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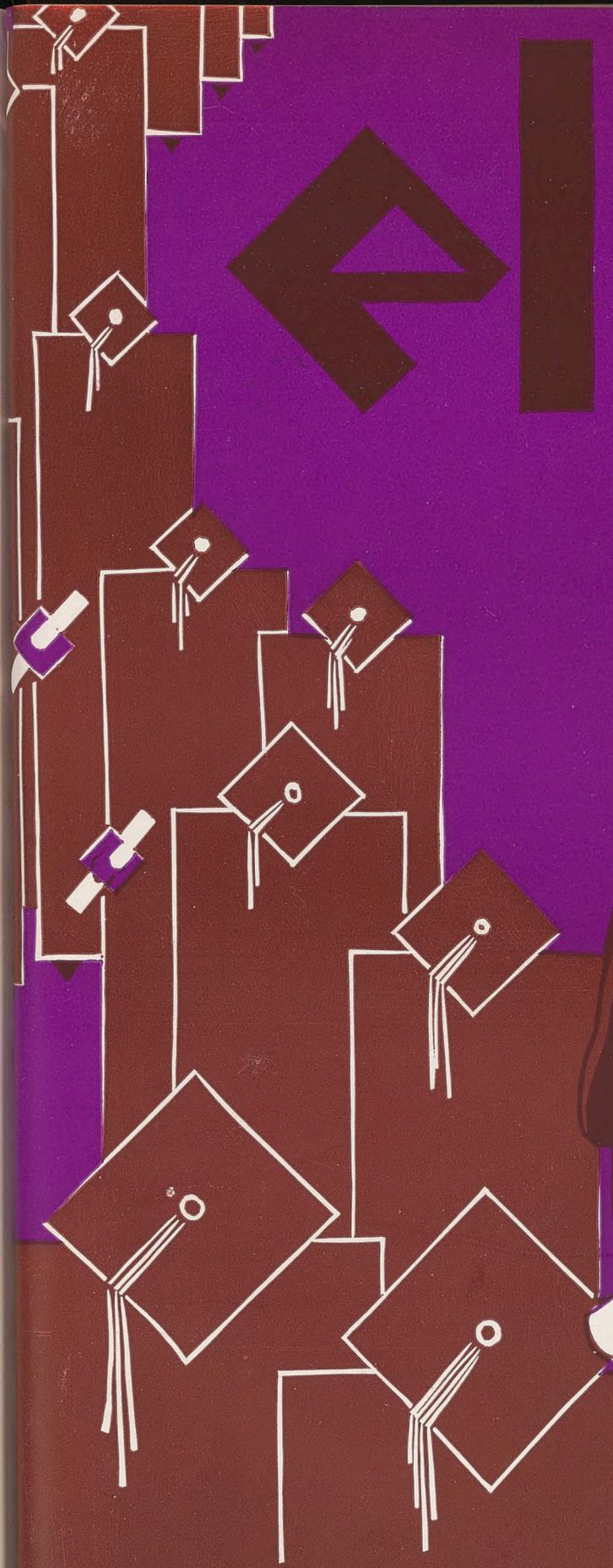
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Senior



GRADUATION

JUNE

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

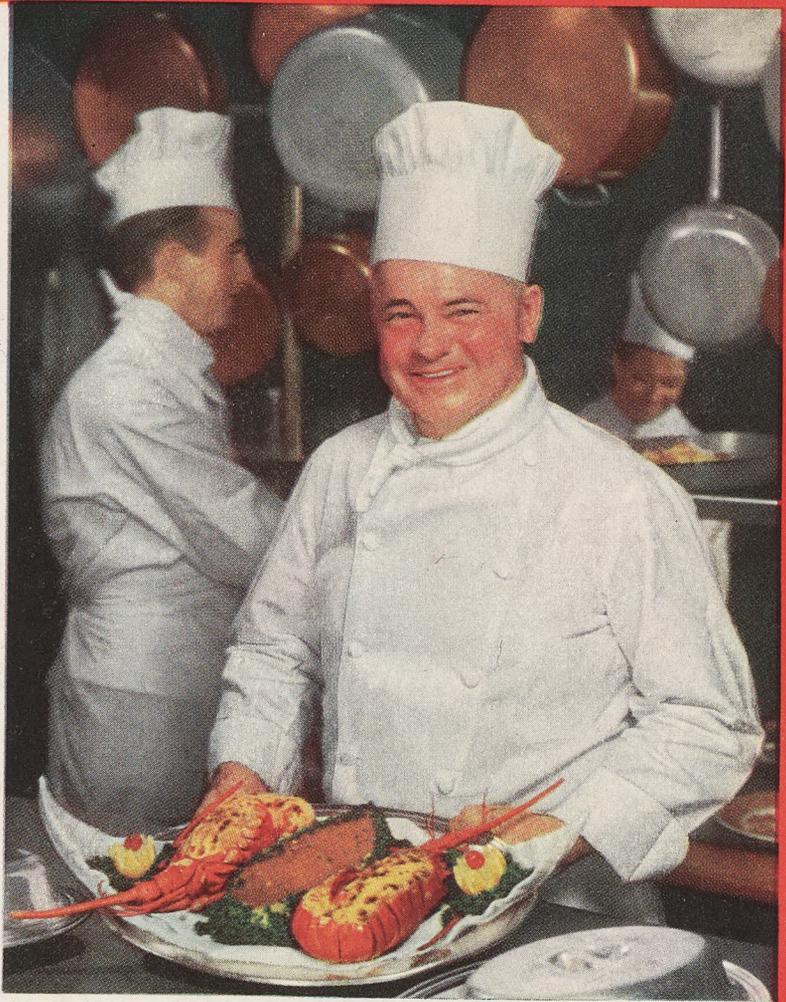
FIFTEEN CENTS



UNDER THE BIG TOP. Watching Miss Dorothy Herbert of Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey, you marvel at her poise. Miss Herbert says: "I'm a devoted Camel smoker. Smoke all I want—eat anything I care for. Camels make food taste better and digest easier. And have a royal flavor!"



STOP PRESS! A day's action is crowded into minutes as the reporter works to beat the deadline. "It's a life of hurry, hurry, hurry," says Peter Dahlen, crack newspaper man, "and a life of irregular hours and meals. That's one good reason why I smoke Camels. It's swell the way they make food taste better and set better."



BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE BROWN DERBY. The *chef* is putting the final touches to a Lobster *Thermidor*, while within the restaurant proper the glittering stars of Hollywood gather to chat...to dine...and to enjoy Camels. Here, the mildness and flavor of their costlier tobaccos have made Camels an outstanding favorite. As Mr. Robert H. Cobb, the man behind The Brown Derby's success and host to the great personalities of Hollywood, remarks: "Camels are the choice of the majority of our patrons."

*For Digestion's sake
...Smoke Camels*

Smoking Camels stimulates the natural flow of digestive fluids...increases alkalinity

Life sometimes pushes us so hard that we feel too worn-down really to *enjoy* eating. Science explains that hurry and mental strain reduce the flow of the digestive fluids.

Evidence shows that smoking Camels increases the flow of digestive fluids...alkaline digestive fluids...so vital to the *enjoyment* of food and to *good digestion*.

Camel's rich and costly tobaccos are mild beyond words. Enjoy Camels steadily. Camels set you right! And never jangle your nerves or tire your taste.

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



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

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

IT doesn't make any difference who's going with who at the end of school, because during the summer it is always a horse of a different color. And then it changes again when school reopens. So what!

* * * * *

The rain at the S. A. E. house party kept the boys and girls, and entertainment, inside most of the time. But who cared? Mary Frances Chadwick spent most of one evening looking for John (Beenie) Bryan. Where were you "Beenie?" And Phil (Satchel) Thompson got very, very peeved at Virginia Comstock because she was wandering, merely wandering, around with Otto von de Au. AH! But where were you all the time Phil—playing hide-and-go-seek? You rascal.

* * * * *

Tod Hamilton has told some of Evelyn Bissell's friends that he was definitely through because he was getting nowhere fast. Don Fischer is also trying to forget the Pi Phi sugar-gal and is trying to keep up with the Grace gale. But Capps has decided to leave Grace for a warmer climate.

* * * * *

Bill Hunker, the dancing fool, claims he discovered Katherine Galle and that he'd like to see her get around. Which he is seeing to personally. Bob Reinhardt likes her, too. Harper Allen likes Hunker's taste in the females, though. When he dated Pentland, Allen started not far behind, and is doing the same with Grace Gale. So is Spenser who makes a lovely second with her for a duet, and is forgetting about Jeanne Butler.

They are saying Pete Mara ought to wake up to the fact that he is not much in the J. Conzelman league. And that in fact he is not only playing second fiddle, but isn't even in the orchestra. And after Jack Weaver has spent money on Jane (It's on you) Conzelman all year she took Bud Smith to the Kappa dance. We'll bet money that Jane hasn't bought her own lunch more than three times all year. There's one born every second. And most of them go to college.

Questions With A Couple Of Answers

Q. Why does Dick Horner date an off-campus fem. A. Maybe he is one guy who is looking for quality.

Q. Why did Bud Capps start dating Dorothy Dittmann all of a sudden? A. Why do elephants lay eggs?

Q. Why can't more boys have a line like Bud Smith? A. Ask Conzelman.

Q. Why doesn't Winona Gunn notice us common people? A. Doesn't she date Herschel Payne?

Q. Why does Bud Skinner like to visit in Kansas City so well? A. Right.

Q. Why, oh why, are the Butler belles slipping? A. They've become studios.

Q. Why has John (what-a-man) Buettner been dating Helen Lipp? A. I wouldn't know, why?

Q. Why and what was so interesting that kept Jackie Woods and Ken Meachem in front of her house after the Zip dance until 4:00 in the morning? A. Telling her good-night, silly!

* * * * *



ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES CRAVER

Four Theta Xi's called Ethel Ellis in one night to ask for a date for the Boat Lock. And two more asked her for a date for the interfraternity sing. How do you do it, Ethel? And Junior Reicherdt doesn't like to see you with Don Weber.

* * * * *

Bill McCully is having a hard time since Mildred Bush came back from Hawaii to disturb his teta-tetes with Jean Dicks. But you can't have your cake and eat it, Bill. Ed Carson's heart took a faint when he saw Gene Penney and Bryant Rich return to the Pi Phi dance after a long, lengthy intermission. But to relieve you, Ed, nothing at all out of the way happened.

Joe Limb put his pin out on weeping willow Virginia DeHaven. But her parents marched her right back with it, guided expertly by apron strings. Harper Allan is a fickle young lad—first it was June Pentland, then Chris (haven't you found that man yet) Siegmund, and now Helen Worrall. Who will be the next victim of this dashing K. A.?

* * * * *

Mary Wilson and Jim Primm certainly make a what-you-call-it, cute couple as per the K. A. house party. Mary treated him more like a son than a date. Which is the gripe of most of her dates.

* * * * *

John Skinner thinks he is in love once again with

(Continued on page 18)

We Have With Us - - -

MAJOR ALBERT D. CHIPMAN who sends a reply to our anonymous R. O. T. C. student. Not that things are getting to the point of gun play or anything, but just the same, with a feud in the army one can never tell. This is Major Chipman's first appearance in Eliot.



JACK PICKERING. After looking into Heaven—and "the other place," Jack returns to our pages once again to give a graphic description of college life in these rather vagueish places.



AARON HOTCHNER. All most people ever get to see at a debate is the speakers denouncing each other. But Aaron, one of the better of the campus forensic men, reveals things the world hath scarcely dreamed of.



WALTER BARON, whom we would rate public benefactor number 1 for his explanation of what those ASAB boys, of whom Walter is one of the foremost, really do down there.



EDITH GREIDERER. When we heard this account of Edith's journey from her home in Vienna to the United States, we immediately persuaded her to write about it, and in print it's even better than when she told it.



SERENA SCHULT, who makes her initial appearance in Eliot with a true account of one person's experience in quest of a job. A little more of what Serena went through and she mightn't have been able to tell it.



MARTYL SCHWEIG AND GEO. ENGELKE without which no Eliot would be complete. Martyl went to work on some of the better known members of the faculty and George gives us another of his sterling cover designs.



BEN SMITH, a student in the graduate school, who has written a little professionally. Ben comes to Eliot for the first time.

Washington University

eliot

Vol. 3

~~June~~ MAY, 1936

No. 7-8

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Cover by George Engelke

National Advertising: Associated Students Advertising Bureau
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OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



IN THE "HORSELESS CARRIAGE" DAYS

OH-H, THE COLONEL LEFT HIS TOBACCO HERE. HE TOLD ME HE HAS IT SPECIALLY MIXED UP FOR HIMSELF. NOW WHAT ARE YOU CHUCKLING ABOUT, DADDY?

