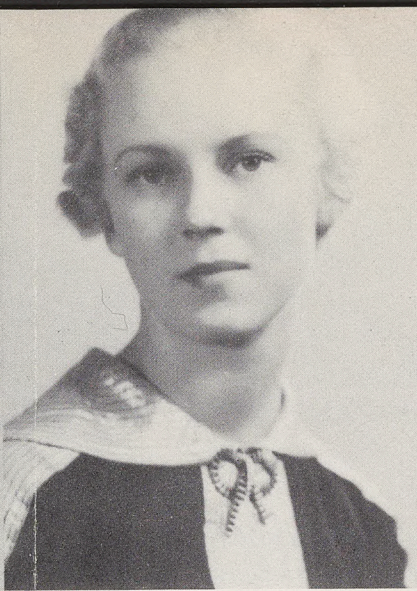
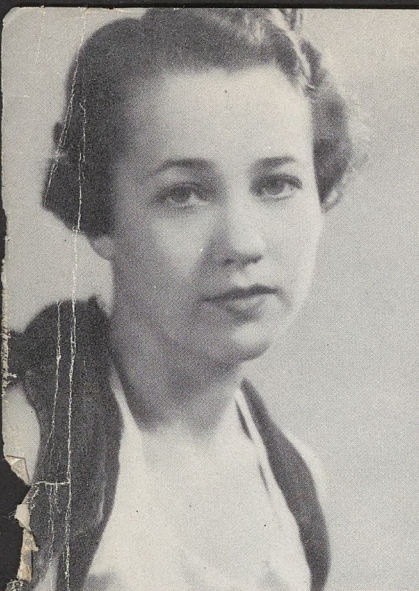


Nürnberg - a storm trooper



München patriotism





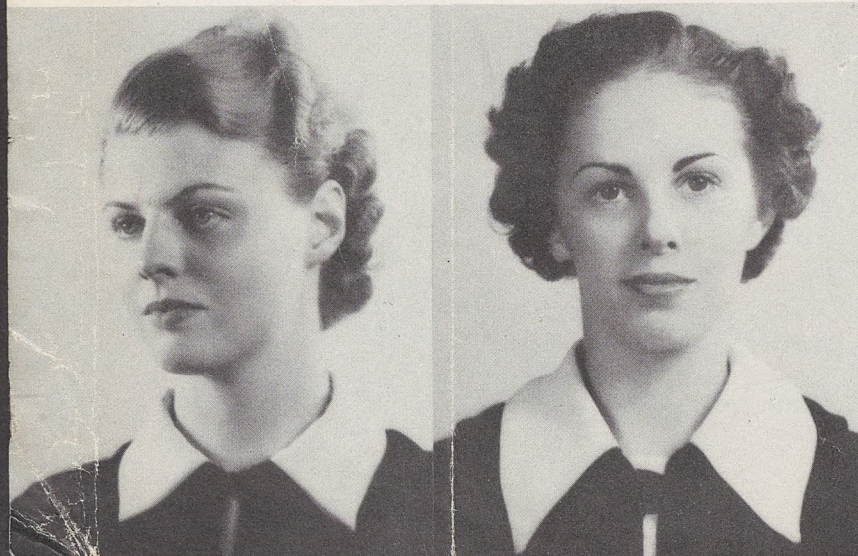
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KATHRYN GALLE **ΠΒΦ** VIRGINIA KERWIN  
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MARIANNE WILKERSON **ΔΓ** PATTY TILTON  
DELTA GAMMA



Here they are, the top girls from the tenor month

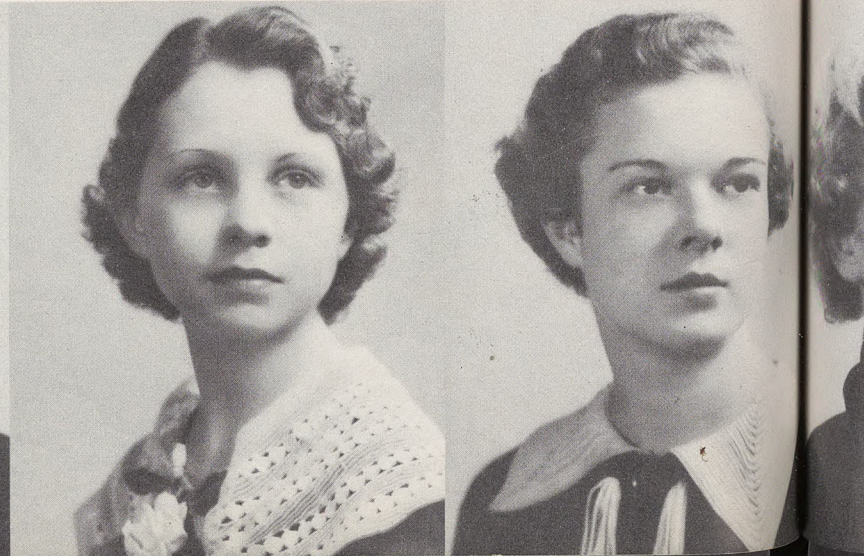
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MARIE DAVIDSON **ΑΧΩ** ALMIRA STOLL  
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ALL PHOTOS

