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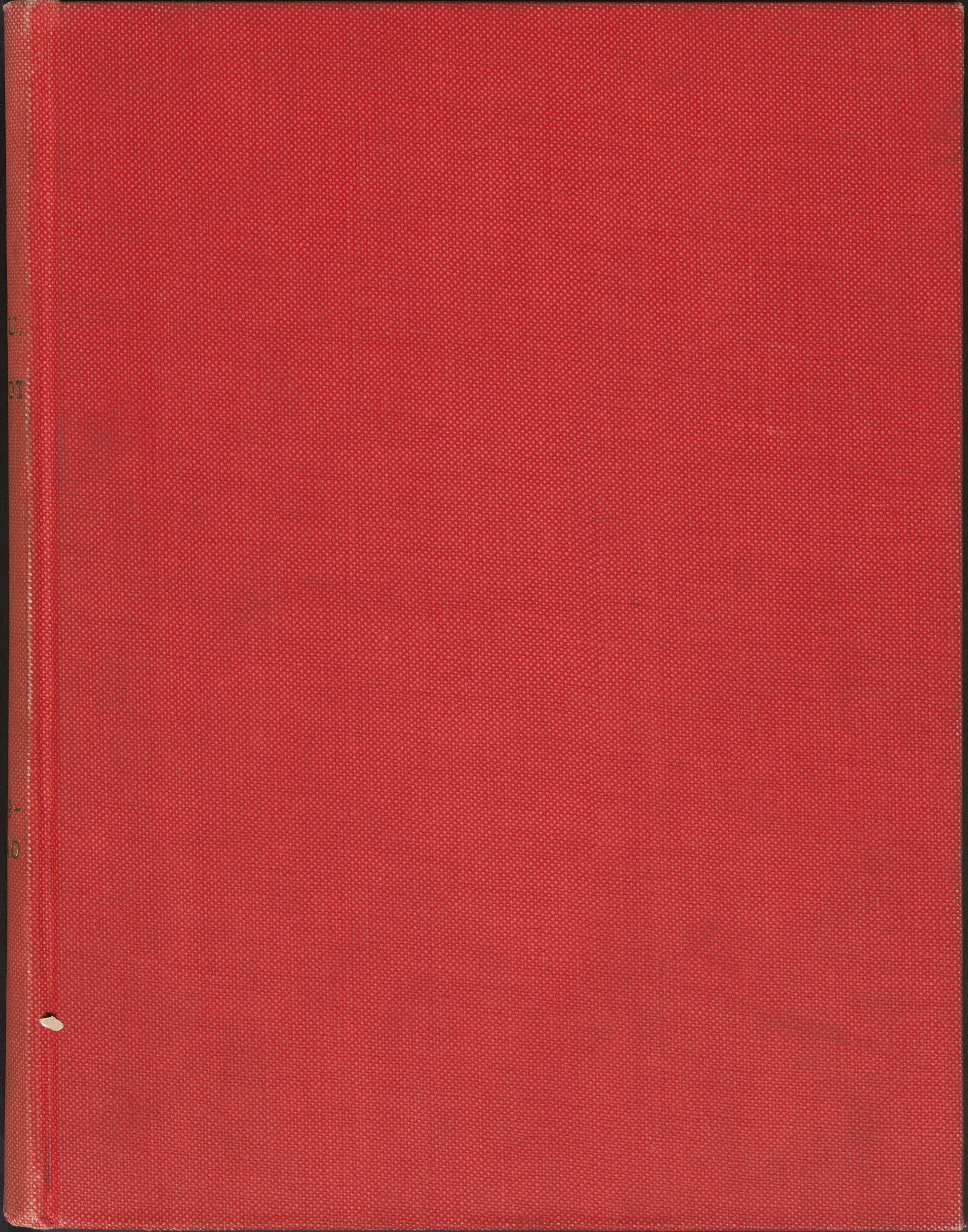
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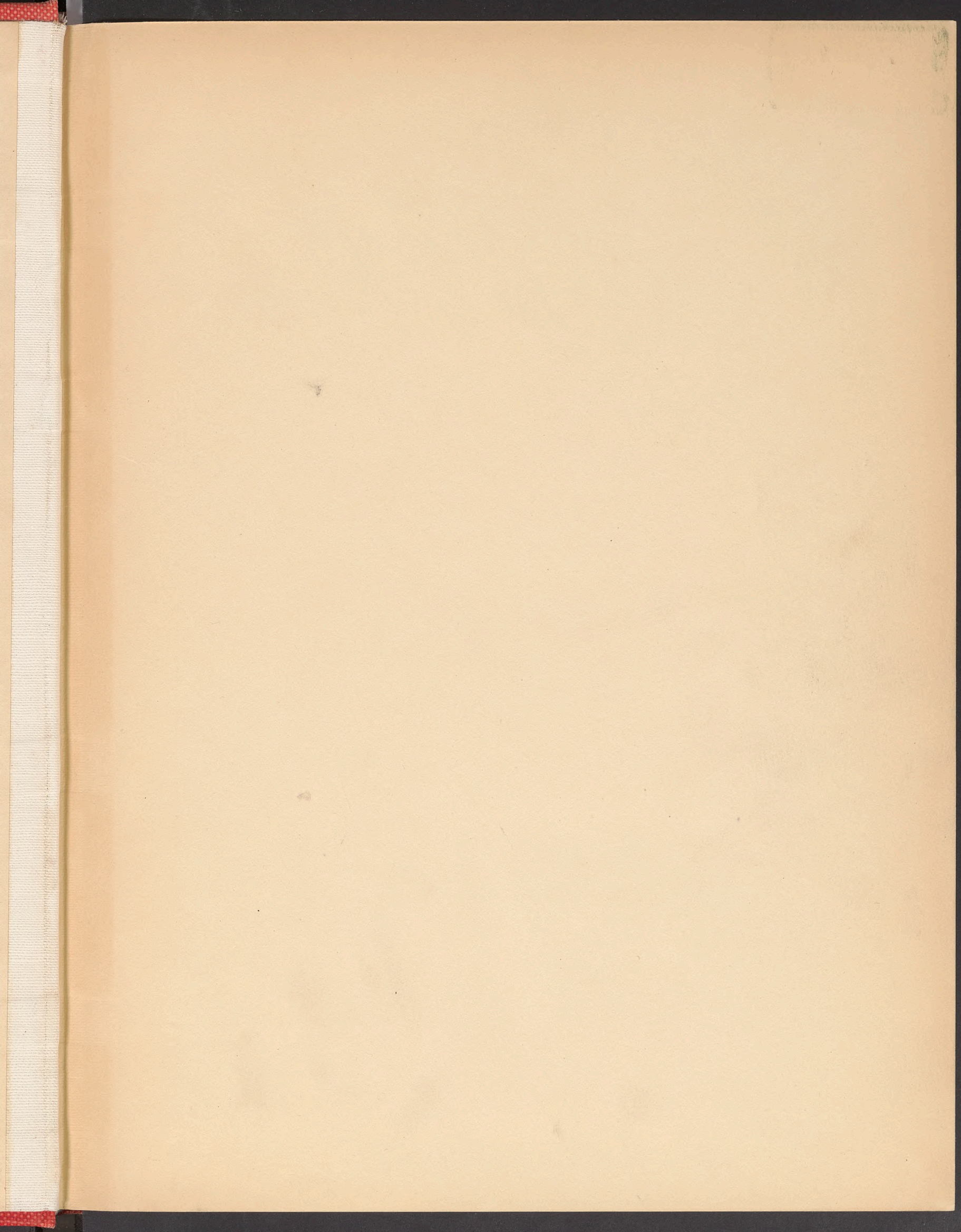
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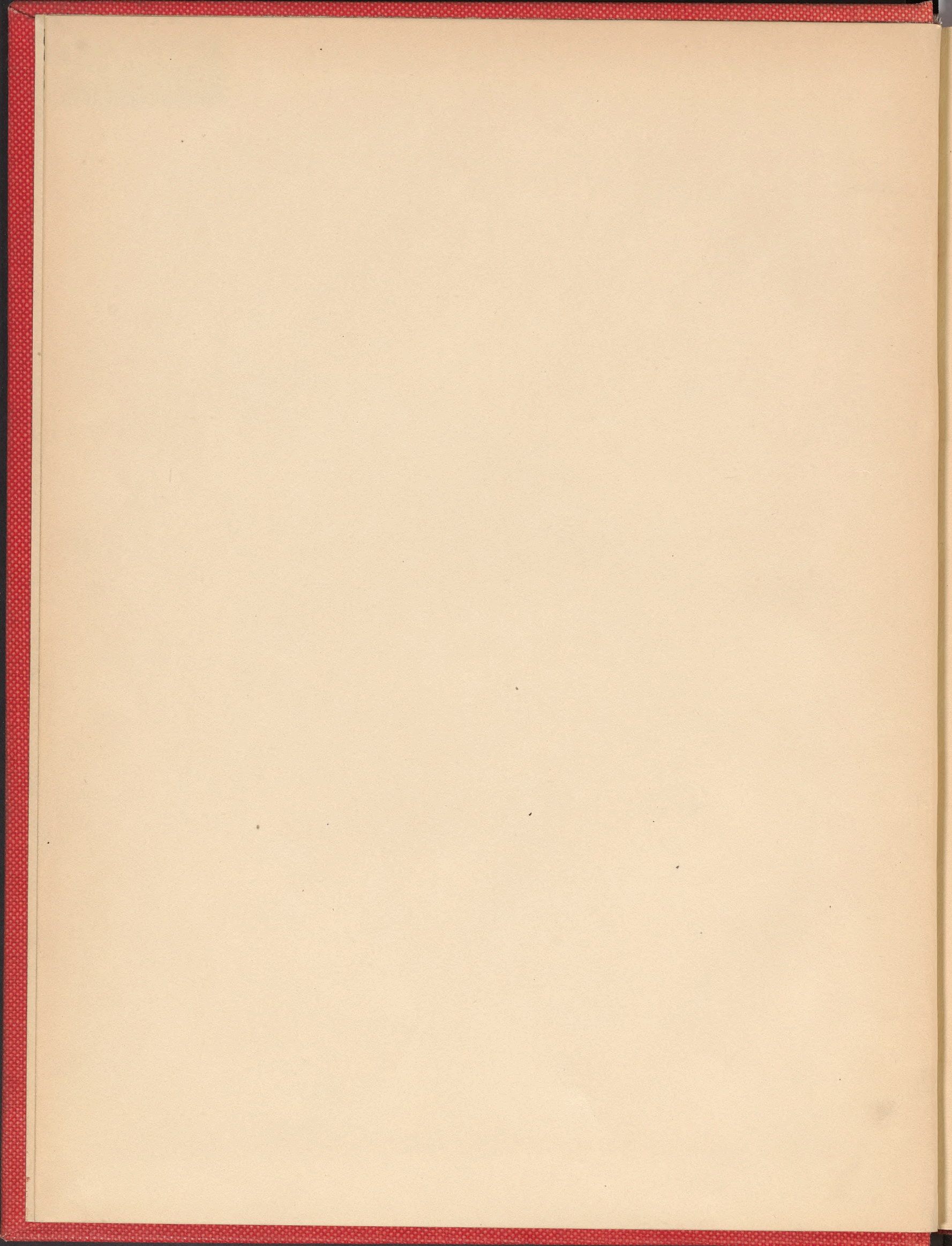
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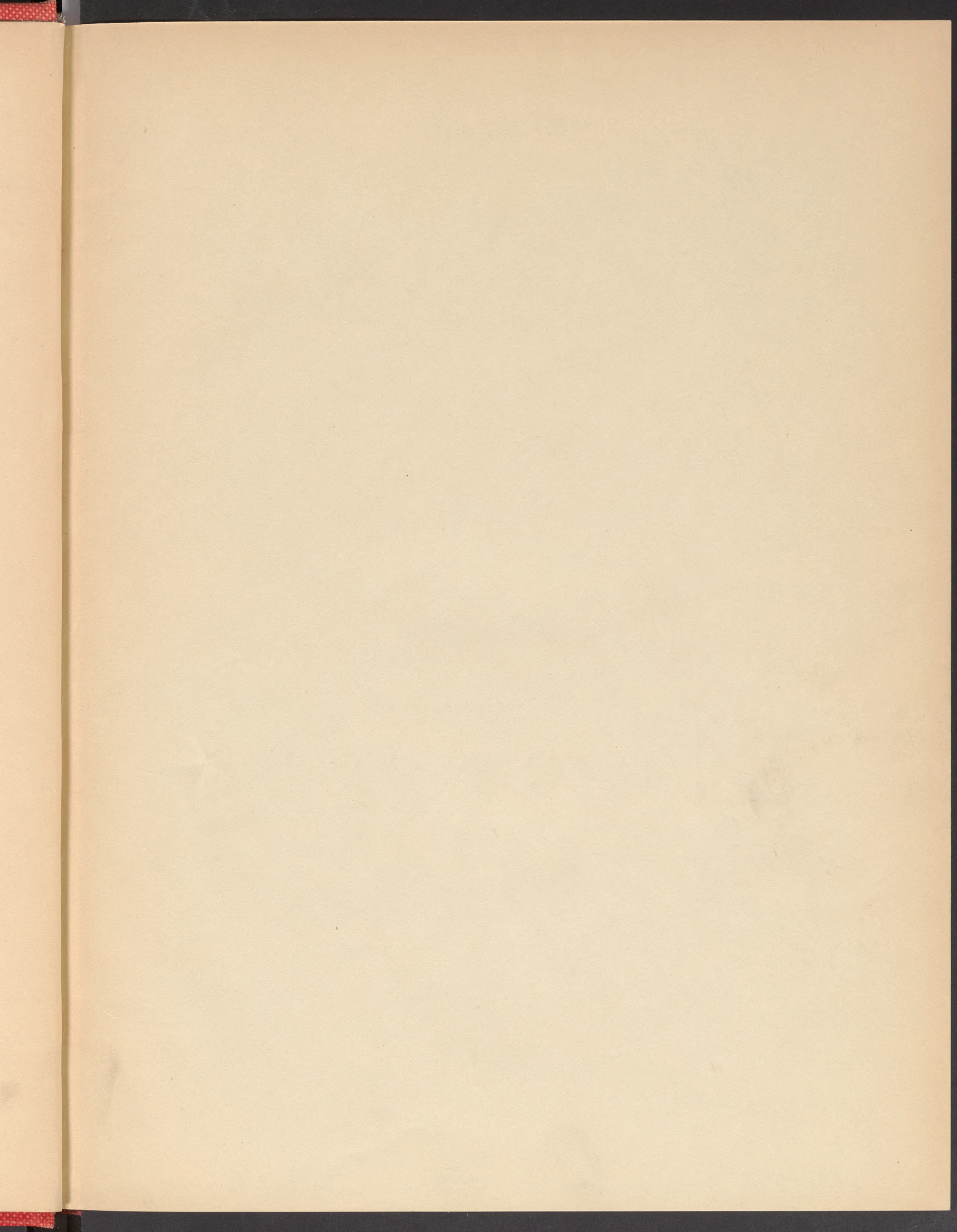
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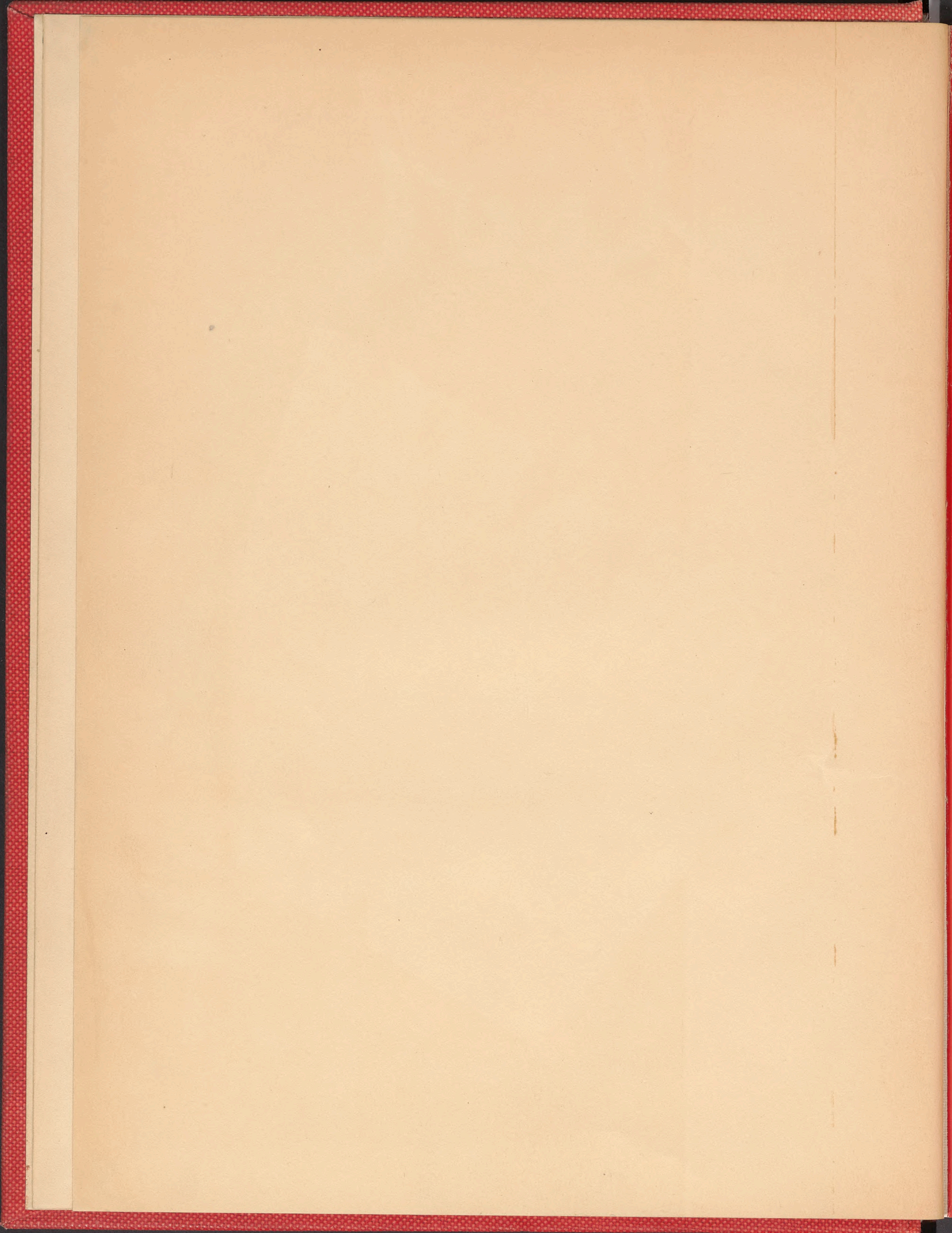
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Bookbinding Co.
St. Louis, Mo.



