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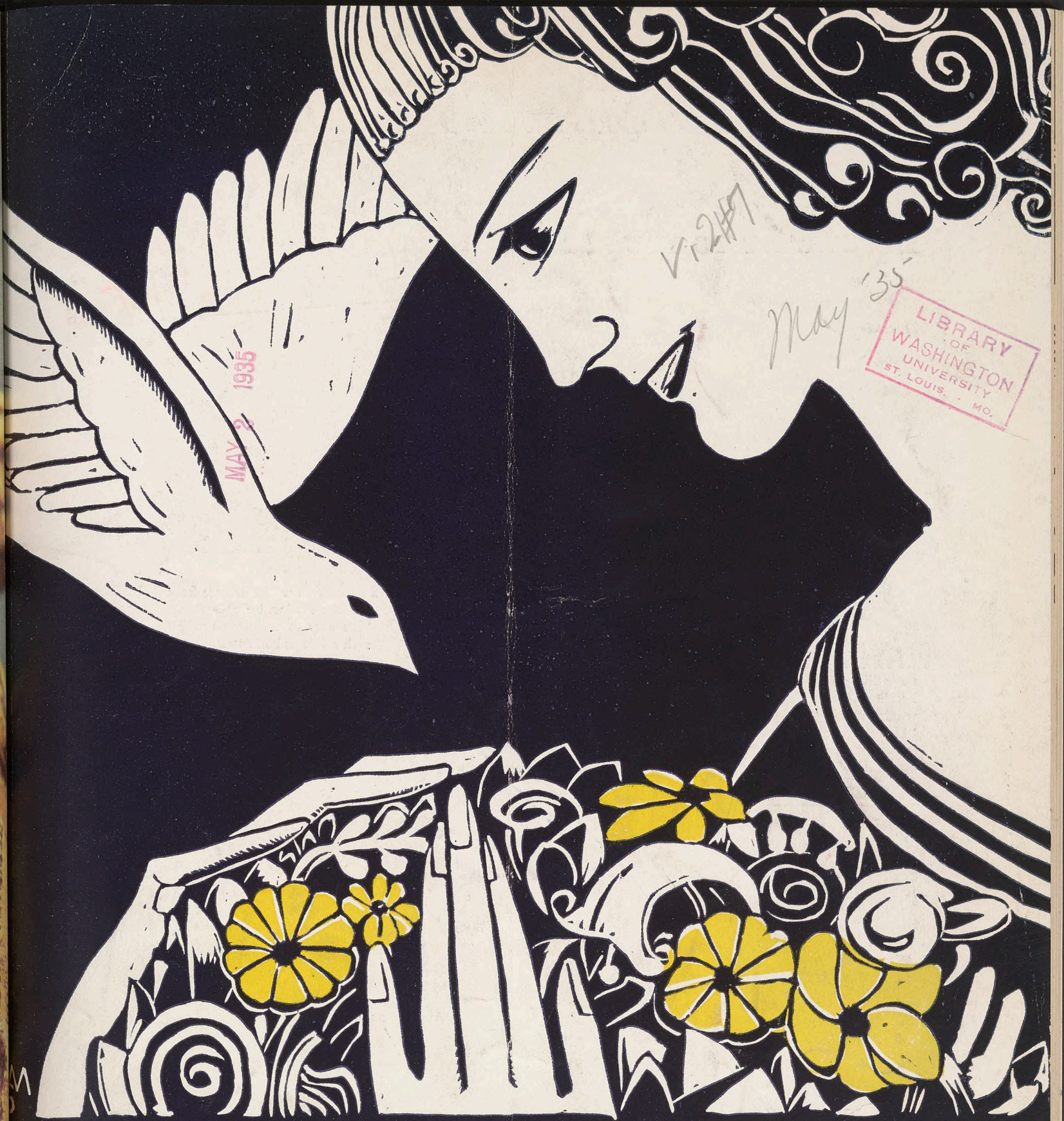
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WASHINGTON

UNIVERSITY

ELLIOT

MAY

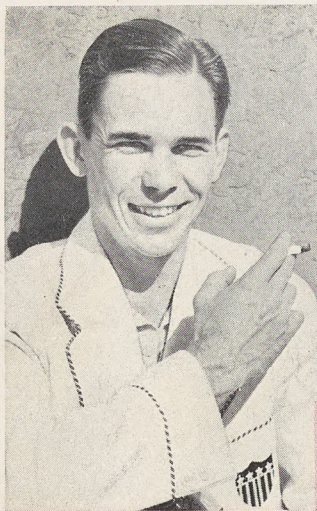
# WE ASKED SPORTS CHAMPIONS:

"IS THIS FACT  
IMPORTANT TO YOU?"

