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ELLIOT



MAY
15
CENTS

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY



Joe DiMaggio

HAS SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT HOW DIFFERENT CIGARETTES CAN BE!

"How about it, Joe, do you find that Camels are different from other cigarettes?"

"Any all-cigarettes-are-alike talk doesn't jibe with my experience. There's a big difference. *Camels* have a lot extra. I've smoked *Camels* steadily for 5 years, and found that *Camel* is the cigarette that agrees with me in a lot of ways. Good taste. Mildness. Easy on the throat. *Camels* don't give me the feeling of having jumpy nerves."

"We know tobacco because we grow it..."

"When *Camel* says 'costlier tobaccos' I know it's right," says Mr. Edward Estes, capable young planter, who knows tobacco from the ground up. "Take my last crop, for instance. *Camel* bought all the best parts—paid me the most I've ever gotten. The men who grow tobacco *know* what to smoke—*Camels!*"



"Last year I had the dandiest crop ever," says Mr. Roy Jones, another experienced planter who prefers *Camels*. "The *Camel* people paid more to get my choice lots. I smoke *Camels* because I know they use finer, costlier tobaccos in 'em. It's not surprising that *Camel's* the leading cigarette with us planters."

Mr. Harold Craig, too, is a successful grower who gives the planter's slant on the subject of the quality of leaf tobacco used for *Camels*. "I'm the fellow who gets the check—so I *know* that *Camels* use more expensive tobaccos. *Camel* got the best of my last crop. That holds true with most planters I know, too. You bet I smoke *Camels*. I know that those costlier tobaccos in *Camels* do make a difference."



Last year, Mr. Walter Devine's tobacco brought the highest price in his market. "*Camel* paid top prices for my best lots," he says. "And I noticed at the auction *other* planters got top prices from the *Camel* buyers *too* when their tobacco was extra-choice grade. Being in the tobacco *growing* business, I'm partial to *Camels*. Most of the other big growers here feel the same way."

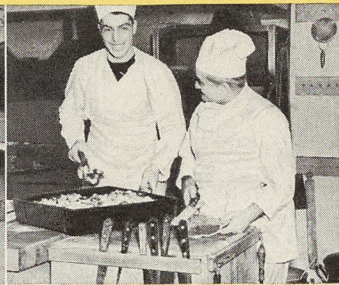


JOE LIKES to go down to the wharf, where he used to work helping his father, and keep his hand in on mending nets. DiMaggio is husky—stands 6 feet tall—weighs around 185 pounds. His nerves are h-e-a-l-t-h-y!

WHEN BILL GRAHAM saw Joe DiMaggio pull out his *Camels*, he thought it was a good time to get Joe's opinion on smoking. Joe came straight to the point: "There's a big difference between *Camels* and the others." Like Joe DiMaggio, you, too, will find in *Camels* a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic.



DURING THE WINTER, Joe's pretty busy at his restaurant. When he's tired he says: "I get a lift with a *Camel*. That's another way I can spot a difference between *Camels* and other cigarettes."



JOE OFTEN dons the chef's hat himself. He has a *double* reason to be interested in good digestion—as a *chef* and as a *ball player*. On this score he says: "I smoke *Camels* 'for digestion's sake.'"

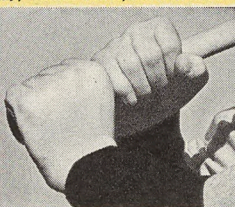
Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ... Turkish and Domestic



PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE **COSTLIER TOBACCOS** IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE **LARGEST-SELLING** CIGARETTE IN AMERICA



JOE'S GRIP. "Ball players go for *Camels* in a big way," he says. "I stick to *Camels*. They don't irritate my throat."

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER

"Camels agree with me"

"We smoke Camels because we know tobacco"

TOBACCO PLANTERS SAY

BEHIND PRISON WALLS

By No. 31939 (LOUISE LAMPERT)

Drawings by PERRY PAUL, based on No. 31939's descriptions



Editor's Note:—
Eliot crashes through again. This month we bring the reader a description of the things with which a few of the better-known inmates while away the long hours in McMillan Pen. This heart-warming document was smuggled out in a corsege by No. 31939 when she was given a five-hour parole to attend a dance. It was a revelation to the

editors to learn that the girls in the stir are actually pretty human creatures. If this report is taken in the proper spirit, Eliot will publish future reports concerning the Lee and Liggett Madhouses and the menagerie north of the men's tennis courts.

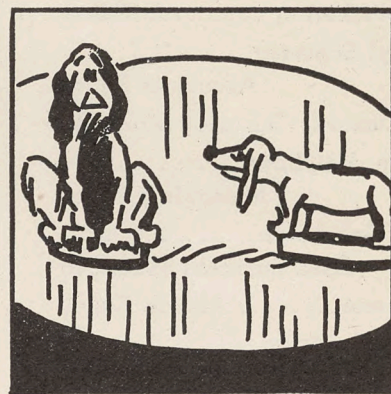
EVERY president has idiosyncrasies, and No. 11938 (Betty "Rough-house Antonie" Luet-scher) president of McMillan Pen, is no exception. Her room is easily distinguished by a large bottle of catsup which stands on the window sill. For Betty has a secret love of raw oyster cocktails and keeps the catsup ever cooling in preparation for her periodic oyster feeds.

However, her room contains many more valuable oddities than a cooling catsup bottle. On her desk she has a mahogany table desk which once belonged to her great-grandmother. When closed the desk is the size and shape of an ordinary jewel box, but when unlocked the lid folds back and forms a desk top. Betty often uses this antique for writing letters, and she puts her valuable jewels, (such as Kappa, Sig or Theta pins) in the little drawers for safe keeping.

Her room is also characterized by a lack of pictures. However, she might have all sorts of interesting pictures hidden from sight, for she has many things in her room which never reach the casual visitor's eye. For example, when I sat down on her bed, I heard the rattle of tin beneath me. I jumped up in alarm, suspecting an infernal machine. But she quieted my fears by producing a large grocery box containing all the prerequisites for a No. 1 midnight feed—a can of unpopcorn, a jar of sugar, a glass of jelly, a box of Ritz crackers, a can of cocoa, and materials for her two specialties, chicken bullion and sauer kraut.

On Betty's desk are a jack-in-the-box and a long row of social studies and medical books—revealing the two sides of "Rough-house Antonie's" character, the little-girlish and the mature and scholarly.

No. 7711's (Marion "Two-gun Maggie" Ketter's) room has "definitely" gone to the dogs. Over one hundred canines of every size, shape, and species, are found throughout the room. "Duncan"



a black scottie, acts as a door stop while "Plutos", pekinese pups and collies serve as book ends. Two Russian wolf-hounds guard the fish bowl on the window sill, and a pair of handmade poodle pups, flaunting the Milwaukee high school black and gold, hang from each window frame. The aluminum cigarette box on the radiator is in the form of a daschund, and the match boxes, ash trays, and desk lamp all have four feet and tails. Even the pictures of handsome men standing on top of the chest of drawers, are framed by a background of pooches.

I expected to hear a growl and a bark any minute when I looked at the walls and closet doors which are lined with pictures of St. Bernards, Spitzes, and 57 other varieties of dogs. The large framed photograph of "Smoky" hanging over the bed is a picture of Marion's own police dog. The three fluffy white pups on the dresser are her favorites: they were given to her as gifts and have special significance because of the memories connected with them.

The four-shelf what-not on the side wall of the room is as crowded and as democratic as a city dog pound. Common curs rub noses with lanky coach dogs and twisted aluminum spaniels; toy bull dogs and Newfoundlands vie for standing room on the shelf.

The dogs show variety in constitution as well as species. There are dogs of bone, ivory, plaid cloth, china, wood, rubber, metal, soap, paper, and celluloid. Scotties predominate, and Pluto the cookie dob is the freak of the collection.

It is fortunate that "Two-gun Maggie" has a maid who loves dogs as much as she—if this were not the case, Marion would long ago have found herself in the doghouse.

No. 19384's (June "Classy Steve" Stevens') room is distinctive for its artistic etchings and paintings. On one wall hangs a pencil sketch of Brookings

(Continued on page 24)

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Eliot

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Cover by **John Davis**

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Just Twenty...but O. G!

What charm!
 What freshness!
 And just twenty!
 Twenty Old Golds . . .
 No more, no less
 Than you get
 In any other
 Regular-size pack of
 Cigarettes.
 But O.G! . . .
 What a difference
 You'll find
 In O.Gs!
 What a difference
 In the rich
 Full flavor
 And fragrance
 Of their
 Prize crop tobaccos!
 What a difference
 In their benevolent
 Mildness that comes
 From long extra aging
 And mellowing
 In oaken casks!
 What a difference
 In Old Gold's
Guaranteed freshness,
 The result of a
 Stale-proof package
 Wrapped in
 Double Cellophane
 Double-sealed!
 Do you wonder
 That every day
 More wise smokers
 Marry Old Golds?



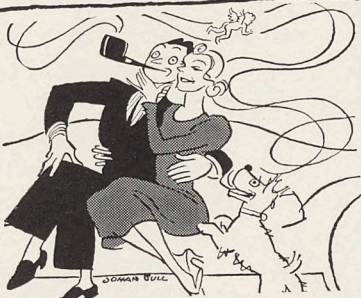
TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tuesday and Thursday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

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

SHE "PHEW" HOME TO FATHER!



NASAL CRUELTY! Tom's harsh and heavy tobacco was too much for Polly. Home she went and home she stayed until Tom cleaned his pipe and tried Sir Walter Raleigh.



BLISS FOR KEEPS! Tom and Polly never squabbled from that day on. And how he enjoys those 2-ounce tins of sweet-smelling burley! Smells good to puffer *and* puffed-at!

SWITCH TO THE BRAND
OF GRAND AROMA



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

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday, 8:30 P. M., E.D.S.T., NBC Red Network.

THE CULPRIT FAY

by WALTER W. MEAD

WHEN Fay came in, Roger was sitting by the fire, his back toward her, and she could see only the dark crown of his head, a little grayish perhaps around the edges, over the top of his great arm-chair. Fay stood in the center of the room, hesitating, a little afraid to begin, and nervously pulled off her gloves. The radio on the side table buzzed unintelligently, and she flicked off the switch.

"Roger . . . I . . . I've got something to tell you."

She paused and bit her lip. Roger was silent.

"About Jim, I mean. Roger, you've been a dear."

She came a little closer, but couldn't bring herself to face him . . . just yet. Sometimes he made her feel like a little girl. Roger was so infinitely older. And what a good sport he'd been, all through the brittle years of their marriage. Five years it would be . . . five years next month. He'd tried his best to keep pace with her crowd. Even when she knew he longed, at times, for his easy chair. Fay went on, rather desperately.