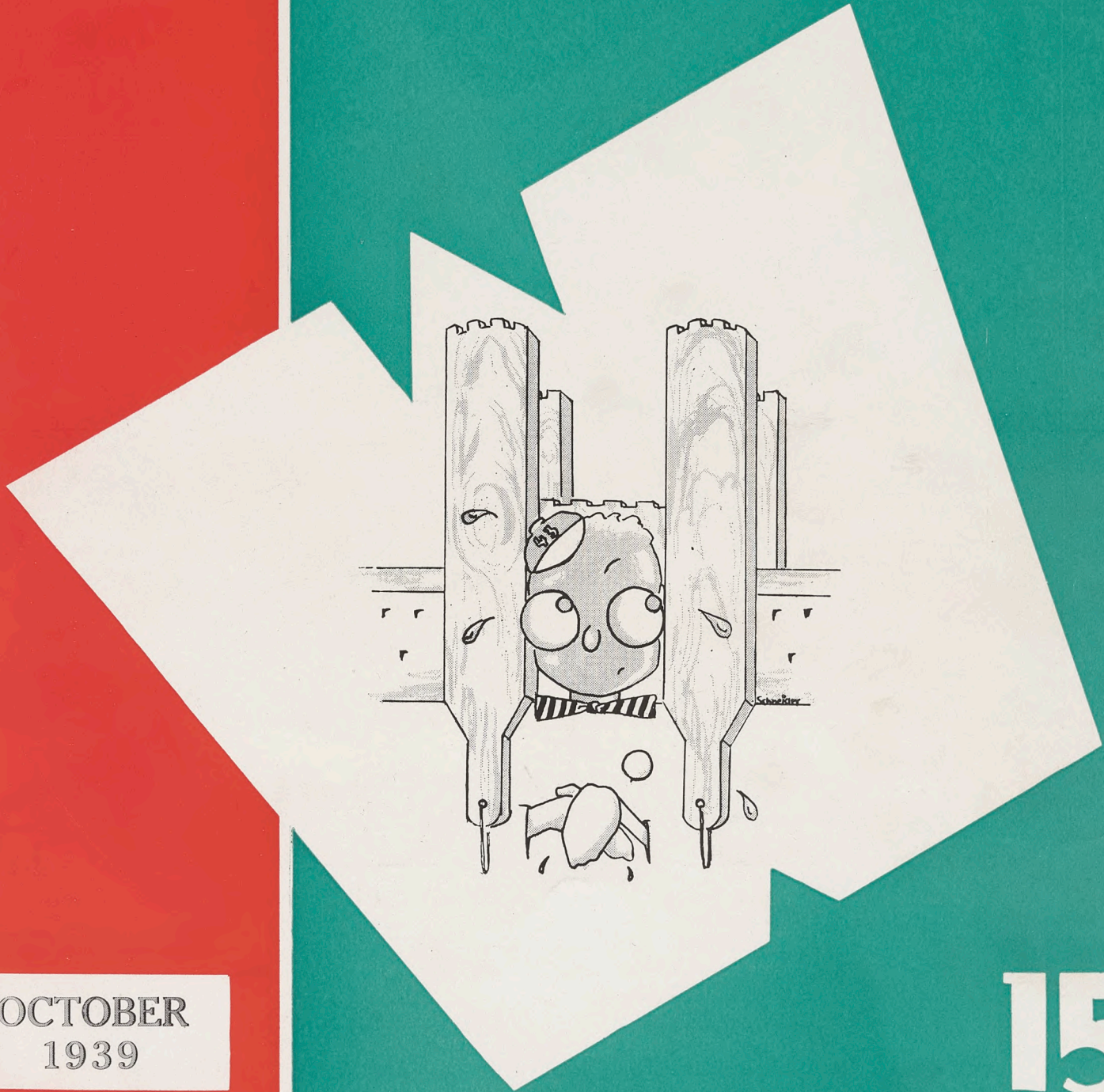






Eliot

1608



OCTOBER
1939

15¢



● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

Eye Witness AT 2,000 TOBACCO AUCTIONS



"The U. S. Government has helped farmers raise finer tobacco — and the better grades go to Luckies!" says Earl Forbes, auctioneer. He's been "in tobacco" twenty-two years, and has smoked Luckies for thirteen years.

Have you tried a Lucky lately? Luckies are better than ever because new methods developed by the United States Government have helped farmers grow finer, lighter tobacco in the past several years.

As independent tobacco experts like Earl Forbes point out, Luckies have always bought the Cream of the Crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these finer tobaccos are in Luckies today.

Try Luckies for a week. Then you'll know why sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts — auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen — Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined!
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST — IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Have you tried a Lucky lately?



A STATEMENT OF ELIOT'S
EDITORIAL POLICY—1939-40

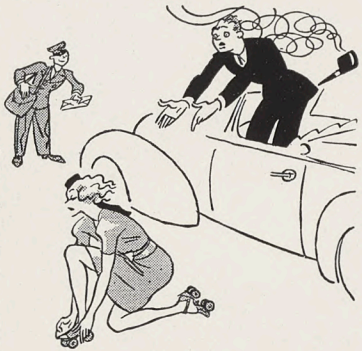


Eliot is the magazine of Washington University and not the magazine of some special group in the University. It is a magazine of general college interest and has no desire to become merely a comic or an undergraduate gossip column or a fraternity and sorority journal or even a purely literary magazine. It desires, rather, to become a medium for the expression of all those things in Washington U. which are, or which should be, of interest to the majority of the students, faculty, and friends of the University.

—*The Editor*



HOW HE MARRIED HER WITHOUT A SCENT!



AL'S NEW CAR won Peg's fancy, but his new pipe got her nanny—it smelled fierce! So on went her roller skates to head for home. Wait! Here's the postman!



HE TOLD AL to clean his pipe, and refilled it with mild Sir Walter. Peg stopped to sniff, stayed to snuggle. The fragrant burley blend *always* wins! Try a tin!

New!
CELLOPHANE TAPE around lid seals flavor in . . . brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!

UNION MADE

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

TUNE IN—Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House." Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.

WE HAVE WITH US . . .

Dave Cohen—author of the new music column, JAM AND JIVE. has been playing the piano ever since he was four years old. He is quite a music connoisseur and buys all the records for the Phi Beta Delta House. In addition to his sprightly column in ELIOT, Dave finds time to work on STUDENT LIFE. He is also a member of the skating club, and last year he was in the Quad Show dancing chorus. Doris May Hacker, we are told, plays some important part in his life.

Professor Buchan—believes that fraternities and sororities at Washington University interfere with a student's intellectual development. Nevertheless, he married a Washington U. Gamma Phi, who was once in one of his classes.

Mr. Knight—on the other hand, believes fraternities are most important to a student's development. We think he should be an authority on fraternity life as he has at one time or another been a pledge to Sigma Nu, S.A.E., Delta Tau Delta, and Phi Delta Theta. He was finally initiated into the last.

John Lewis—author of "The Last Night," used to be an active member of the ELIOT staff. Now he is merely Editor in Chief of STUDENT LIFE and, incidentally, a member of Omicron Delta Kappa. In spite of his position, John claims that he doesn't like writing.

Floyd Garlock—creator of the new ELIOT cover, is secretary of the Washington Art Student's Association. He has three great ambitions:

1. To be a top commercial artist
2. To sleep all day
3. Jane Howell

George Schneider—our witty cover cartoonist and caricaturist, lives at the Sig Chi House and has made an exhausting study of pixies as they are encountered in hangovers. When he gets out of Art School, George hopes to study economics,

poly-sc, and history; so that he can be a commentator as well as a newspaper cartoonist.

Victor Ellman—who wrote "Condolences, Freshman" is a senior and adds a lot of enthusiasm to our staff this year. He has hundreds of ideas, and has them all out loud. His greatest and most profound interests outside of ELIOT are the swimming team and Professor Jelinek.

Jim von Brunn—illustrator of "The Last Night," is in our opinion darn good and you will probably see more of his work throughout the year.

George Smith—our Associate Editor, is beginning his fifth year of College and his third year on ELIOT. He is collaborating with Jack Cable on the Column "Greek Letters" and, in his spare time, has given much valuable advice to the rest of the staff. He is a Phi Beta Kappa, ex-president of KA, and a graduate student in economics.

Bob Gamm—a sophomore en route to the business school, studies art at night and during the summer. Athletics and drawing are his two main interests in college. Last year, he was a candidate for Freshman president, chairman of a Froshmore Prom committee, and designer of Phi Beta Delta's Thurtene Carnival Booth.

Peggy Wood—who was a member of the Hatchet Art staff, neglected her Hatchet duties one afternoon and drew us a really good cartoon. Now she is on the ELIOT staff. She is also a Y booth chairman and very active in athletics.

Frank Hoffelt—quiet, studious, conscientious illustrator of "Roses for Patty" thought ELIOT'S drawings were "lousy" last year and decided to do something about it. For five years now, Frank has been studying in the Art School and, during that time, has sold a good deal of his work.

Eliot

October 1939

STAFF:

EDITOR.....Jack Cable
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....George Smith
MANAGING EDITOR.....Cordelia See
ART EDITOR.....Bob Gamm
BUSINESS MANAGER.....Randolph Lorch
EXCHANGES.....Edith Marsalek
COPY READER.....Al Rosenfeld
TYPIST.....Dorothy Schneider

EDITORIAL STAFF:—Sally Alexander, Dave Cohen,
Mary Wilson, Sid Goldberg, Victor Ellman,
John Lewis.

