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v 16 #5

ELLIOT

LIBRARY OF WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY ST. LOUIS. MO.

FEBRUARY



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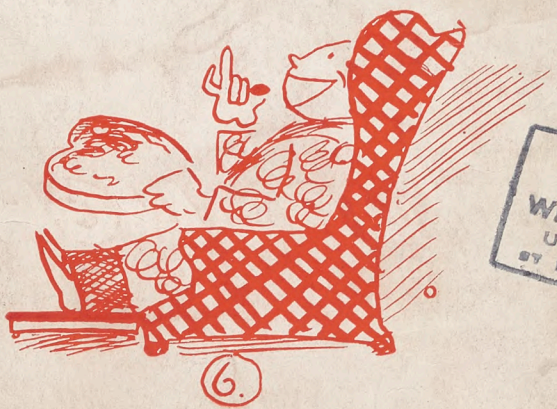
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CENTS

LIBRARY OF WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY ST. LOUIS - MO.

"SKIING IS WONDERFUL SPORT" WHEN YOUR NERVES ARE PLEASANTLY AT EASE

SAYS HANS THORNER, NATIONALLY
KNOWN SWISS SKIING EXPERT



HANS THORNER,
DIRECTOR
MOUNT
WASHINGTON
(N.H.) SWISS
SKIING SCHOOL

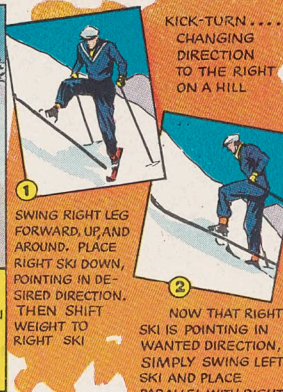


'MORNING,
MR. THORNER

GOOD MORNING, EVERYBODY!
I SEE YOU'VE BEEN PRACTISING
WALKING ON THE LEVEL. THAT'S FINE.
WHEN YOU CAN WALK ON SKIS THE
REST COMES EASILY. NOW, LET'S
PRACTISE WALKING UP-HILL



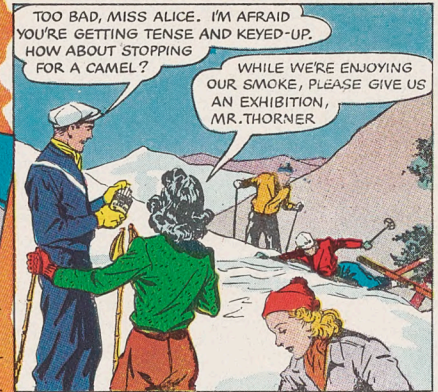
THE HERRING-BONE —
THE NAME COMES FROM
THE PICTURESQUE PATTERN
THE SKIS LEAVE IN THE
SNOW. COMMONLY USED
ONLY ON SHORT, NARROW
STRETCHES OF CLIMBING



KICK-TURN
CHANGING
DIRECTION
TO THE RIGHT
ON A HILL

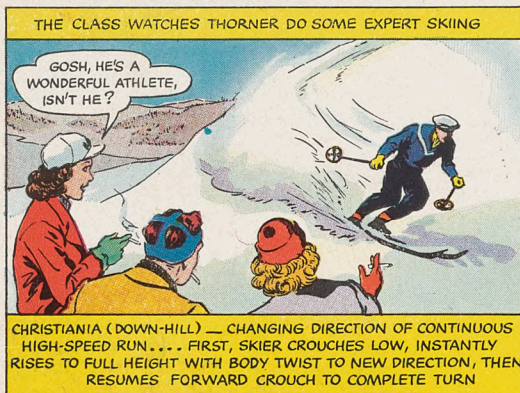
1
SWING RIGHT LEG
FORWARD, UP AND
AROUND. PLACE
RIGHT SKI DOWN,
POINTING IN DE-
SIRED DIRECTION.
THEN SHIFT
WEIGHT TO
RIGHT SKI

2
NOW THAT RIGHT
SKI IS POINTING IN
WANTED DIRECTION,
SIMPLY SWING LEFT
SKI AND PLACE
PARALLEL WITH RIGHT



TOO BAD, MISS ALICE. I'M AFRAID
YOU'RE GETTING TENSE AND KEYED-UP.
HOW ABOUT STOPPING
FOR A CAMEL?

WHILE WE'RE ENJOYING
OUR SMOKE, PLEASE GIVE US
AN EXHIBITION,
MR. THORNER



THE CLASS WATCHES THORNER DO SOME EXPERT SKIING

GOSH, HE'S A
WONDERFUL ATHLETE,
ISN'T HE?

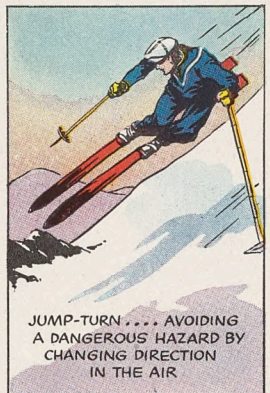
CHRISTIANIA (DOWN-HILL) — CHANGING DIRECTION OF CONTINUOUS
HIGH-SPEED RUN FIRST, SKIER CROUCHES LOW, INSTANTLY
RISES TO FULL HEIGHT WITH BODY TWIST TO NEW DIRECTION, THEN
RESUMES FORWARD CROUCH TO COMPLETE TURN



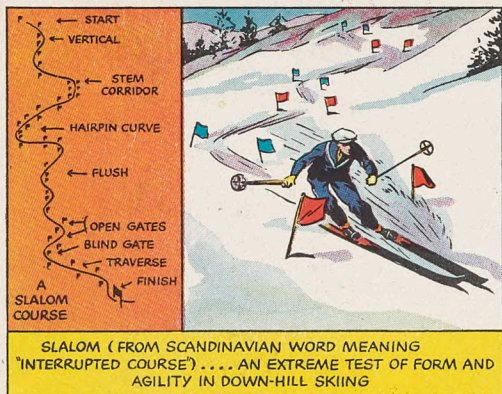
SNOW-PLOW PUTTING ON
THE BRAKES BY PUSHING APART
TAIL-ENDS OF SKIS



STEM-CHRISTIANIA
TURN IS STARTED BY SINGLE
STEM (EXTENDING ONE SKI FOR
BROADER BASE)



JUMP-TURN AVOIDING
A DANGEROUS HAZARD BY
CHANGING DIRECTION
IN THE AIR



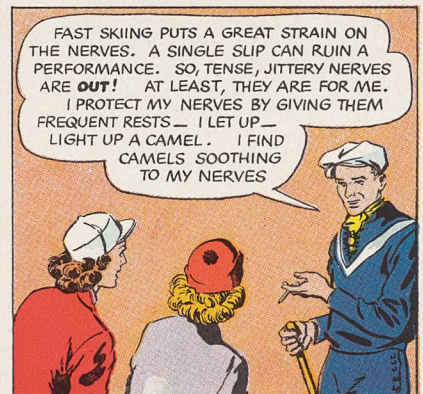
SLALOM (FROM SCANDINAVIAN WORD MEANING
'INTERRUPTED COURSE') AN EXTREME TEST OF FORM AND
AGILITY IN DOWN-HILL SKIING



BRAVO,
MR. THORNER!
HOW ABOUT
AN ENCORE?

SORRY, BUT I'M GOING
TO LET UP AND LIGHT UP
A CAMEL.
HAVE ONE?

YOU CERTAINLY
ARE SOLD ON CAMELS,
MR. THORNER



FAST SKIING PUTS A GREAT STRAIN ON
THE NERVES. A SINGLE SLIP CAN RUIN A
PERFORMANCE. SO, TENSE, JITTERY NERVES
ARE OUT! AT LEAST, THEY ARE FOR ME.
I PROTECT MY NERVES BY GIVING THEM
FREQUENT RESTS — I LET UP —
LIGHT UP A CAMEL. I FIND CAMELS SOOTHING
TO MY NERVES



(left) THE BOSTON TERRIER, shown relaxing, is often called the "American Gentleman" of dogdom. Yet at rough-and-tumble play he's a bundle of flashing energy. His nervous system is hair-trigger fast, sensitive—much like our own, but with an important contrast. Right in the midst of strenuous action the dog stops, calms down—instinctively! We humans are not so apt to favor our nerves. Too often, we grind on at a task, regardless of strain. Yet how well it pays to give your nerves regular rests. Do it the pleasant way—LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL! In mildness—ripe, rich flavor—sheer comfort—Camels will add new pleasure to your smoking.



**COSTLIER
TOBACCOS**

CAMELS ARE MADE
FROM FINER, MORE
EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
. . . TURKISH AND
DOMESTIC

Copyright
1939
R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem,
N. C.

LET UP — LIGHT UP A CAMEL!
SMOKERS FIND CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE SOOTHING TO THE NERVES

ELIOT

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BEST SELLERS FOR JANUARY—

Cordelia See (Capt.), Katie Yonker,
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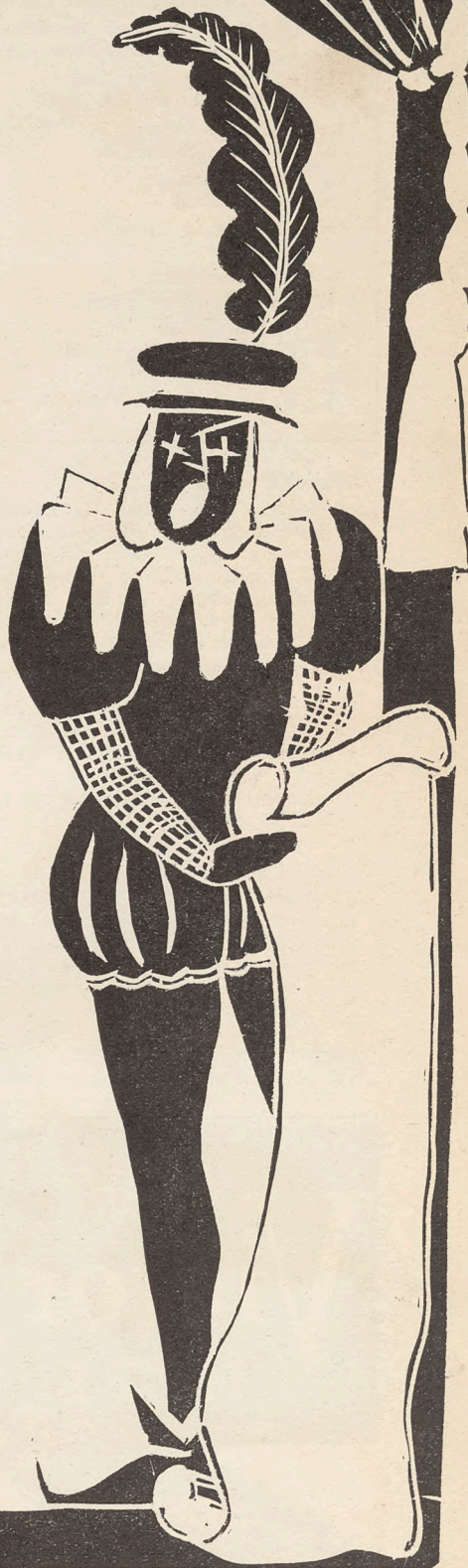
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Illustrations by Jim von Brunn

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March 3, 1879, at the Post Office, St. Louis, Mo.





STUDENT RECORD POLL

- | | | |
|-----|---|--------------------|
| 1a. | (3) Mascarade Is Over | Larry Clinton |
| b. | (2) I Get Along Without You Very Well | Victor 26191 |
| 2a. | (1) I Cried For You—Goodman Quintet | |
| b. | (1) I Know That You Know (Goodman Trio) | Victor 26139 |
| 3a. | (1) Hawaiian War Chant | Tommy Dorsey |
| b. | (2) Midnight On The Trail | Victor 26126 |
| 4a. | (3) Jungle Drums | Artie Shaw |
| b. | (3) It Had To Be You | Bluebird 10091 |
| 5a. | (2) Blue Lou | All Star Orchestra |
| b. | (1) The Blues | Victor 26144 |
| 6a. | (2) Study In Green | Larry Clinton |
| b. | (3) Please Come Out Of Your Dreams | Victor 26167 |
| 7a. | (2) Undecided | Benny Goodman |
| b. | (3) We'll Never Know | Victor 26134 |
| 8a. | (3) Whispering | Benny Goodman |
| b. | (3) Bach Goes To Town | Victor 26130 |
| 9a. | (2) They Say | Artie Shaw |
| b. | (2) Room With A View | Bluebird 10075 |

Whispering

Bach Goes To Town—BENNY GOODMAN—This is an arrangement of **Whispering** by Fletcher Henderson, easily the greatest of the hot music arrangers. Goodman's boys render it in a relaxed and heated manner. Benny's clarinet solo is superbly backed, first by the sax section and then by the brass section, the latter executing a series of simple but very effective figures, the total effect of which is very fine. The saxophone ensemble passages are very well executed—I have never heard Benny's reed section play to better advantage than it is doing these days. Jerry Jerome, B. G.'s new tenor soloist, who plays after the style of Count Basie's Lester Young, shows up to good advantage. **Whispering's** platter-mate, **Bach Goes To Town**, is undoubtedly a real commercial success—the public will eat it up, thinking it's the real article. I'm not saying it's bad music, but I do say it **IS NOT** swing!

