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*What people are saying...about Camel's Costlier Tobaccos!*



RAY STEVENS—Bob-Sled Champ    OUTDOOR GIRL—Margaret Lynam    TOMMY ARMOUR—Golf Champion    HOUSEWIFE—Mrs. Charles Daly    FRANK HAWKS—Daring Aviator

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS mean so much to others...we are sure you'll like them too!

# CAMELS MUST PLEASE YOU OR YOU'VE SMOKED THEM FREE!

**READ  
OUR OFFER  
TO YOU**

## *Money-Back Invitation to try Camels*

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don't find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the rest of the cigarettes in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

*(Signed)*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



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What these steady Camel smokers say is confirmed by new smokers everywhere, who saw our money-back offer to "try ten"...and took us at our word!

They try ten...smoke twenty. And go on, from pack to pack, to explore a new delight...as they sense the mildness...the coolness...the unrivaled flavor...of Camel's costlier, non-irritating tobaccos.

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Try Camels. Compare them with others for bouquet, for throat-ease, for good taste. Time flies—get a pack today. Join those who say "those costlier tobaccos certainly make a difference!"

# *Costlier Tobaccos!*

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



# FEBRUARY CALENDAR

## Times and Places for the Better Things

Feb. 6-26—Exhibition and silent auction of Paintings, Sculpture, Arts and Crafts donated by St. Louis Artists for the General Gallery Fund of the Artists' Guild.

Feb. 14-15—Special Orchestral Features by the Symphony Orchestra at the Municipal Auditorium, 8:30 p. m.

Feb. 15—Gallery talk on the Special Exhibition at the Art Museum, 3:30 p. m.

Feb. 16—John T. Flynn, economist, on Inflation or Taxes at the Y. M. H. A., 8:30 p. m.

Feb. 19-Mar. 14—Black and White Show by St. Louis Artists at the Y. M. H. A.

Feb. 22—Gallery talk on Painting Still Life (demonstration) at the Art Museum, 3:30 p. m.

Feb. 24-Mar. 1—Exhibition of drawings by Martyl Schweig, Junior League rooms.

Feb. 28-29—Scipione Guidi, violinist, with the Symphony Orchestra, at the Municipal Auditorium, 8:30 p. m.

Feb. 29—Gallery talk on Old Silver at the Art Museum, 3:30 p. m.

Mar. 1-29—Loan Exhibition of Venetian Paintings of the Eighteenth Century held at the Art Museum.

Mar. 6—The Westminster Choir, directed by Dr. John Finley Williamson, at Howard Hall, Principia, 8:15 p. m.

Mar. 6-7—Josef Hofmann, pianist, with the Symphony Orchestra, at the Municipal Auditorium, 8:30 p. m.

Mar. 10—Poldi Mildner, Viennese pianist on the Civic Music League Concert at the Municipal Opera House, 8:30 p. m.

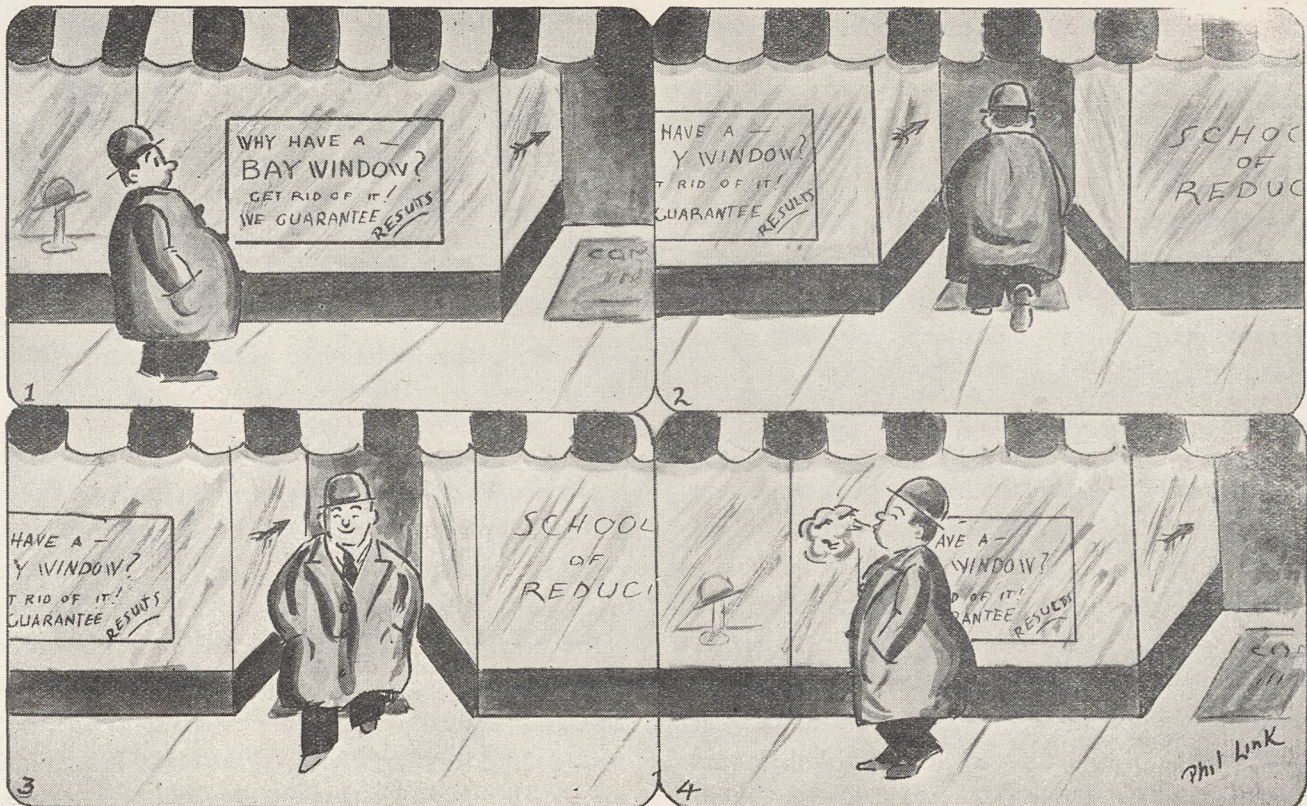
Mar. 14—Gallery talk on Renoir at the Art Museum, 3:30 p. m.

Mar. 7—Gallery talk on Paris at the Art Museum, 3:30 p. m.

### Raison d'etre

Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs  
 Not from a loss, but something that I gain;  
 A thought whose meaning sadness only brings,  
 Had made me know that love can have its pain.  
 I have a love but can I keep it still  
 Against the different purpose of our lives?  
 Can love exist when love has had its fill,  
 And I see love's not all to which one strives?  
 And see how much my life is left undone  
 By not creating anything that lasts.  
 In shallow passion there is nothing won  
 Avoiding futures, losing life in pasts.  
 But yet our love can make two souls like one,  
 With double strength to fulfill life begun.

—JULIUS NODEL



—Buccaneer.



# CLOTHES FOR THE COED

## *First Signs of Spring*

by BEE FERRING

February! The month when it becomes apparent that your winter coat is a sickly looking garment that you bought with both eyes closed; when the seams of your three-year-old fur coat part and allow the mean winds to whistle through to your flesh and bones beneath; when you slish through the slush with galoshes; when your friends returning from points south give you an acute pain with their high spirits and sunburn, and when life in general seems very bleak and at a low ebb—February!

\* \* \*

A spirit of Springtime will have to be installed into this drab scene, and so my first bit of advice is to put some new life into your dark colored dresses. Put on your best sheer wool, some fluff and delightful nonsense; frills of finest handkerchief linen, foamy bit of batiste that lie flatteringly under your chin, pique collars, starched and crisp, to say nothing of the new vests and gilets made of brightly colored crepes for in-between-time suits and dresses. With wool frocks the bright white lingerie trim is most chic. As for pique, sometimes it's starched and plain, to give you a spic and span air, and again it's starched but in a wild print of blue and white or red and white. Or you might try a delicate lace gilet; this is dainty and feminine and flattering to the face. Lace cuffs to match peek out from under the long sleeves and fall over your hands, and make you feel quite dressed up and gracious.

\* \* \*

If you really feel that you must buy something new, start with a suit. Purchase one that can be worn various places, for that is the reason why suits are good and economical, and then begin to add accessories. Wardrobe suits are as important and charming as ever. I have seen one clever one that consisted of a brown flannel suit and, to wear over it, a natural tweed top-coat. ..Double-breasted jackets seem to predominate, and the boxy jacket with rounded collar is good. The mannish pin-

striped and chalk-striped suits in blue and white, and grey and white, will be hard to discern from father's or brothers' suits that hang in the closet. Now for the accessories: if you wish to be particularly dressy, add a white felt hat with a dark mesh veil, a white pique waistcoat blouse, short white pigskin gloves and shiny black patent leather slippers and bag. On the other hand, you can buy for the same suit, a jaunty felt hat, calf gloves, bag and shoes. If the suit is also allowed to go to school, you can add classic twin sweater, a Dobbs felt hat, a hand-blocked scarf, new string gloves, etc. As a last resort, you can always buy an extra contrasting jacket or plaid skirt for a delightful and easy change.

\* \* \*

A new hat, too, will give you all the confidence in the world in this, the worst of in-between seasons. The hat of the month is the felt homburg. The idea for this hat was taken right from our young men's homburgs, and is really smart looking, what with its rolled brim and mannishly creased creased crown. There are Chinese hats of linen-like straw, coolie hats of straw, and felt, sailor hats that look like little flat pancakes, hats with Scottish and Tyrolian influence and again the slouch felt number that is here season after season. No longer can you run downtown and buy a cute black or brown straw chapeau to dress up your fur coat; this season the hats will be decidedly diversified and you will have to choose yours with infinite taste.

\* \* \*

As usual at this time of the year, the print dress swings into importance. You can find prints in the most brilliant tones and again in the soft shades; both will jerk your spirits up a notch. The new print dresses show smaller waistlines, sometimes accentuated by peplums and large exaggerated sleeves. The new dresses also show swishing skirts and-pleated ruffs and frills. Printed taffeta dresses are a new thing to note particularly for spring wear; they feature the bouffant style of skirt and bodice.



# TAKE IT FROM



Dear Ed:

The things I have heard and seen are making me believe that life is a jig-saw puzzle—with one piece missing, and it down the sewer. There's that Pi Phi—now I always like to start things off with a Pi Phi. Some like to start off with high-ball, or a gin-rickey, but me, I always like to start off with a Pi Phi. And Frances Peil and her herd of Sigma Chis can start that old ball a-rolling. (I'm writing this to you, Ed, with my glasses on, my rose-colored ones.) Well, anyway, Peil sure must have had a hard time during the holidays with both Sigma Chis in town at the same time. For both had their pins over her throbbing heart at the same time. And then you can't overlook Ed Niehaus, who also happens to be a Sigma Chi, for you stumble over them all the time over in Dunker gazing into each others' eyes. And that short, dark and handsome man at the Chase, which Sigma Chi was he, Frances?

I'll bet even you didn't even know it, Ed, that your brother K. A. Meacham has had his pin out on Laura Mae Pippin for many months. But it surely was kept behind closed doors, for Johnny thought all the time her love was for him. Maybe Ken put it on her when she wasn't looking, and she doesn't know it herself. "Escorts Incorporated" took a beating when President Walter Lorch declared for the press that love in college was not for him. But since New Year's Eve it looks as if the torch were still being carried for the Fontbonne flame who has held his attention for so long. But no matter in which direction signs point, I always see them pointing to Virginia Ebrecht and Walter Lorch. Ray Hobbs, now a working man, spent years ignoring the honks of her horn outside the K. A. house.