WELL, CHUBBINS - I LEARNED ABOUT MIX-UPS OF ALL SORTS YEARS AGO WHEN HORSELESS CARRIAGES WERE IN THE EXPERIMENTAL STAGE

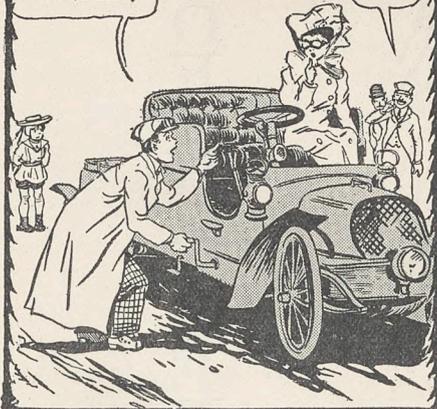


ROBBINS, YOU MIX UP THIS NEW CHEMICAL OF MINE WITH THE GASOLINE IN YOUR AUTOMOBILE - I KNOW IT WILL INCREASE YOUR SPEED 75 PER CENT - MAN, IT WILL MAKE US RICH! I'LL LET YOU IN ON IT



ANNABELLE - YOU DON'T KNOW IT, BUT YOU'RE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE MOST SURPRISIN' THING YOU EVER SAW! YOU'LL BE AMAZED!

GIT A HOSS!



AND SO... I BLEW UP MY CAR, LOST MY GIRL AND A CHANCE AT A FORTUNE - ALL BECAUSE OF A MIX-UP. BUT PRINCE ALBERT IS NO UNTRIED EXPERIMENT. ITS COMBINED RICHNESS, FLAVOR, AND MELLOWNESS ARE EVERYTHING A MAN WANTS IN HIS TOBACCO



Meet the prince of pipe tobaccos - Prince Albert

Introduce yourself to Prince Albert at our risk. Prove to yourself that there is no other tobacco like P. A.

As a tobacco fancier, notice how P. A.'s "crimp cut" makes for a longer, cooler smoke. Enjoy steady pipe-smoking that doesn't bite the

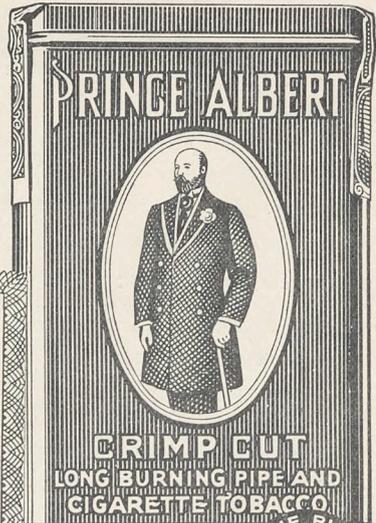
tongue. See how evenly Prince Albert cakes in your pipe. How mellow and fragrant and comforting it is! Prince Albert is the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world. Try it at our risk. Below is our man-to-man offer. P. A.'s grand "makin's" too.

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.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!



© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

THE BIG
2
OUNCE
RED TIN

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



THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
HEAVEN

by JACK PICKERING

**This Letter From a Student in After-Life Fell Into Jack Pickering's
Hands One Night as He Was Walking Across the Quad.**

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES CRAVER

Dear Friend on Earth:

This is a message from the life after death. It is one of many such messages which we in the other world are constantly sending out on "cosmoplanes" in the hope that some time one will reach the Earth. I who am writing this shall not disclose my identity nor the identity of anyone else up here, because we all send these messages out, and we therefore feel that it would not be fair if just a few of us let our friends and relatives know where we are (it would, of course, be the work of many years to name more than a few of us). Therefore, I shall call myself Joseph College.

I died on February 21, 1935. Of the sordid details of my death I shall say nothing. Immediately after my death, however, (although I appeared to be at O'Toole's Mortuary) I found myself in a long and narrow passage, walls, floor, and ceiling of which were painted sky blue, and neither end of which was visible. From one direction, however, shone a light, so I walked in this direction. After quite a while I came to a kindly-looking old man dressed in a long white robe and wearing a long white beard.

"You're Joseph College," he said. "I'm St. Peter. Come in and have a glass of beer while I tell you about the life after death."

He led me into a little room where there were chairs, and a table with some beer steins on it.

"Sit down," he invited. "College, at the time of your death you were a university student; therefore you are going to be a university student throughout eternity."

I choked violently on my beer.

"Don't get excited," said St. Peter smiling. "You won't mind being a university student forever. Neither do the lawyers mind being lawyers for all eternity, nor the doctors, doctors. You see, there aren't just two places, one for good people and one for bad; there is a place for each profession or type—with certain exceptions, of course, as for instance, wives go with husbands (unless the wife is the breadwinner; then husband goes with wife), teachers go with pupils, street cleaners go with mounted policemen. Now, nobody minds being with his group. The groups are all modern, up-to-date; Hippocrates wears a white coat, has a round mirror attached to his head, and goes around making the other medicos say 'Ah.' What is more, everybody in a group is automatically the same age, the age considered the proper one for that group. Come, let me show you around a little."

He took me out into another long passage, this one lined with doors. But the doors were in pairs, and each sign (CHEMISTS, CARPENTERS, SAILORS) was over a pair of doors.

"Why are there two doors?" I asked, "they aren't for IN and OUT, are they?"

"No," said St. Peter, "they aren't for IN and OUT; I wish they were. Those doors are the whole catch in the life after death. I've avoided letting you in on this catch by not telling you the whole truth. I just told you that there is a place for each profession or type. That is true, but what I neglected to tell you is that each place is divided into two distinct sections. I also said that one does not mind being in his place. Quite true. But one *does* care—tremendously—which of the two sections of his place he gets into—the Heaven Section or the Hell Section!"

St. Peter stopped walking. I looked around. We were next to the two doors marked UNIVERSITY STUDENTS. St. Peter opened one of the doors.

"Go right in," he said cordially.

I hesitated a moment. Which of the two sections was I going into? Then I stepped in. I heard the door close. I looked behind me. St. Peter wasn't there. I was standing on what was unmistakably a university campus—a very beautiful campus, with broad lawns, a few giant trees standing around in solitary grandeur, and many huge buildings of the "State U." type. A couple of young fellows saw me from across a broad lawn and came running over. As they got close to me I saw that they were fine-looking fellows, and—what was more important—they were wearing H's on their sweaters.

"Quick, tell me," I shouted, "Is this Hell or Heaven?"

"What do you think?" they said smiling when they had gotten to me.

"Why I don't know," I replied. "It looks pretty nice."

"Well, we'll just let you decide while you come over to the Delta Epsilon Alpha Delta house for lunch," said the blonde chap (his companion had dark hair).

"Gee, that'll be swell," I said, "I certainly am hungry."

"Perhaps we ought to introduce ourselves," suggested the dark fellow. "I'm Stephen Frangipini, Salerno 1144."

"I'm Joe College," I said, "who was supposed to finish Linkington University in 1937, but did finish there this morning."

"And I'm Fred Smith, Princeton 1929," said the blonde chap. "We've got a car behind that building over there. Let's hurry and get to the house in time for the twelve o'clock lunch."

On the way to the fraternity house I learned nothing about the place from my recent acquaintances because the automobile radio was going full blast the whole way, and because both Smith and Frangipini were so interested in the way the big Auburn roadster took the curves of the campus drive at eighty miles an hour that their conversation consisted only of remarks like "Whuvya gotta date with tonight?" or "That was some crack they took at old Bob in the *Student Life after Death* this morning."

By looking out of the automobile windows throughout the ride, however, I learned much about the physical aspects of the school, and was quite favorably impressed. We passed almost the whole campus, including the mammoth stadium, the huge gymnasiums, the big swimming pool, the well cared-for tennis courts, the fine polo fields, the excellent golf course, the large student publications building, the wonderful student theater, the handsome men's club, the attractive women's club, the gigantic union building, the long and beautiful sorority row, and the magnificent and almost endless fraternity row, before we finally came to the imposing, palace-like Delta Epsilon Alpha Delta house, high up on the bluffs of the old Styx.

We parked the car and went into the most beautiful fraternity house I had ever seen. At the end of an hour I had met about forty charming fellows and had lunched royally, but I still didn't know enough about the place to be fully convinced that I was in the Heaven Section; I was still looking for a catch, because, I thought, "How can I, who was no angel in life, be sure that I am going to be an angel in after life?"

So, when Smith said to me enthusiastically, "Well,

(Continued on page 23)



THE TOWERS —

Bells in Annapolis

When things go wrong occasionally and we begin to deplore the hum-drum existence of daily life, it is good to think of that extraordinary fellow who flourished at the Annapolis Naval Academy some time ago. It seems that there were most remarkable goings-on in the school-for-middies. Clocks would sometimes appear to go forward very suddenly, causing bells to ring in advance of the usual time. Dormitories were likely to be thrown into a blaze of light in the middle of the night. Buildings which were supposed to be enshrouded in respectable darkness would suddenly light up like a Christmas tree before the astonished eyes of passers-by in the wee hours of the morning.

The climax came when the Secretary of Navy called at Annapolis to address the school. It was a great occasion, and the assembly hall was jammed with the cream of politics and the four hundred. He was introduced, began his speech and then suddenly the hall was thrown into pitch black darkness. Consternation reigned for a few minutes. Then the lights were turned on again and every one sighed with relief—but not for long. Off they went again and continued to do this all during the evening. Of course it played the very devil with the assembly and everyone went away thinking that the least the government could do was provide a decent lighting system for its naval academy.

This kind of thing lasted for two long years, and then they caught the fellow. How no one knows, but they ripped away one section of his wall, and there found a master switch, controlling all lights and clocks in the school. If he decided to sleep a little late in the morning, he merely put his clock back

and every clock in the school went back with it, causing all bells to ring that much later. If he wanted to get out of class early, he merely had his room-mate put up the clock for him. It was he who had wrecked havoc with the speech of the Secretary of Navy and who caused buildings that had no business being lit up to burst into a blaze of light.

For the benefit of all moral persons, we should like to be able to report that he was expelled from school and then received his just deserts, but truth compels us to tell what really happened. He was expelled from school all right, but when word of his exploit got out, he was immediately offered a job by Westinghouse Electric and today is making more money than he would be if he had become lord high admiral of the United States Navy.

The Mysterious Voice

Bruin football fans should not be surprised next season if they find "Paulo Lockinelli" listed among the right ends on the Washington roster. You see, every season of the St. Louis Grand Opera Company has found several hill-toppers in the ranks of the supers (or non-singing mob-sceners). The latest season, however, which began April 20 and which will end in a few days, finds Paul (Paducah) Locke, Bruin football player, in the ranks of the singing chorus—to get in which you have to pass a voice test 'n everything. And, as Paul reminds us, during the opening pro-

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—AND THE TOWN

Fishes and Stuff

Lately, we got to thinking about the subject of a talk given some time ago at the chapel. It was called, "Color Changes in Fishes and the Relation of These Changes to the Nervous System." If we remember rightly, it was given at the joint convocation of Phi Beta Kappa and Sigma Xi, both of which were announcing their new pledges. A subject like this at a chapel for honoraries suggests some further developments along the line of more novelty in campus programs and assemblies.

At an Armistice day chapel, for example, it might add a little interest to the program to hear a brief discussion of "Love Life Among Aborigine, or the Return of the Oyster." Again at such an event as Commencement, a little more dignity might be desired, so we might have a twenty minute dissertation on "The Influence of Bagpipes on the Evolution of Music" or for those who like the classical stuff, a subject such as "The Occurrence of Split Infinitives in Ovid" or again, something on the "interesting possibility" line such as "The Neantheral Man—Could He Have Written the Iliad?" might be the subject of the principal address. It is our opinion that striking the bizarre in ordinary events would do much to liven them and cause greater student interest in these things.

EXPLAINING THE A. S. A. B.

by WALTER C. BARON

In Which the Functions of That Least Understood
of Campus Organizations Are Explained.



BEHIND an imposing name, Associated Students' Advertising Bureau, is an equally intricate organization, whose purpose and function is not generally known by students of the University. Of course, almost every student knows that the ASAB has something to do with the advertising in the University publications

but few understand more than just that. Perhaps that is the reason why the ASAB can be certain that out of fifty or so beaming freshmen who come into its office every September and proudly announce they "want to sell ads" only ten will ever be heard from again and but five or six will keep on, ascending to top positions in the Bureau. The ASAB is an organization that demands a lot of time, a lot of work, and a lot of initiative from the student working in it. In return, the student is enabled to receive a wealth of business contacts and experience, and to earn a small sum of money.

We can best understand the working of the ASAB by first remembering that it has been just in the last few years that business houses have realized the importance of the college market and its purchasing power. National and local advertisers have changed from their former belief that advertising dollars spent in college publications are donations, to the modern view that the college market is an important one to cultivate, whether their product is biscuits or bicycles. When this change took place it was necessary for the college publications to change their advertising solicitation and service methods accordingly. The old Siwash Advertising Club, whose members approached the corner drug store proprietor with "How about an ad in the 'Green & Gold', \$5 for a half page" and to the proprietor's reply that he couldn't afford \$5 right now but maybe in the Spring, etc., cheerily answered either, "Well, would you pay \$2.50, or "O. K., see ya later", had to give way to an efficient business office. Its members had to know what they were about and had to be able to answer an advertising manager's infernal questions with detailed figures and surveys. It is interesting to note that the W. U. ASAB was one of the first of this new type of college advertising office, and its plan of organization has been widely copied throughout other colleges in the United States.