"You've been right all along, Roger. I see it now. Jim and I, well, it just wouldn't work out. Jim left for London last night. I'm through, Roger. I'll be a good girl now."

Roger was imperturbable, and Fay began to grow a little frightened. She was on the defensive now. She tried to laugh, but the sound stuck in her throat and came out flat. In her heart she longed to have Roger back . . . to take up where they'd left off two summers ago. To settle down in the little cottage in Connecticut, and read aloud to him in the evenings, and work in the garden in an old dress, and take long walks with him by the seashore. Park Avenue be damned. New York had conspired against them from the start. It had almost succeeded. But now Jim was in Mid-Atlantic, and she felt a pleasing sense of relief, stretching away in the future. She would give him children, all the chil-

dren he wanted. How empty and futile and shallow her outlook had been. And how selfish.

"Poor old darling," she said, taking a step towards him. "Things will be different now. You'll never have to eat another canape, and I won't even make you play bridge. I'll go to the concert with you, and let you spill ashes on the rug, and . . . and Roger, I promise you we'll be happy."

Fay was so preoccupied with her new happiness that she didn't realize how the empty silence of the apartment seemed to mock her. She took off her funny little hat and put it on the piano, and as she turned toward the rose-pink bedroom she called back lightly:

"I'm going to bed, Roger. Good-night, dear."

Poor Fay. The gods were laughing. She hadn't seen the pearl handled revolver in the chair by his side. Roger did not reply. He'd been dead since seven-thirty with a bullet through his heart.



THOUGHT

The Bold
Grow Old.
The Meek
Die Queek.

FOR SHEER DELIGHT... GET THE "SWOPES FOR HOSIERY" HABIT

It's no accident that wise Co-Eds have chosen Swopes as their favorite spot for buying hosiery! They know that the newest colors—the finest weaves and meshes—gayest sport socks—that give such satisfactory wear, are always ready here! Get the joyful habit of wearing Gotham Gold Stripe hosiery that is "easy on the allowance."

**GOTHAM
GOLD STRIPE**
Beautiful Silk Stockings



FOR MORNING . . .

A clean-cut, clear mesh KTC stocking. Perfect with sport clothes. Cool and airy. Come and see our new "Cedar" shade \$1.00 pair



FOR AFTERNOON

Beautiful genuine crepe twist 3-thread Gotham Gold Stripe hosiery. "Amberose" is the most popular shade to wear right now. \$1.00 pair

FOR EVENING

Sheer misty 2-thread chiffons by Gotham. Very most alluring new color is "Radiance" \$1.00 pair



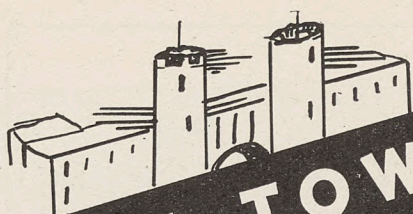
Swopes

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Also at our West End Store
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See our grand array of lovely pastel anklets, lastex top, for summer sports wear.

Angora—50¢ pair. Lisle—35¢ to 50¢ pair.



THE TOWERS

Of Thee We Sing

You know, we started to compile, as our swan song, a list of things we think are wrong with the university. But the more we thought about it, the more we found that we could think of very few things we don't like. That is just because seniors are sentimental fools, you say. And you are partly right. But you can't dismiss us so easily. There really are a lot of good things on the Hill and, to prove it, we're going to talk about some of them.

The first and most obvious blessing, and yet one which we take pretty much for granted, is our attractive and well-equipped campus. To experienced old-fogeys like us who have attended several crowded city high schools and who have visited many comparatively unattractive and poorly-equipped campuses on athletic and other junkets, such an almost perfect "plant" is a never-ending source of satisfaction. Then too, of course, we have a fine faculty. If you are a bit skeptical about the men who make you work, look up some of the older ones up in "Who's Who" or the educational yearbooks. They're in there. And keep your eye peeled for news items about honors that are bestowed upon our faculty members. Quite frequently Washington University men are made president or editor of this or that.

But the quality of our instructors is pretty well known among the student body. Let's proceed to some other things. Courses? Rather uniformly good; cover almost every subject that should be in the curriculum of an institution

of higher learning. Scholastic requirements? High. Athletic opportunities? Excellent. Alumni? A few names chosen at random will be a sufficient reply—Condé Nast, publisher; Josephine Johnson, writer; Gus Haenschen of radio fame; Mr. Biggers, president of Libby-Owens Glass Company; Mary Wickes and others on Broadway; Dr. Ittner, chief chemist of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.

Student activities? Well, we know of no dramatic organization to equal Thyrsus. Consider its achievements of the past school year. It produced three plays by students who'd had only a year of training in dramatic writing, and produced them in such a way that students and outsiders took them seriously, a job, according to Professor Conklin, well-known Iowa playwright, which very few colleges would undertake. It produced the amazing "Three Shylocks". It produced a very difficult study of abnormal psychology in "Kind Lady", and a completely dialogue and local-color play, "Roadside"—both almost flawlessly. It carried on classes in all of the theatre arts, free for all students who wished to attend, and it even produced plays under student direction, using as casts all those who *wanted* to act and not merely those selected in try-outs.

Quad Club performed its extraordinary annual feat of producing a *successful* musical comedy of which all of the book, lyrics, music, arrangements, and scenery-designing were by *under-graduates*. The glee clubs, debate team, yearbook, newspaper are all out-

standing. Washington University, moreover, occupies the almost unique position among universities of having no official dirty joke book or "college comic"—its place being taken by a general magazine (that's us) which at least tries to be a true reflection of student interest.

Our Campus "Y" provides a remarkable range of activity and brings many stimulating speakers to the campus. Our Peace Week is getting to be a real credit to an institution of higher learning. Our student government is groping around—but in a fairly intelligent way—for ways of performing real service to the university. And politics really aren't so bad here—if you take into account that we are a miniature society of human beings. Our student government, for example, has a self-reforming zeal which is the best of omens. Politics, moreover, haven't very much to do with advancement in most student activities. The merit system is becoming more and more general on the Hill. Our Advertising Bureau and Board of Student Finances seem to prevent a lot of political gravy which it is possible to obtain on many campuses.

Our fraternity and sorority system is rather democratic when compared with systems in many colleges and universities in these democratic United States. This, you may crack back, is not saying much. But it seems to us that the "standards" of *most* of the local social organizations cannot be called snobbish; specifically, we can't think of anyone who couldn't get into a good Greek-letter social organization if he wanted to. He might not make the one he had thought he wanted, but that would seem to indicate that the group originally desired was not really congenial. In fact, a lot of imagined snobbery arises from the fact that an occasional student sets up a certain group in his mind as the tops and won't be happy unless he gets into it, even though he has

nothing in common with its members. We say this because we know that the fraternities and sororities have no iron-clad requirements in regard to family wealth, position, or home address, or the student's prep school, style of clothes, or way of speaking and behaving.

In saying that the standards of the Greeks are not snobbish we do not mean to infer, of course, that they are not childish. For, while the family and personal attributes listed in the above paragraph are not absolutely essential, they do weigh heavily. And the very terms, "good" social organization and "making" a fraternity, are an indication of a lack of the true fraternity ideal even on our campus. A true fraternity, in our opinion, is a group of congenial people who like to engage in various activities including competitive ones, just for the fun of it—and with no desire to be "good" or to impress people who don't want to be impressed.

But to return to our list of good things about the Hill: our administration, although not infallible, does much more of a service for students than the majority of them realize. In fact, the chief criticism of the administration, that it is "reactionary," would be more fair if it were put into this form: the administration, in its effort to produce true gentlemen and women and scholars, is extremely wary of fanaticism, surface thinking, "going off half-cocked," and, especially, unnecessary bad taste. In fact, in most cases in which students contend that their rights to freedom of expression are being abridged, the self-appointed martyrs are merely being disciplined for lack of good taste and respect for the points of view of others. This administrative wariness, to be sure, occasionally become alarmism. But, after some thought on the matter, we are convinced that an administration of our type is preferable to one that loses all respect of the student body and permits the young people under its

care to become completely undisciplined (cf. one of the large institutions in New York City).

Another thing we like is our respectability, fostered by most student organizations as well as by the administration. In fact, one of the few real rounders we know of told us confidentially, upon his return from a nearby "play school," that it was sure good to be back at stodgy, old Washington. The fact is, we aren't really stodgy. There is very little puritanism and a high proportion of the *esprit gaulois* on the Hilltop. What repels Hilltoppers, in our opinion, is the coarseness and messiness which seems to characterize the "social life" of so many American "institutions of higher learning."

Many people at Washington, incidentally, are what we consider sophisticated in the best sense. They have a certain awareness, a "calm disillusionment" which seems to be rare on American campuses. This disillusionment, of course, too often develops into an adolescent pessimism and misanthropy and leads to a lack of interest in the affairs of the world (as matters which can't be improved anyway). Incurable optimists that we are, we believe that Washington students show signs of overcoming this one deficiency, and of becoming true citizens of the world.

About this time, if you are still with us, you are probably wondering when we will reach the end of this panegyric. Well, we're stop-

ping now. The list could go on and on, but you probably have the idea. So now for the "message" of our sermon. It is just this: the famous "lack of school spirit" on our campus is mostly just a lack of willingness to recognize our good points. Such a willingness added to the already strongly evident willingness to recognize our imperfections could in time transform our school into a working Utopia.

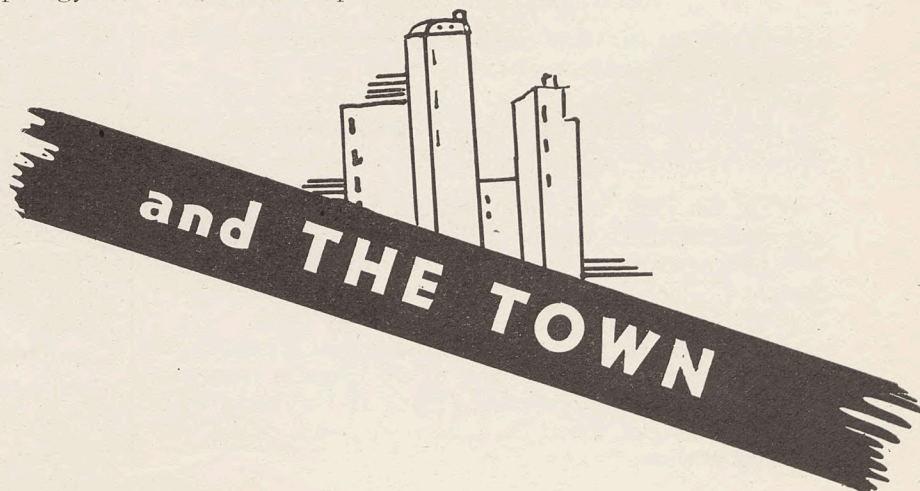
Beer and Frankness

According to Tacitus, the German tribes of the first century employed two meetings for coming to decisions on important questions. The first was for debate, the second, for deciding. At the first a moderate amount of beer was served—just enough to warm the oratory a bit and to make everyone present utterly frank and artless.