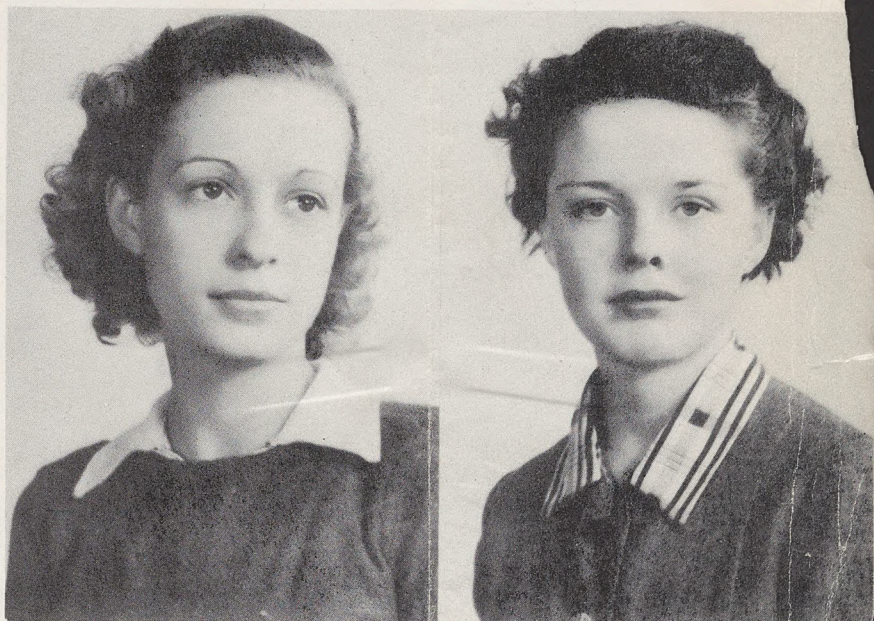




GAIL PAULSON  $\Delta\Delta\Delta$  MARIANNE WOBUS MARIE KAESTNER  $\Phi M$  DORIS FINIGAN  
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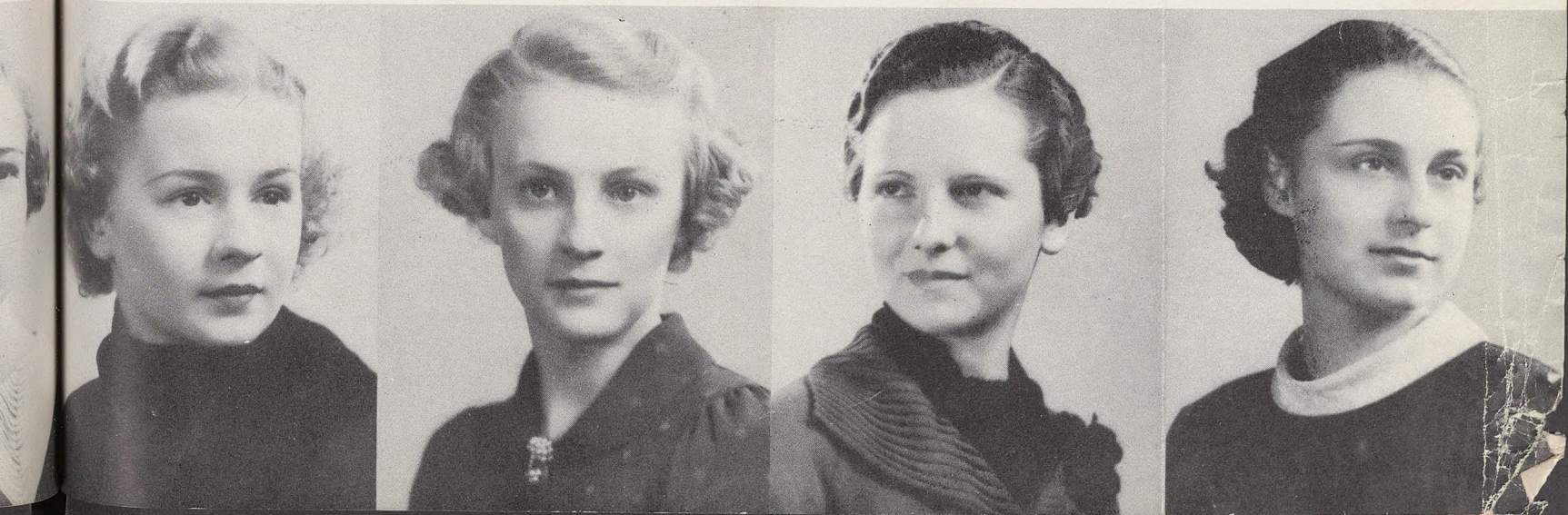
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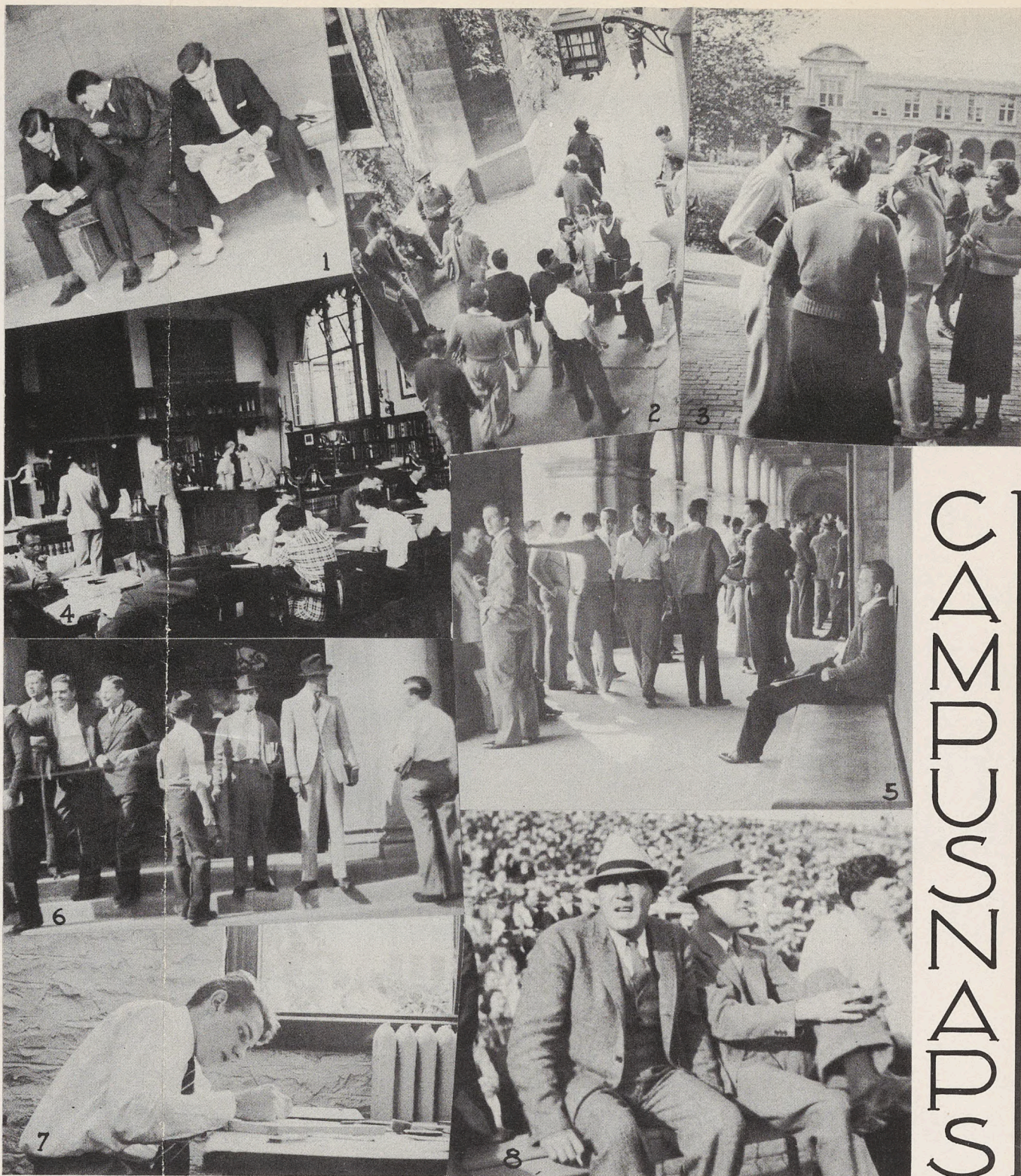


CONNIE SCHNUR  $ZTA$  DOROTHY VIVRETT  
 ZETA TAU ALPHA

WELLS STUDIOS  
 ARTHA GALLOWAY  $\Gamma\Phi B$  JEAN STOCKER JANICE WALSER  $A\Xi\Delta$  LEONA STAUDER  
 GAMMA PHI BETA ALPHA XI DELTA







# CAMPUSS STANDARDS

Some general shots around the campus, by Lorenz and Russell.

1. Student Lifes get the once-over on one of the library arcade loafing benches. Looks like Jack Hewitt in the middle, if it matters.
2. A legal hang-out. The lawyers' squatting-wall as seen from inside January.
3. Jellying on the quad. The Big Smile is Bob Hillman.
4. More lawyers, taken inside the law library. Look at all the girls.

5. A view down the arcade, Ray Hobbs relaxing in the foreground.

6. Library steps. Must be somebody here you know.
7. Camera study. This engineer didn't know he was having his picture taken.
8. "Get that Wilson!" Jim gets wild over the Mustangs, but the line must be doing all right, if the cherub-look on Bullman means anything.



# CHECK SIGNALS

Edele and Meyer Attempt an Analysis of What's Wrong  
With the Bears

by BUD EDELE AND ROLAND MEYER

**R**OUND and round the 1935 football dial has spun, without once stopping on the Washington Bears' number during the month of October. For three weeks following the opener Washington scored early, then folded up like the proverbial tents of the Arabs.