The purpose of the ASAB is to centralize the advertising departments of Student Life, Hatchet, Eliot, Ternion, Football, Program, Dental Journal, and Law Review into a single department, and to regulate the

solicitation and servicing of advertisers. There is no competition among the different publications for ads. The same solicitors sell advertising space in one or more of them, to suit the needs of the particular advertiser. In connection with solicitation of advertising, it is the purpose of the Bureau to conduct such studies and surveys of student buying habits and brand preferences as is necessary in order to furnish advertisers with accurate information on the campus market and campus advertising media. The Bureau endeavors, also, to aid advertisers by planning promotional campaigns for them and writing copy for their ads.

In order to carry out its purpose, the ASAB requires a large staff of students, filling the positions of Director, Assistant Director, and solicitors. The Director, who is Walter Lorch, is in charge of the Bureau and responsible for national and local advertising sales. The Assistant Director is in charge of the business or production side of the publications, responsible for budgets, ad lay-outs, promotional campaigns and the like. The solicitors are those students who sell advertising space in all publications to local business firms. Space is sold to companies operating throughout the nation by college newspaper and magazine representatives in the East—organizations which represent many colleges on a commission basis.

The above brief and incomplete outline of the purpose and plan of operation of the ASAB will suffice, perhaps, for an understanding of its work. Although most of the work is of a technical nature, some points of it will be of interest to readers of campus publications. For instance, some of the ads in the last issue of Student Life were sold last June, a year ago, some were sold the following September, and some just a couple of days before the date of publication. All ads must be in thirty-six hours before the date of issue if they are to appear in the issue. For the Friday issue of Student Life, the ad lay-out is made up Wednesday afternoon, and for the Tuesday issue it is made up Saturday afternoon. Together with these lay-outs all copy and cuts are sent to the printer. Most of the ads are set up in type by hand; some, such as the cigarette ads, are ready for the press, for they come to the Bureau in the form of stereotypes all ready to go. With these cigarette ads the lay-out man must be very careful. Unlike most advertisers who merely request "best possible position, top of column, right-hand page preferably," the cigarette companies state the exact position they want and specify those kinds of ads that must not be run

(Continued on page 21)

DEAR "ANONYMOUS"

An Answer to the R. O. T. C. Student's Ultimatum Which Appeared Last Month . . . We Hope There Won't Be Any Gun Play.

by MAJOR ALBERT D. CHIPMAN

When a man is honestly in quest of an answer to a problem, he is entitled to help in its solution by those most able to render it. "Anonymous" in last issue of the Eliot appears to be such a person.

In a well written article he indicates that he wishes light on the question of our possible indulgence in foreign wars and his own attitude toward it.

War and its causes constitute a vast subject. In the line of specialists we find the economist, the psychologist, and the sociologist as well as the soldier. The historian tells us how man has acted in the past and from those records we predict future events.

"Anonymous" is no shallow thinker and I shall therefore avoid common place observation, or try if possible to go rather far down into this very personal problem which he indicates.

Today we are at peace with all nations. Peace is our legal status. Nevertheless among our people may be found those who hate other governments with a bitterness beyond description. Dictatorships have overthrown popular government in many countries. And dictators are dictatorial. Let us suppose that an American citizen hates Hitler because of his Jewish policy and let us suppose that his hatred is rooted deeply in religious conviction. Does it follow that he has a right to declare personal war on the German government, kill the German Consul in St. Louis and be condoned? On the contrary, he would be just a plain murderer. He would have violated law regardless of what he thought or what his religious convictions.

To me it is apparent that if we cannot condone this act, this failure to keep the peace when peace is the law of the land, we cannot condone the individualist who, when a state of war is declared by his lawful congress, refuses military service. Our society is not primitive. It is a complex one and we have a government that we may enjoy something of life. We may not agree with the acts of that government, but when we refuse to recognize the will of the people as expressed by their chosen representatives, we are probably advocates of anarchy, or we want a dictator.

It is natural and sensible for one to anticipate personal danger and try to avoid it. War involves danger. In the quiet moments of peace it is easy to imagine dangers or wrongs more important than any consideration of personal danger. Again one can imagine a war, on foreign soil perhaps, where this does not exist. And the question involved is

the freedom of a citizen to choose the one and reject the other after a state of war is lawfully declared by the congress.

All of this goes deeper and involves his attitude toward organized government. If he believes in popular government as against anarchy or despotism, then he should lend it unrestricted loyalty, support it even where he does not agree with it and thereby help maintain it. Such loyalty will insure the country from falling into anarchy and civil war on the one hand or into the hands of a dictator on the other. In event the individual does not believe in popular government, common decency would guide him toward removal of himself to the jurisdiction of a government which pleases him.

In no walk of life can the individual go serenely down the avenues of his choice. Life is a compromise from end to end or else it is a wasted one. Loyalty and honor however are two things that most men will not compromise. They are cornerstones of character and well recognized as such. Much of all else is bent to the exigencies of carrying life forward and perpetuating it so that those who follow may get the hard earned benefits of the present order, imperfect though they may be.

Perhaps these considerations shed light on your question. As I see it every young man has two clear duties to the state. The first is to use his brains and his ballot toward placing in civil office men of integrity and ability. The individual himself cannot govern but he can decide who shall. Having decided this matter the individual has the second duty to support the acts of that government in peace or war or oppose it at the ballot box only. If fighting has to be done, it is unfortunate but war is merely one of the hazards of life. It is one of the sorrows and we can't avoid it by individualism.

War is a queer phenomenon at times. Long before the U. S. declared war on Germany our young idealists demanded our intervention. Outraged by the invasion of Belgium and the sinking of the Lusitania they could not understand why our government did not rush in and do justice by expelling the invader. And they were desperately in earnest. As the months and years dragged, as the government did nothing to even strengthen the army and navy, these young dreamers went over as volunteers in Canadian regiments and in volunteer ambulance units. Their numbers were thousands. They were outraged

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*... a match
can tell you a lot*



*Chesterfield's mildness and better taste
give smokers a lot of pleasure*

Ever since the day that Demosthenes gargled with a handful of pebbles and became the 300 B. C. version of what a silver-tongued orator ought to be, I suppose that youth has been seeking some magical device by means of which he can sway the masses. A bevy of these would-be-Ciceros flock into the forensic bureau each year, and subsequently barn-storm about the city and near country exercising their gab upon anything from sewing circles down to Republican clubs. The varsity debater is usually pictured as a puny, bespectacled, vociferous individual who inflates himself and expostulates for ten minutes, usually inserting a Joe Miller at some unexpected and unwarranted place in his declamation. But behind these rather formal and stereotyped debates lie a series of adventures and a rich humor which is as varied as the debaters are consistent.

I remember a cold, icy night last February when Fred Maetten (and lady friend), Phil Monypenny, Julius Friedrichs and I skidded out to the Sutton School in Maplewood to debate before the P. T. A. They parked the throng of sixteen in a mammoth gymnasium which was heated by long steam coils which ran the length of the walls. This debate, on socialized medicine, was supposed to be a practice contest and I admit that we got more practice out of that debate than any other held during the year. I was speaking second negative and, like all second negatives, I patiently awaited my turn engrossed with some heavy thoughts which kept my mind much removed from what the affirmative was saying. I vaguely remember Friedrichs muttering something when he resumed his seat, but established precedent decrees that second negative shall never listen to first negative's cynical utterances. The chairman broke in upon my reverie and I responded with my best forensic manner and strode out to the

"Mr. Chairman"

by AARON HOTCHNER

ILLUSTRATED BY
HELENE CALLICOTTE



speaker's table which was camped over home plate. I gazed out upon the sea of faces—all sixteen of them—and started with the familiar, "Mr. Chairman, Ladies and—" but I got no farther. I had not even *heard* myself. Suddenly I realized what the trouble was. During my seance the custodian had rammed some steam into those enormous coils and now they were hissing and knocking like a boiler factory. And so, for ten very long minutes I tried to get over the point that I did not exactly care for socialized medicine and did a good job of fitting my words in between the knocks of the pipes. After that practice debate, we gentlemen were prepared for any audience—provided they couldn't hiss louder than a sixty-foot steam pipe.

A month or so ago Chester Hunt and I were debating the supreme court before the Tri-Delt Mothers' Club. I had concluded my constructive and was preparing a lot of pleasant sarcasm for my five minute rebuttal. Hunt wound up his constructive and rebuttal and, after brief applause, I pulled my five feet eleven out of the chair and advanced to give a stinging rebuttal, whereupon I was met by mine hostess who thrust her hand into mine and shaking it in a congratulatory manner remarked, "Excellent debate, just excellent! Refreshments are in the next room." Hunt dragged me off to some swell eats but I must admit that for the first time in my young life I was absolutely speechless. (Probably was the most effective rebuttal I ever gave.)

I think that Kenny Dougan, Monypenny, Mr. Carlisle, and I had more fun in the debate with St. Louis University than we did in any other during this long season. The debate was held before the Elk's Club and was one of these Oregon style affairs with Monypenny cross-examining, Dougan leading off, and myself closing. To begin with, all six debaters were

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ORANGE STUFF

A True Experience in Which a Quest for a
Job Gets All Tangled Up With Fruit Juices.

by SERENA SCHULT

THE whole affair has an air of the ludicrous about it. It all began when I was sent by an employment agency as a "refined and intelligent young woman" to apply for a job.

Exactly at ten thirty I stood before the door leading to room 308. There was no inscription on the door, merely the number. I didn't know whether to knock or enter—so I knocked. No one answered. I cautiously (I don't know why it should have been cautiously) opened the door.

Surely I was in the wrong place—but the card said room 308. The room looked like a traveling phrenologist's. There was a dirty, but gayly colored piece of material thrown over a line strung across the room. Some one was making noises behind it. I cleared my throat hoping to attract attention. The curtain was flung aside, and a burly voice accused me, "What did you do that for? Who are you? What do you want?" I was startled, to say the least, but managed, "I'm the girl from the employment agency. I was told to ask for a Mr. MacCracky." Maybe it was MacKenzie or MacCarthy; I've forgotten.

I was being surveyed by a large, shabby, swarthy man. He looked very much like a Hollywood edition of a city editor. A slouch hat was pushed back on his head; an unlighted cigar in the process of being chewed to pieces stuck between his massive lips.

He snorted, "I expected something different." He took a long look. "Stick out your hands." Half-hypnotised, I obeyed. "They're stubby. I wanted some one with long fingers. Do you play the piano?" I shook my head. "I wanted nimble fingers. Wiggle your fingers like this." I wiggled. I thought I was catching on, so I told him—stretching a point—that I played a violin and could type very rapidly. I don't know whether that pleased him or not, but it got a moderately desirable effect. "I guess you'll have to do."

Leading me behind the curtain, he whispered, "I want you to see what I am making." He took the lid off a large kettle. "Look!" I expected to see some diabolic concoction, but I was staring at a brilliant orange substance that looked like colored sugar. "Taste it!" I looked at him. "Go on and taste it." I did. "What's it taste like?" That was easy.

"Why it tastes like oranges, I think."

"You think! Why it does! Now I want you to go buy a bar of soap—white soap. You'll remember how to come back? You don't have to hurry."

Fifteen minutes later I came back with a bar of

white soap, only to be sent on another errand. This time he wanted a turkish towel. These two articles I soon learned were for the purpose of keeping my hands clean. It didn't matter that the office—eight by ten feet—looked like somebody's attic, or that the spoon in the orange stuff was crusted, or that occasionally ashes from his cigar fell into the kettle. But my hands had to be clean. I was initiated into the art of packing the orange stuff which he said was sold under some such name as "Fruit-Ade".

In the afternoon I was to be left in the room by myself, with the admonition, "Tell nobody nothing." He wasn't aware that that was all I could do. "You don't know where I am, or when I'll be back. If any women come, don't tell them nothing."

The office was drab and hot, and I wasn't in a very calm frame of mind. I wanted to get out into the sunshine and shake off the depressing atmosphere of the place. It took me an hour to fill all the packages he had there. Then I perched on a stool, the only piece of furniture besides a narrow table. I felt quite miserable.

The only interruption of the afternoon occurred around five o'clock. A thin, tired, emaciated woman staggered into the office. That's not exaggerated. After she had deposited on the floor two shopping bags stuffed to the top, I offered her the stool on which I was sitting. But she was in a hurry; she wanted to see Mr. MacCracky. Did I know when he would be back? I told her nothing—not because of orders, but because I could do nothing else. She would leave no message with me. Perhaps she would be back tomorrow.

Mr. MacCracky returned shortly after this. With a flourish he pulled out a roll of bills. With a bigger flourish he handed two to me. "That's for today. I pay by the day. Come back tomorrow at ten thirty . . . How do you like the work?" Aloud, I thought it was grand.

The next day I found out what was in the sacks brought by the woman. Merely a number of packages of "Fruit-Ade" which had consolidated. I had the task of re-packing it. This included ripping out the cellophane wrappers, mashing up the lumps, and re-vigorating the stuff with several doses of orange flavoring, before putting it into fresh wrappers.

In the midst of this work, I was surprised to hear Mr. MacCracky say, as he handed me two dollars, "There's no more work today, but I'll pay you for the whole day. You can go now." I still feel that there

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DERISION

by BEN SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY OWEN HEITMEYER

THEY had caught Jerry, the Rat at last—shot him down in an alley on information given by a stool pigeon, and now he lay in St. Bernard's hospital, breathing his last, the doctor said.