At the second, with the aid of clear heads, decisions were reached based upon the facts brought out in the debate session.

The Hilltop Greeks reverse the good old procedure. Each Monday night momentous decisions are reached in sixteen "chapter rooms." Then, following meeting adjournments, secret motives are brought out into the cold electric light of Vescovo's, Burke's, and other oases. But, at least, they are brought out.

In modern Germany we find Chancellor Hitler, a teetotaler about whose true feeling no one seems to be certain.



FREE! A box of Life Savers

to

Jane Case Allen

for the following joke:

History Professor: Why didn't Gandhi attend an American university?

Co-ed: He was afraid some girl would get his pin.



*Girls would run from Bill's embrace;
His breath was more than they could face.
But since LIFE SAVERS keep it sweet,
He has girls flocking to his feet.*



MORAL Everybody's breath is apt to offend, now and then. Let Cryst-O-Mint Life Savers sweeten yours after eating, drinking or 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.

MAY HONOR ROLL

The old régime wishes to salute:

DR. GEORGE D. STOUT, our faculty adviser, who has never "looked down his nose at us." Dr. Stout's advice with regard to policy has always been most friendly and on a man to man basis. His criticisms of our material are always constructive. His enthusiastic interest in *Eliot* and in campus life as a whole—as indicated by his constant questions and suggestions is inspiring.

MRS. JOHN H. ERNEST, office manager of the Advertising Bureau, who has been only too glad to keep her eye on all the business details of our publication whenever we've been busy with studies and other activities. Mrs. Ernest seems to think of everything we forget. She has, moreover, done many favors for us which her position does not require her to do, and always with the friendliest attitude.

HARRY GREENSFELDER, who is the only man in history who has guided the Advertising Bureau for two years. Harry and his staff get the ads which are the main source of revenue for all publications, including *Eliot*. We realize our debt to the Bureau too, even if we do kid Harry's organization a lot. Harry has come down the home stretch of his directorship in a blaze of glory, his most recent achievement being to get the Associated Retailers to lift the advertising ban on college publications. Besides being the Hilltop's biggest business man Harry has managed to make a considerable income selling life insurance, to make Thurtene and O.D.K., and to become captain and No. 1 man on the tennis team.

LEO DUSARD, the Commerce School's "Ideal Business Man" has done right by us during his two years as business manager of the *Eliot*. "Duse's" way with the women has stood him in good stead when he's had to get the girls out to sell our little magazine. Besides managing our business Leo has earned his way through school and has been a conspicuous all-around athlete—in intramurals, on the freshman football and swimming teams, and on the varsity golf team.

SHALLCROSS PRINTING COMPANY and especially Mr. Becker and his men in the composing department. We had never dreamt that a group of people not connected with the university could be as interested in the success of our publication as our printers are. Mr. Becker and his staff seem to get as big a kick out of a clever *Eliot* cover, or cartoon, or make-up job as we do. They will go to no end of trouble to help us achieve some little effect that Associate Editor Martyl cooks up in her active mind. They even catch our mistakes in copy—Mr. Becker is always making fun of our inability to spell German words. We are sure we couldn't have combined editing with our other campus activities if it had not been for the cooperation of the Shallcross Company.

REALITY

by BILL LEUE

BILL gazed out the window and sighed. The grass looked so green and soft, and the breeze rustled the new spring leaves. Ah, that spring breeze, soft, warm, and heavily scented with the sensuous intoxicating perfume of spring. And the bright warm sunlight and the dazzling sky. If he could only dash out there and wallow in the soft rich grass, to sleep, to forget all this—Damn! he dragged himself back to reality. The darkness of the lab hurt his eyes after the brightness outside. How drab and dusty and musty it was in here. And the chairs and tables were so hard; ah, to roll in that grass.

It was quiet, just the rustling of papers. Every one half asleep; a sort of delirious stupor hung over the place. Maps, worn, frayed, washed out maps in faded blues and pinks, twenty on glaciation, twenty on rivers, and still two hours of this awful geology lab to endure.

He smoothed out another limp piece of oilcloth and gazed with infinite disgust at the meaningless jumble of gnarled and twisted lines. Hmm, "The Smoky Ridge Sector of South Dakota," Black Hills country no doubt; looked like mixture of scrambled eggs and spaghetti. Now, where—glaciation—twelve thousand six hundred feet, six forty, six eighty—damn lab, damn geology, two hours to go.

He snatched up the map of the Smoky Ridge Sector of South Dakota and hurled it towards the long table against the wall where lots of other maps were strewn about. It flattened out, however, glided silently through an open window and away across the campus, swinging upward in slow spirals and glistening in the bright sunlight.

Bill looked on in sleepy amusement. Well, anyway, it would come back. Dusty old map out of place out there in bright spring sunlight, would come home to roost in dark wormy drawer.

He blinked violently and sat up fully awake. Maybe the old map was worth something. Maybe the lab instructor wouldn't like—no, he hadn't seen, but perhaps he had better go get it.

Bill walked quickly and quietly out of the building. The sun greeted him with a friendly slap on the shoulder. The breeze played playfully with his hair. The intense light was a bit dazzling, and far away he heard happy voices muffled and strangely jumbled and confused. And then he made out the map circling dizzily high above Emes Hall.

He started out in pursuit, but now it was gone. Across the campus he ran, through the Engineers' Arch, over the Lawyers' Lawn, out in front of Snuggleby Library. Then he caught sight of it again when he was half way down the hill to the Ag School. It was skimming low over a pasture. A cow beside the road was also watching it and gave him a word of encouragement as he passed. This didn't seem peculiar at the time.

He lost sight of it behind the bio-chemistry building and cut off the road to follow it. He found a little path leading

back through the trees and raced along it in hot pursuit. He wasn't a bit tired. My, the spring weather certainly was exhilarating. And how fast he was running. The trees just flew by first one would hurtle towards him from the right and whiz by, and then one from the left, and then the right, and then the left. It was quite rhythmic, and he began to zigzag as he ran because they seemed to edge over towards him a bit as they went by.

Suddenly he came out into a clearing and was confronted by a dark and massive building. It was quite unexpected finding it there, and the surprise seemed mutual. The building glared at him from many darkened windows. It was obviously a university building, but he couldn't remember having seen it before, and this was strange, for he prided himself on knowing the campus.

Then too, it was made of red sandstone, while all the other buildings on the campus were of white granite. He knew it was red sandstone. It looked just like the specimen he had examined in geology lab last week, grainy crumbly stuff. He could see it crumble as he watched; poor stuff to build with. No sign of life about the place. High weeds grew all about it, and it had a lonesome, deserted air. Perhaps a very old building the University had long since abandoned.

Suddenly a white object dipped down into the clearing in a long graceful curve and flattened itself against the wall. The map! He ran forward to get it, but it slid down through a grating into an airshaft. There was a basement window down there. He would have to go inside to get it.

He tugged at the big door. It opened slowly and light streamed through. There was daylight on the other side. The building didn't have any inside. It was just a face like a movie prop.

But it was a strange country that lay beyond, dismal, grey, and rocky, with deep shadowy gorges and ragged cliffs in sharp relief—and all striped with elevation lines. Every fifth one was heavier than the others, just as on the maps. Bill noticed that directly before him a lot of them converged and ran into a narrow canyon.

What was so strikingly familiar about that valley? He had never seen it before. Or maybe he had. It was its form—steep sides and a very rounded bottom. A couple of small gorges entered it some distance above its floor; yes, hanging valleys. Ah yes, and truncated spurs, and what was that thing like a railroad embankment along the side? By George, a lateral moraine. A perfect example of a glaciated valley, just like a diagram. First time he had ever seen the geology of those endless labs really express itself in nature. He couldn't get over the way it was just like the book.

But where the devil was he? As if in answer to his

MORTIMER, THE TALE OF A MONGOOSE

by PHIL WILLMARTH

EDITOR'S NOTE: As its contribution to the recent back-to-childhood movement, and confident that they will take their places alongside of Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, and the Seven Dwarfs, Eliot is proud to present . . . Mortimer and his fellow mongeese (or mongooses).

MORTIMER was cold, lonely, and definitely on his uppers. Wasted by hunger and disease, his coat worn and dirty, he might have been mistaken for a wharf-rat as, slouched against a hawse-line, he surveyed the docks with a cold, cynical glare. He glanced over the grubby collier lying in the slip, considering the possibilities of sneaking aboard her. Not a chance, he decided, and coughed weakly. He wished passionately that he were back in India. This climate was killing him.

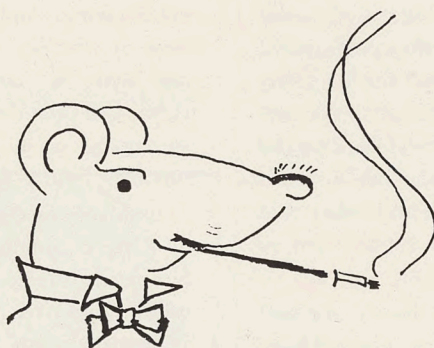
A thin, cold drizzle began to fall, enveloping the docks in a shroud of dampness, and Mortimer huddled closer to his hawse-line. He sneezed twice, violently, and cursed the rain, the world, and the day he was born. And most of all he cursed a man named Kipling, whose malevolent influence had blighted his life.

It was years ago, in the blue hills near Multan, that Mortimer was first exposed to this destructive force. One day, while digging up a sahib's garden in search of snake eggs, he stumbled across a volume of Kipling's works, which he dragged off into the hills. There, at his leisure and in seclusion, he devoured it—page after page. He emerged a changed creature.

The book did three things to Mort. First, it imbued him with an exalted sense of the virtues and invincibility of his kind. Second, it instilled within him an inordinate desire to visit England, where he was sure he would be accepted by the haut monde. Third, it gave him indigestion.

But how to get to England—that was Mort's problem. From his readings he knew that it was a land that lay somewhere across the sea. Now, Mortimer recalled that Al, his first cousin on his mother's side, had once visited the port of Karachi, on the west coast, and had returned years later with tales of adventure which had made his (Mort's) feet fairly itch to go places. Of course, he had taken all the stories with a grain of salt—particularly that yarn about the red-head from the rajah's zenana—but still it sounded interesting. "Migrating," Al had called it; but Mort always had suspected that this was just a fancy name for going on a colossal bust. However, all Mortimer wanted was to get to the sea, and if migrating would get him there, he'd migrate.