ART STAFF:—George Schneider, Floyd Garlock,
Frank Hoffelt, Peggy Wood, Jim von Brunn.

CIRCULATION:—Peggy Woodlock, Sally Alexander.

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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY ELIOT

SKINKER and LINDELL

ST. LOUIS, MO.

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except in June, July, August,
and September.

Vol. 7, No. 1, October, 1939
Entered as second-class matter,
under Act of March 3, 1879, at
the Post Office, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE! A box of Life Savers

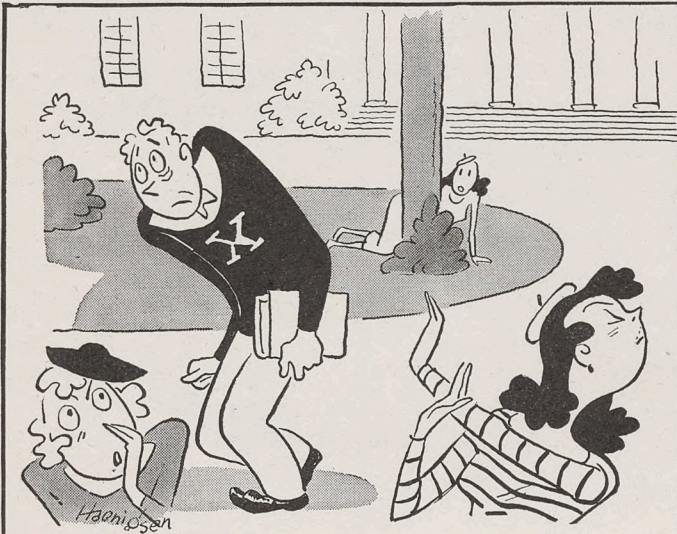
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Eugene Keefe

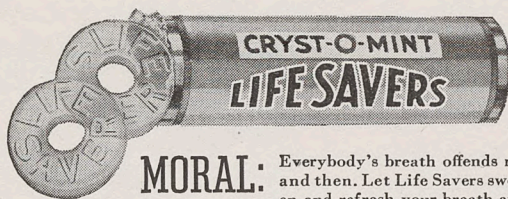
for the following joke:

Boy, looking around Quad Shop: "Where's Ruth Finke?"

Jim Ritterskamp: "She's in the dark room developing."



On campus, Henry walked alone,
His breath made all the "lovelies" groan.
But then he took to Cryst-O-Mints,
And now he's treated like a prince.



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now
and then. Let Life Savers sweeten
and refresh 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.

COLLEGIAN'S SPARE-TIME CALENDAR

October 23—The Taming of the Shrew, with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontaine for one week at the American Theater.

October 30—I Married An Angel at the American Theater.

November 2 and 3—The Night Opera Guild of Saint Louis presents The Merry Widow at the Municipal Auditorium.

November 3-4—Gala Opening Concerts of the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra.

November 7—At the Municipal Auditorium, The Civic Music League will begin its 16th season with a recital by Ezio Pinza, basso, with the Metropolitan Opera of New York.

November 10—Zino Francescatti, violinist, at the Principia.

November 10-11—Second pair of concerts given by Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra.

November 14—St. Louis Grand Opera Association presents Amelia Goes to the Ball and Pagliacci.

November 17-18—The Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra with Simon Barer, pianist, as guest artist.

November 20—The Saint Louis Grand Opera Association presents Siegfried with a cast of international stars.

November 20—Maurice Evans will present his full length version of Shakespeare's Hamlet at the American Theater.

November 24-25—Fourth pair of concerts given by Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra.

METROPOLITAN NOCTURNE

Silent blackout envelopes the city, shrouds its sprawling millions in pulsing fear and fervent secrecy.

Sirens shriek metallic terror, torture the night with mechanical screams, voice of a cowering, helpless monster, blind and defenseless—

Springs to life—a hundred blazing eyes, a hundred searching fingers pencil a design for death.

Crimson flowers blossom, scorch and wither, shower steel.

Silver moths flit through the glare, crumple and fall, whirling, trailing pennants of flame.

Thunder and flame hemorrhage skyward, obliterate impartially beauty and squalor, fame and obscurity, truth and humility, consummate annihilation.

A thousand fires fester in the blackness.

Sirens sob, "All clear".

—Anonymous.

JAM and JIVE

by DAVID HARVEY COHEN

EVERYBODY'S welcome to the first session of our brand new Jam and Jive Club. There aren't any dues, you don't have to come to meetings 'cause we bring the meetings to you, and you can attend any time you want to by just reading the column. In our little get-togethers we're going to try to be intimate—without being fresh—we're going to try to be instructive—without being pedantic—and we're going to try, every now and then to bring in something of the finer music—just to prove we can.

First, let's talk about orchestras. One of the newest belongs to the "Old Tomcat of the Keys," Bob Zurke, who used to swing with Bob Crosby and his Bob Cats. By just such performances as he gave recently in St. Louis, Bob is showing the experts who were too sure they couldn't be wrong that he does have what it takes to make a big name orchestra. He thinks he now has the versatile orchestra he has been working for—one which can play ballroom dates, theaters, and night clubs. His present group is suavely smooth but hasn't lost any of its bounce. Bob gained fame playing Meade Lux Lewis' *Honky Tonk Train* with Bob Crosby and now he's speeded it up double time in a bright and shiny new arrangement by Fud Livingston for Victor, 26331. *Melancholy Mood* other sides it. *Southern Exposure* and *It's Me Again* are new too. *Southern Exposure* is delicately done blues and ranks highly.

The band he records with in New York is not the same one he had with him in St. Louis. His musicians, though, are capable men and with the extraordinary arrangements of Fud Livingston this band has everything in its favor.

For something just a trifle different in records, Victor offers Alec Templeton—the blind pianist with the refreshingly different keyboard manner. In his first he offers *Hazy and Blue* and the sketch of a *Man With A New Radio*. In another he plays *Stardust* and gives the once popular *And the Angels Sing* as it would be presented at the Metropolitan Opera. For rabid Templeton fans these are perfect and they may convert those of you who might not be won over yet.

By this time almost everyone knows about the new Columbia records with the pretty new RED label. The records sound just fine and are supposed to bear up exceptionally well under countless playings. Benny Goodman, Horace Heidt, Jack Teagarden, and Harry James are a few of the leading bands Columbia is waxing and so these discs ought to be very popular. Brunswick labels which used to appear on popular dance music are now reserved for recordings of the lighter classics. **SMALL JIVE** Bunny Berigan really has a headache these days. After filing a bankruptcy petition in Chicago in August, he was forced to file another in New York last month. To add to his grief and woe, a local Chicago fine of \$1,000 came out of his salary for a week at the Loew's State in New York. . . . And now, most of his men are walking out on him. . . . Artie Shaw, too, is involved with the law. He faces a \$10,000 suit filed by a dance promoter, Tick Smith, who hired him to play a date in Buffalo. Shaw's Band arrived on the stand an hour late and the manager had to return about \$200 of the gate receipts to dissatisfied and impatient jitterbugs. So—when Smith threatened to hold out part of Shaw's salary, the King of Swing took his band and went home amid rioting and assorted boos and jeers from 2500 stranded dancers. . . . Jimmie Lunceford has cancelled a scheduled European tour because of too much difficulty in getting there and too much danger if he does. . . . The song writing team of Gordon and Revel that turned out so many hits has split. Mack Gordon's first in which he does both words and music, is called, *Run, Little Raindrop, Run*.

Now Appearing . . .

Wonder Bar

HOTEL ROOSEVELT



Tommy Trigg's Orchestra

AEOLIAN for service
complete stock

VICTOR RECORDS
Bluebird Records

Phone
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We are doing everything to make our record department the best in this city—best in point of service and unsurpassed in completeness of stocks. We have all the newest hits!

AEOLIAN COMPANY OF MISSOURI
1004 OLIVE STREET



Eliot vs. Student Life

Traditionally ELIOT and STUDENT LIFE have been enemies. Why, nobody really knows. We suppose that it is just one of those things; and certainly, as STUDENT LIFE has suggested in an editorial of October 10, there is no reason to continue hostilities, "unless, of course, our ex-enemy makes the initial assault."

"The Eliot Box"

When we first placed "THE ELIOT BOX for Tattle Tales and Gossip Mongers" in the Quad Shop, we were a little doubtful as to whether it would "take." We didn't know whether or not there would be many students who would go to the trouble of writing out gossip and then putting it in the box. (We are glad to say there were. The Eliot Box has been a great success.) It has yielded us not only a lot of good gossip for "Between Belles," but also a most amazing assortment of cigarette butts, dirty stories, and uncomplimentary remarks about ourselves. We love it.

Our Neighbors

A number of students regularly bring their lunches from home and eat in the room just south of the Eliot office in Brookings basement.

This room is ugly. The walls are bare and bleak; they look as if they had never been washed or painted. The ceiling is covered with unsightly blackened steam pipes, and the furniture—if it may be called anything but junk...consists of a few badly battered wooden tables and some old steel chairs.

Every day at noon this drab gray room is filled with Washington University students, with boys who have come to college with dreams and

hopes of broadening their horizons, of making new contacts with the better things in life.

Often we have looked in on these boys during lunch hour, and admired the friendly spirit and the fellowship that was so evident among them. And in contrast we have noted again the terrible depressing grayness and dullness of the room.

We have noted also that it would not be a tremendous job to transform this dingy hole into a club room worthy of the students who are using it, who are every day eating together and forming friendships among themselves and impressions of the University.

Some organizations like the Campus Y, could do this job successfully. The little money required for furniture and paint could be raised by a dance, and art students, we are sure, would be willing to donate some appropriate pictures for the walls.

This is just an idea of ours, but we very much hope that some individual or group will take it up.

Wally Mead Is Gone

Your themes and stories will probably be safe with Eliot this year. You might even get back the ones you lend us before they've been submitted for class credit. The old office just isn't what it used to be.

Wally Mead is gone.

No one tears up unread manuscripts and scatters them about the room to create local color for a snow storm.

No one dangles from the swinging ceiling light to paint it with a smirking red moon.

No one types out four articles, two stories, and a few pages of filler just two hours before we go to press.

No one leaves beer bottles in the editor's coat pockets.

The poor old office typewriter no longer dashes off long semi-weekly letters to Vassar and points east. And the purple crayon stub wouldn't be used to make big X kisses, if letters were written.

No one ever tells innocent Student Life reporters that the next issue will contain anonymous contributions by Chancellor Throop, or that the April number will be dedicated to Sally Rand.

There is no one around to draw a steady stream of really funny cartoons, and the editors no longer expect to find nasty rhymes about themselves tacked all over the bulletin board.

No one sleeps on the table and there aren't the discussions there used to be of drinking and dating and not-nice girls.

And you probably can't find your way to the Eliot office by following the sounds of hysterical screams.

Wally Mead is gone.

War

Apart from the problem of lifting or retaining the embargo is the more fundamental issue of determining our foreign policy with respect to the war.

It is evident from the debate in Congress that, despite the differences in opinion on the embargo question itself, there is a very sincere and fervent desire to stay out of war. It is equally evident, however, that this hope has been alloyed with a conscious pro Ally sympathy, an element which has been perhaps less active on the side of supporters of the existing neutrality legislation.

Nevertheless, this sympathy exists to no small degree in the Administration and Congress, and finds a corresponding sentiment voiced by a large percentage of the people of the United States who are appalled by the callousness shown to the interests of others by the aggressor nations.

Therein lies the danger of becoming involved in this war. The wrangling in and out of Congress about the embargo has remained and apparently will remain in spheres far removed from this immediate question of partisan public opinion, and has

sought, or has sought to prevent the attempt, to implement rather abstract and indefinite notions of what international law as a moral force can do to keep a nation out of war.

This it not in the way of dismissing the efforts of those participating in the embargo debate as naught, nor is this in the way of taking sides. This occasion is used to point out the futility of perfecting a device of complete or partial embargo and yet failing to cope with the tenor of public opinion. No matter how perfect the instrument of neutrality, if there is not an unanimity, a singleness of purpose to stay out of war, we never can.

Moreover, the palaver of distrust among the opponents of this current embargo fight, the stupid accusations of war-mongering, the shouts of 'blood money,' and what not give some idea of how intelligent an instrument we can expect and how effective it will be.

There is only one way of remaining neutral and that is by a neutrality of thought and action to an extent rather difficult for us to attain, and especially hard for this or that organization with an axe to grind. Beyond a cash and carry provision little that is certain can be done to stay the frightful spread of conflict but to remain calm in the face of provocation and propaganda, and to remember that however we feel about the Allies, before we enter a holocaust this proportion, our very lives and not intangible financial assets must be threatened.

Nothing of this sort threatens in the near future.

Alien Sadists on the Campus

Several weeks ago a young fellow working downtown was given a few days vacation from his job. He didn't have money enough to go away, and he wasn't by temperament suited to staying home with a good book; so for entertainment and relaxation he came over to Washington University, swiped a Vigilante's yellow ribbon, and for three days, ran loose on the campus enforcing all sorts of Freshmen Rules much to the discomfort of dozens of pretty young girls, who were his victims.

Also we have been told that a group of St. Louis U. boys come out regularly on Wednesday afternoons for the sport of freshmen baiting.

The New Venture

Alma Mater, at a single swoop, has accomplished two outstanding feats. In the first place, the long-vacant and presumably haunted Mary Institute building at Lake and Waterman has been recommissioned and put back into service. In the second place, it is the home of the St. Louis School of the Theatre, which is a beginning, at least, toward a broader cultural base for the University. For, whatever the super-sophisticates of the Quad-Shop Nickelodeon may think about it, Washington has always been sadly handicapped by its lack of both drama and music departments.

Not that this new School is any sort of an ideal arrangement—it is still in a profound state of infant disorganization. Moreover, it is not a department of the University. Under the joint control of the Little Theatre and the University, it is a part of the Adult Education Center. Its degree-giving status is somewhat uncertain. There are all sorts of imperfections.