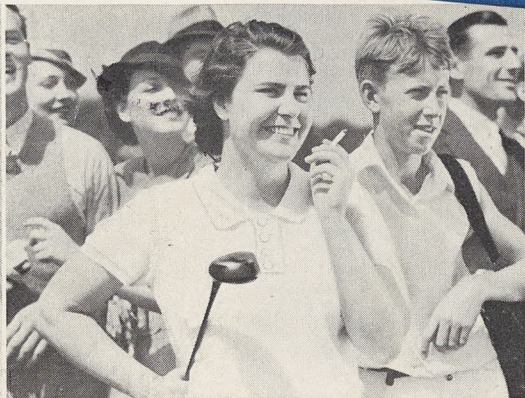
"CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE  
EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — TURKISH AND  
DOMESTIC — THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR  
BRAND."

(SIGNED) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY  
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

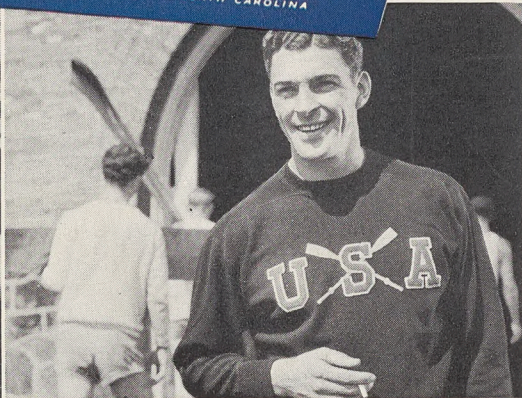
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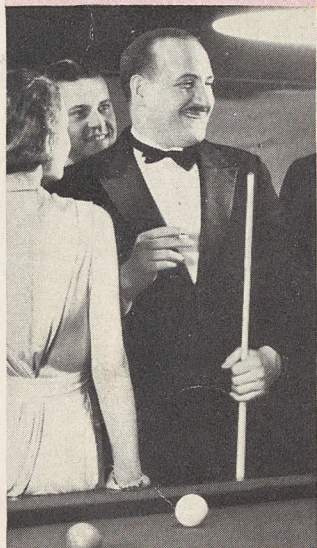
**FLAVOR!** "A Camel tastes like a million dollars!" Ellsworth Vines, Jr., tennis champion, told us. "That rich, mellow flavor appeals to my taste," he continued, "and I actually feel a 'lift' from a Camel!"



**ENERGY!** Helen Hicks, famous woman golf champion, says: "I'm exhausted at the finish of a tournament, but I never mind. I know I can always quickly restore my energy with a Camel—it's a 'lift' I enjoy often!"



**VALUE!** An answer from Bill Miller, 4 times National Single Sculls Champion: "It's easy to understand why Camels have such mildness and flavor. Camel spends millions more for finer tobaccos. That's value!"



**SO MILD!** Frank Copeland, billiard champion: "I enjoy smoking all I want. Camels are so mild that they never upset my nerves. When the subject of cigarettes comes up, I say 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"



**HEALTHY NERVES!** HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—"Any one who spends much time in water sports can't afford to trifle with jumpy nerves," says Harold ("Stubby") Kruger, Olympic swimmer and water polo star. Above, you see "Stubby" in Hollywood—snapped recently by the color camera. "I smoke a great deal, and Camels don't ever ruffle my nerves," he says.



# Coed Styles

by MARIAM HYMAN

## "RACING" NEWS

**M**ANIKINS strutting the length of Parisian ateliers in January, and showrooms from New York to Podunk during February, March and April, have already filled volumes with prognostications, known to the racing world as "dope." But these showings are merely the preliminaries. Their big race is still to be run. They've been highly bred, conditioned at great expense, and sequestered in their stables. They've been weighed in, and after the final scratches, paraded gloriously to the barriers. But! They still haven't run! It's only when the sun sets on "Derby Day," May 4th, that Spring models for 1935 are finally judged by American women and the odds on summer clothes can be placed with any degree of accuracy.

