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enjoy



MAY

15 CENTS

WASHINGTON • UNIVERSITY

For Digestion's Sake — smoke Camels

Our tense, high-strung way of living strains digestion. Busy Americans find smoking Camels a pleasant digestive aid that helps digestion to proceed smoothly and prosperously!

The causes of upset stomach in our daily life are all too familiar. The pressure and vexation. The endless demands and annoyances. The hurry and rush. Bills—work—responsibility—worry about the future. Strain you can't see—*anxiety and tension inside*. Digestion suffers as a result.

Camels are a positive aid in relieving the effects of high-pressure liv-

ing. Science and common experience agree that smoking a Camel is a pleasant and effective way to assist digestion. Camels increase the flow of digestive fluids, and no matter how many you smoke they never get on your nerves.

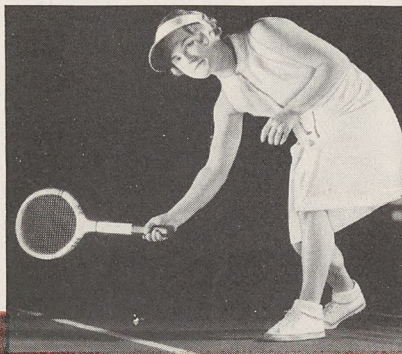
From Camel's costlier tobaccos you get unequalled flavor. Because they are so mild, Camels never tire your taste or jangle your nerves. Smoke Camels during and between meals for a comforting *lift*—a sense of cheer and well-being—and *for digestion's sake!* Camels set you right!

LIGHTNING SPEED has carried *petite* Mrs. Ethel Arnold (*left*) to the peak of tennis fame. Physical stamina depends greatly on digestion. "I smoke Camels with and after meals," says Mrs. Arnold.

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"THIS BATTERING RAM," says O. D. Gladwell, driller, "is tough on the digestion. I depend on Camels to set me right."



AT THE MAYFAIR ROOM of the Book-Cadillac Hotel in Detroit, Camels are outstandingly popular. Paul Fischer, whose genial touch adds a pleasing personal welcome to this smart and exclusive set-

ting, has observed that Camels are the favorite and are steadily increasing in popularity. "A glance around our tables," he says, "proves that those who appreciate quality have made Camels their first choice."



OVER 664 PARACHUTE JUMPS. Joe Crane says: "Stepping out into empty air tightens my stomach. I naturally turn to Camels for digestion's sake."



Costlier Tobaccos!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

The Poetry Club Has Its Regular Weekly Meeting

by GORDON SAGER

THE POEM OPENS WITH A SATIRIC DESCRIPTION OF THE MEMBERS

Like eager vultures, waiting, waiting,
Refined but eager,
They gnaw at the substance of the verse,
Always gnaw,
But in the mind.

WHAT THEY SAY OUT LOUD

Out loud and to the others they merely say
They like it;
Externally they merely say
They like it—
And, although they know nothing about poetry,
They know what they like.
 and there they sit—
 gnawing, gnawing in the mind,
 always gnawing.

WHAT DOROTHY SAID TO A MINOR GOD AFTER HE HAD READ ONE OF HIS POEMS

"Robert, I like your 'August Waste' much better.
What is that perfectly marvellous line?
Something about words and words not spoken—
So beautiful.
Do you have that with you?
I do wish you had."
 like eager vultures,
 eager but refined,
 they batten on the verse,
 they fatten in the mind.

LIKE FLIES TO WANTON BOYS ARE THEY TO THE GODS

The members of the Poetry Club form their
 hierarchies—
Each one has his minor god,
Except the minor gods themselves,
And they have major gods—
Donne and Eliot,
Blake and Pound—
These are the major gods.
Robert and Carl and Louise—
These are the minor gods.

IS GOD A MATHEMATICAL SYMBOL? But gods are made by human beings for human consumption.

 eager they sit,
 mentally crunching;
 devouring greedily,
 lustily munching.

THE GUEST SPEAKER IS GREATLY ADMIRER

The guest speaker sits,
Pulling at his pipe—
His smug and wellbred pipe—
And speaks of the southwest poets.
He has made a special study of the southwest poets.

DOROTHY SIMPLY RAVED ABOUT HIM TO ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE POETRY CLUB BEFORE THE MEETING BEGAN

Dorothy, the president of the Poetry Club,
Says that she is one of the guest speaker's most violent admirers.
She leads the congregation.

THE GUEST SPEAKER SEEKS KNOWLEDGE BETWEEN BITES

The guest speaker
Does not understand the modern poets.
He seeks enlightenment here
As he gnaws;
And they gnaw in chorus,
As he gnaws at D. H. Lawrence,
Witter Bynner, and Kreymborg
And Alice Corbin,
Who was later Alice Corbin Henderson.
Is she dead now, do you know?
 sucking in the marrow of the verse,
 eager but refined,
 they are healthy well-dressed dogs,
 gnawing in the mind.

THE GUEST SPEAKER POSES A VERY DIFFICULT QUESTION

Is this poetry?
The guest speaker asks,
As she reads a quatrain.

THE RESPONSE IS IN THE FORM OF A FUGUE, POINT AND COUNTERPOINT

Yes,
The Poetry Club answers,
Yes,
And no.

TAKE IT FROM



Dear Ed,

Spring is here. Spring, sprang, sprung. He sprang, she sprung. Ah, love.

*"The pig had one acorn
But he wanted to get the other
And I have one pretty maid
But I want to get the other."*

Grace (Frigid) Gale had herself a good time at the Leap Year Dance. She went around sprouting an Alpha Delt pin, proving that even ice melts. Everyone was told just how furious her date was about the pin. But the real lowdown is this. The name of the owner of the pin given was fictitious, since it was her brother's pin. Such anti-climaxes leave a slight chill. It looked for awhile there, Ed, as if Grace and Jeanne Butler would be coming to blows over Mr. Seldon (Quad Club) Spencer. The Gale swooped down upon Spencer every chance she got at the leap year dance. At present it looks as if Jeanne were doing the leading. Allen Barco trots Grace to every Theta Xi dance, but never dates her or any other girl between T.X. dances. His real frau being not on the campus.

Every maiden craves a pin these heart-throbbing days, and the boys seem willing to oblige. Virginia Keutzer is proudly flourishing Tim Christopher's Sigma Chi pin. And there is the old case of Hawkins and Johnson. Ed Waite could wait no longer, and Jo Doyle now shows his pin to the best advantage.

The pinning of Gene Penney by Ed Carson came as a surprise to everyone. It must have been love at first sight; or else they are plenty fast. The adage of every Pee Fee having at least one pin before graduation might be lurking in the background, you think? You can always depend on Bob Hillman and the first robin to prove that spring is just around the fourth corner. It is Sweetheart Herget this time. Which makes about four or five females his pin has guarded in the last couple of years. . . Lukie Keeler, Jackie Woods, some more he, too, has probably forgotten about.

Steve Hopkins denies he is a cradle snatcher. His pin on Margey Parman, Hi-School, being the real McCoy he claims. "Why I just followed my heart

and there she was," says W.U. ace pitcher. Lauramae (Still the Country Lass) Pippin had Kampus King Tommy Ozment's pin for a day. Buettner made no public statement, but probably thought plenty. And Jane Ebling better watch Fred Varney, who seems to be getting interested in the Pippin miss.

I hear June (Quarterback) Pentland could have a Pi Kappa pin if she only said the word. But having two years yet before her, the odds are against her acceptance. Margaret Smith used traps, gigs, and dynamite before she hooked Jim Black's Sigma Chi pin. Bill Holliday had Dorothy Wobus close her eyes, and POP, there was his Teke pin so comfy on her breast.

When Genevieve Schrader gets her cap and gown this June it is rumored that a ring from Jack Buffer may be in order. And another rumor is that in try-outs for Quad Club, Jukie Forgey stepped aside, when gentle hints were thrown out that perhaps Helen Lipp should get the position, and wasn't Forgey in it last year?

Walter Neun is having not such an easy time to give Virginia Pabst the comeon and at the same time keep Marion Ketter, who arrived this semester from Milwaukee. However Marion is getting no circles under her eyes from worrying about it. Libero Bertagnolli and Margaret Berr are closer than elevator air, but due to the Tarzan Man's past unhappy experience, there is no pin hanging over her head. Virginia Fischer knits sweaters for Harry McKee, but the strings lead to no definite place, after six years.

When Orlie Wilkening, T.X. alumnus wants a date, it is either June Pentland, Lauramae Pippin, or Shirley Lemmon who gets the call.

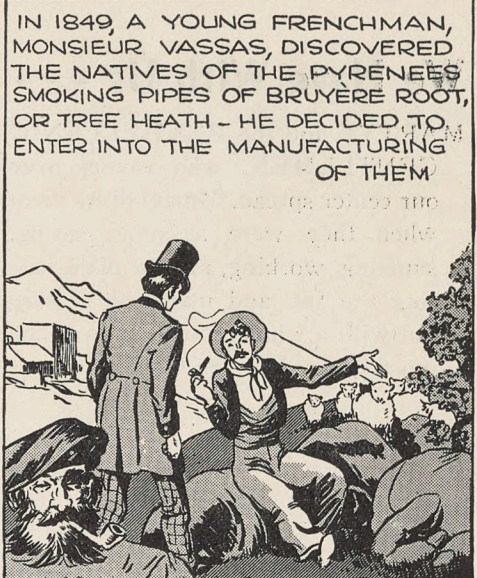
Osborne Gibbons doesn't seem to be able to make up his mind. One day he decides to quit going with Elaine Foerster and on the third breath she is the tops. Which can be explained by the fact that either no one better is in view at the time, or it is true love. But Bob Byars it appears has really hung out the stop sign as far as Gloria Ball is concerned. That handsome Greek God, Bill Brooking, started off his

(Continued on page 19)

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



THE STORY OF BRIAR PIPES



THEN, AS NOW, ENTIRE FAMILIES WERE EMPLOYED IN THE DIGGING, DYEING, AND MAKING OF BRIAR PIPES. SELDOM IS MORE THAN A FOURTH OF THE ROOT USABLE



IN THE EIGHTIES, M. VASSAS DISCOVERED IN ALGERIA A BRIAR EQUAL TO THAT OF FRANCE, ITALY, OR CORSICA



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EXPECT P. A. TO HIT THE JOY NOTE!

Men, don't put off trying Prince Albert. It is mild and mellow—wonderful in flavor—too good to miss! Smoke 20 pipefuls at our risk. Whiff its fragrance. Note how cool and long-burning each pipeful is. Enjoy steady pipe smoking that does

not bite the tongue. So join up today with the world's biggest group of contented pipe smokers—the Prince Albert fans! You risk nothing. P. A. has to please you. Special note for "makin's" smokers—P. A. makes grand roll-your-own cigarettes.

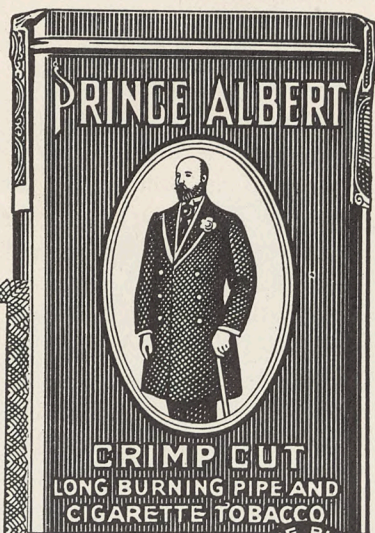
OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

"You must be pleased"

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

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!



THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

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

We Have With Us - - -

MARTYL and the PANHELLENIC GENTLEMEN, who cavort over our center spread. Martyl drew them when they were sleeping, eating, smoking, working, or just plain batting the fat, and managed to skip out with a whole notebook from the most enraged of the Greeks.



NANCY KEALHOFER, who takes us back to her native state of Mississippi in Three Short. She will be remembered as the author of Love, Hot Water and Fudge, which appeared in the March issue.



PHIL MONYPENNY. Phil, whose fiery carrot-top may be seen wagging viciously wherever any kind of demonstration is being held, gives his side of this reformer business.



LACKLAND BLOOM. The only thing wrong with Lack's unique picture of men and prospects of the track team is that he leaves himself out, for in addition to being an author, he is one of the mainstays of Coach Hellmich and his cinder-men.



DALE CLOVER, who takes to the airways this month to give us a summary of the better radio programs of the first part of the week. If you like it, Dale says he'll take care of the rest of the week in a later issue.



GORDON SAGER, who rakes the College Poetry Society over the coals in his first long poem. Gordon is last year's editor of Eliot and knows whereof he speaks.



OUR ANONYMINITY, a basic R. O. T. C. student who discusses the value of military training and also demands to be shown in good old Missouri fashion.

Washington University

eliot

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No. 7

THE STAFF

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CONTENTS

GORDON SAGER
The Poetry Club Has Its Meeting. Page 1

TAKE IT FROM RICKY Page 2

THE TOWERS AND THE TOWN Page 5

NANCY KEALHOFER
Three Short Page 6

PHIL MONYPENNY
On Being a Reformer Page 8

BILL VAUGHAN
Cartoons Page 9

D. ADAM DREWE
Double Reverse Page 10

ULTIMATUM FROM A BASIC R. O. T. C. STUDENT Page 11

MARTYL SCHWEIG
The May Panhellenic Page Page 12

FRANCIS R. O'BRIEN
Flowers for Amelia Page 14

LACKLAND BLOOM
A Track Coach Speaks Page 15

DALE CLOVER
Air Waves for Joe College Page 16

CAPTAIN OF SALESGIRLS:
Martha Milam
FIVE BEST SALESGIRLS
OF THE MONTH:
Marie Ruebel
Alice Worthington
Mary Stobie
Carolyn Doerres
Marifrances Rosenstein

Cover by George Engelke

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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY ELIOT

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THE TOWERS —

maids looked so lovely among the flowers—in fact all of the men looked adorable with their varied corsages—that we feel certain they would make graceful and captivating bearers of the traditional Daisy Chain. Why not go further? Let some of the dear boys trip the light fantastic about the May Pole and let the R.O.T.C. boys do the relatively simple folk dances. A “deliciously different” May Fete is guaranteed.

Excuse, Please

Last month, through a lamentable error we failed to mention that the campus poets' production of *Murder in the Cathedral* is being directed by Miss Mary Jane Roach of *Waiting for Lefty* fame. We humbly beg her pardon. It was the fault of the assistant to the assistant pencil sharpener, Miss Roach, and we fired him on the spot.

May King

Having followed the English May Festival of Bryn Mawr for several years, some of the girls have been clamoring for a “different” May Fete. Accordingly, an American Festival has been planned. In view of the recent displays of the charm and beauty of the Washington stronger sex, however, we have a better idea to offer. We suggest that W.S.G.A., now at work on the Fete, elect a male queen. There is no doubt but that the stunning Misses Yore and Buettner were the most striking models in the Quad Show style promenade, and what crowning of Hatchet or Engineers' Queen could be more impressive than the magnificent coronation ceremony of Tommy Ozment, the Kampus King? Tom and his

Crime Department

We would congratulate that group of five school boys in Dayton, Ohio who succeeded in violating the city ordinance against skating in the street by a very nice bit of skull-duggery. Four of the lads would skate blithely around in the street, while the fifth remained on the sidewalk with a pair of earphones, connected with a crystal set, glued to his ears. When he heard the familiar “police are asked to investigate a report that a group of children are skating on such and such a street,” he would immediately blow lustily on a tin whistle, and by the time the law arrived, all five would be skating innocently about on the sidewalk, much to the disgust of the police who were all in a dither trying to figure out what was wrong. This proves, once again, that in a battle of wits, even with school boys, the police have the advantage of being eternally unarmed.

Without Benefit of Eyes

English 16's *Greek Meets Greek* company, playing most recently at

the dramatic contests in Columbia, reports some strange doings. Sensation of the performances was the play given by the Missouri School for the Blind, the cast, all blind, playing the parts of people with vision. Acting on a strange stage, the sightless actors barged boldly up to chairs, sat down un-feelingly. The girl playing the maid servant, questioned afterward, said she had some fears that the table might not be set faultlessly, and appeared happy to hear that she had filled up every water glass, letter perfect.

Expiring Gasp Corner

We should like to make it clear than in Student Life's announcement of the publications editors, it so happened that the names beneath the pictures of the incoming Eliot editors were entirely correct. It has been, of course, Eliot's custom to announce its editor in its own pages, but we forgive our journalistic colleagues, for they know not, as a general thing, what they do. And we should like to bestow our own belated little blessing upon Arleen Thyson and Bill Moore, for we fancy that before they write another such squib next April they shall have needed it, and many times over.

So, with our last expiring lunge at the keyboard, we say God bless them, and God bless everybody, even Student Life.



—AND THE TOWN

The Flapper and I were having a grand argument. I could just imagine Bessie down at the telephone office as she sat there sipping her afternoon Coca-Cola and listening to us with her mouth open and her eyes like soup bowls.

"The fact remains," Flap yelled at me over the terrific noise of generators and carburetors and things they have down at the light plant—Flap is an electrical engineer, and although I'm very glad he likes his work, I fail to see why he has to telephone me from the plant. "The fact remains," he repeated at the top of his voice, "that I have to do some more line work tonight, even if I have had to do line work for the past three nights, and I will not have people saying that my wife is running around to chicken barbecues with a young widower, while my back is turned."

I was sitting right next to the telephone and there were no generators around the house, but I yelled back at him anyway. "I didn't say I was going to the barbecue with Bo. I merely remarked that since you've discovered the last minute that you have to work tonight, I see no reason why I should stay home by myself for the fourth night in a row."

Flap cooled down for a minute. "I know," he said, "and I'm sorry about that. Really I am, Squally." Nobody ever called me anything but "Elizabeth" until I married a Southerner a couple of years ago and came to this town. Apparently the only relation between me and a



squall is that fact that I'm red-headed and have a rotten temper. "But look," Flap went on, "couldn't you go over to see Chicken or some of them? Or maybe you could go to the show," he added.

"Chicken and them," I said icily, "are going to the barbecue, and so is everybody else. As for the show, I saw that picture in New Orleans three months ago, and I didn't like it the first time I saw it. So there's nothing left to do but go to prayer meeting. And if you tell me to do that," I said, beginning to yell again, "I'll tear this telephone right out of the wall, so help me."

Then Flap got mad. "Nobody's telling you to go to prayer meeting," he bellowed. "I simply said that I didn't want you tearing around to chicken barbecues when all the other girls will be there with their husbands, and you'll be there with Bo."

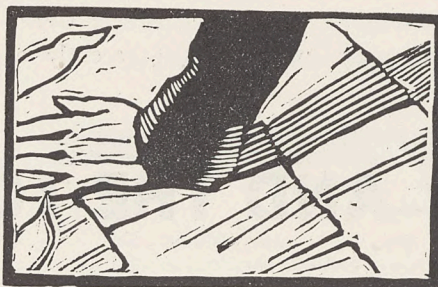
"I'm not going to the barbecue with Bo," I repeated savagely. "I'm going with the whole crowd. Can I help it that his wife got malaria on a fishing trip three years ago and that you have to work tonight? People don't even think of things like that where I come from."

"But, Squally, you don't live in Chicago any more. You live in a small town and people do think things like that. Besides you don't know what those chicken barbecues are like. They don't even take chicken along with them, Squally. All they ever take is a couple of gallons of corn whiskey and a case of Coca-Cola for chasers.

THREE SHORT

by NANCY KEALHOFER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES CRAVER



That's where my husband was—up there on the roof. He was tearing off burning shingles with his bare hands.

And then everybody gets pie-eyed and finishes the evening by digging up graves in the negro cemetery. People would begin talking about you right away, particularly because you're a Northerner. Now why don't you listen to me, Squally?

"I am listening to you," I stormed, "and I've heard enough. If you can't trust me out of your sight without being afraid I'll do something to disgrace both of us—or that I can't take care of myself—well, you can have the whole damn town to yourself," I finished in a rage, "and I'll go back to Chicago where I belong in the first place."

Flap had evidently had enough, too. After all, he is no sissy, either, as far as temper is concerned. "If you really want to go, Mrs. McClellan," he said furiously, "I'll see what I can do about having the station master flag the Panama Limited at 6 o'clock. Or would that interfere with your plans for the barbecue?"

I saw red at that. "You needn't flag a damn thing for me," I screamed. "I managed to catch a train to get here, and I guess I can catch one to get out. And if you want to know what I really think about—"

I was suddenly aware that I was being interrupted. "Look, Squally," Flap was saying, "hold everything for a minute, will you? It seems like something's on fire and I've got to go blow the fire whistle. Do you mind?"

"No, I don't mind," I raved on. "Nothing bothers me any more. It's getting so—where'd you say the fire was, Flap."

"Dunno," he mumbled. "Gotta go find out. Bye."

I sat there with the receiver still in my hand for a full minute before I realized that my husband had just thrown me over for a fire whistle. So then I remained very quiet while the letters on the telephone book began zigzagging back and forth as letters on a telephone book will do when you're crying.

But I am not one to sit and mope. I had fired the cook and had one bag half-packed—because I could show Flap it wasn't just a fit of temper—when I heard the fire whistle let out its sulky whine. Unconsciously I listened for the signal. Three short. That was over by the lumber mill, somewhere across the railroad tracks. Not that it made any difference, because I wouldn't be racing Flap to any more fires. Anyway, he was probably on the fire truck by now. He hadn't missed being fire-chief for the last ten or twelve years, and he certainly wouldn't hesitate merely because I was leaving him. So I threw another pair of shoes in the bag and hoped spitefully that Mr. Matthew would be sober. Mr. Matthew is

fire-chief, legally, but he stays drunk so much that whoever gets to the old Model A truck first is automatically chief and gets to drive.

When the fire-truck finally did go by the house, I didn't even look out of the window. I knew what it would look like. I could just see Flap at the wheel and every young male in town piled on the truck and all of them yelling and carrying on as though they were going to get someplace in a big hurry. I heard them clang down the street and rumble across the railroad tracks, and then I remembered that there was only one fire-hydrant on that side of town. That was the one right at the lumber mill. If the fire was in that row of negro cabins east of the mill, the department was certain not to have enough hose to stretch from the hydrant. And the whole row would be blazing before they could come back to town for more hose. Not that it was my worry! I could look out of the window of the Panama that evening and see what was left of those cabins and that would be that. So I tucked in the edges of the satin pajamas and shut the bag and decided not to hang around any longer even if it was only 4 o'clock. I'd go sit at the depot with old man Johnson, but I wouldn't stay in that house.

Just as I got out on the front porch I saw the truck coming back for more hose, and I ducked in the house so Flap wouldn't see me. I needn't have bothered, though. He didn't even glance at the house. He was already grimy with soot and smoke and he was grinning idiotically while his protegee, young Scat Howard, clanged the bell on the front of the truck. The rest of the fire-fighters comforted themselves with just yelling. The whole gang was stark, staring crazy and they were having a grand time.

