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QUAD



1937

QUAD
SHOW

PROGRAM



You need this throat protection too!

... That only a light smoke offers



The stars of the radio have to protect their throats—naturally. But keep in mind that your throat is just as important to you... be sure you have a light smoke. You can be sure Luckies

are a light smoke because the exclusive process, "It's Toasted", expels certain natural impurities harsh to the delicate tissues of your throat. So follow the stars to a clear throat! Choose Luckies.

a light smoke

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED
TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"

The Better Things

March 7-31—*The Good Earth* will be featured at the American Theater.

March 12—Mary Powell will present *An Introduction to Prints* at 10 A.M. at the Art Museum.

March 12-13—The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra presents Albert Spalding, at the Municipal Auditorium.

March 13—Jaquelin Ambler will explain *How Pottery is Glazed*, in her talk for craftsmen at the Art Museum at 2:30 P.M.

March 13—*Chinese Sculpture* is the subject of Jessie B. Chamberlain's regular Saturday afternoon talk at 3:30 P.M. at the Museum.

March 17—The Little Theater is giving a benefit performance of *Rain from Heaven*.

March 19-20—The Symphony Orchestra will conclude its series for this year by *Gala Closing Concerts*, at the Municipal Auditorium.

March 20—The subject of Jaquelin Ambler's lecture is *Engravings, William Blake*, to be given at 2:30 P.M. at the Museum.

March 23 and 26—*Style in Furniture* will be the subject discussed by Mary Powell at the Museum.

March 27—A demonstration of *The Painting of Still Life* will be given by P. C. Nicholson at 2:30 P.M. at the Museum.

March 29—April 10—*Celestial Holiday* will be presented by the Little Theater.

March 30 and April 2—*The Significance of Color* will be explained by Mary Powell at the Museum.

April 3—Jaquelin Ambler will give an illustrated travel talk on Paris at 2:30 P.M. at the Museum.

April 3—*The Art of the Medal* is the subject of Jessie B. Chamberlain's lecture at 3:30 P.M. at the Museum.

April 6 and 9—Mary Powell will talk on Roman Art, at the Museum.

April 9—The Principia Concert Series continues, with Nathan Milstein, violinist.

April 10—*Miniatures* is the promising subject of Jaquelin Ambler's lecture at 2:30 P.M. at the Museum.

April 10—*How to Judge Furniture* will be given by Jessie B. Chamberlain at 3:30 at the Museum.
—Alice Percy.

The Poets' Corner

MUMMER'S RHYME

Put away the painted masque
Of poet or of clown,
The judge's wig, the warrior's casque,
And ring the curtains down!
Some things were said in earnest and
Some things were said in jest:
The princess had the whitest hand,
The harlot's heart was best!
The prophet shouted loud and long—
'Who knows what he was saying?
The blindman starved amidst a throng
Of honest people praying . . .
Now hang the masque upon the wall
And ring the curtains down,
For shadows fall upon the hall
And silence on the town!

—Thomas Lanier Williams.

MIRRORS

When I feared
never again to look into your face,
never our caress retrace,
even the mirrors on the walls
mocked my fear
and hour by hour waited
expectant, with brilliance half abated,
to back in sunlight your reflected face
there a minute, in a minute gone.
But now the mirrors empty stand
against the walls in cold relief,
firm in their inevitable belief
that they shall not be called again
to form in their
formless inarticulate wells
of silent mercury that ebbs and swells,
you that were you within them
but a few hours ago. —Maury Reid.

ACCEPTANCE

I ain't the sentimental kind, see.
I'm not gonna pull none of this broken heart stuff.
Go with him . . .
There's other wimmin;
millions of 'em.
I'll get along.
But I just want you to know, see,
that I kinda liked yuh . . .
Not that I'm broke up or nothin',
but . . . aw, Hell!
If he ever quits yuh,
or you him . . .
I'll be around . . .
Maybe. —Dick Deming.

eliot

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Martyl Schweig Art Editor
Nancy Kealhofer . . . Story Editor
Dale Clover

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Cover by Martyl Schweig

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OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

CURIOUS AFRICAN PIPE

HELLO, JUDGE — HELLO, CHUBBINS — A BIT OF A SURPRISE, WHAT?

SIR CLEVE — I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN AFRICA! COME IN, MAN, COME IN!

BY GEORGE, THIS IS A SPLENDID NATIVE PIPE YOU'VE BROUGHT ME. IT'S A WHOPPER TOO!

OF COURSE IT'S ONLY **ONE** OF THE MANY TYPES OF AFRICAN PIPES

NATURALLY IT'S LARGE — IN THE DARK CONTINENT 'BIGGER' MEANS 'BETTER'



I'VE SEEN CHIEF'S PIPES TEN FEET LONG, A REAL 'TOP-HAT' PIPE, SO TO SPEAK



YOU WOULD HAVE ENJOYED THE TIME I DISTRIBUTED **PRINCE ALBERT** TO MY BOYS, JUDGE. OF COURSE THEY HAD NEVER SMOKED ANYTHING SO TASTY, MILD, AND MELLOW. **P.A.** WAS A SENSATION



-IN THEIR NATIVE TONGUE, THEY CALLED IT 'TOBACCO LIKE HONEY FROM STINGLESS BEES'

-AND THAT'S A MIGHTY FINE DESCRIPTION OF COOL-SMOKING 'NO BITE' **PRINCE ALBERT**



Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

THIS NO-RISK OFFER TAKES YOU STRAIGHT TO SMOKIN' JOY, MEN!

PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!



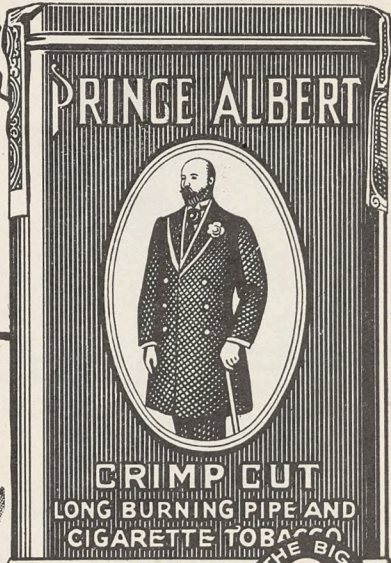
'CRIMP CUT PRINCE ALBERT GIVES YOU A NEW SLANT ON COOL SMOKIN'



MY HAT'S OFF TO P.A. IT HAS YET TO BITE MY TONGUE



AND, PARDNER, IT'S A MIGHTY FINE 'MAKIN'S' TOBACCO TOO

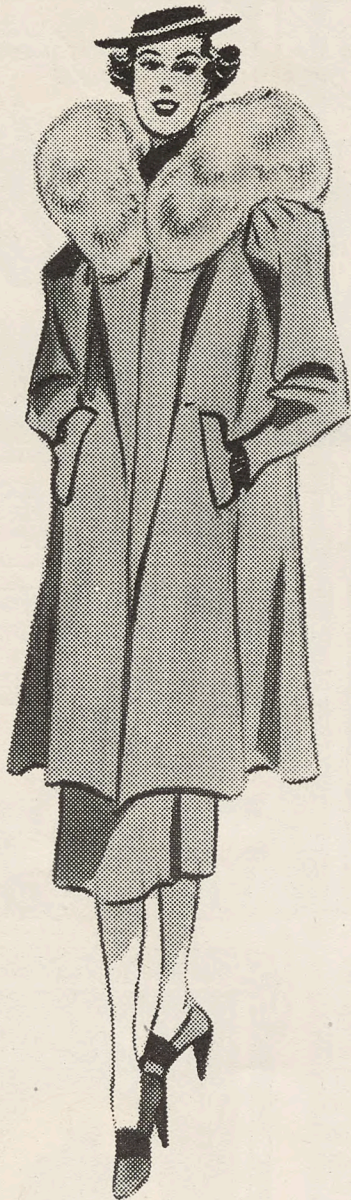


50

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

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

PRESENTING *by courtesy of*



KLINÉ'S

606-08 Washington Ave.

Sponsor of the—

1937 Washington University
Best Dressed Co-Ed Contest

The type of complete spring outfit to be presented the winner at the completion of this campus-wide contest later this month, sometime shortly before Easter.

This is the same type of costume being featured as the spring fashion leader on New York's Fifth Avenue.

== FASHION'S MARCH IS ON ==

Who will be the lucky co-ed to lead the Easter Parade arrayed in Kline's "One in a Million" prize outfit?

Jokes, Inc.

wins

Life Saver Wise Crack Contest!