In America there is this unanimous choice of country clothes by modern young women anxious to be superbly turned out for this racy game of Spring fashions.

This year the lead will be the many tweeds, home-spuns, hats of the softest, most pliable felt; ghillies, and pigskin and chamois gloves. There will be knit and

angora sweaters in beautiful pastel shades. A new note this year will be the mannish blue flannel suit. Among the suit entries for the 1935 season are all varieties of the two- and three-piece costumes. There are plain and plaid jackets, and either matching or contrasting skirts. An added plaid top-coat is your best bet for uncertain weather or traveling. Long, loose, classic lines are very good now in such spring coverings.

Your suit may be a splash of color this year if you so desire. Combine your bright red with the new shade of pine-green, or combine a jacket of that new orange-pink shade with a yellow skirt. This is really one of the most effective color schemes being worn this season; add to it a pale blue sweater, yellow hat, and pigskin shoes and gloves.

Bonnets are entered? Yes, but let's predict the odds shortening on sailors before post time. Let's be among those betting on triangular scarfs of brilliant colors for place (they add a lot to these duller monotone suits). Let's place more bets on blouses to show; particularly those new tailored ones. Make it a white pique blouse on military lines or one tailored of the new rayon and wool fabric (that will be light enough for the coming warm weather), perhaps in a pin check or a stripe.

Let's give the rough camel's hair top-coat some odds. Remember, it has rained on many important occasions in May.

Watches are accurate timepieces on the wrist these days, and they, too, have gone mannish and plain. Sel-dom are they jewelled any more.

And don't forget your short-stringed pearls with your sweaters. They're really much smarter than orchids. If you must wear flowers, gardenias or carnations look very well in the lapel of your suit, provided some of your accessories are white.

## GARTNER'S

### Barber Shops

Paul Brown Bldg. — Chase Hotel  
Forest Park Hotel — Congress Hotel

### Beauty Shops

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41 North Euclid Avenue  
RO. 4333—4334

Paul Brown Bldg.  
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# For Men Only

Let's fall to—snappy introductions are awful things to write.

Gabardine is coming back to its own this summer. Being among other things cool, and practically of iron texture as far as wearing qualities are concerned, college men everywhere have taken over the job of rejuvenating this staple. The natural tan shade is being shown most, but its unusually wide color range runs from a light cream to a dark Havana brown, with blues, grays and greens coming in for mixers. Gabardine slacks to be worn with flannel blazers or any other type of sport jacket are "in", especially in a grayish blue hue.

Here's what Apparel Arts has to say about shirts: "An important feature of the summer forecast is the predicted demand for the mesh type shirt with soft collar attached. Made with regular sleeves as well as half sleeves, they will be seen in solid colors, stripes, and checked patterns. The newest collar is the wide-spread Prince of Wales type, to be featured in mesh and lightweight oxfords in tans and grays with colored stripes at five-eighths inch intervals. Such colors as yellow, blue, and coral will be shown in stripes on these gray and tan grounds. The button down collar attached shirt will remain in favor, while rounded collar attached shirts in candy striped broadcloth and oxford should be popular with younger men. This collar must be worn pinned." Lest we forget, gentlemen, the "Arrow" makers say that three-fourths of a man's shirt wardrobe should be white.

Continuing a trend begun a season or two ago, brown bucks head the footwear procession. Whether or not you Washington men will take up the monk style in this shoe, a heavy soled, one piece toe model, with a wide strap and buckle replacing the conventional laces, is a matter of conjecture, but it has been extremely popular at the eastern university and southern style centers for some time. Reversing the customary two-tone combinations in summer sport shoes is one of the latest trends in shoes. White buck shoes, especially the wing tip variety, remain in favor. The jai alai type of shoe, more commonly known as the "hi-li", is still in demand.

Quoting again from Apparel Arts we can sum up the sports coat situation: "The vogue for light colored jackets with darker trousers places emphasis on odd jackets made up in such fabrics as linen, seersucker, gabardine, flannel, and Shetland. Scheduled for greater recognition this summer is the trend in odd jackets toward checks and plaids, especially in Shetlands and other light weight tweeds and flannels but not forgetting

last year's adaption of cotton jackets woven in various colored plaids and checks. The most popular model will be the three button notched lapel single breasted jacket. With the vogue for fancy backs on the wane, we find plainer backs instead with merely a half belt and side or center vents. Patch pockets and bellows pockets, as well as regular pockets with flaps, will be featured for resort wear." The beginning of the end of fancy backs is important.