As soon as they had plowed past, I started for the depot. There wasn't a soul on the streets. Everybody was at the fire. Even old man Johnson was standing on the platform watching the black smoke and the occasional bursts of flame that rose up over and beyond the lumber mill.

"Hello, theah, Miss Squally," he said, "some blaze, isn't it?" He looked at me curiously. "How come youah not at th' fire?" he asked. "I see Flap's chief again t'day."

"I was kinda busy," I said noncommittally, hoping he would think I had been taking a bath or something when the whistle blew. Mr. Johnson looked at me and then down at the suitcase I was still holding.

"Goin' off?" he asked slowly.

I nodded without looking at him. "Flag the Panama for me this evening, will you?"



(Continued on page 23)

ON BEING A REFORMER

From the Mattress to the Sofa With an Exceedingly Excitable Gentleman.

by PHIL MONYPENNY

ILLUSTRATED BY HELENE CALLICOTTE

(Editor's note: All names, of course, of "proletariat exploiters" must be considered fictional.)

It's a tough life, this business of being an amateur professional reformer. Full of disappointments and frustrations and distractions. Once he gets into it he can't get out of it either. Just like smoking opium or joining the Black Hand. Consider a reformer's day. Gets up in the morning. Rather tries to. What is more important (he thinks) at 7 o'clock than pushing right down into the middle of the mattress and lying there in an ecstasy of relaxation for hours and days and centuries till the planet swings cold about a dead sun? Mattress, mattress? Sweet-sleep mattress? Something wrong somewhere. Oh, yes, Zimmons Company underpays its help. Works 'em long hours. Defies the Labor Board. Yeah, and uses lint in the mattress instead of good honest cotton, and chopped up rags. God, what a world: can't even enjoy a mattress without being stung by the sweat of the exploited proletariat.

He has to get up. Clothes. Shoes, ties, shirts. Not comfortable, just conventional. Not beautiful. Even blasted ugly—especially baggy pants. Just another item of conspicuous consumption. Damned bourgeois convention. When we gonna end all this rot and live in a good clean Soviet society where you can wear your shirt tails outside your pants?

Toothpaste. More bourgeois prejudice. Why brush your teeth? Doesn't stop decay. Just soap and chalk and flavoring. Read what Chase and Schlink say about Popsodont. Pay two bits a tube for it. Exploitation of the ignorant consumer. That's what it is. And soap, Livebobo soap. All the cheap rotten appeals to the middle class inferiority complexes. God, the capitalist world ought to be sickened by its own stench.

At breakfast our hero is outraged by the breakfast food. Grind wheat and push it through a sieve. Pay farmers fifty cents a bushel and charge fifteen cents

a pound. Play the ends against the middle, too. Farmers figure city people live on their labor. People in the city disgusted by the farmers' greed. And the damned bacon. Salt. Cured with saltpetre, no doubt. Wonder what that does to your stomach. And pay Sniffed to make the stuff. Dirtiest exploiter in America. Sinclair told all about him in *The Jungle*. If it weren't for the Pure Foods Administration they'd be curing it rotten, too.

Our reformer rides to school on the street car. He curses the public service company. Why doesn't the city run a decent system?

And gazes with most unsocial covetousness on the snappy new Fords wiggling between the street car and the parked autos at the curb. He sleeps through a session on education, muttering about the suppression of teachers' freedom of opinion by Legionnaires. He dreams of clubbing a huge figure looking somewhat like a mixture of Hitler, Mussolini and Belgrano into covering submission, and wakes as the class shuffles out of the room.

No more classes that morning. Important business on foot. He's got to run off a mimeographed poster on a meeting to discuss neutrality. Click, click, click, goes the typewriter. Damn, got an M instead of an N. Blast it, there's one line written on top of the other. Forgot to twist it up. Damned mending fluid's got an awful smell. Nauseating. A. D. Bick Co. ought to be confiscated. Charge an outrageous price for materials. Complete monopoly. Edison invented the process. Sold out. Bick made millions, and the patent's still running. Wouldn't be that way in a Socialist state, mimeographs for everybody and stencils free. Wish we were like the Labor Party in Great Britain. Have an office, and a bunch of assistants. "Get this off," and then read a book. Read. Haven't read in ages. Too many meetings. How can you lead



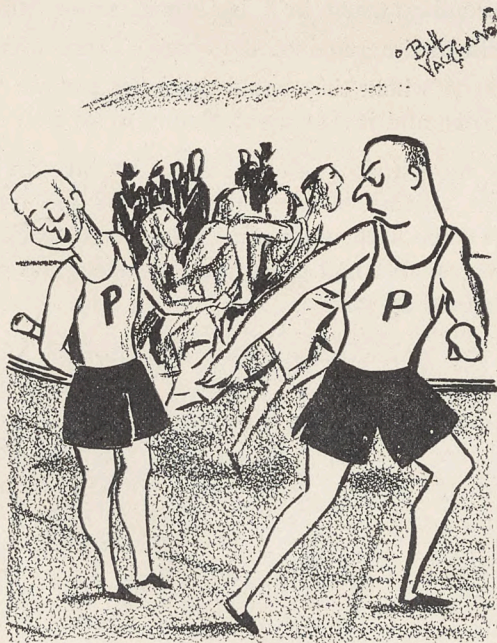
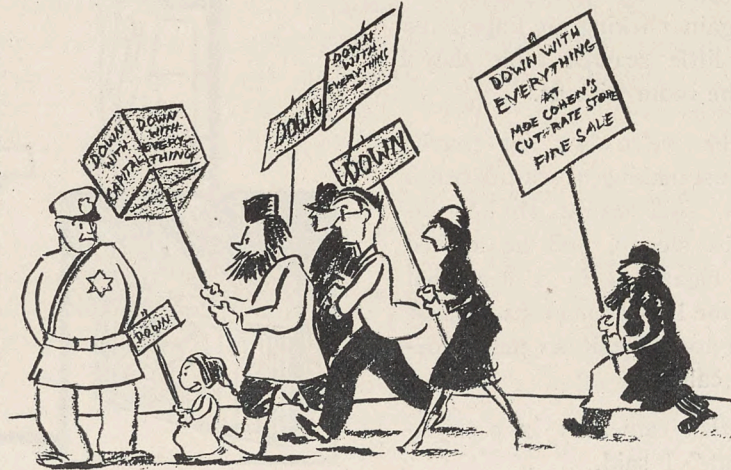
He dreams of clubbing a figure looking like Hitler, Mussolini and Belgrano

(Continued on page 21)

AND HUNG UP TO DRY

by BILL VAUGHAN

"He signed 427 copies, 'Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, Weehauken, N. J.'"



"Guess which hand."

MAY CALENDAR

Times and Places for the Better Things

May 2—Gallery talk on Rome and Classic Art, 3:30 p.m. by Jessie B. Chamberlain at the Art Museum.

May 6—Jaquelin Ambler on Rivera, 10:30 a.m. at the Museum.

May 7-11—Exhibition of Drawings made by School Children of America shown at the Artists' Guild.

May 9—Gallery talk on How a Sculptor Works (Demonstration) 3:30 p.m. by Jessie B. Chamberlain at the Museum.

May 9—Leopold Stokowski with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, 8:30 p.m. at the Municipal Auditorium.

May 13-31—Group Show of Oil Paintings and Water Colors by Guild Members shown at the Artists' Guild.

May 16—Gallery talk on the Special Exhibition, 3:30 p.m. by Jessie B. Chamberlain at the Art Museum.

May 23—Gallery talk on American Interiors, 3:30 p.m. by Jessie B. Chamberlain at the Art Museum.

DOUBLE REVERSE—

by D. ADAM DREWE

ILLUSTRATED BY GUY BRAMON

"Why are they taking so long?" I said again, clicking my fingernails on the little scarred table they'd put in the room with us.

"Maybe we're last, or maybe they're just making us wait to break us down," said Renny. He kept his blue eyes steady, and he shoved me his cigarettes in a way that showed me he was nervous because he tried to make it so matter-of-fact, so calm.

"It's that camera I keep thinking about," I said.

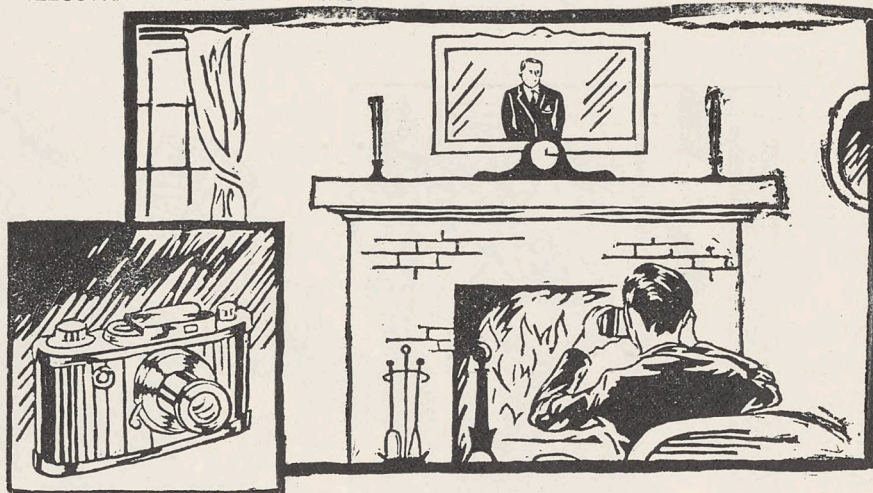
"Shut up!" said Renny in a quick snap, then he said in a low voice. "They may be listening, or they may have some kind of a recorder in here somewhere."

There were only two chairs and the table in the little room. No windows, no decorations at all, and the door was locked. The policemen had locked it when they brought us in over an hour ago. There could have been others, in other rooms, we didn't know. A dozen people at least would have had good reason to kill John Lochland. The police knew that, but they didn't know that Renny and I had cut the cards to see who would kill him.

That was Sunday night, three nights ago, only a day after we had learned about Clare. We had known for a couple of weeks that she had been going to one of the gambling clubs, one of the better ones, where women went. They sat at poker tables mostly, with a professional dealer. I thought it would be a good brotherly act to talk her out of it, but I didn't get anywhere.

"It won't do any good," Renny had said, "unless you find her some other kind of excitement. With Aubrey for a husband, going out every night, and not giving a rap for her one way or another, she's got to have something."

Until we heard from a woman friend of Renny's, and then did a little checking up, we didn't know how far in she had gone. She had lost her own money, two hundred of Aubrey's that he hadn't found out about, and another two hundred she had borrowed desperately from Lochland, trying to get back in the clear. Lochland stayed at the club, making a profession of lending money to women. He had his own way of suggesting for them to work it out, and Clare hadn't had any choice.



There was no use waiting, no use making any kind of elaborate plan. Go to his house late at night, say late Sunday when he'd be home, shoot him down, and chuck the gun into the river. There was no one person to whom they could pin it by motive. We cut the cards, and it was up to Renny to do it.

We thought it was best for me to have an alibi, so I went visiting on the other side of the river, and didn't come back until late. When I got back, Renny was home. He had tried to go to sleep, and couldn't. He wanted to talk.

"I just walked in and shot him through the head," he told me, "and then I got out. I wanted to get right out, and I didn't mess with anything, but after I left I had that unfinished feeling, as though I'd forgotten something. When I got in bed I got to thinking about cameras, and that was it. See, I looked in first through the window, and I saw him sitting there alone in front of the fireplace. The room was pretty bright. The door was open, and I came in quietly, and went up behind him and shot him in the head. I didn't pay any attention then, but I remember now what it was he had in his hand. It was a camera, one of those big-nosed little ones—the kind that people poke around and get pictures when you don't know it. There was a mirror right over the fireplace, I remember that, too."