I have heard that Betty Bohannon has had a strange power or something over Jack Percy for some three years. He doesn't even indulge when with her. And the other Percy boy, George, seems to be pitching in the well-known Jimye Thorpe league. Bob Hillman and Sweetheart Herget are now seen together all the time, and knowing Bob's tendency toward putting his pin out, we shouldn't be

a bit surprised. Say, Ed, I have been hearing many cries wondering where Winona Gunn has disappeared. In fact she is being called the forgotten woman of 1936. And in contrast there is Margaret Mitchell, whose lasting personality creates a waiting line.

Bob Brossard and Mary Williams are such that it is beginning to look serious, and it's a shame. Charlie Wilkie is still hanging around Jo Ireland, popularity queen of two years ago. But doesn't he know that she is as good as married to Dave Richardson? But Jim Coyne needn't worry about the date Jane Many had at her dance. She took him because he doesn't mind being second to Coyne. How cute!!

That Beta dance must have been a wow. But I really expected better of them. Only three minutes! That osculating contest, I mean. The Betas all lined up and paraded up to Marianne Wilkerson to see who could osculate the longest—and only three minutes! Muriel Lovejoy, Alpha Chi Omega, is wearing Sheldon Stock's Theta Xi pin. And remember when his engagement was announced last spring? That Phi Mu must have felt awfully queer. She entertained two military bigshots at dinner because she thought they had helped the Phi Mus win the Military trophy—and the Delta Gamma's won it by one ticket.

Those Butler sisters are turning the good old campus upside down, many of the campus men having showered their intentions upon them. But they both know when they are behind the old eight ball, and intend to stay fancy-free. Jeanne gave Glen McDonald the gate when he whispered to her that she was "so refreshingly young." And Glen has the personality, ears, and money to turn many a girl's head. And Nona Mae has done her best to get Fred Varney away from Jane Ebling, whom she calls "Dopey." But Jane has too strong a hold on Fred—I think, in spite of the Kappa Formal episode. Harper Allan was a typical stag New Year's Eve at George Reichardt's party, coming in between Jeanne and Bud Capps, and Lois Stauffer and Dan Hunter.

(Continued on page 18)



We Have With Us - - -

WILLIAM MOORE, who was managing editor last month. Bill's first story in Eliot, "No Consequences," is this month's fiction head-liner. He has gradually worked up to the fine slaughter-house pitch of this snake-in-the-dark pastoral by a series of off-hand warm-ups with ghosts, haunted houses, and headless corpses. Bill, who realizes the esthetic value of commingled blood and foam, says his typewriter is a little frightened when left alone with him.



BILL VAUGHAN, an old hand with a new line. His "Fables for Moderns" are entirely unique, absolutely colossal, and, in fact, kind of funny. Needless to say, the R.O.T.C. of Washington is in no way indicated by the "R.O.T.C. of Washita College," as the two are entirely separate units. If you like the fables, Bill says he'll write some more.



WILLIAM SWINDLER, just to round out the Bills. With a whole series on the Washington of the past, an article last month on the Washington of the present, this one on the future Washington was inevitable. Our hat is off to Bill for a grand series which could almost be made into a book.



SWEATSHOP LADY, our dark-horse contributor of the month. We have it from reliable sources that she is a genuine sweat-shoppea and, in her place, we hardly blame her for being a trifle radical.



JACK PICKERING, who writes the swimming article. Jack won't say so in his article, but besides being a journalism student he is one of the best of a cracking good crew of sophomore paddlers, and has unofficially broken the record in the 200-yard breast stroke.



POETS AND POETASTERS. Of the poets we have Miss Betsy Bakewell, freshman, who makes her first Eliot appearance with a light little piece, and Julius Nodel, a good, solid sonneteer, though after Miss McKinney's boner title, "Ne Le Disez Pas," we're wary of French monnickers.

# Washington University



Vol. 3

FEBRUARY, 1936

No. 4

## THE STAFF

Editor ..... Ed Mead  
Managing Editor This Month,  
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Art Editor ..... Martyl Schweig  
Feature Editor ..... Dale Clover  
Copy Editor ..... Bud Edele  
Promotion Mgr. .... Carroll Bowman  
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Art Staff: Charles Craver, George Engelke, Owen Heitmeyer, Bill Vaughan, Helene Callicotte.

Photographic Staff: Charles Lorenz, Grant Russell, Alan Rubin.

## CONTENTS

FEBRUARY CALENDAR.	Page 1
BEE FERRING	
Clothes for the Coed.	Page 2
TAKE IT FROM RICKY.	
	Page 3

## THE TOWERS AND THE TOWN.

Ramblings on the brick walks and the boulevards. Page 6

## MARTYL SCHWEIG

How It Feels to Be— Page 7

## WILLIAM MOORE

No Consequences. Page 8

## ARLEEN THYSON

Author in Our Midst. Page 10

## BILL VAUGHAN

Fables for Moderns. Page 12

## FUNSTAN O. BLEERING

A Ballad. Page 14

## JACK PICKERING

The New Major Sport. Page 15

## WILLIAM SWINDLER

Here Tomorrow. Page 16

## I WORKED IN A SWEATSHOP.

Page 18

Cover by George Engelke

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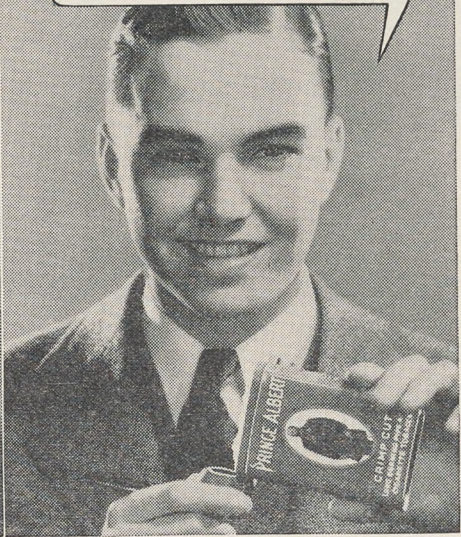
# STEP UP, PIPE SMOKERS and try 20 pipefuls at our risk!

PRINCE ALBERT IS  
MILD AND MELLOW



IT NEVER BITES  
MY TONGUE

THE BIG 2-OUNCE  
TIN APPEALS TO ME!



## OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

**"You must be pleased"**

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

This is about the remarkable "You-Must-Be-Pleased" offer...that is giving smokers a new idea of pipe-smoking contentment

We ask that you do two things...do them in your own interest.

Read the reasons we give *why* we are so confident that you will find a new smoking delight when you try Prince Albert. Then read the money-back offer carefully.

For Prince Albert, we use the choicest of naturally mild tobaccos--then they are manufactured under the P. A. bite-removing process that brings out the flavor of choice tobaccos in all their full, satisfying perfection!

Prince Albert is scientifically "crimp cut"—picks nicely, burns slowly and richly. You'll find mildness, combined with real man-style flavor—and around 50 pipefuls in the big 2-ounce

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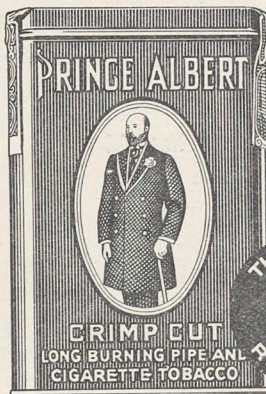
**College men like it!**

Prince Albert was deliberately created for those who appreciate the ultimate in pipe smoking. We want more college men to know and enjoy Prince Albert. And we are so sure that P. A. will speak for itself that we make a positive offer of money back if not satisfied.

Time flies—try P. A. without delay. Get it at your dealer's now.

# PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



**50** pipefuls  
of fragrant tobacco  
in every 2-ounce  
tin of Prince Albert



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## THE TOWERS —

dergast candidate for governor, was "Huey Long's lieutenant."

Geology students also did their part in amusing the profs, who were surprised to learn that "the atmosphere extends up 100 to 150 feet," that sizemology is "the study of the size of the earth," and that "an anticyclone is the part of the storm which follows the cyclone." "The sun, earth, and other stars," said one budding rock-crusher, "are all related because they have the same heating system." In answer to a question on the importance of weather and climate, one person, no doubt an excellent conversationalist, said that they were "very important in daily life because a boy could talk about them to his girl."

When the class in abnormal psychology was instructed to diagnose several psychotic cases, a middle-aged woman who caused her daughter and son-in-law much trouble by her strange antics was termed "just a normal mother-in-law."

### Posies Over Miami

At the Miami Triad the boys wear flowers. That's so the Sigma Chis can tell the Betas from the Phi Delts, and so the Phi Delts can tell the Betas from the Sigma Chis. One young man, who apparently didn't want to be confused with any of them, walked right up to a cluster of blossoms—red and white roses and white gardenias, garnished with the naked lapels of his own brotherhood. His hand covered his button-hole, but when he arrived he smiled sweetly at his brethren, and uncovered a flower, dainty, round and many-colored. It was a pansy, a lovely thing.

Speaking of the Triad, we may as well scoop our snoopy friend Ricky, who probably knows about it anyway, and snitch on a certain

high-spirited journalist who introduced us to five people we already knew as Brother Stuff, Brother Umpff, Brother Whzzzz, Brother Whooph, and Brother Stuff-again. This is all, ah, very well, but isn't it silly to get all dressed up and drive ten miles and then be in a condition, ah, where it is hard to tell whether you are at a Triad or a clambake?

### Thirty-Eight, Thirty-Nine

Something extravagant should be said about several talented freshmen and sophomores who have apparently outstripped the upperclassmen on the campus and are now trying their hands at the Better Things on the Outside. Rozene Johnson, the freshman who took top honors in *Thyrsus' Post Road* is now receiving very favorable comment in *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, at the Little Theatre. Jim Gillis, sophomore, last year's *Thyrsus* prize actor, and recent alternate star of Little Theatre's *Wunderkind*, has lately been one of the feature attractions—"James Gillis, baritone"—of KSD's studio programs.

And not least, Eliot's own Martyl Schweig, sophomore, who has exhibited several times, here and in the East, is having her first personal exhibition of drawings this month. Her one-man-show will be held at the Junior League Rooms the week beginning February 24, and will be open to the public. Martyl is best known for her lithographs, many of which will be shown among the

(Continued on page 24)



## —AND THE TOWN

### Whoops, Sorry

It's always very comforting after finals are over to learn that a few other people pulled boners too. Several of the professors have kindly ransacked their red-book cupboards and given us the most recent low-down on slips that failed to pass in the night. The zoology students, who, according to *Student Life*, study "in pains," learned that "Darwin was unable to continue his study of medicine because he could not bear to watch operations performed without calisthenics," and that Mendel formulated the law of segregation and the law of domination." Botany papers told about "the northern Carnivorous forest" and said that "sporgulation is transfer by bugs." One up-and-coming young botanist defined the androecium and the gynoecium (reproductive structures to us) as "the men's dorm and the women's dorm."