Losses have sapped the spirit of fans. Hilltop followers thought their gridiron machine was going places this year, but the last meagre hope that a Washington team might acquire some measure of national prominence has long since disappeared. The much-heralded and late-lamented October schedule, instead of shoving the Bears into the gridiron limelight, pulled them right back into oblivion.

Consequently, this article is being turned into a discussion of "What's Wrong With Washington." This is putting it harshly, but you get the idea.

A study of public opinion, if you can call a Student Life story that, sums things up like this: "Not enough spirit; too much publicity; loss of Harry Brown; opposition too strong; and injuries."

In addition there is the glaring fact that the Bears' strategy has failed. In past years Conzelman-coached elevens have carried the ball for three downs before punting, even when deep in their own territory. This works nicely if opponents don't block punts or if the punter catches the ball and actually gets the kick away. Otherwise it isn't so hot.

Blocked punts and fumbled passes from center on fourth down were costly against big-time opponents. S. M. U. broke through and stopped a couple of boots before they had cleared the kickers' feet. Result—a couple of scores for Southern Methodist. The same thing occurred against Illinois, except that kickers fumbled the throws from center more often.

Add to that a shaky defense against passing and you have put your finger on the main weaknesses of the squad. Defense men have frequently neglected a fundamental principle of the game by letting receivers get behind them. And too often defense men have been somewhere in the stands when receivers caught the pass.

During the Southern Methodist game Bruin passers heaved the ball into weak side territory (the side opposite which they have shifted) where no one could cover an interceptor. S. M. U. stood the spectators on their ears with two nice 85-yard dashes as a result. Washington teams have never developed an efficient defense against passes, and that has contributed more to their downfall than anything else.

The aerial attack itself has not functioned as smoothly as was expected. Statistics show that in their first five games the Bears completed 35 out of 86 passes, and those completed tosses averaged 11.7 yards each. The Bruins' opponents finished 26 of 53 throws with an average of 14.2 yards per pass.

What has become of the squad's lateral passing attack? Except for a couple of laterals in the McKendree game, and a successful multiple pass against Michigan State, the season has been barren of them. Other teams have used this method of attack to advantage against the Bears. If we should believe early season reports, they were supposed to know the advantages of a lateral pass.

Strong opponents haven't had much trouble in squelching the Bear's running attack. Only one single long run (by Hudgens at Champaign) has been produced this year. Last year's team produced one or two against each of their opponents. It was expected, however, that Bruin backs would encounter some difficulty in smashing through the lines of Illinois, Michigan State, Duquesne, and Southern Methodists. But their pass offense was supposed to take care of that.

The line has functioned nicely on occasions, and at other times seems built of straw. Three blocked kicks in the Mustang game testify to its spells of weakness. Despite all this, Bruin opponents have not done well through the line. They have been forced to resort to forward passes. That was when the fun started.

Widely heralded stars have played uninspired football, notably true of co-captains Droke and Zboyovski, who have failed to regain their form of last season. Only Hudgens, Bukant, and Iezzi have lived up to expectations. Hudgens' touchdown against Illinois' S. M. U., and Michigan State are ample evidence of his work. Buckin' Joe has been pounding the line with his customary gusto, but has failed to gain because stronger opponents objected too strenuously. Iezzi has been a standout on defense all year.

Butterfingers, the "jitters," or whatever goes to make up a fumble, have frequently inserted themselves into the Bruins' games. Every session has found the ball rolling around alone, without a Washington back to carry it. All of the backs have had this affliction including Hudgens at Michigan State, Droke and Zibby all year, Blumberg at Illinois and Bukant on other occasions.

Add to all this the dull, lifeless play of the entire squad and the Bears' difficulties have about been summed up, with one exception—injuries.

Undoubtedly injuries have contributed much to the

*(Continued on next page)*



squad's downfall, both in play and spirit. Hobbs' knee injury robbed the team of its most reliable punter right at the start. Irv Londy snapped a bone in his right foot while warming up for the Illinois game and left Jimmv Conzelman with a big gap to fill at guard. Wendt was inserted to fill the hole, but lasted only until the Duquesne game, when he was forced to the sidelines with a broken cheek bone.

Others have been out temporarily. Ozment had his troubles at the start of the year. Zboyovski met with an accident in the Duquesne game and came home with a couple of badly bruised ribs. Don Wimberly came out of the S. M. U. game with a twisted ankle and had to be used sparingly for a time.

The schedule proved tougher than Jimmy Conzelman had anticipated, too. Illinois was anxious to redeem itself after losing to Ohio U. a week before the Washington game. The coaching staff hadn't counted on playing one of the best teams in the South when Southern Methodist was scheduled last fall. Duquesne succeeded in being pretty mad about three straight losses before tackling the Bears. And Michigan State worked up considerable fight because Boston College knocked them out of the undefeated class just before the Washington battle.

Thus we come to the present and can glance into the future. How do the Bears stack up now against the teams over which they were supposed to ride rough-shod before the season started? The Bruins suddenly find that the bed of roses they expected in November has sprouted thorns.

Missouri University's new path in the football firmament is more familiar. Don Faurot has brought a revival in spirit to the Tigers, if nothing else. But spirit is a dangerous tonic when mixed with football and Mizzou may spring a few more surprises before the season closes.

Oklahoma A. and M. is not reputed to be as dangerous as in the past few years, but may yet undergo a revival before the curtain comes down on 1935 football. The Aggies have the largest squad in the Missouri Valley Conference, and judging from their performances in past years, still make tough sledding. Plenty of new blood is in the Aggie line-up this year, so the team may be more dependable and better experienced by the time it meets Washington.

St. Louis U. has been flying a great deal higher than was expected before the season started. The Bilikens have shown a fighting spirit and a powerful line, both of which will stand them in good stead on Thanksgiving Day.

There's the story of the 1935 football team to date. What the squad needs more than anything else is a fighting spirit. The November games promise to be just as tough as the October ones. They will be a lot tougher if the squad doesn't show its true colors. Most

of Washington's weaker opponents have chosen the Bears as a team to "point" for this year, which means they will be all set to dust off the battered Bruins.

The Bears should come to life soon. If the season could start over tomorrow we would still say that Washington should beat Illinois and Duquesne.

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## OLD JULES

by MARI SANDOZ

*Available at J. Lesser Goldman Book Shop  
Published October 31, 1935*

**I**N "Old Jules," the biography of her father, Mari Sandoz has given us not only the story of a man's life but the picture of one of the most colorful periods in the history of America—the Homestead Era, extending roughly from 1860 to 1910 in the western part of the United States.

The story is not a particularly pleasant one, concerning as it does the life of a man selfish and at times inhumanly cruel but possessed of the dream of founding a great country in the hard, sandy, fearsome region of Northern Nebraska. As a character study of this queerly bitter, courageous man who forced two wives to run away from him, drove another to insanity, and a fourth to attempted suicide, the book is excellent, but its chief value lies in the clear-cut picture it gives of the West of that time. The lawlessness of a country in which there was no right but that made by the strongest individual, the settlers being continually beaten down by blizzards and prairie fires and three year drouths which not only dried up the crops but drained the last bit of vitality and hope from the people as well, the scarcity of women with the resulting discontent and the large numbers of matrimonial bureaus doing a flourishing business, the violent crimes, and the long savage feuds between the cattlemen and sheepmen fought out in saloons before the weary eyes of earnest sky pilots are all portrayed with clarity and simplicity and woven together to form a composite picture of the West of those days that is vivid and interesting.

One of the most notable features of "Old Jules" is its extreme frankness. At no time does Miss Sandoz seek to spare or excuse her father for his deeds, nor does she spare herself or her mother whom she loved, the mother who was only prevented from suicide by the quick work of her cousin. It is all done with a complete impersonality which picks the characters to pieces as if the author had had no personal ties whatsoever. The book is well written, with fine descriptive passages and a sureness of touch which speaks well of the years of preparation that were necessary to its writing.