"My God!" I said. "What if he just sat there and snapped you as you came in—right through the mirror?"

"If he did, the police got it. They'll develop that roll."

We didn't go to sleep that night, and in the

(Continued on page 18)

Ultimatum From A Basic R.O.T.C. Student

Anonymous



HEREBY challenge any instructor in the Department of Military Science and Tactics, any student in the Department of M. S. and T., or any other interested party to prove to me why I should be willing to take part in a war of the United States government fought outside of the boundaries of the United States, this proof to be given before the end of the semester in an *Eliot* article, or in a lecture held on the campus and publicized enough so that I shall be sure to hear about it.

The reason I am in such a hurry to see or hear this proof is that I must decide by the next registration whether or not to take the advanced R.O.T.C. course (provided, of course, that I am acceptable) and at my graduation accept the commission in the Reserve Corps which is the goal of the advanced course and which requires the holder to go to any war, *within* or *without* the boundaries of the United States, to which the government (meaning, in theory at least, the majority of the people) may ask him to go.

A person who has taken the basic R.O.T.C. course, as everyone knows, is no more liable for military service than anyone else, and let me make clear that I am glad I took the basic course—for the following reasons: if I am convinced that I should be willing to go to a foreign war, I shall take the advanced course; if I am convinced that I should be willing to fight only within our boundaries (and that I should go to jail rather than fight outside them), I shall have had two years of preparation for within-boundary fighting; if, some other time, I am convinced that no fighting is ever justified—even to protect the institutions of the United States—the more I know about all sorts of fighting the better prepared I shall be to be the enemy of all sorts of fighting.

The chief objection to taking the basic R.O.T.C. course is that those taking the course are supposed to be “indoctrinated” by pageantry and propaganda (with what they are indoctrinated is not usually made clear). There is some pageantry in our unit—in the form of parades, which 90 per cent of the participants appear to hate; at Washington, at least, there is very little propaganda—of course, in accordance with the University’s tradition of free speech, once in a while the Instructors in M.S.T., like other faculty members, give their classes material which is obviously opinion. Anyway, if I were very easily swayed by either words

or ceremonies, I would now be a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, a Congregationalist, an atheist, an Ethical Society-ist, a Greek Orthodox, a Republican, a Democrat, a Socialist, a Liberty Leaguer, and an A.S.U. member.

For the sake of fairness I must admit that right now I am inclined to agree with Point No. 2 of the peace ballot drawn up by the Campus Peace Committee of the American Student Union:

The War and Navy Departments should be consolidated into a department of national defense which would have no power to use the armed forces of the United States outside its own borders (including, I suppose, the borders of its possessions).

My agreement with this point is due to the fact that *at present* I can think of only four kinds of foreign wars (note that I say *foreign*) in which the United States could engage—none of which I feel would be justified—wars of expansion, wars over freedom of trade and travel, wars which are “the lesser of two evils,” wars which the other fellow has started and which you therefore feel you have a right to “carry over into his back yard” (as explained by Major Albert D. Chipman at a meeting of the 1935 Campus Forum).

The first I disdain to talk about.

As for freedom of trade and travel, my present feeling is that such freedom is nice to have, but not worth going to war about, and that there would never be any occasion for war over trade or travel if all traders and travellers kept as far as possible from belligerents.

Those who believe in wars which are “the lesser of two evils” should have heard Norman Thomas’s speech in the Chapel in which he said, in effect, that once upon a time the United States chose a foreign war with the sincere belief that it was a lot better to do so than to have a world made “unsafe for democracy” by the forces of imperialism; the side which the United States was on won this war; the forces of imperialism were crushed—and today in their places we have the forces of Nazi-ism. Who thinks a foreign war against Nazi-ism might be justified?

The idea of carrying a war started by another nation over into this other nation’s back yard sounds a lot better to me than the first three kinds of foreign wars, but at this writing I do not think that even this

(Continued on page 17)



John Pahlmann

BILL EVANS

TONY KONVICKA

DWIGHT HAFELI

FRED VARN

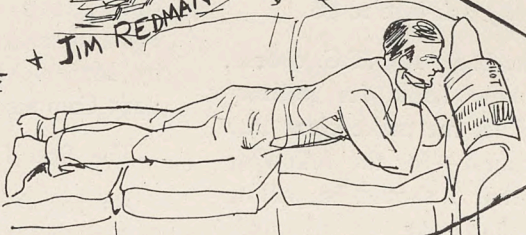
ZBOYOVSKI

JACK CARNAHAN

OREL SCHOPP

JACK DOYNE

JIM REDMAN



LACKLAND BLOOM

HARRY WHITE

DICK HORNER

BOB HUDGENS

BUTLER BUSHYHEAD

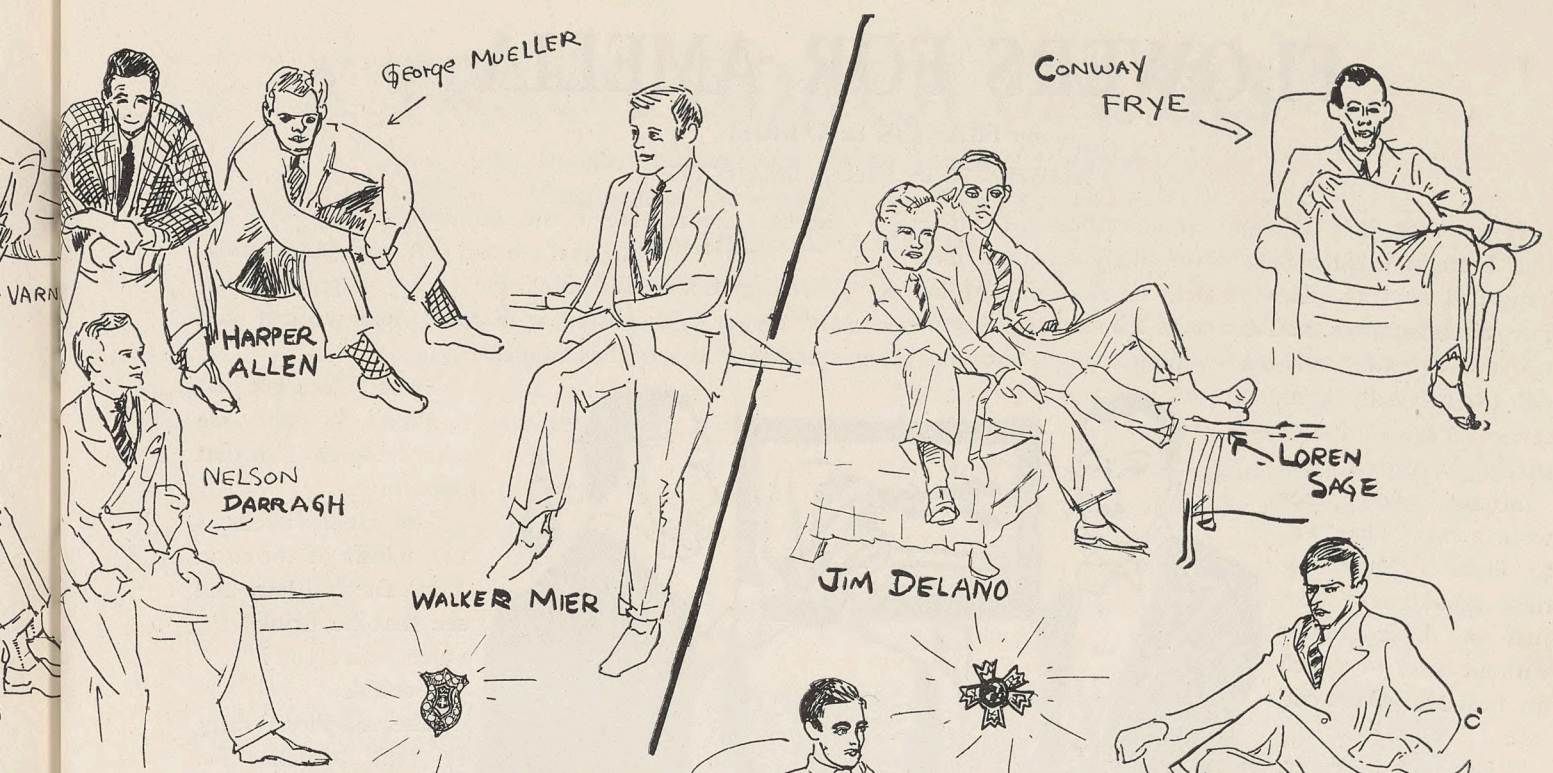
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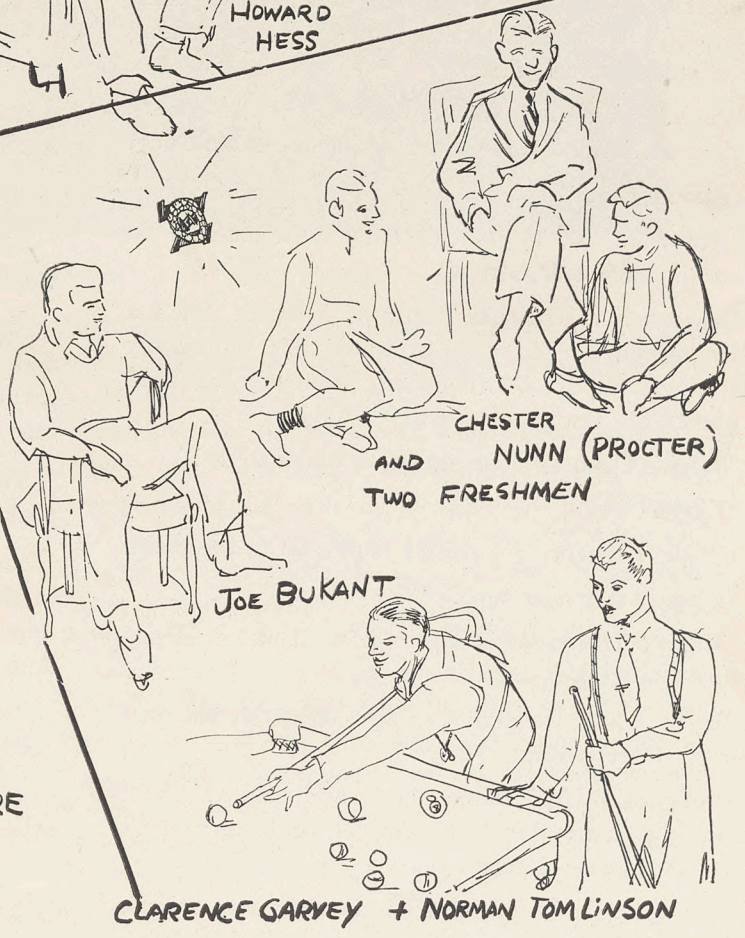
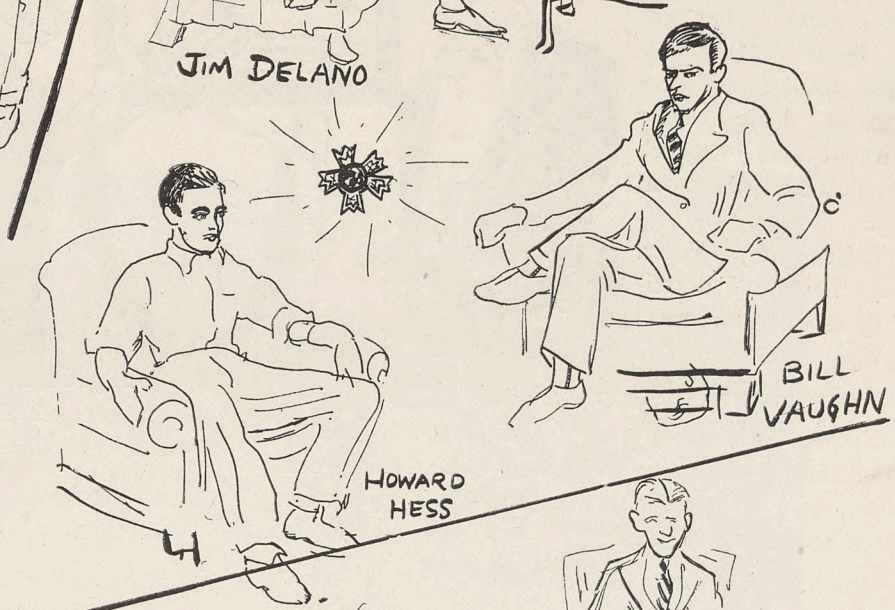
BILL BOHN

PHI DELIP

THE MAY PAID
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PAELLENIC PAGE
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DELIP

FLOWERS FOR AMELIA

by FRANCIS R. O'BRIEN

ILLUSTRATED BY HELENE CALLICOTTE

It was fate, just fate, and circumstances, of course, that brought it all about. Most likely it would have happened anyway (Heaven help us if it didn't) but fate, circumstances, and my sister's headwork concentrated everything into one evening.