Undecided

We'll Never Know—BENNY GOODMAN—**Undecided** is a pleasing tune written by trumpeter Charles Shavers of John Kirby's Onyx Club Orch. Easily the best solos on this side are those turned in by Jerry Jerome (tenor) and Jess Stacey on piano. Stacey plays here with the great rhythmic swing he is really capable of. I've never heard him render better on wax. **We'll Never Know** is another of the commercial dance tunes ground out for the masses, vocal by Martha Tilton. Undoubtedly good dance music but not interesting listening, as far as I'm concerned.

I Cried For You—GOODMAN Quintet

I Know That You Know—GOODMAN Trio—A relaxed presentation of a great old tune, **I Cried For You**, by the Goodman Quartet with a string bass added for good measure. I think the bass is a good addition because it naturally makes for a stronger rhythm. There is a great off-beat work by Lionel Hampton (vibraphone) and Teddy Wilson contributes some clean piano work. **I Know That You Know** by the Trio features great piano work by Wilson, more exciting but not quite as polished as usual. Benny's clarinet is nice, but the rest of the record is ruined by too-much Hampton drum solo. Great technique I'll admit, so what? The drums are rhythm instruments, and lengthy solos on them tire me.

Jungle Drums

It Had To Be You—ARTIE SHAW—The thing that impresses me most about Shaw is the swell work by the rhythm section. In **Drums** there's some good but not startling tenor work by Tony Pastor and a nice, if short, trombone trio passage. The band sounds good but I don't particularly like the selection. In **You** again the rhythmic lift is terrific with Al Avola's guitar coming through nicely, and there is some fine tenor work, this time by George Auld. My guess is that the great lift furnished by the rhythm section these days can be attributed to Buddy Rich, Shaw's new drummer.

Blue Lou

The Blues—ALL STAR BAND—This aggregation contains such great soloists as Benny Goodman, Jack Teagarden, Tommy Dorsey, Harry James, Bunny Berigan, and many others, but the result is not a howling success. Both the tunes are fine old swing numbers. So far as presentation goes **Blues** has the edge on **Lou**. There is some appealing and unappealing stuff on both sides, but **Blues** is more relaxed and easy. Jack Teagarden (trombone) is the most consistently good soloist on these sides with Goodman close behind. **Blues** contains a nice piano passage by Bob Zurke of Bob Crosby's band. However, on the whole, the record disappoints me.

BEST HOT RECORD OF THE MONTH:

- | | |
|---|--------------|
| I Cried For You—Benny Goodman Quintet | Victor 26139 |
| I Know That You Know—Benny Goodman Trio | |

BEST SINGLE SIDES OF THE MONTH:

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------|
| 1. Whispering—Benny Goodman Orch. | Victor 26130 |
| 2. Undecided—Benny Goodman Orch. | Victor 26134 |

BEST COMMERCIAL DANCE RECORD OF THE MONTH:

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------|
| They Say—Artie Shaw Orch. | Bluebird 10075 |
| Room With A View—Artie Shaw Orch. | |

—L. M. TOUGH III

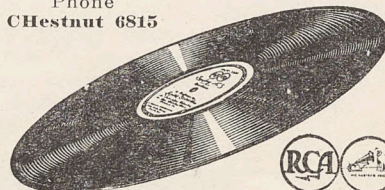
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HITS

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You
Like
It"

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EVERYTHING
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'Snowonder she likes Old Golds!



Ask
 Her reasons?
 Don't be
 Silly!
 A woman gives
 Answers
 Not reasons.
 She likes Old Golds
 Not because they're
 Made of finer
 Smoother tobaccos
 But because their
 Delightful
 Double-Mellow
 Flavor happens to
 Please her taste
 And because every
 Old Gold reaches
 Her lips as FRESH
 As the day it
 Was born.
 In some countries
 "Ski" is pronounced
 "SHE".
 But in U.S.A.,
 She pronounces "O.G.,"
 When she wants a
 Truly fresh and
 Extra-fine
 Cigarette.

Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets
 of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket
 opens from the *BOTTOM*.

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TUNE IN on Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with ROBERT BENCHLEY and ARTIE SHAW'S Orchestra, Sunday nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

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

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

VISITS THE
NEW YORK MUSEUM
OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY
IN RADIO CITY

IT'S NICE OF YOU TO COME HERE WITH US, UNCLE GEORGE

YOU'LL SEE OVER 2000 WONDERS OF THE MODERN WORLD EXPLAINED IN HERE, CHUBBINS

A PICK-UP PLANE IS TOO HEAVILY LOADED (FOR LONG FLIGHT) TO TAKE OFF FROM THE WATER, THUS MUST BE LAUNCHED IN MID-AIR

ISN'T THAT AMAZING? ONE PLANE CARRYING ANOTHER ON ITS BACK!

I CAN REMEMBER WHEN A PLANE COULD HARDLY GET ITSELF UP IN THE AIR

ROB THAT SEA-DEPTH RECORDER HAS TAKEN A LOT OF RISK OUT OF OCEAN NAVIGATION

THAT'S ONE REASON WHY WE CAN HAVE SUCH FAST, LUXURIOUS OCEAN LINERS, HUH, DAD?

HOW THE FATHOMETER INSTANTLY RECORDS HOW FAR A SHIP IS FROM SEA-BOTTOM.....

- ① OPERATOR ON BRIDGE STARTS ELECTRIC DEVICE
- ② SOUND IS SENT OUT FROM HULL
- ③ SOUND HITS SEA-BOTTOM, ECHOES BACK TO SHIP
- ④ SOUND RECEIVED IN HULL
- ⑤ INDICATOR ON BRIDGE MEASURES TIME OF ROUND TRIP IN TERMS OF FATHOMS OF WATER (1 FATHOM=6 FEET)

YES, SCIENCE HAS MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR US TO GET A LOT MORE OUT OF LIFE, EH, ROB?

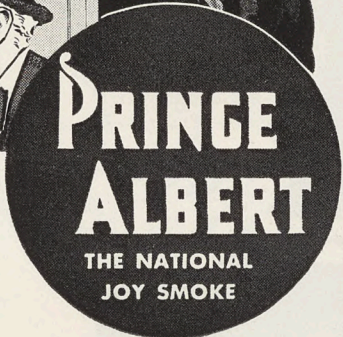
YES, WE'RE REMINDED OF THAT WITH EVERY PIPEFUL OF PRINCE ALBERT WE SMOKE----

TRUE-THAT P.A. NO-BITE PROCESS LETS A MAN ENJOY REAL SMOKING PLEASURE

NOWADAYS, A MAN CAN ENJOY ALL THE FULL, REAL RICH TASTE OF CHOICE TOBACCO WITHOUT A BIT OF HARSHNESS, THANKS TO PRINCE ALBERT



IF YOU'RE AFTER RICH, MELLOW TASTE AND A COOL-SMOKING, SWEET-CAKING PIPE, THEN FILL UP WITH PRINCE ALBERT



SO MILD!
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

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

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

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LOVE

The Time Between

Until you come I'll wait, my love,
Until you come I'll wait;
What matter if another love
Comes whistling at my gate?

I'll ask him in and we'll have tea
And maybe crumpets, too.
Perhaps I'll even say to him
What I have said to you.

But I won't mean a word of it
(You'd know it by my tone)
Until you come I'll wait, my love,
But I won't be alone.

Suppose

Suppose I'm not in love with you
Or you in love with me?
Suppose you're something I've made
up
Because I want to be?

If I were sure that this is real
I wouldn't hesitate.
But all I know about it is—
You're awfully nice to date!

But Seriously!

If you didn't look so very smooth
In dancing pumps and tails,
Or send me three gardenias with
A charm that never fails—
If you'd just forget to compliment
My figure or my face,
Or seat me at the table with
A shade less obvious grace—
If you'd only step a little on
My toes, dear, when we dance—
I wouldn't think you had a line
Of ready-made romance.

—MacGregor

FREE! A box of Life Savers

to

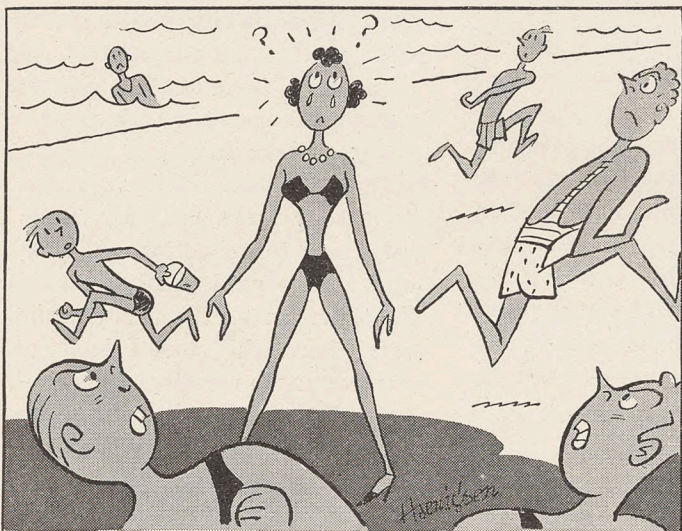
Gil Coughlin

for the following joke:

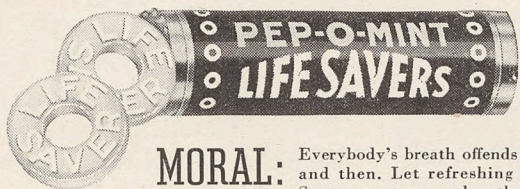
Police Sergeant: "A college student, eh?"

Prisoner: "Yes, sir."

Patrolman: "It's a stall. I searched his pockets and found money in them."



Louise was lonesome and bored to death,
Till a kind friend whispered: "It's your breath!"
The boys rushed in when she took the hint,
And sweetened her breath with Pep-O-Mint!



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends you and then. Let refreshing Life Savers sweeten your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

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

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

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

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

THE TRIALS OF OUR HERO—CLARK GABLE

Mr. Clark Gable,
Hollywood, California.

Dear Mr. Gable:

I just saw you in "Idiot's Delight" and I think you were grand. You were so strong and good-looking. Oh, Mr. Gable, I've fallen in love for the first time and you're the lucky man.

I'm sending you my photograph taken at Sylvan Beach, near where I live, and it's not at all flattering, and I didn't buy my new lastex suit until a week after the picture was taken. But I think I look good in it, with my tan and everything. Don't you think so, Mr. Gable?

I know your birthday is February 1. You don't look very old. I'll bet you're about 28. I'm just 18 and my birthday's in January. I don't think you're too old for me, do you? My girl friend thinks so but I told her I like older men and they like me because I'm old for my age.

Gee, Mr. Gable, will you write me real soon and tell me how much you like my photograph and my letter and send me a photograph of you, too.

With love, Alice Fudd.

Miss Alice Fudd,
St. Louis, Missouri.

Dear Miss Fudd:

In answer to your letter requesting my photograph I am enclosing a signed one.

I am pleased that you enjoyed "Idiot's Delight." I enjoyed acting for my public.

Don't forget to watch for my next picture.

CG/SEC

Sincerely yours, Clark Gable.

Mr. Clark Gable,
Hollywood, California.

Dear Clark:

Your letter was so wonderful. I know you couldn't say exactly what you felt. But I could see that you liked my letter, even though you didn't say anything about my photograph. I'm so glad that you understand how I feel about you. When you get your divorce, Clark dear, then you can really tell me how you feel about me.

It was so thoughtful of you to mention about your next picture. Of course, I'll see it. I'm sending my sorority pin as a token of my love for you. You must take me seriously. I'm no longer a child. I've been buying my own dresses and everything for two years now.

Write me right away.

Your slave, Alice.

Mr. Clark Gable
Hollywood, California.