EUGENE ASCKENASY DAVID LEIGH
DON LEONARD FRANK CASSERLY

are the lucky boys

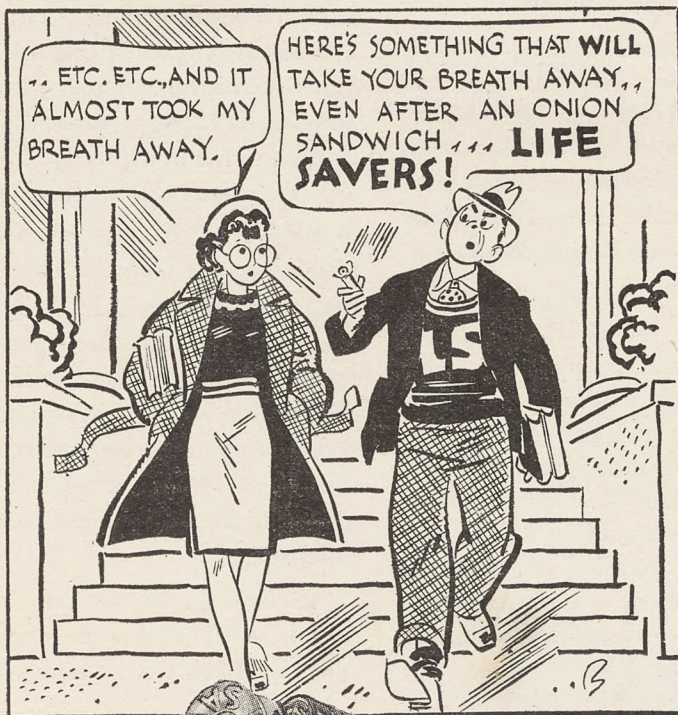
"We'll put our brain together," said these four A.S.A.B. nit-wits, "and win that flock of Life Savers." Here are a few of their brainstormers:

Professor Klamon rapped on the desk and said, "Quickly, gentlemen, Order!"

The Junior Marketing class in unison, "Beer!"

During an intermission at the Junior Prom everyone came inside for a breath of fresh air.

Who was that lady I seen you outwit last night?

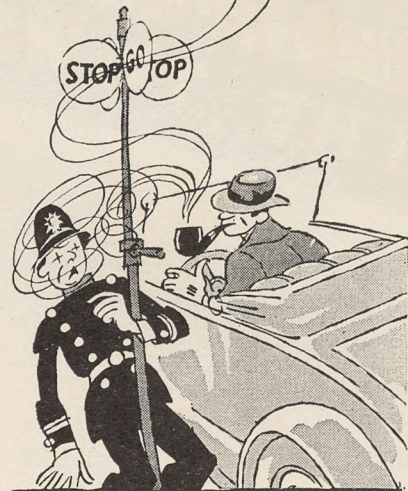


MORAL:

Everybody's breath offends sometimes...let **CRYST-O-MINT** save yours after eating, smoking and drinking



DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSSROADS!



...then he switched to the brand of grand aroma



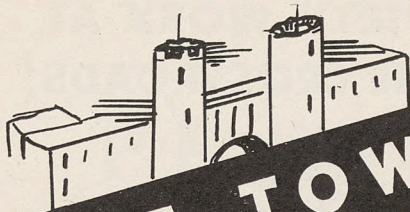
A SOUPY PIPE plus strong tobacco will K.O. any copper. All motorists should use pipe cleaners regularly and smoke only a certain mild fragrant mixture. Like Sir Walter Raleigh? Uh-huh. Sir Walter is a grand combination of well-aged Kentucky Burley leaf that burns cool, slow, while giving off a delightful aroma. This easier-on-the-tongue brand has become a leader in a few short years because it really *has* the mildness that pipe lovers since Adam have patiently sought. Test it in your briar.



FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W 73.



TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUENCHAUSEN)
NBC BLUE NETWORK, MONDAYS 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.



THE TOWERS

Candlelight

Thomas Lanier Williams, our star poet, is rapidly rising to fame. His ten-scene play, *Candles to the Sun*, is to be produced by the Mummings, March 18, 19, and 20 at the Wednesday Club. The play is a social study of the people in the Red Hills mining section of Alabama and depicts ten years in the life of one family. Each person represents one "candle," and as they learn that as individuals they cannot save themselves, they unite for the common good.

Tom is a native of Mississippi and has a deep understanding of the southern people. On a visit to his home state two years ago, he became interested in the miners of the Red Hills and decided to write a play. Mr. Willard Holland, director of the Mummings, says, "We are very much impressed by *Candles to the Sun*. Mr. Williams has extraordinary insight and a remarkable ability for getting types on paper. We consider his play the finest unproduced dramatic work we have ever discovered. He is bound to go far."

Eliot is very proud of Tom's achievement. Washington U. should be proud of him. We strongly urge everyone to see *Candles to the Sun*.

More Medals

MARCH COURT OF HONOR

1. *Quad Club*—This includes everybody, from the directors and authors down to the least important stage-hand. "*G*" *Is For Grandma* is a perfectly

swell show and every one who has had anything to do with its production deserves a big bunch of orchids.

2. *Nathan Kohn*. Since last fall, Nate has been working five or six hours a day on the "Y's" Vocational Information program. Through concentrated study and visits to other colleges—he also attended the national Vocational Guidance Convention at New Orleans last month—he has learned how things should be done and is now making the wheels hum on our campus.
3. *Sara Jean Alexander*.—Sally sold *forty-nine* Eliots last month, bless her little heart! We uphold her to our sales-girls as a shining example of what can be done with a little effort and a sweet smile.
4. *Dorothy Doerres*.—For a splendid job on the freshman orientation program. Her work has extended into this semester and the students entering at mid-year are being taken care of. Other campus activities would do well to imitate the detailed organization and efficient execution of the women's orientation program.

Hickory, Dickory

From our correspondent in Eads basement comes this report on the rat situation. In room B-1 there are about nine hundred white rats which are being used for experiments by psychology students. The young rats are sent through a

complicated maze filled with water. The shortest path from entrance to exit is eighteen feet, and the record swimming time—out of about eight thousand trials—is ten seconds. After swimming the maze three consecutive times without error, the rats become graduate students. A month after receiving their degrees, they are required to relearn the maze.

Last year the psychology department did not have enough rats for their experiments, but now they are faced with a housing problem. Joyce, one of the pets, won recognition and a name for having twenty offspring in thirty days. Sampson, of the sixth generation, is thought to be the largest white rat in captivity. He also has the distinction of having been a father oftener than any other rat in B-1.

Across the hall, in B-2, there are some aristocratic rats, pure breeds from the Wistar Institute of Anatomy and Biology, at the University of Pennsylvania. These female rats have the unusual habit of biting the feet and tails off their offspring.

Psychology 91 students, working in shifts, keep their eyes on the rats twenty-four hours a day.

This Machine Age

Just to show how seriously the *Eliot* staff takes its work, we tell the tale of Martyl and the machine gun. She had decided to draw abstracts of "*G*" *is for Grandma* on this month's cover. But an all-

knowing male informed her that the machine gun which she had drawn was of the "sub" variety and therefore not authentic. Martyl, deeply troubled, tripped down to Bender's Drug Store and spent two hours poring over detective magazines, making a thorough study of machine guns and all their characteristics. None of the types would fit into her design, so she had to invent one of her own anyhow.

We feel that this incident is illustrative of the unlimited amount of time and effort which we spend in research, in order to maintain the high quality of our magazine.

Hold that Headline

Some people are never satisfied. Take the very new Duke of Windsor, for example. It wasn't enough for him to manipulate things so he could draw an income of \$5,000 a month without having to wear a hat that looks like a large fur-bearing baseball bat and christen babies or battleships with champagne. He wasn't content with getting more publicity than anyone since Hauptmann; he didn't even stop when his girl friend pushed Never-A-Dull-Moment Nellie Muench off the front page. We thought the end had come when our friends told us five different King Edward jokes in one day. We were wrong. The Duke

of Windsor is going to grab the spotlight once more, leaving the royal head of George VI in obscure shadows.

Edward and Wally are determined to stage their little show just a jump ahead of the coronation and George's managers are gnashing their monocles in despair. We feel for them—oh definitely! When the unbeatable publicity team of Windsor and Simpson consolidates, we can hear the entire English nation mumbling over its tea cups, "I say, what coronation?"

This is too much. Unless the preachers of the world unanimously go on a sit-down strike and refuse to unite this man and woman, not of the hour but of two thousand eight hundred eighty hours, we predict a revolution to overthrow the colorless George VI and bring back "glamour" to the British throne.

College Humor

Speaking of dissatisfaction, we are well aware of the fact that our magazine is naturally subject to severe criticism. Some of the adverse comments are toned down a bit before reaching our shell-like ears; others are not.