All those vitally concerned came. Fate surely sponsored that.

Mother and father were away. That was a break. Otherwise there would have been just a little liquor without a lot of which the best laid plans oft' fail.

Eileen, my sister, used her head practically as well as decoratively. Fate and circumstances had to combine to effect that.

Eileen had been going around not even half interested in anything for a long time. I suggested yeast, but the trouble wasn't intestinal. Something more poignant than that.

We were at dinner, and she decided that we'd have to do something. I was just thinking the same thing.

"About what?"

"Not what, my brother, whom. We'll have to do something about Deborah."

Deborah is a particular chum of Eileen's. She's a charming girl; a bit rash at times, but thoroughly charming. We are both sincerely fond of her. That is one of the few points we agree upon.

"What's Deborah done, doing, or about to do?"

"Elope."

People of twenty are always blunt and to the point.

"Elope? Are you sure? With whom?"

"Henry. If you know Deborah she'll marry Henry before this week is over."

"Well, that's Deborah's affair. Why should you worry? Do you want Henry?"

"Deliver me from Henry, colds, and sailors! She'll be a fool to marry him. She can get much, very much better than that—that amoeba!"

I was glad she had the grace to leave him an animal, and not make him a plant. I agreed with her, however, because I have always pictured Deborah and me

together somewhere in the dim future.

"I have it!" The girl's brain cell was functioning. "We'll give a party! We'll get Henry sloppily drunk, and Deborah disgusted with him; then we can just stand by and see what happens."

Trust Eileen not just to stand by and see what happens. Not that opportunist.

"All Henry needs is two whiffs of the cork. You can tend bar, and see that he drinks too much, can't you?"

I could.

The telephone rang. It was Amelia for Eileen. Amelia's voice is absolutely unmistakable.

"She probably wants to tell me that Chuck has just given her something adorable, or where she went and was such a huge success with Chuck. The cat!"

So that was it. Chuck hadn't been around in a month.

Amelia, stealing a night off from Chuck, was invited to the party.

So was Chuck. Unethical but effective.

Five more couples including Deborah and her Henry were asked over for the evening.

Some flowers came. I could see Eileen getting more and more excited as she opened them. A corsage of gardenias from Chuck. Poor child! She had a bad case of heart trouble.

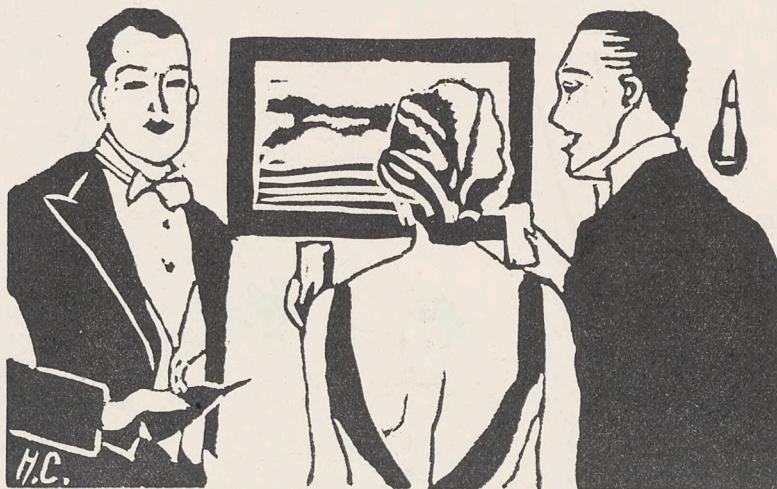
The flowers were beautiful, and looked very accomplishing on the most dangerous dress she owns.

Soon Chuck came in. He helped me set up a bar in the dining room. A moment later Amelia and a new boy made their appearance. She spied the flowers immediately.

"Why Eileen! What gorgeous flowers! Who's dead?"

"Amelia, that's a stunning gown," Eileen counter-attacked, "but, hon. this isn't a costume party."

Two girls cannot pursue the same boy and still be ladies.



(Continued on page 21)

A TRACK COACH SPEAKS

An Imaginary Interview With Hudson Hellmich,
Washington University's New Track Coach.

by LACKLAND BLOOM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES LORENZ

Scene: Francis Field. Time: Any week day afternoon at 4 p. m. Dramatis Personae: Hudson Hellmich, Washington University track coach; Washington University Varsity and Freshmen track men; Visitor, and Student Guide.

VISITOR: So this is Francis Field. I understand that this is the track on which the 1904 Olympics were held.

STUDENT GUIDE: That's right. These are the very cinders that the champs of yesteryear ran on. Why—

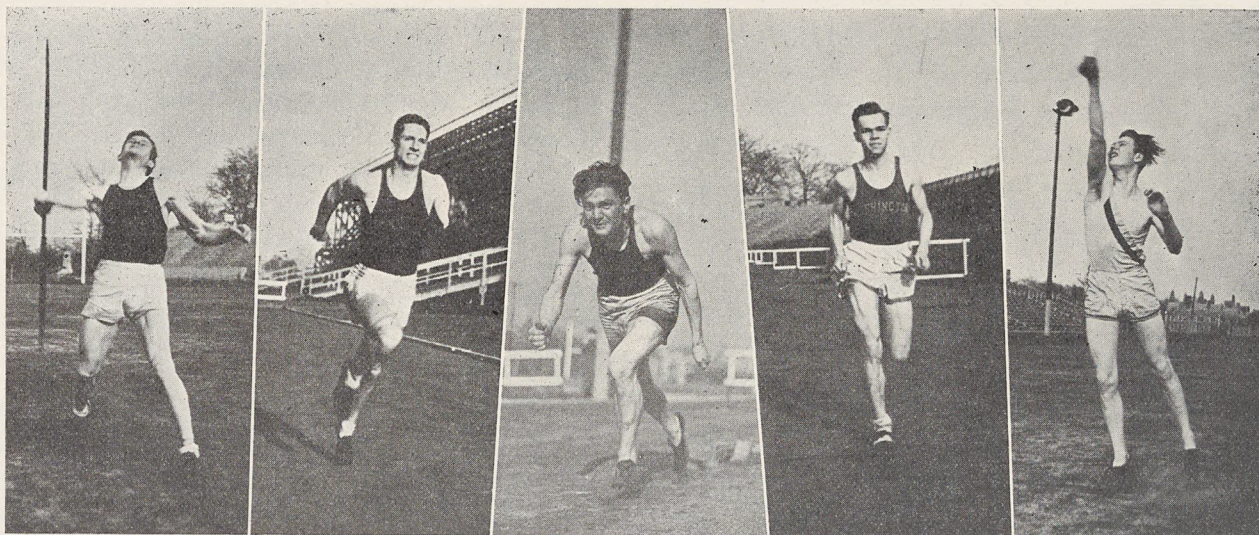
takes a few laps around the track and some practice starts to loosen up his muscles and get good and warm. This tends to prevent any serious injuries.

VISITOR: How big a team do you have this year?

HELLMICH: We have about twenty-five men who regularly work out, in addition to freshmen. We generally enter about seventeen of these in dual meets.

VISITOR: What do you mean by a dual meet?

HELLMICH: A dual meet is one in which only two schools are competing. We have had one with Cape



Ernest Ohle

Bob McClure

Lackland Bloom

Frank Wright

Harry Greensfelder

VISITOR: Who is the tall, slim fellow dressed in a Washington sweat suit jogging over there? Is he a freshman also?

S. G.: No, Sir. That's Hudson Hellmich, Washington's new track coach. You've heard of him. He captained the University of Illinois basketball team and was their outstanding star in track and basketball for three years. He coaches both here now. Would you like to meet him?

VISITOR: Would I! Do you think he can spare the time?

S. G.: Why not? Come on over. Huddy!

HELLMICH: (turning quizzically) Yes?

S. G.: This gentleman is a visitor on our campus today, and he would like to see a track team in practice. Would you mind taking him around this afternoon?

HELLMICH: Not at all. We are about ready to start the distance men on their workouts. The team is just finishing warming up. Each afternoon every man

Girardeau already this spring. We won it, 72½ to 59½. We also have such meets scheduled with St. Louis and Missouri Universities.

VISITOR: Do you have only three meets a year?

HELLMICH: Oh, no! We have two Missouri Valley meets—one indoor and one outdoor. In addition we send teams to the Kansas and Drake Relays. Oh, Frankie! Get Friedrich, and you two better take an easy mile tonight. (To visitor) That's Frank Wright, former Webster miler; he will bear the burden of our distance runs this year. He already has won a first in the Cape meet in the mile and two-mile events and won two thirds in these same events at the Missouri Valley indoor meet. He has been clocked as low as 4 minutes 36 seconds for the mile and should continue to improve, since he is only a sophomore. Friedrich, a junior, should lower his 2:04 time for the half mile this year also.

VISITOR: Do you have any other distance men?

(Continued on page 22)

AIR WAVES FOR JOE COLLEGE

by DALE CLOVER

(Ed. note: Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday programs are reviewed this issue. More next month.)

SWINGING around the radio circuit for a week finds many and varied programs—opera, plays, stories, skits, orchestras, bands, humor, love, news, sports, sermons, speeches, and a mixture of anything you want. You can take your pick, but your chances of picking a winner are small.

Starting with *Monday*. At 6:00, of course, and five times a week, Amos and Andy are given to you by Announcer Bill Hay with his "Here They Are" over KSD. But who listens to them any more? Even though they were awarded recently the first medal of merit ever given by *Radio Guide* for outstanding ability, originality and conspicuous contributions to the art of broadcasting . . . They missed their first broadcast recently for the first time in their eight years of radio.

Fibber McGee and Molly, comedy sketch at 7:00, can be skipped. 7:30 finds on station KWK the Parisian program with Morton Downey, Pickens Sisters and Mark Warnow's orchestra. Downey is a tenor of the first water and his vocalizing of popular tunes always deserves an encore . . . Morton Downey has been on the air for five years. He was a singing saxophone player in Paul Whiteman's S.S. Leviathan Band 17 years ago . . . The Pickens Sisters swing the harmony around to suit their taste and it will please even the most blase coed. Incidentally the Pickens Sisters are unique among radio artists in that they were engaged without an audition. An RCA-Victor phonograph record won them an NBC contract. Warnow's orchestra is good enough not to detract from the Parisian program.