WILLIAM G. MOORE.



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United States  
Treasury Building

From 1900 up to 1934 the leaf tobacco used for cigarettes increased from

13,084,037 lbs. to  
326,093,357 lbs.;

an increase of 2392%

. . . .

*There is no substitute  
for mild, ripe tobacco.*

During the year ending June 30, 1900, the Government collected from cigarette taxes

\$3,969,191

For the year ending June 30, 1934, the same taxes were

\$350,299,442

an increase of 8725%

—a lot of money.

. . . .

*Cigarettes give a lot of  
pleasure to a lot of people.*



**M**ore cigarettes are smoked today because more people know about them—they are better advertised. But the main reason for the increase is that they are made better—made of better tobaccos; then again the tobaccos are blended—a blend of Domestic and Turkish tobaccos.

*Chesterfield is made of mild, ripe tobaccos. Everything that science knows about is used in making it a milder and better-tasting cigarette.*

We believe you will enjoy them.



# I'm An Activity Hound

Confessions and Advice From a Former Big Man on a Campus, Presumably Ours

DESIGN BY HELENE CALLICOTE

I REALLY don't believe, of course, that I'm an activity hound. No one I've yet encountered will admit that he, or she, is one. And yet scores of people on any campus are often referred to as such.

Extra-curricular activities on a campus pretending to any size at all are usually rather numerous. So numerous, in fact, that they are regarded by many students as every bit as important to a well-rounded college life as is the pursuit of education, naively thought by some to be the primary purpose of a university's existence. Activities, on the whole, may be classed in five major groups. These groups are: Scholarship, which may quite readily become an outside activity; Social, combining the bulk of activities such as student offices of government, dramatics, music, and possibly, membership in a social Greek-letter organization; Publications; Athletics; and Forensic and Non-athletic.

It is in this neatly packeted little world that many students exist. At the school I attended (the usual large middle-western university)\* the activity list has been categorically divided into majors and minors. The majors, holders of which receive an engraved shingle on graduation day, include, in my time, membership in an honorary such as Phi Beta Kappa or Sigma Xi, presidents and business managers of all large organizations, editors and business managers of all publications, and captains and three-letter men in major sports such as football, track, and basketball. The minors, not counting mere membership in an organization and more or less active participation, of these same groups will total approximately seventy-five. This means that there are about 130 positions of real importance to be filled each year by students.

All of which also furnishes much material for debate and argument. Most students claim that work in extra-curricular activities is a fitting one, so to speak, for that great bugaboo to the shrinking graduate, the outside world. That one is given actual experience in meeting conditions similar to ones that will confront them in later life. Most of this is so much hoey. Furthermore, it is said, it gives the participants the "rounded" life. No one is so one-sided as the "greasy grind", but not one whit better is the below-average student with six outside activities. Engagement in activities is also supposed to widen one's acquaintance, deepen one's personality, and add immeasurably to one's sophistication. Three or four grains of salt can

be taken on this last statement, though one's acquaintance is widened particularly if the activity consists of dunning other members for dues.

A very valid objection to activities is the fact of political control of offices by fraternity combines and other groups. Certainly the training offered in campus politics is nothing but harmful. Besides educating students to stuff ballot boxes, vote straight tickets, and dismiss capable students with the wrong affiliations in favor of weak students with the proper pins on their chests, politics on the campus is definitely and woefully amateurish. There is so little finesse about the whole thing.

Campus politics, I think, can quite conceivably send people out into life who feel that they know it all when it comes to politics and dirty dealings, only to have their blockheads knocked off by a real professional. Therefore, if we must be dirty in our campus dealings, let's get as dirty as possible or not at all. The world will not long suffer amateur crooks.

The university administration, I imagine, is in rather a ticklish situation as regards activities. Unquestionably some of them, such as issuing a school paper, are necessary, while others accomplish no good whatsoever. The university I attended solved the question of waste of time by activity participants by permitting only people with a "C" average grade or better to engage. The minute a student falls below this norm in his grades, he must drop from activities. This has the double value of letting only qualified persons participate, and furnishing them at the same time an incentive toward keeping up their studies.

In my university, over a period of four years, there has been a distinct change for the better in clean activities. First, the faculty took over the selections of the editors of the publications. Then a bureau was organized to handle all monies and advertising for the publications, and business-managers of various groups had to work their way up. And recently, the Student Council, composed entirely of members of one powerful combine, surprisingly made plans for all future school elections to be held under the system of Proportional Representation. As the graft is being taken more and more out of extra-curricular activities, however, it must be admitted that life in them gets proportionally more drab and it may still be a moot question if the activities are more successful.

Most of the people engaged in activities, naturally,

*A note accompanied this article. It said, in part:*

*"I'm sending you the enclosed manuscript for possible publication in your magazine.*

*"The dissection of myself would be very painful if my identity were made known. Hence I remain anonymous."*

\*We have every reason to believe this is Washington.



will admit no harm in them at all and unconditionally agree that they would do exactly the same work in activities if they were starting school all over again. I interviewed six of the most prominent activity men on my campus in regard to their activities.

The first question was: Why did you enter extra-curricular activities? Two of the men merely wanted "something to do." One liked and specialized in a certain work. One, the outstanding activity man on the campus, expected to derive benefits, contacts, friendships, and advancements. Two went in for activities "to be somebody." The six men averaged participation in three different fields of activities, not counting their



social fraternity to which five of them belonged. But half of them specialized in one field or another.

Five out of the six selected their activities with a view of gaining experience for what they hoped to make their life work after graduation. As to real benefits derived while in school, one said that his job was "better than classroom stuff . . . was better than six classes in the Commerce School." One frankly said that he had gotten lots of graft out of his position; one reduced his benefits to \$350 in cash received in salaries; two regarded their outside contacts as beneficial; while one claimed to have obtained nothing whatsoever from his activities. The six were unanimous in saying they would do exactly the same things if they were starting all over again and two said they would take in more.

The ways in which one becomes interested in activities are probably as numerous as the persons involved. Undoubtedly, Greek-letter organizations at our school are influential. I know men today who were guaranteed the head of an activity in their senior year if

they pledged a certain fraternity in their freshman year and participated to but a slight degree. And what is more, the promises have been fulfilled. One who has had to work his way up in activities however, can't help but look down upon those who have had a primrose path of fraternity politics to the top of the activity heap.

If I am an activity hound, and I suppose I might be called one, I know exactly where to fix the blame. It was in my senior year in high school. Up to that time my school life consisted of studies and fellowships. Then the public speaking class decided to elect a group of officers and have a banquet. By virtue of a certain cheap wit inserted in the usual classroom assignments, I had marked myself somewhat. To put it briefly, I was elected President. My downfall had commenced. I became Toastmaster at the annual banquet. The banquet was a huge success. My name was in a secondary headline of the school newspaper.

"This is the real life," I thought. I joined other organizations. At meetings I made motions. What matter if they were only to adjourn? I became vocal. And vocalizing is one way of becoming well-known. My picture was in the high school annual eleven times. The only fellow who had more pictures than I was editor of the annual. I eagerly counted the amount of activities under my name and was satisfied when it was larger than any other's on the page.