One of the most frequent criticisms—one with which we heartily agree—is that we need more humor. However, we refuse to

lower our standards by printing a lot of exchange jokes, and campus wit does not seem to be forthcoming. Last month we announced a wise-crack contest with a carton of Life Savers as the prize. Now, on the day before we go to press, we have not received *one* wise-crack. Oh, we'll get one. Tonight we will call about forty people and ask them to submit jokes and tomorrow we'll choose between the two that we receive.

It can be seen that if it takes all of this effort to get a couple of original jokes, even when we're offering a whole carton of Life Savers as a reward, we'd have a lovely time trying to fill a humor section every month.

We *want* original jokes and cartoons. Send them in!

R. S. V. P.

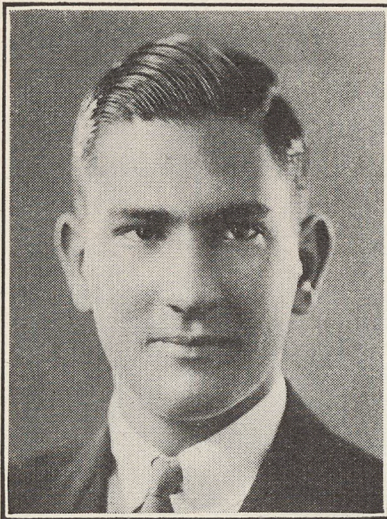
Another thing—at the beginning of the year we asked for letters from the people. To date we have received only one, and we just aren't going to write them ourselves.

We'd like to hear those criticisms which never reach our ears. We'd like comments about *Eliot* and suggestions for its improvement. The avalanche of letters may be left in our office, room 108 Eads. Go ahead and tell us to our faces! We promise to publish both letters next month.



Grandma—A Biography

by ARLEEN THYSON



ED MEAD

Green Lea shop, decided to collaborate on a Quad show. Ed had a great idea, plus practical experience in play-writing; Al had rhythm in his soul plus practical experience in song-writing. They were an unbeatable team.

Together they selected situations in the plot which would be suitable for the insertion of a song or dance. Ed was leaving for Europe in July, so they had to work out their plans very thoroughly. During time off from life-guarding, Ed managed to write the first act. Meanwhile, Al had persuaded Jean Speakes to help with the music and they were hard at work on tunes and lyrics. Al got the idea for "That Word Called No" while driving up and down the new speed-way, and that for "In Opposition to My Love" while taking a shower—just as the water changed from hot to cold. Most of Jean's inspirations came to her in a summer school math class.

In July Ed went to New York and wrote the first scene of the second act in a hotel there. While crossing the ocean on the freighter "Black Hawk," he selected a nice spot on the top deck, "midway between a hatch and a packing crate," and balancing his typewriter on another crate, he batted out the last scene. The entire manuscript was mailed to Fleischer from Antwerp.

Al took excellent care of it—most of the time—but one hilarious evening he stuck it in the dash compartment of his car. On the way home he decided it had been stolen. Yes, he knew he had had it and then it was gone. Frantically he returned to all of the places he had been that evening—no manuscript was to be found. He was panic-stricken and sent a rush cablegram to Paris, where he thought Ed was. But young Mr. Mead was gayly bicycling over the French Alps, and the American consul at Paris wired that he was unable to locate him.

Malted milk is a powerful drink. On a memorable evening last spring it was the inspiration for a number of scintillating tunes and a side-splitting satire about G-Men, gangsters, and a kleptomaniac. "G" Is For Grandma was born when Ed Mead and Al Fleischer, sipping malted milks in a

Those were dark days for Al and Jean. It was then early October and Quad shows were due the fifteenth. They had some lovely music, of course, but no story. At least that's what they thought.

Fortunately for all of us, Mrs. Fleischer *did* look in the compartment one day, but she mistook the manuscript for some of Al's music, and put it on the piano without mentioning it to him. It's easy to imagine Al's feelings when he discovered the lost brainchild. Two days later a carbon arrived from Ed, who had finally received the terrifying message. "G" Is For Grandma was submitted on yellow paper, unbound, and in rather bad form generally. Nobody cared.

Writing a successful musical comedy has been one of the least of the accomplishments of last year's *Eliot* editor. After spending three months abroad—visiting Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, France, and England—Ed Mead returned to a fine advertising job with Benton and Bowles in New York. When writing "G" Is For Grandma, a satire on advertisers, Ed had no idea that he himself would go into that business. With characteristic energy he began to write radio scripts at night and was recently promoted to the company's script department. He now works in the Columbia and NBC studios, writing part of the script for Floyd Gibbons' True Adventure hour. He is soon to do all of it. He also works on the Beauty Box and Show Boat hours and hobnobs with Floyd Gibbons, Jessica Dragonette, Lanny Ross, Jackie Coogan, and many other radio stars.



ALFRED J. FLEISCHER

Al Fleischer has no intention of writing songs for a living though he has had three of his shows produced by Quad Club. He collaborated with Porter Henry on *Ship-A-Hooey* in 1935, and last year with Dorothy Warfield and Irene Jennings on *Come And Get It*. But Al wants to be an engineer. "Writing songs is my hobby," he says. "I want to eat three meals a day."

We hope that sometime he'll drink another malted milk with Ed Mead.

Music in My Ear

by JEAN SPEAKES

SOME PEOPLE feel that the bathtub or shower is the atmosphere most conducive to musical expression. But during my attempts this summer to "create" my part of the music for this year's Quad Show, I found that ideas came at varied and most peculiar times. Some of the earlier ones were apparently inspired by my summer school math class. At any rate that's where I got them. I'd be listening to the elucidation of some ingenious equation when suddenly an inspiration would hit me! I don't mean to say that it was so potent as to render me completely unconscious. Rather it sort of sneaked up on me when I wasn't looking, or just when I was enjoying the view from the windows of Cupples I. So that it wouldn't leave me—inspirations are funny that way—I'd grab my pencil and jot down a series of hieroglyphics that to anyone else would have looked like the scratching of an insane chicken, but to me—ah, it was my brainchild! I didn't get much work done during the summer school session, however. The combination of the math and the heat did such things to my disposition that I'm afraid my attempts would have been censored out of existence.

For a while my so-called ideas would come to me when I was farthest from the piano. If I had been wise, I would have gotten myself a bazooka to carry around with me so that I could have tried the tunes on the nearest innocent bystander. As it was, I had to rely on pencil and paper (or lipstick and napkin), until finally I trained myself to wait until the piano was handy. Then everything went as smoothly as could be expected. Outside of tearing out a few locks of hair and wanting to throw the whole works in the deepest puddle I could find, I really enjoyed working on the show.

Then came the day our show was accepted! I was so excited and thrilled that I hardly knew what to do. There were, however, a couple of tunes that needed revising to make them more suitable. Well, at the time I cared not a whit for that. Thought I, with a snap of my fingers, "That will be easily taken care of." But then, I never could snap my fingers very well. I found that changing the tunes to lyrics that were already set was the most nerve-wracking

job I had ever tackled. The old tunes would keep coming back, and when they didn't, I found that my "new compositions" could be heard by turning the radio on to any dance orchestra. Then I began getting ideas for the songs after I had gone to bed at night. Usually I'd think that I was just having some new kind of nightmare and let it go at that. But now I think everything is under control.

Al Fleischer, co-partner of Fleischer-Speakes Composers, Inc., has been the bring-'em-back-to-earth element of our team. I guess it's because he's a high and mighty senior, with two Quad Show scores already chalked up, that he found no great excitement in writing this year's show. He could easily wait until he was at a piano to get his ideas—and then, believe me, they were all right.

We wrote the music for *Grandma* on a sort of independent-cooperative basis, if that means anything. The idea is that some of the numbers Al wrote, some I wrote, and some we both wrote. In those we wrote together, Al would play a bar, then that would start some kind of a neural process and I'd get an idea for the next bar—and so on until the number was completed. The lyrics were written in much the same way—some independently and some cooperatively.



JEAN SPEAKES

Having finished the score, I thought that my work was done. What an idea! It had really just begun. What with playing for rehearsals and tearing out to the orchestrator's to set harmonies, keys, and score routine, my fingers were worn to nubs.

I thought I was excited when the show was accepted, but I'm practically delirious now that it's time for production. However, all I can do is keep my fingers crossed and trust in the Lord and Percy Ramsay.

On the Make

by NANCY KEALHOFER and DALE CLOVER

Eliot visits the Quad Show

THE DOOR was shut and no sounds of any kind were issuing from the other side. Nor was there any light. We wondered if we were in the wrong building or outside the wrong room, or both. Not being bashful, we opened the door and saw the object of our search, the cast of "*G*" is for *Grandma*.