He packed his toothbrush, razor, and a pair of clean socks in a yellow pigskin bag, and hit the trail. Mort was like that—very impulsive. Halfway to Multan, however, he detoured a bit, and dropped in at Al's place on the Tigris. His cousin, clad in a Russian lounging robe and



Al, sketched by the author at Karachi.

smoking an 8-inch Turkish cheroot, met him at the door. Al was quite a character. He had not limited his travelings merely to trips back and forth to Karachi, but had wandered as far as Paris, the Riviera, St. Moritz, and it was even rumored that he had done a stretch for killing chickens in Poughkeepsie. He was very blasé and worldly-wise, and at times his attitude toward his more prosaic relations, Mort in particular, was rather supercilious. To be quite frank he got under Mort's skin no end, and the

fact that although Al had been practically everywhere else, he had never been to England, stimulated in no small degree Mort's desire to get there.

Al gave Mort some directions for reaching the sea.

"It's simple, kid," he said. "All you do is follow the river down to the railroad, and walk the ties right into Karachi." "It's a breeze." "I'd go with you myself, only—oh, I don't know—I'm so tired of it all."

Mort made his way down the river, pausing now and then to eat, and to reflect on the things he had learned out of the book. For instance, the book had said that the mongoose was an agile creature, so for 45 minutes Mort wore himself to a frazzle chasing moths and butterflies. He caught four out of five in mid-air, which satisfied him to an extent. However, Mort had his big chance to test the dicta of Rudyard on the third day after his departure. Early in the afternoon, he saw coming toward him—hogging the whole trail—a king cobra, no less! Mort shivered in anticipation. The cobra plodded along with his eyes on the ground, until Mort hollered "rikki-tikki-tavi"—because that's what it said in the book. The snake stopped short, puffed himself up, and, speaking very tough out of the corner of his mouth, said, "Outa my way, shrimp, before I flatten yuh!"

"Listen, chum," Mort replied, "I don't like the way you wear your face."

"Why, you — — little — — — —!", the cobra hissed, "I'll — — — — —"

"You and who else?" Mort screeched—and they tangled.

Now, the book had touted the mongoose as utterly fearless, a vicious fighter, and able, with one hand tied behind his back, to lick his weight in cobras any day in the week. Maybe so, but Mort had a helluva time proving it to that snake! He finally downed him, but as he staggered away from the scene of the conflict, he was badly shaken, to say

(Continued on page 20)

MABEL

by LOUIS GOTTSCHALK

MABEL was a good girl. She had told herself so many times. She had proved to herself by all the rules of Newtown County that she would make a better wife than any of her girl friends. Her father ran the general store at Labadie. She had worked for him, and he had paid her well. She had learned the business and at the same time had saved money. People said that she had almost \$1000. Imagine saving that much, they said. Imagine the fun she had missed. But Mabel had not neglected herself. No. She always looked for the most expensive dresses in the mail-order catalogues, and she bought those dresses too. She knew she had more dresses than any other girl in Newtown County. And even though she was only eighteen years old, she got asked to more dances than any of the other girls. Why, for the big fish fry and outdoor dance at Moon's Tavern where Joe's Note Dodgers, that big seven piece band, was playing, Red, Magnus, and Jack had really had a fight to decide who was going to take her. She hadn't gone with Red because . . . well, he was pretty tough. And Jack . . . well, she just didn't like him. So she had gone with Magnus. Magnus's family bought more at her father's store than either the family of Red or Jack, and besides Magnus was one of the best-looking fellows in that part of the country. She wore her newest dress to that dance. It was a pink dress with funny little drapes and frills on it, and she wore a new imitation red leather belt around her waist, which was the latest fashion. Magnus had told her that she was the prettiest girl in Newtown County, and she had blushed. And he had looked at her new dress with the eye of an expert and said that it was swell too. Mabel's skin was pretty white and smooth-like, and even though her hands were rough and reddish, men-folk didn't care about that. In fact, her mother had told her that the more work she could stand the more men-folk would like her. Of course, she hadn't believed this, but her hands certainly showed that she had used them and knew how to use them. Oh, she knew she was beautiful when so many different men, married ones also, asked to dance with her. They bought her beer and popcorn whenever she wanted some. They said flattering things about her dancing, which she had to admit to herself was good. They all boasted how many teams of mules they had and how good their crops were going to be and how much money they had saved up. Mabel was a wise girl. She knew they all wanted to marry her. She didn't pay any attention to them though because she had different ideas. Mabel was curious. She had read in city

magazines about strange men-folk. At Centerville, the big town 34½ miles away, she had seen several movie pictures in which there were men who had smooth faces and who didn't always wear overalls during the day. She wanted to meet one of these men. Although these funny men talked in a dreamy, roundabout way about things, they were terribly nice to their sweethearts. Why, she had learned from these magazines and movie pictures that city women were liked more for their looks than for the work they could do, that city men always had lots of money and big automobiles, and that they went around chasing away bad men from good ladies. She liked this. Magnus was O.K., but he didn't tell her enough nice things and his neck and nose were reddish.

And so when they got to the dance at Moon's that night, Mabel was hoping, as she had at all the latest dances, that some city man would be there so she could meet him. But Mabel was smart. She didn't show what she was thinking about to Magnus. No. She just smiled and danced with him and the others, and she didn't even slap Magnus when he sneaked a kiss on her, right while they were dancing.

But when Magnus disappeared for about an hour (she suspected that he had gone to drink a little with the fellows), Mabel was cut by . . . she was sure of it . . . one of those city gents. Oh, she could tell by his awkward way of dancing with her, his smooth, white face, and his peculiar way of talking. His clothes too, they looked just like the clothes that the men in the magazine pictures wore. Of course, he introduced himself and that was all right. Then she tried to remember what to expect him to say to her, but she just couldn't, even though she had spent a whole afternoon reading a story, the afternoon that her father had given her a half day's vacation—that was only two days before she had met this city gent. She did see, however, that he looked at her in a different sort of way, at her eyes for a long time and then her dress—at least she thought it was her dress. That happened when he introduced himself. She had blushed and they had started dancing, he awkwardly because he didn't know Newtown County's newest dances. And he had begun to tell her all kinds of nice things about herself. And it didn't make any difference to her if she could smell whiskey on his breath. All real men drank whiskey, anyway. And then they had stopped dancing and he had bought her a fish sandwich and told her that she had "charming" eyes and "mischievous" lips. Again Mabel tried to remember what she had

(Continued on page 23)

TRACK TEAM IN REVIEW

Captain Frank Wright describes the men who are to defend our Valley track championship at Francis Field this week-end

IN SPITE OF the conspicuously meager applause the track team has been receiving from local sports "scribes," we do have an outstanding team this year—probably the best all-'round team the Bears have ever had. But the chances are it will take more than we have to retain the Missouri Valley Conference title in the meet to be held at Francis Field Friday and Saturday, for the Oklahoma Aggies are coming with a star-studded list of entrants, and the Drake Bulldogs will bring several outstanding runners.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that Washington's team will have to be given more consideration by its opponents than any other time in history except last year. Reasons for this are to be found on every hand.

Until the Wright brothers moved their running activities to the Hilltop, the University records in the mile and two-mile were 4:42 and 10:43; now Coach Huddy Hellmich expects Frank to run the mile in the 4:20's every week and Brother Evan to clip off twice the distance in 9.50 or better. Throw in the silent Roy Gordon, who has made a traditional "second place" captain out of the elder Wright in recent mile runs, and you have a good strong distance division.

In the middle distances, "Cuddles" Leyhe at the quarter and "Bissell's Little Helper" Elmer Miller at the half, are the standouts. When Miller decided to give up the life of a "country gentleman" and make track his first love, it was a good thing for Coach Hellmich, for Miller's hard training and honest desire to win have made him a really feared half-miler. Leyhe has had his usual trouble with "pulled legs" this year, but may get in shape to run the :49 quarter he is capable of by Saturday. Bill Brookes, the team's "tossing" half-miler; Paul Gutman, the spraddle-legged quarter-miler; and Woodrow Baltz of the lower East Side, add strength to this division.

When Ed Waite graduated last year, Washington lost its greatest sprinter of all time; but Butler Bushyhead and Chester "Moose" Schaum, aided and abetted by the wise-cracking John O'Neil, have tried to fill in. Bushy can claim superiority over the rest of the Mercury Quartette (Leyhe, Schaum, O'Neil and Bushyhead, so named because they were entered in the sprint relays at Drake) not only because of his speed on the cinders, but also because

he is the only man on the team whose fast-stepping has scored a major victory over the fairer sex (as indicated by the fraternity pin Dot Wobus wears.) Because of this distinction, Bushy claimed the only double bed in the room on the Des Moines trip—and got it!

The hurdles events are acknowledged as the weakest spot in this year's team. Here C. L. "Mike" Hunt and Read Boles have been spreading their elongated tibias and femurs over the barriers for the season without making much impression on anyone but trainer Ike Hill. Poor Ike has been developing a new rub-down oil to be used on hurdlers who are all bones and no muscles, but his efforts have been without results in spite of his nightly experiments with his two subjects.

Norman Tomlinson and Claude Beeler are two other all-time University record-holders on the team. Tommy throws the shot over 47 feet—on the earlier throws. He says his married-man's worries have broken down his endurance. Claude Beeler, the Buller, has his own woman troubles, but to listen to him, he has no weak spots and is really quite a man. True enough, six feet three inches in the high jump and 23 feet in the broad seem to back up his modest statements. Bob "Family Man" Gerst divides his interest and capabilities between baseball and track, Brueseke and Des Moines, and makes out as another jumper.

Harrison "Schoolboy" Johnson in the pole vault, Desmond "Big Hulk" Lee and Dick "Never-to-be-found" Lund in the discus are other participants in the field events.

No account of the track team could be complete without mentioning "Phi Bete" Ernest Ohle, who tries to keep conversation and activities on the trips at a strictly high level, but who occasionally slips into the depths of a strongly enunciated "Oh, my goodness, fellows" when he is rebuffed. It was Ohle's last-minute victory in the javelin that brought us our first Valley track championship last year. Jim "Deacon" Duncan assists Ohle in the jav tossing and also in the "keep-it-clean" campaign.

And that is the 1938 edition of Washington's track team. It is probably not a great team, but it is a well-rounded, interesting group of fellows who run the range from Phi Beta Kappa to honorary probation. See them perform in the city's outstanding meet of the year, here on the campus Friday and Saturday afternoon.

RACKETEERS AND CLUB-SWINGERS

What manner of men will represent us on the links and court in the Valley championships Friday and Saturday?