Mr. Willier asked his journalism class to give the latest news-identification of a few prominent people. Al Smith, then in the very thick of a Democratic party revolution, was known only to be "vacationing with his son at Lake Placid" to one newshawk, while another who had evidently seen the headline that Al had been "castigated from the Democratic party" confused this with the current anatomical lawsuit and said simply that "Al Smith had been castigated." Dr. Hartman, the painless dentist, was identified as "the doctor in the Muench-Ware baby case," and Colonel Stark, the Pen-



# How It Feels To Be---

An Editor, a Captain, and Two Presidents Speak  
Their Minds, And Martyl Schweig Changes Her  
Style Of Drawing.

—Captain of the Basketball Team . . . Roy Martintoni:

"Well, it doesn't feel like much of anything to me, but I guess at that I'm pretty lucky to be the captain in Hellmich's first season as basketball coach. The team should improve a lot in the next few years."

—Editor of Hatchet . . . Myron Medsker, Jr.

"The task of putting out an entirely different type of publication for the first time combined with the omnipresent financial worry puts me "on the spot." When I am not worrying, however, it feels pretty good to realize that you are doing something entirely different in the field of university publications, and that it's a pretty big honor to be chosen for such a position. I imagine the best feeling will come in the future when I ascertain the practical business training which is derived from the duties of a Hatchet editor."



—President of Women's Glee Club . . . Dode Roth:

"To tell the truth, being president doesn't feel any different than being a member of the club. The main differences are: being president, I can't miss rehearsals, and I have to worry about the ones that do; I have to wonder whether I'll be able to sell seventy-five tickets to the concert, as the former presidents have done; and I have to convince people that although it is customary for the president to have a lovely voice and an extensive knowledge of music, I haven't. All in all it's quite an office, and with the worries and business arrangements, the president goes 'round and 'round with the music."

—President of Quadrangle Club . . . Roland Menown:

"How does it feel to be president of Quad Club? At times it feels great—at others not so good. Of course it has its advantages, especially for anyone wishing to meet all the prominent people on the campus, from the deans to the janitors. All one has to do is go through the red tape of getting another place to rehearse if the university's new practice room in Cupples I (you've seen it—the one with the cheese-cloth rags dangling from the ceiling) is being used, as it usually is, by any one of several organizations. And don't forget that Quad Club has the most beautiful girls in school in its chorus."



# NO CONSEQUENCES

by BILL MOORE

IT WAS the last day of November, and old Tim was drunk up in the round house again. It was the third time in eight months that he had gotten drunk, and it was this that caused a minor crash down in the B. & O. yards. They didn't know that old Tim had been drunk before, and because he had been long with the company and had given many years of faithful service, they consented to forgive him. He only had a few more months to go for retirement. Anyway, they agreed the crash had been a very minor one—just a switch engine running at slow speed, ploughed into a standing box car down in the yards. The box car was that of a great circus

train, but apparently no damage was done, and the circus hadn't raised any squawk, so everything seemed all right. The crash had occurred late at night, and in all probability few of them even noticed the slight jar or thought anything of it if they did. In general, old Tim's getting drunk seemed to have had no consequences. Mike, who relieved Tim about midnight, congratulated him on his luck. He said he had never seen any one as lucky as Tim for doing things which might result seriously but never did.

About five o'clock on the last day of November a hobo hopped off a freight in the B. & O. yards. It was nice to be able to hop off, he thought. Usually he was kicked off if he rode into the yards, but this time he had been lucky. He had not been kicked off. He had only been at this thing a year and a half, but he learned that when you come into the yards, it is well to wait a good while after the train stops before leaving it. There is less chance of getting caught. He looked around him. It was good to be back in a large city once again. The dirt and soot which filled the atmosphere seemed like old friends. He had been born in a great city and the city was in him. The pure air, green fields, and life of the country did not appeal to him. They were all new and unfamiliar. He didn't care for the animals like the cows and pigs. The pigs were too dirty, and though he knew it was silly, he couldn't help thinking that if a cow really became infuriated, it was big and strong enough to do a lot of damage.

The thought was not a pleasant one.

He stood for a moment in the yards, and then for the first time, the character of the train he had been riding struck him. It was a circus train—a very long one. Up near the front were the passenger cars, and he observed with a slight grimace that he had been riding underneath an animal car—lions or something—he could hear them growling and moving restlessly. He coughed somewhat nervously, shook his pale yellow hair from his pale lean face, and started down the track. Before he had gone very far, he heard voices, and going around a freight car, he stumbled over a rail directly into



ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES CRAVER

two men.

"Why don't you watch where you're going?" asked one of them loudly and harshly. The boy said nothing. He had given up trying to reply to men who talked like that around trains. They were usually railroad dicks. But he wasn't worried now. No one had seen him get off the train—they had no proof he had been riding.

"One moment," said the other of the two men. "Where are you going?"

"Nowhere," said the boy a little sullenly.

"Now wait a minute, son," said the man. "Don't get me wrong. How long has it been since you've eaten?"

"I had something yesterday," answered the boy, still suspiciously. He had learned that questions like that came only when someone had an ax to grind.

Then the man spoke again. "You don't know who I am, do you?"

"No," said the boy, "I don't."

"Well I'm Jim Maxwell—owner of Maxwell Greater Circuses and Menageries." He spoke in a kindly tone. "Suppose you come back with us to the diner. We'll see that you get something to eat."

They went back and into the diner with its warmth and odor of hot food. The boy ate heartily. The two men sat in a rear part of the car and watched him. The loud man—the short fatty one—spoke.



"Just another tramp playing you for a sucker, and you haven't got sense enough to see it."

"Shut up, Windy," said Maxwell. "The kid's down and out. Don't you ever feel sorry for any one besides yourself?"

"Oh yeah," said Windy, "when I got time and feel right, but I'm damned if I'd go around picking up every one I see just because he happens to be down and out. You've been doing it all your life and what've you got for it? Just a lot of ingratitude."

"Yeah, maybe you're right," said the big man musingly. "Maybe you're right, Windy, but this kid

Maxwell called to him. "If you're through, son, c'mere. I'd like to talk to you." For the first time he noticed the extreme thinness of the boy—skin draped on a few small bones, he thought. Then he spoke. "Sit down, son. What's your name?" he asked.

"Joe," answered the boy. "Joe Lawrence — I'm from Pittsburgh."

"So," said the man easily. "Well lad, you're a good way from there. Took to the rods, huh? Why—Wait, you don't have to answer. That's my trouble. I ask too many questions sometimes." He smiled.



looks different. Look at the way he eats. He wasn't always a bum."

The man called Windy snorted in disgust. "That's what you said about the last one, and what did he do? Ran away with two hundred little iron men you left lying around your cabin to show you're 'faith in him.' Don't tell me—they're all alike."

Maxwell said nothing for a while and then spoke slowly, with a kind of sigh. "Perhaps so, perhaps so, but I tell you, every time I help one of them I feel better. I don't know—" He broke off and then finished with a little smile. "I guess I'm getting old." The man called Windy snorted again. The boy finished eating. He got up from the table.

The boy smiled, too, but before he spoke, the man called Windy interrupted. "Maybe you ask questions because you like to hear good stories—some of 'em tell some pretty good ones," he added with heavy sarcasm. The boy flushed.

Maxwell laughed easily. "Don't mind Windy here," he said. "He got disappointed in love at the age of sixteen, and he's never gotten over it." He laughed once more.

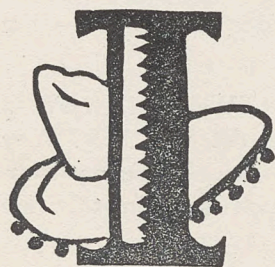
The boy smiled again. There was something infectious about Maxwell's laugh. "Well, there isn't much to tell," he said. "I had a pretty fair job. I lost it—things got worse, and finally I took to the

(Continued on page 19)



## An Interview With Dean Langsdorf's Secretary, Miss Dorothy Conzelman, Who Collaborated With the Author of "Tempest Over Mexico."

by ARLEEN THYSON



IT WAS a lucky day when a young man who had been delegated by friends to show Dorothy Conzelman over the little town of Cuernavaca led her up to Rosa E. King, saying, "Here's someone you'll be interested in meeting." Miss Conzelman was in Mexico as a tourist and was also doing some articles for the

Post-Dispatch. She had been living in Mexico City with some cousins of the late President Madero and had gone across the mountains to see the beautiful Cuernavaca. The vital, friendly Englishwoman, who had lived for twenty-five years in Mexico, did interest her. Mrs. King had a story to tell. She had been in the center of the tempestuous Mexican Revolution. She had known Diaz, Madero, Huerta, Zapata; Cuernavaca had been besieged; the hotel which she had operated had been demolished; she had nearly starved to death; she had fled with the town's inhabitants, marching for four days through ankle-deep mud, under the continual fire of their Zapatista pursuers.

"The thing that impressed me," Dorothy Conzelman told me as we talked in Dean Langsdorf's office, "was a quality in Mrs. King's feeling toward Mexico and the Revolution which struck me as distinctly different from that of my other friends. Many Americans and English speaking people living in Mexico are deeply interested in and sympathetic with the efforts of the Mexican people to bring a 'backward' nation up to date. But their point of view remains that of the detached observer. Mrs. King's experience cut below superficial national differences to the plane where there is neither race nor creed nor class, but only life and death and the hand of one human being stretched out to another. When she spoke of the Revolution it was not uncritically, but with passionate faith in the inherent rightness of the Mexican people."

Though the conversation of Cuernavaca lasted only about twenty minutes, the two women were attracted to one another and exchanged Christmas cards and notes. Miss Conzelman realized the enormous possibilities of Mrs. King's story and they decided to make a book of her experiences. Everyone best qualified to know the chances for publication of such a book advised against the undertaking, Miss Conzelman says, and she admits now that if she had known the amount of time and effort that was to be involved she would have been less nonchalant, though probably just as stubborn. Drawing out the material from Mrs. King involved correspondence from December,

1932, to June, 1933, and a second trip to Mexico in the summer of 1933. The actual writing of the book took from August of 1933 until the following April. It was accepted by the Atlantic Press in December, 1934, and brought out in July, 1935. This shows you," Miss Conzelman said whimsically, "that writing books is a luxury, or at least a very long-shot gamble. Short stories are much more profitable and have a quicker turn-over. Writing books is a sort of urge. You get started against your better judgment and by that time it is too late."

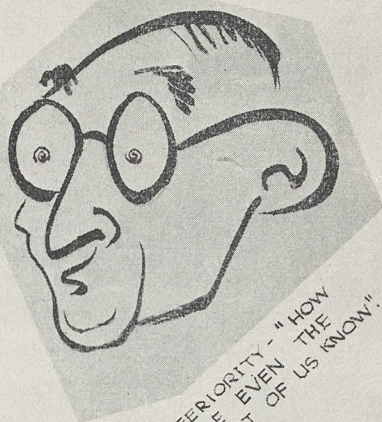
Critics are enthusiastic about *Tempest Over Mexico*, which is now in its third printing. Anita Brenner of the *New York Times*, who wrote *Idols Behind Altars*, considered it one of the four or five really important books on Mexico written by English speaking women, and the *New Republic* says, "The picture it gives of Mexico is . . . consistently true and significant . . . It is the key to the Mexican chaos."