Mr. Clark Gable:

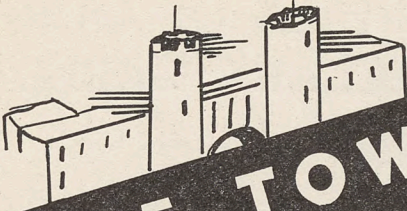
I didn't get an answer to my last letter yet Mr. Gable but I suppose your letter got lost. I'm afraid you're going to be real angry when I tell you what I'm going to tell you. But you must try to understand. Please forgive me.

Last week I saw Tyrone Power and I've become rather fond of him. I'm sending today for his photograph. If you want yours back, I'll send it to you. It really isn't my fault. That's just the way love is, Mr. Gable.

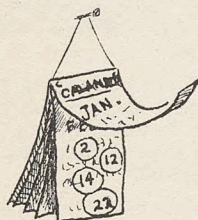
Maybe you can find someone else. You must try to forget me.

Very truly yours, Miss Alice Fudd.

—L. G.



THE TOWERS



February

It's hard to explain but the shortest month of the year seems to have the most important events in it. We looked over the February page in the almanac but it was impossible to decide upon one event which deserved to be the theme of the current issue; the last staff meeting ended in complete chaos, the group having broken up into small warring factions. Some advocated dedicating ourselves to Washington and the cherry tree (because after all, they argued, he was the poppa of our university); some stood firmly for a Lincoln issue—beard and all; others could see nothing but a delicate little offering devoted to St. Valentine, cupid, and his bow and arrows; still others thought that the advent of the ground hog was the happening of the month; and there were even a scattered few who wanted to dedicate ourselves to the second semester or Lent.

This gives you a pretty good idea of what you're up against when you start to tackle February. Not only that, but there are a number of little things which you feel you just can't skip over. For example, Philadelphia streets were first lighted by gas on Feb. 10th, the first telephone exchange in Minnesota was opened in Minneapolis on Feb. 15th, Massachusetts ratified the U.S. constitution on Feb. 6th, and it has even been rumored that Clark Gable was born somewhere in the month.

With these various facts staring us in the face, we could do but one

noble thing—we dedicated the issue to all the events. The result is an awful hodge-podge, but at least you get the idea.

Polls

After much effort and painstaking questioning, we have unearthed the ideal campus male and female. We know just how Selznik must feel after his search for a Scarlet O'Hara. But somehow we don't feel the same as Selznik now that the thing is over—to tell the truth, we feel rather cheap.

Selznik brought Vivien Leigh to Hollywood, signed her to a big contract, wined and dined her. It seems that whenever a big contest is completed the winner always gets a nice check or trip or Packard six. For guessing a last line in a Wheaties limerick, the winner gets no less than a trip around the world with a six months stop-over at Tahiti. If you win a Florida beauty contest you usually get twenty new outfits, fifty or sixty baby bonds, and a husband well advanced in years and bankroll.

But to our ideal male and female—Dick Yore and Kay Galle—we can give no trips or bonds or spouses. It makes us feel cheap all right. Maybe it would square things if we promise to let them in free at the Eliot prom next year, if we have an Eliot prom.



Epistles

We received a letter from Joe Penner the other day; the stationery had cute little ducks all over it. We opened the letter expecting to read a witty commercial about Huskies but we were all wrong. The epistle

dealt at great length with a new college which Penner is thinking of opening, and described in detail a lot of courses which only Penner and his gag men could ever devise. With that the letter ended—no mention of Huskies or of buying things or of writing fan mail.

Considering our usual mail, though, Penner's letter really is not unusual. Last week we received a request from a birth control society asking us to give them some publicity for they felt that their organization could do the most good in the universities. And then again, there are the scores of anonymous notes which pour in every month. Take this one as a sample: "Dear Editor: I have read your magazine ever since I came out to school which means that I have paid \$4.20 for Eliots. Each time I read the gossip column very thoroughly but I have not seen my name mentioned yet. I go out a lot and I really think that I deserve as many notices as a lot of other guys who get in all the time but who don't go out nearly as much as I do."

Now you see why Penner's letter didn't seem so nutty.



Politics

That Illinois University senior who is running for an office in East St. Louis has stirred up a good deal of comment in political circles. He enters the East St. Louis political ring as a fair-haired Lochinvar bringing principles such as civil service and the short ballot into a community which is notorious for its dirty politics and dirtier administration. The Post-Dispatch has rightly lauded his efforts.

Turning our eyes toward Jefferson City and even the local legislature, we are reminded of the dirty mess which is smeared all over our own front porch—a legislature "of the people" which is made up of Kinney, Brogan, Casey and their dime-a-dozen followers. At the present writing there is a bill pending which, if passed,

(Continued on page 18)

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE CHERRY TREE

MRS. WASHINGTON came into the drawing room where her husband was smoking his pipe in comfort. "George," she said, "he's here."

General Washington looked up despairingly and waved goodbye to privacy. "Who's here, my dear?" he asked.

"The man from Philadelphia," his wife answered. "The man about your publicity."

The great man rose. "Martha," he said reproachfully, "you didn't really send for him?"

"I most certainly did."

General Washington stared at her disbelievingly. "You couldn't do that to me," he said, but his tone lacked conviction, fooling not even himself.

His wife smiled pityingly. "Oh, wouldn't I! Just wouldn't I!"

"But, Martha, it's ridiculous, that's what it is. I don't need publicity. The President of the United States!"

Martha Washington gave him one of her lowering looks which were famous for four miles around. "George," she said, "I'm trying to be patient with you, so don't tempt me too far. You say you don't need publicity—. You say you don't need publicity—." She was speechless with anger, and her husband knowing from experience how fleeting were these fortunate moments, was quick to speak.

"No, I don't, Martha, really I don't. Everybody loves me. Everybody knows me. Everybody calls me the Father of my country. There! I suppose that isn't publicity!"

"Publicity! Hah! Father of your country! Did you ever stop to consider what that makes me? Well, did you? Well, it makes me the Step-mother of your country, that's what it does! The Father and Step-mother of the United States! That's a fine recommendation to be invited out to dinner on. If you'd only let yourself see,

George, we're being overlooked. Nobody remembers us. We're a couple of has-beens, George Washington, and I'm going to do something about it!" The divine silence of a moment before seemed gone forever. "Oh, it make my blood boil, it does, when I **think** of all the publicity that snip of a Mrs. Benedict Arnold got!"

"Yes," said George Washington gently, "but look at what her husband got."

"Oh, you're the most exasperating man in the world. You drive me to distraction, that you do. Why, when my first husband was alive—"

"That's **enough**, Martha," shouted General Washington. "None of that. If your first husband had half the virtues you attribute to him you'd have had to tie him to Pilgrim's Progress to keep him from flying away, and I've had more than enough of him, and I wish you to remain blissfully silent on the subject. That's final."

Mrs. Washington pursed her lips. "Well," she said, "shall I bring the man in?" Her husband nodded austerely. When he didn't have to answer his wife his manner was magnificent. His wife was the first to admit that the thing he was best at was keeping his mouth closed. But having triumphed, she went almost happily out of the room.

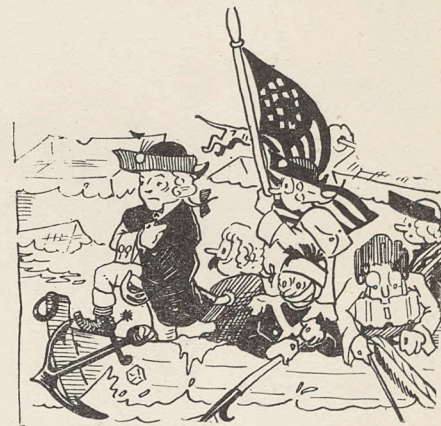
The great man sighed with pleasure as he looked around and found the room empty but for himself. These moments alone when he could say to himself, "George, you've made good. You're the President of the United States," without having his wife puncture the balloon of his self-importance, were most pleasant to him. Then he heard the door close and turned to face his tormentor.

He saw his wife and with her a man who looked just like an ordinary man except that his face was exceedingly shrewd and his waist-

coat exceedingly loud. And while his victim watched, the publicity man came forward and extended his hand.

"George, this is Mr. Clapper," said Mrs. Washington.

"Well, well, well," he said, pumping Washington's arm as though he expected a torrent of biographical detail to come pouring from the General's mouth as a direct result. "Certainly an honor to meet you. Certainly an honor. Heard a lot about you. Certainly have. Guess other people haven't, though, or I wouldn't be here today, would I?"



"I—that is—the General and I—feel that—well, we feel—"

"Please spare yourself all trouble, madam. I understand perfectly. You think your husband is not getting the notice he deserves." In that moment Mr. Clapper was loved like a brother by both his clients. But the next instant he severed their temporary relationship.

"What," he said succinctly, "do you think is the reason why you've laid an egg?"

The Washingtons undoubtedly thought it a rhetorical question, for he received no answer, nor did he seem to expect one. He leaned forward and tapped the General on the knee.

"You see," he said, "you've never even considered the problem."

"I was never aware," answered the great man, "that I had—as you say—laid an egg."

"Well, let me tell you, General Washington, without any desire to hurt you, that you have—most

HEIL TO THEE, OUR ALMA MATER

THOSE were the days—those bright and sunny years of the 1950's, just after the Vescovo accord between Washington and St. Louis University to partition Soldan High School between them, and dole out the new students to concentration camps (then known as "fraternities"). Peace and good will reigned for years, and all was joy and bliss. Suddenly, in 1959, the blow came; it happened at the annual Thanksgiving maneuvers, which were held that year in Walsh stadium. For no reason at all, citizens of Washington were denied admittance to the maneuvers unless they produced tickets at the gate, and it was seen at once that the traditional "Open Door" was being slammed in their faces. There were also complaints of maltreatment of our nationals within the foreign territories, and horrible stories filtered back from refugees; they were subjected to a multitude of indignities and discomforts, even to the point of being forced to sit on uncushioned boards for two hours at a time, whereas they were accustomed to the upholstered armchairs of our new George R. Throop Stadium.

Sharp representations were made to the foreign office of St. Louis University through the regular diplomatic channels, which had become somewhat clogged, and were badly in need of dredging. Ambassador Byars was called home to report on the situation, and requested to bring his little Hatchet and other official paraphernalia with him. It is noteworthy that he was never sent back to his post, reporting almost continually for several years, although nobody listened to him. Foreign Secretary Harrison made further representations to St. Louis U., and charged that two citizens of Washington had been swept out of the stadium with a pile of trash and thrown into the Mississippi, whereupon St. Louis University's Minister to the Court

of St. January was called home for consultation.

Events followed thick and fast. The Honor and Integrity of Washington University was insulted at every turn. Fears were at once felt that St. Louis U. had its eye on our vast empire, and they were soon justified. Pickets marched up and down Skinker Boulevard, and St. Louis U. parades formed in the streets, demanding more colonies and an end to the entrenched greed of empire. The great investment of Washington in the Country Day School was jeopardized by a flood of concessions and scholarships offered by St. Louis. Even Mary Institute was attacked, and its affections were on the verge of being alienated.

Early in January of 1960, two "observers" for Washington were killed across the street from Community School during a small raid by irregulars from St. Louis. This led to a complete diplomatic break. Both embassies were closed, and the schools let it be known to a trembling world that they were no longer speaking to each other.

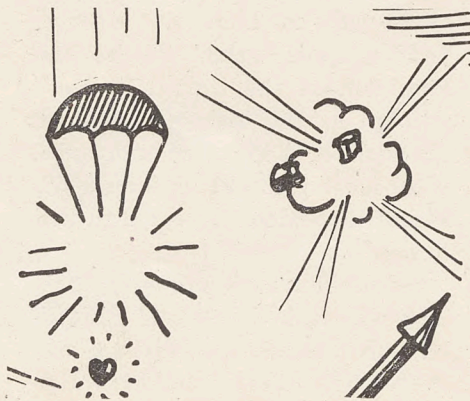
Something had to be done—that was certain. It seemed wise to prepare for any eventuality; but to do so, a delay was necessary. The strength of St. Louis was unknown, but rearmament had been going on for years, in violation of the Art Hill Compromise of 1948, and we feared that its Colonial ambitions were a sign of self-confidence. Therefore, concessions were made. Mary Institute was

felt to be of no great importance, and it was given outright to St. Louis to keep them quiet for a while. The delay was not long, but it was long enough to float several billion-dollar bond issues and run the national debt into ten figures.