Jerry, the Rat was still defiant. He intended that he would be defiant to the end. The boys would never hear that he had cracked—he wouldn't give the coppers that much satisfaction. "Hell no," he said to the Lieutenant, "Get your own information. You won't get nothing outa me." He laughed harshly. "Sure I know who bumped off Martin, and I know who put the torch to Scassini, but I ain't tellin' you, damn you, and there ain't nothin' you can do." "No," said the Lieutenant, "There ain't nothin' I can do. You'll soon be dead." He strongly emphasized the last word, hitting it hard like a bell, so that the sound of his big resonant voice filled the room, and the pale white walls seemed to echo, "soon

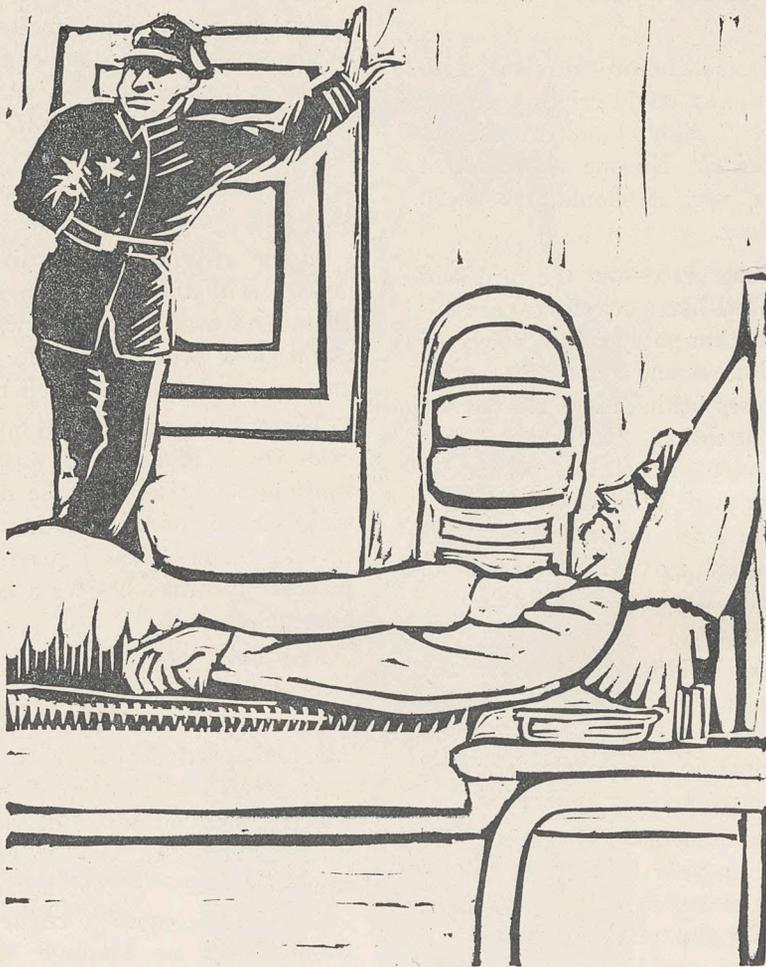
be dead—soon be dead—soon be dead." Jerry, the Rat, shifted a little. "Well what about it? We all got to die some time, ain't we?" he asked as he removed a cigarette hastily from his mouth and flung it to an ash tray on a nearby table. "Yeah," said the Lieutenant, "We all got to die, and guys like you will burn in hell ten thousand years." "Cut that stuff," said Jerry. "You ain't no preacher, and you can't scare me. I can talk to you anyway I like now, you damn big hunk o' cheese—you and the rest of your swine." "Yeah," said the Lieutenant slowly and without anger. "You can talk to me anyway you like now, but before long you're going to have to do a lot of explaining to some one who won't take any excuses." He nodded heavily. "Can it," shouted Jerry, "Can it. Since when did you turn religion? I ain't afraid—I ain't I tell you." "No Jerry," said the Lieutenant, "I know; you ain't afraid." "By God, quit talking like that," said Jerry, the Rat. "You and your agreeing

with me—you never agreed with me before." The Lieutenant said nothing. The room was very quiet. The two flat-footed, stupid-faced plain-clothes men at the door moved a little restlessly. Jerry puffed furiously at another cigarette and turned impatiently away as the Lieutenant continued to stand there looking sadly at him.

Then the door opened slowly. The doctor and a man in the robes of a priest entered. "All right now, Jerry," said the doctor, "Turn around please." Jerry, the Rat turned over on his back. "Big flat-footed boob," he said to the Lieutenant. "All right doc, let's go. How am I?" The doctor said nothing for a while—he felt the pulse—took the temperature. Then he shook his head slowly and said, "It's no use I'm afraid." "What d'ya mean, doc? You mean I'm going out?" The doctor said nothing. The two detectives shifted a little. "Well, what is it? What is it?" shouted

Jerry. "Is this the payoff? Is it all up? Tell me. Don't stand there" "Yes," said the doctor, "It's all up. Within an hour you meet your maker. My work is done. Father Regan will take care of you now." He looked at Jerry a few minutes and then started to leave. "Wait," said Jerry, "Wait. You don't mean you're gonna run off like that." "Why, Jerry," said the doctor, "I thought you weren't afraid to die." "Who, me?" said Jerry. "Well I ain't, but it seems like hell to just walk off like that. Ain't you even goin'ta make some effort to help me?" "There's nothing more I can do," said the doctor. He motioned to Father Regan and left. The priest approached the bedside. "Now son," he said, "You must reconcile yourself to God." "Get away," said Jerry. "I don't want no God." "You're dying, son," said the priest gently. "You must make your peace with God before you go. God is good. He is forgiving. If you repent,

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HOW TO TRAVEL

One Way to Avoid Dull Trips.

by EDITH GREIDERER



AFTER years of receiving much advice, all more or less bad, I am only too happy to dispense advice myself, knowing that it will be as necessary as it is unsought.

I speak of traveling. Half the world travels, and that badly. And why? Because the would-be tourist makes as much a business of traveling as he does of selling tractors. He is sensible from start to finish, he buys maps and "literature" of the country he intends to visit; he learns its language. Then he travels in well—say France, sees everything the Baedker recommends, buys a return ticket to Gopher Prairie, folds his hands over his stomach and thinks of the speech he will make on The Beauties of Paris, France, at the next meeting of the local Rotarian chapter.

Perhaps every one is sensible about traveling. Perhaps every one should be. I only know that I used not a particle of sense from the time I sailed from Hamburg until I arrived in St. Louis, Mo., and I have never regretted it.

The correct way to travel, then, is to travel foolishly, and this is how it is done: if you have a reasonable amount of money and a corresponding amount of time, and want to use both in traveling, decide only at the last moment whether you will visit the Samoa islands or the United States. You choose the United States. Think no more of them until there comes a time when a steamer sounds its last warning whistle, and you begin to think that it may be meant for you. Then action! Take any available books, clothes, and money and begin your adventures. Thanks to your ignorance there will be many of them.

If you are Austrian, your boat should be Austrian, or at least German. By choosing an American or even an English boat when leaving Hamburg for the United States, you run a risk of destroying your fairly complete ignorance of the United States and of things American. It is barely possible that you might acquire a smattering of English during the five days of your ocean voyage and to do this would border too closely on the sensible.

So you are among people who speak German and you are comfortable. There is no straining, no twisting of the tongue into word patterns it cannot form. This state of affairs, however, is brief. After the third day out the German stewards remember that ostensibly

their ship is bound for the United States, where not German, but American, a bastard English, is spoken. And in their officious way, they do something about it. They refuse to speak another word of intelligible German, and become pedagogues. Their obstinance can prove annoying: you want to take a bath and ask the steward for a piece of soap in your best German. The steward looks at you, chidingly. You look at the steward, pleadingly. Then he holds out to you a piece of soap, points to it and says, "Seife-soap," but makes no effort to give it to you. You don't know what he means. He repeats. By now you begin to understand. You try—"Seife-zope?" Nods and smile as well as soap reward your efforts. Your education has begun, in spite of yourself.

If all goes well, you eventually arrive in New York, and Ellis Island. Now Ellis Island is a very pleasant place. I have seen it, and I know. I have even waited there for more than five hours until a German interpreter could be found for me. I didn't know a word of usable American, for the steward had only progressed to "milch-milk." After the first fifteen minutes of seife-zope, milch-meelk, I was left quite alone and I had nothing to do but wait for an interpreter.

I did a good deal of waiting between New York and St. Louis. I particularly remember the wait at Buffalo. I had boarded a train, quite instinctively, hoping to arrive in St. Louis; and I almost got there in one attempt, too. I climbed into my berth and hoped for eight hours' sleep. But that was not to be. About six the next morning the train stopped. I awoke and found everyone dressed, baggage in hand. Evidently the train would go no farther. I made a hurried attempt to find my clothes and with a great deal of effort grabbed my baggage and left the train. Smiles and titters met me everywhere. What *could* be wrong? My European clothes could hardly have been the cause for general amusement. They ordinarily brought only stares to which I had already become resigned. What then? I wore a conventional hat, a conventional coat—but on my feet, instead of the usual black, square-toed shoes made by an Austrian cobbler, were the giddiest of green velvet slippers de nuit, coyly edged with white bunny, which I had forgotten to remove in my hurry to leave the train.

This sort of thing may be amusing for others, but occasionally you will want to amuse yourself. As everyone knows, eating is no longer considered a boring duty but a past-time, and may therefore become a great source of amusement. The principal bit of advice is this: do not try to eat in strange lands when you are hungry, for you are invariably as hungry

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AIR WAVES FOR JOE COLLEGE

In Which Radio for the Last Three
Days of the Week Is Set Forth.

by DALE CLOVER

DAYLIGHT saving time has put most of the chain programs in one hour earlier than they were before the clocks were pushed ahead the sixty minutes in New York City, the NBS and CBS capitol. And a few of the better known programs have either left the air for the summer or changed their time. But the Thursday curtain still comes up with Rudy Vallee over KSD, from 6:00-7:00. He always has an array of "famous" stars. The music is not bad; and Vallee still sings as he always has, sometimes good, and sometimes indifferently well. All in all, a fairly well balanced program . . . Scandal-mongers is Rudy's pet peeve . . . the award to the "Outstanding New Star" every year has gone to a performer who first appeared on the Vallee Varsity Hour. Joe Penner was the winner in 1933, the first year of the award, Helen Jepson in 1934, and Bob Burns in 1935. . . . Rudy made his professional debut in 1921 when he appeared as saxophone soloist at Portland, Me., in a theatre where he had previously been head usher . . . Is an S. A. E.

Glen Gray, still with O'Keefe, can be heard over KMOX at 7:00. Death Valley Days is on KWK at the same time, and so is Captain Henry's Show-Boat which is one Boat you can miss and be thankful. An hour with the Bing Crosby program is available at 8:00 on KSD. With him is Bob Burns of Van Buren, Arkansas, Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra, and songs by Kay Weber. The bazooka Burns plays consist of two pieces of lead pipe and a funnel. He insists he wooed and won his wife by his manipulation of the instrument while playing with a band in Atlantic City. The program would have much more appeal to the Crosby followers if Bing would sing more often and have less extraneous so-called guests. Gertrude Nieson do-re-mi's over KSD at 9:45 and is still tops among the husky voiced singers. If only Harry Richman were elsewhere at the time! 10:00 has Abe Lyman over KMOX.

"Flying Red Horse Tavern" over KMOX at 6:00 opens up the Friday program. Lennie Hayton's orchestra plays—and not badly. Eleanor Powell taps and sings. The rest of the program is nothing to get enthused over. At 7:00 switch to KSD to "Waltz Time" for Abe Lyman and his program. The Manhattan Chorus is plenty good.

The number 1 program, Fred Waring, et al, provides another half hour of class AAAA entertainment at 7:30 over KWK. 8:00 offers Richard Himber and Andre Kostelanetz. Kostelanetz is on KMOX with unusual and soothing arrangements of even the

hottest of numbers, and with Kay Thompson as soloist. Miss Thompson was known as Kitty Fink when she attended Washington University. . . . Every Chesterfield program is recorded as it goes over the air. The recording of the last program is then played back for the assembled orchestra and chorus at rehearsal. Discussions are conducted while each member of the organization gets a perspective on himself. Himber is over KMOX and worth the thirty minutes of time. . . . Tobacco smoke makes him sick. Don't forget "March of Time" at 8:30.

6:00-7:00 over KMOX finds the Follies of the Air with Fannie Brice, Benny Fields, and Al Goodman's orchestra starting off Saturday evening. If you like Brice and Fields you will like this program, if you don't you can call it a folly and forget to turn it on, which would be best. . . . One night when Fields and his wife were playing a vaudeville engagement the applause was so tremendous at the end of the act that they could not leave the stage. Behind the blinding glare of the footlights they kept bowing until the manager cried out, "That's not for you!" cried he. "The President of the United States just entered a box." The CBS chain at 7:30 offers those lunatics Stoopnagle and Budd, who bereft of all reason, drive you into a raving frenzy with their incoherent and hyppish humor. It's "Your Hit Parade" from 7:00-8:00 over KSD. The program gives the fifteen numbers most frequently played and sung throughout the country for that week. The survey covers sheet music and recording companies, radio reports, radio stations and band leaders. Five old favorites are included in each program. Freddie Rich and his orchestra follow the Lucky Strike style of avoiding complicated effects and over orchestrations. Buddy Clark and Margaret McCrae take care of the vocal features. Clark gave his first performance before a microphone two and a half years ago in Boston. Miss McCrae made her air debut at fourteen over a Nashville, Tenn. station. But it was as a winner of a contest sponsored by Eddy Duchin that she started on the way to network prominence. *The Music Goes 'Round and Around* rose from a position outside the fifteen leading numbers to the position of first place which it kept for three straight weeks.