Nevertheless, the School has gone through its first month with a total enrollment of 250, which is almost amazing; and it has collected enough money to give a few scholarships, one, incidentally, to Herman Waldman, formerly of Thyrsus. Harold Bassage resigned his job as Director of the Little Theatre to head the new venture, and under such unquestion-

ably capable guidance, future prospects for the School are brilliant.

The important thing here is this: the School is a part of the University, and deserves its support. The program for the year, aside from a full curriculum of courses, includes the production of one play a month, with performances to be given each Sunday evening at the School in the Education Center. At present the performances are free, in order to drum up trade; later on, a charge of fifty cents will probably be made. Either way, it furnishes a lot of entertainment for very little, and, judging from the first play, *Alien Corn*, the quality of the productions will be more professional than those of any other amateur group in the city.

Soon Satisfied

An enterprising airdale walked into a freshman geology class about a week ago. Dean McCourt, who was lecturing, stopped everything and told Fido he was welcome to all the geology he could absorb.

After such hospitality, we regret to say, the dog fell asleep before the lecture was over.

Faculty Adviser

Forest Campbell, our new faculty adviser, declares that his only qualification as a literary man is that he smokes a pipe. He wants it known also that his position with Eliot is entirely negative, in order that he may be blamed only for what we do not include.

Actually, however, Mr. Campbell has turned out to be a great help in a positive way, but we're going to protect his reputation until we find out whether or not you like us.



CONDOLENCES, FRESHMAN

On the Brutal Treatment of Your First Theme

by UNCLE VIC ELLMAN

WELL, dear Freshmen, by this time, I take it, you have reaped the sorry rewards of your first English theme: worry, pain, and disappointment. It probably was no surprise to you when this first theme was called for; you had been warned of it far in advance. In fact, you may have had the plan and arrangement of this important paper clearly before you some weeks before registration. But I doubt it. At any rate, you had been quite sure that you were going to write something new and something different, something that would show the instructor you were no ordinary high school graduate, no ordinary timid Freshman.

During those last few weeks before school started, you may have been almost anxious for your first brush with theme writing. You may have even reviewed considerably and added to your vocabulary—that Roget's Thesaurus from Aunt Min had been quite the berries hadn't it? So many new words! And you had read extensively. You knew practically everything that a freshman should know. It was all there in the back of your mind, ready to be poured out. Well, let's modify this last statement a bit. What you didn't know wasn't worth knowing. That summed it up perfectly.

The book list, which everyone said that you had to turn in, had been typed up neatly two days before you had attended your first English class. There had been little doubt in your mind that you had covered the field thoroughly. You had put down all the books you could think of that a professor might like. And for that reason, you had put Durant's book on philosophy (an admirable treatment of the subject, wasn't it?) at the head of your list. You hadn't finished Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, but you had included it nevertheless, for after all, Leo Tolstoy was a great Russian liberal and deserved a place on any book list. *The Complete Tales and Poems* of Edgar Allan Poe was put on the list to impress the prof. with your impeccable taste, although to tell the truth, Poe had seemed to you a little too much like Oppenheim. Sabatini rated two books on your reading list, both swell, full of sword fighting, adventure, and very clever conversation. Remember Errol Flynn in *Captain Blood*? You had also sneaked in Nietzsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, because you had heard that Hitler was steeped in the theories of this philosopher—a race scientist, wasn't he? Anyway, the title had seemed quite arresting. In as much as you had once upon a time read the abridged (Children's) edition of *Don Quixote*, you

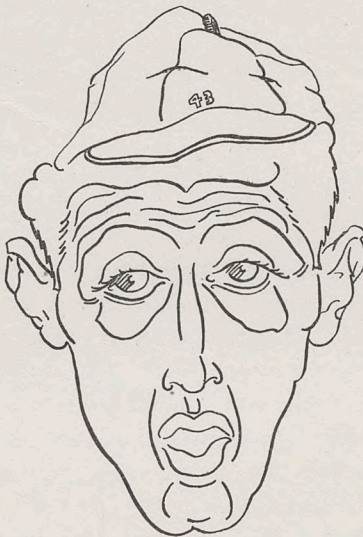
had included Cervante's masterpiece with great pride. Since you had remembered Anthony Adverse had been talked about quite a bit three or four years ago, you had added it to your list. And below it had appeared *Gone with the Wind*, which you had actually read. Boccaccio's *Decameron* was also on your list, and of course you had read it. An English major, who was also a friend of the family, had spoken of this book as "a good brand of humor, well told," and you had put it down with his assurance that it would be appreciated. As a final item on your list you had recalled the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, which you had read in class during your last year of high school. Remember the "Prologue:" "Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote...."

When you had finished this list you were sure that it was everything a professor could ask for.

You thought also that you had handled the matter of magazine reading very well. You had included all the best magazines on your list and left off a lot of your favorites like *Liberty*, *Argosy*, and *Colliers*. *Life* you could not and would not exclude. You had been prepared to defend your choice by saying that "one learns much better from pictures than printed words." Following *Life* had come

Readers Digest. Ah! there was a magazine, more than a magazine, a treasure house. Yes, to be sure, dear freshmen, they're indeed treasure houses. And finally, you had put down *Harpers* and *Atlantic Monthly*, which you had been sure would make it seem evident that you were a young intellectual.

Then you had come to the problem of the theme itself, of getting it down on paper. You were confident in your ability to do the job. You were going to gain a secure place for yourself in one of the Freshmen Honor Sections. Your theme idea was, say, "A Freshman's Views on War." Nothing unusual in the title, but the subject gave a fine opportunity for your individuality and personal observation. You had cut from the newspaper various items pertaining to the hideous reality of the war and you may have opened your theme brilliantly with some compact and incisive statement such as "war is hell." General Sherman had said that, hadn't he? You were proud of yourself for having expressions of this sort right at your finger tips. It was in the plan of things. First you had wanted an opening to make one sit up. Then a little philosophizing with a few carefully selected idioms of Nietzsche's thrown in, the calm before

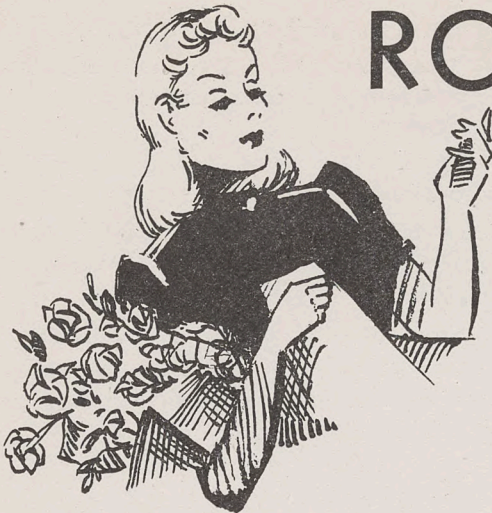


HUH?

ROSES FOR PATTY

by JACK CABLE

Illustrated by FRANK MICHAEL



JIM BLAIR was feeling low, very low. He was in the dog house with his family, having smashed up their car the other night. He was in trouble with the dean, having flunked math for the past three months. And his fraternity brothers were on his neck because he was still ineligible for intramurals. But these things were not really bothering Jim. What was really bothering Jim was that little Patty Ferrington, the Freshman popularity queen, was having a birthday to-morrow, and he was broke.

He had been going with Patty all fall, that is, whenever he had gotten a chance. She was a very busy young lady; and as Freshman popularity queen and glamor girl for her sorority, she hadn't had much time for him, or for any other one man. She had been playing the whole field. Her chief aim in college had seemed to be to get around as much as possible, and scads of important men on the campus had been giving her a big rush. These B. M. O. C.'s were all crazy about her. They said she was "more fun." They especially like the way she danced and played bridge and everyone who had ever taken her out said she was the best date ever.

Jim, among others, had fallen for her, and fallen hard. He had first noticed her in his geology lab. She was sitting at the table directly in front of him and all through that first lab period he had watched her like a devoted puppy, letting nothing of her escape him.

He had studied the back of her head until he had known the place of every curl and wisp of hair. He had memorized the slope of her shoulders and the curve of her arms as they came out of her sweater. And he had admired her trim back and her tiny waist. And when she had gotten up to go to the pencil sharpener, his eyes had followed her around the room.

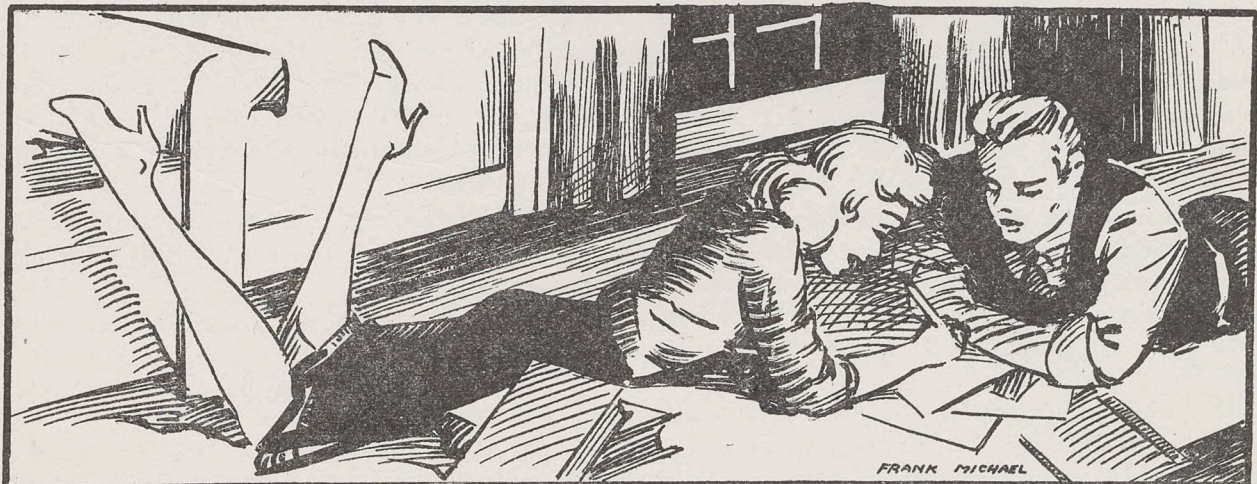
At 3:45, when the bell had rung, he was still looking at her intently; and, as she gathered her things together to leave, she happened to turn and meet his staring eyes. For a second, she had been a little put out. Then she had smiled at him. It had been a beautiful smile, and he had gotten up from his seat and gone over toward her, and they had begun talking about something or other.

He had taken her home that afternoon, and, on the way, they had stopped off at his fraternity house and played some of the latest records. They had rolled up the rug in front of the radio and had just started to dance when several of the brothers came in. He, of course, had to introduce her to them, and, as he had suspected, it wasn't very long until they had practically wolfed him out of his date.

The next time he had been able to get any sort of a date with her happened to be the night before their first month's geology quiz. He hadn't known anything about this quiz when he had made the date, and that afternoon when he had seen her in the Quad Shop, she had told him that she wouldn't be able to go out with him, that she just had to study. But she had been awfully sorry about not being able to keep the date and had asked him to come over and study with her.

He had arrived shortly after dinner and found her already busy. Her notes were spread out in little piles

(Continued on next page)



And when they finished studying, they both felt in the need of a little relaxation

all over the living room floor, and she was sitting right in the midst of them. He had dropped down beside her and together they had reviewed the chapter on igneous rocks. Then they had gone over the rest of the month's work; and when they had finished, they both felt in the need of a little relaxation, and they had slipped out for what turned out to be a very significant coke.

After that they had gone out fairly often. Patty had a good many social irons in the fire, but even so, they had managed to get together several times a week. He had taken her to most of the school dances and to his fraternity's pledge dance the night before homecoming. And now, just as he was beginning to feel that he was getting some place, she had to have a birthday when he was broke.

And he was broke, more broke than he had ever been before in his whole life. It had taken every single cent he had in the bank to get his family's smashed car fixed, and all of his allowance too, and he still owed the garage twenty-some dollars. He hadn't paid his fraternity bill either. And the bill for his tutoring lessons in math would be coming in any time now. He was going to have to get a job. There would be no way to avoid that. But, even if he did get a job it wouldn't do any good, that is, as far as Patty's birthday tomorrow was concerned. He wouldn't get paid for at least a week, and he couldn't borrow the money. Not with the state of his credit. But somehow or other he just had to get Patty a present. He knew the other fellows would give her something, and he couldn't stand the thought of having any of them get ahead of him where she was concerned.

He threw an old coat over his stooped shoulders, slipped out the back door, and wandered aimlessly down the alley in back of his house, stupidly kicking a piece of coal ahead of him until it smashed against an ash pit. At Skinker he turned and walked across the campus to the Quad Shop, where he priced lamps and bookends and books and other desirable things which he thought she might like. But of course he didn't buy anything.

Somehow or other he got over to Delmar, and walking up and down the street, he looked wishfully in every window, trying desperately to think of some way he could get her a present. He played with the idea of pawning his watch, but decided against it when he remembered it was his grandmother's last gift. And he thought about selling his violin, but he knew there would be no living at home if he did that.

Just then he passed the jewelry store and happened to glance in the window. A little silver bracelet caught his eye. Instantly he knew Patty would love it and he could not resist going in and getting its price. It was just the thing for Patty. But it cost five dollars—and he had five mills in his pocket.

After a while he straggled into a floral shop, where a lot of the college kids bought their corsages. His friend, Larry Logan, worked there. Larry was in the back of the shop when he came in, but stopped what

he was doing and came out to see his friend, his face full of that famous Logan grin. "Say, Jim" he kidded, "you're looking awfully blue for a black boy."

"Aw, cut the stuff."

"Okay, sour puss, what's wrong? Did your father cut down on your allowance again?"

"No. Worse'n that." And Jim started to tell him the whole story. Larry interrupted as soon as he found out what the trouble was.

"Come on. Snap out of it, old man. You haven't a thing to worry about. Listen to me. I can fix you up. You know that Aymes-Merry wedding that was supposed to come off this afternoon?"

"Yeah."

"Well, it isn't coming off."

"No?"