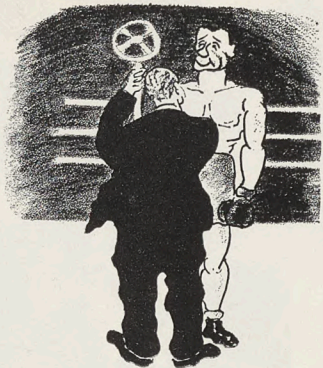
A temporary war dictatorship was established, since the outcome seemed inevitable. The ROTC was brought to the fore, and service was made compulsory for all male students over three. Its gun and truck were proudly brought out and dusted off; but these appeared inadequate to the more far-sighted among us, so Cupples II was quickly turned into an armament factory, and the Engineers, between drills, turned out a great supply of arms and munitions. An alliance was made with the Rolla School of Mines to supply the necessary materials. For the girls, a compulsory semi-military organization was set up, known as the "Peppers" after some old uniforms that were found under a few skeletons in a closet in the Dean of Women's office.

Student Life, Eliot, and Hatchet were forced into cooperation to provide concentrated propaganda and build up the mental attitude of the students, and so great was the war hysteria that the students even read them. George M. Cohan was imported to write the new Quad Show, with patriotic songs and flag-waving.

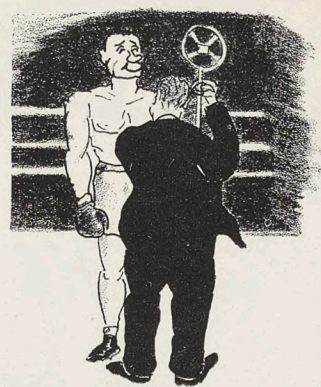
The actual defense of the school was placed under a unified Council of War, headed by the Chancellor and General Chipman. The most important activity of this council at the moment was the matter of fortification and rearmament, and Dean Langsdorf was made Colonel in Charge. A strategy of defense was worked out, based essentially on the "Langsdorf Line," an underground fortification running along Skinker Boulevard and out Forsythe. The Art School students were put to work painting camouflages on the buildings, and the now empty Art School, which had never been of much use anyway, was mined with all sorts of high



(Continued on page 24)



TOUGH GUY



Me and George have just finished lunch and we're sitting on the loading platform getting a little air. George is the foreman, and a pretty good old guy in his way. Kind of surly with some of the boys, but me and George always got on okay. So we were sitting there gnawing on a couple of apples, and this kid Shorty Krebs comes out and sits on a box at the other end of the platform.

This guy Krebs has only been working for a couple of days, and we don't know much about him. He's not really so short. He just looks like that way. I guess he's about five foot seven, but he's built pretty solid, and he's got a good pair of shoulders on him. Nice looking guy, too.

Well, pretty soon Dutch Cronkheit

comes out. Dutch is the biggest guy at the plant, and a mean hombre at that. . . . He looks around for a while and me and George don't pay no attention to him. Pretty soon he comes up to this boy Krebs and tells him to scram. Says he's sitting on his box. Now there's a whole row of boxes lined up against the wall, and nobody's sitting on any of them. But that's the way this guy Cronkheit is.

"Why don't you sit down over there?" he says. This Krebs talks real soft. Not like he's sore or anything. But Cronkheit's a stubborn Dutchman, and he wants that particular box Krebs is sitting on. So Krebs just shrugs his shoulders and sits down on another box.

Well this goddam Cronkheit follows him over to the end of the platform, and tells him that's his box too, and to get the hell off of it.

"No I won't", says Krebs, and he acts like he means it.

"Well then by God I'll knock you off," says the Dutchman. He grabs

the kid by the arm and pulls him off. Some of the other boys have come out on the platform by this time, and a couple of 'em laugh. They like to stay in good with Cronkheit. But old George just spits between his teeth and says "God damn that Dutchman!"

The kid gets up then and brushes off his pants a little. And Cronkheit snickers and gives him a shove. Well, Krebs don't take any more. Me and George are kind of scared for the kid's sake. But the kid don't look a bit scared. He just backs up a couple of steps and glares at the big guy. Cronkheit calls him a son-of-a-bitch and lets fly with a right that would have killed anybody. But Krebs just sidesteps him easy like and waits for him to turn around. Then Cronkheit catches him on the side of the face. Not a real sock . . . just one of those glancing blows, but the kid gets hot about it and gives him a good poke in the mouth. Cronkheit's lip is bleeding and he really goes wild. He charges in and it looks like it's all over for the kid. George and me are shaking all over, and none of the boys says a word. But the kid just waits for him and lets him have a stiff right to the belly. Cronkheit's got a big belly from drinking beer, and the kid's fist sinks in a foot. That brings his head down, and the kid bangs his schnozzle with a left.

Now the Dutchman's nose is bleeding too, and he roars and cusses all over the place. And every time he tries anything, Krebs jabs him in the guts again and follows it up with a couple to the head. Pretty soon he's

(Continued on page 21)



"Mike and Shady go in the ring after him."



EVEN OUR typewriter trembles at the deep, touching plot which lies behind an innocent looking letter which bore on its face the legend: "Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo."

Some time ago the Globe-Democrat carried a picture of several of the young ladies who were trying out for the Quad Club dancing chorus. Among them was one Madeline Jackman, blond and comely. All rumors to the contrary, the Globe has an extensive circulation, for a few days later the above-mentioned innocent-looking letter was delivered to the Jackman's home. It started:

"Dear Madeline: Pardon the intrusion, please, but I am in the midst of a play. As does every writer, I seek realistic portrayal of emotion—I woo that indefinable something which sets the superlative apart from the mediocre in expression. Thus, I appeal to you..." And the letter went on to say that the writer was in the throes of writing a great play about a hero and heroine who are in love and about to be married when the heroine finds out that the hero has served a prison term. It is here that the writer asks Miss Jackman—"Is the stigma of a prison sentence so great as to place a man forever beneath a decent woman's consideration?" Madeline has never answered this question for the writer and we really think that she should, for at the top of the stationery, in large printed letters, are the words: MISSOURI STATE PENITENTIARY.

Cloaked in our usual role of Dan Cupid we just must bare the fact that Mimi Woodlock, Peggy's bell-shoed little sis, is madly, terrifically, overwhelmingly in love with two of our glamor sons—Art Spitzfaden and Bouncing Billy Goessling. It is cruel to disillusion the young in heart but both romeos are entangled. Billy has nothing but sighs and gasps for Sven Galle and Artie is panting about Oh May Ruester. In fact, it seems that Art was having dinner with the Ruesters one night and trying to make a big splash, but his style was considerably crimped by the fact that he was called to the telephone every five minutes. His fraternity brothers had discovered where he was and they would enquire: "Hi, Art, having a nice time?" But seriously, now that little Mimi has 'fessed all, the boys should go a-courtin' at the Woodlock manse.

Franny Choate and Betty Binkard were studying

in the stacks one night when some of the woodwork or something caught on fire. A couple of the student librarians woke up and dashed to the gals' rescue but when they tried to operate the fire extinguishers the liquid dripped slowly from the bottom of the cylinder and there was no spray because the rubber hose had rotted away. The conflagration was finally extinguished through the valiant efforts of a sauce-pan brigade from the kitchenette of the stacks. In her mind's eye, Franny already had visions of good looking firemen hauling her down ladders.

Bright spot of the between semester period was the K.K.G. Greenbriar soup-and-fisher. Kruth's boys were lively and the sisters lovely. Congrats to Jane Bonnell who will soon be sporting the little gold key. Maybe a Theta Xi badge too if John kicks the chapter's by-laws in the face. Kupie Kentzler, trying to fool the public, dragged Georgie Barnes along to fox trot the time away, but all the spare time is still going to Stu (pronounced "Stew") Hines. Bette Middleton looked very sophis. with a Cospier five-buck-a-throw orchid on the shoulder strap. Peaches Parman, all palm-readings to the contrary, is sewed up in a burlap sack over Tommy Ozmont and it looks like she doesn't care who knows it.

If we were heading these things, then this would read: "Phil Thompson and the Vest." Either because of excess beer or the laundry, Phil's nice white vest which goes with his tails, is not the perfect fit it used to be. The night of the Kappa dance Phil took a deep breath, burped once or twice, and all three buttons on the vest got sliced from their moorings. The only solution to the problem was to find a couple of stray bobby and safety pins and wire the loose ends together. And so, to those who wondered why Phil spent the evening holding his arms over his waistline, there's the explanation.

A small tavern out in the county is offering a reward for the return of the brass door knob from its front door. The knob, it appears, was lifted by someone who made a very smooth exit. We are not in control of enough of the facts to pin the lifting on any one person but circumstantial evidence is strong, for we have definite proof that a knob closely resembling the one mentioned above, was sold by Don Flint to Bob Reinhardt for a nickel.

(Continued on page 18)



Women Select

Women Interviewed

The names of the forty women who expressed their opinions in the twelve-point questionnaire are:

- | | | | |
|------------------|-------------------|--------------------|------------------|
| Kay Galle | Dotty Krieger | Betty Webb | Kay Davis |
| Markey Parman | Audrey Buddensick | Dorothy Tracey | Jenny Ann Cook |
| Sally Alexander | Jacqueline Davis | Laura Stealey | Dolly Pitts |
| Betty Budke | Dorothy Behrens | Pat Ahern | Genevieve Davis |
| Mary Wilson | Patty Peele | Alice Lloyd | Bettie Halliday |
| Margaret Simpson | Mae Dragoo | Mary Ramsay | Doris Hartmann |
| Peggy Woodlock | Bette Middleton | Agnes Jane Gilliam | Virginia Rasbach |
| Rosemary De Voto | Sarah Karraker | Edith Marsalek | Jane Allen |
| Elaine Foerster | Olive Depelheuer | Margaret Smith | Frances Choate |
| Joan Ball | Shirley Conrad | Peggy Baker | Betty Pepon |

HAIR

- Jack Warner—10
- George Kletzker—5
- Dick Root—3
- Bob Byars—3
- Art Spitzfaden—2
- Bob Reinhardt—2
- Northcutt Coil—2
- Louis Gottschalk—2
- Bud Ferring
- Ralph McKelvey
- Albert Lee
- Herbert Killinger
- Desmond Lee
- Bill Seibert
- Howard Kuehner
- Al Bruce
- Harry Gibbs
- Neil Humphreville
- Jim Lenney

EYES

- Pete Mara—5
- Bill Kerwin—4
- Albert Lee—3
- Ranny Lorch—3
- Bob Byars—3
- Tom Stauffer—2
- John Leutwiler—2
- Ralph Bradshaw—2
- Bruce Higginbotham
- Oliver Gold
- Bill Dee
- Dick McDougall
- Howard Kuehner
- Northcutt Coil
- Dick Koken
- Bob Judd
- Floyd Johnston
- Charles Quinn
- Tommy Cummins

PHYSIQUE

- Desmond Lee—8
- Jack Warner—8
- Walter Rohlfing—5
- Chester Schaum—4
- Dick Yore—4
- Bud Harvey—2
- Harry Gibbs
- Bill Hunker
- Howard Lofgreen
- Bill Ferfucky
- Victor Theiling
- Louis Gottschalk
- Bud Bohn
- Bob Byars
- Harry Hausner

SMILE

- Bruce Higginbotham—8
- Dick Compton—4
- Howard Kuehner—3
- Dick Koken—2
- Fred Bastman—2
- Bud Skinner—2
- Bill Goessling—2
- Bob Reinhardt—2
- Fred Leyhe—2
- Ed Sherwood—2
- Jim Lenney
- Ralph Bradshaw
- Sam Murphy
- George Kletzker
- Desmond Lee
- Douglas Maynard
- Roy Whisnand
- Ernie Ohle
- Louis Desparois
- Bob Byars
- Dave Leigh

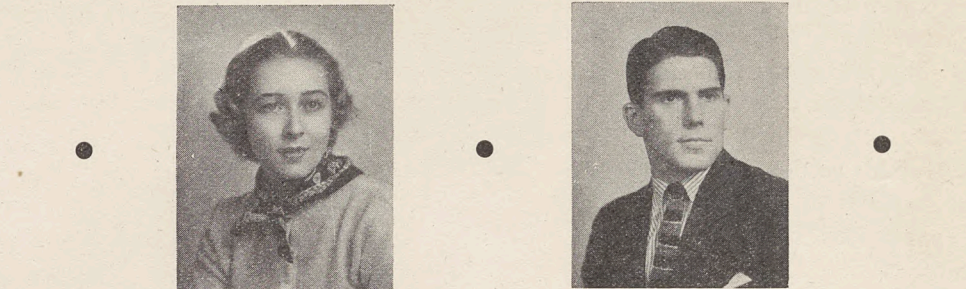
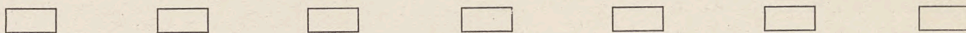
DANCING