"Celebrity Night" at 8:30 over KSD with George Olsen's orchestra, Ethel Shutta, Irvin S. Cobb, and Harry Richman is a good example of ham humor. Olsen's band is good, Shutta warbles O.K., and Cobb's dry wit is of the best; but when you mix

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FEATURING THE FACULTY

Martyl Catches a Few of the Profs
Off-Guard.



John HART
BROWN

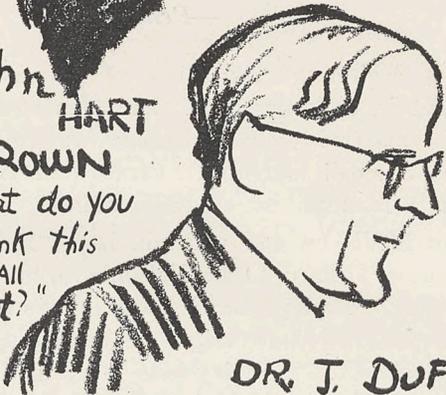
"What do you
think this
is All
about?"



DR. Lippincott
"we must be analytical"

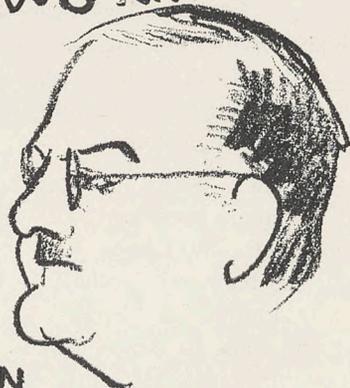


DR. McMASTER
"GET TO WORK"



DR. J. DUFFY

"For the next day...."



DR. KLAMON

"gentlemen, do you see...."



Martyl

DR. Geo. Mylonas
"Lets have some
Ice-cream"

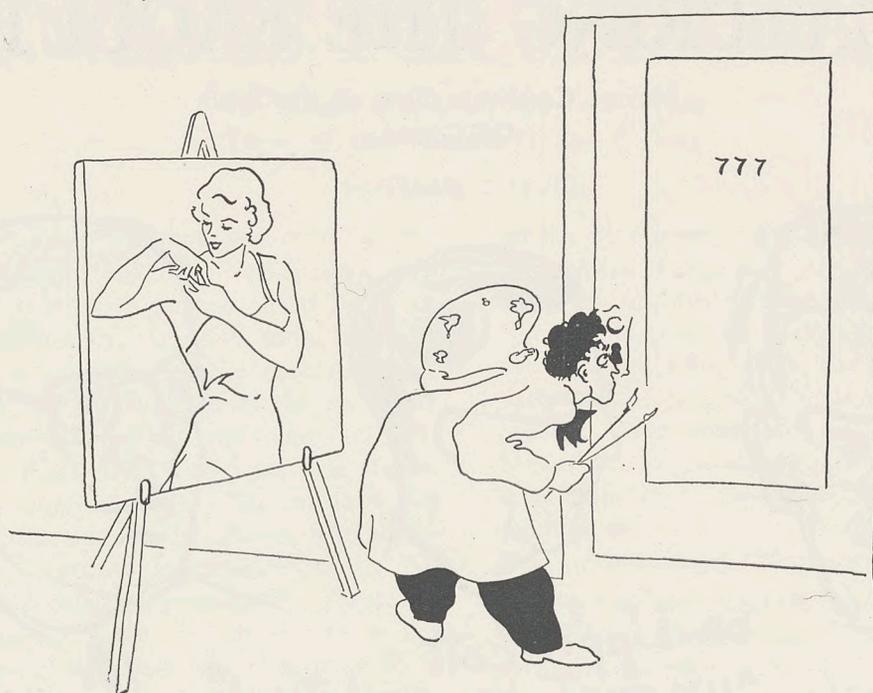


DR.
MACKENZIE

"NO!"



DR.
HELLER
"I haven't
ANY"



Dickson

—Pelican.

AIR WAVES FOR JOE COLLEGE

(Continued from page 14)

them up and try to get any humor out of the program, it can not be found. And when that man Richman chimes in, do anything to remember you had a previous engagement.

Glen Gray over KWK at 9:45 will erase the bad taste left by above program. His full name is Glenn Gray Knoblauch. Was born June 7, 1903 and played basketball, baseball and football at Illinois Wesleyan College. Is known as "Spike" to his fellow Casa Lomans; and likes to dance, attend shows, play tennis and swim. Is 6' 3½" tall, weighs 220 pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. Mort Dennis' Orchestra at 10:00 and Earl Hine's orchestra at 11:00 over KSD makes it adios to Saturday.

Sunday, the restful day, at 4:00 offers Phil Spitalny's Girls' orchestra over KMOX. The chorus is fair. The music tends more toward the Wayne King school, 5:00 on KWK, Jack Benny, Mary Livingston, Don Wilson, Kenny Baker, and Johnny Green's orchestra combine to give the best all around program on the air. Humor predominates. Benny's humor clicking, lies in the fact that it is *funny*, and has the affect of being natural and not overly done.

Kenny Baker is billed as the timid tenor because he sounds that way in his dialogue with Jack Benny. Physically he is a robust six-footer. This is his first radio series, being virtually an unknown before appearing on the Benny program late in 1935. He made his screen debut in "King of Burlesque." He is married to his High School sweetheart. Johnny Green, besides being a maestro, has composed "The

Night is Beginning" and "Joan of Arkansas, and is an expert in dialectics. . . . Benny entered radio in 1932, is married to co-comedian Mary Livingston, and has a small daughter. Benny and Allen seem to have a monopoly on all radio humor.

Leave KWK on and you will have "Believe it or not" Harriet Hillard, Ozzie Nelson with his orchestra, and Ripley. Ripley's stories are interesting; Ozzie and Harriet's solo-narrating style of singing is effective and good. . . . Ripley gets more mail than any other person in the United States, barring not even the President. He receives more than one million letters a year. . . . He got more than 160 leap year proposals during the month of January. . . . He so dislikes talking over the telephone he won't install one in his house. . . . The first "Believe-It-Or-Not" cartoon appeared December 19, 1918 in a New York newspaper.

Major Bowes' amateur hour rings the gong at 6:00-7:00 over KSD. This hour of amateurs provides the best hour program on the air, excepting Fred Allen's . . . Major Bowes, whose weekly income is \$19,000, is very adept in throwing bouquets at himself and making it seem unegotistical. Thirty minutes, which seem like five, are available over KWK at 7:00 with Jack Hylton, the British orchestra leader. Hylton's program is patterned much after the Waring program, having excellent novelty numbers, and a competent company containing good singers, and others with the result that everything is well enough done. There is a decidedly different touch in his orchestrations which is not found in American bands, and Hylton being a Britisher, it just must be that British touch.

MAPLE LEAVES

*Dark-drooping leaves of maple
Drip clusteringly in the arms of night,
Soft whisperings from the silent shadows
Seem to give my spirit right
To soar and thrill to nature's cadence.*

R. T. QUEEN.

HOW TO TRAVEL

(Continued from page 13)

after you have finished your so-called "meal" as you were when you began. But if some good clean fun, and not repletion is your end, imitate the foreigner who comes into an American restaurant. He looks at the menu, tries to tell the waiter what he wants—all in vain. He cannot speak English and cannot be understood. But he is a hungry man and will stop at nothing. He closes his eyes, and with a thin grey bone, the finger of a starving man, points to the menu three times in magic wise. The waiter seems taken back but hurries off with his order. After five minutes the foreigner hears the waiter approach but does not dare look at his tray. The inevitable moment arrives. The waiter lowers his burden carefully to a nearby table and reveals a meal of truly gigantic proportions—a glass of bicarbonate of soda, a glass of iced tea, and a dish containing four salted crackers. The foreigner is greatly amused and breaks into loud laughter. He eats his meal with a smile on his face. He leaves the restaurant chuckling. Another American has had his fun.

Eventually these and similar experiences lose their novelty and become most trying: it borders on the unpleasant to live on nothing but iced tea and salted crackers all the way from New York to St. Louis. Then when traveling becomes a trial, cut your voyage short, and consider your fun ended. You have seen adventure and high romance. You may now buy a German-English and an English-German dictionary, for your days of folly are over, and your years of wisdom are yet to come.

Be sensible about traveling if you will or if you must, but remember, the only way to travel at all is to travel senselessly.

DERISION

(Continued from page 12)

you will be assured of salvation."

Jerry, the Rat said nothing. "If you don't repent," the priest continued, "your soul will burn in everlasting hell." Jerry shifted a little. "Aw nuts," he said. The priest resumed speaking in the same gentle tone. "You have about fifteen minutes of life on this earth," he said. "Soon you will be beyond all law here. If you make peace with God, you will be assured of salvation." "You mean I'll go to Heaven—huh?" asked Jerry. "Yes," replied the priest. "You will go

to Heaven." No sound broke the silence of the room. The Lieutenant remained leaning against the wall, looking out of the window, far away. Finally Jerry said, "Well whatta I gotta do to get to Heaven?" The priest smiled slowly. "Make a good confession to me and to God above," he answered, "and be truly sorry for your sins." "You mean I gotta tell all I know," the man asked again. "You must tell me all that you have done that was wrong," said the priest. "Any lies you have told—crimes you have committed—and you must be truly sorry for them," he added. Jerry, the Rat laughed harshly—suddenly. "Say Padre," he said, "That'd be a pretty good joke wouldn't it? I'd tell all I know here, and these coppers couldn't do a damn thing, could they? Then I'd go to Heaven, and they couldn't do a thing." He laughed again harshly, nervously. "How much more time I got?" he asked. "I'm feelin' kinda weak." "About five or ten minutes," said the priest, "Now settle back Jerry—you're tiring." He rang for a nurse. She came almost instantly. "A glass of water," said the priest, "Quickly." The nurse filled the glass—she rinsed it—the cold, clear liquid sloshed around in it. It would be the last time, thought Jerry, that he would hear that sound, taste that water. He gulped it down hastily. "O. K. doc," he said to the priest, "If I'm goin' to be saved, let's go. I'll confess, and I guess I'll be sorry too—that's the idea ain't it?" The priest spoke—still quietly, "Yes Jerry. That's the idea—God will forgive you if you are sorry."

The man shifted to a more comfortable position in the bed. "Arright, doc," he said. "I bin a gangster since I was seventeen. Even if I'd wanted to gone straight, the lousy cops wouldn't let me—yes, cops like you and your breed," he added addressing the Lieutenant who was still leaning against the wall. "Honest padre, I woulda gone right, but they wouldn't give me a chance. Well then, I got in with Solono—I was pulling off too much good stuff for him, I guess, so one night he pulled a rod on me—I let him have it. Then I lead the mob. We dealt in good hootch and a little highjacking on the side, and—" "You took Martin out for the last time," interrupted the Lieutenant. "Yes, you damned flat-footed fool," said Jerry. "I took care of that, and you can't do anything about it." "What about Scassini?" asked the Lieutenant. "I wasn't on that," said Jerry, "but I saw to it that he got it, the dirty little double-crosser—" Father Regan interrupted this time. "Now son, you're going before long—that's no way to talk." "Aw quit reminding me," said Jerry, "I know it—I ain't afraid. How much more time I got—" He broke off, coughing. "Not long," said the priest, "But you haven't finished yet." "No, not quite," said Jerry, "But there isn't much more—I didn't mean to kill Muggs D'Orsay, but he was drunk, and so was I, and those things just happen." "Oh," said the Lieutenant, "So you got Muggs and you got Martin, and you had

it given to Scassini and a lot more." "Sure I did," said Jerry, "And what will you do?" The Lieutenant looked at the nurse, standing over by the wash basin. The nurse looked at the priest. No one said anything. The door opened, and the doctor came in. "Well doc," said the Lieutenant, "We're about through with him." No one said anything. Then the Lieutenant spoke once more. "O. K. Hennesy," he said to the priest, "Good work." He turned to the nurse. "Got all of that?" "Every word," she answered. He turned to Jerry, staring wide-eyed from the bed. "Now as for you—you dirty little rat—get out of that bed and put your clothes on," he said. "You'll come with us." The two men at the door moved forward as Jerry shrieked, "Go with you? But I'm dying—you can't do this—Doctor—tell 'em." "No," said the doctor, "I'm afraid there's nothing much wrong with you—now. Well, I'm glad you got it," he said to the Lieutenant. Then Hennesy spoke, "I told you he'd talk if he thought he was going out—they're all that way—we fixed it pretty slick though—he even convinced himself he was through."