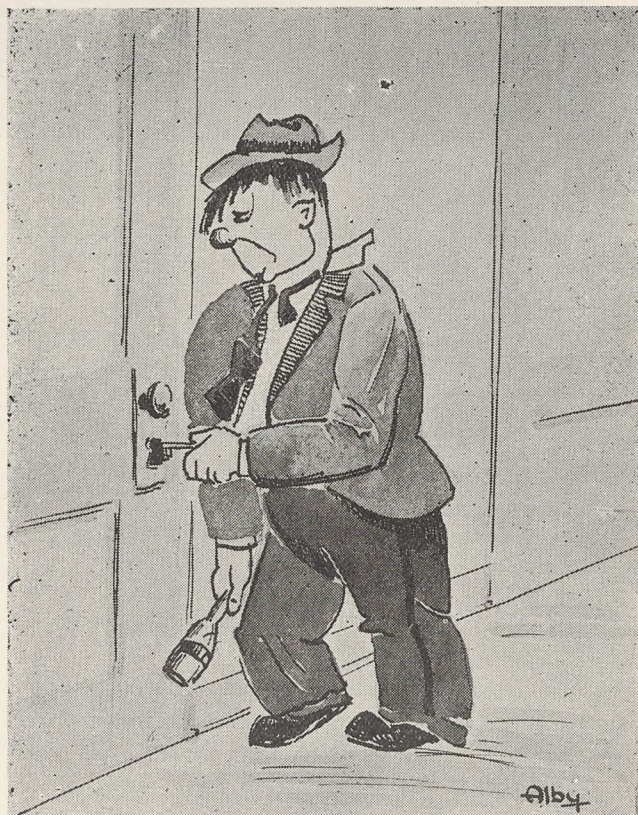
Frank Black is on with his orchestra at 9:30 over the same station. Myrt and Marge come on at 10:00 over KMOX, five times during the week, if you don't get there soon enough to turn them off. Glen Gray, 10:30 on KWK, synchronizes the jam numbers well enough to make any collegian's preferred list. You can go to bed while listening to Billy Lossez at 11:30 on KSD.

Tuesday. "Popeye the Sailor," at 6:15 on KSD, TTS, has good light music running through the program. Fifteen minutes later Kate Smith waddles up to the mike. She sings heart-touching songs which are supposed to make one soul-conscious and remind one of the pathos going on in the world. Her dia-

logue and tone seconds it. Such sentimental goo fails to go over. When she leaves her Good Samaritan role, her popular songs are blued over the air successfully in a deep and charming voice. George Hall's orchestra is on at 6:45 over KSD.

Crime Clues over KWK at 7:00 are crime stories with Spencer Dean and Cassidy and are of high class as far as detective stories can be high class. Wayne King 4/4's it over the Post-Dispatch station at 7:30. It is a real treat to hear him change from his waltz tempo to a foxtrot. At 8:00 you take your pick between Walter O'Keefe and Glen Gray, and Ben Bernie. If it were only a matter in choosing between the quality of the music played by the bands, Glen Gray would win hands down. But as it is, O'Keefe with his nerve-wracking M. C. voice is a drawback. Bernie's conversation keeps the program rolling along, and it is his which takes the dial. It is on KWK.

One half hour later on KMOX, Fred Waring greets you with "Sleep." Not even Eddy Duchin on



"Thash funny, it always opened before when I said 'Come in'."—Pup.

the Jumbo show with his right hand booming through the bass notes with the melody, and his left hand—crossed over—harmonizing in the higher octaves, can put Waring in the background. Fred Waring gets the vote for the best half hour on the air. With Rosemary, the Choir, Snooney, Stella and the Fellows, Priscilla, who hates spinach, Johnnie Davis, the Glee Club, Tubbey, the trio of Johnnie and Frank and Steve, it is the best organized, directed and rehearsed program today. There is always something different.

Eddie Dowling's Revue at 9:00 over KSD is all right if you have nothing else to do. "Parties at Pickfair" at the same time on KMOX, with Al Lyon's orchestra, is the type of program described best as "boring." The movie gossip moron can hear Jimmy Fiddler at 9:30 on KSD . . . He was born in St. Louis 36 years ago.

Wednesday opens at 6:15 over KSD with Harry Richman and Gertrude Neison—if you can stand Harry Richman's Falsetto voice. Miss Neison gets a bouquet for her blues singing.

Some people do and some people do not like George Burns and Gracie Allen. They are on KMOX at 7:30. Their type of comedy is decidedly not for sophisticates. They can waltz to Wayne King instead. It's "Town Hall Tonight" on KSD 30 minutes later, with Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa & Co. Allen rolls you in the aisle for over an half hour. Portland as his chief assistant, the Allen Art Players, The Town Hall Quartet, and Peter Van Steddman's orchestra contribute to make it one of the few programs that you cannot afford to miss. About the last 25 minutes of the hour program consists of amateurs to which you do not have to listen. Allen himself is an amateur and was the trail-blazer in presenting non-professional talent over the networks. . . He has had over 50,000 requests from amateurs to appear on his program.

When Allen's amateurs go on the air, turn to station KMOX and hear Ray Noble's orchestra with Connie Boswell. It is Allen who gets the attention even when the amateurs are in the midst of their number. But there are no amateurs and few orchestras who can displace Noble anyway. Noble has taken out his first naturalization papers. The Gang Busters at 9:00 over KMOX present true detective stories that are true—and good. At the same time, on KSD, the "Hit Parade," being a hit, has added an extra hour of the most popular numbers for the radio audience. George Olsen's band is on at 11:00.

NUEVO LAREDO

*We left the dark men and their words that fell
Cascading through the hot siesta hours;
We passed the bright shawled women and the smell
Of long ripe fruit and freshly gathered flowers.
And there was nothing but a road that drew
A straight diameter across the earth
And the tremendous sky and then we knew
How small men's lives were and how little worth.*

—BLISS McCONNELL

ULTIMATUM FROM R. O. T. C. STUDENT

(Continued from page 11)

kind of foreign war would be justified. In the first place, if we had a fairly strong "department of national defense," I do not believe that another nation would invade the United States; in other words, if we had a fairly strong "department of national defense", we would never use it—this would be real "peace by preparedness."

In the second place, if another nation were so foolish as to invade our country, I do not believe that our "invading that country back" would help very much to protect the United States (military strategists are welcome to prove to me otherwise). And I feel sure that the slight aid to protection that a counter-invasion might be could never outweigh the feeling of *being in the right* which we would have if we knew that our armed forces never went outside of our boundaries.

II.

I hereby warn all members of the A.S.U. and other interested parties that, instead of sneering, smiling, or frowning at boys in uniform; instead of making either trite or bald, dogmatic statements about war and peace; instead of saying things like: "Now an R.O.T.C. tin soldier will believe anything; otherwise he wouldn't be in the R.O.T.C.," you had better get busy and prepare some pretty convincing proofs why I should *not* be willing to go to a foreign war.

For, although it is pretty obvious which way I lean on this question, I am still on the fence—and someone may come through and either prove to me that I was wrong about the four kinds of foreign wars being unjustified or even that there is a fifth or a sixth or a seventh kind that is justified.

After I have been cleared up on the foreign war point, I shall request proofs from both "pacifist" and "preparedness" groups on other war and peace points (such as the other eight on the A.S.U. ballot), in regard to all of which points I am on the fence and leaning at all sorts of crazy angles.

DOUBLE REVERSE

(Continued from page 10)

morning, Monday, we found the story in a late edition. Part of it read:

"Beside the murdered man police found a miniature camera of the type used in candid photography. It was loaded with film, part of which had apparently been exposed. The camera appeared to be in good working condition. Lochland was well known as an amateur photographer."

We kept following the papers, but the later ones continued to say:

"Police report that they have developed the film in Lochland's camera, but refuse to divulge its contents. This is taken by some to indicate that one or more of the pictures may have a bearing on the identity of the killer."

We heard nothing from the police until Tuesday, when they questioned us about where we had been Sunday night. I told them where I had been and Renny said he had stayed home most of the evening, going out later for a short walk.

Wednesday evening they brought us to headquarters and put us in the little room. They weren't very anxious to take me too—it was Renny they wanted—but they let me come.

"Do you think there was enough light to take a picture?" I whispered to Renny. I had asked him that before.

He shrugged his shoulders.

A moment later the door opened and three detectives came in. One of them had a camera in his hand. He asked Renny, "Did you ever see this before?" Renny said he hadn't. He kept his blond head steady and he spoke in a calm voice.

"There's no use to try to get out of it," the detective said, "you might as well confess. Before you shot John Lochland he took your picture. He snapped you right through the mirror while you were sneaking up on him."

I thought I was going to yell out, or run to the door, or grab the camera away from him. I didn't want to sit there, quiet. Renny didn't budge. "That can't possibly be," he said. "I didn't even know the man, much less shoot him."

"You might as well confess," the detective said again. He put a little negative on the table. It looked like a piece of movie film, with those holes along the side, and it was taken sideways, so that the picture was two frames wide and as high as the width of the film. It was too little to see much else.

"That was in Lochland's camera," the detective said. "Okay, boys, bring in the enlargement." They had it blown up about two feet wide. I tried to hold still and just bite my lip when I saw it, and I heard Renny suck in his breath. It was a picture of a fireplace, with a mirror about two feet by three feet, above it. Reflected in it, beyond a doubt, was Renny, in a dark suit and hat, just as he had been that night. It was not bright or distinct and the background around him was blurred, but it was a perfect identification. The lower frame of the mirror cut him off at the waist and his hands were low enough so that if he held a gun it was below the picture.

I thought Renny would turn white and break down. "You might as well confess, and they'll be easy on you," the detective said. "Right there, that's enough to hang you."

Renny was calm again. "The only way I can explain it, officers," he said, "is that it's a police frame-up. Lochland couldn't have framed me because he didn't even know of me." He laughed. "I'll bet I know how you did it. You had somebody take a picture of me with a little camera like this when I wasn't looking. Then you made an enlargement, like this one, and fastened it or stuck it inside the frame of that mirror there. Then you photographed the whole thing and enlarged it. Why," he said, "I'll bet you did the same thing for all the other people who had a good reason to kill Lochland—I had a good one—in the hope that one of them would be the right one and confess."

One of the detectives started to laugh. "Well, now, he said, "he's the only one that thought of that."

"How else could it be," Renny said, looking relieved. "if I've never even been in that room?"

They let us both go home after a while, and the murderer of John Lochland hasn't yet been found.

"That's the greatest brass I've ever seen," I told Renny when we were back at the apartment. "Why weren't you scared stiff when you saw that enlargement?"

"I was—for a minute. I figured it was all up, and there wasn't any use bluffing. Then it came to me, and I knew Lochland hadn't taken any picture at all."

"I don't see why."

"It was on account of the handkerchief in my coat pocket. It was on my left side, where it belonged."

"Well?"

"The police remembered everything except to reverse their negative on the enlargement. If Lochland had really taken the picture through the mirror, it would have been reversed, and my handkerchief would have been on the right side, wouldn't it?"

TAKE IT FROM RICKY

(Continued from page 2)

come-into-my-parlor season during Quad Club by trying to entice Ferring, the Queen Bee. But she turned on her blase spigot full force, which is wonderful to see, and so it is Chris (I want a man) Siegmund who gets asked to the Phi Delt dance.