Correct summer evening wear is founded on the white dinner jacket, either single or double breasted, with a broad shawl collar. Regular dress trousers may be borrowed from the winter "formal," or tropical worsted or linen trousers, preferably in the midnight blue shade, may be worn. The soft front, pleated shirt with starched collar attached, is correct, although college men have made the plain white broadcloth shirt with detachable collar acceptable. The black bat bow tie and a maroon or deep blue buttoniere complete the outfit.

## "Pajama Comfort" in the smartest fabrics

Even though it has been rumored co-eds have held indignation meetings to discuss the pajama suitings effected by the male in past summers, comfort is still the item with men. **But here's news!**

New suitings in gabardine, turango cloth and worsteds, tailored by Losse make it possible for the well dressed young man to have his solid comfort along with tailoring that evokes feminine admiration in lieu of blushes.

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GREATEST QUEEN OF ENGLAND SINCE QUEEN ELIZABETH.

LIZ. I

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# • OFF THE RECORD •

## Minor Recordings

**F**ROM one of the deans on the campus comes this timely maxim: "Women teachers are like women drivers—when they're good you can't beat them and when they're bad they're terrible." Name of dean given on request to responsible parties seeking proof.

**M**AY we, to the list of causes now being fought for on the campus, add another? We should like to see Permanent Abolition of Microscopic Blood Observation in Zoology One. It is not that we ourselves have any particular haemophobia, but taking Zoology 1 is getting to be about as dangerous as striking or going off to the wars. A few days ago a woman student fainted as she watched blood being drawn from the finger of her instructor, to bring the total of fainters-at-the-sight-of-blood up to two for the last two years. Of course, fainting in itself isn't so bad—but these gals all arranged to fall near a laboratory table and hit their head on it, which is worse. Last year the fainter was a pre-med, who is taking sociology now.

**F**ASHION Note: Dean Shipley wears a cap while driving.

**P**ASSING of the old order Note: The Golden Dragon is in grave danger of non-existence in the future on account of an injunction or something. Many are the philosophical discussions we've had there over a glass of Grade A milk.

**M**ONETARY Note: They used to think it was bad enough when money-changing entered the temples, but it's gone farther than that now. It's entered fine arts. It was while the room was darkened, and all seventy-five students in the history of art class were staring intently at a color slide of the Crucifixion, that a loud metallic sound broke the quiet of the room. The loud metallic sound was followed rapidly by other louder, more metallic sounds in rapid succession. The tintinabulation was something awful. It was obvious that at least ten dollars worth of quarters were rolling around the room. After class the student out of whose pocket the money had rolled recovered it all—one quarter, two nickels, two car tokens, a penny, and a slug.

## War Sergeant

**F**ROM Mr. Selwyn Pepper comes a little more information to add to our meager store of knowledge about the Mystery Man of the Campus: Colonel Morris Boorstin. Mr. Pepper, who is in the habit of knowing everything about everybody, didn't know until a few days ago that the Colonel is not only a Colonel but also a former sergeant in the Spanish-American War and saw active service in the Philippines. We suppose that if Mr. Pepper didn't know it before, not many other

people did either, so we pass it on for what it's worth, if anything.

## Sleep and Poetry

**T**HOSE abnormal psychology people are just the limit. A few weeks ago they caused an uproar down at the Asylum on Arsenal, and now they're beating Dr. Bunch at his own game. It happened in class the other early morning. The lecture was on sleep—and whereas you or we would have fallen in the spirit of it and gone to sleep, the abnormal psychologists passed around a petition for Guy Lombardo to play "Fascinating Lady" on his next program. We haven't checked up yet, to find out if he did.

## Dogs Again

**W**ESTMINSTER has a tradition that would find, we feel, joyous acceptance and eager attempts at imitation at Washington. During the presentation of an O.D.K. charter to Westminster, our O.D.K. correspondent was rather surprised to see two dogs, eyes bright and tails wagging, strolling quietly up and down the aisles of the assembly hall, receiving affectionate pats from the students when they passed and causing, apparently, no consternation at all.