Entering college, my mind was made up. I would go out for practically anything that came along. Yet I did select my activities with some idea of getting valuable experience. A non-fraternity man, I was desirous of becoming one—and only one of the best fraternities would do. Therefore I worked hard and faithfully on the newspaper, magazine, and dramatic club. I even tried out for the musical club and sang one of the worst of the current popular songs in a thin quavering voice that would hit bass, skitter along in baritone, and wind up in a screech. I was unable to join this organization. I regard my first bit in dramatics as a classic. Toward the end of a one-act play, the lead decides to commit suicide. Taking a pistol out of a desk, he places the muzzle to his temple and walks slowly off-stage. When he is out of sight, a shot is heard. I played the part of the off-stage shot by banging two books together when given a signal.

I don't know that I tried to rationalize my participation in so many activities at the time. I was having too good a time. Friendships were made that I have retained through four years. Work on the newspaper gave me a wide and diffused knowledge of the entire campus as well as acquaintanceship with the Deans and various professors. With my sophomore year came membership in a fraternity, probably, to be cynical about it, because of the fairly large record already made in the field of activities which this particular fraternity practically monopolized.

My junior year brought increased work in activities,

(Continued on page 23)



## TAKE IT FROM RICKY

(Continued from page 2)

ten the V.P. ball so soon. Greg Burdick thought every thing was set, things went so smoothly that night—everything from soup to nuts. But his head now hangs low. It was a Theta Xi she had at her dance.

Shirley Hatch will never become serious over Luther DuNard. But she could over a T.K.E. . . . It is a Theta Xi pin on Jo Christmann . . . And as expected, Eleanor Phipps has the Pi K. A. pin of Earl McCloud. There is an understanding deeper than simply a pin between Dorothy Hunt and Don Wimberly. . . . Harry Decker, of Dartmouth, and now in the Law School, is one of the reasons for Julie Forgey coming back here. . . . Bertagnolli the Tarzan has pinned Helen Visitive, a home-town gal now in St. Louis, going to school. . . . John Lamb is the one thought of most of all by Betty Carlisle. . . . Watch Bill Bohn and that Kappa pledge Chubby Datz for future developments. . . . Miss Datz forgets that the Ethiopians are fighting for their very lives over in Africa when she just passes the Sigma Chi Apollo. . . . If Robert Mausshardt goes to New Orleans Christmas, you should know it is because of the beautiful red-head visiting here until then. . . . Jane Alger and Jane Chappelaw, the Theta debutante, like the attention given them by the Lawyers. . . . It is even better than going to Illinois U. . . . Martha Percy has succeeded Sally Hallowell in holding on to Roger Hampton's left arm. . . . Mary Jane Wright has herself a T.K.E. pin. . . . Bud Pegram's. . . . Woody Ford has finally anchored down Ruth Lange after competition from Don Fischer. . . . It has been said that Mr. Dolores Menges, the runaway, attempted to make desperate love to Virginia Emig. . . . While courting the Mad Hatter. . . . It is steady with Mary Louise Evers and Jack Schrader . . . and is almost the same way with Fred Varney and Jane Ebling. . . . John Chapman has been a pledge of Phi Delt, Pi K. A. at Arizona, and now it's a Sigma Chi. Popularity meant more to Virginia Pabst than Art Reichardt's \$135 platinum K.A. pin. . . .

Your welcome,

RICKY.

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## EUROPE AND ME

(Continued from page 12)

ly three times as big as he could ever need. But no one must have a bigger building than Goering, his department must lead all the rest. Then you see the signs, "Jews are not desired here" and you see the shops of merchants plastered with stickers, "*Ich bin Jude*", "*I am a Jew*". And then you see little Jewish boys and little boys from Herr Hitler's Aryan race playing together around a fountain. You wonder.

One quality of the German appeals particularly to the American tourist and yet seems queer. The old

houses and buildings are still in active use. Over here our past is so recent that we regard anything over 50 years old with a sort of religious awe and collect funds to make a national park out of it. In Germany, therefore, we are surprised to find 14th century houses still used as dwelling places—without even a fence around them. In Nuremburg, even the ancient watch-towers on the old wall are used as dwelling places by the city's poor.

Through Hannover, Hildesheim, Berlin, Nuremburg, Munich, Stuttgart, Wildbad, Mainz, Koblenz and Cologne we went before we left Germany for Belgium and Holland, and everywhere were people marching and pictures of the pudgy Chancellor. The variety of the uniforms is baffling. There are black uniforms, green uniforms, grey uniforms, and several kinds of brown uniforms. Dr. Karl Boemer, a reformed journalism professor, who is now with the publicity division of the Nazi party explained it all to us in Berlin. From what I remember, it seems that every political leader has his private army and you are very small pumpkins indeed unless you, too, have a band of retainers in a distinctive garb. The uniforms, so Dr. Boemer says, have a political, rather than a military, significance although he admits that Germans like a little martial excitement now and then. He also said it would be a good idea if America stayed out of European wars and I said I thought it would be a good idea, too.

After Germany, Belgium was a letdown and we paid it perhaps the briefest visit it has ever been paid. We spent one afternoon in Brussels and found it a very nice town except that everybody there speaks French. This I look upon as a sign of inherent weakness in anybody.

Holland, where we went next, chiefly because we had to attend to a slight matter of catching a boat at Rotterdam, was a pleasant surprise. We were there four days and the people and their country we found to be very nice, although it was near Amsterdam that we ran into our only flagrant case of dressing up for the tourist trade. Somehow you doubt the genuineness of people who seem to be clad in quaint old peasant costumes for the evident purpose of selling souvenirs and having their pictures taken for a set price per snap. There is something appealing, though, about a language that calls a steamboat a *stoomboot*.

All together I was in Europe for fifteen days and I am at present at work on a book on "Present-Day Social, Political, and Economic Conditions in Three Representative European Countries". Into it I am putting a lot of brilliant observation, a dash of humor, and more than a little bit of the joyousness of youth. I am trying to put *myself* into that book and, God help me, it seems to me to be a beautiful thing.



## THE TOWERS AND THE TOWN

(Continued from page 7)

readers see a young lady whose eyes are heavy with reading, and who can recite the plot of "Brothers Three", please tell her to look us up.

### Home and Children Department

A little neighbor boy was spending days sulking in the corner, grinding his teeth. His sister had won a couple of Shirley Temple contests and was therefore the center of attraction around the house. Our young friend, green-eyed, stood it as long as he could, and then set out, one fine morning, on the open road, dragging a little suitcase behind him. At home his frantic parents came upon a note which expressed everything beautifully in just three words. "Good-bye. Your dog."

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## ANTI-CLIMAX

And so, fair maid, you turn me down,  
 You put me out with meaning frown—  
 A curl of lip; a glance; no more—  
 And I am shown the open door.  
 You tweak my heart, then let it lay  
 And go e'er I find words to say . . .  
 And now it's done—the thing is past—  
 And so this day will be my last;  
 I'll leave this world, quite unafraid,  
 No thought of all my bills unpaid  
 Nor of my work so long undone  
 (This is no time, alas! for fun)  
 To do things, which, though lacking sense,  
 At least will show my grief's intense;  
 And close my eyes and bow my head,  
 And get around to being dead.  
 But e'er I still my soul's deep thirst,  
 There are some things I must do first:  
 A movie that just *must* be seen;  
 A serial in a magazine;  
 Some obligations, not yet done;  
 A lease that still has time to run;  
 So brood, my dear, o'er what I say—  
 I'll kill myself some other day.

—W. K. KRASNER.

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## I'M AN ACTIVITY HOUND

(Continued from page 21)

but with it the compensation so dear to the activity hound—campus prominence. I make no apologies for my desire to be important—a big-shot as it were. In the land where all "are born free and equal", I think it is a natural tendency to attempt to be important or to be a leader. Perhaps this may be blamed somewhat on high-school and college speakers who were always urging us, "the future leaders of the country," to be leaders. Intelligent following has seldom been stressed. It was always "to lead."