- Bob Reinhardt—7
- Gaylord Lyon—6
- Tom Stauffer—4
- Louis Desparois—3
- Bill Hunker—3
- Desmond Lee—2
- Bud Harvey
- Carl Burst
- Bud Skinner
- Dick Koken
- Fred Leyhe
- Hudson Rinehart
- Bud Capps
- Dick McDougall
- Evan Wright
- Dick Yore
- Dick Hillger
- Roy Cosper
- Carroll Donohue
- Bob Byars
- Wally Mead

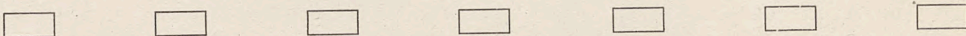
CLOTHES

- Gil Lutz—16
- Bud Hoerr—4
- Bill Hunker—2
- Bud Bohn—2
- Jim Sido—2
- Wenzel Smith—2
- George Kletzker—2
- Bob Tyzzer
- Bud Barbee
- Clyde Berry
- Bud Capps
- Dick Koken
- Gaylord Lyon
- John Stoeker
- Metcalf Bristow
- Walter Born
- Pete Mara

t Ideal Campus Man



THE IDEAL CO-ED AND CAMPUS MAN



Ideal Men

- Dick Yore 31
- Bob Reinhardt 20
- Gil Lutz 19
- Jack Warner 18

PERSONALITY

- Dick Yore—7
- Dick Compton—7
- Bob Reinhardt—6
- Ralph Bradshaw—3
- Cam Higginbotham—2
- Desmond Lee
- Bud Harvey
- Harold Eskind
- Sam Murphy
- Floyd Johnston
- Evan Wright
- George Kletzker
- Howard Kuehner
- John Logan
- Pete Mara
- Brooks Roberts
- Carroll Donohue
- Wally MacLean
- Henry Nelson
- Bruce Higginbotham

TECHNIQUE

- Dick Koken—5
- Bing Davis—4
- Jim Sido—3
- Bud Bohn—2
- Bob Byars—2
- Gil Lutz—2
- Pete Mara—2
- Sam Murphy—2
- Dick Yore—2
- Oliver Hickel
- Bud Skinner
- Ben Harris
- Dick McDougall
- Bill Hunker
- Louis Matthey
- Gene Herrmann
- Wally MacLean
- Wayne Bigler
- George Kletzker
- Howard Hess
- Roy Cospers

INTELLIGENCE

- Ernie Ohle—10
- Bob Byars—5
- Paul Wilhelm—4
- Dick Yore—2
- Carroll Donohue—2
- Aaron Hotchner—2
- Sam Murphy—2
- George Helme
- Louis Gottschalk
- Bill Harting
- Bill Hurst
- John Stoecker
- Jim Sido
- Bob Stockho
- Wenzel Smith
- Bud Reichardt
- Alden Settle
- Jim Van Cleave
- Phil Willmarth
- Stuart Hines

WIT

- Aaron Hotchner—12
- Dick Yore—9
- Carl Barker—4
- Melvin Norris—3
- Dick Compton—2
- Wayne Bigler—2
- Linc Coleman
- Gerry Bauer
- Bud Ferring
- Dick Koken
- George Kletzker
- Dave Larsen
- Ed Sherwood
- Phil Willmarth

CONVERSATION

- Dick Yore—6
- Bob Reinhardt—3
- Sam Murphy—3
- Fred Bastman—2
- Bob Byars—2
- Bud Capps—2
- Walter Rohlfing
- Dick Compton
- Northcutt Coil
- Paul Lashly
- Phil Willmarth
- Jerry Bailey
- Carl Barker
- Ralph Bradshaw
- Carroll Donohue
- Bruce Higginbotham
- Aaron Hotchner
- George Kletzker
- Howard Kuehner
- John Lewis
- Gil Lutz
- Demi Martin
- Dick McDougall
- Wally Mead
- George Throop, Jr.
- Sterling Tremayne
- Buzz Withington
- Paul Wilhelm

CONCEIT

- Bud Bohn—8
- Pete Mara—6
- Bud Ferring—5
- Northcutt Coil—4
- Louis Desparois—3
- Bud Barbee—2
- Bob Scott
- Bill Record
- Sam Murphy
- Gene Pennington
- Bill Hunker
- Carl Barker
- Bud Capps
- Gil Coughlin
- Bob Byars



NO PITY WANTED

"GOD, but I'm hungry!"

The words came out before he knew it and he took a quick glance over his shoulder to see if anyone had heard him. Even if his stomach growled and rolled and was hollow to his backbone he didn't want the whole world to know it. But the street was dark and still and there was no one in sight.

He shoved his cold hands deeper into the pockets of his corduroy trousers and slouched against a door frame. He could feel the chill of the marble facing through his threadbare coat and his worn shirt. As the wind came around the corner he flipped up his coat collar. The cloth scraped against his neck and chin.

He looked along the curb, up and down, making a quick survey of the gutter. He saw a cigarette butt and made a dive for it, stooping, scooping it up from the dirty concrete, and returning to the doorway. The light of the match made a small flare in the cold darkness. It ran under the caves beneath his heavy eyebrows, slid down the curves of his cheeks and went out.

He puffed greedily, inhaling deeply, exhaling slowly. Weeds weren't very filling but they helped quiet a man's insides. The smoke was much too short and he reluctantly threw away the half inch of paper and tobacco shreds.

He walked on to the next doorway, hands in his pockets, hat pulled low on his forehead. He stopped and scanned the gutter but saw nothing. He turned to read the marker on the door behind him. **Andrew Simon, Stocks and Bonds.** That was a laugh—stocks and bonds. The whole street was a laugh; the financial district cluttered with banks and brokerage houses and stock markets. And he didn't have a dime to his name. But he had funny ideas. That's why he was standing in a doorway, hungry as hell, because he had funny ideas.

He had them when he was a kid with a dirty face and a bag of marbles. He wanted to see the world but he didn't want to wait until he could pay for the sight-seeing. He hopped an outbound freight and spent a week on the road. No wonder he never got any place in school, looking at a geography and thinking about getting to the Big Town where he could hire out on a freighter. The Big Town. Well, here he was and so what?

A lot of kids take to the road. But he never stayed, that was the funny part. He didn't like the gaff of it and was ready to come back home after a few days of box ear life. Then it would begin all over again, thinking about the Big Town and the freighter, running off, coming back. He didn't know what he wanted.

A car passed and someone flipped out a cigarette. He pounced on it and had it between his lips before it went out. He noticed red on the paper.

"God!" he said, "a dame."

He shifted uneasily and rubbed his hand across his chin. The first month had been the hardest. He wasn't as much a bum as his brother said and more than once he started back home. But he stuck it out. He'd get to the Big Town and things would be better. His hand felt in his coat pocket for



the old revolver. No bullets, but the gun helped. He had picked it up in a dump, thinking it might come in handy on the road.

Then he met up with some young fellows from the East. They told him about the C.C.C. and it sounded like a good thing. Funny he hadn't heard about it sooner. But when you're running from rail dicks and holding your own in a freight car of bums, you don't have much time to keep up with what Washington is doing. It sounded good, but he wasn't ready to settle down and that freighter kept popping up in his mind. He could feel the waves dragging the boat around on a rough sea. That was the life.

The young fellows had guts. They took the knocks and asked for more. He'd never forget when one of them was shot. They swung off the car and heard the word "Bulls!" He ran between a row of shacks. There was a splatter of shots and he looked back. One of the boys went down, the youngest of them all, with the thin hands. They left the kid there. If he died, he died; if he lived, he was shoved in a cell.

The next week another got it. He missed a jump between cars and fell into a coupling. God, that yell! It sent icicles through his heart every time he thought about it.

That was too much for him. He landed in the Big Town where the freighters put out, but he went to the C.C.C. office. They wanted him. He was healthy, he could work, he would earn his pay. The card crackled in his pocket. He was going back tomorrow for final arrangements. Tomorrow he'd get a bath and new clothes and be shipped off on a train. But that didn't feed him now and he was hungry. Tomorrow he'd have a good bed and a place to hang his hat. But that didn't give him one tonight.

A limousine turned the corner and stopped two doors down, by Andrew Simon's place. What a car, half a block long and streamlined as a bullet. He watched idly.

(Continued on page 20)

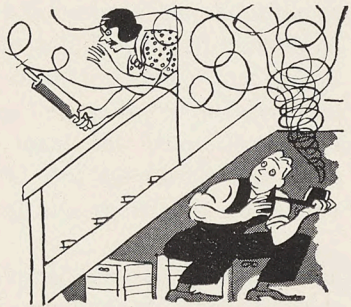


*Nothing else
will do—*

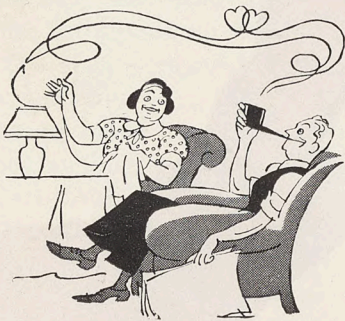
Chesterfields give me
more pleasure than any
cigarette I ever smoked

A HAPPY COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

**HERE'S WHY
MARIA WAS MAD
AT HIS BRIAR!**



HAVE A HEART on your husband, ma'am — don't bawl him out for smoking. After all, it isn't his *pipe* that smells bad, it's that hot-and-heavy *tobacco* he always buys.



NO MORE FIGHTS. Some friend switched him to Sir Walter—two ounces of cool-smokin' burley—so mild it *never* bites the tongue —and a wife-winner for *aroma!*

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

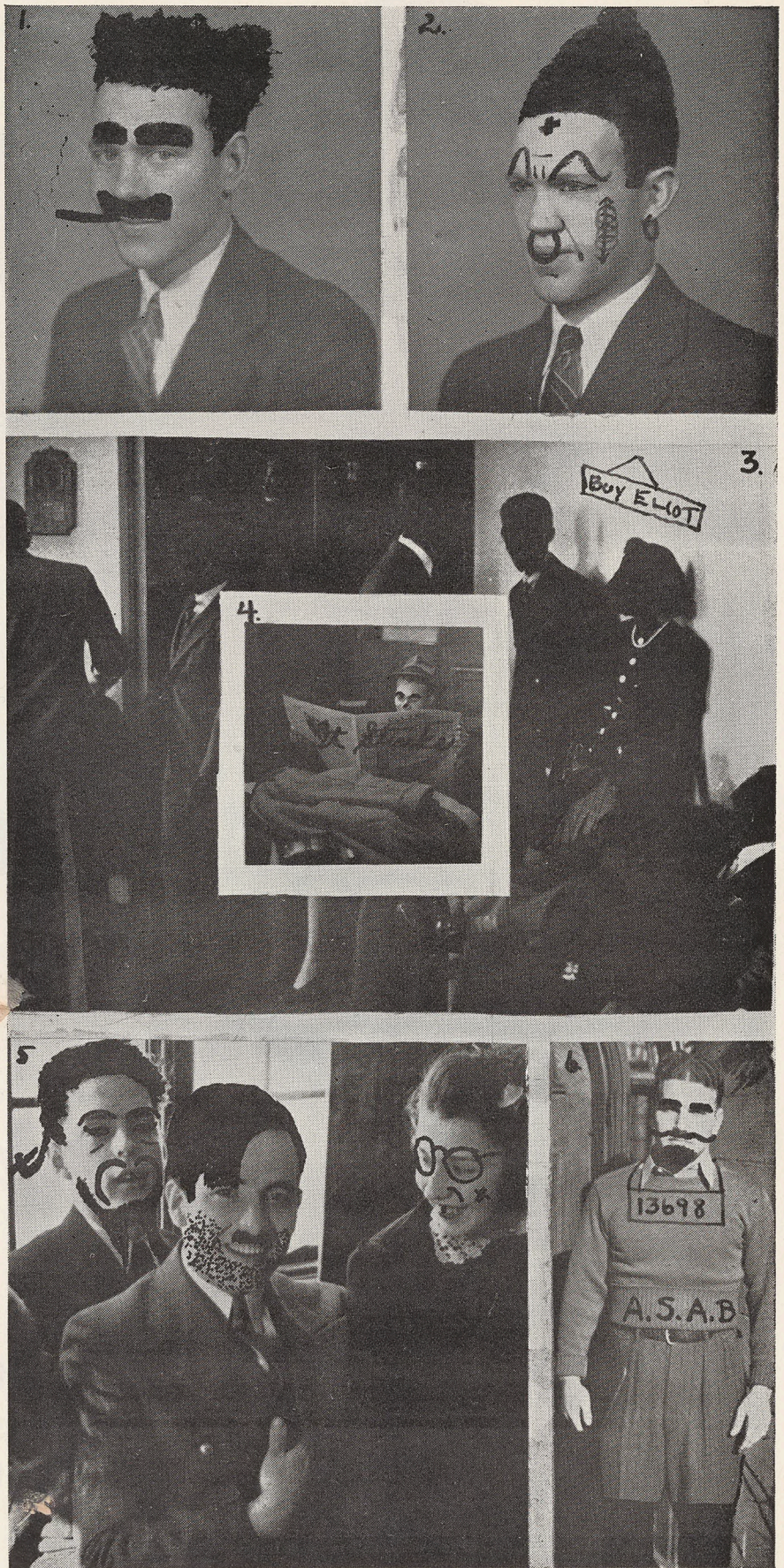


**UNION
MADE**



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

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday, coast-to-coast, NBC Red Network.