Our correspondent, not a little shocked, talked to one of the students and found that it was just an Old Tradition for the dogs to be present at every assembly. It gives the students something to do, he said.

If ratios and proportions mean anything at all, Washington ought to have about twenty dogs present at Chapel. Are ye mice, brethren and sisters, or men? And Dean Shipley has apparently given dogs his unofficial sanction: in addressing the assembly at Westminster he said, "Members of the faculty, students, and dogs. . . ." We should think, Dean Shipley, that charity would begin at home.

## Down with Vice Department

**A**NOTHER important event took place at Westminster during the O.D.K. presentation. The manifesto against cheating was read, and more recruits were added to the fast growing army of men and women students who will not cheat because O.D.K. says it isn't nice. We think O.D.K. should take up the spit question too, now that the Cremo cigar people have forsaken the cause. Spit is every bit as horrid a word as cheat.

## Long Live the King

**I**T IS time now to pause and meditate silently on the new editor of the Eliot—one Ed Mead by name. He comes, so he says, to revive the Eliot with new ideas and new blood. Let us, in our silent prayer, wish him success, for his is the kingdom and the power and the glory for a whole year. Amen.

(Continued on page 20)



# TWO TIMES LOVE

by JESSE JETER

JANE STOPPED for a moment on the steps of the train and looked out over the group of boys waiting there. A lazy beam of sunshine slid down over the roof of the little station and landed on her hair where the wind was teasing it out from under her smart beret. It got the gold in her curls to laugh back, riotously, but for some reason, that maybe Jane knew, it just missed the determined little gleam in her eyes. It did see that they were blue. Dark blue.

"Jane," someone called. She stepped down to the platform and stretched both hands out to meet Rod's as he ran toward her.

"Jane—darling—this is perfect," and the hands she had placed hers in proceeded to play havoc with her dignity by swinging her around in a circle. The porter with her bag just waited.

"Rod, you idiot, stop it, Rod," she gasped out between laughs. "My word! What a reception! Now will you take my bag and try to behave for a minute?"

"Yes ma'am." Meekly Rod went over to relieve the porter, while Jane straightened her hat and re-captured the ends of her scarf. Immediately he was back and had deposited the heavy suitcase at her feet.

"There you are, m'lady. And now my minute is up and I'm going to—"

"Rod." Worriedly Jane turned her head, just a tiny bit, as the tall figure leaned forward to kiss her, and her eyes momentarily darkened. He straightened back slowly.

"Hmmm. Alright, Jane. Still that way, is it? Well come on, I'm hungry as a bear, and do you know what happens at a fraternity house when you're late for dinner?"

"No-o," said Jane, her eyes round and big. "What?"

"Nothing, Miss Larkin, nothing," revealed her serious host. "That is the point. Come on."

Jane laughed outright and followed Rod across the street to where his car was parked.

"You really don't mind, do you, Jane?" he asked when they had gotten started. "I mean if I take you out to the House first? All the fellows are bringing their dates for lunch, and you'll have a lot of time to rest this afternoon."

"Of course not, Rod. I'd love it. I'm so anxious to see this town, and the campus and everything. I've tried to imagine all the way down what Tech would be like."

"I'll show it all to you tomorrow. I rather think you'll like it. It's quiet and yet fun. There's the D. K. house, and that's Triangle at the end of the block."

Jane looked in the direction he nodded, and remarked thoughtfully, "Imposing looking, isn't it?"

"Um-hm, and they're awfully proud of it." After a pause, "That's right—you used to wear a Triangle pin, didn't you?"

Jane turned to look at him, and then laughed quickly. "Yes. In the days of way-back-when." Whereupon she proceeded to assume an expression of age and decrepitude so incongruous with her twenty years that Rod burst into a laugh.

"You—nit-wit! Here we are."

It seemed to Jane that she had hardly been any time in the rambling, comfortable old residence that was the Tau Pi house when Rod took her away. Back in his car again they drove out along the pike toward Freeburg, talking over their plans for the week-end. First the Masque that evening, then the game the next afternoon, followed by the formal ball, and sometime Sunday—home.

"Sounds exciting, Rod. I'm so glad I came."

Rod looked at her, thoughtfully.