CAPTAIN JIM BLACK appointed Jonas Weiss to let the *Eliot* in on the off-the-links activities of the men who took the recent golf trip. "After all," said Captain Black, "the way to discover a man's true personality is to take him far enough from the campus that he doesn't have to worry about impressing profs and girl friends." Jonas started off with a story on himself.

At Knoxville he was very pleased with a Scotch accent he had developed—and then he met the pro at the golf club, who greeted the Hilltoppers, "Weal-cum, laddies, 'n can aye be a'dooin' anythin' fer ye?" A bunch of Knoxville girls ran up to find out who the boys were, so Jim Black told them—and then asked for the young ladies' names, ages, telephone numbers, and what they were doing that night. In fact, he had four different dates in one evening—and turned them all down (Take note, W.U. girls. Wasn't that loyalty?) Of course, the fact that Jack Lich challenged him to a bowling match may have influenced old "can't-refuse-a-challenge" Black, but *Eliot* prefers to think that it was only his loyalty to Hilltop co-eds.

At Nashville the boys drove all over town inquiring for the gold course; one guy they spoke to said, "You mean the shinny field?" When they found the course and began to play, Weiss' caddy told him not to talk so fast or he couldn't understand him, and asked him to stop at the end of nine holes and let him rest "cause he sho' was tahed."

Whenever Leo "Ideal Business Man" Dusard walked into a place where members of the fair sex were present, they would say, "Oh, is Robert Taylor on the Washington U. golf team?" He left a broken heart at every town, Weiss tells us, and especially "Ginia" at Kansas U. At K.U. the golfers wanted to dance, so they got dates and danced in the street to the music of their auto radio. At Mizzou, Helen told "Fred Astaire" Alexander that he was light on her feet. Alexander, incidentally, always takes his shoes off when driving, rubs a rabbit's foot all through golf matches, wets his thumb and stamps his palm with it whenever he sees a white horse (the advantages of higher education).

The boys ate Easter dinner at a cafeteria. Checks were: Lich, \$1.48; Weiss, \$1.30; Dusard, \$1.10; Black and Alexander, lost count. Overheard on the trip home: Alexander, "Say, guys, you won't say anything to Joy about that redhead?" Lich, "Hey, Dusard, what if I tell Betty about Marian, Harriet, and Bobby—to say nothing of Mary and Virginia?"

Black and Weiss in unison, "Thank heaven we have no balls and chains!"

In short, it is obvious that our golfers are pretty human even if they are champs after Saturday afternoon.



IN THE belief that students might like to know what manner of men are representing them in the Valley tennis championships this week-end, *Eliot* offers the results of an interview with Captain Harry Greensfelder.

In the first place, the personnel of the team, for the benefit of those who don't read their sports page, is as follows: No. 1, Captain Harry Greensfelder, Jr.; No. 2, Jack Bascom; No. 3, John Peil; No. 4, Sam Evans; No. 5, Jack Hemker; No. 6, Carl Neureuther. On the basis of their actions on the team's trip to Columbia and Springfield, Captain Greensfelder would classify the boys as follows: *Entertainment*—John Peil, who sings and talks incessantly in his own inimitable way, and even dances as the car rolls along.

Self-appointed Fall Guy—Jack Bascom, who insists on driving his car every inch of the way.

Student—Sam Evans, who is so busy going over his studies in his mind that he doesn't say anything for hours at a time.

Listener—Harry Greensfelder (that's his story). Claims he just can't keep up with Peil 90% of the time. Also claims he gives Peil pretty good competition now and then (we'd like to hear that).

At Columbia, Captain Greensfelder advises his men to retire early. "We'll just follow your good example," replies the team in unison. Result all retire early—in the morning. Peil wants a date with a Kappa—just any Kappa out of a whole sorority house full. But, according to Captain Greensfelder, every last one of them said she had to go on a clam bake (do they have these at Mizzou?). Bascom has two dates with a Delta Gam (aha, now we know why he was so easily persuaded to take a car).

At Springfield the racketeers spoil their record of nine victories out of nine matches (too much Columbia, boys?)—with a tie. Springfield seems to be quite a tennis town. Crowd large, enthusiastic, and non-partisan; applauds and laughs at both sides.

The boys expect to keep their record free from defeats when they meet the cream of the Valley this week-end.

AMERICANS, YOU ARE LUCKY!

by DORIS APPEL

Editor's Note:—The author of this article left Germany a year ago with her mother and father and a sister. The Appels spent six months in Holland to get their papers in order and then left for the United States. Everyone except Doris' mother entered under the German quota. Mrs. Appel, a native of Alsace-Lorraine, entered under the French quota. After three months at Clayton High School Doris and her sister decided to take the entrance examinations at Washington, even though Doris had had the equivalent of only two and a half years of high school work before coming to this country. They passed the examinations, Doris getting credit for fifteen units of English, French, history, mathematics, and German, and entered as mid-year freshmen. The only entrance exam which gave Doris trouble was the one in history "because they asked questions which it would take five hours to answer and allowed only two hours." Doris likes Washington very much, finds it not too difficult (she studied English for two years in Germany).

AMERICANS do not dread war nearly as much as Europeans. Americans have the secure feeling that in case of war, their powerful country may suffer but cannot be destroyed. They know that they are far away from the gunpowder barrel of Europe and that war, though it is a danger, is not a very imminent one. Europeans, on the other hand, realize that the next war, which seems to be in the immediate offing, means utter destruction for their countries. Europeans are afraid of that war, and they have every right to be.

As long as I lived in Germany I shared that fear of war. I knew that within fourteen minutes French aeroplanes could reach my home-town from the frontier. Fourteen minutes! Do you realize what that means? Fourteen minutes after an order had been given, bombs, poison gases, and fire could rain upon the city in which I lived, destroying it within an hour. Americans, you are lucky that you do not know what it means to live so close to destruction.

You do not know the black demon, called "War-fear," who darkens the lives of Europeans. Nobody can drop bombs on your cities within fourteen minutes after declaration of war. You do not have eight hostile powers along your frontiers; eight powers which, if united, could devastate your entire country within a few hours. You do not know how it feels to live in a city which will be one of the first to be destroyed because of its strategic value.

The city I am referring to was my home-town, Dortmund, an industrial center. I have studied maps showing the military strength along the Dutch, Belgium, Luxemburg, and French frontiers, and I know that in case of war all these forces will concentrate on the district I lived in because of its vital importance. I know that a large portion of the population is doomed to die in air-raids.

I have studied the chemical compositions of the

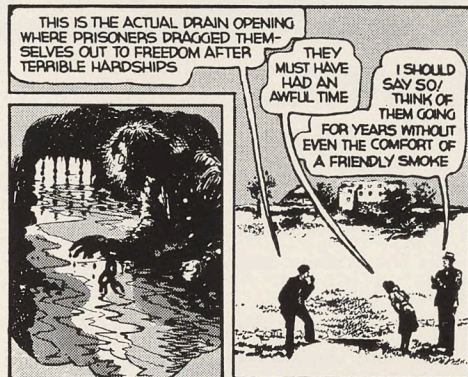
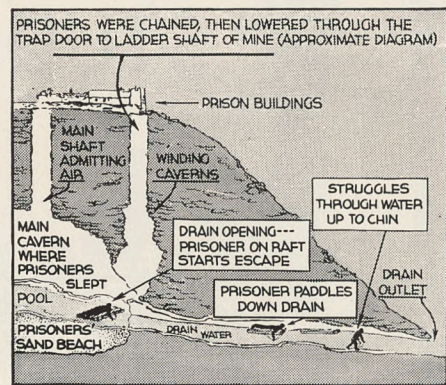
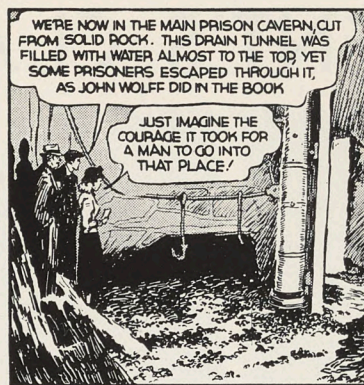
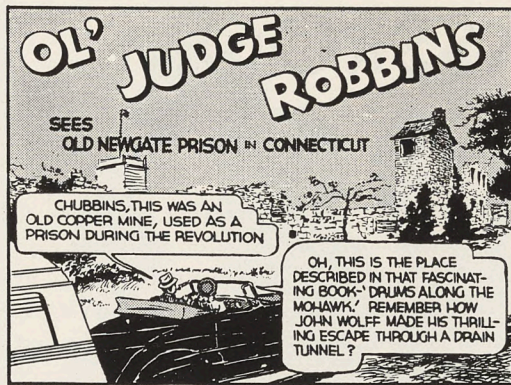
different poison gases and the effects they have on the human body. I have learned how one gas causes the little lung-blisters to burst and leads to suffocation, how another one cauterizes the internal organs so that they cease to function. I have smelled two other, less dangerous, gases, one which caused nausea and the other which caused my eyes to water and will, with long exposure, cause blindness. The individual cannot, as yet, effectively help himself against these gases. If an air-attack surprises him when he is far from a gas-proof cellar he has to die a horrible death.

German children learn about these facts at school. They are educated with the idea that war, which brings these terrors, is inevitable and will come soon. They realize that they or their families will be killed by poison gases, and this idea darkens their lives. *For American children these terrors do not exist.*

The American child feels exempt from war danger because of the lack of unity of the non-American powers. To attack America efficiently many powers would have to unite because no single country is as strong as the United States. At present there are no signs that such a union will ever be formed against America. Should political conditions change, there will remain the difficulty of sending aeroplanes on a large scale across the ocean. No, Americans have no cause to be afraid of air-attacks. They have every right to be optimistic as far as death by poison gases is concerned.

America need not be afraid of a food blockade either. She is self-supporting and will always have sufficient agricultural products to feed her population. Nor will she ever be faced with the starvation problem which confronts Germany. Hostile troops, by occupying east Germany, can cut off the supply of food for all other parts of the country. Mother has told me of the terrors of a food-blockade. She has drawn for me a vivid picture of people standing in line in front of the shops for hours and hours in order to get their small daily rations of food. She has told me that people were so hungry they ate rats and mice and that thousands of mothers died because of under-feeding. Moreover, a large percentage of the tubercular people in Germany today developed that illness as a result of insufficient nourishment during the war. This terrible drama of starvation and illness will repeat itself in the next war. Americans, if you can picture yourselves facing such a situation you may get an idea of what war-fear is.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19)



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SO MILD!

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ON CAMPUS QUEENS

Is there a girl on campus green
Who ne'er can say, "I've been a Queen"?

She may have been a Colonel high,
Because she caught the Army's eye;

Or Freshman Popularity,
Because of her hilarity;

The Art School now, like all the rest,
Proclaims its Queen "the best of best";

The Engineers have their Queen too,
And at the Lawyers hiss and boo;

Howe'er, the girl with most renown,
Receives the gloried Hatchet Crown;

To name them all would be a task
Too great for me. I merely ask,



Is there a girl on campus green
Who ne'er can say, "I've been a Queen!"?