According to Miss Conzelman, Mrs. King's purpose was to present Mexico, struggling for liberty to develop in its own way, to the English speaking world in a manner that would bring out the fundamental things in common, rather than the exotic differences which fascinates us in travel folders but form no basis for the kind of understanding necessary to mutual trust and good will between nations. Her own concern was to build up the book in such a way that the reader would share all the experiences which brought Mrs. King to this point of view. Both authors hope that *Tempest Over Mexico* will help establish a greater amity between the United States and Mexico. Miss Conzelman summarized the feeling behind the book in this statement: "Our world has become so large and complex that most of us cannot get hold of it any more, and yet we feel we must because we have learned that world affairs are continually playing havoc with our private lives. That is why autobiographical books which bring large events into the focus of one person's life (which we can grasp) and show their effect on actual persons have such an appeal for us nowadays."

Dorothy Conzelman feels that creative is not quite the word for the writing of the book; it is more an "awareness." She lived the life of Rosa King. As the materials slipped through her fingers, she says she had the feeling of a safe-cracker turning the dials and hearing the tumblers fall into place.

Mrs. King is the story. She gives us the actual facts in all their gory details, and we get a picture of a suffering people. Miss Conzelman is the interpreter. She gives us the intangible "something" behind the facts and we get a picture of the spiritual changes in one person's life.

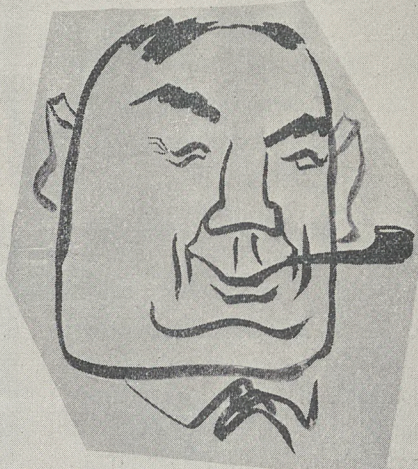




INFERIORITY - "HOW  
LITTLE EVEN THE  
WISest OF US KNOW!"



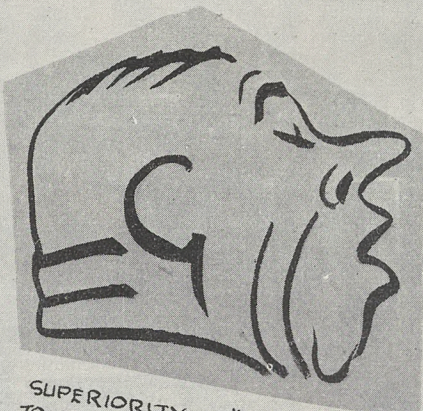
RADICAL - "SUPINE IN THE  
FACE OF CATASTROPHE"



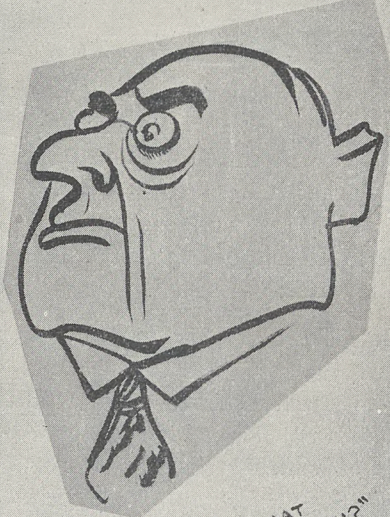
MOTHER - "I'M ONLY HERE  
TO HELP YOU, YOU KNOW"



CASANOVA - "JUST HOW  
BADLY DO YOU NEED A B  
MISS BLIVITTS?"



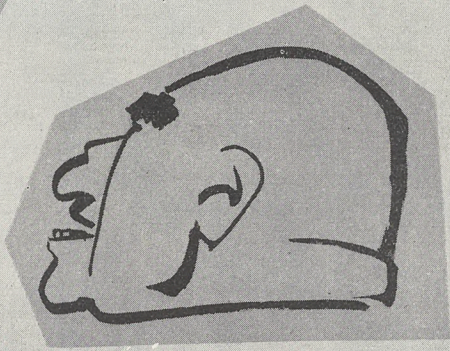
SUPERIORITY - "IF I SEEM  
TO SPEAK PONTIFICALLY ON THIS  
SUBJECT, IT IS BECAUSE....."



GRANDIOSE - "WHAT  
WAS THAT, MESSERSMITH?"



CULTURE - "TRUTH... BEAUTY..."



TARZAN - "GUTS!"

# professorial complexes

BEN  
MARTIN



## I.

THE R.O.T.C. unit of Washita College was well-equipped. It owned guns and maps and uniforms which it furnished each year to the more bellicose among the incoming freshmen. There was one possession, however, that the R.O.T.C. unit of Washita College prized above all others—a 6-inch cannon mounted on a movable base. No one knew how it had gotten to Washita, but it had been a fixture on the campus since the mind of man recalls not when. It was in this gun that Major Otis R. Garfinkle, commandant of the unit, found his chief delight and joy in living. Whenever things went wrong with the major, whenever the local radical organization had sent him a particularly disturbing letter, he went out and looked at that gun. Every man, if he is to live, must love something, and Major Garfinkle loved that 6-inch gun on the wheeled-base.

And so the great cannon stood in its place by the tennis courts and the years passed it by. It gathered no dust, however, and was not entirely useless. Major Garfinkle, indeed, would have been greatly irritated if any one had intimated to him that his cannon was a needless eyesore. On the contrary, it was very useful. At 10:30 every Monday, Wednesday and Friday throughout the school year, the advanced class in Military Science and Tactics marched out and surrounded the cannon. Members of the class placed themselves at the controls. Others calculated range and distance, and allowed for wind-drift. When everything was ready, Major Garfinkle, who always personally supervised this ceremony, gave the signal, someone pressed a trigger, and there was a sharp click; some wag usually cried "Boom" and the day's lesson was over. The gun had, to all practical purposes, been fired. Of course it had not been

(Continued on page 23)



By BILL VAUGHAN

ILLUSTRATED BY HELENE CALLICOTTE

## II.

JOE DONOVAN, chief guard in charge of Tier 19 of the Great Stony Penitentiary, was decidedly unhappy as he trudged up the iron steps to the catwalk which ran in front of the long row of cells which comprised his domain. It was, he reflected, Christmas morning. Joe was a family man. He had two children upon whom he lavished every affection, and he wished that he could be with them today as they gathered around their Christmas tree.

As Joe reached the top of the steps, his thoughts were still bitter and gloomy. Being a guard was a hell of a life. You couldn't even spend Christmas with your family. And it wouldn't have been so bad if he were working on some other job. A bar, say. Or somewhere else where you could at least feel the Christmas spirit. But a penitentiary—cripes. Nobody could ever tell when it was Christmas at Great Stony. Great Stony broke men and broken men had no interest in such joyful occasions as the Yuletide.


In some prisons they had great, decorated evergreens in the dining-hall, but not here. That would have been pampering the prisoners, according to the warden. Well, thought Joe, that's all very well, but it was damn tough on the guards.

Almost mechanically, Joe walked along the line of cells, releasing each prisoner to take his place in line to march to breakfast in the dining-hall. He grew more alert, however, as he approached the cell of Slash Beretti, toughest spawn of the underworld, who ruled the inmates of Great Stony just as rigidly as he had formerly ruled the rackets and the crime of the country. Huge and cruel, yet somehow almost childishly bland in manner, Beretti was a man to be treated attentively and with due respect for his cunning and treachery.

Donovan's hands were on the

(Continued on page 24)





*Sun-curing  
Turkish leaf tobacco.  
The tobacco is strung  
leaf by leaf and hung  
on long racks like you  
see here.*



*T*he aromatic Turkish tobaccos  
used in Chesterfield cigarettes give  
them a more pleasing taste and aroma.

CHESTERFIELD—A BLEND OF MILD RIPE HOME-GROWN AND TURKISH TOBACCOS





## THE GREATEST ATHLETE OF ALL

*A Ballad*

Whose picture is *that*?—you don't know him?  
The one with the crepe, on the wall?  
That was Bleering, Funstan O. Bleering,  
Why—the greatest athlete of all!

The hundred he *paced* in nine seconds,  
Did three fifty-eight for the mile.  
Yes, I know, a bit round in the middle,  
But, Lord, man—look at his smile!

We'd average an hour at the Field House,  
But Bleering would spend maybe four,  
Shooting bull from his seat by the lockers  
While we threw down our spikes on the floor.

Ten touchdowns he made—single handed!  
Swam first in three races a meet;  
He rowed, and he bored, and shot baskets—  
And never once moved from his seat!

We'd stand up and drag off our sweat suits  
While he piled it, piled it *so high*—  
Broke half the existin' world records  
With a laugh, and a blink of his eye.

The crepe? Oh, we mourned for old Funstan.  
He went without leavin' a trace.  
'Bout a year ago, after practice,  
When he ran his historical race.

"Have you heard," he began, "of my skating?  
Let's see, in the year thirty-two,  
I entered the trials at Lake Placid  
To show the boys what I could do.

"Well, I Put me on my Blue Racers  
(A *thirty-inch blade* on each one)  
And crouched at the line with the others  
All tense for the sound of the gun.

"The stretch on up to the turn was right  
In the teeth of a howlin' blast,  
Which meant that after we hit the turn  
We'd be goin' 'bout twice as fast.

"Well, I started off like a rocket,  
Was gainin' speed like a shell,  
'Way past the others, faster I went,  
Why—*faster'n words can tell!*

"With the strong head wind in my nostrils—"  
"How strong?" asked a man in the room.  
"Bout ninety," he said, unsuspectin'.  
(Right there he was sealin' his doom.)

"Like a whip-lash I rounded the corner  
With the ninety mile wind on my tail  
Screamin' murder from hell to Port Yukon  
An' blastin' me on with a wail."

A man can go mighty smart, I say,  
Maybe *faster'n words can tell,*  
But let him add ninety miles to that,  
An' he's headin' right straight to hell.

Well, we heard a shriek through the lockers,  
And we felt a sharp blast of air.  
We looked around quick for O. Bleering,  
But Bleering, I say, wasn't there!

We heard just a voice through the moaning,  
A voice that was shaking with fright.  
*There wasn't a word that could stop him,*  
So he logically vanished from sight.

Though some say that Bleering still skates on,  
I say that here's all we can tell:  
Bleering, the athlete, lived by the word,  
And he died by the word, as well.

e. m.