Jerry, the Rat screamed and rushed for the door. The two flat-footed detectives stopped him, put handcuffs on him, threw him to the floor. "No you don't," said the Lieutenant. "So I'm a big boob, am I—a damned flat-footed fool, huh?" he asked and viciously kicked the man in the face and side. "You can't do it," screamed Jerry, "It's illegal to—they won't allow it when I tell 'em how you did it—" "Take him along boys," said the Lieutenant, "When we finish with him, he'll never be able to walk again."

DESPONDENCY

*sounds in the distance muted by fog—
the gray fingers, moisture-laden, oppress me;
my temples beat as the damp cloak of darkness
enfolds and engulfs all that is me.
nothing is left but a sentient consciousness
there in that room as the clock ticks on,
marking minute installments of eternity.
my eyes transfix the floor before me,
and lo! the atoms of its substance
separate and I am gazing into nothing
but a void whose very depth perhaps
is that oblivion for which I have been seeking.*

R. T. QUEEN.

ORANGE STUFF

(Continued from page 11)

was something wrong with those bills. His giving them wasn't in keeping with the rest of the man. But if there was, I never found it out.

About ten the next morning, I telephoned. To the sinister, "Who's this?" I gave my name. "Who." My

harmless answer, "The girl who worked for you yesterday," caused the man to explode, "What do you mean by calling me? Didn't I tell you never to call me? I won't have people calling me up." With that he hung up. I surmised that I wasn't wanted that day.

Determined not to make another such blunder, I arrived early at the office the next morning. I opened the door. If I had been surprised the first time upon seeing the queerly furnished room, I was astonished by what I now saw. The room was empty but for a telephone sitting on the floor. There wasn't a sign of Mr. MacCracky nor the "Fruit-Ade".

No one knew where he had gone. I still don't know.

Take It From Ricky

(Continued from page 1)

his old flame Dottie Dittman (see question 2), but he doesn't have much of a chance now. In fact his chances are almost nil. Virginia Comstock, the Kirkwood terror, definitely dislikes Walter Pattee. She didn't like his cave-man tactics. And wasn't Walter surprised. And he a Beta. Arthur Traber likes her too.

* * * * *

Harry Deckert had a blind date with Mary Buss for the Thyrsus party and had the same trouble others have had with her. He couldn't find her until the end of the evening. Mary is the goil who sprouted that great big sun-bonnet a couple of weeks ago straight from New York and talked about tum-otto juice she had for breakfast. At the same party Ken Meacham pinched-hit for Bob Todd—he had Todd's date and car. Bob was sleeping off those headaches from a previous party.

* * * * *

Jack Percival, mama's boy, is having a tough time making any headway with Sarah Guth of the Thetas. But Mildred Steideman amuses herself with Jack at times. And what Phi B.D. has begun his rush to rate with Clayton's Prom Queen?

* * * * *

Mildred Newton, Texas, is wearing Bob Wooster Heimbuecher's Kappa Sig pin. Dan Hunter has bought Lois Stauffer an engagement ring—cash. Ruthie Leilich and Dr. Milton Rudi are not only looking at rings, but furniture also. Virginia Fischer's sweater knitting ended up with the Theta Xi pin of Harry McKee. How to knit yourself into a pin in three easy lessons says Virginia. Harrison Johnson's jelling around with Genevieve Schroeder will get him not a thing. She is engaged to a graduate.

* * * * *

Those Tekes have your number now, Sally Hollowell. They know you have been only fooling, when all the time it has been Karl Holderle. Neither Tom Dotzman or Don Lorenz could get anywhere with Carolyn Wright.

"MR. CHAIRMAN"

(Continued from page 10)

lined up in front of a camera manned by an amateur from the St. Louis U. yearbook who went about his business with an air. Finally, all being in order, the photographer held a giant flash bulb over his head, and yelling that old stuff about the birdie, pressed the button. I'm not so sure about what followed. I remember a blinding light, then a terrific report like the discharge of a battery of cannons, followed by a shower of glass. First I reassured Monypenny that he wasn't blind, and then discovered that that big bulb had gone off above the photographer's head like a firecracker in an oven: Then all went smooth for a while, except for the fact that I tripped over a concealed cuspidor. Finally, the Mogul of the lodge ascended the platform and informed the crowd (about 200) that these two teams had been looking forward to the debate all year and that bitter rivalry was spurring us on—as a matter of fact, Monypenny and I had heard of the debate the day before and Dougan the day before that. At last we got under way and after William Nollen Jr. led off for them, Dougan gave our constructive—but for twelve minutes he spoke about what Mr. O'Neill had just said! Kenny had confused their first speaker with their last and when the next St. Louis speaker arose I stopped my ears so as not to hear his scathing ridicule. But naught was said. Some quick-witted teams catch on to little things like that. After the fracas, we adjourned to the bar for refreshments and believe it or else, everyone of us had straight coca-colas—well, anyway, Mr. Carlisle did.

I think it only fitting and proper that a few lines be devoted to a discussion of that which every debater tries to create but few ever succeed in attaining, that vista which lures every speaker—humor. Most cracks succeed about as well as Dougan's attempt in Chicago.

The windy town was one of the places where Monypenny and Dougan debated on their northern trip and, arriving about six-thirty, they looked about for a place to eat. They were very particular for they only ate at the best places, you see, but finally Leonard spied a Thompson's and all filed in. Monypenny ordered a ham sandwich and the waitress belled into the kitchen, "HAM!" just as loud as her pumps would permit her. This was very funny, so I'm told. In fact, it was considered so hilarious that Dougan decided to try it on the Chicago audience that night. Dougan did not know Chicago audiences. That evening: "The first thing that Mr. Monypenny and I heard when we arrived was 'Ham——' I hope it isn't the last thing we hear." Somebody coughed, the timekeeper blew his nose, and Kenny, slightly red, jumped thankfully into a harangue about those "nine old men."

Some stuff, however, does click. The very likeable Mr. Greenwood of Oxford, for instance, had the

crowd guffawing over his witticisms and side-kicks at our Mr. Hunt. A typical Greenwood quip was, "Mr. Hunt says that you are forty-eight states held together by national organization; I had always thought of the American people as bound together by copies of the Saturday Evening Post."

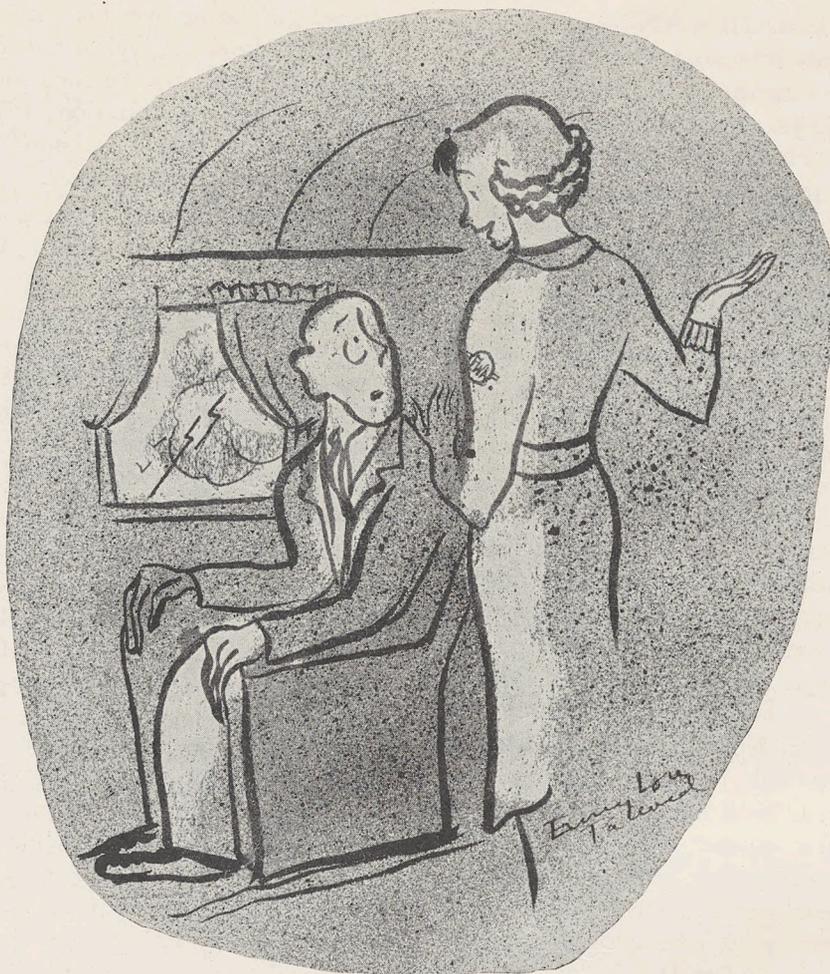
After the debate Chester confided in me that he had received a letter from a friend who had heard the Oxford pair debate a few days before and the epistle mentioned that the crowd thought it very funny when Greenwood remarked about one of his opponents, "Despite the fact that I am not very far advanced in years, I have witnessed a good many funerals. But I must confess that this is the first time that I have ever seen the corpse walk."

"How did I know that he was going to pull exactly the same thing on me?" queried Hunt.

Bear with me for one more example of these forensic sidesplitters. Seeing that the debate with Princeton was growing rather dull because both teams admitted that frats were desirable, I tried a little manufactured humor at the conclusion of my rebuttal. "In closing," I said, "I might remark like the tongue-tied Eskimo who was sitting on a big cake of ice telling a story to a group of children and who, after about two hours, finally got up and said, 'My tale is told!'" The crack brought moderate laughter which quickly quieted down and then some Phi Beta in the rear of the Chapel, first comprehending the subtleness of the pun, let loose a big whoop of laughter which made the tale a complete success.

No discussion of humor in debating is complete, of course, without mention of the very efficient Don Leonard. Don is debate manager (with secretaries) and he accompanied the boys on their northern tour. One of his duties was to collect receipts for all money expended. On a certain evening after the debate held in Monmouth, Illinois, the boys were walking about the town, stopping in a few places to make purchases for which Don always collected bonafide receipts. After a while the fellows decided to get a beer and they chose a dive bearing the legend: "Wallop's Tavern." The beers consumed, the bill was attended to and Leonard procured his receipt signed by the bartender's own foam-flecked hand. But at this point Monypenny, always a far-sighted fellow, leaned over and whispered into the efficient Mr. Leonard's ear, "How do you think 'Wallop's Tavern' will look to the boys down in the Student Finance office?" Little pieces of paper fluttered to the sawdust.

Mr. Carlisle who, as I should have mentioned before, is coach of debating, has not only had to coach debating and conduct try-outs but he has actually had to participate in a debate. Dougan and either Ahrens or Logan were scheduled to debate supreme court before the Railroad Men's Y. Dougan arrived on time along with Mr. Carlisle but there was no



You have no reason to be afraid—why, three of us were saved in the last crash.

—California Pelican.

sign of another speaker. Finally, with no other alternative, and with nothing prepared, Carlisle rolled up his sleeves and stepped into the affirmative role.

I'll never forget the night when Monypenny and I debated Jack Wershick and Bob Heute of the San Francisco State University, before the members of the Sigma Alpha Mu fraternity. It was cloud-bursting that night and Monypenny finally swam in about forty-five minutes behind schedule. The rain was still torrenting down and poor Phil was soaked through to his B.V.D.'s. We took him upstairs and wrung out what could be wrung and then Phil, the veteran, paraded downstairs and carried on with the debate, although as he expressed it later—"It was damned uncomfortable."

That also was the night when, in rising to go up to the speaker's stand, I accidentally unloosened the garter encircling my left leg. Trying to be composed and at the same time recognizing the futility of walking up to the speaker's stand with a garter trailing, I simply took time out, yanked up my trouser leg, and hooked up the loose ends.

This intimate diary of a year of college debating could run on and on. Every debate reveals a collection of happenings which form almost as important a part of debating as debating itself. Whether it's

a Princeton man telling first hand about the V.F.W., a business school audience doing everything but paying attention, or a steam pipe playing an arrangement of the anvil chorus, all of them contribute toward forming a romance which becomes, at times, exceedingly interesting.

Debating is like the staging of a play—most of the glamor and excitement is backstage.

DEAR "ANOYMOUS"

(Continued from page 8)

and they would do their bit even under an alien flag to right this great wrong.

In 1897-98 our idealistic people went raving, stark mad over Spanish "atrocities" in Cuba. It was none of our business but we declared war and went onto foreign soil. This was not the work of sober realistic men. It was a crack-pot war. Can you predict when you too will become enraged and advocate righting a "wrong?" No, and neither can anyone else.

Your immediate decision with reference to taking advanced military training must rest on an estimate of the situation. This will include among other considerations the fact that when commissioned on graduation, your commission will expire in five years and

will be renewed only if you are good enough, and if you wish it renewed; that within those five years if war breaks you will go as an educated gentleman should go—as an officer; that if you do not take advanced military you will also go either as a soldier, probably a non-commissioned officer, or as a pacifist with a pick in your hand, a bayonet behind you and the contempt of your children to follow you.

When you have made your estimate of the situation you will probably reach the decision to shoulder your share of responsibility as a gentleman and as an officer and to make your efforts toward so strengthening your government and mine that it will be impossible for it to dictate peace or war among nations for many years to come.