1. Is this Groucho Marx? 2. Cannibal or Mason? 3. We're positive this is not negative. (Placard reads: "Buy Eliot.") 4. "It stinks." 5. International Conference. Hitler doesn't smile; must be Napoleon. 6. Where's little Orphan Annie, Boris?

Big prize offered by *Eliot* for the correct identification of the above Washington University students. Include *Eliot* cover or reasonable facsimile thereof with your guesses.

GORDON THE GROUNDHOG

“MASTER GORDON, sir, oh, Master Gordon! It's time for you to get out of bed, sir.”

Gordon opened his droopy eyelids and yawned sleepily. “My dear Smithers,” he mumbled, “whatever is wrong with you? You know I never rise before tiffin. It's cruel, absolutely cruel, to awaken me at this early hour. Especially after that dance last night. Oh, Smithers, what a head I have. What a head!” Gordon buried his pink nose farther into the ground, sighed deeply, and closed his droopy eyelids tightly.

“Really, sir, I hate to annoy you like this, but this is February 2. This is your day. Come, come, hurry now. Here's a tablet for your head, your slippers are under the stump, and your bawth is drawn.” Smithers wiggled Gordon's tail and tweaked his ears gently. “Get up, Master Gordon.”

“I say, Smithers, cut it out.” Gordon pawed in the air blindly, trying to push Smithers away. “What's all the fuss about, anyway?”

“Today is the day you come out, sir, and make your weather prediction. If it's foul weather, you must stay out, you know. In that case, I shall miss you greatly, sir. But if its fair and you see your shadow you may return to bed, sir. In that case, I'll put on the rose embroidered bedspread to celebrate, sir.”



“Ah, yes, February 2—ah—what did you say about me seeing my shadow? Now Smithers, you've been with the family a long, long time—I've seen funny pictures of you as a very young man currying my great grandfather's fur—and I don't expect you to pretend to believe in that shadow tommy rot. ‘If the groundhog sees his shadow, there will be six more weeks of winter.’ Ha, Ha, that's some story. Why I couldn't open my eyes in the glaring sunlight to hunt for my shadow if I tried.”

“But it's your only chance for a personal appearance. And you do look so distinguished in your new high silk hat and carrying your grandfather's reed cane. Remember the large crowd that waited for you last year. They stood for hours in front of your burrow watching for you to come out. They shouted and cried with joy when you finally appeared.

“Yes, yes, I remember them. Members of the Slumbering Groundhog Lodge, they called themselves. What a bunch of idiots they were. You know, Smithers, sometimes I wonder about the intelligence of these human beings who are supposed to be so wise. They put faith in such odd things. How they ever got the idea that groundhogs know anything about meteorology is beyond me. We only guess the correct weather about half the time.”

“But you see, they don't mind if you make a mistake and predict the wrong weather. But you must come out. They would be terribly disappointed if you didn't.”

“Oh, that wouldn't bother me any. I think this tomfoolery has gone on too long the way it is.”

Smithers sighed deeply and wandered out of the bedroom, unable to endure the sight of his lazy master. Suddenly he heard Gordon calling to him in an excited voice. “Smithers, Smithers, my hip boots, quickly, the bawth seems to have overflown! The

water is really becoming quite deep.”

Smithers flew to his master's aid, grabbing the boots as he scooted along the narrow hallway. “Oh, Master Gordon, it isn't the bawth that has run over. Oh, dear, no, not at all. It's rain, Master Gordon, and I fear it may cause the burrow to cave in. It's more than a shower, Master Gordon, its a cloudburst. We must hurry out of here as quickly as ever we can.”

“Now Smithers, don't ruffle your fur. There's no need to become jittery. This dampness isn't good for my complexion so perhaps we had better leave. Pack my bags, Smithers, and don't forget to put in the pink bedspread.” Gordon combed his fur carefully, put on his top hat and sauntered out nonchalantly whirling his cane.

“Look, here he comes, look!” the large crowd that had been gathered just outside Gordon's burrow for the past two hours, squealed with delight. “He's staying out, too. Fair weather ahead, hurrah, fair weather!”

Smithers wheeled around suddenly. Master Gordon, you've predicted it again. Oh, Master Gordon, you've really done it! Smithers pointed face relaxed into a broad smile and his pink nose quivered gleefully.

“Why, so I have, so I have,” yawned Gordon. “Fair weather ahead. Ho Hum!”

—Louise Lampert.



THE TOWERS AND THE TOWN

(Continued from page 6)

would not allow the recounting of ballots in the case of fraud. Our old-age pension system is a disgrace, as is the need for reforming our criminal laws and criminal conditions generally. Yes, on our front porch is an awful mess. It occurs to us that it is high time for Missourians to stop regarding politics here as so dirty an affair that they will have nothing to do with it—such apathy has led us into our present state. Although the University graduates hundreds of students who are well-equipped in public administration and government, very few of them ever “stoop” low enough to become interested in the state of politics in Missouri.

It would be a great service to democracy, indeed, if some of the finer, more energetic students who have prepared themselves for a career in government work under such able instructors as Prof. Lien, would turn their immediate, concerted attention toward the shameful political conditions in Missouri. For the dirt, it seems, is attracting more dirt.

Surprise

The biggest surprise of the year was the scholastic fate of our highly touted freshman football team. For six months now we have heard: “Sure Washington has a great freshman team—the best in their history. But they won’t be here next year, and you can bank on that—at least three-fourths of them will be flunked out.”

Well, the results are out and everyone from Conzelman on down is surprised that only one player failed out of such a large squad. This fact seems significant. It means that not only have the boys got brawn but they have gray matter. When they come down to the locker room after a game they’ll not engage in the customary locker-room repartee but they will probably gather round in polite little circles and speak in gentlemanly monotones about the teachings of Pythagoras or the meter of Shelly.

(Continued on page 20)

MONKEY CHATTER

(Continued from page 11)

We just can’t pass up these choice little romances which are flowering beneath our very canopy. End man Triefenbach, pride of the scribes, participated in a mock wedding ceremony with Associate Editor Lampert last year and he has never gotten over it. But L. W. is a man of strong talents and devotion; looks like the real thing. And then there’s W. W. Mead, the East St. Louis version of O. Henry, who is making a vocation out of chasing Little Russia around the library stacks—more evidence of the Bolshevik scourge. We pause before announcing this last and latest development, but a waiting world must know. Our own Melvin Marx and our own Mary Ann Chiles have announced 9 A’s and 1 B as **their** grades for the semester and you can see what this means. We have a sneaking suspicion that M.M. is rather fond of Miss Chiles and the rides home are becoming regular. So you see, with romance fluttering on all sides of us, the old office ain’t what it used to be. The staff has gone to pot. If it wasn’t for the fact that the Editor has nothing to do with women, the mag would have folded up long ago.

Dick Yore and Ginny Rasbach were holding hands over a table at the Chase when the M.C. announced that an eminent celebrity was in the audience and asked him to say a few words. As the spot light swung around the room the M.C. announced that the celeb was Boris Karloff and with that the light was turned on Richard.

Edie Marsalek—Quad Show’s sweet young thing who’s never been kissed (in the show)—has always been one of our favorite subjects. You never know just what she’s going to do next—sometimes she’s so demure and quiet and then again she’s a regular social tigress as she was the night of the Sig Chi barn dance. We have been told on the worst of authority that several couples went to High Ridge after the affair. Edie and

the gang were at a table whooping it up—(don’t forget—this is Edie the Tigress). Next to the table was a shiny brass railing, about four feet high. Now altho there were intoxicating drinks and such floating about, we don’t say that Edie had consumed four beers and was on her way through a fifth, but when one hurdles a four foot rail and lands flat on one’s face, flecks of foam flying willy-nilly, well! . . .

Our Liverpool correspondents inform us that the stags at the Delta Gamma dance broke into the Greenbriar liquor supply and caused a \$25, wholesale, damage. There’s nothing much that can be done about it. The management will probably chalk the loss up to termites and cluck its tongue over the rowdiness of college sororities. Just like the movies.

Scenes: Jack Michener and a cloak-room darky changing a flat, 1 A.M. . . . Dot Moore and a nice shiny pin . . . Wilkening and Patty Ahearn doing a fancy dip which Wilkening needs to practice . . . Marg Sebastian extending a very warm greeting to all late comers at the Chase . . . National Collegiate Players dining en masse at the exclusive Club Varsity . . . Alan Fleishman, chameleon lover, now very much so over Arleen Cohen . . . Maggie Simpson with a new light in her eyes . . . We still have a big place reserved on the Eliot mantel . . . we can’t find anyone to take Betty Bud’s place . . .

Lest we forget . . . for three years now we have been trying to impress the disbelieving campus with the fact that Olive Depelheuer is a glamor girl. In a hundred subtle ways we have suggested the fact; some of our releases make Hedy Lamarr look like a Rev. Ellis disciple. Still, Olive tells us, there are those who refuse to accept the fact that she is glamorous. She has even fixed her hair in the new glamor-up style. We know our printer is getting tired of setting this up so many times but: **OLIVE HAS GLAMOR.** Oh, well . . .

—A. H.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE CHERRY TREE

(Continued from page 7)

definitely. Nobody knows much about you, and what they do know isn't very interesting. You shut yourself up on this place and insist on privacy. Privacy! Now, I ask you, Mr. Washington, what's the President of the United States want to mess with privacy for? It's un-American, that's what it is. It's social suicide." He leaned back and mopped his brow. "Yes," he said, "you're in a bad way."

It was solemn truth that Mr. Washington was, for his face was made of stone and his eyes for the moment had been borrowed from a cockatrice.

Undismayed, the individual continued. "But you don't have to worry, no sir! I've made a careful study of your case, and I think I've put my finger on the difficulty."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Washington breathlessly.

Mr. Clapper turned and fixed his eye on the man before him. "General Washington," he said, simply, "you just ain't got glamour." And he sat back to watch his speech sink into the consciousness of the General.

"I beg your pardon," said General Washington, "I had always considered that a military career was certainly—well, at least interesting. Why, in my last campaign—"

"The war's over, George," cut in Mrs. Washington acidly.

"Mrs. Washington's right," agreed Mr. Clapper. "The war's over and everybody is sick of hearing about it. Of course, the war is always a good background. It's valuable for that I admit. But, General Washington, what you need—what you **need**—is a story!"

General Washington was startled out of his dream of waylaying Mr. Clapper in the slave quarters afterward. "Eh?" he said, "a story—what kind of story?"

"Some little anecdote, some tidbit that will circulate freely. Some bit of fluff, humorous and gay, yet

at the same time sincere and—touching. Above all, it must be touching. Why, with a story like that your name would be on every tongue. Can't you imagine it, General Washington—a beautiful young lady and a handsome young man speaking together on a moonlit terrace. You expect them to be whispering sweet nothings. But are they? I ask you, are they? No, indeed! They're talking about you! Can't you imagine that?"

"Yes, I can," said General Washington tartly, "and I don't like it. I was never one to cheat young people out of their amusements."

"Ha, ha," trumpeted Mr. Clapper, "you're a witty man, Mr. Washington. But, seriously, I want you to think back, far back, to see if you remember any little incident in your youth. Just some little bit."

"Can't think of a thing," answered the General promptly.

"George!" said his wife. "There must be something! You didn't just vegetate until they offered you the presidency. Think!"

"Can't remember anything," answered her husband cheerfully. "My mind's a complete blank. Can't understand it." And he actually grinned at his wife.

"Well, then," said she, grinning back at him, "I remember one. What about the cherry tree?"

"Oh." Washington was confounded. "That."

"Yes. That!"

"Oh, that was nothing."