"No. Marjorie Aymes ran away with her chauffeur last night. They were married at St. Charles."

"So?"

"So—we are stuck with a carload of roses. I betcha the boss would give you a couple of dozen."

"Gosh, Larry, do you really think so?"

"Sure. I know so. Listen! Old man Aymes has already paid for 'em, and the boss can't possibly sell them all. It's either give them to you or some hospital, and you might as well have them."

"Say, Larry," interrupted Jim, "what if I sold them for him—every last rose? Would he give me a commission?"

"You're darn tootin', he would. If—you sold 'em."

"How much?"

"Oh-h-h, fifty-fifty. Maybe more."

"Fifty per cent?"

"Sure. He's made his profit already. Better get back in the office and see him right away."

Half an hour later Jim sauntered out of the shop. He looked casually over his shoulder and smiled, for there in the window was a sign:

S-P-E-C-I-A-L

ROSES—50c a doz.

He walked over to the college gym, swinging out gaily like a man without a care in the world. He felt strong and confident in himself and was going over to the gym and see whom he could take in a handball game. Down in the locker room he met Phil Hecker, a smooth upperclassman, who took up far too much of Patty's time.

"Howdy, Phil," he said, "you busy tomorrow?"

"I certainly am. . . . To-morrow's Patty's birthday, you know," he added.

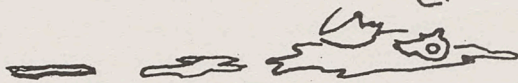
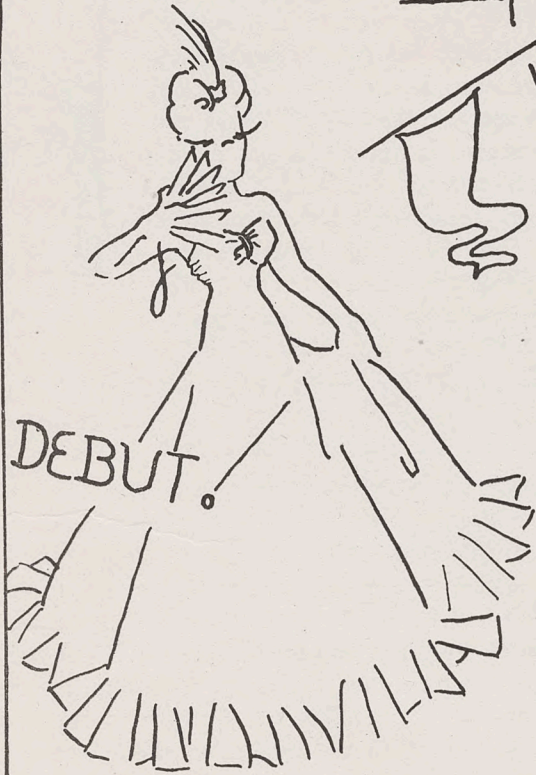
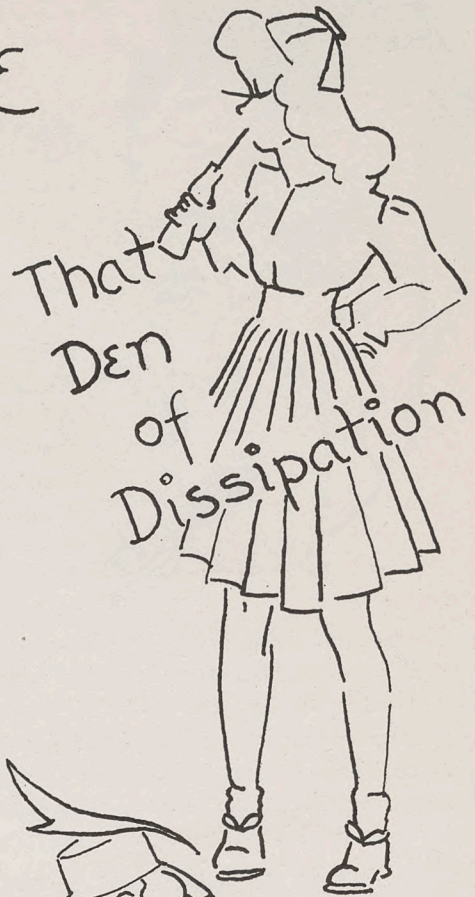
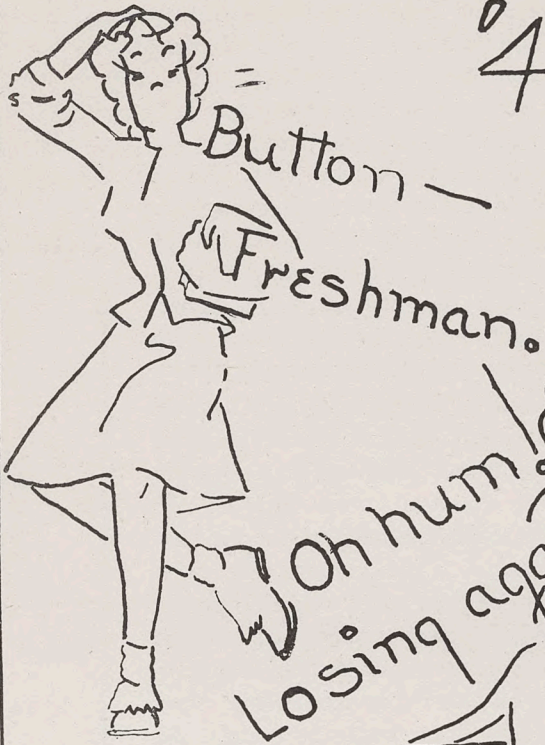
"Oh, yes," said Jim, as if recalling something very vague.

"Say, if you don't mind my asking, what are you going to give her?"

"I'm-m-m-m. I don't know. Haven't thought much about it. I'm not much in that league any more."

(Continued on page 18)

Green little Freshman '43





ON THE CAMPUS, the judgment-day that divides sheep from goat occurs at the beginning with rush-week rather than at the end with finals,—and the goat is apt to be the rushee. During the summer, his older friends, in their effort to spread the burden of a mortgaged fraternity-house, have been bleating about the advantages of belonging; and he is lured to college ahead of time to sample the new pasture. If his dad has the cash, or he himself the kudos, he is tugged from party to party, and led to suppose himself the great I AM. In high expectation he makes his pick, and the caucuses, with a shrewd eye to business, make theirs, and he is pledged. For half a year, when he might be learning what college is about, he becomes the drudge of overgrown schoolboys, skilled in the tricks of making a menial out of a man. He polishes cars, runs errands, blackens shoes, is cautioned to be careful about the grades he is not given leisure to earn, and made to feel the lowest of the low.

One hope is left,—initiation, with its substantial fee and monthly dues and mystery: perhaps his dad's cash will buy him manhood. So, with hocus-pocus and high-sounding words about loyalty and service, he enters the sacred ranks and becomes an active. But his activity is severely confined by the corresponding restlessness of his brothers. If he wants to study in the House, his brain competes with a radio across the passage or a rowdy bull-session or two going on in the parlor. Should his chapter be keen about grades, he is shepherded several times a week to the library, or some other place equally impossible for study, and under the eye of a brother, is expected to "get" his pol. econ. and his Latin. Not too much is hoped of him,—a bare C being as high as the intelligence of his frat. usually achieves; but even this C, the stigma of the mediocre, is a tussle, what with regimented study-periods and the distractions of learning how to be socially eligible.

For eligibility is his goal. He must learn to behave like a nice, gentlemanly little man, at least in public. Dating, dancing, dressing,—these are the arts to be cultivated, with a trifle of political ward-heeling thrown in for good measure. He came to the campus when his mother was making jelly; and what she did to good, fresh fruit his frat. does for him,—it pours the syrup of conventionality around him, and turns him out, like most of his brothers, a wad of sickly-seeming intelligence in a sticky ooze of friendliness. For a fifty-dollar initiation fee, and for say, twenty a month to keep the House out of bankruptcy, it hitches his wagon to the star of mediocrity.

During the years of his stay in college he has distinct advantages. He can procure a date any time, or, if he can't, the chap-ter will make the arrangement for him. Polling the votes of

SOCIAL FT

Opposed by PROF. BUCHAN

his brothers, he can, if he is very anxious, find a political HER on the campus, some position of irresponsible responsibilities an editor or a chairman or what have you. If work licks such as it is apt to do after several late evenings, he can find a bration who will smooth over knotty problems of calculus or phy affe and even,—so it is whispered,—furbish up an old theme sornitie it will pass muster. Above all, as he saunters along the cot eva walks, he has the knowledge of "belonging", as he shouts it be to this man or that, or grabs a sister by the arm to arrangly d a movie-date or a coke in the bookstore. Among his thirternin brothers he is the essence of affability, and his world is a freq one of chores done well enough to be acceptable, and of thinking kept firmly from ever becoming uncomfortable. For has he not a house-mother to baby him, and brothers to prevent him from ever being alone?

And he leaves college for a world that is decidedly neither affable nor comfortable. Perhaps he refuses to grow up, and comes back to the House once a month to pal with the newcomers over penny ante or a game of pool and a beer. When the football season comes around, he continues to think a team more important than a scholarship, and whoops it up from the stands. If, however, he survives his frat. ordeal, he discovers that the eternal loyalty he pledged his brothers is strangely ephemeral, so that he doesn't know or care what any of them is doing. He wonders whether it mightn't have been wiser to forgo a bull-session or two for a bout with books that can no longer be read, or even a chat with a teacher who has now forgotten his name. As he takes his insignificant place in business and the society of men, he guesses arm a the campus big shot was really fit ammunition often for of co gun; and that the cult of the average, which is the gospne's coming the fraternity, carries a man only a short way.

He may even guess at something else. As he recalls the ost an school graduates who were not pledged and were moell di offended for not being, or the others for whom there wa bers even a bid, he may envy them for having been pulled up ole re early in the game, and made to feel that the emblem of cet var is not an overstuffed chair in a House parlor. For them, the a was no brother handing out abstracts of texts before fina imp pointing out the snap courses, or offering congratulations on th measy C: there was only a job of study to be finished asympa oughly as possible. And that, as some of us suppose, has erien of college in it than fraternity glad-handing. chan



ARE YOE FE

FRATERNITIES

Supported by MR. KNIGHT

THE REITERATED question of the value of social fraternities is one of real interest to all of us. It is necessary to look such a question as this brought to our attention and consider it again and again, for the lives of many people are directly affected by their decisions to join or refrain from joining fraternities. My sole purpose in this short space is to attempt a rough evaluation of the kind of accomplishment fraternities should be expected to achieve, to consider briefly whether they actually do attain their aims, and to point to a personal belief concerning their practical responsibilities. Perhaps the question is a frequently asked is, and should be, "What will I gain by becoming a member of a fraternity?"

With this in mind, let us review the possibilities of these organizations.

Many individuals believe that men join fraternities expecting and hoping to meet people who may be useful as acquaintances or friends in business after graduation. This may, to some extent, be true, but I think that contacts for future business are in reality not the important nor really valuable gains of fraternity members. Far more lasting and essential are some of the other effects of the fraternity on its members. Almost every freshman who enters college feels the need of some solid relationship with the people around him; the group security of the fraternity allows him to adjust himself to college with perhaps less wear and tear of wrenching individual adjustment than most of us realize. Acceptance by a group is often an important factor to men who attend the university from other cities, and who are not acquainted with others on the campus. It is often the basis

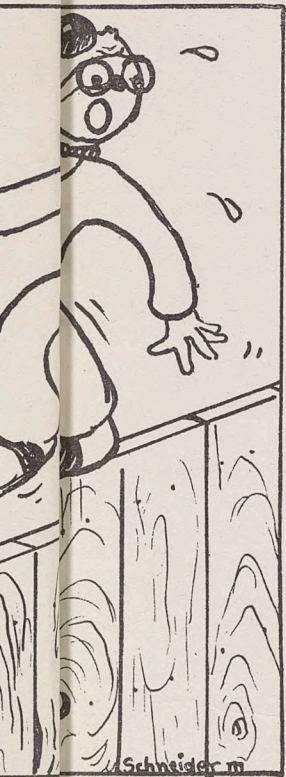
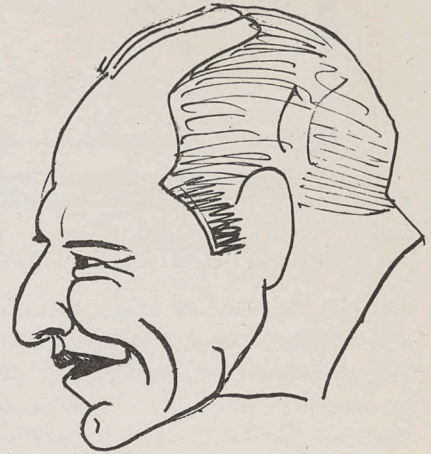
of firm and lasting friendships. The danger in this acceptance is, of course, in being satisfied with knowing only the members of one's own fraternity, in hermetically sealing one's mind and becoming a snob. It is a danger inherent in the relationships of any social group; it becomes negligible if the fraternity is well directed. Living in a fraternity house—mixing with the members of their group—is a stimulus to most men, for the reason that they come into intimate daily contact with a variety of individuals working in unity toward a common achievement of certain things for the good of the whole. The impact of human personalities inevitably leaves its impression on those who experience it; certainly something of tolerance, sympathy, of reasonable understanding can come from such experience. One could hardly evaluate the variety and depth of change which goes on in men who in this way finally come

to know something of their fellow members. If the fraternity is awake to the possibilities of development and growth in its members, each one is helped during his pledgship to balance his social life with work both in curricular and extra-curricular activities. His interests are awakened, his responses are directed, his energies are concentrated. His study is regulated, if his grades indicate the need for such regulation. Can such discipline be detrimental to those who have not learned it before? The period of pledgship is one of direction in adjustment to the individual problems of university life. From all of these things a fraternity man can gain, granted that he is made of stuff something above the mediocre, a sense of values as well as a breadth and depth of tolerance and a reasonably early and temperate adjustment to life on the campus.