—Justin Venneman

ANTICIPATION

I wish the sight of graceful budding trees
Were deeply burned forever on my mind
So I should have this fragile memory
If ever I were blind.

For one grows blind to beauty on the earth;
The eyes grow misty with each passing year,
And in the dimness brought by quiet time,
Old memories prove dear.
All youth must have its springtime and its love,
But age must be content with lesser things—
Like images of graceful trees in bud
And dreams of other springs.

—Jean MacGregor

A STUDENT'S CLASSROOM

by WAYNE WRIGHT

THE classrooms of the average American college are nothing short of lethal torture chambers. Certainly, you say, but after all, instructors are a necessary evil. There are conditions, however, in addition to the presence of professors that lead to the students' apparent mania for avoiding classes through the medium of cutting. The classroom is an instrument of torture physically comparable to the bed of Procrustes. The comfort of the student was apparently regarded as unimportant by the architect, engineer, or whoever it was who designed the rooms in which students try to achieve an education. The comforts and conveniences that are necessities in the outside world have no place in the classroom. A simple thing like a comfortable armchair would stand out like a crucifix around the neck of Adolf Hitler. And yet why is this? Surely not on the theory that the student's discomfort, the absence of "distractions", will cause him to give his undivided attention to work. Baloney! Who can imagine conditions less conducive to hard work than those prevalent in our classrooms where the student balances an 18x12 notebook on a 9x12 writing board, his elbow jammed to the hilt in his neighbor's ribs, trying desperately to follow the lecture of an instructor he can't even see?

Up to the present time classrooms must have been built with complete disregard for the wishes and convenience of students. Designers have spent too much time and money in an effort to make the American campus the beauty spot it is today and too little in considering the comforts of its inhabitants. The result, apparently is that students prefer "jellying" on the campus to attending class.

When the time comes when I can endow an American college with money for new buildings I shall personally supervise the designing of the interiors. Then the student will be considered. Every effort will be made to make the classrooms as comfortable as possible. The collegians will sit in cushioned chairs—chairs whose backs will be adjustable to three positions: first, upright, for taking notes; second, tilted back slightly for discussions; and third, politely reclining (but not too obviously) for use when rest seems more important than French idioms, John Milton, or Henry VIII. The back will shift from one position to another by slight pressure on a button concealed on the arm of the chair. This operation, of course, will function noiselessly lest the professor be made aware of the mental condition of the student. At times this movement can be worked with a snap as a substitute for the snapping of notebook rings to inform the professor of the end of the hour. The back will be sufficiently high to enable the student to relax completely and rest his head on a cushion similar to those on barbers' chairs.

The top of the desk will be long and wide with plenty of room for a notebook and two books opened wide. This will end the tumult that is now unavoidable every time a fel-

low has to work a math problem involving log tables, the textbook, and his notebook. This desk top will slide easily backwards and forwards and will also tilt to a forty-five degree angle to enable the student to take notes no matter into what kind of knot he may have tied himself. The desks will be far enough apart so the students will not cripple each other with jabs to the ribs every time one turns around, and there will be enough room between rows so one can get in and out without going in for hurdling.

The desks will be built on banks rising steeply to the back so that each student will have a clear view of the entire room. And yet (have no fear) the desk top will tilt high enough to form a perfect screen when a screen is desired. A shelf for books will be set in the side of the chair so that all the books the student may have will be within easy reach and clearly visible.

An epoch-making revolution will occur in the design of the room itself. The old square room, with its "blind spots" on the blackboard where the light is reflected, will give way to a new oval room. Dark corners will be eliminated. The space thus cut off can be used for the heating system or, fitted with concave doors, as wardrobes. With wardrobes, certain professors will not be forced to toss their coats into corners or to drape them over chairs. The room will be completely sound-proofed so that sounds of hilarious laughter will not penetrate from the next room and give the student the feeling that he has missed the joke of the year.

Thus, thanks to me, the classroom of the year 1958 will have lost all its bad associations. No longer will it call forth the memory of uncomfortable hours spent in a hard wooden seat; no longer will it call forth the memory of masses of books on books, papers on papers, and a cramped right hand taking furious notes. The classroom will attract the student; he will look forward to the time when he can go to class; and the afternoons will find him curled up in a deserted lecture room, sound asleep.





ALDEN SETTLE

AUNTIE'S TRUE AND FALSE QUIZZER

Auntie's April psychological test met with such general popularity that she has decided to bring forth another of her very puzzling and edifying masterpieces. Mark "T" or "F" before the sentence, designating whether you think the statement true or false.

-1. Jane Allen has been happily married to Bud Skinner for three weeks and is now honeymooning in the rat room of Eads Hall with her newly acquired spouse.
-2. Virginia Stanford was seen enjoying the twilight on South Meramec Drive last Sunday.
-3. Jack Cable and Mel Setzekorn fought bitterly over who should take Ginny Ann Cook to a frat dance but their fraternity brother, Bob Davis, stole the gal on them.
-4. Mary Ramsey is not gaining weight rapidly.
-5. Janice Hanson, Gene Pennington, and Willie Kerwin are three sides of a new triangle.
-6. Mary Jane Siegel runs down every weekend to see "Shorty" Bomstock at Rolla. They write every day and sign their letters with xxxxxxxx.
-7. Joe Bukant hangs around Virginia Lewis's neck all the time—in a silver locket.
-8. Perry Paul has got the women's hearts on the campus going thud, thud, thud, plink, plank, plunk.
-9. Robert the Goop White has lost his dainty romantic heart to Theta's glamour girl, Martha Ann Smith, who has lost her dainty romantic heart to Phi Delt's pretty blond Jim Rowan.
-10. Tommy Taylor took the mouse Kraus to the Lawyer's Dance while Cat Leyhe was running his legs off for the Alma Mater at Drake.
-11. Two people left the S.A.E. house party in a sober condition.
-12. After Clarence Garvey's fan dance performance in the Middle law skit, he was offered a week's engagement at the Brooklyn Burlesque Palace.
-13. Willard Stamm and Jean-Speakes have broken up, and Willard took Judy Smithers to the Pi Phi banquet.
-14. Dottie Krieger has been signed by David Selznik to take Clara Bow's place as the new "IT" girl of the flickers.
-15. Sweetie Herget has at last given Bob Hillman's pin back and is now looking around for a new place in the sun.
-16. Natalie Forshaw pitches pennies with the Commerce School Boys.
-17. Bud Barbee displayed an utter lack of etiquette at the May Fete when he shouted, whistled, stomped with his feet, and stuffed herrings down the tuba. Hampton was a maid.
-18. Edith Marsalek and Betty Budke will never be mentioned in this column again.
-19. Jerry Conlin and Wilma Howard went swimming at 2:30 a.m. on the S.A.E. house party.
-20. Supercharged Pete Mara is now supercharging after Betty Steinmeyer.
-21. June Pentland performed at the Lawyer's Dance with her three little helpers who played the accordion, fiddle, and sax and ranged from eight years to eleven. June gave some fancy imitations and a few time steps, but the kids pulled her through.
-22. Ten couples came back from the S.A.E. house party in Murphy's tin crate. Eight people in the back seat is a lot of fun.
-23. Gordon Pulliam has finally pinned "Scarlive" Depelheuer.

(Continued on page 19)

AM I EDUCATED?

THE other day the editors began to wonder whether, after so many years of school, we are really educated. And we thought that other students might be wondering the same thing about themselves. So we drew up this little self-analysis test which is pretty arbitrary and incomplete, but which should be at least suggestive.

1. If I can possibly find the time, I read worthwhile books, fiction and non-fiction, (a) weekly, (b) monthly, (c) yearly.
2. I visit art exhibits, (a) at least several times a year, (b) about once a year, (c) only when someone drags me to one.
3. I listen to some sort of "good" music, (a) several times a week, (b) about once a week, (c) as infrequently as possible.
4. I read books in foreign languages, (a) when they are assigned in foreign language courses, (b) when I have to make use of them for school or other work, (c) voluntarily several times a year.
5. I read poetry, (a) aloud on an average of several times a week, (b) once in a while silently, (c) never; only sissies read poetry.
6. I listen to good lectures, (a) whenever I am forced to, (b) semi-willingly when they go with something else I want to go to (as a banquet or a convention) or when it seems to my personal advantage to listen, (c) as frequently as I feel I should without neglecting my other obligations.
7. A. I am over twenty-one, (a) but do not vote, (b) and vote a straight party ticket, (c) and vote according to what I consider my best personal interests or according to rumor or prejudice or how I like the candidates' faces, (d) and vote on the basis of a rather thorough and impartial personal study of the candidates and issues.
B. I am under twenty-one, (a) and therefore take no interest in politics, (b) and can't wait to add my vote to those of the party which dad and mother support, (c) but I am already making the sort of study mentioned in (d) above just as though I were actually voting.
8. I attend the legitimate theater, (a) once in a while when someone wants me to go with him and there are no good movies around, (b) when I am attracted by unusual publicity, or when it is the "smart" thing to go, (c) as often as there is an apparently worthwhile production and I can afford to go.
9. I feel that I read enough serious newspapers and magazine articles and editorials to be able, (a) to get beyond the "weather point" in a conversation, (b) to bluff naive people into believing that I am a real expert on affairs of the day, (c) to be justified in saying that I am a tolerably good citizen of this modern world.
10. I give, (a) (practically unfelt) moral support to all movements for the betterment of mankind, (b) financial contributions to several such movements, (c) real service to as many as possible of those movements which I have studied and approved as valuable to society, and I help all other such movements with money or moral support, never, of course, if I can help it, making unnecessary and foolish sacrifices of my time and energy.
11. I engage in some sort of creative or artistic activity.
12. I am interested in other professions, hobbies, races, nations, states, religions, philosophies, classes, temperaments, than my own.
13. I am not prejudiced against persons connected with any of the "others" listed in 12.
14. I make an effort to be "rational" at all times, and especially not to fool myself.
15. I have been rational in my attitude toward this test, and have not chosen what are obviously the "good" answers in the belief that I could thereby get a high score. In short, I did not try to fool myself into believing that I am better educated than I am.

REALITY

(Continued from page 9)

question he noticed a big white sign right beside him. It read:

SMOKY RIDGE, SOUTH DAKOTA

By jove, he liked geology this way. He could explore the whole sector and actually see his evidence of glaciation. Damned interesting place, valleys all twisted around like a maze. Bet a lot of the places they had worked with were interesting, but you wouldn't know it by the maps. Maps were such abstract, sterile things, but this was the real stuff.