"It wasn't much. But it was **something!**"

"What is this story?" asked Mr. Clapper, interested.

"Nothing at all. Nothing at all," grumbled the great man.

"Well, if you won't tell him, George, I will! Mr. Clapper, when my husband was a little boy, his father gave him a hatchet, and George liked it so much that he wanted to try it out on something. So he went out in the back yard and chopped down a cherry tree that his father had. And his father was **furious!**"

"Yes, what then?" asked Mr. Clapper.

"Why, that's all there is to it," answered Mrs. Washington.

"Is that true, Mr. Washington?" asked Mr. Clapper.

"Yes, it is," answered Mr. Washington, sullenly. "And I'd like to know what's the matter with it!"

"Why, Mr. Clapper, don't you think that George was clever?" asked Mrs. Washington.

"No," said Mr. Clapper. "No, I am sorry to say that I think he was downright stupid. When you started the story I thought it was really going to be good. A perfect set-up. Hatchet, loyalty to father, desire to try out hatchet. It had the makings. But I'm afraid that Mr. Washington missed his chance. Yes, sir, he missed his chance. A set-up like that, when he could have said something that would have made him immortal—and he let the chance go by! If he'd only **said** something. If he'd—wait, I think I have it! I **know** I have it!"

Martha Washington seemed afraid to breath for fear of disturbing Mr. Clapper's brain cells. Even Mr. Washington was interested.

Mr. Clapper turned to General Washington. "You," he said, in the ecstasy of mental creation forgetting the title of respect, "you, have you ever told a lie?"

"Why—why, of course I have. Dozens of them. Everybody has."

"Everybody has." The beautiful simplicity of it. Wonderful! I wish I could use it, but unfortunately, Mr. Washington, I cannot. No, Mr. Washington, do you know what you have done instead?"

"No," breathed Washington, fearfully. "What?"

"You have never told a lie! Yes! That's it, you have never told a lie, and do you know why? No, you do not. But I will tell you! You cut down your father's cherry tree, yes. That you did, but is that all there is to the story? No, it is not! Your father came to you,

(Continued on next page)

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE CHERRY TREE

(Continued from preceding page)

tears streaming down his cheeks, and he said to you in a broken voice, 'George, my son, do you know who has cut down my favorite cherry tree? Tell me, if you know, for he must be punished.' Were you afraid? Not George Washington, no sir! Fearlessly you said, 'I cannot tell a lie. I did it, father, with my little hatchet.' Can't you see the scene with its glorious pathos? A tiny son admitting fearlessly to a crime. 'I did it, father, with my little hatchet.' Mr. Clapper's voice trailed off, stilled by his wonder at his own accomplishment.

"Mr. Clapper—Mr. Clapper—," Martha Washington breathed, "I—I—can't tell you how wonderful that is." She turned to her husband. "George, I see you with new eyes. I see your tender, childish face drawn into lines of adorable solemnity—I did it, father, with my little hatchet.'"

"Well," beamed Mr. Clapper, "it is a masterpiece, if I do say so myself." He rose. "And you can count on me to see that it gets around. Yes, Mrs. Washington, you'll be the most envied woman alive. Married to the man who said those immortal words! And just watch the invitations pour in!"

Mrs. Washington smiled tenderly. "Maybe we'll get in with an amusing crowd now instead of going to state dinners all the time. But most of all, Mr. Clapper, I want to always be at the side of my husband, my glorious, truthful husband."

"That's the right spirit, Mrs. Washington. And now I think I'll be going," and Mr. Clapper walked toward the door.

Mrs. Washington ran after him. "Oh, do let me see you out, you wonderful, wonderful man!" she cried, and rushed out before him, headed for the kitchen to get him a glass of her own strawberry jam to take with him.

Mr. Clapper paused in the doorway and turned. "Well, General Washington," he said, "tomor-

row you'll be a famous man—tomorrow and for always—through those touching words, 'I did it, father, with my little hatchet.'"

A bow and Mr. Clapper was gone.

Once again quiet descended. Once again the great man picked up his pipe. He seemed deep in thought. Suddenly he smiled as if pleased with himself. "Yes," he said to the empty room, "as I remember, I believe I did say something a great deal like that."

—Wayne Arnold.

NO PITY WANTED

(Continued from page 14)

A liveried footman got out and opened the rear door. Some class, purple uniform with gold trimming. The real thing, high society stuff. He edged closer to get a better look. There was another purple uniform behind the steering wheel.

In the back seat he saw a young fellow in a fur jacket. Must be important with two guys to haul him around. The fellow handed some keys to the footman. The chauffeur got out and stood by the car while the footman went in the doorway. The fellow inside said something and the chauffeur half entered the car and removed the fur jacket.

He saw the gleam of diamonds on the white shirt. At that minute he remembered the revolver. He looked up and down the street, there was no one in sight. He could grab some dough in a hurry, get cleaned up, sleep in a hotel, do some celebrating. What did money mean to a guy like this? He probably owned half the street, half the town, too.

He moved closer. It wouldn't be hard. They wouldn't put up a fight, stuffed shirts never did. He watched the chauffeur return to the front seat and get a silver bottle and glass, watched him pour out red liquid and give it to the big shot. He couldn't stand it much longer. Here he was, gutter sniping, hungry, no place to sleep—he closed his hand over the empty revolver and started forward.

The footman reappeared.

"Everything is ready, Sir," he said.

Yeah, everything was ready. He was almost upon them.

"I say, will you hold the door for us?" the footman called to him.

He stopped. Two guys to wait on the fellow and someone had to hold the door open. He started to jerk out the revolver. Suddenly his fingers went limp. He opened the door to the building.

"Thanks, old man." The fellow entered between his servants. "It's decent of you to bring me down to the office so I can play," he laughed. "Steady," he warned them and laughed again. "Either you're getting old, or I'm gaining weight."

He closed the door and stood looking in.

"God," he said, "that's real guts!"

He had just seen Andrew Simon, known as the legless wonder of Wall Street.

—L. W. Triefenbach.

THE TOWERS AND THE TOWN

(Continued from page 18)

Stranger

For the past few months we have been puzzled by the recurrent appearances of an unidentified young man in the Eliot office. Early in the morning or late in the afternoon, we unlock the door, enter, turn on the light, and there he is at the editor's desk, writing furiously and adding page after page to a manuscript that has now attained truly staggering proportions. He labors on in determined silence for several minutes, apparently unaware of our presence, then, gathering up his bundle of papers and adding aloud a cryptic "Ho-o," he scuttles out of the office and soon disappears in the gloom of the tunnels. We have, as yet, no clue to the mystery. He is a very industrious little fellow, about five feet four inches in height, with gray eyes and straight blonde hair. Any information as to his true identity will be deeply appreciated. . . . You see, this thing really has us a bit worried.

(Continued on page 24)

TOUGH GUY

(Continued from page 10)

got the big guy dizzy, and he levels him off for a few seconds. Then he swings from the heels and catches Cronkheit right in the mouth with the nastiest sock I ever saw in my life. Cronkheit goes down and he just lies there groanin'.

After that some of the boys come out and shake hands with the kid. And while they're crowding around, along comes the superintendent, old man Magnus, and he walks right up to Krebbs.

"Young man," he says. "You can get your paycheck on the way out. We don't allow fighting around here."

Then he goes back in the plant, leaving the kid standing there in a daze.

All the boys agree that Magnus is a son-of-a-bitch, but that doesn't help the kid much. And by this time I've got kind of a liking for the guy. Not only that... I can see he's got talent.

"Listen, Shorty," I says to him. "Meet me across the street after work, and maybe I can make you a proposition."

"Where?" he asks.

"Over at Sluppke's. You know, the beer joint over there. And remind me to set you up. You're okay with me, Shorty."

"Thanks," he says and holds out his hand.

Well, I meet him over there at Sluppke's like I say, and set him up. Then I start talking to him.

"Listen, Shorty," I says. "Did you ever do any fightin'?"

"You mean prize fighting?"

"Yeah, prize fighting. That's what I mean."

"Well," he says, "I've done a little. Just amateur stuff."

"Now here's the thing," I says. "My brother Mike's in the fight racket, and right now he hasn't got a good boy on his string. Come on home and eat supper with us, and I'll interduce you to Mike. I think you got possibilities."

Well, the kid says it's okay with him, and I bring him home with me. Mike hasn't come in yet, but my sis-

ter Kathleen's there, and Pa, and Kathleen makes him put his shirt on. Kathleen's a good-looker, and she's got a job as a stenographer to some office guy. And besides that she keeps house and cooks for me and Mike and Pa.

Pretty soon Mike comes in and I show him the kid. Mike sizes him up and says he'll give him a chance to show what he's got. Then I tells him about how the kid mopped up on Cronkheit, and Mike says "I'll be damned."

After that we get started on supper, and the kid turns out to be an elegant eater. He calls the meat-balls croquettes, and nobody knows what he's talking about except Sis, and Sis seems to be taking a shine to the boy. She turns on the smile plenty, and the kid warms up a little too. Even then he don't say much.

After supper Sis asks him if he can play the piano, and the kid says yes he can, and sits down at the upright in the sitting room. He plays some classy stuff by a foreign guy called Showpan, and Sis nearly goes off her nut. She says he's marvelous and the kid says thank you. Then she tells him to come often, and the kid says he certainly will. Then he goes home to his rooming house on 18th Street.

After he's gone Mike and Kathleen get in a big argument. Sis says Shorty's too nice a guy to get in the fight racket, and Mike says he's a nice guy all right, but so was Mickey Walker, so what. Then Sis says it's a shame to make a pug out of such a nice boy, and Mike says he'll be able to make a lot of money out of it for both of them, and then maybe the kid can retire and read Shakespeare like Gene Tunney. And he also says maybe the kid ought to come and live with us so he can keep his eye on him, and Sis says well, maybe it's a good idea.

So the next day Krebbs moves in and we give him the back room and I move in with Mike. Mike's got him training at the Downtown Gym, and he says he makes the boys down there look like bums. And every night he plays this classy stuff on the piano, and Sis goes off her nut every time he says something to her, which isn't often at first because the kid's kind of bashful

like.

Well, in a couple of months Mike says he's got a fight lined up with some coon that nobody else wants to match with. It's just a prelim, of course, and there's only fifty bucks in it, but that's something. Sis acts like she don't want to go, but I know damned well she does, and I bring her along. We come in just when some kid's getting his block knocked off by a big shine, and Sis thinks it's terrible, but I tells her to pipe down and wait for Shorty.

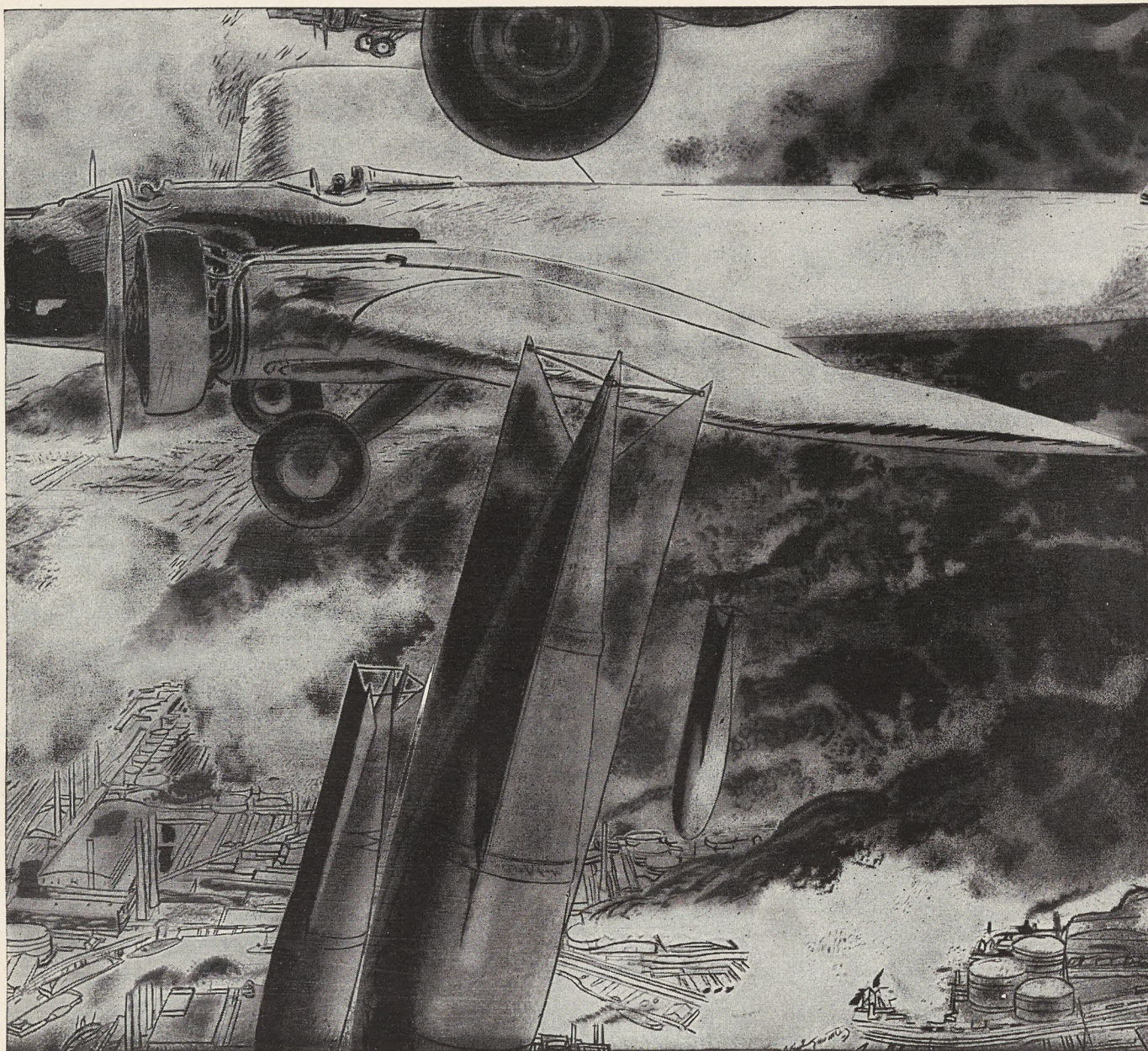
Shorty and the coon have got the third spot on the program, and the mob's getting pretty wild when he comes out. He's a pretty boy, y' know, and some of the mugs in the gallery start hollerin', but most of the people like him all right.