Paul Guidry at last got his ring back from Jackie Johnson. It had been decorating her finger since last summer, and doing Paul no good having not dated her all winter. Jackie is now wearing the ring of Bob Jordan's, but since he is not quite sure she deserves it, he might have the nerve to ask for it back. Tom McConnell, a Kappa Sig from Illinois and a local product from U. Dicy, dates Chubby Datz when in town, but wishes he was still going with Evelyn (Never Wrong) Bissell, whom he went with during Hi-school. And Don Fischer is still trying to go places with the Bissellove. Art Hauser, Pi K.A. blond romeo, will be pleased to know that several girls fell in love with him while watching his directing at the Men's Glee Club dance. They think he is just too cute, and what a thrill it would be to meet him,

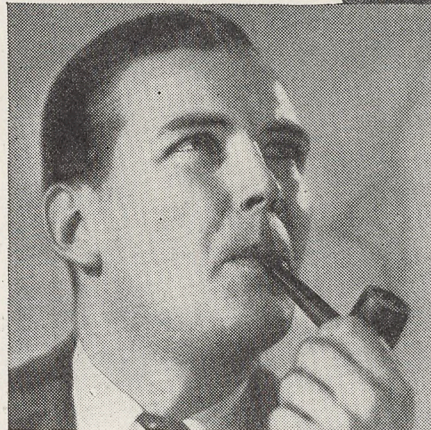
Jo Kumbera, the Gamma Phi blond eyeful who causes all orbs to fall upon her when entering even the most swellest of places, is still practically steading it with Frank Marshall, the lucky stiff. But once in awhile you can see her with another, as she was with Jimmy Ritterskamp the other night. Margaret Smith is at last wearing Jim Black's pin, but Virginia (Weeping Willow) De Haven doesn't mind as long as Joe Limb makes things not too boring. Connie Wiedmann and the K.C. financier seem to be getting along very well. Roland Menown still comes back at times, but he had his chance. Rollie, tho, is one guy who never needs to worry about the girls as

(Continued on next page)

No smoke waste with Edgeworth Junior..



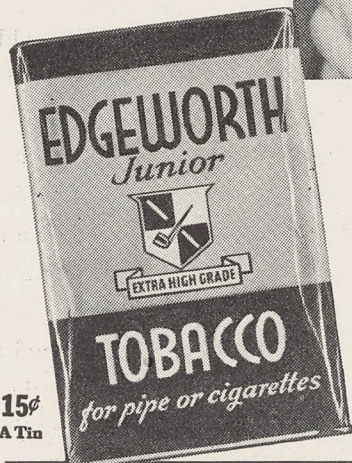
1 "More smoke from Edgeworth Junior?... Wha'd'ya mean?... Tastes good, anyway."



2 "But I've never smoked any tobacco more than half way down... Yes, this still tastes good."



3 "I get it!... 100% smoke from Edgeworth Junior, because it's so mild you can smoke it ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE HEEL!"

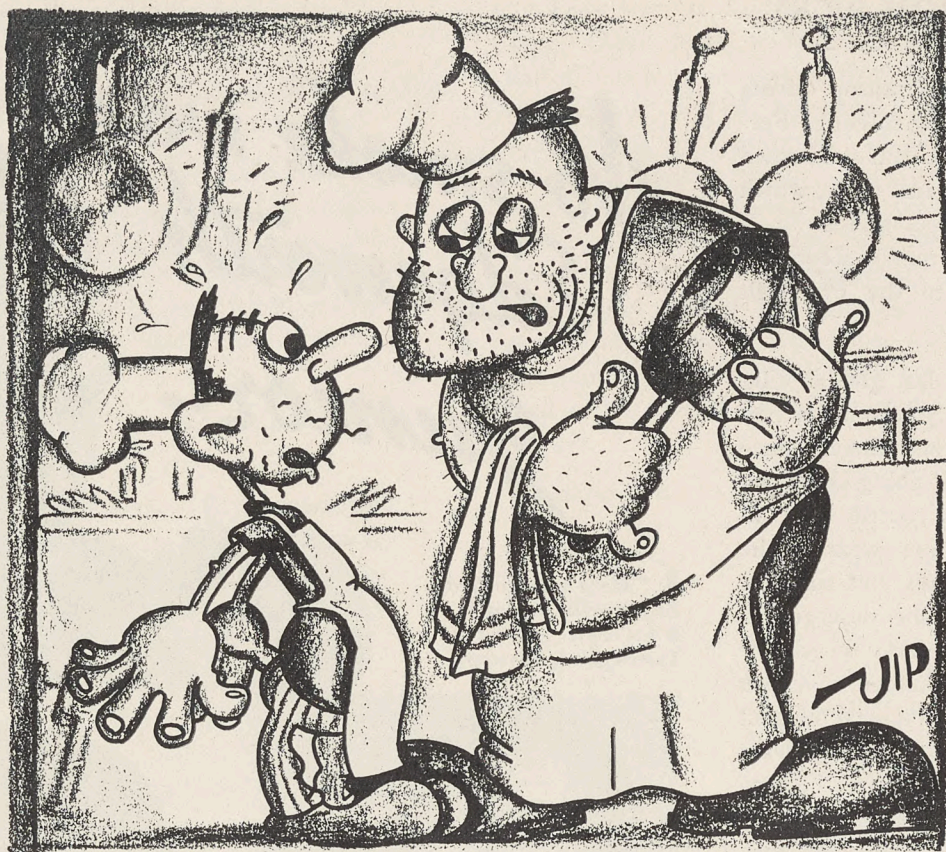


YOU'LL stick to Edgeworth Junior. It's so mild you'll smoke every grain of this free-burning tobacco—right down to the heel. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Virginia. Tobacco-nists since 1877.

"CELLOPHANE" WRAPPED

GOOD ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE HEEL





"Sure they're clean, I scraped 'em with my chin."—Kitty-Kat.

long as the Fred Astaire type is in vogue.

Ralph Garstang, who is the unknown fiance of Daryl Fox, and Theta Xi, was plenty griped about the autograph seekers at Esquire after the Quad Show. June Fleming, Alpha Chi of last year, still leads Russ Seibert by the nose while spending her time at Fontbonne. Wayne Willman still tries to make enough noise so that Elinor Ermes will notice him.

Quad Q-ties . . . Johnny Pahlman and June Closky are playing footie . . . Gladys (H. B.) Kletzker is not yet attached, answering all calls, of which there are plenty . . . including Menown . . . Carolyn Doerres still hears from big Bill Smith, who left here the second semester . . . Many of the boys at the leap year leaping were afraid to face the music and not be tagged,

and drowned their fears . . . Ben (Collegiate) Harris and Jane Faust, Theta, are doing plenty O.K.

Bob Schee, Edith Clark, Bee's little sister, and a winner, Meacham and Pippin, Madding and Datz, Sam Meyers and a beautiful Theta of not so long ago, Jane Schwartz, have frequent picnics on Big River where you-tell-one-and-I'll-tell one-better makes the time fly swiftly.

Campus Crop . . . Jane Reynolds and Bill McCrackin still moon-eyed after these years. Tom Gallagher and Margarite Newmeyer, an off-campus. It is still Mary McFayden and Edwin Still. Glenn Kidd and a Kentucky blue-grasser. Marylouise Evers and Jack Shrader, and Hi-school romancers still going strong. Jukie Forgey and Deckert again with Bob Lewis hanging around Jacquelyn Wood. George Capps and Grace Gale. Byron Her-

bert and Kay Hampton sit out dances together, and also Bill Hunter and Kathryn Galle, or maybe Scotty Madding. George Reichardt with Ethel Jane Ellis; Carnahan and Sally Sullivan; George Mueller doing well with Billie Docter. Jimmy Foerster and Doris Armbruster doing the dances together, while Ruth Lothrop gets tagged first by Willard Roland and then Jack Pickerel. Dorothy Doerres and Art Langehennig a very sporty couple. June Pentland and Dick Young occassionally two it to see the bright lights, but Guy Bramon and Norma (pink-cheeked) Ossing like the dark spots. R. Jane Smith has an architect under one arm and an engineer under the other. Chris Siegmund adds to Harper Allan's list. Ernest Ohle and Mary Beth Brookings keep their kisses undercover. Bill Brookings plays the field as usual and not being especially particular.

Platonically yours,

RICKY

ON BEING A REFORMER

(Continued from page 8)

a reform movement if you don't even read the papers. That's the hell of this reform business. Can't see the woods for the trees.

Meeting at 10:30. Lay plans for a new group. Got to get down on the ground. Too much "proletariat", "conspicuous consumption", "class solidarity". Got to give people the things they're interested in. What are people interested in—Wine, Women, and Song? What about his slogan? "Seek sexual satisfaction in a Socialist state." "Get drunk every night in our new society. You can't be fired. Only shot". Or, "Sing for Socialism".

At the meeting our reformer is in a state of profound disgust. Blame hopeless bunch of mugs you get at these discussions. What do they know about student interests? Crackpots all of them. Twisted personalities. Paranoids, perhaps dementia praecox. These Communists are too damn pleasant. Must be something up their sleeve. Orders from Moscow. "Bore from within. Stop talking about class consciousness and be cheerful about the weather—disguise like a collegian, with tweed suit, knitted ties." Seem willing to let us have our way, though. We'll have a meeting on the 10th, preliminary to a conference on the 13th, which will arrange the open meeting of the 32nd.

This heavy morning's work being over, our hopeful radical eats his lunch down in the hole in Brookings reserved for men who carry their lunches, and guaranteed to stimulate no extra strain on the family larder. We might remark that the spongy bread in the sandwiches reminds him of the crimes of the bakers. And the monopolistic control of the baking industry which the Trade Commission can't seem to touch.

At lunch he meets a couple of fellow spirits. He is depressed and gloomy. "The middle class is stuck to its old habits, yet its smug superiority is not broken. And the working class is too dumb and it hasn't any leadership. And we damned inefficient radicals talk and talk and don't accomplish anything." The Communist derides such pessimism. "Why in ten years there'll be a worker's party in the U. S. that'll be taking elections away from the old two." The third chap listens with sardonic amusement. He lives in an aesthetic and intellectual world, superior to pessimism and false hope.

Every move our radical makes bumps him into the obvious and unbearable shortcomings of things as they be, and sets him longing, like a forlorn lover, for his heart's desire to see the new order of things as they should be. And, blast it all, he's a normal fellow after all. He doesn't enjoy this business of being eternally social minded and class conscious. Like the fellow in the song, when not fomenting his rebellious little schemes, his capacity for innocent

enjoyment is much the same as any honest man's. A radical doesn't enjoy all the bustle of this noble effort to rebuild the world. He wants to carve out his own little niche in things as they are, and take it easy like the rest of the boys.

He doesn't lack human sympathy even. He knows these bankers whom he'd like to see lined up and shot are kind to the pet Pomeranian, and he has a generous fellow-feeling for them. He'd like to spend an evening with a bunch of good fellows, and the beech wood and the bellows, and forget all about the cases of rickets per hundred thousand slum children in New York. And he falls as readily as the next man for a pretty face and a neat calf. But he's horribly disconcerted when the sweet young thing won't recognize that her beloved dad is a grasping old kulak, and that she figuratively speaking lives on bread stolen from the mouths of workers' children. And the poor chap *would* like to hear a symphony without remembering that the symphony society is an institution supported by unearned increment, and based on bourgeois display.

You see the world won't let the poor man alone. It continually forces itself upon his hypersensitive conscience and moves him to cries of anguish and indignation. But if you followed him some evening to the home of his beloved, then you'd discover that one emotion at least caused him to forget the tortured would outside, and to behave like a normal human being. Even if the sofa *was* made in Grand Rapids by twelve year old orphans working sixty hours a week.