Darn quiet though, and lonely. Better not get lost. Let's see, where was that door? Door? Yes, hadn't he come through a door to get there? But no, that was silly. One couldn't get into the Black Hills of South Dakota by merely stepping through a door. Anyway there wasn't any door in sight. This was real wild country, no mark of civilization here. That is—wasn't there a sign board? But maybe that had gone with the elevation lines. He was glad the elevation lines were gone. They belonged on maps. Made them harder to figure out. But he and Smoky Ridge hated maps. They were both big and strong and inscrutable.

Only Smoky Ridge seemed a bit bigger and stronger and more inscrutable than he. It was easy enough to toss Smoky Ridge about when you had it on oil cloth, but now it was different. Brr, it was getting cold, and sort of dark—and the walls of this canyon were terribly massive and gloomy, almost brooding like. Ah, where had the spring, the soft warm spring, gone?

He wandered on down the narrow gorge. It led into other deeper and darker valleys. Glowering walls of rock loomed all about him, hemmed him in, oppressed him. Centuries ago great glaciers had ground through here, boring these deep gorges. How powerful they must have been to grind and crumble these rocks. He was very small and insignificant down here.

He felt it before he heard it, a slight tremor of the rock—then a continuous low rumbling sound, like moving pianos off on the horizon.

Bill suddenly felt waves of fear and panic pass through him. He broke out in cold sweat and trembled more than the ground on which he stood. There were things about this strange place he didn't understand, things that didn't show up on maps. The great rock walls pressed in closer and leered at him, and the sky became several shades darker and turned a bilious green.

He must get out of these devilish canyons. It was too oppressive. He must get up on top.

The grumbling and rumbling became louder. The ground shook and trembled beneath his feet. He ran. He ran, but he didn't know which way to go. The air was filled with sound, but he couldn't tell

from which direction it came. He started up the steep cliff. He must get out of here.

And then he saw it. Like a great white mountain topped by towering, castle-like peaks. It was thundering down the valley towards him, soaring high above and spread out far on each side. A glacier! But what a strange glacier, that traveled with speed of an express train—And there were no glaciers around here now—That was all many thousand years ago—And, My God, it would be on him in a minute—grind him to dust.

He strove desperately to reach the top where he could run, run and get out of its path. He clambered up vertical cliffs. He held on to small projections, his feet dangling free. Higher he climbed and higher.

In a flash the weird unreality of the whole situation came upon him. He was dreaming. It was just a nightmare. That glacier couldn't hurt him—it would be gone in a moment. He would wake up in the stuffy, safe old geology lab—but damn it all, it sure was a realistic dream. He'd better wake up quick or . . .

With a great effort he reached the top. Maybe he could make it. But surely in a moment he'd find himself asleep on the maps—and there'd still be an hour to go before he could get out and roll in the grass. He felt suddenly cheated and disappointed. Was his strange adventure to be just a hallucination then? Must he return to the grip of tedious, uninteresting, deathly logical reality? Was he then really not free to escape this way into strange new worlds?

The end of the glacier hung over him and swayed forward. He ran on expecting each step to be his last. Would he be ground to dust? Would he awake? Or could he escape and still find this adventure real? The next moment would tell!

AUNTIE'S TRUE AND FALSE QUIZZER

(Continued from page 17)

- ...24. Jane Chappelow and George Mueller are partners in a new ambulance chasing firm.
25. Evelyn Bissell is now featured vocalist with Hal Kemp. She got her start with Art Kruth.

AMERICANS, YOU ARE LUCKY!

(Continued from page 14)

You may understand the terror I felt when my teacher told me at Christmas time, 1936; "Enjoy your holidays once more, for it is uncertain how long peace is going to last after them," or when an instructor advised me to become a doctor, teacher, or engineer because: "These professions, which are vitally important for a country, will be vacant when thousands of young men have died in the next war."

(Continued on page 23)

MORTIMER, THE TALE OF A MONGOOSE

(Continued from page 10)

the least. And so was his once-blind faith in Kipling!

Mortimer reached Karachi in a rather bedraggled condition, and immediately sought out the waterfront. It was an evil neighborhood, filled with evil smells, and frequented by evil-looking people. Mort felt out of place. He stopped on a corner and took stock of his surrounding. Halfway down the block a door stood open, and from within came vague musical noises. Mort took a deep breath, and walked in.

The place was almost deserted. Off in a corner, a weasel-faced individual pounded out an unrecognizable melody on a prehistoric piano. As Mort groped his way to a table through a haze of stale cigarette smoke, it occurred to him that this was a den of vice and iniquity, one of those places against which his mother had often warned him in the days of his youth. But he was too tired to care. The proprietor, a bearded, greasy fellow, waddled over to the table.

"What'll yuh have, Bud?" he demanded.

"I'll take a glass of milk and a ham sandwich, please," Mortimer replied. The barkeep snorted, fixed Mort with a bleary stare, and finally took himself off, muttering into his beard.

As the greasy one returned with Mort's order, a rough-looking individual who had been sitting at an adjacent table heaved himself to his feet, swaggered over, and sat down next to him. Mort sized him up with a single glance. He was a rat—not exactly the type of person Mort was used to associating with.

"Hello, matey," husked the stranger, "just get in town?"

"Yes," Mort answered rather frigidly, "I'm from the hill country."

"Hmm—I'm a seafarin' man m'self," the stranger offered. "Name of Smith. Say, what's that white stuff you're drinkin'?"

"Milk," Mort replied.

The seaman rolled his eyes heavenward and bellowed uproariously.

"Cripes, that's a hot one," he chuckled, beating his wooden leg on the floor. "Milk!"

Mort cocked his head on one side. He had just about decided that he didn't like this low-life at all.

"What's so funny, picklepuss," he demanded. "It's milk, and I like it. Wanta make something out of it?"

This set the old boy back on his heels for a minute. Then a crafty gleam appeared in his one good eye.

"No, no, sonny. Just my way of having a joke," he said. "Say what's that behind you?"

Mort turned to look over his shoulder, and—Blooie! The world exploded into a mass of colored lights.

We shall pass rather lightly over the next tragic chapter in Mort's life. The details are too sordid, the facts too appalling for full exposition. Briefly, he awoke after the dastardly blow to find himself shanghaied, lying bound and gagged, in the hold of the tramp-steamer, *Susie Q*. There, at the mercy of a band of piratical rats headed by the nefarious Smith, whose name was not Smith at all, but Jones, as Mort later learned, he underwent unutterable tortures and was forced to perform menial tasks, such as robbing the galley for cheese, eating the heels out of the captain's socks, and gnawing holes in the bulkheads. In short, he lived the life of a rat, a great humiliation to Mortimer because, like all his countrymen, he was acutely caste-conscious, and back in Multan, he never would have even ridden in the same ox-cart with a rat.

The eighth day out, Mort caught the bubonic plague from one of his captors, and nearly died. In fact, he undoubtedly would have expired then and there, and have been buried at sea, except for the fact that he learned by chance that the *Susie Q* was bound for Liverpool. This cheered Mort immensely, and in a few days he was on his feet again.

He was still a little weak in the knees when the ship docked, but as he slid down the stern-line, his only thought was to get to London, where, he was sure, there would be a primrose bush on every corner, free roast beef in all the pubs, and scotch-and-soda running in the gutters. The book had practically guaranteed it.

He walked into a grog-shop, sat down, and ordered fish-and-chips and a beer. Yes, a beer—voyaging on the *Susie Q* had done things to Mortimer. He sat there just nibbling at his food—a disgusting habit he had picked up from his low associates. Picking out a likely-looking landsman, he asked him the way to London.

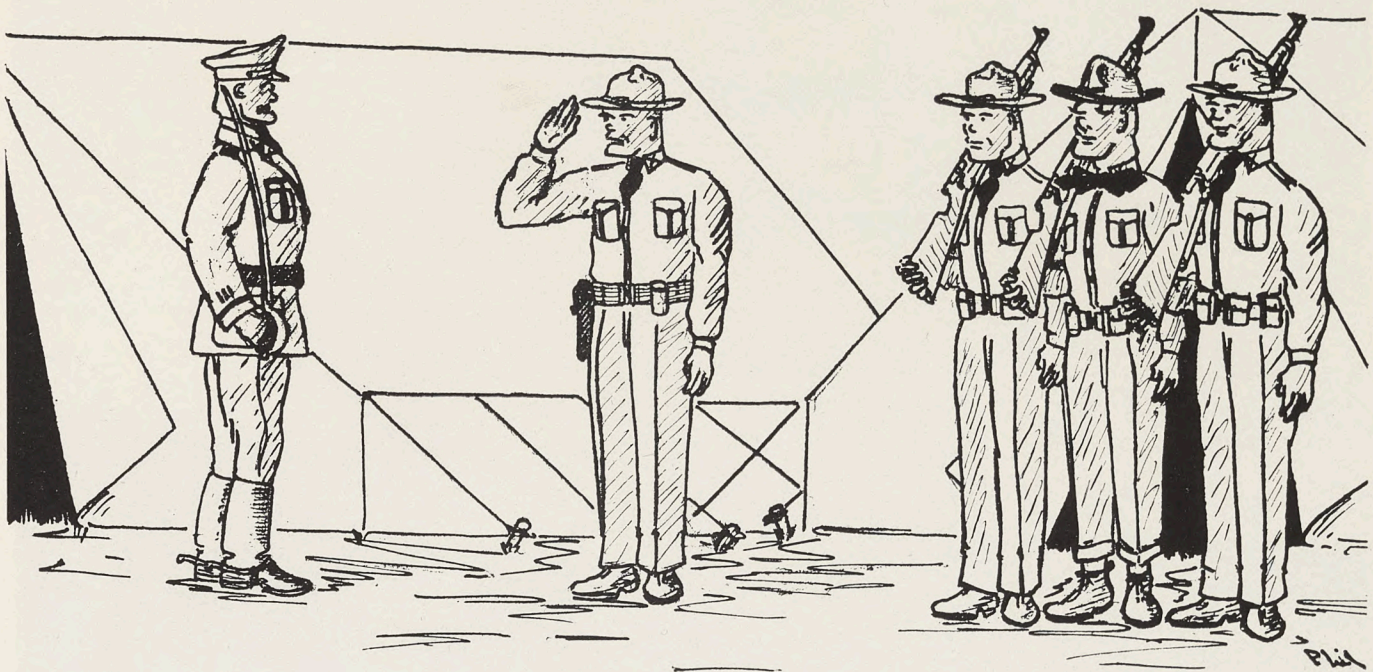
"Lunnon, y'sye?" was the reply, "Wy, mytie, Lunnon's clear t'other side of the island. A good hunnert-an-fifty mile, or I'm a herring."