When the bell rings for the third round the kid goes after the coon right away, and crowds him into the ropes. He's got his back to us, and we can see his elbows pumping back and forth like machinery, and when he backs up the coon's on the canvas. He gets up on the seventh count, and the kid comes in with a snarl on his face. He's got his feet spread far apart, and his knees bent, and he swings from the floor. You can hear the thud all over the joint, and the coon goes down like a sack of wheat.

Me and Sis don't wait for the rest of the fights and go on home. Half an hour later the kid and Mike come in, and the kid's fresh as a daisy, looking like he just stepped out of a shower. Mike's all excited and keeps slapping the kid on the back and telling him he looks like Benny Leonard, and says he never even worked up a good sweat. But the kid aint excited at all, and he starts playing on the piano. Sis goes over and sits down on the stool next to him, and every once in a while they look up at each other and smile sort of sick like. Mike pokes me in the ribs and grins, and says let's get the hell out of their way. Pretty soon I figures out what he's talking about, and I goes off to bed.

Well the kid keeps bowling 'em over in the prelims, and Mike says confidentially he's getting to be one of the best fighters in the business. Pretty

(Continued on page 23)



DOOMSDAY

● **WHAT** if you're too old to fight . . . or if your sons are too young to be drafted . . . when the next war comes?

That will offer neither comfort nor security.

All of us will be eligible for ruthless slaughter—babes in arms, and their mothers, and their grandmothers.

Incendiary bombs have been invented, bombs so small that one plane can carry 2,000 of them, bombs so dangerous that five or ten will set an entire city on fire.

Bombing planes with silent motors can be guided from afar by radio. Submarines, with planes aboard, will find no ocean too wide. "Non-combatants" will find distance no comfort nor protection. And so-called "de-tenses" will be pitifully futile.

Yet the next war will come, surely, if we permit it to come. That is up to us—*all* of us.

What to do about it

Hysterical protests won't avert another war. Civilization must build its own defense out of human reason and

intelligence, properly organized and applied.

Today with talk of a coming war heard everywhere, millions of Americans must stand firm in their determination that the folly of 1914-1918 shall not occur again. World Peaceways, a non-profit organization for public enlightenment on international affairs, feels that intelligent efforts can and must be made toward a secure peace. To this end you can do your share to build up a strong public opinion against war. Write today to **WORLD PEACEWAYS**, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

TOUGH GUY

(Continued from page 21)

soon I figures out what he's talking about and I goes off to bed.

Well the kid keeps bowling 'em over in the prelims, and Mike says confidentially he's getting to be one of the best fighters in the business. Pretty soon he gets a main event at the American Legion show, and stops Red McTague in the fourth round. Next day the papers play him up strong, and Mike says he can afford a trainer, so he hires Shady Lane for the job. Meanwhile the kid hasn't been playing the piano so much in the evening and Mike says his fingers are getting too stiff from punching the bag. Sis says that's a shame because he plays so nice.

Two months after the kid knocks off McTague, Mike gets him a fight with Al Feldman. Al's the leading contender in this part of the country, and Mike figures the kid's ready for him. Sis says she absolutely won't go, because she's afraid the kid might get hurt. That kind of throws a scare into Mike, who figures maybe it's a premunition. But the kid's confident he can take care of Feldman, and I goes along with him and Mike and Shady to the dressing room on the night of the fight. Feldman's manager's there, watching Mike wrap up the kid's hands, and messenger boys are running in and out, and every time the door opens you can hear the mob yelling outside. Mike's jumpy as hell, and almost picks a fight with Fiorita. That's Feldman's manager. But the kid quiets him down, and Mike acts like he's ashamed of himself. Finally a boy comes in and tells us they're ready.

The Garden's jammed, and the kid gets a bigger hand than Feldman when he climbs through the ropes. Connors is refereeing the fight and he calls them out and gives 'em their instructions. This Feldman's got a weight edge on the kid, but he don't shape up as well. The kid's got a nice tan on him, and he's looking damn pretty in there.

When the bell sounds for the sixth, the kid comes out charging. Feldman butts him in the bad eye and the crowd boos like hell. Then the kid loses his head for a minute and starts to slug it out with him. They stand there toe to toe and swap their Sunday punches and the crowd goes wild. I can see the kid's bleeding bad and Connors asks him if he's okay. The kid just snarls and wades in again. Now Feldman's got a nice cut over his mouth, and his belly's red from the kid's body punches. The sweat's rolling off both of them. Then I notice something that Mike never said anything about. Every time Feldman steps back he lowers his left a little. Then the bell rings.

I holler what I found out in Mike's ear, and he tells the kid what to do about it. Shorty's breathing hard now, and his left eye's a hell of a mess. Looks

like the eyeball's bleeding a little too, but he says he feels fine, and goes out fast for the seventh. He lets Feldman back him into a corner and waits for him. Feldman shoots a straight left and follows it with a right to the kid's eye. Then sure enough he drops his guard for a second and steps back. The kid crosses over with a terrific right, and Feldman goes down. He's up at the count of seven, and the kid knocks him down again. Something looks fishy, and Mike's trying to holler something to the kid, but the mob's making too much racket. Feldman gets up and looks groggy. Shorty comes in wide open to finish him up, and crack! goes Feldman's right to the kid's jaw. The kid's knees buckle, but he hangs on. Feldman drives him against the ropes and pounds him with rights and lefts to the head. The kid's arms drop to his sides and his legs are shaking and Feldman socks him with everything he's got half a dozen times. Then he backs up and lets the kid have a terrific wallop just as he starts to fall. The kid's out cold, and Mike and Shady go in the ring after him.

The kid's still out when we get him to the dressing room. Mike's got tears in his eyes and Shady's shaking his head. Meanwhile the doc's working on him, and pretty soon he comes around. Mike says it's okay, and with a little more experience the kid'll be the best champ in history. This Feldman's a cagey fighter, he says, and pulled an old trick on him. Acting like he was hurt, that is.

Just then the door opens and a rich looking old guy comes in. He goes over to the table where we've got the kid laid out, and he says "Are you all right, Jack." Then I remember that the kid's name is really Jack, but I've never seen this old guy before.

Well the kid looks up and grins and says "How are you, Dad." Then to make matters more complicated, Kathleen comes running in and says she heard the fight on the radio and came as fast as she could.

The old guy asks the kid who the girl is, and he says he wants him to meet his fiancay. Then the old boy's eyes nearly pop out, and he bows and says "How do you do."

Then I forget exactly what goes on. It's coming too damn fast for Mike and me, and we just sit back and watch. It seems the kid's old man wanted him to go into business with him, and the kid had other ideas. He wanted to be a concert pianist. And when the old man asks him if he still wants to, the kid grins and holds up his hands. They're still taped up, but the old man gets the idea and says it's too bad. But the kid says he's ready to go back to Omaha with him and take Kathleen along if she's willing. Of course Kathleen's willing, and me and Mike tell her we thinks it's a very good idea and God bless 'em both.

—Walter Mead.

HEIL TO THEE, OUR ALMA MATER

(Continued from page 8)

explosives, to be blown up at the first sign of attack.

The more able lawyers were given charge of making out treaties and insults, while the rank and file of the Law School were ordered out in pick and shovel gangs to dig trenches, which, after all, was about what they would be doing when they graduated, anyway.

The sororities were turned into factories to make uniforms for the ever-increasing number of troops, and the football squad, under Colonel Conzelman, was given one of the locker rooms in which to knit wool socks and caps.

Everything was running smoothly, and we felt confident that we were prepared for the worst, when the whole Council of War was shocked out of its complacency by a little blue and white airplane which circled the school three times, making insulting noises with its exhaust. The council had not reckoned with anything like that. With feverish haste, anti-aircraft and machine guns were mounted on top of every building, and an extra-special anti-aircraft battery, disguised as a telescope, was put in the observatory. Bomb-proof shelters and trenches were dug in the quad and at strategic places between all the buildings, and the Quad Shop, transformed by a ventilating system, became an imper-



Oh boy—at last I've paid my fees and purchased my books.

vious dug-out. A hurried telephone call to Parks Air College resulted in a profitable alliance and the loan of several planes, which were based on the old Mary Institute Field.

Some outlying base was needed, however, and there we faced a problem, solved only when someone suddenly thought of the Medical School, which had been forgotten all this time. A small field was built on the roof of the Children's Hospital, and powerful telescopes and sound-detectors were trained on St. Louis University and Walsh Stadium, where its tremendous air fleet was believed to be hidden, poised for the attack.

As a final precaution, a navy was commissioned. All the little electric boats in Forest Park were commandeered, and formed into a patrol fleet on the lagoons. Because these were inadequate, a 10,000 ton pocket cruiser was designed, and its keel had been laid before some obscure conservative pointed out that it would be several hundred feet longer than the lagoons, whereupon the project was abandoned.

Now, at last, we were ready. Come what might, we would defend to the last man our inalienable rights, and our beloved Alma Mater. All that was left to do was to await the worst.

We awaited it for six months, and nothing happened. Feeling a bit disgusted, the Council of War finally decided to find out what was the matter, and it called St. Louis University on its telephone.

"What the heck are you guys waiting for?" said the council.

"Aw, gee, fellas," said the voice at the other end of the wire, "we were only fooling. Let's forget it all. And you can have Mary Institute back, too."

So, on August 10, 1932, the Parkmoor Pact was signed, guaranteeing eternal peace along the banks of the Des Peres, and setting up Forest Park as an independent buffer state, populated by the animals from the zoo and a few other people, such as hermits.

It lasted for all of two years. But that's another story.

—George C. Smith.

THE TOWERS AND THE TOWN

(Continued from page 20)

Punch Drunk

We hand over a pink card, a dapper young man with a punch picks up a book, surveys us critically as though noticing that our ears are slightly lopsided, our eyes carry the lines of last night's struggle with bottled in bond, our trousers still have the bag at the knees from sitting through six finals, and our chest is a bit caved

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY		
SECOND SEMESTER 1938-39		
This Book is Not Transferable		
NAME _____		
ADDRESS _____		
DEPARTMENT _____		
	0354	
1	4	7
2	5	8
3	6	9

in from too many gaspers. Punch, punch, punch, three circles of cardboard bite the floor and we are tabulated. We dig out our other book covers: one is punched 1, 8, 9; another 1, 5, 8; a third 1, 2, 5. What does it all mean? we are consumed with maddening chagrin.

Announcements proclaim a bigger and better Senior Week. This is all right with us, but we offer one suggestion, we beg one favor from whomever plans Senior Week: give us a secret convocation in a guarded arsenal, admit only bona fide Seniors with letters from the Chancellor, the Dean, and the Diploma Committee, and then—oh, then—after we have sworn on our honor and on all we hold sacred that we will never tell, give us the inside dope on this punch racket!