These are the ideals which the worthy fraternity holds out to its prospective members. We might well ask if they are ever achieved. It is entirely possible that occasionally they are completely incorporated in the growth of a single individual; on the other hand, it is possible that the passage of years will not give out one such individual from all the groups on the campus. But that is not the point. I have been discussing the ideal. If it were easy of achievement, it would soon give place to something that is not: a higher standard. We cannot expect that many men will grow fully, will mature suddenly, will deepen in a few years to their ultimate possibilities. We can hope and expect only that out of each group will come a few men who have absorbed some of these things and grown in these ways in some measure; they then have a basis for further development.

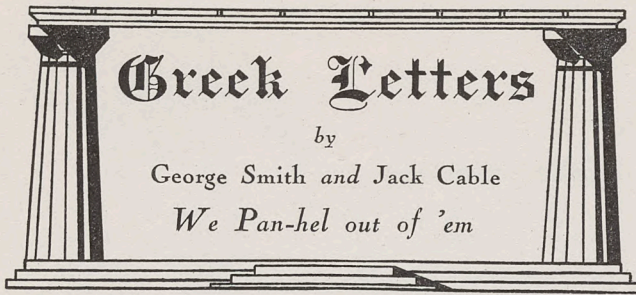
Psychology tells us that all men do not respond in the same way to the commonly experienced situations of life. The rate of learning, the depth of perception, the keenness of intellect, the age of the individual must all be taken into consideration as factors in response. It is a tragic, because inescapable, reality that we simply have no basis for testing the actual accomplishments of fraternities: We cannot be scientifically objective about the problem. Its very nature precludes the measurement of many factors. Had we an objective measurement, our task of evaluating the achievement of fraternities would be considerably simplified. We cannot reasonably say that the development is a result of belonging to the group. A man might have made better progress without the fraternity at exactly the same time, or he might not. For this reason, too, much of the blame for the waywardness of their members cannot always be laid in the laps of fraternities. They are not reform schools nor universities; they

(Continued on page 24)



Schneider m

YOE FENCE?



MODERN CIVILIZATION ARRIVES IN GREECE!

THE MEN'S rush week, says Doc Thomas, was the cleanest one he has ever seen; and Doc Thomas, being a Sigma Nu from way back, should know. It seems as though, despite the dismal failure of the League of Nations, Men's Pan Hel has set out to prove that the human mind is capable of formulating and obeying its own rules of civilized warfare. The various non-agresion treaties and mutual aid pacts functioned almost to the point of being goody-goody; and they reached a new high in mushy brotherly love when the KA's sent Ken Davey over to help the Sig Eps hotbox a rushee. (The rushee later pledged Kappa Sig or something.) Indications are, however, that the rules only apply to the firing line, and that the treatment of prisoners taken during the hostilities will be just as brutal as ever, and even now the swish and thud of the predatory paddle is resounding throughout the various concentration camps.

Toward the end of rush week, a rushee walked unescorted through the door of one of the better known Hellenic Hostelries and shouted at the assembled brethren: "YOU GUYS ARE THE LOUSIEST BUNCH OF RATS I'VE MET IN RUSH WEEK!!!" He paused a moment before their gaping jaws, and then went on "—so I guess this is where I belong." Whereupon he pledged.

And last week the same boy (name furnished on request, for cash only) was learning the Greek alphabet when a playful active asked him to spell 'skunk' in Greek. "Sigmachisigmanu," he said, without the slightest hesitation.

SOCIETY NOTE: The Sigma Nus have crashed the gate at last. Three of their pledges were seen in white

jackets serving the champagne at Marie Taylor Spink's wedding reception a couple of Saturdays ago.

Bud Harvey, a Sig Chi tells us, is a little bit peeved at the KA's. He feels he was treated with an undue lack of respect when he innocently sneaked up the KA steps and began a private hotbox of a KA rushee on the KA second floor.

Dialogue at the Freshman mixer:

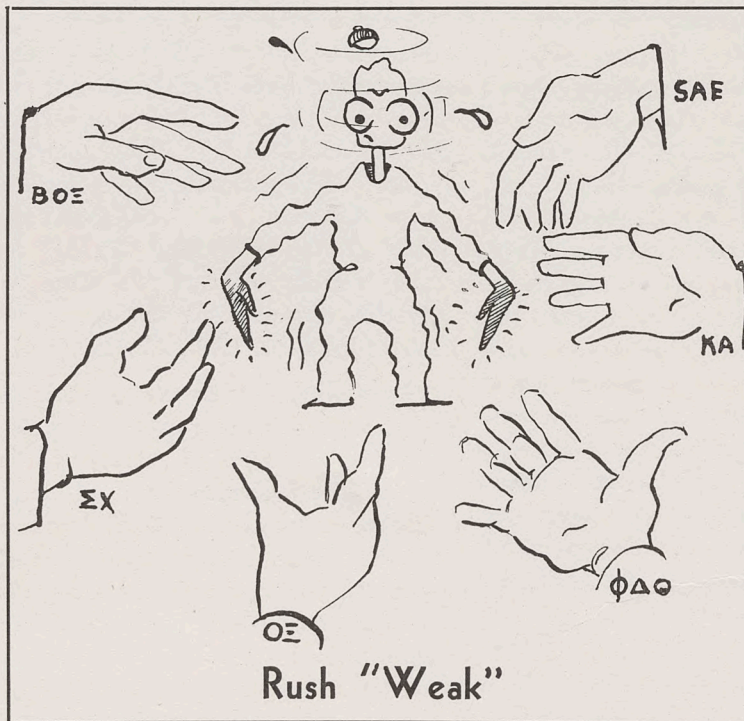
Upperclassman: "Tell me all about yourself."
 She: "I'm a Delta Gamma." And that was all she said. Could be that it was enough.

No one has satisfactorily explained just why that knotted sheet ladder was hanging out a second floor window of the Teke House the day after Rush week. But we do know that Bob Eggers made his dinner-date hosts on Friday of Rush Week take him home so he could get his own car for his Teke evening date later. "I'll feel better having it parked out back," he said.

According to the usual reliable rush week reports, the Beta west wall is no longer about to collapse. But the Theta Xi roof is getting a bit shaky, and termites have undermined the Sigma Nu stove, which will probably blow up at any minute.

Early Sunday of Rush Week, the Pi K.A.'s Called up and reserved the basement room at Town

Hall, for their pledge banquet. They arrived about seven-thirty to find the head waitress nonplussed. She was under the impression that the Pi K.A.'s were already in the basement. Spitzfaden went down to investigate, and found the KA's intrenched like the French in the Maginot line. The details have never been made quite clear, but the Pi K.A.'s went off to Cross-Roads, and the head waitress walked away, shaking her head and muttering, "KA—Pi K.A.! I don't see any difference!"



At the Beta Pledge Dance

If you only knew!!!

(Continued on page 24)

THE LAST NIGHT

by JOHN LEWIS

Illustrated by JIM VON BRUNN



IT was cold when he woke. He shivered; drew the bedclothes closer about his chin in an effort for last minute warmth.

Pulling his watch from beneath the pillow, he glanced at its radiumed face : 2:20.

He got up quietly, so as not to awaken Emma, and slowly began drawing on his clothes.

Her uneasy breathing came to him. She turned with the heavy sluggishness of half sleep, and muttered, "George, George."

"Yeah," he whispered. "Don't make so damn much noise. You'll wake the kid."

"Goin' out again?"

"Yeah. Got to."

"Wish you'd quit. Get a job again. Yuh saidja would . . . other night." She was still half asleep, talking as if through cotton.

"I got to go out. Don't think I like it, do you? Go to sleep. An' don't make so much noise. You'll wake the kid."

Tucking his shirt into his trousers swiftly, he tiptoed around the bed. A loose board creaked underfoot. Christ, what a dump this was. He brushed her rough forehead with his lips.

"G'night."

"Watch out George," she mumbled drowsily. "You be careful."

"Yeah . . . I'll be careful." He reached down suddenly, grasping her shoulders. "Listen, Emma," he said huskily, "this is the last time. The last time. You hear?"

She jerked away from him, protesting with sleepy anger, "Well, yuh don't hafta tear my arms off about it." Then, arousing slightly, "I'm glad George, but lemme go back to sleep."

Closing the door softly he stood for a moment looking down into the black depths of the stairway. "Yeah," he told himself, "She's glad . . . 'Lemme go back to sleep' she says . . . 'Lemme sleep.' Like all of 'em. She don't care whether I'm back or not. Sleep and food, that's all she cares about. Her and the kid."

He thought an instant of his son's grubby little face—dirty, sticky, always candy, or snot, or something. But I guess she loves him anyway. Maybe she ain't so bad. Anyway, after to night

Then he hunched his skinny nervous frame into compactness, pulled his dirty hat over his ears, and measured down the three narrow flights with cautious silent steps,

pausing at the street door to listen for any unfamiliar noise from above that would mean his faint stair creak had been heard by someone sleepless in one of those stingy little cubby-holes which he had come past. But only the old sounds, the right ones, were there: the creak of cold shrinking wood, the scuttling of mice in the walls; their occasional subdued plaintive squeaking. Through these drifted the early city sounds of loneliness: the far off hollow clanging of a street car; the rush of a passing auto on the street outside.

He opened the door, breathed in the stinging cold air, and, merging into the murkiness cast by the buildings, passed unhurriedly up the street, forgetting the five years and the night ahead, shutting out from his mind everything but his own footsteps slapping faintly up to him from the sidewalk.

North, he walked up the dead morning street, past a succession of dingy little store fronts, each one a dim replica of its dark little neighbor; past house after house, second rate down-at-heel dwelling flats that stared at him block after block with the same dead window eyes, empty, yet hostilely questioning; across repetitive little dark patches of bare fenced-in-ground.

He knew after he had walked for half an hour, that he had not just left Emma and the flat; he had not been home for five years. For five years he had been walking up this street as he was walking now. Five years on a lonely deserted dark street, filled with a tugging constant fear that he could not shut out entirely, even when he refused to think of it. But the five years were over now, or almost over. No more after tonight . . .

A wind had risen, and the cold increased in bitterness. He held his shoulders and the upper part of his body stiffly tense, and pushed numbed hands in coat pockets more closely against his legs.

But the iciness remained. His fingers turned from numbness to nothing. He couldn't go to work like this; he had to warm up a little.

The dingy little flats gave way to wider spaced little brick blocks of houses. Stopping at a corner, taking care to keep out of the beam of the overhead lamp, he looked at the street sign, hesitated for a moment, then turned with abrupt decision down a side street.

He walked for two more blocks, until he came to the oasis of a hamburger joint



(Continued on next page)

which spilled watery light through steaming windows onto the concrete.

Again he hesitated and took out his watch. Three o'clock. Looking through the window he saw Tony, fat and greasy, in an apron smudged with red ketchup spots. He was standing, back to the counter, warming hands over the frying board.

Should he go in? Tony knew about him; that was all right. But it was late, he only had an hour, and there was still another mile to walk.

He opened the door, said "Hello Tony" and sat down.

The Italian turned and smiled. "Georgie. Cold? He nodded his head toward the blackness outside.

George, clenching and unclenching his fingers, and feeling life beginning to stir in them again, nodded. "Damn cold."

"Out again tonight?"

"Yeah. Black coffee." He sipped it in silence.

A policeman came in stamping his feet. George kept his eyes in his cup.

The copper ordered and sat down next to him.

"Kinda late, ain't it bud?"

"Yeah." George glanced at the copper out of the corner of his eye. He was a big meaty man, red faced, with weathered rocky features. Through heavy blue unbuttoned overcoat his stomach bulked out over his fat legs.

"Bakery?" asked the cop.

"Yeah," answered George again, hating him for his fat sleekness and his own skinny frame. He rose abruptly, wrapped his worn coat closely about him and went out.

He retraced his steps for three blocks, turned down an alley, and commenced running. Four times more he turned, following a zig-zag path, the end of which left him going in his original direction.

Breathing hard, he hurried on. It was late. Faint grey streaks were beginning to show in the east. But this was the last night. Not one more. Not now.

* * *

Standing across the street in the mouth of the alley, he looked the place over quickly to see if there was anything he had forgotten.

It was a pretty big place. Looked bigger at night than in the daytime. But they always did. It was set far back in the grounds, the porch in the rear giving almost directly onto the alley. That was good. No fence around the place across the alley from it. That was good too. So were the trees. They covered and shaded the big lawn, making it impossible to watch the yard from the outside, and maybe from the inside too. No clear view from the inside, anyway. Didn't like the iron fence that encircled the front and sides though. But he could jump that if he had to.

It was getting lighter rapidly, and he had to work fast, or his chances wouldn't be so good.

He looked up and down the street. No cars. No sounds at all. He ran lightly across and was swallowed

up in the alleyway again. Deliberately he opened the gate and with swift quiet strides was underneath the window.

He fumbled in his pocket for the screwdriver, inserted it under the window and heaved upward. The window gave forth a protesting shriek, and he stood stone still, counting to a hundred. He pushed it open all the way, turned, listening for noise in the alley, or a dog, then quickly clambered up and over and dropped onto the floor inside. His heart was pounding.

His flash found the kitchen steps, and he went toward and up them, slowly easing his weight onto one foot, then shifting it evenly to the other... smooth, that was the way it had to be done... smooth.

At the landing he used the flash again. The upstairs hall extended straight ahead of him, then turned. Probably to the bathroom. He stopped at the first door, listening to the snoring that came from inside. This must be the room. No kid would snore like that.

The door opened smoothly and easily, giving out only a tiny scraping of wood on wood that might have been the wind in tree branches outside...

Dawn light filtering into the room from two windows opposite him brought it into indistinct relief. Between him and the windows was the bed, a low platform of grey with two lumps lying in twisted sleep upon it. "Looks like they're dead," he thought. Safe to try the light again.

He circled the room with it briefly. Its reflection came back to him from a dressing table mirror. In the corner, along the door wall. Good. Wouldn't have to get between them in the bed and the light from the windows. Moving noiselessly toward the dresser he stopped, frozen suddenly. One of the lumps in the bed had moved. A woman's voice, earnest and petulant, half muffled under the covers: "I'm goddamned if I will. Jusbecause-ja..." It faded off, and complete silence, save for the heavy snores from the other figure followed. Talking in her sleep, probably. Have to take a chance on it.