EXPLAINING THE A. S. A. B.

(Continued from page 7)

on the same page with them. These prohibited ads include other tobacco ads, pipe ads, radio ads, etc. But how does the make-up man know what ads to run and what their position is to be in any particular issue of *Student Life*? That's simple; he merely takes from a file the folder marked with the date of the issue. In it are insertion orders, made out by the Director from the contracts put on his desk by the solicitors when they sell ads. On the order the position of the ad is written. Also in the folder are the copy and cuts for the ads.

Now, let's turn to the Eliot—this issue which you are now reading. The ad layout was made up ten days ago and given to the editors. The cover came from the Eastern representatives, already imprinted with the color ads you see on the cover. Color printing is a costly process and it is cheaper for these advertisers on the covers to have their ads printed on a central press and then sent to each publication they are using, rather than pay each publication increased rates for color printing. The cover, then, arrives already printed with the ads. The local printer puts the cover on his presses to print the front cover, which comes blank, of course. But this is not the case with the *Hatchet*. Here, the four-color process ad on the back cover is printed at the same time as the front cover is printed, by the local printer. The tobacco company sends the Bureau heavy metal color plates—one for each of the four colors used—red, blue, yellow, black. These plates are routed to the Bureau from the magazine where they were last used. The company also sends instructions stating in what order the colors are to be printed, and sends sheets showing how the ad will look at each stage in the process, as each color is printed.

Now, what of the survey work of the Bureau? Whenever you're asked to fill out a questionnaire—the most recent was on fountain pens—on what and how much you buy, what brand you prefer, what price you pay, you can be sure it came from the Bureau. The 1932 survey of the Bureau, which was published

in the form of a book of one hundred and two pages, is outstanding as a survey of a college market. It is a standard reference of national advertisers, agencies, and representatives in the college field. Annually the Bureau receives requests for copies of it. The survey is copyrighted and published under the imposing title, "Brand and Local Store Preferences of the Student Body of Washington University for Clothing and Accessories, including Quantity Purchases and Price Ranges". The information for the recent 1935 survey was gathered by nine students who devoted seven months to securing answers to questionnaires and tabulating the results. This survey was the first one made by any college as to buying habits, price ranges, and favorite brands of a college market divided into resident and non-resident students, and fraternity and non-fraternity students. In addition to these yearly surveys, the Bureau makes surveys for its representatives or for interested firms on request. Students may remember the tobacco questionnaire, which was undertaken in order to compile a mailing list of campus pipe-smokers so that a company could send sample tins direct to their homes.

Now, what of the promotional work of the Bureau? Such things as the inter-fraternity bowling tournament, the best dressed man and the best dressed woman contests, the Old Gold wrapper contest, the Golden Slipper display, and the Life Saver contest, have all been originated by the ASAB. College nights at various entertainment places have been arranged by the Bureau. Its best dressed woman contest has been copied by many schools. Last year the picture of Josephine Sunkel who won the contest was syndicated by the Associated Press throughout the country. This year three St. Louis firms desired to sponsor the contest and a national clothing concern asked to sponsor the best dressed man contest.

The solicitors usually make the first contacts with concerns before promotional work is planned. They are assigned leads by the Director and may have any new leads they want, if no other solicitor does not already have them. By a filing system of lead cards, solicitors know to whom leads belong so that no disputes will arise in connection with them. The solicitor calls sometimes five or six times on a concern before selling an ad or a schedule of ads. As in any other selling position, the greater the number of concerns that are solicited, the more sales the solicitors will make. They work on a commission basis.

As to membership in the Bureau, any student may enroll as a solicitor and after a short period of training is given a contract book and "leads" to call on. Appointments to higher positions are made from the solicitors. That is the only way by which a student is eligible for one of these jobs. Although there are not usually many coeds in the Bureau they are eligible for all jobs. It is particularly good experience for them since women occupy an important place in the advertising industry and are superseding men at the present

time in advertising agencies as copywriters and illustrators.

At this time the ASAB is winding up its activity for the year and is preparing for its summer work, during which plans for the coming school year are made and local advertising is solicited. Dates of publication for most of the seven publications have already been fixed and have been sent to the national representatives. They are now selling advertising space for next year. Around September 1st work in the Bureau will be at top-speed again, with all of the solicitors on the job.

The Director of the Bureau this year has been Walter Lorch. Among the solicitors Harry Greensfelder, Leo Dusard and Audrey Goldstein have been outstanding. Greensfelder's record for advertising sold this year is one of the best in the history of the Bureau.

TOWERS AND TOWN

(Continued from page 6)

duction, Lucia di Lammermoor, not only Lily Pons but also Giuseppe Bentonelli, the young tenor who recently made a sensational debut at the Metropolitan—and who was once listed as plain Joe Benton in the University of Oklahoma football program, were also on the stage with him. The reason we mention Paul, however, is not merely to give free publicity to singing grid stars (much as they may deserve it) but because he has contributed a good yarn about Herr Knoch, eminent conductor and chorus master.

It seems that Herr Knoch is always having trouble with some of the young men in the opera chorus who insist on talking while he is trying to give instructions. One night after he had had a bad dinner, he decided to put an end to this foolishness. When the singers were all assembled for practice in a big room down at the Hotel Jefferson, the little chorus master got up on a chair and made a ten minute speech about the bad manners of Americans, about how fed up he was, and about how he was going to kick anyone out of the chorus who so much as opened his mouth—except to sing, of course.

When he had finished he took a deep breath, looked around at his chastened young men, and thought to himself that he had done a good job. "All ride, led's sing de first chorus of de secund act," he said. After a minute or two, however, he had a suggestion to make, so he confidently motioned for silence. Not a sound was heard in the room except for one not very loud but clear and ringing male voice. Herr Knoch waited expectantly for several seconds. The voice kept right on. Then he looked in the direction from which the sound seemed to come. "Iss dot you, Herr Jones?" "No, sir." "Iss it you, Herr Locke?" "No, sir." "Will whoever it iss please shud up." No effect. This was too much for Herr Knoch. He launched into a stream of good old German invective which entirely drowned out the annoying voice. When

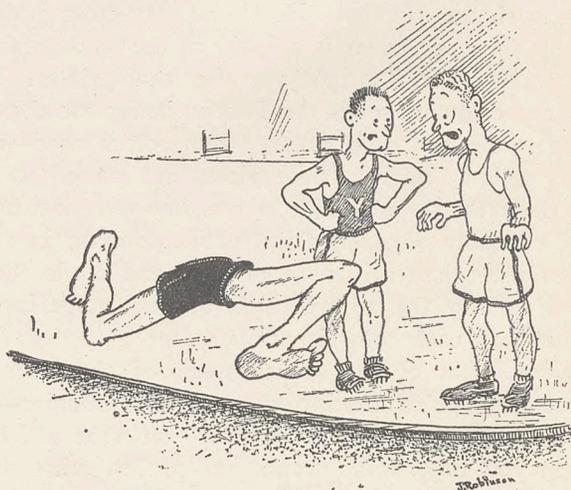
he finished, as you can well imagine, he almost burst to still hear the voice—now singing! Then, after a few minutes of sputtering, he caught on. Some prankster had turned on a radio.

Here We Are

Now that we have been duly launched amid a shower of blessings, we pause to consider the year which stretches before us. Fully realizing the enormous responsibility which rests upon our slender shoulders, we have given much serious thought to our worthy magazine. Anyone can tell you, even the faculty, that the proper function of a campus magazine is to be an "organ of student opinion." So we have decided to have a "letters from the peepul" department. We hope that everyone will write us lots of letters during the summer—and send us post-cards from vacation trips, too. At any rate we are going to have letters from the people if we have to write them ourselves. We've had the blessings; now we are prepared for the brickbats. Let's have them.

Call Of The Wild

Botany is a wonderful subject to be taking when the annual week-end trip rolls around. Each spring several members of the department and a few fortunate students slip away to the Ozarks and amuse themselves by taking a dip into every lake, stream, or available body of water. It seems that water has an almost magnetic attraction for the botanists. Last year half the party followed the example of two of the girls who fell off a bridge into an extremely cold stream, and the other half got rather wet fishing them out. The excitement this year was spread over a longer period of time. Janita Walters, Jean Martin, and Elizabeth Heuser fell into the river at various times, to keep up the spirit of the thing. Even Dr. Anderson, who was chaperoning, was unable to resist refreshing Lake Kilarney and nonchalantly dived in as the party passed by. Then there's always the rain. No trip would be counted successful unless everyone was fairly well soaked by a thunder shower or two. Of course it's all for the sake of science.



"I tell you, it's got us all stumped."—Yale Record.

UNIVERSITY OF HEAVEN

(Continued from page 5)

I guess you know where you are now!" the best I could say was,

"Well, I have a pretty good idea."

"You *are* hard to please," said Smith, somewhat taken aback. "That university you went to on Earth must be some school. But what you need is a talk with Bob Robinson; he's our Worshipful Potentate, Bob'll tell you all about this place."

A few minutes later I was sitting with Bob Robinson in his study. He was the best-looking chap I'd seen up there—and that's saying plenty; he just exuded personality and enthusiasm; and he was a swell talker.

"To begin with, fellow," he said impressively, "you're now a student at the University of Heaven."

"I certainly am glad to be sure of that," I told him.

"You see, here's the way it is up here: In the first place, we're all juniors. After all, that's the best thing to be—not dumb like the freshmen and sophomores, yet not blase and jaded like the seniors. And every man and woman gets to be junior president and junior prom chairman at least once. The fraternities and sororities see to that; they run all the politics and hand out all the offices up here—and, since we've got all eternity, every fraternity and sorority combine gets in power some time.

"Each man is a varsity athlete of some sort (of course, the teams haven't any competition except among themselves, but, at least, our school never gets beat). Each coed gets to be some kind of queen; in fact, if she waits long enough, she'll have been every kind of queen. What's more, every student has a major and a minor activity. Majors are things like editor of *Student Life after Death*, editor of *Elegy*, editor of *Axe*, a part in the Beneath-the-Sod Club show or a *Quietus* play, debate team, officer of the student corpse. A minor is just being in an activity; you know, staff member or something."

"Well, what about classes?"

"There are none."

"What!"

"We have absolutely no classes and no faculty."

("Gee whiz," I thought, "all the profs must be in the other place.")

"You see, we just wouldn't have time for classes. In the daytime, we have all those activities, and we do our activities right. At night, there's always something—a concert, a debate, a play; or, more likely, a school, fraternity, sorority, or Gibbet and Chain dance."

"It all sounds swell," I put in, "but do you learn anything?"

"Listen, what difference does it make whether we learn anything or not if we have a good time? In

the second place, did you ever learn anything in a class? No, you didn't. But you learned a lot in activities and in plain old bull sessions, —and those two things are what we really go in for up here. By God, we're not greasy grinds, and, if you are, why, you can go straight to the University of Hell."

("There's a lot in what he says," I thought.) So I said, "You're quite right, but do you have anything to work for?"

"Why sure! We have honoraries like Gibbet and Chain, Fifteen Dead Men on a Chest, and Interment—it gets out the directory—and, believe me, those honoraries are hard to get in. But, see here," he said standing up, "we'd better see about getting you a date for the Pan-Heaven Dance tonight. Now, I know a jenny who's really O. K. And is she stacked! What a corpse!"

My first month at the University of Heaven was one of the happiest times in my life and death. During the first week of this month I went to a dance every night and was rushed by forty-nine fraternities. During the second week I pledged Delta Epsilon Alpha Delta and was assigned to my activities. (As one of the best ping pong players in the house, I was put on the lacrosse team; as a former journalism student, I was made feature editor of *Axe*; and as the grandson of a second cousin of Chauncey Depew, I was made manager of the debate squad, with a private office, a secretary, and the title "Director of the Department of Forensics.") During the third week I was initiated into Delta Epsilon Alpha Delta (they do things fast at Heaven), swore *eternal* brotherhood, and was appointed to three fraternity committees. During the fourth week I revelled in the U. of Heaven's freedom from academic flimflam which enabled me to attend committee meetings without being worried about time lost from cramming, to write articles for *Axe* without being harassed by conflicting term papers, and to go to dances without being tortured through long early-morning classes the next day.

But, although there were no curricular activities to conflict with my social and extra-curricular activities, soon the latter began to conflict a little among themselves. For example, I found it difficult to leave the 6,357 Page *Axe* every afternoon to go to lacrosse practice.

"You'll get rid of that feeling," my friends told me when I complained, "and you'll work out a way of getting all of your activities done with the least possible strain."

But I didn't get rid of this feeling, because I discovered that the only way my friends got their activities done was by not doing them well—and, somehow, some inward force has always made me try to do everything well. So I simply couldn't be at my best at a committee meeting when I knew that there was important debate team work to be done; I simply

couldn't keep my mind on lacrosse practice when I had left behind a page of "Candid Campus Camera-shots;" and I simply couldn't enjoy a dance when my conscience told me I should be writing ten pages of "Goofy Greek Gossip."

I became moody and sulky; so my friends, deciding that I didn't think my honors befitted my abilities—for, in spite of my sulkiness, I was making good in my activities—put through a great *coup d'etat* and had me made chairman of Heaven's Greatest Junior Prom, with authority to import both Benny Kemp and Hal Goodman from the Land of Dead Jazz Orchestra Players.