# THE NEW MAJOR SPORT

Told By One of the Star Performers of That Crack Troop of Sophomore Paddlers Who Are Making the Tank Squad One of the Finest in the Middle West.

by JACK PICKERING

**T**HE following facts may help to explain why swimming has been made a major sport at Washington, beginning with the 1936 season:

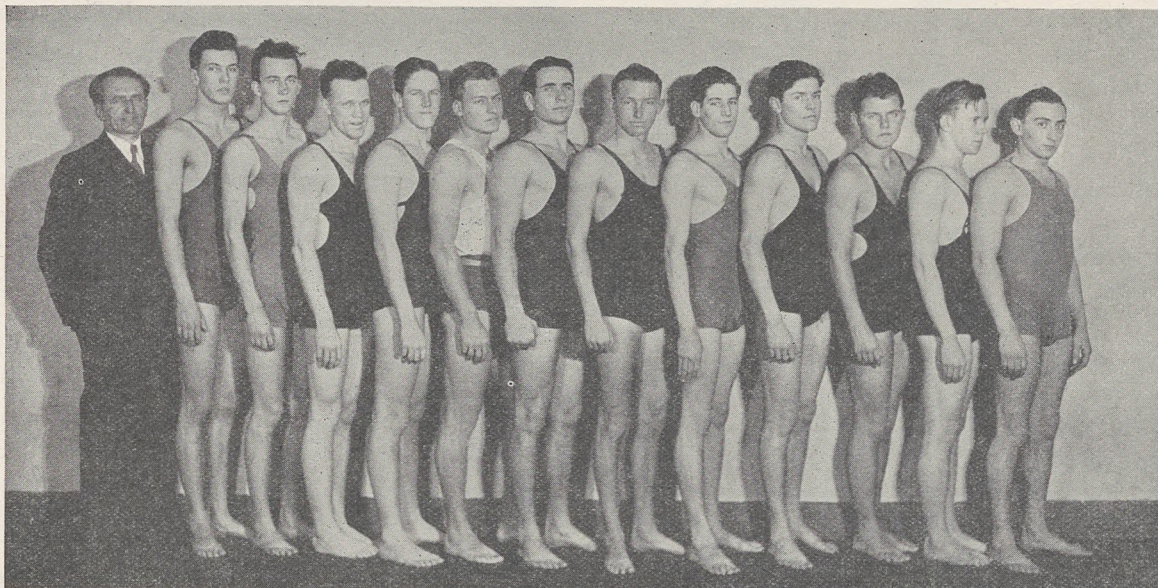
Washington has won twelve out of the last thirteen Missouri Valley Conference Swimming Championships, and has a better chance of winning another this year than ever before.

Present members of the squad either hold themselves, or have broken unofficially, the Conference records in every distance, every stroke in the individual events, and in both relay events, with one exception, the 50-yard free-style.

Washington lost only one dual swimming meet in 1935, to Iowa State, whose swimmers ranked second

relays made up of freshmen smashed the records in their events. The frosh were undefeated last year and won the Missouri Valley Freshman Championship. The eight ex-yearlings who will be heard from in 1936 are: Kiessling and Langan, backstroke; Brand and Pickering, breaststroke; and Winkelmeier, Deutsch, Toon and Reichardt, free style.

The 1936 varsity, however, does not base all of its hopes on the record of the 1935 freshmen. For one thing, the varsity has been holding time trials. Two of these trials were held at the Water Carnival in the



Last year's freshman swimming team, which won eleven meets in a row. Left to right: Coach Eilers, Winkelmeier, Koken, Kiessling, Langan, Robinson, Babitz, Reichardt, Deutsch, Toon, Lytle, Pickering, Brand.

in the Big Six last year. And, from all appearances '35's lone defeat will be avenged in '36.

Coach Artie Eilers is one of the six swimming coaches in the country on the National Collegiate Athletic Association Swimming Rules Committee.

Our Wilson Pool is one of the fastest racing tanks in the country, according to the best swimmers in the United States and Canada, who came here for the National Collegiate A. A. Championships in 1929, and the International Y.M.C.A. Championships in 1934.

Some of these facts require discussion. First, in regard to prospects. That brings up the photograph at the head of the article. The boys in the picture are last year's freshman swimming team. Why should they have their picture there? Because eight of them will be heard from on the varsity this year—as might have been guessed from their 1935 record.

Last year, freshman Bill Kiessling unofficially broke the Missouri Valley *varsity* record for the 150-yard backstroke. Freshman Rudy Brand did the same for the 200-yard breaststroke record. Medley and sprint

first part of December, in other words, before swimmers are in top form. The astonishing results were as follows: A 400-yard spring relay composed of two veterans, Captain Ed Mead and John Skinner, and two sophomores, Bill Kiessling and Dan Deutsch, broke the three-year-old Missouri Valley record for their event, 4:01.6, by half a second. A 300-yard medley relay composed of three sophomores, Bill Kiessling, back stroke; Rudy Brand, breast stroke, and Dan Deutsch, crawl, smashed the six-year-old record for their event, 3:27.5, by *five full seconds!*

Individual time trials show that the "rookies" from last year's freshman squad will have to watch out for such veterans as Captain Ed Mead, Fred Varney, John Skinner, Greg Burdick, Jack Weaver, Ted McDonald, and Lovick Draper in the free style, and Jack Losse and Phil Fox in the back stroke. "Dark horse" sophomores, not in last year's freshman picture, include Ivan Staley, back stroke, and Leo Dusard,

(Continued on page 19)



# HERE TOMORROW

by WM. F. SWINDLER

**N**OW that the history of Washington student activities has been traced, and we've surveyed the modern campus as you see it (or as you don't see it), the logical thing is to look at Washington's future.

Wait a minute—it isn't as hair-brained as it sounds. We don't mean that we're going to go into a seance, or do some high-class guess-work on things to come. Naturally, we can't predict with mathematical exactitude the Washington of tomorrow, but from two sources we can get a reasonable idea of what it may be like. These sources are, first, the administrative program by which the university has its operation directed toward future goals—plans

of architects and faculty officers, for example; and second, a pretty logical deduction as to the future of student activities on the basis of their past history.

It is no rash statement, for example, to say that there will probably be a museum of arts and architecture between Bixby and Givens—the plans are already drawn for such a building. Nor is it mere guessing to state that Washington athletic programs will be bigger and better—such was the publicly announced intention of the Athletic Board when they revised the personnel in connection with all major intercollegiate sports. The question, then, is: can we reasonably predict the similar trends for other university buildings, athletics and such activities as the honor system, student clubs, enrollment and the like? If we allow for a reasonable amount of variation within certain limits, we probably can.

The Hilltop of the future, then, if present plans materialize, will be graced with five quadrangles, one

of which will comprise one of the outstanding art centers of the world. Several schools, not now in existence, will be housed in some of the other new

buildings to be erected. Either a modernistic stadium will replace the wooden nightmare that now exists, or Washington football teams of the future will play their intercollegiate contests in a great municipal arena on the memorial river front.

In the archives of the university lie complete drawings of the "white campus" that is to be. At present, two units of the ten-unit group are already erected—W. K. Bixby Hall of Fine Arts, and Givens Hall of the School of Architecture. As mentioned above, the next unit is supposed to be a mu-



seum of arts and architecture; this is considered a necessary adjunct to both of the present buildings, for it is essential that students in these schools have models and examples of past and present works in their field, kept in a nearby storehouse. The building will face on Forsythe and extend northward. It will contain numerous halls to house the university art collections, and will be supplemented by a Court of Sculpture, Court of Architectural Fragments, several galleries open to the public, and a large auditorium.

Following the completion of this unit, it is planned that this portion of the "white campus" will be complemented by two other buildings to house such subdivisions of art and architecture as archeology, special types of applied arts, and special divisions of architecture. One of these buildings will be erected at the northeast end of Bixby parallel to Skinker. The other will be built at the northeast corner of Givens.

To balance this "arts quadrangle" will be another



similar five-unit group on the opposite side of the main driveway. The plans for this group are less definite than for the above-mentioned buildings, but it is probable that they will include a School of Music and a department of dramatics. Before the Municipal Auditorium was built, it had been the plan of the school authorities to construct a theater building here which would be large enough to allow the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra to play before the students.

These groups of the "white campus" will comprise two quadrangles. The main quad, of course, is already in existence. There are two more quadrangles planned, however, the first buildings of which are even now realities. These are the Engineers' Quadrangle, directly north of Cupples I, of which Wayman Crow Hall is the first unit; this will be balanced by a Social Science Quadrangle south of Busch, of which the first unit is the George Warren Brown building for the department of Social Work. To round out the Engineers' Quad there will be a school of Aeronautical Engineering, and other buildings of advanced engineering science. The Social Science group will have a separate building for sociology, facing the new Brown building, and two others, probably for economics and political science.

What has become a standing joke on the campus of today may be a thing of beauty tomorrow. That is the Field House, which now stands stark and bare, lacking its granite facing for these many years, and making a strong bid for the distinction of being the chief eyesore in this vicinity. But did you ever see the drawings of the completed building? Take it from us, it will be a change from one extreme to the other. . . .

A Union Building, the fond hope of generations of Washingtonians, is a future possibility. The school has long suffered from the lack of adequate housing facilities for student activities and assemblies such as the joint campus "Y," the Intersorority Sing, alumni banquets and dances. The erection of a Union Building will remedy all this.

The last of the definitely (more or less) planned structures in connection with the university, is a modern stadium. Twice before, drives for a large athletic plant on the campus have fallen short of their goals; and now it appears that Washington officials will wait to see what the government is going to do about the Jefferson Memorial river front for St. Louis, for one of the plans to be incorporated into such a project is the erection of a gigantic municipal stadium there, in which Washington University has already agreed to play its games. However, in the event that this project falls through, and possibly, according to the Athletic Council, even if it does not, optimistic Hilltoppers have another project in mind—the construction of a modernistic stadium on the

campus, which will house a maximum of spectators with a minimum of architecture—for it was the terrific size of the \$750,000 stadium planned for Mary Institute field, which caused University City people to secure an injunction to prevent its erection. This suit, incidentally, has since been decided in favor of the university.

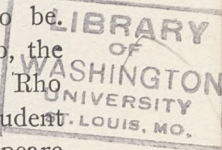
Now let's do a little logical prophesying. Washington's future athletic prestige will be one of progressive improvements; that is obvious, if the methods of the present administrators will be of any avail. A football schedule which includes Notre Dame, Boston, Vanderbilt and others among the country's best, is obviously progressive, regardless of the fact that it may result in some fancy defeats. It is hoped that basketball and track will follow the lead set by the gridiron.

The honor system is an ever-recurring question on the Washington campus; twice it has been instituted, and twice it has been abolished. Why? Politics! What the future holds for the honor system depends largely on what the future holds for campus politicians; and the trend in that, according to students of the problem, is away from petty affairs and toward the actual public issues of the day. This, together with the trend away from formal grading, may render the honor system obsolete. After all, there won't be much point in putting students on their honor in taking tests, if tests themselves have become out of date.

The history of past student activities on the campus has revealed that some have shown remarkable tenacity of life, while others have been ephemeral even as the morning mist. It is fairly accurate, then, to state that such organizations as the Glee Club, which has enjoyed over a half century of activity; intramural athletics, which in some form or other has been present in all student curricula; other clubs which pertain to universal activities of students, indicate that they will continue and prosper with posterity. In the other hand contemporary organizations created for purposes of farce or dealing with a specific problem of the moment are unlikely to keep going after their reason for existence has ceased to be. Do you for instance, remember the Liberal Club, the "We're for Teddy" (Roosevelt) Club, the Rho Dammit Rho society, and other atrocities of student brain-children. The Mandolin Club, the Shakespeare Ugly Club (nineteenth century musical comedy), and others have gone the way of all flesh.

A trend of collegiate education seen in the development of Princeton University's School of Government and American University's School of Public Affairs, seems to indicate that future Hilltoppers will be entitled to training in some such institution at Washington; it would be pretty easy to say, therefore,

(Continued on page 19)





# I WORKED IN A SWEATSHOP

(Because of the personal character of this account the writer prefers that it be anonymous. She is now a junior at Washington.)



ABOUT a year ago I, along with the rest of America's reading public, was exposed to many articles which luridly pictured the sordid conditions existing in sweatshop industries. I shuddered and gritted my teeth when I read of girls and women being forced to slave in such despicable surroundings. Every word formed a blazing picture which constantly reappeared to bother me. I began to wonder whether or not such things really existed and I asked myself why the victims of this modern slavery system did not revolt and better their condition.