"Jane—damn it, woman, I wish I could understand you. Here for three straight years now you've refused to come down for Tech week, and then suddenly I get a letter and this year, when I'd finally given up hope, you're coming. It's beyond me."

They'd stopped in front of the hotel where he had reserved a room for her. Jane turned to him, and her eyes were cloudy.

"Sorry, Rod?!"

"Oh Jane—of course not!" Then lightly, "I was just wondering what caused it. Maybe we could get you down here oftener if some of us knew."

Jane smiled then, a half serious and three-quarters mischievous smile. "Yes, but then I wouldn't be able to thrill you with surprise, my dear. What time will I see you tonight?"

"Devil! How about eight-thirty?"

"That's fine, I'll be ready. Oh by the way, you really should grow a mustache before then. All good Spaniards have them, you know."

"Who said I was going to be a good Spaniard? Anyway it's that ducky little sash I'm thinking about."

"Why I'm sure it'll be just too cute for words. Eight-thirty then. Good-bye."

Jane got her key at the desk and then went up to her room. There she unpacked her bag and carefully arranged her Spanish costume on a hanger which she swung over one arm of the old-fashioned brass light that hung at the foot of her bed. Everything else went into the closet. At last she was finished, and changing her suit



for a more comfortable robe she kicked off her shoes and lay down across the bed.

So Rod didn't understand. For a moment Jane felt a doubtful qualm—but then after all she really wasn't hurting Rod at all. How could she? Probably he would never even know why she had come, or that there had been any special reason beyond just wanting to enjoy the fun of Tech week. If he should—but he wouldn't.

Jane rolled over on her back, then got up and lit a cigarette and lay back down again. Eyes narrowed thoughtfully, she watched the gray smoke curl slow but excited patterns across the shaft of red that was her costume. The dress swung softly on its hanger, quiet and yet as if it might come to life at any time. Jane supposed she was just feeling into it that power of repressed excitement. That was the way she felt. After all, what happened this week end did mean a lot to her. That had been a funny minute when Rod had remembered her wearing a Triangle pin. He hadn't said anything about it for so long, and then really he had never even known Jack's name. Three years ago. Jane wished she could have forgotten it. Silly to let a thing like that hang on in your mind—especially after she knew how fickle Jack was. Not but what he had been steady enough while he'd been going with her, but for anyone to know so little of what he really wanted! She was glad now that she had returned his pin that day, even though she did still think of him pretty often. It was better that way, for now at last she had gotten over him. What a joke that he had changed to Tech this year! Just once more she'd see him, and then—Jane jumped

up and humming a gay popular song crushed out her cigarette, and danced in to turn on her bath.

She dressed ecstatically that night. Powder on her arms felt warm, soft, the way snow looks as it falls. Her skin was like warm old gold, softly rose in the lamp light. Jane laughed deeply, softly, turned on the radio and stood listening a minute, and then walked slowly to where her dress still hung in the middle of the room. Motionless for a moment she stood there, just looking at it, then let it slip down over her shoulders. Caressingly she felt its satin on her skin, and slowly, hardly even breathing, turned to look into the mirror. Glorious! Even Jane knew that! The fire of its color wrapped all her body into one twisting sheath of flame, slender and lithe down to her feet where small tongues of the flame quivered and whirled up to her knees as she gave one long mad turn, and then subsided into a teasing ripple as she stopped again before the mirror. Quietly and with deft fingers she fitted the dark wig of the costume over her light curls, with one stroke obliterating the golden riot that had laughed above her forehead and bringing to life the smooth dark promise of the black hair fastened low on her neck. Heavy, battered old gold earrings repeated their curve in silhouette against her slender throat, and one waxy flower was like a white star against the black of her hair. A filmy, delicate mantilla of gossamer lace, demurely black, was a curling smoke about the fire that was Jane as at last she went down to meet Rod. Behind her tiny mask he failed to catch all

*(Continued on page 20)*

# WAR IS SWELL

by AL WILKINSON

First produced at the Peace Demonstration held in January Courtroom on April 12 with the following cast:

General.....Winfred Schwartz

Orderly.....Al Wilkinson

Lady.....Jocelyn Taylor

Scene: An officer's headquarters somewhere away from the war. As the curtain rises the General is seen seated at his desk looking through a stack of papers.

Gen: Orderly! Orderly! Bring me a glass of water.

Ord: Yes, sir. (exit right.)