He waited for an hour long second, then finding the dresser drawer knobs with his fingers, he drew it open, inserting the flash into it where the light would not break into the room.

He opened two metal jewelry boxes and put their contents into his pockets, then circled the room with light again. Pants, hanging on a chair. Feeling them expertly, he located a heavy wallet and put this too into his pocket. Inside it were bills. He could feel them double folded, beneath the leather. Last time, thank God.

The snoring ceased. He faded back against the wall, holding his breath, wondering if the man could hear his heart.

"Janey, that you? Janey?"

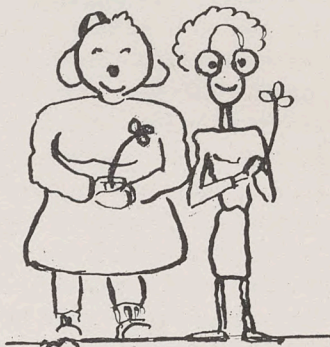
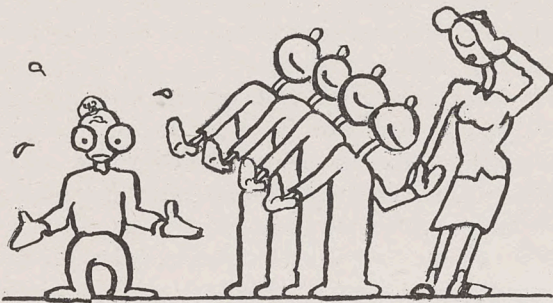
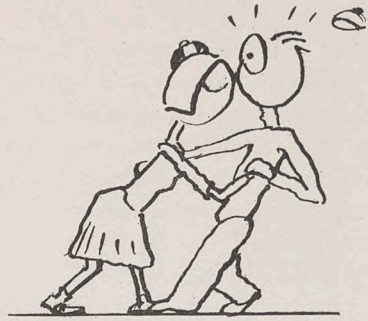
"What? Who's what? Whyn't you go to sleep?" The bed creaked. One of the lumps moved slightly, burrowing beneath covers.

"Dream, I guess. Thought I heard a..."

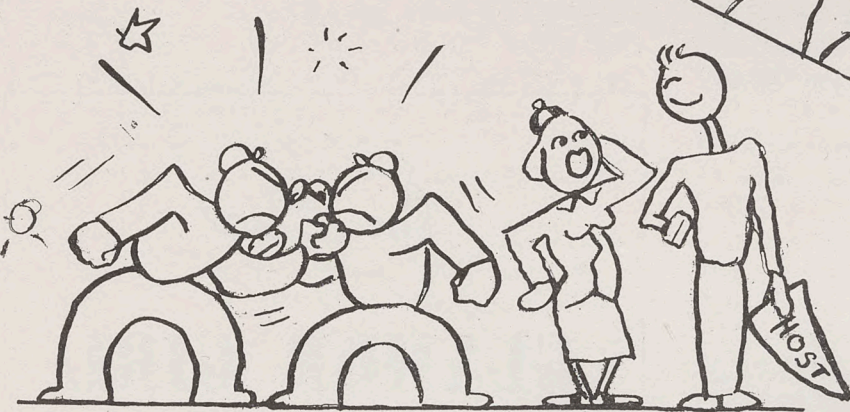
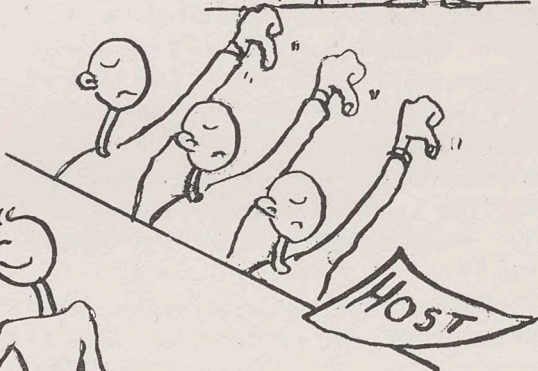
"Godasleep."

(Continued on page 24)

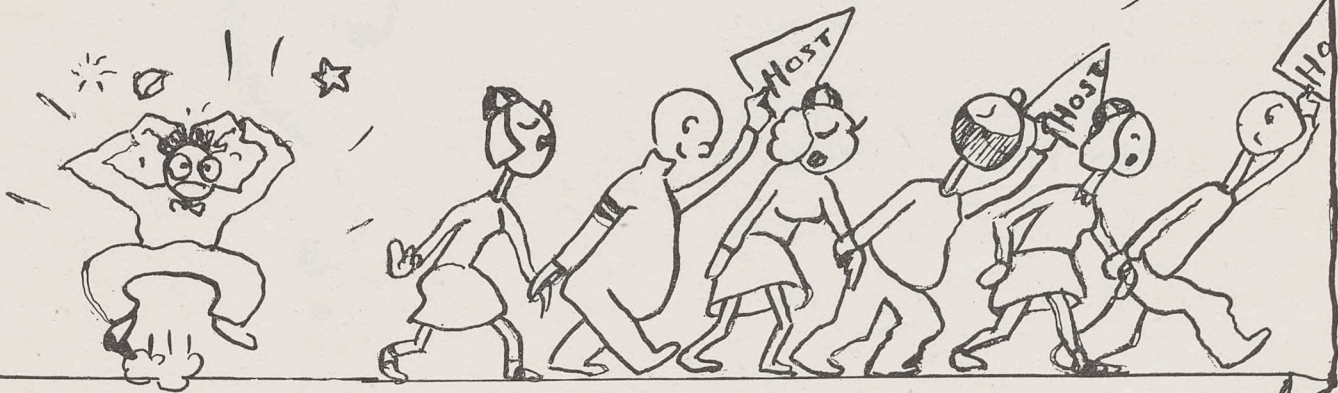
THE FRESHMAN MIXER?



HOST



Schneider



CONDOLENCES, FRESHMAN

(Continued from page 8)

the storm, so to speak. And then, the smashing climax, a terrific indictment of war as a typical college student would write it. And throughout the paper a liberal sprinkling of those anecdotes which you had previously garnered from the newspaper with your unusually keen foresight and alert vision. Thinking back, it still sounds great, doesn't it.

AND THEN YOUR PAPER CAME BACK.

There is no need here to revive those galling memories of hurt pride, indignation, and concern. If the truth must be told, your inflated ego had blinded you. In high school you had been repeatedly complemented for your fine style and vivid composition. Yet according to this paper, you had no more idea of how an English theme should be written than Joe the ice cream man. Could it be possible that you were not all that you thought yourself to be? The remarks and comments scribbled in the margin of the paper seemed to confirm that suspicion. "Paper vague and formless," "wordy and ponderous," "Quotes and parenthesis handled carelessly," "muddled," "confused," "???", and so on. My gosh, you had no doubt whispered to yourself, "my paper can't be as bad as this? Why I'm a good English student. I used to make straight A's in high school. I wrote for the school paper. I had a story in the graduation annual." And you probably had continued thus bitterly for the rest of that disillusioning day. But the next day, you had resolved not to be beaten. You weren't going to let any stuffy old professor show you what was wrong with your style. You knew your kind of writing had possibilities, and on your next theme you were going to prove it.

Now, dear Freshmen, a word of advice from one who can appreciate deeply your present agony of mind. I have suffered just as much as you ever can. Come to me and I'll tell you about my themes. They were pretty poor! But I caught on finally, or so I hope, and changed my attitude. I listened to the professor, and I even profited thereby.

Now, dear Freshmen, take it from me, those ambitious plans and ideas that you had when you came to the Hill should not be neglected. Keep them. Write about them. Write for *Eliot*. Write for *Student Life*. Write for *Hatchet*. Help out on *Stentor*. But whatever you write, remember this: you're in college now. High school stuff won't go here. If the professor says, "No," you say, "yes sir." You'll find it pays.

ROSES FOR PATTY

(Continued from page 10)

"Well, I'm stumped," Phil confessed. I don't know what to give her."

"Hmmm. I don't know whether she'd like them or not," ventured Jim, "but—you know Larry Logan down at the florist's?"

"Yes."

"Well, he tells me they have gotten in a grand new bunch of superfine roses, and they're dirt cheap."

"Say, that sounds all right," said Phil, who was now dressed and ready to leave. "Thanks a lot for the tip."

After he had taken his workout, Jim dropped over to the fraternity house, and casually remarked to some of the fellows, who had been wolfing on him, that he wouldn't be around to-morrow, for to-morrow was Patty's birthday.

Finally he started home. It took him a long time to make the walk, for he stopped in to see a lot of old friends.

The next evening found Jim on his way to Patty's house. He came whistling down the street with a small neat package tucked under his arm. There was a sparkle in his eye as he turned into the Ferrington's walk. He was proud of himself; he was bringing his Patty something finer than roses, something she could keep always and maybe remember him by.

He was climbing the front steps to the Ferrington's front porch. And now he was ringing the doorbell loudly. The maid had come to the door, and was ushering him into a room filled with roses and asking him if he had come to see Miss Pat too.

Now he was giving her his present. She was opening it eagerly. She liked it. She had put it on her wrist and was hastily admiring it. Then she was flinging herself toward him, and she was kissing his broadening grin, and he was holding her, and she was saying, "Jim, you are a dear. So original! And I am glad you didn't send roses."

The *Eliot*

GLAMOR GIRL





WELL, boys and girls, how is every little thing? Did everyone have a fine summer? If the casual hints and stuff dropped in our lil' gossip box mean anything, almost everybody "loved" this summer.

The heat evidently lowered the resistance of some of the boys and gels, who parted with or took Greek Letter Badges. In the house of Sigma Chi . . . Chester Shaum led off after a romance of about five years and hung his cross on Patty Peele, president of Delta Gamma. Bud Ferring and Jack Warner teed off, and Mary Ramsay and Marky Parman, respectively, went into the rough. Hello Sherwood.

The Fall of the House of Phis was apparent when the boys, though not with what could be called abandon, gave each other little pep talks—which resulted in Bud Barbee, with a swaggering and benevolent air, bestowing his badge on blushing Kay Hampton (known to ye loafers as that beautiful and well preserved preserve in our own little "jar of jelly" or Quad Shop to you freshies).

Line Coleman has apparently turned his luck (Line had a series of about five accidents) and Theta's Mary Wilson has a sword and shield, bearing the initials U. L. C. Can you guess? It's Ulysses Lincoln Coleman.

Pi Phis tall blond bomber of Business School fame, Jeanne Harney, finally decided, after six months debate, between a young Louisville doctor (met at Virginia Beach a year ago) and ex-president of Sigma Nu, Bob Shepman. She now wears the pin of the latter.

But enough of this summer twaddle—something of momentous and lasting importance is happening at this moment. The Freshmen now reading this column will not remember that famous campus figure Pete (the real thing this time) Mara. Pete was a boy of rather serious and refined nature, with a low voice and quiet laugh (?). But he was seeking—ever seeking—the REAL THING (and I do mean a girl)! There were one or two (?) . . . each in turn convincing Pete that she represented the end of the rainbow, the end of that long quest. The other day we saw Pete, his usual fastidious dress wrinkled and dirty (as if from pacing long hours down country roads) . . . alone in deep thought. His hair awry, his eyes gleaming madly, but

with a wistfulness that twisted our hearts. "Carolyn, Carolyn," he murmured. . . . Then raising his voice to an ungentlemanly roar and shaking his fist for emphasis, he screamed, "No kidding, kids, this must be the real thing."

Alas, poor Pete, we almost believe him.

Now to cite a more mild, but no less touching little set-up. If you'll remember at this time last year there was a courtship (culminating in a pin) between Peggy Lou Baker and Beta's Howard Kuehner (pronounced keener. . . . remember she used to sing "You couldn't be Kuehner—etc."). This is quoted (as Auntie Belle predicted) to frail and floundering freshmen as the all time record for pinning. But that unwhirled—slowly at first, and gaining speed until it was down to a mere breeze. Then Stamm stammered his love for P.L. and said P.L. may take another. Ain't it wonderful?

Jane Taussig and Lindau are another of the new affairs lately sprung up—though we've heard nothing exciting about it. Won't they please oblige?

Otto Butterly whips home every week-end (except when she comes up here). Rumor hath it that upon her dainty finger repose a diamond from Otto. Good boy, Butterly.

Heard in the library—on the entrance of a glamor gel. . . . "Huh! All her charms are on her bracelet."

The Pi Phis are still wandering around with a hurt and hunted look in their big blue, brown, and black eyes. This bewildered expression is due to the havoc played in their room after their Pledge dance. A typed, anonymous letter was received the following Monday in explanation. The gals saw deep scarlet.

Maria Quillian—lil' Theta ex-pledge—back from N.Y. with a clown on strings that she totes around the Quad. We don't get it. Maria wishes she had it to do all over again, and said, with a brave and gallant smile, quote, "Maybe I should have studied."

Then there's the sad case of the Higginbotham lad of the Phi Delt fold. Bruce used to be such an interesting fickle lil' fellow—keeping all the girls on tender hooks. . . . but Bruce.