But now, when I see one of those articles, I become a bit cynical and lay the magazine aside. I ask myself, what do those investigators know about it all? Nothing said by them can touch me; I've been hardened. I've seen the reality, and their word pictures have become drab. I've found the answer to whether or not sweatshops exist, and why. I've found the answer to why the girls don't help themselves.

I've had to work in a sweatshop.

I've had to get up at six each morning in order to have the power machine cleaned and oiled by seven. I've held my breath so that I should not be forced to breathe the foul air as I stumbled up the stairs to the third floor. I've sewed seams on that power machine until I could not see the material. I've been laughed at when I asked for better light. I've fed skirts to that machine until my arms ached and my shoulders pained. I've sewed things together and ripped them. I've broken needles and been bawled out. I've drunk ice water in the morning and hot water in the afternoon because the ice had melted. I've sweated under a skylight when the temperature was 102 degrees in the shade. I've squinted at my material on dark days with a fifteen-watt electric bulb to help me. I've had my legs cramp from strain until I screamed with pain. I've gone home sticky and sweaty because I refused to fight for a place at the wash basin. I've gone home too tired to eat. I've worked fifty-eight hours for three dollars.

I've seen a woman leave the factory screaming with hysterics. I've heard the fact that Mary's baby isn't three weeks old yet, and she is back at her machine. I've seen Emma hobble about on her half paralyzed legs carrying huge bundles of dresses. I've seen a seventy-three year old woman's face when she received a two-dollar check for a week's work. I've watched Elsie slump over her machine, too tired to sit up.

I've applauded when Mr. Carthy told us that prices were to be raised. I've cried when I found that this meant thirty cents a week. I cheered when the boss told us he had joined the NRA, but I became frightened when I saw a whole shaft shut off and the girls thrown out of work. I've danced with joy at the sight of my check for nine dollars and fifty-six cents. I've watched with apprehension as others were fired. I've been fired.

I've found that sweatshops do exist. I know the reason why. Mr. Carthy explained that when he said, "I'd be a bum business man not to expect a lot from you. My boss expects a lot from me." I know why the women and girls don't revolt: they don't realize that there is anything to revolt against.

## TAKE IT FROM RICKY

(Continued from page 3)

Harper, though, is still interested in June Pentland, and Bill Hunker does not like competition. And you will note that usually the boys switch from one Butler sister to the other. Why?

Georgea Flynn is doing just as her Gamma Phi sister, Ruth Harrison, has done, and is going to the Dartmouth Winter Carnival. And speaking of Dartmouth, Jukie Forgey and Harry Deckert, a big, strong D. man, are creating quite a big heat wave.



But I say, it's ridiculous, I'm an atheist.

—Helene Callicotte.



Daryl Fox is wearing a Theta XI sweetheart pin. . . . And it is still Sally Ausbeck and David Lee after several years. . . . George Mueller and Bill Brooking are starting a Republican Club, and are going to have speakers and all, and any sex admitted. . . . Robert Gartside and Jessie Buder still aren't tired of seeing each other. . . . And Dorothy Merkel and Bob Abbey are also holding hands. . . . That Alpha Chi named Sally who got a diamond bracelet from Karl Halderle. . . . Buddy Capps still follows around Martha Galloway who is thriving on competition. . . . Julia Ashcraft is pinned to an off-campus, but the business school boys still flip coins to see who gets to date her. . . . Virginia Pabst has agreed to take Art Reichardt's pin. . . . They won't tell the day set, which is for this semester. . . . Walter Neun's heart is going around and round now that the Milwaukee gal, Marion Kettor, is by his side. . . . Duane McCallum and Anna Louise Bangert are still warm. . . . Bob Patton is sick for the Kappa in Illinois who is wearing his Beta pin. . . . Fred Pfeiffer is busy giving Virginia Peters the big rush. . . . But Vadim Neklutin has dropped Betty Wastenholm, and would like to cash in. . . . Joe Noskay dates Barbara Schafer's little sister, who I can remember not so long ago was too young to go out. . . . If Inez Wilson's baby had been a girl, would it have had ear-rings? . . . John Steigler has at last pinned his high-school girl. . . . George Reichardt single-dates it with Ethel Jane Ellis. . . . And by the by, Ed, will you tell my "freshman" correspondent to give himself a name? I can't use anonymous tips.

Yours with a key-hole conscience,

RICKY.

### THE NEW MAJOR SPORT

(Continued from page 15)

breast stroke. Al Rubin and Marcus Brown have been showing considerable form on the diving board.

Second, in regard to the Missouri Valley Championships. They will be held at Wilson Pool, March 20 and 21, and teams will be sent by Grinnell, Tulsa, Oklahoma A. and M., and Washburn. Washington hopes to win, *but* Valley competition is getting much keener. Last year the Bears took only two firsts in nine events. Moreover, five out of eight conference records fell in 1935, and Washington now holds only four of them, the two Fred Varney set last year in the 100 and 220, the one Pat Frank set in the 440 four years ago, and the one set by our 1929 medley relay.

Third, in regard to dual meets. Washington opened the season on Feb. 8, with a home meet against Illinois Wesleyan. The next home meet will be against Illinois College on March 6. Four away meets are scheduled. On Feb. 21, the varsity will swim Iowa State, whom they expect to beat this year, because last year our frosh trounced their frosh. On Feb.

22, Washington will meet Grinnell College, second placers in the Valley last year. Two new opponents, Purdue and De Pauw Universities, will be met on Feb. 27 and 28.

Last, in regard to the pool. Wilson Pool is now equipped with the first swimming pacer to be motor-driven and adjustable to any desired speed. By following "the rabbit," the swimmers hope to develop the smooth pace necessary to carry them to victory in their dual meets and to the 13th Missouri Valley Championship in 14 tries.

### HERE TOMORROW

(Continued from page 17)

that the new student organizations which may appear in the future will more than likely be built around the idea of furthering some civic or social project.

The all-time high enrollment mark which the university achieved in the twenties—8000 total students—may be endangered in the future, but not the immediate future, it seems. The present figure is roughly 1500 short of the mark. With overcrowding threatening quite a few of the professions, it is conceivable that the university may limit the enrollment in these curricula in the future. On the other hand, the trend toward more universal higher education may cause a considerable rise in general college enrollment.

### NO CONSEQUENCES

(Continued from page 9)

open road." The last with an attempt at lightness. "I've been with it since—over a year now. But things'll get better some time, I guess." His manner did not indicate confidence in his words. He smiled a little nervously and shot a glance over at Windy.

"Any relatives?" asked Maxwell.

"No," replied the boy. "No relatives."

No one spoke for a while. Then Maxwell said, "How would you like to work for the circus, son? It won't be much, but you'll have enough to eat and a place to sleep—at least till people stop coming to see Maxwell's Greater Circuses and Combinea Menageries." He laughed again and looked at the boy, who responded immediately. "That would be fine, Mr. Maxwell—that would be great. You can't imagine what a job would mean. It's been kind of tough—these railroad dicks and the rest, you know—it's no snap—" His lean face glowed with pleasure. "Gosh thanks," he began again. "I don't know how I can thank you—I—"

"Stow it, son," said Maxwell. "You'll earn what you get. Well, I've gotta go now. Windy, see that Joe here gets a place to sleep, and we'll make a lion tamer or something out of him in the morning." He looked at them both and left.

"Well, come on," said the man called Windy. "Ord-



ers is orders—let's go." They left the warm car and went outside into the thick murk, down the track toward the sleeping cars in the rear—the sleeping cars where the tent men and gangers slept, and then the ferret-like brain of the man called Windy began to function. He turned to the boy. "There ain't no use in you and me bein' on the outs," he said with a twisted smile. "As a rule, I don't like tramps, but I can see you ain't an ordinary one—we all make mistakes—I sized you up wrong. Will you shake on it?"

"Gladly," said the boy. "It's certainly to my advantage, anyhow." He smiled and shook hands. They came to the number 3 animal car.

"It's gettin' kind of late," said the man called Windy, "And I don't like to disturb the boys. We lay over here tonight and go on in the morning, and I kinda hate to upset things now, so wouldja mind sleeping in here tonight?" He pushed back the heavy door, and swung the lantern inside the car, revealing two rows of cages. "I'll get you some blankets and stuff if you'll come with me. Then in the morning we'll get you a permanent place."

They walked down the tracks together until they came to a car near the end of the train. "Wait here," said Windy and climbed into a caboose-like car, emerging a short time later with some dirty blankets and a tumbling mat. He pointed somewhat apologetically to the latter. "This will have to be your mattress for this one night," he said. "It was all I could find."

"That's O. K.," said the boy. "Anything seems pretty good after sleeping on hard floors and benches for a while." They walked up the tracks together—back up to the number 3 animal car. Windy pushed the great door back once again, put the lantern inside on the floor, and hopped up inside himself.

"Here, hand me that stuff," he said with the same twisted smile. The boy did so and climbed up with him. The lantern cast a dim circle of light around the interior of the car. He saw that the cages contained some bears, three small lions, and a huge black leopard, which now sat bolt upright at the front of his cage and watched the proceedings with malevolent eyes from which the light reflected in an odd manner causing them to seem like two glowing yellow points suspended in mid air. The boy shuddered. He had heard of black leopards. They were vicious and powerful. If that one ever got loose—. He looked away. There were some smaller cages at the back of the car.

Then they began fixing the place on which he was to sleep. "Gosh," said the boy as they arranged the bedding, "that's a mean-looking animal there." He indicated the leopard.

"What—oh," said Windy. "Yeah, he is mean, too—a holy terror, but don't worry. He can't get out. Anyway, your chief problem, if anything got out, would be in that little cage at the back. Come on.

I'll show you." He took the lantern and moved toward the back of the car. The swishing sound of their feet as they shuffled through the straw piled on the floor disturbed some rather ugly animals on the front side of the car. The boy took them to be hyenas.

"Here," said Windy, "recognize this?" He held up the lantern before the smaller cage. Inside was a large revolting snake with small eyes glowing less but more horribly than those of the black leopard.

The boy started back. "A snake," he gasped.

"That's right," said Windy. "And do you know what kind? I guess not. That, Joe, is a Black Mamba." He paused and looked at the boy impressively. "You are not familiar with the circus, but among animal men, this snake is the greatest terror of 'em all. There are only two or three in captivity. We caught this one when he was a baby—wouldn't think a thing like that could be a baby, would you?" He held the lantern closer to the cage. The snake backed away hissing. Then it coiled somewhat, and its great ugly head seemed to grow even bigger. The boy shuddered. The snake hissed again. Windy laughed. "Yes, there he is. The most valuable snake in the circus. Calaronga—that's the snake charmer—thinks he's going to use him in his act. Well, none of the other snake charmers we had could use him, and Calaronga isn't going to either. He's vicious and deadly—one shot from him and you hold enough poison to kill four men."

The boy looked at the snake fascinated. "Can't they take his fangs out or something?" he asked slowly.

"Not this one," replied Windy, looking at the boy rather closely. "Say, you're not afraid, are you? You look kind of pale."

"Oh, no," said the boy, "I'm not afraid—anyway he can't get out, can he?"

"No," said Windy, "he can't get out—but about taking his fangs out—they can't do that because it would kill him. I don't see what they keep him for. Even if they train him into the act, he couldn't go on under the big top. The noise excites him—any kind of noise—shouts, music—anything. Well, I've got to be going."