At any rate I was given major positions in my re-

spective field of activity and freshmen and sophomores in the same field were put under my direction. To be looked to for advice and sought out for companionship is flattering enough to one's vanity to repay in full for the previous two years of comparative obscurity and hard work. Bluntly, I "had arrived." Membership in an honorary was conferred, the honorary being composed of "leaders of the campus." I received tangible evidence in the shape of a key and forthwith purchased a watch-chain although I had no watch. What matter it if few people knew what the key meant and that it was best used to clean finger-nails? I knew what it meant and so did the other members. We mentally clapped each other on the back and had solemn discussions on what to do with the university.

Grades and studies were pushed toward the rear of my mind. I became too busy to study. With prominence in activities came prominence in social life. I was invited to all sorority dances. I was even given blind dates with their homelier pledges. I felt it my duty to go to all general school functions—to see and be seen. My prestige in the fraternity increased and committee memberships came pouring into my lap. And no committee was too small or unimportant for me to pass up. Incidentally, now that I look back on them, committees can take up more time and accomplish less than practically any other form of a university activity. Hour after hour of fruitless discussion will take place on a subject that will be settled in several minutes when the purpose for which the committee was formed is at hand. I would suggest that no committee ever have a meeting until two hours before its purpose is to be accomplished.

My senior year at the university marked the low point of my scholastic record and the high point of my activity record. I was regarded as a real leader, yet I knew myself that it wasn't true. One of the criteria, in my estimation, for a leader is to be determined and forceful. I could never order a thing to be done, only request it as nicely as possible and be prepared, crab-like, to back down and do it myself if refused. My rise in activities, therefore, had failed to train me in this respect. Another blot on the escutcheon of a real leader, according to some, was that I don't think I made an enemy at school.

With my fourth year came disillusionment in regard to activities. I became stuffed to the ears with the work I had eagerly sought out formerly. I smiled cynically at freshmen starting out on the same path I had trod. I was able to perceive clearly the harm activities had done to me. How my grades had suffered. How my line of thought had suffered. I no longer tried to make friends with those who had real ability and definite plans of work. I recognized people on the basis of their activities and Greek-letter membership. I had developed into a type of snob. I knew these standards were false and artificial, yet they were the only ones I had. I knew, too, that my "false dawn" of prominence in the little four-year-old world



I had been living in had developed an ego that would be painfully deflated in the outside world.

On the other hand I have received benefits from my activities that I would trade for nothing else. I believe that one's college years may easily be one's happiest years. And if I am any happier in my future life than I have been in the past four years, then I will be content. In the first place I have met scores of young people whom I can call my friends. They have culture, ideals, ambition. They are honest and clean. For my expectant life-work I have received ample training and experience, some of which must be unlearned, but which, on the whole I think, has been of much benefit. One semester from now, on the campus, anything I have done in school will be buried in total oblivion. A year from now I would walk on the quadrangle and hardly know a person. Yet no one can take from me my memories of fame and success enjoyed but briefly yet none the less real.

**WHAT THEY THINK IN A FOOTBALL GAME**

*(Continued from page 9)*

ing back—turn and run, you fool, it's a quick kick

Got the ball, now to get somewhere. One yard, two, three, four, five, six—woompf.

"Say, that was a pretty soft bed, quarter."

The same Navy end I had blocked on the kickoff.

On the next play I send Chick around the flank and help Tony ride the end out. Seven yards.

"Where were you on that play?" I grin at the end

"Send another over here."

"Coming right at you."

"Watch the other flank," comes a warning from the Navy fullback.

Just a game after all. A game of wits. Bounding

Bob right at the Navy end, then cutting inside for four yards and a first down

"Where do you want it this time, Navy?"

The Goat growls along the line.

"Back at you again," I warn the end.

They believe me. Watch their feet tipping. Start the play that way and let Wimpy hip across center. Good, three yards. Back again for two more. The Navy backs are beginning to draw in to back up the line. A long safe pass to the "Chicken" that fails by a yard.

"Stay back here," the Navy safety yells at his half-backs.

Now a punt. Out in the coffin corner. Navy ball. They'll probably run one. Navy full tips off the play when he is going to carry the ball. Guard shifts his feet when he is going to pull out . . . 52 ought to work for plenty. Navy is going to punt.

Way back . . . here it comes . . . a high floater . . . wonder whose feet those are I hear.

Freeze it . . . Hell! Four sailors coming . . . get set. Looks like the center and both ends'll hit.

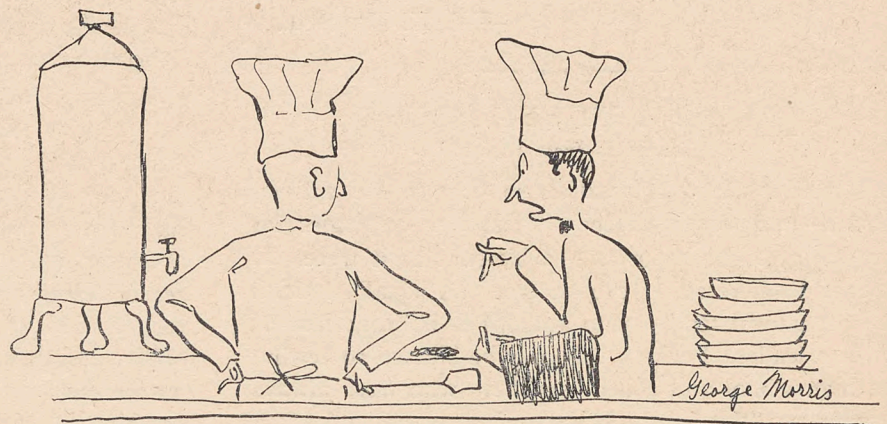
Ummpf—center can hit . . . Owwww . . . another man . . . where's that whistle . . . God, my stomach . . . the other end . . . What are those lights . . . That's better. It's getting dark already . . . blacker . . . darker . . . blacker . . . b-l-a-c-k-e-r—b

l  
a  
c  
k  
e  
r!

**NE LE DISEZ PAS**

Say not  
Thou lovest my songs,  
They are but echoes;  
Madrigals falling from  
Sweet lips  
Say not  
Thou cherish my pictures  
They are but imitations;  
Color brushed from  
Dear hands.  
Say not  
Thou worshipeth me,  
Mine eyes are but reflections;  
The glory thine  
Eyes do cast

KATHREN MCKINNEY.



"Hurry up with them 'burgers, I gotta press my pants."

—Froth.



## MEN'S STYLES

(Continued from page 8)

conservative shadings. With regard to sport and general campus wear, however, the trend is in the opposite direction. Darker furnishings are applied with most excellent results to lighter sports suits with bold patterns and bright overplaids.

The return of the once popular herringbone in black and white and brown and beige to the overcoat field last year is regarded by Apparel Arts as having struck the keynote of this year's field. The blue, oxford grey, and camel's hair models which dominated the market for the past ten years will be replaced by large plaid ulsters, double breasted herringbone models, and the oft recurring guard's coat. Cuffs are found on practically all models. An inverted pleat is substituted for a vent on many of the heavier ulsters and on the guard's coat.

The pork pie hat is scheduled to keep up its gradual climb to popular acceptance. The snap brim is more and more being relegated to campus and sports wear, and the Homburg seems destined to be much more generally acceptable to men of all ages.

Plaid wool mufflers will be more popular than ever before. Knitted gloves—both string and wool—in patterns are gaining in demand.

## SUSAN DARES

(Continued from page 11)

a little note to the Dean to say that she was dropping the course. Anthropology was about men, but he turned out to be what is called a Heidelberg man, a million years or so old, with nothing left except a jaw.