We took off our coats and settled down to look around for what we thought were the usual things seen at a musical comedy rehearsal. And they were all there with the exception of chorus girls in shorts sitting around smoking cigarettes. The dancing chorus had not yet started to practice with the principals, but the singing chorus was there in full base and tenor.

When we arrived, the chorus was listening to the instructions being given by the director, Mr. Ramsey, which accounted for the unusual silence just before we opened the door. After a few minutes the boys and girls went into one of their numbers, with occasional interruptions from Mr. Ramsey, who pointed out their mistakes and even illustrated some of the steps and arm movements. We wondered when they were going to sing.

The members, however, seemed to be having a swell time on their own, laughing and hitting each other in the ribs. All of them were wearing easy clothes, because they have to go over the same number so many times that none of them can quite brave anything more confining.

Pete Mara was one of the boys who was actually wearing a suit, and he was also one of the many who were chewing gum. He was taking the whole business very seriously. Pete is one of those boys with dark black, wavy hair and a rudy complexion and is altogether very handsome indeed. At all times, he seems to be putting his whole heart and soul in his work, except that once we saw him give Gene Beare a poke in the back. However, he seemed to be serious about that, too.

The rehearsal was being carried on in the glee club room in Cupples I. This room has grayish-white cloth on two sides and across the ceiling so that the tones will not echo. The chairs ranged around the room are steel. Mr. Jensen, who is the faculty man in charge, was sitting in one of these chairs. He seemed to be very serious also, as he sat there, chin in hand smoking a cigarette. Jukie Forgey was studying,—or so we thought. Later we

discovered that she was only writing a letter. In the play Jukie is supposed always to be gazing off into space,—like the lighthousekeeper.

Jack Weaver, who plays the comedy role of a retired G man, one Bengy Hoovis, is an old veteran, since this is his fourth Quad Club show. When we saw him, he was wearing a hat and scarf and flitting around in an attempt to show the chorus how to do their steps. Every now and then, he would put in something fancy of his own. Kathryn Galle, who plays one of the granddaughters, was another gum-chewer of the evening. It did a great deal for Miss Galle's rhythm, for her jaw movements were always in perfect time. We discovered later that she is also a very good singer, even handicapped as she was by the gum.

Dolores Pitts is another granddaughter in the show and is very flip and carefree. She and Jack Weaver furnish much amusement, and are also an effective singing team. Kathryn Galle and Bob Reinhardt, who has been kidnapped by Grandma, furnish the love interest. While doing "Let's Consolidate," Miss Galle, with a little help from Bob, finally threw her chewing gum out the window.

Gene Beare plays the part of a negro and his accent is so like the black boys that we found ourselves wanting to rise and shout, "Amen, Halleluyah!" Ruth Finke is the Grandma of the play, who is a kleptomaniac. Among other things, she steals a trombone, and furnishes one of the best musical numbers of the show. During one of the numbers we caught Mr. Jensen tapping his foot in time with the music,—which was being played by Jean Speakes,—and we also caught Jack Weaver shooting paper wads. Mary Ramsay kept on her coat during the entire rehearsal, since there were several windows open and it was none too warm outside. There were moments when we wished we had had Mary's foresight. Markey Parman spent most of her time just flitting around, twinkling as it were, and we noticed that she never got very far away from her partner, Fred Sales. We were rather disappointed that Rosenstein and Menown weren't there.

Once the chorus was called back to repeat a number seven times, but when the first act finally was finished Mr. Ramsey informed them that henceforth there were to be no absences, no tardinesses, and *no more horseplay!* Smiling knowingly, we all trooped out.



Camera Catches at Rehearsal

by Charles Lorenz

1. This scene requires poise, and Jack and Dolores seem to have it.—2. Master-minds at work. Florence Boe, Charlie Hendrie and Al Fleischer.—3. My, how these little girls have grown! They're sure to do some high kicking with **those** legs.—4. "One-uh-two-uh-three-uh-four." Watch Miss Boe, girls.—5. Jukie Forgey and Evan Wright in an "informal" pose.—6. Grandma is a regular little devil. There goes your watch, Gene.—7. More funny business. We hope the girls won't be mad when they see these pictures.—8. "Steady, Jukie!"—9. Menown and Rosenstein—the "tops."

The Cast

(In Order of Appearance)

Egbert	EVAN WRIGHT
Lily	JULIABELLE FORGEY
Marge	KATHERINE GALLE
Jane	DOLORES PITTS
Bengy	JACK WEAVER
Cameramen	ROBERT WHITE, RALPH BRADSHAW
Grandma Ranton	RUTH ALLENE FINKE
Girl	DOROTHY KRIEGER
Boy	JAMES ROWON
Roderic Riverside	ROBERT REINHARDT
Mose	GENE BEARE
Cappikitti	RICHARD YORE
Angelo	FRED LEYHE
Spike	GENE BEARE
Butch	JOHN BUETTNER
Watch Dog	LOVICK DRAPER

Specialty Dancers

ROLAND MENOWN and MARIFRANCES ROSENSTEIN

DANCING CHORUS — Girls: Evelyn Bissell, Ethel Jane Ellis, Billie Gallagher, Mary Elinor Geisler, Adele Helmkampf, Elberta Herget, Louise Kraus, June Pentland, Sylvia Ratz, Martha Willert, Frances Willert, Jacqueline Wood.

Men: Robert Alexander, Sigmund Barack, Guy Bramon, Frank Nickerson, Ed Short, William Wittler.

SINGING CHORUS — Girls: Sally Alexander, Gloria Ball, Jeanne Etienne, Dorothy Krieger, Margot Parman, Bette Middleton, Jean Speakes, Virginia Stanford, Mary Stevens, Mary Ramsay.

Men: Robert Diehl, Bud Ferring, Boyd Fletcher, Alex Grosberg, George Hannaway, Jack Losse, Tom Mara, Jr., James Rowon, Fred Sale, Oliver Schweizer, James Sido, J. W. Skinner.

ORCHESTRA — Vaughan Ball, Howard Beck, Clyde Borman, Lester Caplan, Charles Cassell, Robert Hutchinson, Edward Monthath, Jack Myers, Leroy Rasch, John Ritchie, Martyl Schweig, Joe Tucker.

Quadre

“G” is Grand

March and

A Musical in Two

ACT

Music and Lyrics by RICHARD C.

Director RAMSAY

Dances Arranged by FRED

Singing Chorus Director ENE J.

Orchestra Director AN FA

Sets Designed by BUZANN

MUSIC NUMBER

1. Overture
2. Opening Chorus (Here
3. Credit Carry and No Po
4. Here We Are
5. In a Scientific Way
6. All I Want
7. It's Wrong To Steal
8. In Opposition To My Love
9. Let's Consolidate
10. Finale, That Little Word
11. Entire Act
12. We're On the Lam
13. We're Always Getting
14. It's Wrong To Steal (Re
15. Reveille Blues
16. Let Us Park
17. Let's Consolidate (Repris
18. In Opposition To My Love
19. G Is For Grandma
20. Finale

Club

Grandma

March and 13

Musical in Two Acts

BOEAD

by R. SCHER and JEAN SPEAKES

Directed by RAMSAY

Designed by FLORENCE BOE

Directed by ENE JENNINGS HANDLEY

Directed by AN FALKENHAINER

Designed by SUZANNE SCHWEIG

MUSI MEMBERS

- Orchestra
- (Here Girls' Dancing Chorus
- No Pa Lily and Egbert
- Singing Chorus
- ay and Men's Singing Chorus
- Marge and Jane, Dancing Chorus
- al Grandma Ranton
- My Lo Bengy and Jane,
- Menown and Rosenstein
- Marge, Singing Chorus
- Word Roderic, Marge, Menown
- and Rosenstein, Ensemble

- Orchestra
- n Gangsters
- etting B Gangsters
- al (Re Grandma and Gangsters

- Singing Chorus
- Mel Rosenstein, Dancing Chorus
- Roderic and Marge,
- (Repris Bengy and Jane
- My Lo Singing Chorus
- r Men's Singing Chorus
- Entire Cast

The Play

ACT I

Time—Late Friday afternoon.

Place—The main front room of Grandma Ranton's southern plantation mansion.

ACT II

SCENE 1

Time—Very early Saturday morning.

Place—An abandoned farmhouse—The Cappikitti Gang's hideout.

SCENE 2

Time—Later the same morning, still very early.