FLOWERS FOR AMELIA

(Continued from page 14)

Deborah and her Henry came in shortly, and the dirty work began.

There are some people who should never touch anything alcoholic. Henry is one of these; Amelia is another.

After some three highballs in the course of an hour or two everybody except Amelia and Henry was still behaving quite decorously. Those two were offensively drunk. I have my own special concoction for people in that condition. It is a little bottle of absinthe. It really is an excellent toner downer. Two dashes of it mixed with the proper ingredients will dope up the most rebellious drunk; make him quiet; acquiescent to the very oddest suggestions. Eileen also realizes the possibilities in absinthe.

Two dashes for Henry.

Two dashes for Amelia.

I saw Eileen talking earnestly first to the docile Amelia, then to Henry. A short time later they left very quietly; sneaked out in fact. Could my own sister be going prudish? Was she dismissing drunks from her party? Impossible! Yet it certainly looked like it.

Deborah and Amelia's new boy, left stranded, paired off nicely, and the party progressed as parties are wont to do. Some were dancing, some were nibbling at food, some were just talking. Eileen was doing all three. I had never seen her so radiantly gay before. Soon she could contain the news no longer.

"They've eloped!" she whispered to me.

"Who've eloped?"

"Amelia and Henry!!"

I turned white and fixed up two dashes of absinthe for myself.

Eileen's flowers were missing.

"What's become of your corsage?" I asked, trying to bring the conversation to safe ground.

"I gave it to Amelia."

"Amelia?"

"Sure. What's a bride without flowers?"

Two dashes of absinthe for Eileen, for a desperate woman has no conscience.

A TRACK COACH SPEAKS

(Continued from page 15)

HELLMICH: No. We are weak in numbers in many events this year, but we have at least one good man in each of those events.

VISITOR: They are finishing that mile. Why, that boy Wright is not even winded. How does he do it?

HELLMICH: Constant training. He has run that distance and further for many months this year in building up that endurance.

VISITOR: What's going on down at the far end of the field?

HELLMICH: The 440-yard dash starts down there. They run 220 yards down this straight-away and finish 220 yards around that curve.

VISITOR: Do they sprint all the way?

HELLMICH: Yes, they are supposed to, and a good quarter-miler does.

VISITOR: Here they come now. Who's the big long-striding fellow in the lead?

HELLMICH: That's Bill Brooks. He is another sophomore who is expected to help us out plenty this year. (As the runners pass the 220 mark.) Step it up, Butler. (To visitor.) That's Butler Bushyhead. He, Brooks and William Wischmeyer do our 440-yard running for us. Brooks should be capable of nearing 50 seconds flat for that distance before the season ends.

VISITOR: How is your team in the sprint events?

HELLMICH: There we are fairly strong. Ed Waite, who holds the Missouri Valley 100 and 220-yard dash as well as the 220-yard low hurdle championships, is by far our best sprinter. He is capable of bettering 9.8 in the 100. In addition we can depend upon Bob McClure and Lackland Bloom to add additional points

to our total in both dashes. These three finished one, two, three in the 100 and 220-yard dashes at Cape earlier in the month.

VISITOR: These men should do well in relay events, then?

HELLMICH: Yes. We are working in that direction at this time. Waite, McClure, Bloom, Jimmy Johnson and Butler Bushyhead competed for us in the Kansas and Drake sprint relays.

VISITOR: What are sprint relays.

HELLMICH: In the 440-yard relay each man runs 110 yards while in the 880-yard event, each man runs 220 yards.

VISITOR: Fast men should have no trouble doing well in these events?

HELLMICH: Not always. You must remember that good relay teams must be well trained in successful baton passing. That is really where the yardage on an opponent is gained.

VISITOR: What is a baton?

HELLMICH: A baton is the stick which a relay man carries and passes to his teammate at the finish of his part of the race. The pass must be made within a certain distance and timed to take place at top speed. A poor pass generally means the loss of a race.

VISITOR: What's going on here?

HELLMICH: These are hurdles. They are of two kinds, high and low. The high hurdles are run at a distance of 120 yards, while the lows are run at 220 yards.

VISITOR: Those two fellows seem to be doing pretty well over those high hurdles. They are running neck and neck.

HELLMICH: The one to the right here is Captain Bud Conrad and the other is Bob Ehrhardt. Both men are experienced hurdlers and have run better than 15 seconds for the 120-yard highs. Conrad has placed in both the Missouri Valley indoor and the Notre Dame relays this year. Ehrhardt, who was formerly known as Clayton's one-man track team, runs the 220-yard lows, broad jumps, pole-vaults and throws the shot and javelin in addition to running the highs. He, too, is a sophomore.

VISITOR: Is your team strong in the shot and those kinds of events?

HELLMICH: In the field events? We are not especially strong but we are better balanced there than in the running events.

VISITOR: What are called field events?

HELLMICH: That refers to the high jump, pole-vault, broad jump, javelin, discus and shot put.

VISITOR: Do you have different men for all these events?

HELLMICH: Not generally. The field events require a good build and excellent form. These qualities generally make it possible for a man to excel in more



"Look, Mamma, Papa's bringing a man home for dinner."—Bored Walk.

than one of the field events. I have already mentioned that Ehrhardt competes in as many as five of them.

VISITOR: Who are your outstanding men in these events?

HELLMICH: Besides Ehrhardt, we can rely upon Jimmy Johnson, veteran pole-vaulter, high-jumper and broad-jumper. Bob Kelley also is a veteran pole-vaulter who is capable of gathering points in his event. Here again we are relying largely upon sophomores for our strength. First year men who have shown marked ability so far this season include Norman Tomlinson and Joe Bukant in the shot and discus. Harry Greenfelder also has won his place as a discus tosser, finishing second to Bukant in the recent Cape meet.

VISITOR: Who is the blond boy throwing the spear over there?

HELLMICH: That's Ernest Ohle. Ernie is just a sophomore and has already bettered 180 feet with the javelin this year. The husky fellow with him is Harrison Johnson, Jimmy's brother. Harry pole-vaults and throws the javelin.

VISITOR: Half of your team seems to be sophomores.

HELLMICH: Yes, we have eight good sophomores this year.

VISITOR: It's 5:30. I'm sorry to have kept you from your work so long.

HELLMICH: Never mind. We have been working all this time. These two fellows here have aided in that. They are Howard Brandenburg and Sam Golum. They are the track managers and have been telling the boys what I wanted them to do this afternoon while you were watching.

THREE SHORT

(Continued from page 7)

Mr. Johnson appeared thoughtful. "The Panama," he said carefully, "goes straight through to Chicago. Reck'n you must' be goin' home fer a piece."

I nodded again, although there was no reason why he should believe that I was merely going home for a visit. I decided to leave before I flooded the whole place. So I said, "Gotta be goin'—in a hurry—don't forget the Panama." Then I left, and I still don't know why I forgot to leave the fool suitcase at the depot.

I don't know, either, why I wandered off toward the lumber mill. I was just walking down the road banging the suitcase against my leg and kicking the dust up on my shoes and before I knew it there I was at the fire. And that was pandemonium. The first two cabins had been given up completely. They were now only two forlorn brick chimneys surrounded by charred ashes and a barbed wire fence. The roof of the third was smouldering and pouring up smoke, and occasionally a burst of fire would blaze up through the cracks between the wooden shingles. That's where my husband was—up there on the roof. And he was a mess. He was sprawled out, stomach-down, on a water-soaked blanket, and he was tearing off burning shingles with his bare hands as fast as he could. I knew what those hands would look like. Many were the nights I had sat up with salve and bandages and adhesive tape while Flap moaned and wailed and declared loudly that it was absolutely his last fire. And yet there he was, ripping off shingles and carrying on like something wild.

So I set the suitcase down on the side of the road and sat myself down on top of it. The negroes were

running amuck, sobbing wildly and praying and carrying on all over the place, and all sorts of brass bedsteads, mattresses, and broken mirrors were strewn around. The road was jammed with cars, and what with horns blowing and people yelling back and forth—well, it was like a lunatic asylum let loose. So I kept my head down and began watching the little puddles of mud that the leaks in the hose were making in the middle of the road. That's when I heard the Flapper yelling at me.

"Squally," he bawled delightedly, just as though that weren't a fully packed suitcase I was sitting on while I waited for the Panama to run, "Where ya been, Squally? I been looking all over for you. Beat you here by a good twenty minutes, too," he added idiotically, and then resumed the ripping-off process.

It wasn't very long before I noticed that those spurts of flame were coming quicker and lasting longer, and that Flap seemed to be diving right into them instead of backing away. And when a fire gets to acting up like that you can be pretty sure the whole roof will be blazing away any minute. One of the older men went over and yelled something up to Flap, but that imbecile shook his head and choked on the smoke and went right on picking away on that roof that was about to buckle up underneath him.

A few minutes later I couldn't even locate the Flapper for the smoke. All I could see was one leg hanging over the edge of the roof, and below that several men were standing around looking worried. Even Scat Howard was a little white and scared as he stood there holding a bucket of water he had evidently forgotten to pass on to somebody else.

So I picked up my suitcase as usual and dashed over to what appeared to be my husband's right leg. "Flapper," I yelled wildly at him, "can you hear me?"

"And who could mistake those dulcet tones?" he said. "Is that really you, dearie?"

"Certainly it's me," I screeched. "I'm standing right underneath you."

The leg suddenly disappeared and in a minute his head was sticking over the edge of the roof. He wasn't laughing, either. "Get away from here, Squally. This place'll collapse right on top of you. Now gwan, beat it."

"Well, at least," I continued, "I'm on the ground. That's more'n you are."

"Squally, I said for you to get away from here, and I mean it. Now go on like a good girl."

I set the suitcase down. "I'm only waitin' on you, fella, and I'm stayin' till you get off of that roof."

His face was streaked with soot and his eyes were just two black smudges. I figured he probably didn't have even a remnant of an eyelash left, but then I couldn't remember that he had had eyelashes since I married him. But finally he saw I meant to stay as long as he did, so he came sliding down one of the

posts that supported the roof over the porch. He landed almost on top of Scat Howard, who was terribly excited and showed his enthusiasm by dumping half the bucket of water on me. So there I stood, dripping and dirty, and in a minute we heard an awful wrenching sound and Flap grabbed me and I grabbed the suitcase and we just got to the fire truck when the roof caved in with a terrific roar. And it was just at that moment that I heard the Panama blowing down at the depot.

Then Flap said, "Time for supper, Squally—which is all the Panama had ever meant to us before. And just as he asked, "Wonder what she's stopping for?" his eyes lighted on the suitcase.

He didn't say anything for an awful moment, and I didn't dare open my mouth. Besides Scat Howard was standing right behind me. Then Flap laughed.

"What I can't see, Squally," he said, looking right at me, "is why you have to come to every fire loaded down with something like that. Always carries a suitcase to fires," he said to Scat. "Funny Northern custom, y'know." Then back to me, "But if you think I'm going to carry that bag home for you, Squally, you're all wrong. My hands are burnt and they hurt like hell, and you can carry it home yourself. Tell you what, though," he added. "If you'll fix up these hands tonight, I'll give you a ride home on the fire-truck. How about it?"

I grinned back at him, but for once in my life I couldn't think of anything to say. So we all piled on the truck and Flap drove and I sat in the middle and shifted gears for him because his hands really were burnt, and Scat was over on the other side of me because he was coming home with us for supper. Scat was right proud of me that afternoon. He even let me clang the fire-bell all the way home.

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