Jean Mohler finally initiated Pi Phi—only three years, but she made it. . . . Frosh Queen Tracey and Rohlfling

(Continued on page 22)

A PARODY ON THE "CONGO"

With apologies to VACHEL LINDSEY

Dago driver in a greasy spoon café Heavy-faced man with a union label Looked and sniffed and pounded on the table, Pounded on the table, Speaking to the waitress, like the scolding of a jay, Yelling loud as he was able "Hey, hey, HEY," Yelling loud as he was able, Speaking to the waitress, like the scolding of a jay, "Coffee, coffee, coffee, HEY." Then a premonition, conjured up a vision Of that man in a bully caused collision. THEN I SAW THE SERVICE CAR, MOVING FROM A STOP, CUTTING THROUGH THE TRAFFIC LIKE A MOTOR- CYCLE COP. And along the boulevard, A dozen miles, The down-town traffic moved in files. Then I heard the zoom of a big fast car, And the squeal of its tires in the street's hot tar, And the roar of its motor as it gathered speed, And charged ahead like a hard-mouthed steed. "Dodge!" screamed its horn as it passed a truck; "Dodge!" screeched its brakes, "and trust to luck." And careening on its wilful way It scared all the people, Scared all the people, Rattle-rattle, Rattle-rattle, Pish-zing Swing and swing and swing and SWAY, (That's its regular performance every day From the clean suburbs To the downtown gray.)	Reading directions
	Chant
	Slow chant, very deliberate
	Build up
	1st climax on "steed"
	2nd climax on "sway"
	Very quiet chant
Poverty is a monster, Torch-eyed and horrible, Foam-flanked and terrible, So, Zoom, catch a nickel. Zoom, catch a dime. Zoom, catch some lunch And get back in time. "Hey, hey, HEY, Giva me some coffee An'a some a thet speget, Shut up you, Carlotta, I ain'ta seda nothin' yet, But hurry up, Carlotta, For I gotta getta back t' my bigga La Salle, And peeka up da load and driva like Hell."	Roll off the tongue gradually gaining speed
"You, who are on the streets, Be careful what you do, For Tony Sansoni, Lord of the highway, And all the other Lords of the highway, Tony Sansoni may run over you, Tony Sansoni may run over you, Tony Sansoni may run over you."	Read with air of giving mysterious advice
	Whisper last line.

"CLIPPED" HUMOR

ELEMENTARY

Statistics show that Yale grads have 1.3 children, while Vassar Grads have 1.7. Which merely goes to show that women have more children than men.

+ —Ranger.

SWING

Mary had a little swing;
It wasn't hard to find,
And everywhere that Mary went
That swing was just behind.

—Bison

+

LOGIC

If a fellow tries to kiss a woman and gets away with it, he's a man; if he tries and doesn't get away with it, he's a brute; if he doesn't try to kiss her but would get away with it if he tried, he's a coward; and if he doesn't try to kiss her and wouldn't get away with it if he did, he's a wise man.

+ —Bison

BIBLICAL

Ah! Blessed are the Pure for they shall inhibit the earth.

—Pointer.

+

PASHAN

I knew a girl named Pashan
I asked her for a date
We ended up at Lindy's
Gosh, how Pashan ate!

+

PUNSTER'S PARADISE

Puns are the most ignoble things—
The lowest form of wit.

They constitute a vulgar crime
Which no one should commit.

They blight like some malignant
growth

The health of robust humor;
For every pun you give the world,
You're sure to get back tumor.

Yet men and women everywhere
Toss puns with gay abandon,
And, like an erstwhile nominee,
They care not who they Landon.

The maiden who resorts to puns
In order to be cuter,
Will learn that had she spared her
puns
She'd better suitor suitor.

It is the plain unvarnished truth
That though she'll cause some laugh-
ter,

When everything is said and pun,
Shellac the man she's after.

When puns from word you might
construe

Fail not to be retiring,
Don't think that sleep's the thing for
you—

Have fear of Aw!-inspiring.

Myself, I loathe the lowly pun.

I shall not rest content

Until the punitentiary's

The punster's punishment.

—Masquerader.

+

STILL GOOD

A Scot was engaged in an argu-
ment with a conductor as to whether
the fare was 5 or 10 cents. Finally
the disgusted conductor picked up
the Scotchman's suitcase and tossed
it off the train, just as they were
passing over a bridge. It landed with
a splash.

"Mon," screamed Sandy, "isn't it
enough to try to overcharge me, but
now you drown my little boy?"

—Exchange.

+

SCANSION

There was a young man from Japan
Whose limericks never would scan.
When asked why it was,

He answered, "Because

I always try to get everything in the
last line that I possibly can."

—Exchange.

+

FRESH FROM WPA

"Say, I hear you lost your job.
Why did the foreman fire you?"

"You know what a foreman is—
he's the one who stands around and
watches his men work."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Why, he got jealous of me.
People thought I was the foreman."

—Varieties.

+

WHO YA SHOVIN'?

A small boy was hurrying to
school, and as he hurried, he prayed,
"Dear God, don't let me be late—
please God, don't let me be late."

Then he happened to stumble and
said, "You don't have to shove."

—Exchange.

+

A MURMURING PINE?

Little Miss Muffet decided to rough
it

In a cabin quite old and medaeval
A rounder espied her and plied her
with cider

And now she's the forest's prime
evil.

+ —Caveman.

DEFINITION OF A KISS

1. It's a noun because it is common and proper.
2. " " verb because it is active and passive.
3. " " adverb because it tells how.
4. " " adjective because it takes an explanation.
5. " " conjunction because it brings together and connects.
6. " " pronoun because she stands for it.
7. " " preposition because it has an object.

—Exchange.

+

JEEZE !

There once was a young fellow
named Breeze,
Who pulled in his M. A.'s and
D. D.'s;

But so great was the strain
Said the doctor, "'Tis plain
You are killing yourself by degrees."

—Exchange.

+

LEEWAY

"Let's go to the dance."

"Naw. Let's go to the movies."

"You guys forget we have an exam
tomorrow."

"We'll toss a coin then. Heads we
go to the dance. Tails we go to the
movies, and if it stands on edge we'll
study."

+ —Exchange.

SINGE

Two street urchins were watching
a barber singe a customer's hair.
"Gee," said one to the other, "he
hunting 'em with a light."

—Varieties.

BETWEEN BELLES

(Continued from page 19)

—plenty strong. The ex-Pop. Queen Pepoon married as predicted. . . .

SPRINGFIELD ESCAPADE. . . . Dick Koken, Bob Reinhardt, Kay Galle, Bruce Higginbotham, Bud Skinner, and Sally Alexander down for Oliver Hickel's wedding to Kathie Keet.

The day had been long and hot, no time was there for supper—seeing only their duty to Oliver to see him off right mixed a little 'Kickapoo' Joy Juice (while setting off a few (?) firecrackers) to get into the spirit of things. Well, things progressed—but the climax came with a dare taken by—well I won't mention names—to wade in the punch bowl. Mr. X doffed with a flourish his shoes and socks (garish!) and went into a swan dive. . . . Caught before he lit, they persuaded him that if he must wade, to go in feet first.

Then the party broke up. And the punch bowl. . . .

The gals went to bed. At regular period of forty five minutes the phone would ring—one would reach over wearily but with a resigned and martyred expression listened to the voice of Yore or Skinner, etc., informing them it was room service, and solicitously inquiring whether everything was all right. . . .

From reliable sources—the illustrious and highly secretive 11 Club is still going strong. It was about this time last year we first heard of it. We assume there are 11 members—some we know to be Pete Mara, Oliver Hickel, Mary Ramsay, Bruce Higginbotham, Sally Alexander, and Jane Allen. We suspect Skinner (Bud) and Bob Reinhardt, but are not sure..

Roger Noyes—Jane Andrews, Andy Carver—Jane Ann Morris, Bob Godwin—Virginia Palton.

Delta Gammas Officially warmed their newly decorated room. . . . A vision in green, yellow and pink satin, reflected in mirrors.

Dotty Kreiger, we are told, is taking the Rapp these days.

Ed Corvey regained a long misplaced pin at the beginning of the summer and is now fingering it doubtfully but with renewed and increased interest, as he gazes at Hortense Hartkap, Pi Phi freshie.

Joyce Witte is at present very unpopular with a Sigma Nu and a KA. She just accepted a Sig Ep pin.

Betty Bastman, Kappa not in school this year, is still holding the interest of one of the day school boys, a K. A., Wentworth Griffin by name.

Alice Lloyd of the Lloyd-Bastman combine—also not in school, but the Lloyds are still represented.

Not really changing the subject—but 'Cuddles' Leigh and Louise Krause romance of two years standing is waning. Krause is toting Don Fisher about by the ear. On being asked (after Louise wouldn't let him go to the

Theta Xi pledge dance) whether he was man or mouse, he weakly ordered a cheese sandwich.

The John Logan and Jane Bonnell case has been revived, but this time it appears Jane's attention is somewhat divided.

Bob Judd sent Newburger two orchids for the V. P. Ball. . . . It was almost three but Bob thought, he'd save the third for another night.

And so, kiddies, we'll save our juicier tidbits for another issue, and until you hear from your old Auntie, good Gossipin'.



COEDS

I think that I shall never see
A coed lovely as a tree.

A coed never looks her best
When to a Coke her mouth is prest;

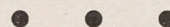
A coed looks at men all day
And lifts her eyes and makes them pay;

A coed anytime may wear
On top her head a strange affair.

Upon her bosom frat-pins have been
A symbol of her way with men.

Coeds are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

—Ray W. Cox.



Professor: "Young man, how many times have I told you to get to this class on time?"

Student: "I don't know, I thought you were keeping score."

—Widow.

+

Man Motorist (barely avoiding a broadside crash): "Why on earth didn't you signal that you were turning in?"

Girl (who had crossed into her home driveway): "I always turn in here, stupid."

—Log.

+

"I see by the paper that nine professors and one student were killed in a wreck."

"Poor chap."

—Scottie.

+

Active: "Answer the telephone!"

Pledge: "What did it say?"

—Gargoyle.



March, march on down the field

We, at *World Peaceways*, think that football offers an excellent example of how the desire to conquer, and the "warrior" spirit, can be diverted into innocent channels.

We think "to die for dear old Rutgers" is a more innocuous form of mayhem than the cold murder of the trenches . . . that an aerial attack with an inflated pigskin is more civilized recreation than an aerial attack that mows down men, women, and children with bullets and bombs . . . that young men with useful lives before

them are better off "holding that line" against low-charging backs than against flame-throwing tanks.

Not everyone in the world agrees with us. Today, war is being waged, men are on the march, lives are being destroyed in the name of various confusing and conflicting causes. Great national leaders, statesmen, and even churchmen are condoning and praising these activities.

Despite all pleas and propaganda let us in America keep driving toward the goals of peace, rather than

the so-called glories of war.

World Peaceways is a non-profit organization devoted to the task of solidifying decent people's desire for peace and disgust with war. We're thoroly American and thoroly patriotic. And we think the greatest patriotism today is to *keep America out of war!*

If you agree with us, and want to help your country remain at peace, why not drop us a letter or postcard. Write — *World Peaceways*, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

SOCIAL FRATERNITIES

(Continued from page 13)

are social organizations, a fact which many people frequently refuse to realize.

Are we to believe, then, that fraternities fail in their ideals? I think not. Any human institution varies in its achievement according to the ability of the men at its head. No less so do fraternities, even from year to year in the same individual organization. As I have said, ideals imply difficulties. If fraternities do not reach all of their objectives, at least they achieve some of them. We might well ask then whether the accomplishment of these social groups is worth the cost involved. Is a fraternity worth the money? That is certainly a question which the individual must answer for himself. He can find out easily before pledging almost exactly what the cost of membership will be. The financial status of the individual must be the determining factor in evaluation. Everyone has his own standard of necessities and luxuries, conditioned to some extent by his income and his honesty with himself.

Aside from any question of cost or gain, I do not believe that every man who enters college should belong to a fraternity or needs such experiences and training as fraternities can give. I do not hold the slightest belief that the fraternity system is the only way to attain the ends which I have indicated, and which I take to be reasonably desirable ones. I do think that the fraternity system can be a genuine and a pleasant way to do so, one which may be exceedingly helpful in the adequate adjustment of many personalities to an important period of growth. We could hardly demand more from social organizations which do not pretend to be organized for other than social purposes.

GREEK LETTERS

(Continued from page 14)

Sorority life must be very, very dull. From all you can get the girls to admit, absolutely nothing has happened in years and years. Can it be that Dear Diary is dusted off only once or twice a year, and then only for some little item such as, "The Kappas have finally outnumbered the Pi Phis at the Beta Pledge dance"? That, incidentally, is this month's total sorority news.

During rush week, we saw a boy staggering out of the Sig Chi House. He had evidently been in a hot box, for when we came up, he mopped his brow and muttered, "Whew! I wouldn't even treat my own landlord that way."

Fuzzy Gibbs spent last summer training the SAE cockroaches. One of the larger ones, he says, hands him his shirts from an open bureau drawer. In fact, this cockroach, being of superior intelligence and savoir

faire, was on the verge of learning to open the drawer, but school intervened, and he will have to wait till next summer.

And by way of conclusion, it is interesting to note that the sorority quota system for rushing landed hardest upon its sponsors, the Kappas. Now that it has been tried and tested, the whole system seems to have succeeded only in causing a few headaches. The Thetas have twenty-five pledges, which is about the same as their average pledge class for the last ten years or more. By this time, the Pi Phis probably have just as many. It seems obvious that the inequalities in pledging haven't been ironed out, and the smaller sororities are no better off than before. The men's Panhel can afford to look on this situation with the same interest that Hitler had in the Spanish Civil War. There are lessons to be learned in it; and we hope that it will bog down once and for all those eternally recurring proposals for a similar quota system among the fraternities.

THE LAST NIGHT

(Continued from page 16)

Silence again. He waited a full five minutes. The snoring resumed.

Pulling the door half shut behind him, he stepped out into the hall, fighting panic that urged him to run. Down the stairs now, easy. Take it easy, easy, easy. You'll make it now, you'll make it if you just take it slow, slow...take it slow.

Under the window outside he forced himself to breathe deeply. His legs were trembling. They always did. Christ, that was a close one. All over now though. All over. He crossed to the gate and...

"Justa minute bud!" Sharp. Sharp and mean.

Startled, he swung around. Chill came over him. It was the cop. The hard faced meaty bastard. Then the light blinded him.

"Stick up your hands and don't move till I tell ya."

Footsteps approached him. He felt his hat jerked suddenly from his head.

Then the light was out of his eyes. With a quick movement the policeman tossed his hat down the alley. A little breeze caught it and rolled it drunkenly over the rough cobbles.

"Go get it. Run!"

Uncomprehending, he started after it.

* * *

"Naw, chief, I couldn't help it." "Stick 'em up bud," I tells him. He don't pay no attention. Just starts runnin'. I aims for his legs, but the light's bad and he's stoopin' over. Hell no, I didn't go to kill the poor guy. Just couldn't see so good...see?"



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