He walked back to the door at the middle of the car. "Sleep well," he said. He jumped down to the tracks. "I'll leave this here," he said, indicating the lantern. "You may need it." He pushed the door shut and then went up to the front of the train, whistling softly.

The car was very quiet. The leopard still glared silently from the back of the cage. The three small lions shifted a little. The hyenas were quiet. Suddenly the boy gave a start. A low hissing sound came from the end of the car in which the Mamba was confined. The boy laughed a little, nervously. Then he went to the other end of the car where his



bed lay. He placed the lantern beside him. He partially undressed and crawled into bed.

"These animals certainly are interesting," he said half aloud. It was as though he wanted them to hear him say that, so that they would know he felt friendly toward them. He wanted them to feel the same way. "I think I'll just leave this lantern on a while," he said. There was no sound in the car. His voice seemed strangely loud. The leopard still remained looking steadfastly at him. All was quiet.

"Well," the boy said again with an attempt at lightness, "I guess I'd better get some sleep." He put out the lantern. He became conscious of two fiery points not far from him. "That damn leopard," he said nervously, and then, "Here, here, I'm taking this too seriously. Nothing can get out," but even as he spoke he pulled the covers more closely about him as he thought of the snake. For all he knew it might be creeping toward him in the dark right now. He could stand the leopard somehow, but the snake with its large ugly puffed head. He had always feared snakes.

Once again he broke out into a nervous little laugh. "Oh, tut, tut, I'm a regular child. Good old tomorrow will be here before long and then I'll probably be ashamed of all this fear." He turned over and resolved to go to sleep, but he lay there long, taking comfort in what sounds from the world of men he could hear from the outside.

He dozed off into a troubled sleep, and it seemed

only a minute later that he was awakened by a shocking crash and sudden lurch of the freight car. There were voices outside. He could hear the snorting and puffing of a locomotive. It seemed very close. Then there was another slight jar, and the sound of the engine became less distinct. The boy got up from his bed. He started to open the door, but then a thought struck him, and he didn't open the door. He might get himself into trouble if he were seen. The railroad men would never believe that the circus had hired a tramp—railroad men never believed anything you told them. He turned back from the door.

"Yeah," said one of them. "Just old 94 ploughed into the circus train. Everything is all right—doubt if it even woke any one up." They passed, their voices fading out slowly until they were completely gone. The silence in the car was thick—it weighed on the boy, and once again he became acutely conscious of his surroundings. He'd never go back to sleep now, he reflected.

Then he searched in his pockets for matches—if he had to sit there all night, he at least wasn't going to sit there in the dark. He found one. He lit the lamp. Not much oil left in the thing he noticed. Gosh, it would be terrible to have to sit there in the dark. Oh, well, maybe by the time it's ready to go out I'll be ready to go back to sleep," he said. The dim light of the lamp cast long and fantastic shadows on the floor—shadows of things he hadn't noticed before. He pulled the blankets around him and leaned

## OH NIGHT OF BLISS

*Slinky satin, heavy date—*

*Beauty parlor—be out late.*

*Pulling, jerking, frizzing locks,*

*Torture chamber—drying box.*

*"No, I thank you"—dinner time.*

*Sylph-like figure, mien sublime.*

*Prying winds like knives discover*

*Precious dimples meant for lover.*

*Shivers, sniffles, curls blown down,*

*Animation! Not a frown.*

*Dancing—elbows—heavy feet—*

*"Beg your pardon"—Smile still sweet.*

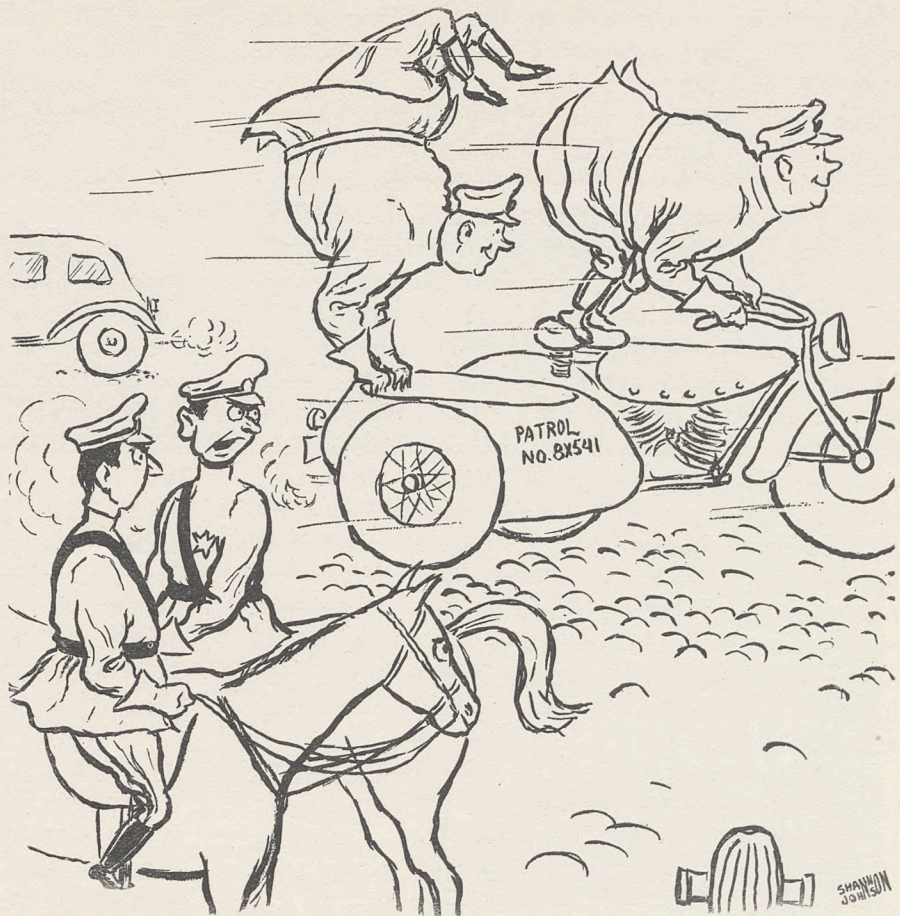
*Cold but crunching ice in coke,*

*Laughing at rheumatic joke.*

*Porch light blazing—nose ashine—*

*"Bill, the evening was divine!"*

—BETSY BAKEWELL



"Th' dames haven't given us a tumble ever since they put that trick 'cycle crew on this beat."—Bored Walk.



back against the wall of the box car. He tried not to notice the shadows. He tried not to think of the snake. He tried to think of home—there had been a girl there once—if he could have made a little money—well, when he got enough here in the circus, he'd go back—might be able to get something there—who knew? He took great comfort in these thoughts. He became filled with a kind of false joy, mingled with a longing to be once again in places that he had known so well.

Then he became aware of a moving shadow down near the other end of the car. The shadow came on slowly. The boy's face grew rigid with terror. He saw it now. It was the Mamba—in some way it had gotten loose—the jar when the engine hit the train perhaps. The thought rushed through his brain like a searing brand, he became hot and weak, sweat poured out of him from every pore in his body. Then he became cold as he realized his position. He was trapped at one end of the car. The huge ugly snake was now in front of the door. There was no escape. The sweat stood out in great globules on his face. He could feel it trickling slowly down his arms, down his side. He watched fascinated as the snake slithered around, his forked tongue darting in and out, his large horrible head prying here and there. The boy threw back his head to utter a shriek for help, then Windy's words passed through his mind: "Never be able to use him in the big tent—can't stand noise—noise of any kind excites him—makes him mad."

He shut his mouth and sat there looking at the snake, which now approached no farther and then suddenly disappeared behind a cage. Before, he could watch it—he knew what was going to happen. Now he didn't know. The snake might climb up the wall and drop down on him, entangling his face and neck in its coils and sticking its flat puffed head close to his face. If that happened he knew he'd go mad. Or it might suddenly come out from the cages at his feet and crawl into his lap. He gave a kind of hic-cough of choking fright as he thought of the snake's being close to him. There was no trace of it—no sound. In God's name where was it? Then a comforting thought struck him. Maybe the thing had gone to sleep back there. He waited. It seemed hours. Then he ventured to shift the blankets a little. Suddenly the head of the reptile appeared from behind a cage at the place where it had entered—up near the door. The sight came once more as a horrible shock. He could see it less plainly than before—he involuntarily tore his eyes from the snake and looked at the lantern. It was burning low—the fuel was almost exhausted. It would not burn long.

As the realization of what this meant struck him, he uttered an inarticulate cry—as gasp. Then he would be left alone in the dark with the Mamba—alone in the dark—then he could not watch it or defend himself against it. It could creep toward him in the dark unobserved—it could get into the bedding he

had around him. It could lie beside him, with him, around him. The light grew fainter—it wavered and flickered. The snake seemed to be grinning at him in anticipation. Its head seemed to grow larger.

The boy became conscious of a great ringing in his own head which seemed to be full of something, so full that it was bursting. It would burst. He began to think how funny he would look if his head burst. The snake, he thought, would not know what to do if his head burst like that. He would come over to see what was the matter. The boy sprang to his feet. The room was now almost completely dark. It seemed to the boy that this was what the snake had been waiting for. It was coming closer—much closer—he felt it was coming closer, but now it didn't seem to make any difference to the boy because his head was bursting, and he was choking somewhat.

He began to tremble violently and with a great cry hurled himself back into the corner of the car farthest from the snake. He shook and quivered still more violently. He ground his teeth together with great force and then screamed a second time. He bit his lips and mouth frantically. His cries filled the car. Most of the time they were just cries, inarticulate, frightful to hear. At times they became understandable, imploring. They shrieked and rose and implored. Then suddenly they stopped.

A minute later a crowd of men entered the car. At first they could see nothing. Then in the back of one end they saw the huddled figure of a boy. They went back. They pushed lanterns up to his face and recoiled, only to look again. "Great God," said one. "What happened?" No one answered. They were all fascinated, looking at that horribly twisted face, covered with foam and blood, the sightless staring eyes, the inhuman grimace. Then they all piled out and left the car.

Far back in the rear of the train Jim Maxwell was going to bed. He was quite happy. He whistled softly as he said to himself. "Poor kid, I'm glad I was able to help him out. He can be of use around here. I'll see that he gets enough money to get back to Pittsburgh."

Far back in the rear of the train, the man called Windy was going to bed. He was quite happy. He whistled softly as he said to his wife: "Some stuff, Gertie. I put that bum in the number three car and then scared him half to death. The Black Mamba, y'know, that plain old puff adder that hasn't slept outside of Calaronga's cabin since he's been with the show—tough Calaronga had to get married again—it was either her or the snake, and he decided to keep her, I guess. He should have kept the old one—she didn't mind the snake."

Up in the roundhouse old Tim was going off duty. "Yea," said Mike, "You was plenty lucky nothing serious happened. That engine was going slow when it smacked. You'll get out of it this time, too—no consequences to speak of," he finished importantly.