Of course, as the reader will realize, this new responsibility just made matters worse. In a half-hearted way, however, I completed the routine work of arranging for the big affair, although, I must admit, there was not a little criticism of the way I performed my duties, especially by our rivals, the Alphas and the Delta Phis. Then, the day before the prom, I made the fatal discovery: a soiled and battered volume of Shakespeare which I found among the thousands of farces, mystery thrillers, and musical comedies in the library of the student theater. I immediately locked myself in my room with this treasure.

Soon things began to happen. The sub-committee chairman in charge of ticket sales, after searching all over the campus, came to the Delt Ep Alph Delt house and began to bang on my door. While he was pounding, the chairman of the floor sub-committee arrived and began to shout.

"College, oh, College! Joe, hey, Joe, wake up, Joe!"

Finally I yelled, "Sorry, I'm sick. I can't come out."

"Listen," said the sub-committee chairman in charge of ticket sales (he was a Delta Phi), "that's a lot of boloney; people don't get sick in Heaven."

"Well, I did," I replied.

At the end of a half an hour all ten sub-committee chairmen had been outside my door and had gone away disgusted, telling me to have it my own way but I'd better be well by the next morning.

I stayed up almost all night reading my treasure, and the next day, since my room was well stocked with candy, fruit, and Coca Cola, I decided to be sick again. But this day I was beleaguered not only by the sub-committee chairmen, but also by all of the sub-committee members, by the junior class officers, by *Student Life after Death* reporters, and by my fraternity brothers who wailed most pitiably that our lodge wouldn't get prom chairman again in a thousand years. Naturally by about noon this crowd began to get pretty noisy so that, in self-defense, I had to start reading my Shakespeare aloud. As the crowd got noisier I read louder, and the resultant effect was something like this: "He jests at scars that never . . .

Bang! Bang! Bang! . . . It is the east, and Juliet is the sun . . . Come on, Joe, be reasonable . . . Be not her maid since . . . Damn it, Joe, you're really letting us down . . . IT IS MY LADY; O . . . WE'RE GOING TO BREAK THE DOOR DOWN, JOE, YOU— . . ."

At dinner time they actually started to break through the heavy oak door, when, to everyone's astonishment, St. Peter appeared.

"College, let me in," he said quietly. I immediately obeyed.

"Joseph, I find that we've made a terrible mistake. When you died you had been a university student for three semesters alone. On the basis of the first two semesters you should be in the other section."

("Lead me to it!" I thought. "It can't be any worse than this madhouse.")

So, picking up my Shakespeare, I followed St. Peter. He said nothing until we got out into the Hall of Doors; then he said, as he opened the second University Door, "If I were you I wouldn't tell these folks that I'd been in the other section."

I stepped through the door into—

What do you thing, reader? If you like the first section and agree with Bob Robinson that it's really Heaven, I suppose you can imagine a suitable Hell. If you don't entirely like the first section; if, for instance, you believe in extra-curricular activities when not carried too far; if you are convinced that Bob Robinson only *thinks* he's at the U. of Heaven, then I know that you can imagine a real University of Heaven.

Sincerely yours,

"JOE COLLEGE"



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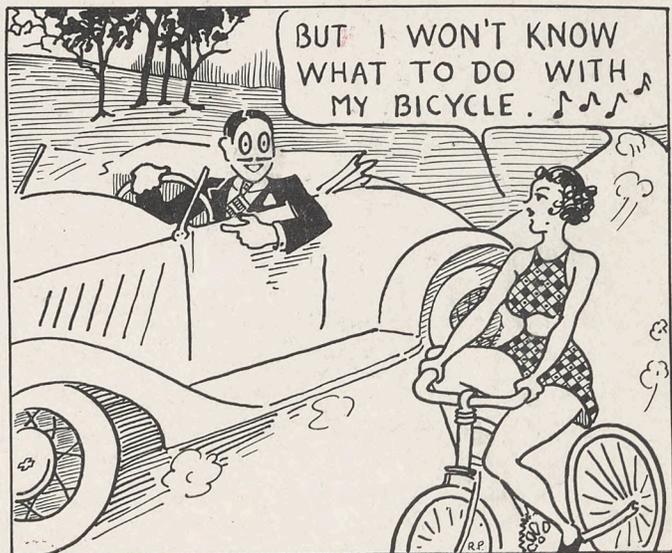
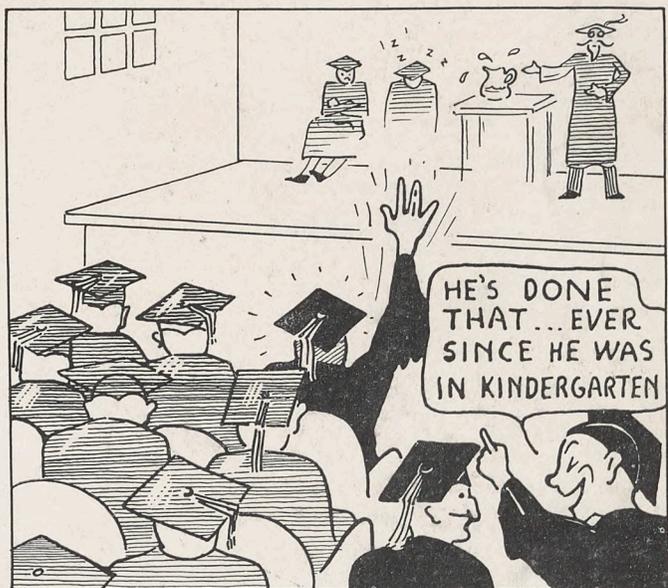
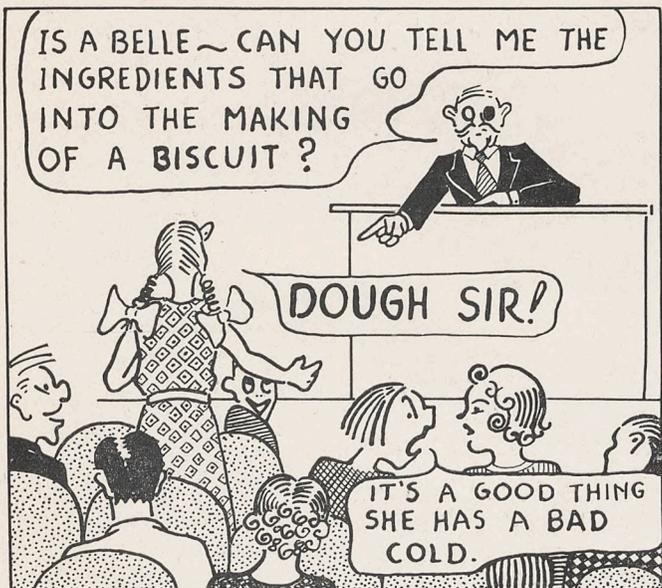
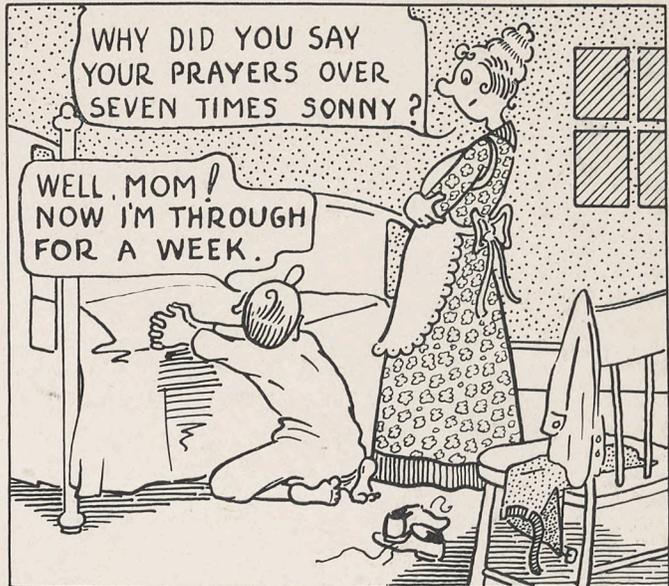
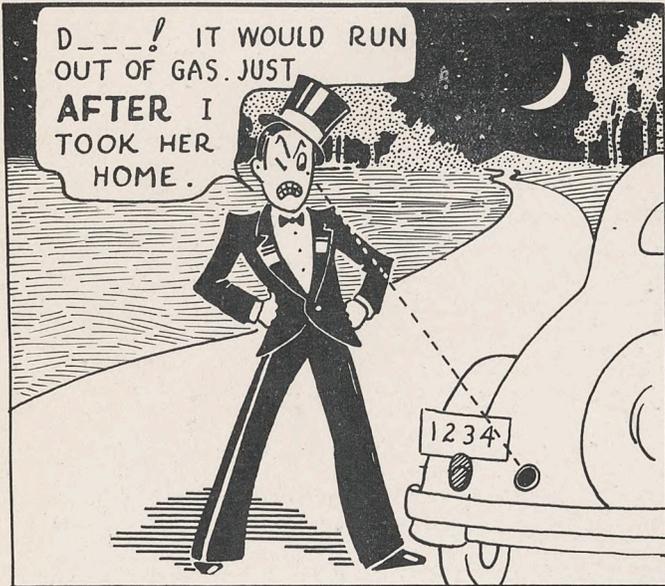
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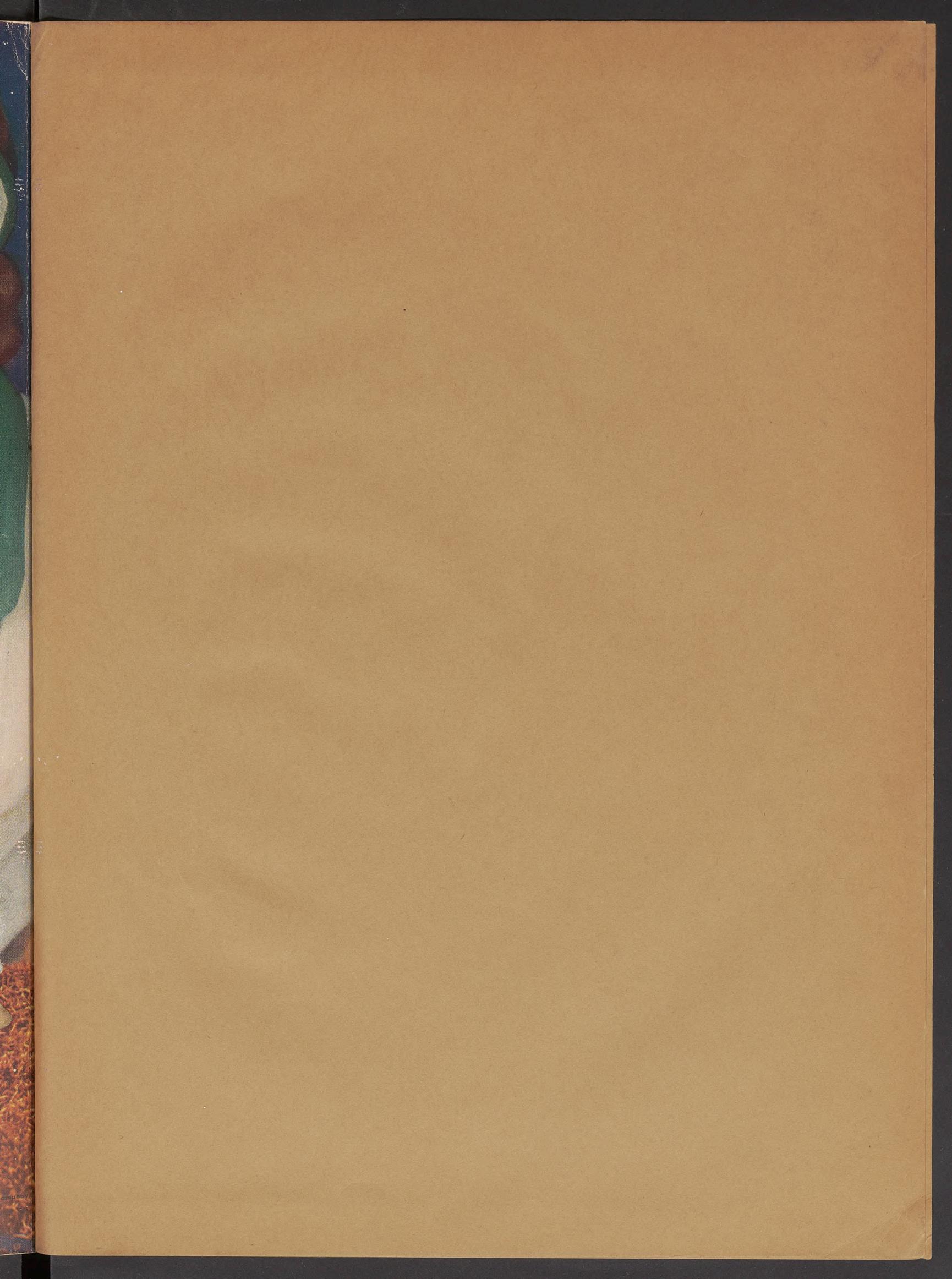
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