Gen: (mumbling to himself over the papers) Six billion—seven billion—seventeen cruisers—a flagpole—100,000 shells at 10,000 each—100,000 coffins at \$1.00 each—(puzzles for a moment with pencil in mouth and then figures on pad of paper.) Let me see—that's 100,00 dollars—too much money—too much money. (enter orderly with glass of water which he is drinking.)

Gen: Do you realize—

Ord: Yes, sir. Quite often, sir, if you don't mind my speaking out abrupt, as it were, sir.

Gen: (ignoring him) Do you realize that we have spent 100,00 dollars on coffins alone in this war.

Ord: Yes, sir.

Gen: Something's got to be done about it. We can't go on spending money like that.

Ord: No, sir.

Gen: Well—well—what are we going to do about it?

Ord: Stop it, sir.

Gen: Stop what?

Ord: The war, sir. Remember?

Gen: Oh yes—gee whiz, that wouldn't be any fun.

Ord: No sir, that wouldn't be any fun all right.

Gen: Have you any more suggestions?

Ord: I don't know, sir. You might fold the corpses in the middle. Put the heads and feet together. It wouldn't matter much if they creased a little and you'd only have to make the coffins half the regular size.

Gen: Splendid! Splendid!

Ord: It'd be easy, sir, except with rheumatics—they wouldn't fold so easily, but they might be coaxed in if you wet them down well—soggy, you know?

Gen: Or better than that—we could put two in one ordinary coffin and mark it "Buddies" or something.

Ord: That would go over great with the newspapers, sir. "Army Provides Companions for Dead Soldiers Who are Lonesome" or something.

Gen: We'll all get medals for it. Gee whillikens, that'd be fun— (there is a knock at the door, right) See who that is and tell them we don't want any.

Ord: Yes, sir. (goes to door and opens it.) We don't want any. (enter lady who brushes past him)

Lady: (to Gen.) I'd like to know when my husband has a furlough.

Gen: Who is your husband, ma'am?

Lady: His name is Joseph Squink. I am Mrs. Squink.

Gen: (to Orderly) Squint for Squink.

Ord: Beg pardon, sir?

Gen: Squink! Squink!

Ord: I just had one, sir—when I got the water for you.

Gen: I say, look up Joseph Squink—see when he has a furlough.

Ord: Oh, yes, sir, (goes over to filing cabinet on desk) Qqqqq—Rrrrr—Ssssss—Squid—Squink— Squink, Joseph. (opens another drawer.)

Gen: Well, did you find him?

Ord: Yes, sir. He's right here. (holds up small jelly glass.) Here he is, sir.

Lady: Where?

Ord: (handing her the glass.) Right here in this glass.

Lady: He's changed so—

Ord: That isn't all of him, ma'am. That's only his liver.

Lady: Where's the rest of him then? I feel as though I were being cheated.

Ord: It's all we could scrape together, ma'am. The rest hasn't come down yet. He left very quickly, ma'am.

Lady: Well, thank you for this much, anyway.

Gen: Do you want to take it as it is, or do you want us to wrap it up for you?

Lady: Wrap him up, please.

Gen: Orderly, wrap up that liver for its wife. Put some of that pink ribbon on it. Make an attractive package and never let it be said that the War Department does a sloppy job at wrapping up livers.

Ord: Yes, sir. (takes liver out of glass and wraps it up—exit right.)

Gen: The War Department does all it can to help its patrons.

Lady: Oh, I'm grateful to you for this—I mean I'm grateful to you for bringing my husband and me together again. Of course, you'll miss him, but I know he'll be happier to see the kiddies again.

Gen: Before you go, madam, perhaps I can sell you some of our nicest, crispest Liberty bonds.

Lady: No, really I have to be getting home. My children will be so surprised when they find out that I have their daddy with me—all in a pretty little package with a pink ribbon around it, I mean around him.

Gen: The pink ribbon is for courage, ma'am. The dye in that ribbon is guaranteed not to run.

(Continued on page 19)

# MADONNA

by VERDA TOWNE



**G**AYLE Vernon, leaning dreamily out his studio's street window, looked vaguely toward the owner of the saucy voice. She was, at first glance, quite beautiful to him; the white face and smooth, jet-black hair, the full bosom and symmetrical figure . . . but she moved closer and the illusion was gone.