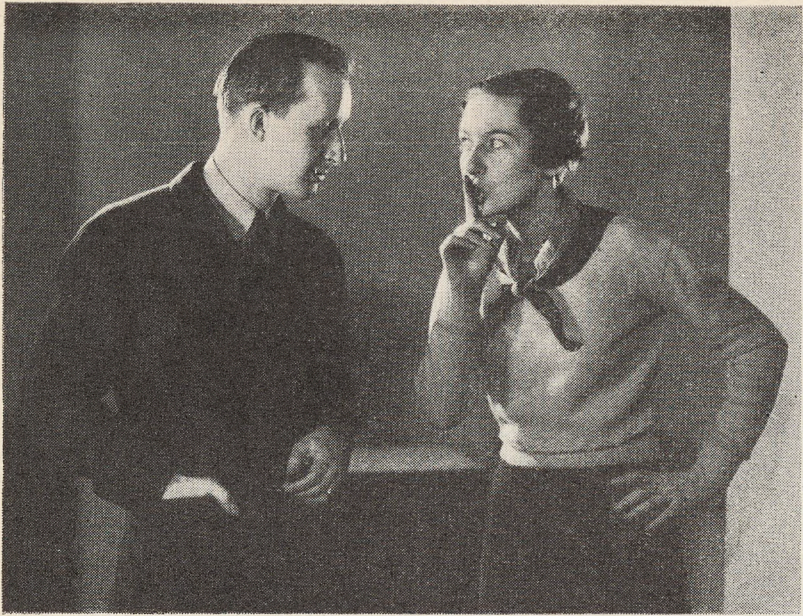
Place—Same as Act I.

OFFICERS

- President JACK WEAVER
- Vice-President JULIABELLE FORGEY
- Secretary BETTY BOHANNON
- Business Manager ALFRED FLEISCHER
- Production Manager BILL RECORD
- Faculty Adviser DANA O. JENSEN

PRODUCTION STAFF

- Assistant Business Manager ALEX GROSBURG
- Assistant Production Managers RALPH BRADSHAW,
CHARLES HENDRIE, ROBERT WHITE
- Stage Manager JACK BROUGH
- Stage Assistants BILL KOKEN, READ BOLES, DICK SCHULTZ
JAMES DUNCAN, JERRY FRECK
- Costume Manager LAURAMAE PIPPIN
- Assistant Costume Manager KAY HAMPTON
- Property Manager METCALF BRISTOW
- Electricians RICHARD TOON, JOSEPH STANLEY
- Assistant Electrician CHARLES MILL



Fun-Makers
Jack Weaver and Dolores Pitts

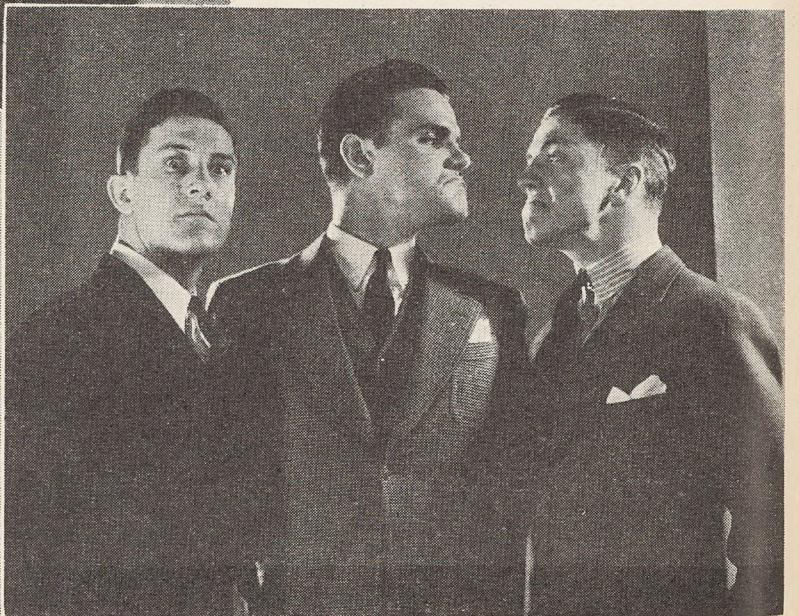
Grandma in Action
Dick Yore, Fred Leyhe, and Ruth Finke



Sweet Romance
Kathryn Galle and
Bill Reinhardt

THE PRINCIPALS

Specialty Dancers
Marifrances Rosenstein and Roland Menown



Thirty-Minute Eggs
Lovick Draper, John Buettner and Gene Beare

Hostelling Invades America

by BILL NELSON

Back to nature in true German fashion

I.

VISIONS still appear to those who can see them. Twenty-five years ago, Richard Schirrmann, a school-master in Altena, Germany, had a vision which came to him as an outgrowth of contacts with his pupils. These contacts had convinced him that youth was entitled to a wider, truer view of Nature than the narrow classroom could offer. He dreamed of a world-wide organization whereby the youth of all lands might be enabled to travel economically and simply, discovering the world for themselves. As they travelled, he felt that they would gain a far better understanding of the physical world and of their fellow men than they could get from any geography or history book. He looked far into the future and saw that the friendships young people formed with the youth of other sections and nations would bring an end to sectional and national hate, fear, and jealousy, replacing these war-breeders with that feeling of personal friendship which is necessary for a real world peace.

Richard Schirrmann was no idle dreamer; he set to work at once to make his vision a fact. He realized that the young people of his section of the country were handicapped on their hiking trips by the fact that they either had to carry a lot of cumbersome camping equipment, or else limit each trip to the distance they could travel in half a day so that they would have time to return home in the evening. He therefore turned the attic of his schoolroom into a dormitory, provided washing and cooking facilities, and invited groups from neighboring schools to spend the night there any time at the end of a day's outing. Other school teachers in nearby towns took up the idea. In Altena, the townspeople, seeing need for more spacious accommodations, gave Richard an old, unused castle, Burg Altena, which stood high above the town. With the help of his pupils and other volunteers, he cleaned up the castle, installed a few simple necessities, and named it the International Youth Hostel.

The hostel idea quickly took hold all over Germany because the Germans are an outdoor-loving people and because the high cost of automobiles and gasoline have made them feel that hiking and biking are the natural ways to travel. Educators, and students themselves, were especially enthusiastic about this new kind of education. Soon the government recognized the value of "hostelling" both in building up the health and strength of the members of the rising generation, and in instilling in them a real

love of their country. With national government approval and aid, hostels sprang up everywhere—in buildings especially constructed for the purpose, in made-over barns and houses, in castles which in centuries past had known only the somber tread of knights and men-at-arms but which now echoed to the joyous shouts of their youthful invaders.

The movement did not stop at those imaginary and unsettled lines known as the borders of Germany. This new way of travelling appealed too strongly to all youth who heard of it, no matter in what country they happened to live. Leaders in other European countries caught Richard Schirrmann's zeal, and before many years seventeen countries were enrolled in the International Youth Hostel Conference, of which, fittingly enough, Richard is now president. The Polish government made a grant for the building of hostels; the Carnegie Foundation gave \$100,000 in England, \$50,000 in Scotland. Czechoslovakia made it a requirement for high school graduation that proof be shown of at least two weeks spent in hostelling. It became possible for young adventurers to cross great portions of Europe, north to south or east to west, finding a clean, safe Youth Hostel every fifteen miles along the way.

In the summer of 1934, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Smith took a group of forty American boys and girls on a tour of European hostels, and in the fall of the same year, the International Conference, meeting in London, appointed Isabel and Monroe national directors of American Youth Hostels, Incorporated. At Christmas time, after having overcome seemingly insurmountable difficulties, this young couple opened the first American Hostel. It was named the "Richard Schirrmann Youth Hostel" and Richard himself was present at its dedication. All through the winter and spring Isabel and Monroe worked incessantly without remuneration in order that Richard's vision might become fact to American as well as European youth. By summer they had set up a "loop" of seventy-seven hostels, one every fifteen miles, on a thousand miles of trail through New England. Whether in farmhouse, school, church, or college, each had a house-mother and a house-father and provided separate sleeping quarters and washing facilities for boys and girls, common kitchen, and common dining and recreation room. Each offered a bunk, a mattress, and a blanket for the overnight charge of a quarter.

(Continued on page 22)



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Fashions

by *Florence Kay*



ARE YOU all set to join the big Easter parade? Kline's Junior Shop and Country Club Shop have outdone themselves with an amazing selection of Spring fashions. Just glance at the pictures and you'll feel like the essence of Spring.

Of course, the backbone of every spring wardrobe is your suit. The two shown on the opposite page are not only smart but very practical. The one on the right is a handsome 3 piece suit that you would feel luxurious wearing. It is of beige imported woolen fabric and has a genuine fox collar. Under the full length top coat is a short French tight jacket that buttons up the front. A bright colored scarf tucked in at the neck adds that perky touch. And by the way, the top coat makes a grand casual coat for other dresses.