But Experimental Human Psychology 29 was rather better. That was a seminar. Seminars were open only to the most serious of advanced students, such as loved pure learning undefiled. It had a membership of three earnest young women, three earnest young men—and Susan.

Psychology 29 was given by Prof. Erasmus Desiderius Budge, Ph.D. He was a thin, dry man, the color of something faded, with a habit of rubbing his hands together. He had grey hair, parted in the middle, slightly wistful grey eyes and a nose turned up with intellectual curiosity. Susan put him down as rather an old dear.

Prof. Budge consulted with each of his students in turn in regard to their qualifications for the course.

"There is, you know," he said to Susan, "a more elementary course in the same field."

Susan took out her glasses and put them on. This made her look so serious that in the end Prof. Budge walked with Susan down the stairs and across the campus—and they talked about the vagaries of the subconscious mind.

After that Susan went to knock at Mr. North's door. Mr. North, however, was busy. So Susan would not wait.

As it turned out Susan did not have to wait, anyhow, for there was a sound of masculine footsteps, and Mr. Hilary North called after her.

"Miss Dare," he called. "I must speak to you."

"Do," said Susan, turning

She stood there two stairs down and looked up at him from under the brim of the black hat, and her hand lay lightly on the big square post at the turn of the stairs. This was the natural place to lay a hand, of course—so natural that Mr. North presently laid his there too. Susan came up one stair.

Hilary North came down one. "How are things going?"

"Very well," said Susan, letting her fingers stir just ever so gently under his.

Mr. North removed his hand suddenly from the post. "That is," Susan added, "not so very well."

"Classes going badly?"

"Oh, my classes?" said Susan. "Why they're not going fast enough. I've dropped most of them now except Psychology."

"That's Budge's course?"

"Oh, yes," said Susan with enthusiasm, "and he's the nicest man. I just can't wait for our next meeting. . . ."

"I'm glad you find it satisfactory," said Mr. North stiffly.

He went up one stair, and Susan went down one. And this was the first glimpse she had of the other Hilary North—the one who stood too straight and looked too stern and acted as if he feared he had been a little too nice. There never was such a changeable young man.

After that Susan used to meet him in the park sometimes when she was returning from Psychology, and he hurried straight past without looking up. Susan, naturally, did not look up either.

But, all the same, she was bothered by it.

Presently Susan settled into the academic routine, and that took a great deal of energy. It was not just the class meetings, though those were arduous enough, but there were many outside meetings too for discussion.

Prof. Budge said Susan had a remarkable mind. After her class one day Prof. Budge spoke to her about coming to his laboratory on her free afternoons and working on some special experiments. Susan told him she was working on a pretty special experiment of her own just then, but perhaps a little later she might be glad to have his help.



She was wondering whether or not he could help her, when she met Mr. North. Mr. North was hurrying fast. He was red in the face, and he was looking at his boots.

"Good afternoon," said Susan.

But Mr. North did not hear her.

The color in Susan's smooth cheeks deepened too; she took out her vanity case and powdered her nose.

That was at 4:30. It was nine hours later that Susan returned from a dance with Lysander Smythe. This was Susan's fifth dance of the week, but in spite of her best efforts it seemed as if she might be going to have a little attack of brain fag.

Suddenly Susan found herself crying, and the queer part of it was that Susan did not know what she was crying about either . . .

Certainly she was not crying because Lysander had kissed her. She wasn't even thinking about him. She was thinking about Mr.—Hilary—North.

Susan sat on the edge of her bed and cried as hard as she could into the middle of her new black velvet skirt. "I don't care," sobbed Susan to herself. "I'm going to do it. What's the point in an ed-ed-education, if you can't u-u-use it?"

Susan began to use her education the very next day, when she presented herself to Prof. Budge. "I want to speak to you," she said, "about a very interesting case that I have noticed."

Prof. Budge was all attention.

"It is a young man," said Susan gravely. "Every day after this class I meet him coming through the park. As he enters the park at the farther side he seems quite normal. But as he approaches he bends his head down and becomes very red. About halfway through the park—that is, just after he has passed me—a strange thing happens. He begins to walk backwards."

Prof. Budge had not been so excited since he discovered a cock-of-the-walk complex in his chief academic rival. "You don't mean it!" he cried. "Very curious. Oh, very curious, indeed." He popped his watch out and popped it back again. "I have no class the next hour. I wonder—"

Susan and Prof. Budge walked together through the park, and presently they met Mr. Hilary North walking fast, with the long, easy stride of the man who enjoys walking, and he had his lips pursed as if to whistle.

But immediately after he passed through the gate in the fence he bent forward as if inspecting his boots. Also his face took on a brighter hue.

Prof. Budge began to mutter in his excitement "Change in coloration," he muttered, "about the head and ears."

Mr. North passed them. Prof. Budge would have gazed after him, but Susan checked him. "No, no," she said. "Here." And she took a little mirror out of

her vanity case and held it up before them as if she would powder her nose. Reflected in the mirror was Mr. Hilary North. Mr. Hilary North . . . was walking backwards.

At least he had turned squarely about in the middle of the path until he faced directly in the way he had come. His eyes seemed fixed on the retreating backs of Susan and her companion.

"Loss of the sense of direction," muttered Prof. Budge, shaking with excitement. "I've never seen an authentic case. Possible pull of the magnetic pole. I must get hold of that case. It's worth experiment."

"That's what I thought," said Susan.

Prof. Budge got hold of Mr. North that afternoon. He said that he needed experimental material of a superior and specialized sort. It would be a personal favor. . . .

Hilary North grinned rather charmingly, and consented.

Prof. Budge's laboratory was a bare place, but Hilary North at the moment of his entrance saw none of this. For against the smudged brown of the wall, placed midway on a high stool as if she might have been a particularly vivid picture, was Susan Dare.

"Good afternoon," said Susan.

"It—it is you," he cried. Then: "What—what are you doing here?"

"Experimenting," said Susan. She waggled the pen at him and added pertly: "What are you?"

Hilary North took a long turn up and down the room. "Oh, I'm one of those hundred thousand guinea pigs," he explained. He sat down facing her.

"I haven't seen you for some time," he said, trying a small grin.

"Haven't you?" said Susan with deliberation. And in the deepness of Susan's eyes lay the memory of all those times when they had met in the park.

Hilary North knew it. It was not a thing to put him at ease.

"All ready," said Prof. Budge. "I am going to give you an association test. I will read a list of words, and after each I want you to say the first word that comes to your mind. Ready for the first word: "*Do*."

"Er . . . Dare," said Hilary North.

"Name."

Er . . . Sue," said Hilary North.

"Heart."

"Mouth."

"Face."

"Pale."

"Black."

"Er—er . . ." Plainly nothing came this time to Hilary North's mind. Susan tapped a toe of her black shoes against the rung of her high stool. "Er . . . feet," gasped Hilary North.



"Address."