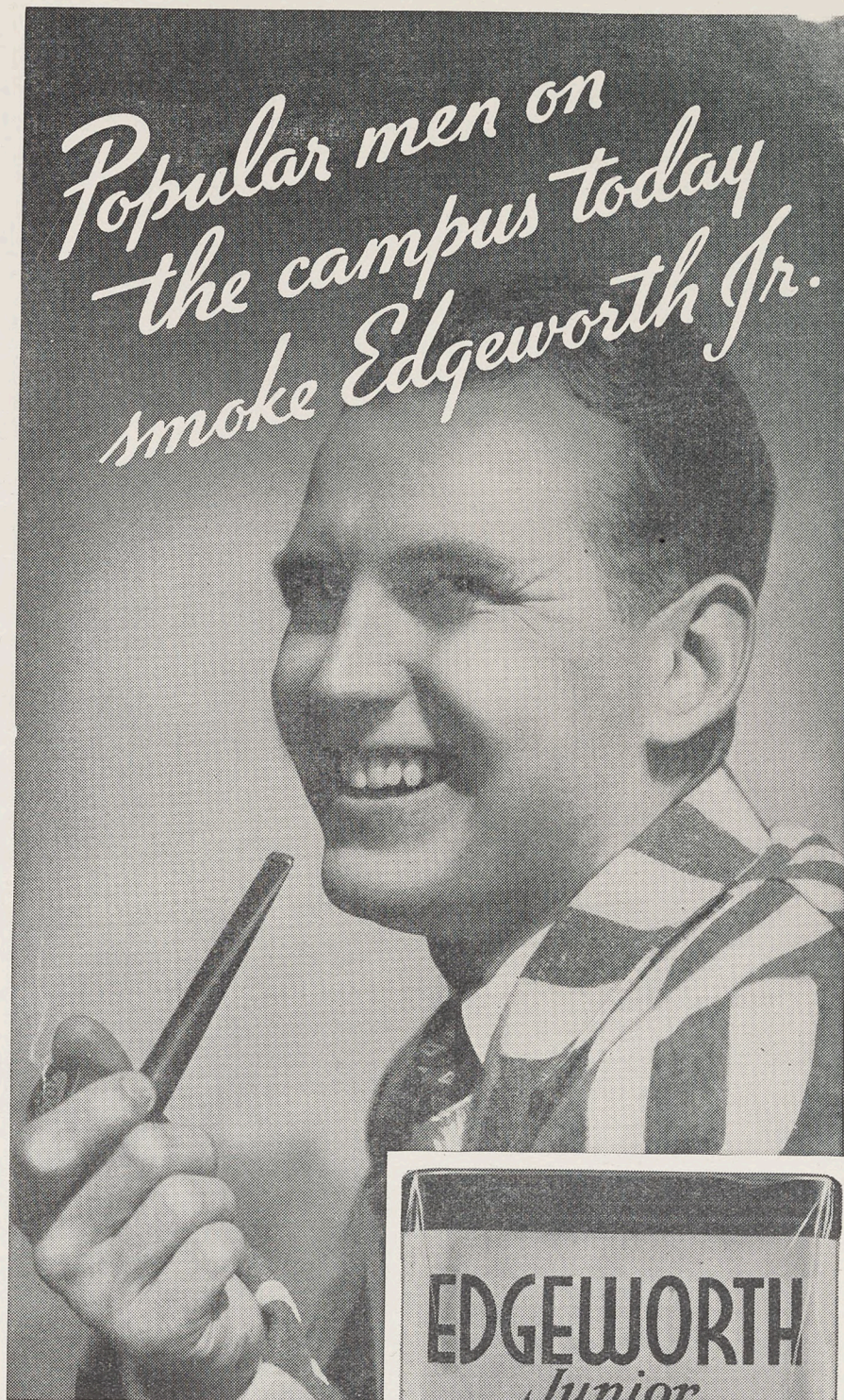
## FABLES, No. I

*(Continued from page 12)*

loaded for twenty years and, in fact, shells to fit its peculiar mechanism were no longer manufactured. This fact never deterred the major and his pupils, however, and they aimed and fired away with gusto. At 10:30 every Monday, Wednesday and Friday the procedure was always the same.

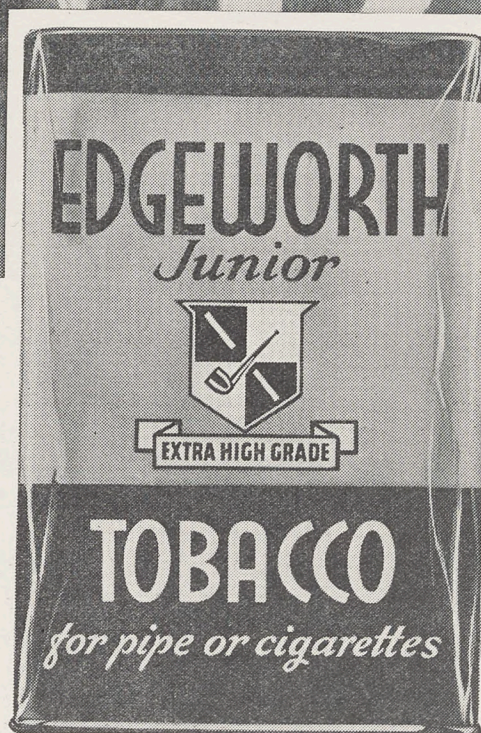
One day, however, great news came to the R.O.T.C. unit of Washita College. There was to be a grand review of all the armed forces in the state, and, what luck, it was to be held on the campus, on the great field by the tennis court. It was a busy time at the armory. The Major was getting his men ready. He had drill teams and sharpshooters practicing; he had uniforms cleaned and rifles polished; he had the band learn a new march; and as a crowning triumph he was working extra hard on his class in Advanced Military Science and Tactics who were going to pretend to fire the great 6-inch gun.

The day of the review dawned clear and fair. The air held a limpid placidity; the feeling of early spring was on the earth with an almost heartbreaking poignancy. Major Garfinkle awoke early, caroled in his shower, greeted his wife with a cheery kiss, and read in the morning paper the list of personages who were going to review the armed forces of the state, including of course, the excellent unit of the R.O.T.C. located at Washita College. The General Staff would be there, the Governor would stand beside them, the senior Senator and the junior Senator would attend and so would all the representatives from the state. Also on the rostrum would be the president of the college and the board of trustees. The President of the United States would not be present, but had sent a note of sincere regret.



**C**AMPUS leaders have adopted the new "boy" in the Edgeworth family—Edgeworth Jr. Although Edgeworth Jr. entered the colleges only a few months ago, the new, light, free-burning tobacco for both pipes and cigarettes is already "tops" in every class. Made by Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va. Tobacconists since 1877.

**CORN COB PIPE CLUB OF VIRGINIA.** Crossroads fun, old-time music. Every Wednesday night at 9:00 (Eastern Standard Time) over coast-to-coast NBC Blue network, direct from Richmond, Virginia.



15¢ a tin. Wrapped in moisture-proof "Cellophane."



It was to be a great day for Major Garfinkle. And it was, indeed. The Chief of Staff congratulated him on his drill teams; the Governor had a good word for his rifle squad; and the Junior Senator invited him to his hotel for a drink after the review. Therefore, when we see Major Garfinkle take his place by that 6-inch gun of his, with his trained subordinates standing rigidly in their places, we are looking at a happy man.

Ten thousand pair of eyes were fastened on the major as he prepared to give the signal which would complete the pretense of firing the cannon. From the reviewing stand, the personages smiled and nodded approvingly.

The major straightened his shoulders and raised his arm. The cadet captain, whose job it was to pull the trigger did so. BUT . . . there was no click, there was no necessity for a wag to cry "Boom." Because with a thunderous reverberation that shook the surrounding earth, the cannon went off: A 6-inch shell twisted, screaming, from the 6-inch muzzle. It was awful, it was terrible, it was impossible, it was ridiculous, but it was true. Straight at the reviewing stand the shell sped. True as an arrow it hit the exact center and exploded. The carnage was appalling. Of all those personages assembled there that day, none was left alive. They were scattered to the winds. The only thing that was found was the little finger on the left hand of the Representative from the Fourteenth District. It was buried with military honors.

The 6-inch gun is still there in its spot by the tennis court. Now, it gathers dust, however. It is not cared for as it was in the old days. Because, you see, Major Garfinkle no longer loves it as he once did. He feels that the 6-inch gun on the base with wheels played a shabby trick on him, personally, as well as on the R.O.T.C. unit of Washita College.

### FABLES, No. II

(Continued from page 12)

lock to Beretti's cell when he glanced up. For a moment he was unable to speak as he gazed at the sight which met his astonished eyes. The gang chieftain's cell was no longer the bare, comfortless cubicle which it had been last night when Joe had locked the prisoner in. Instead it fairly glowed with Christmas atmosphere. In the center was a tree whose tip bent as it brushed the ceiling. Lights in a thousand colors gleamed from among the branches. Ornaments and tinsel weighed down the boughs. Grouped around the base of this miraculous tree were presents. A gigantic hobby horse, a model boat, a drum and boxes and packages piled in a mountainous heap. Beretti was sitting on the edge of his bed, gazing at the tree with the enraptured look of a wanderer who has at last sighted the promised lands after many years of weary seeking.

Joe knew that the cells had been locked last night. He knew that none of these things could have been

passed between the bars. He knew moreover that no one could have gotten past the watchful guards at the outer doors. He was a very badly shaken man when at last he found his voice and whispered, "How . . . did those . . ."

"Jeez, I don't know," breathed Slash Beretti reverently, "but you know what I think? I think it was Santy Claus come back to me after all these years." His face held a holy translucence as he again turned to the tree.

In the distance Joe Donovan heard the cathedral's bells chiming, outside he could see the snow beginning to fall softly, gently. He brushed away a tear. Christmas had come to Great Stony Penitentiary.

### THE TOWER AND THE TOWN

(Continued from page 6)

forty or fifty drawings exhibited.

#### Whoops, Again

Our allusion to Mary Wilson's father, last month, was a horrible mistake. It seems that Mr. Wilson, the alumnus whom we so blandly dubbed the intercollegiate and all-time hop-skip-and-jump champion, is little more than a novice at hopping, skipping and jumping. "No," Mary said, ruminatively nibbling the collar of our dress shirt, "father is the intercollegiate record holder in the Hitch-Kick." How we confused a lowly hop-skip-and-jumper with a kick-hisher, a kitch-hicker, well, we don't know.

We neglected to mention, last issue, that the cover photograph of Jeanne Butler, which everyone (except, we suppose, Miss Butler) thought was quite good, came from the Schweig Studios.

### THE STORY CONTEST

Story Magazine has broken out in its annual rash, the "College Short Story Contest," an ingenious device whereby Story receives \$5000 worth of advertising by offering two prizes, \$100 and \$50, for stories written by college students. Lengths are from 1500 to 7000 words. Authors desiring to enter should either give their manuscripts to a member of the English department, or drop them in the Eliot basket in the A. S. A. B. office, by March 15. The two chosen by the faculty will be entered in the contest. Story doesn't care whether or not the stories have appeared in campus publications.

RITTERSKAMP  
PRESS

BE ECONOMICAL — SMOKE A PIPE

FROM  
PIPE HEADQUARTERS  
SCHEINER'S



4063 OLIVE

AT SARAH





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*This, of course,  
is only*  
**ONE**

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The little lady will give you a rough idea of our next issue, which will go back, after this 24-page interlude, to our former mammoth size. It is, then, in March when we shall present the

## SIX JUNIOR PROM QUEENS

thereby having it all over the Junior Prom, which will have only one queen. From the six pictured in dear old Eliot, the one Prom Queen is to be chosen, with the usual fuss and flurry, in the juniors' own way. The March Eliot, remember.





*Luckies*

*a light smoke*

OF RICH, FULL-BODIED TOBACCO