The outfit on the left is a variation of the conventional suit. It combines a gay print dress and a dressmaker coat styled after Creed. Worn together you have a perfect ensemble—worn separately a clever dress and a good looking coat. The dress is a pure-dye silk with cunning little birds on a navy background. It has a round white pique collar and spring flowers at the neckline. The coat of navy wool is fitted and fits with that certainumph! It's fully lined providing a perfect spring coat.

And now the last is the most unusual dress I've ever seen and I think that you've ever seen. In the right hand corner of this page is Jane Whitney's Austrian Dirndl peasant dress. The challis blouse has a round collar, short puffed sleeves and a red bow at the collar. The jumper is of navy sheer with a basque like top and a full skirt that is emphasized by the shirred waistline. A peasant hat of felt and grosgrain in gay colors completes this different costume.



it used to take a lot of headwork
to figure out the right footwork
to make your

EASTER OUTFIT hot!



but now to strike the right note
for your bonnet, suit or coat
you go to swopes

CO-ED CORNER SHOP!

by BEE FERRING

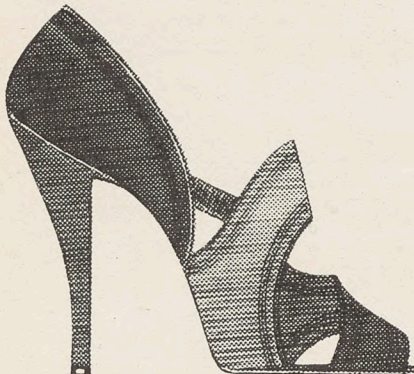
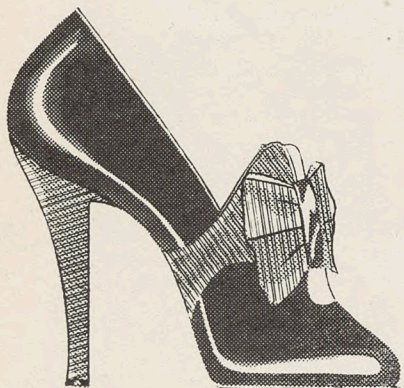
It's practically all **GABARDINE** under foot this spring—a grand idea, for Gabardine tailors so beautifully and is nice and cool as days get warmer. Gabardine is striking in black, smart in the new lighter brown, urban in grey, knock-out in beige, and a charmer in navy. You can take your colors straight or mix 'em—right in the same shoe. Styles have gone completely and devastatingly feminine, as you can see from the shoes shown here—high of heel, short of vamp, gay with ribbons, and daring in cut. Many let your toes right out in the open.

For your suit, you'll want a pump brought up high in the front and accented with a bow, like the shoe shown second from the top—or the 1937 version of our old friend the tie, (top, left) cut way down to nothing at the sides. For tea-time and thereafter, you'll be very giddy if you're smart—perhaps with that three-inch heel affair in the left hand corner, that comes in one color or three, or the right-hand tie laced in grosgrain from its high front spang down to its patent toe!

OPEN HOUSE, Saturday, March 13 and March 20—

Your favorite co-eds will be here displaying newest spring footwear! Miss Micky Hyman, Miss Casha Bull and Miss Bee Ferring will be hostesses March 13; and Miss Evelyn Bissell, Miss Mary Stevens and Miss Kay Galle will be here to greet you on March 20th. Come in and see them!

Co-ed Corner Shoes are kind to your allowance, with their \$5 and \$5.50 price tags!



CO-ED CORNER on the main floor at Swopes

Gee!

by BUTLER BUSHYHEAD

The seventh Letter in the alphabet
Is one that, I'm almost willing to bet,
The average run of the college gink
Doesn't know, 'less he stops to think.
And aye, dear reader, there is the rub,
For by the horns of Beelzebub,
The letter "G" I'll have you know
Is a famous one, the ultimo
Of that worthy group of twenty-six
That we run together in rhetorics.

Perhaps you wonder why it is seven
On the list. 'Twas the will of Heaven
For God, as you know, worked six long days
Making the world so it looked okay.
On the day of rest he murmured "Gee,
That's a pretty good job for a guy like me."
So "G" was raised to the highest peak
As the first known word that the Lord did speak
And even his name begins with "G"
So you see how important it must be.

It stands for Grace and Gravitation
And Grape and Grass and Graduation
And Gnu and Glue and Gonoplasm
(The conjugating portion of protoplasm.)
And also for Gabriel, Ghost and Gin
And Sir Galahad and George Gershtwin
And Giant and Germ and Gymnasium
And Gene and Gland and Geranium.
It stands for Garbo, it stands for Gable,
The handsome pug in "Cain and Mabel."
It stands for Good and Game and Green
And Goth and Gum and Guillotine,
For Guts, and Gravy, and Genesis
(Aint it awful to use such language as this?)

There's even a string that's known as "G"
But enough of this junk. I'm sure you see
My point. But the most important of all
Of the words of "G," makes my mind recall
A little old lady that's sitting alone,
Wrinkled and gray from the cares she's known,
And "G," though it never be used for another
Should always be known for one word—GRANDMOTHER.
In a rocking chair by the open fire,
She's a symbol of age in her black attire.
She's thought to live in a beautiful past,
And is hardly a modern enthusiast—

(Continued on page 23)

Why Process-Aging

*enriches the flavor
and aroma of this
fine Pipe Tobacco*



Prove it at our Risk

AGING enhances the flavor and bouquet of fine wines. The same is true of tobaccos.

As every tobacco expert knows, pipe tobacco can be rushed through the plant and save big sums of money. It's pipe tobacco, but it is *not* Edgeworth.

Edgeworth is Process-Aged, a method as vital to these fine tobaccos as aging is to fine wines. Process-Aging requires twelve steps, each under laboratory control. It takes 4 to 7 times as long as might seem necessary. But in no other way can we guarantee that Edgeworth will not bite the tongue.

If Edgeworth is not the most delicious pipe tobacco you ever smoked or if it bites your tongue, your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Edgeworth is made in three forms to suit the two types of pipe smokers.

Edgeworth Ready Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are cool, long-burning tobaccos preferred by seasoned pipesmokers.

Edgeworth Jr. is the same tobacco, also Process-Aged, but cut for a milder, free-burning smoke.

We ask you to try Edgeworth under our money-back guarantee.



Please accept 50¢ Gold Plated Collar-Pin for only 10¢ when you buy Edgeworth. Merely send inside white wrapper from any tin of Edgeworth with your name and address and 10¢ to Larus & Bro. Co., Dept. 300, Richmond, Va.

EDGEWORTH AND EDGEWORTH JR.



Between Belles

Alicia Animadverts Again

My dear Miss Thyson:

I haven't corresponded with you for ever so long but I felt that you should hear a word or two in Grizzleberry style—my newsies will sooth your literary senses which have been ruffled by Auntie's uncouth gossip. And also, since I am now a member of the "*G*" *Is For Grandma* singing chorus—they need the refinement of my cultured soprano—I feel that the public should be informed of the amorous doings of those of the theatre.

It is quite excruciating to notice the leading fellow and girl of the show, who seem not to forget their romancing even when they leave the stage . . . genuine Thespians, they are, and Reinhardt always brings Galle to every rehearsal . . . Jukie Forgey is forever tripping about with that too divine Menown man, either to lunch or giving him lifts after rehearsals . . . Jeannie Speakes has really composed some toothsome sounding songs for the musicale and Don Bristow thinks she is as sweet as her best melody . . . my very best chorus informants report that the gangling Tarzan, Tom Kirksey, is also tooting a horn in the parade . . . Billie Gallagher's love for Tomlinson is so great that she wears his pin even on her rehearsal garb . . .

A rollicking good time is had by all when dancing Marifrances and George "Sig Ep" Pearey team up for the evening.

Kenneth Fox, the Beta valedictorian, suffered a severe jolt from a woman back home some years ago and for these three years now he has deprived the poor girls of his enjoyable company, dapper young thing that he is . . . but now, fair sex, one and all, the above mentioned K. Fox has gone the way of all males and taken out a date . . . mind you, a *date*, and he used to say that he "never touches the stuff" . . . "Hatchet Queen" Bissell has now gone in for all this strong and silent business . . . we of the singing chorus have heard innumerable little things about Beta's wrestler and original strong man, Bob Gaines, who tried to conceal the identity of his "interest" until the Pi Phis snitched.

Jim Sido, former worshipper of "Toots" Wilkerson, is now keeping company with Esther of the Delta Gamma Hubers . . . That Eicher and Mill amour has stepped right up with the best of the current mushy-wushys . . . Charles has been bestowed the monicker of "Tulane Terror" because he is habitually encamped on the Eicher doorstep . . .