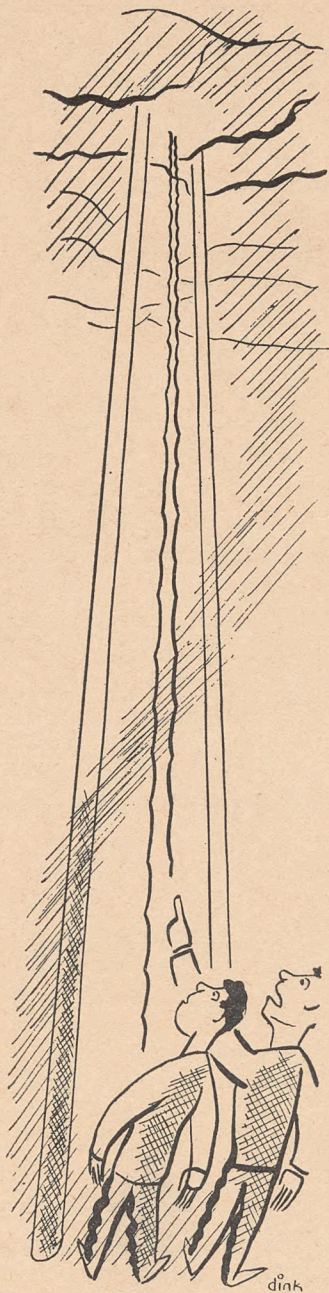
Susan was smoothing her little red knitted dress against her knees. "Red," cried Hilary North in desperation.

The next minute he was standing up. He was mumbling something about an appointment. And the minute after that he was gone.

Prof. Budge was elated. "Splendid!" he cried.

"The man has a dissociated personality. And the object of the dissociation is a Red Indian. Don't you see? Do . . . Dare; deeds of daring, do. Face . . . pale; paleface. And didn't you notice those names of Indian tribes? Black . . . feet. Blackfeet. And Sioux—he said twice."

"What about a dress . . . red?" inquired Susan



### OUR THANKSGIVING CARTOON

"Pole vault or no pole vault, if he doesn't come down soon I'm going to send somebody up and see what's the matter."

—Chaparral.

brushing off her red knitted skirt and climbing down from the high stool.

Prof. Budge pointed in triumph to a map hanging on the wall behind her. "The remaining Sioux Indians live in Dakota. That, you may say, is their address. On that map Dakota is colored red. Address . . . red. The association is as plain as the nose on your face."

"There's only one thing that puzzles me. Heart . . . mouth. When I said heart of course I expected him to say stout or lion, or something indicating valor. But to say mouth."

"He might have meant his heart was in his mouth," suggested Susan.

After that day Hilary North came to the laboratory three times a week.

During these meetings Susan learned to distinguish two separate Hilary Norths, and this, Prof. Budge said, was a further evidence of the dissociation of personality. One of these Hilary Norths was really an awfully nice young man. But the other Hilary North was different. He was a tight-lipped young man, with a pale unhumorous look.

Prof. Budge said that the dissociation was becoming more pronounced and that he looked for it to be complete presently.

"I anticipate a moment when the two personalities will become entirely dissociated, and the Red Indian will dominate," he said. It was a few days after this that Susan made her suggestion. "I think the trouble is," she said, "that there's something the least bit too scientific about this. A little too experimental. Perhaps . . ."

Prof. Budge was not a psychologist for nothing, and he saw at once what she meant. He devised a thoroughly unscientific corner in the great gaunt room; a davenport, a lamp, a little pot of flowers on a miniature table. Hilary North had never laughed more heartily than he did that day.

"What is it?" he asked. "An oasis in the desert?"

"Yes, yes," cried Prof. Budge. "That's it, that's it." And he whipped out a little notebook and wrote: Desert (Great American).

"It's another experiment," said Susan. She was sitting in the middle of the long davenport, with her hands spread out beside her, and she made a little beckoning with a slim forefinger, to indicate that Hilary North was to come and sit beside her.

Hilary North just sat there beside Susan, still holding the hand that he had forgotten to lay aside. "When does the experiment begin?"

"It's begun already," said Susan. It struck him all at once that she was pale.

"I say," he cried. "You look tired. I believe you've been working too hard."

"I have been working hard," Susan admitted. "But I don't seem to have accomplished much."

Presently she was talking about herself — Prof. Budge had disappeared behind the screen.



"I think I'm a little disappointed. I was tired of the kind of people I knew . . . and the people here are just the same. I like . . . different people. But I just know one."

Presently Hilary North was talking about himself too. "I like to travel," he said, and he swung his hand in a wide sweep to indicate distance.

("Great open spaces," noted Prof. Budge behind the screen. "Tendency to roam.")

"That's why I was so glad to get this job with the East and West Importing Company managing their Peking office." He told her all about the job and how he happened by a great stroke of luck to get it. Susan, it appeared, liked to travel too. It was amazing, when they counted them, how many of the same things they liked; horses and dogs and swift motion and wind in the face and rocks warmed by the sun . . .

(Wind-in-the-face, jotted Prof. Budge delightedly behind the screen, "Obviously an Indian name.")

"And sleeping in a tent," said Hilary North

("Teepees, jotted Prof. Budge.)

"And boats."

("Canoes," jotted Prof. Budge.)

We ought to try a canoe some night in the river." It was the nearest that Hilary North had ever come to asking Susan to go anywhere with him. "Tonight . . ." And then abruptly he became the ramrod Hilary North.

Things were exactly in this state on the day that Beanbridger came up for his examination for the Ph.D. degree in Psychology. Susan was left in charge of the laboratory. Prof. Budge gave her a list of words for an association test such as he had administered to Hilary North that first day.

She climbed up on the high stool and hooked her heels over the top rung and waited for Hilary North. The early winter dusk was falling, and the lights had been turned on; they shone full down upon her . . . and her lips were very red indeed, and her eyes were very black.

It was so that Hilary North found her.

Susan saw at once that it was the wrong Hilary North who had come in that night; the Hilary North of the pale, unhumorous look.

For an instant she thought that he was going out again. So she plunged headlong into the test before he could object.

If Susan had looked right at Hilary North then—if she could have seen the straight white set of his lips and the blue eyes shining so dark and bright and his fair hair all on end—why then, she could never have done what she planned to do. She might have read the very list that Prof. Budge had given her, and her own list might never have been read at all.

"Sweet," said Susan, trying not to let her voice quiver.

"Heart," said Hilary North

"Hold," said Susan.

"Hands," said Hilary North

"Lips," said Susan.

"Kiss," said Hilary North

"Love," said Susan.

"Stop!" said Hilary North crying out abruptly . . . and there was the crash of a chair going over behind him as he turned. "Stop! You don't know what you're doing; you and your experiments. I love you, I tell you. I don't want to love you, but I do. And I never can ask you to marry me," he cried. "I haven't any money. Not any money at all. And you . . ."

"You have a job," said Susan.

Hilary North smiled, that awfully nice smile of his all gone crooked, like the grin of a man in pain. "I wouldn't have even that," he said. "The East and West Importing Company doesn't take married men."

Susan Dare's black eyes had never been so black; her red lips had never been so red. "There must be a million jobs" she said. "But there's only one—you and me."

After that there came a stillness in the gaunt old room with its foolish litter of science. Then Hilary North swooped down on the high stool. And the high stool was suddenly empty.

Professor Erasmus Budge, returning from the Beanbridger doctoral examination, was attracted to the laboratory by the sound of a young man's voice repeating over and over the name of a well-known Indian tribe, resident in Dakota. "Sue, Sue, Sue," the young man was repeating, as if he could never have enough of it. "Sue . . ."

Professor Budge crept close and peeped in through the door. He rubbed his hands together till they rattled. There never had been a monograph in the world such as he could write now. "Complete. Red Indian dominates. He thinks he's taken her captive."

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## *Just One (1)*

# *Young Lady*

Will be chosen from among the twenty (20) young ladies in the middle of the magazine as the Freshman Queen, to say nothing of the four (4) Popularity Maids. Announced, of course, in the December Eliot. But in addition to such frothy stuff, you can always count on old Eliot to dish up a brimming horn of choice fiction, articles, sports, departments, gossip, photos, cartoons -- heaps of them. In fact we're getting so much better every month now we don't know what to do about it; so next month anything is liable to happen.





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