Mort was crushed—stunned. To meet defeat after all he had endured! Suddenly, and for the first time, he found himself without the will to go on, without the ability to drive himself overland through this strange wilderness. A defeated, hurt look crept over his countenance, and he broke out in bitter, baffled sobs.

How long Mort sat there, crying into his beer, he didn't know, but when he again ventured forth, it was dark, and the air was heavy with moisture. Back to the dock he stumbled, dazed, numbed by disappointment. And it was there, you will remember that we picked him up at the beginning of this chronicle.

In the slip next to the collier, bathed in the yellow glare of floodlights, lay a freighter from South America, discharging a cargo of Argentinian beef.

(Continued on page 23)



Drawn by Phil Willmarth

"It's that new recruit from Princeton, Captain . . . we can't do a thing with him!"

MORE OF MACKLER

By popular request, Boris "Leningrad" Mackler returns with rhyme—and reason—but, like the Utopian taxi—no sign of a meter.

AH, WOMEN

All the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition
Do not compare with a female acquisition.
It makes no difference whether she be sweetheart or wife.
A woman naturally leads to storm and strife.
Men are in the class spoken of by Barnum when he said
that there was one born every minute, in other words,
a sucker.
To prove it, look how they pay through the nose when a
woman starts to pout and pucker.
It's a sin and a shame
The way men kow-tow to the dame.
Men from early infancy are that way,
And they will probably be the same until the Judgment
Day.
The young man works like a dog for just a kiss
From a young miss.
When older,
He grows bolder;
Kisses are no longer the fashion—
In their place comes adolescent passion.
Older yet, he gives a girl flowers and candy
And sticks to one, like Amos 'n' Andy.
Finally, the wedding bells peal

And he loses his soul and becomes a heel.
The better half
Becomes the fetter half.
And so, until he enters his grave
He has lost his manhood and becomes a slave.
Men, Rise in Revolution!
Find the Solution!
Let us no longer be led by feminine wiles
And coaxed and coerced by tooth-paste ad smiles.
I must stop now; it's getting late.
I've got a date.

JUSTIFICATION

I Spend my Time in writing Verse.
There are some things that could be worse.
I could be a Thug or a Gigolo,
Or even play the Pigolo.
I could be a Fop, a Vargas, or a Gankster.
I could be a Practical Joker and a rotten Prankster.
But I think it's fun
To Sit and Pun.
And, there are things Worse
Than writing Verse.



“Exceptionally Good Fun”—But It’s SO Expensive

A CHARMING BOOK, by the son of a great Leader, has recently been published.

It deals with the “beauties” of the war through which Papa benevolently brought civilization to a benighted people, a people so backward they knew practically nothing of machine guns, mustard gas, and bombing planes.

While flying his plane in this crusade for civilization, Papa’s little soldier indulged in what he boyishly referred to as the “magnificent sport” of dropping bombs on the natives. Of one such incident he wrote:

“One group of horsemen gave me the impression of a budding rose unfolding as the bombs fell in their midst and blew them up. It was exceptionally good fun.”

No one likes to see young people enjoy themselves more than we do.

But the sport of killing defenseless people is getting to be prohibitive in cost. Economists estimate the World War cost to be more than \$337,000,000,000!

Is it any wonder that the economic structure of the entire world has gone haywire? Is it any wonder that most of the nations of the world seethe

with unrest, stagger under terrific tax burdens, appear willing to take the most desperate steps to win markets and trade to pay their bills?

We think a world that likes to call itself civilized could find a “magnificent sport” less expensive than killing people. We believe in “exceptionally good fun” that doesn’t bear such a crushing price tag. And we’d like to hear from people who feel, as we feel, that something can be done to eliminate this obscene, bankrupting, degrading business called *War!* Write to WORLD PEACEWAYS, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

MABEL

(Continued from page 11)

read and seen, this time what city girls replied to such stuff. But no, she couldn't remember; so she just thanked him, which must have been all right because he kept on talking. When he told her that he was from the city and that he went to a place he called a "university" (she had heard of these places in movies like *A Yank at Oxford*), and that he read things like poetry and French novels, and that he had fallen in love with her the first time he saw her, and that she was natural, simple, and easy to understand, and that he wanted to take her to the city sometime, she trembled with happiness. Magnus had almost spoiled things when he started to walk towards them with an angry look in his face, but Mabel had seen him coming and had taken her friend's arm and led him away from the dance floor. They had walked to a spot that hid them from the noisy people, and then he had suddenly turned toward her and kissed her, kissed her in a new exciting way that scared her a little. But she had expected something like that after what she had read and seen, and this time Mabel thought of the right thing to say because she loved him and she could certainly see he loved her, and not for the work she could do. So, Mabel—feeling sure that this gent was rich, but wanting to show him how able a girl she was—told him she had exactly \$1140.27 in the Centerville Bank that she had been saving for the time she would get married. And then she asked him why they couldn't get married real soon.

Instead of getting excited and gathering her up in his arms—the way they do in movie pictures or *True Romances*—he suddenly became rather cool and formal. He seemed a little embarrassed or nervous, and he no longer talked in his nice, easy way. He muttered something about having to 'phone someone down in the city and that he hoped he'd see her later on the dance floor. As he rushed away he wiped his face with a handkerchief, and he seemed to sigh or say "phew" very softly. And when he passed under one of the lights that were strung on trees, she was certain she saw him shrug his shoulders.

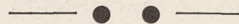
Somehow she had wiped away her tears. Somehow she had made herself walk back to the big open-air dance floor. She had found Magnus. Magnus hadn't scolded her for disappearing. He had probably forgotten about her walking away from him with that city fellow.

The rest of the dance Mabel couldn't remember. It was mixed up in her head. People's faces were blank. The jazz music was only beating rhythm that forced her feet around in dizzy motion.

On the way home, Mabel had listened to Magnus's talk and thought how glad she would be when she

would get home and could sleep and the next day could get to work in her father's store. There she didn't have any trouble understanding what was going on. And while her thoughts were on the Labadie general store, she half-heard Magnus telling her about his two Guernsey cows and all the milk they gave and that although he was going to lose money on his melon crop and his string beans were all burned up, the sweet corn down in the bottom lands was already eight feet tall and even if the corn crop belonged to his uncle Mike, he had put in a lot of work on this crop and his uncle had promised him one-fourth of the profits. All of a sudden Magnus had already said that since Mabel was of a marrying age, he didn't see any good reason why they couldn't get married quick, that he kind of liked Mabel because after all she wasn't a bad looker, she was a good worker, and she had money saved up.

All this had made Mabel start crying again. She was a good girl, too good to become a farmer's woman, she thought. But she probably would.

**MORTIMER, THE TALE OF A MONGOOSE**

(Continued from page 20)

Hoping against hope, Mort crossed over to the adjacent dock and scurried across the loading area. Blinded by the glare of the floods, he stopped for a moment to get his bearings. This was Mort's undoing. Destiny, in the form of 800 lbs. of prime beef, descended upon him. His demise was instantaneous and complete.

There isn't much of a moral to be drawn from this story. Oh, there's the old wheeze about a rolling stone gathering no moss, and so forth, but that's pretty well moth-eaten. All I can say is, look well to your next filet mignon—it might be Mortimer.

**AMERICANS, YOU ARE LUCKY!**

(Continued from page 19)

The feeling that war is imminent has a paralyzing effect. The war psychosis keeps Europeans from daring enterprises in commercial and scientific fields. Enormous amounts of money are spent in Europe on armaments, and the armament industries are the only ones that prosper. Europeans lead unhappy lives, dominated by fear. Americans, I wish you would realize how many advantages you have in being exempt from that war-fear. You can use your energy for truly constructive purposes while Europeans are pondering over new types of guns with which to murder their fellow men. I wish you would appreciate the precious feeling of security you have in your country. Americans, I wish you would realize that you are to be envied!

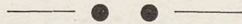
BEHIND PRISON WALLS

(Continued from page 1)

Hall, drawn by her uncle, a commercial artist in St. Louis. Two unusual plaster paris plaques of fish are found on each side of the window seat, and a pair of hand-painted silhouettes hang over her bed.

June explained that the large print of Peter Pan above her mantle is a McMillan Pen "heirloom." It has been in "Steve's" room for two years, and she will pass it on to the next occupant when her term ends this spring.

Surprising in the cell of such a dignified prisoner is the large tin Dr. Pepper sign and a large can of tomato juice (but no Bromo-Seltzer). A bookcase full of advanced psychology books and a large photograph of an unidentified "friend" were other features of No. 19398's attractive cell.



Eliot has found a new foreign poet to go with Comrade Boris "Leningrad" Mackler (whose work appears elsewhere in this issue). M. Lapin Rouge was discovered lurking about in the steam tunnels "because zey remind me of ze sewers of my beloved Patee." M. Rouge informs us that he was brought over by mistake with a consignment of French movie actors.

NIGHTFALL

Sunset makes me dizzy
 And fills me with vague cosmic dread;
 For you and I,
 And Bagdad and Singapore,
 Are whirling madly on
 At a thousand M. P. H.
 Look, now,
 The horizon tilts slowly upward,
 Blotting out the sun,
 And we go hurtling down into the darkness.

ON A LINE FROM "HAMLET"

"For I have that within which passeth show."
 But, hell!
 No one cares what I have within
 Anyway;
 So I'll keep it—
 Bursting within.

WHEE!

Gertie was a garter snake,
 L'il green garter snake;
 Oswald was a viper,
 A viper,
 A viper,
 A big bad windshield viper.
 Gertie could only wriggle:
 She wriggled,
 And she wriggled;
 But Oswald swung back and forth,
 Back and forth,
 Back and forth—
 Zzzzzzzzz — Boom!

**ONTOLOGY**

Man is dust;
 For dust he strives
 In a grimy universe
 Of soot and cinders.



M. Rouge in full tribal regalia for the ceremony at which he was made an honorary member of the Okledokle tribe of American Indians. His Indian name is Red Rabbit. M. Rouge has the same proud, inscrutable attitude as our American Indians.

Woe is us!

It looks to us decrepit old outgoing editors as though the new regime is going to outdo us in its first effort

The Commencement Issue

(OUT JUNE 6)

- A Sensational Cover
- Little Known Facts about Somewhat Known Seniors
- Ohle and Pfeffer tell all about Hatchet
- Frank Wright offers "Two Years Before the Masthead"
- Pickering gets in a last word
- Woodlock, Pitts and Murphy tell what girls expect in a date and vice versa
- Auntie A. goes berserk
- Many other features



— and my new cigarette
is Chesterfield

*Chesterfields are made of
mild ripe tobaccos... rolled in
pure cigarette paper... the best
ingredients a cigarette can have*
For You... there's MORE PLEASURE
in Chesterfield's milder better taste

They Satisfy