Whenever folks get to talking and somebody mentions Elinor Patterson's name, Bud Skinner gets to looking like Student Life's prize-winning stray cat.

"True-blue" Herget and Bob "Escorts Inc." Hillman helped turn out the lights and lock the door at Norwood after the Miami Triad . . . We girls just titter and titter when Bengy Harris comes along cause all you have to say to him is, "Are you man or mouse?" and he acts like he's standing on top of the Russian revolution . . . isn't that so, Jane Faust? . . . Tommy Ozment is another who seems to have a slight dislike for this mousy business . . . One must be careful upon entering Brown Hall because things like Jackie Woods are very likely to come bouncing down at you from three or four stories up . . . Jackie gave a magnificent performance of how to fall twenty-seven flights without a bruise anywhere except . . .

Gilbert Lutz had a date with "Peanuts" Kraus and Peggy Lou Baker on the same Sunday afternoon and at the same hour . . . he made both of them and seemingly all are satisfied . . . Houdini wasn't so hot . . . Wimpy Gillis is still keeping up with his court practice, concentrating on Grace La Rue . . . Dorothy Krieger has shipped back the Hauser pin and oft is seen during rehearsals chatting off stage with Jim Rowon . . . Julian Miller trying to Katcher . . . and she finding it difficult dividing her time between the newspaper and forensic offices . . . purely extra curricular, of course . . . Martyl of the Eliot cover Schweigs, consistently seen at Joe's with droves of males . . . who pays what? . . . Ann Blackinton and Mary Jane Krueger seem to be starting a back-to-the-farm movement because they pack up and hie off to Cuba, Missouri, every week-end . . . hill-billies? . . . The S.A.E. frosh are continually stealing Marion Ketter's picture from Lackland Bloom's room . . . and now, I shall allow myself to become facetious by stating that if Lackland would ask Dimples for a lock of her hair and put it in the picture frame, then the freshmen would have to go to all the trouble of picking the lock . . . Sampel Murphy, drugstore wild-west man, has redeemed his pin from Bobby O'Laughlin, off-campus . . .

The other night the gentlemen residing in the dorm heard the beautiful soprano voice of Louise Lampert serenading them . . . Quarterback O'Toole

(Continued on page 23)

To the Freshmen

by CHARLES SANFORD

An Expository Essay on Writing an Expository Essay

FIRST of all, freshmen, if you want to write an expository essay—and even if you don't particularly want to—drag the family dictionary from the moth balls and find out about that word "expository." You are now off on what is known as the "right foot."

Next, if you have not already done so, sit yourself down at a desk or table. A straight hard chair will do very nicely to start. Holler at your mother in the next room and ask what did she do with your new composition book—the one with the Washington U. sticker on it. Sharpen your pencil with the good butcher knife or your father's straight-edge razor (never use fountain pen or typewriter, as that makes it too easy on the Professor), and brush the shavings onto the carpet. This may seem beside the point—no pun intended—and unnecessary, but it all helps to get you into the proper mood for writing an expository essay.

When you are all ready to begin, stop and think. Ask yourself, "What am I going to write about? What am I going to expose?" Wonder to yourself if it would be o.k. to tell the Professor and the class "How to Fix a Flat Tire," or "How to Knit a Whatisit."

Suppose you decide to elucidate on the fine art of taking snap shots. After placing the proper heading on the paper, and after giving the matter considerable thought, proceed thus: "Almost everyone owns a camera, but oh how few, how very few, take good pictures. Now there is really nothing hard about making good snap shots. In fact, it is very simple." Take time out at this point to admire your effort. Read it over and over until you have convinced yourself that it is the tops—that it is undoubtedly a brain child—your very own.

Continue: "The first thing you must do is put film in your camera. So many pictures do not turn out because there hasn't been any film. Now find something interesting to take a picture of, like a tree or a brooklet, or even just a brook. Hold the camera steady and firmly press the shutter release. Now your picture is taken and all you have to do is have it developed."

(Continued on page 24)

In Between Esquires

by JOHN ROSEBROUGH

Noted in the Quad Shop

"TWO cokes, Mary." Two co-eds are standing idly thumping their nickels on the counter. Rather good-looking girls. Seem to belong to Class C. Let's draw back and watch their technique. Yep. Class C, all right.

One is a tall, willowy brunette with a slight sway in the hips. She belongs to one of the three more socially minded sororities and likes a good swing band, Robert Taylor, popularity contests, and Candlelight's food. She is often seen in a convertible roadster and with the best swagger coats on the campus.

The other co-ed is medium-sized, trim, and stream-lined. She uses much lipstick and no rouge so that her milky complexion will show up to best advantage. Same sorority. She likes the rippling rhythm of Shep Fields, athletics of the less strenuous kind, and she dotes on marshmallow cokes. (She takes plain cokes in the book-store, though.) Definitely Class C.

Class C's drink their cokes slowly and independently, very sure of themselves; they flag down several boys before paying the girl. They laugh much and talk more, and they listen with rapt attention that sighs, "You're wonderful!" It is a half hour from start to finish on a bottle of coke. They are very careful to keep the straws together to avoid the queer gurgling of air. Burps are either very gentle and disguised with a sudden burst of laughter, or they are swallowed.

These two wander off with their satellites and an A stalks up to the counter. She is tall, thin, and highly intelligent looking. Must be the captain of the hockey team or at least president of the French Club. She quickly orders and pays for the coke first. She is indifferent to the straws (you know, about keeping them together so they won't gurgle). She sits down on the edge of the book table and fingers through Boccaccio's Tales. Pretty sporty.

(Echo from the sidelines, "That's what you think.")

(Continued on page 24)

HOSTELLING INVADES AMERICA

(Continued from page 15)

II.

I was a member of Isabel and Monroe's group in the summer of 1934 when we made the tour of European hostels. I know that we actually did, just as we were theoretically supposed to, return from that trip immeasurably richer for the friendships we had formed over there. In addition, of course, that summer couldn't be beat for adventures, thrills, and downright fun. And the memories we brought back!—an all night bike ride down the Rhine, climbing the Alps in a hail storm, the Passion Play at Oberammergau.

This summer I had the privilege of working at national headquarters of American Youth Hostels, Incorporated, at Northfield, Massachusetts. I had no official title, but my duties included anything or everything that happened to come along. Since Northfield, in addition to being American headquarters of the movement is also Number 1 Hostel on the "hostel map" of the United States, a great many people came there to start their experience in this new way of travelling. One of my chief duties was to start these beginners out right. Most of them were a little timid about starting out, since the average American youth has had little opportunity to go out on his own and take care of himself, but their timidity was never as strong as the lure of the open road—with possible adventures around every bend.

The worst trouble with which I had to contend was "motheritis." The fond mothers were forever worrying about the welfare of their offspring, as I suppose fond mothers have always worried about absent offspring since time began. But it always turned out that mama's fears were groundless; even the youngest boys and girls caught the spirit right away and showed that they were able to take care of themselves if given a chance. The mother of one six-foot-two husky was sure that something terrible would happen to her "little Johnnie," but he assured me in all solemnity (when he was sure she couldn't overhear) that he would be all right once he got away from her influence.

I spent only ten days away from Northfield during the whole summer, but these ten days were the nearest thing possible to my tour of the European hostels the summer before. I couldn't go to Germany two years in succession, but the second year, Germany certainly came to me—in the shape of seventeen husky sons and daughters of the fatherland, ranging in age from eleven to eighteen, whom I was to take on a brief tour of American hostels. I had complete charge of the group, which swelled to twenty-two when four American boys and girls joined it, and soon discovered that my duties were those not only of guide and leader, but also of cook,

treasurer, father-confessor, and general troublefixer.

My charges and I hopped by bus from Northfield directly to the most scenic part of the White Mountains—the base of Mount Washington in the Presidential Range. We spent three days at the Sugar Hill Hostel, hitting the high spots of the surrounding country—Lost River, the Flume, Old Man of the Mountains. The highest spot we hit was the summit of Mount Washington. Three quarters of the way up we got caught in a hail storm, the fog clamping down like a lid. There was no trail, only rock cairns every twenty-five feet, yet those Germans just kept plodding, chattering like blue jays, never stopping for breath. Not to be outdone, I started to run toward the top, but out of sight, I was glad to flop on the ground (mashing the bananas in my knapsack).

A very wealthy man entertained the group at dinner one night. The German boys dived into their knapsacks and produced *suits*; I took a hitch in my nonchalance, put on a clean pair of shorts, a clean sweater, and tramped into the gentleman's dining room in my heavy spiked hiking shoes. The bunch sang—and how a group of Germans can sing when they get together five parts without a piano! In the



Richard's Castle the first Youth Hostel in the world

middle of dinner a huge white goose named Sylvia walked into the room. She was dressed neatly in blue-checked gingham with a dainty white handkerchief stuck in her vest pocket. Although at first excited by the large crowd, she calmed down as soon as someone played classical music on the piano, and she began to eat paper napkins and drink water out of a glass. I was worried about the impression of American home life that the Germans would take back with them until I remembered those German country houses with barns on the first floor.

Two days later we had hiked thirty miles south from Mount Washington, and there a Pathé news-reel cameraman, who had been trailing us, finally caught up with our party. Since he wanted action I got up a three-legged race. My partner and I were in the lead when, much to his disgust, I "threw" a fall and brought down everyone in the race. The news-man ate this up.

A day later we were on the shores of Lake Winnepeaukee. It has a fine sand beach for swimming and the hostel there consists of two big summer cabins; so I decided that it would be a good place to bring the Germans' tour to an end. They were pretty tired and welcomed the chance to rest up a couple of days. The hostel custom is "lights out and quiet by ten o'clock," and this was easy to enforce the first night. But the second night too many circumstances conspired against me: the German boys and girls, as well as the four Americans, were all attractive; a gorgeous full moon silvered the lake which was barely ruffled by a warm, drowsy breeze. Soon after dark couples began to drift away, and I knew there was no use thinking about the ten-o'clock custom that night. Anyway I was too tired to worry about anything, one day of rest not having been enough to make up for the responsibility of feeding, transporting, collecting, and organizing twenty-two extremely varied personalities. I turned in on my bed, the living room couch.

As each moonstruck boy came in, of course he woke me up. Finally I got tired of it; so I sat up and put on my sweetest smile, and whenever a German boy walked through the room, I cursed him roundly; I called him every bad name I could think of; I outdid myself, rising to heights I had never thought possible. Since the poor fellows had never been trained in this kind of English, they would simply smile, bow, say, "Oh, yes, thank you, thank you, good night," and go on up to bed. That language barrier did have its advantages! I was having so much fun that I even forgot that one of those darn Dutchmen had been with the girl I had picked out for myself, so the next morning when I put them on the train for Boston we parted the best of friends.

GEE!

(Continued from page 19)

*But my friends you are due for a big surprise,
For Grandma is going to open your eyes
In the next few days She's got a date
With a bunch of the college sophisticates.
So she's dyed her hair and rouged her lips
And shined her nails and reduced her hips;
She's bought some liquor and cigarettes,
And a couple of tigers for household pets,
And she's traded her chair by the family fire
For a Packard sedan with white walled tires;
She's learning to truck, and the meaning of swing,
And she's setting her cap for some nice young king.
Now she's stepping out with the Hill Top crowd,
And she said "Tell the gang, for crying out loud
Everyone come, you can safely bet
That there'll be some fun—and don't forget
"G" IS FOR GRANDMA.*

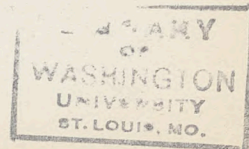
BETWEEN BELLES

(Continued from page 20)

is going most steadily with Gladys Noonan, Fontbonne . . . If anyone should see Roger Hampton jumping about for glee it is not that anything is "loose," but that Marion Hempelman has decided not to go to Duke U. this semester and is attending the Bear Quad . . . Roy Cosper needs a slide rule to decide whether it should be Sally Chase, Betty Heckman, or an off-campus lady (Lyons) . . . Walter Gogg, and I snicker up my flowing sleeve when I note this, is actually attempting to cut in on Byron Herbert's Kay Hampton . . . Russ Seibert has been seen in company with the original ice berg, Jane Nash . . . even ice bergs melt . . . King Bramon and Libby Siegmund certainly enjoy each other a lot . . . play bridge on Sunday and attend the more colossal of the campus affairs . . . The Barbara Lampe burning for Dudley Wolfe . . .

And now dear, trusting you will like the show, I bid you goodbye as they do in the far off land of Persia, when the sun is low and the stars bright—"Nov Schmoz Ka Pop" . . .

ALICIA.



IN BETWEEN ESQUIRES

(Continued from page 21)

She returns the bottle with a click on the counter. This type likes *Esquire*, but her father usually gets it at home. She doesn't have to mooch it at the magazine rack. She is a great friend of all the girls who walk through the new Quad Shop and knows most of the boys in a mathematical sort of way.

A class B saunters up, followed by her inevitable twin. They come in pairs almost exclusively. They belong to the sororities which emphasize activities and scholarship. The president, after each meeting, reads them a paragraph from the national magazine something like this, "The modern college woman is no longer flaming youth. She must have brains and leadership. In the family she should be the power behind the throne. If she were lost in a snowstorm in Siberia she should be able to give her children all the education of the school. This modern woman is the new college woman."

Class B's are hard to describe because of their irregularity of design and structure. They glance furtively around when ordering a coke, looking for an unattached pipe smoker. Usually not one around at this moment. When one goes by, they fairly wave at him with, "Hello, Bill, how are you doing in Psych? Isn't that professor just too cute? Oh, he's gone."

Bill slid by with, "Nice day, isn't it?"

Once the straws are firmly planted between their teeth, their technique shifts. They keep their heads down, rolling only their eyes to follow the parade through the store. This method proves successful at times because it telescopes the face and disguises the features. They love to read the *New Yorker* and often read *Esquire* off the rack when no one is looking.

They saunter slowly out the back door into the steam tunnels.

We've seen them all. I think I'll order a coke.

"A coke, please, Mary."

It's a funny thing. There's a girl looking at me with an amused look. I feel like a grasshopper on a pin. "A new class," I think, "Class D."

TO THE FRESHMEN

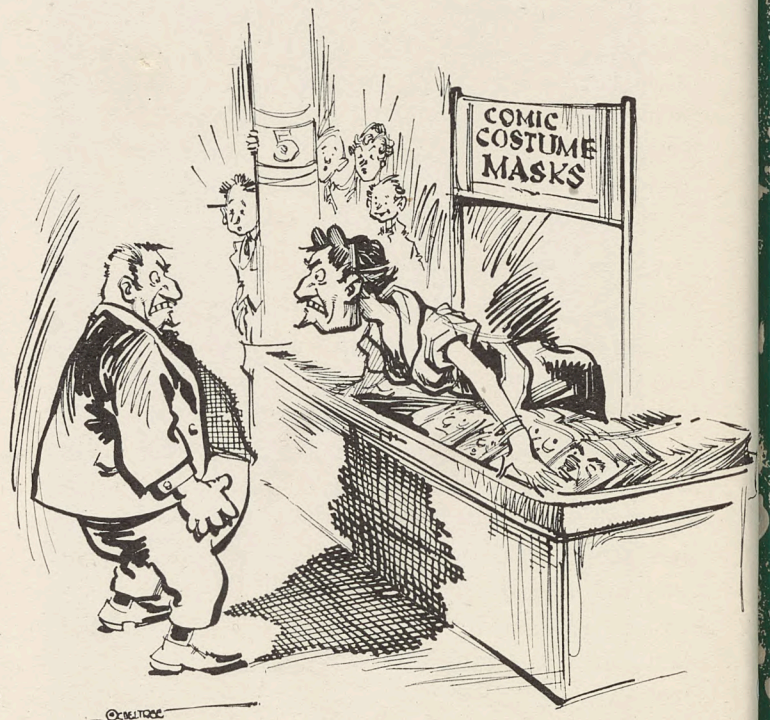
(Continued from page 21)

Now read your essay from start to finish. Observe that it is really very good, but unfortunately a trifle too brief. When the force of this latter realization hits you, throw your pencil across the room at a cat or a vase of flowers or something, and cloud up as though you were a tornado. The probable after effect is that you will be feeling very low, and wondering whether life is worth while and everything. This is all very good training for an essay writer, and if you are made of the right stuff you will take hold of yourself and resolve to try again.

This time make yourself comfortable in the big easy chair by the radio. Realize that you really are tired, and wonder why you didn't think of this in the first place. Before you begin to write, listen dreamily to a few soft waltzes by Earnie Whosis and his "Moonshiners." Wonder tenderly how a girl like Doris could fall for a guy like you. Say very softly, "Gee, she's swell." Sigh. Gaze ahead for two minutes without seeing anything. You really are tired. Let your eyelids drop slowly and silently shut, and nod your head forward until it rests on your chest. Hold that pose.

* * * *

In the morning, dash madly over to see your sophomore friend. Ask Jack if he doesn't want to borrow your roadster for his heavy date Saturday night. Then say, "Oh, by the way, Jack, do you still have"



"Boo, Mr. Finkelstein—I quit!"

—Cavalier.