"On your way, sister. Can't play." He was mulling over the constant problems that were lately tied in with his art: how to pay the rent; what wealthy, impressionable matron—preferably hideous—could be snared for a flattering portrait and large fee; who might be lured to buy one of the paintings collecting dust as fast as he finished them? Ten, eleven years trying to make himself a name, trailing a will-o'-the-wisp idea of fame, success, recognition of creative genius.

The girl was moving on down the street, smooth hips swaying suggestively. Before he could stifle the sudden notion, he had called to her and she came back with her insinuating walk, an understanding smile on her lips.

"I thought you looked awful lonesome, Big Boy," she said, running a subtle hand over the curve of her hips.

"Well, I'm not," Vernon retorted. "I want a model. Have you ever posed?"

"No, but I could try. What's in it?"

"A dollar an hour. Two or three hours a day. And a better job if the picture accidently sells."

"It could be worse. When do we start?"

"Right now. Come on up."

She came inside with a graceful boldness, sure of her-



self, yet puzzled. Men were queer beasts but she had to be game for them. It wasn't so difficult any longer.

As Vernon arranged his easel and brushes, pointing to a small dias where she was to stand, she dropped her dress at her feet with a single motion and began to unfasten the scanty lingerie remaining on her slim, white body.

"You needn't do that," Vernon said. "I only want your face and bust, with the general form."

She dressed again, complying meekly with other orders, and he began dabbing and stroking on the canvas, between appraising glances at her, with a detached air. She was beautiful, he thought . . . or she had been, once. Only the beauty was turned to a dim background of her present self; the soft charm her features might have held was overcast with a dubious smile, a set, disillusioned look. The eyes had seen too much, her youth had lived too long, like a flower handled with soiled hands . . .

Phineas Morgan would be in on the twelfth, next month, condescending to examine Vernon's mildewing stock of landscapes and seascapes. He likely wouldn't twice at one of them. But there was some hope for steering him into sitting for a portrait, which would bring a tidy remuneration if done. There was even a wavering chance that the old money-bags, always adding to his collection and reputation as a connoisseur, might take a fancy to some Biblical studies Vernon had painted last year in a fever vagrantly acquired for the religious motif. The collector nursed a penchant for such things usually presenting them to churches and women's clubs, or museums. Such a sale would at least point the way to the recognition his work deserved.

Meanwhile, he would put a variation to test with this street-girl model; keep his hand in. Perhaps, here on canvas, he could recapture the virginal self she had wasted and desecrated. Restore the original loveliness of a jade, in flesh and spirit. That would be the stroke of genius! Better than doing some overfed social-climber to look ten years younger. He wished he could have painted the girl five or ten years before; could he have caught the natural glow of her person, its sweet promise of maturity? Ghostly traces, memories of it, still lingered.

"Have you ever had a baby?"

She stared at him vacantly a moment before her eyes softened a little and she answered:

"Yes, a little boy. He's—why? What of it?"

"Nothing; never mind. Here, hold this doll like you would nurse a child in your arms." He handed her a large doll. "That's right. Stay that way."

Maybe time could never turn back for her, but his brush could undo its abrasions. He could paint over the intangible scars men had left on her. Paint her "as she

(Continued on page 22)

# THOSE DAYS OF YOUTH

A History of Student Activities and Life at Washington

by WM. F. SWINDLER

PART III—TWENTIES ON THE HILL

1920 - 1929

THE "roaring twenties" now famed in song and story, made the last decade on the Hilltop the most colorful, perhaps, of all those days of youth of its undergraduates. Two things contributed to this era at Washington: the general reaction that swept the country after the World War, and the tremendous increase in enrollment which caused the size of the school to increase fourfold in nine years.

Extremes in good and bad were the rule in everything during the twenties on the Hill. During that time the Red and Green ran the gamut from victory to oblivion in athletics; dramatics and music reached their respective low and high points, and a small war on "undignified dancing" raged for some five years throughout the student body. The sublime and the ridiculous paralleled each other in almost every line of student activity.

How the increase in the student body came about is effectively depicted by the citation of three groups of figures: In 1918, the student enrollment totalled 2,000; in 1922 it had risen to 6,000; and five years later it reached the all-time high—a figure just under 8,000.

Sordid betting scandals in professional athletics in the early post-war years turned the attention of the country to a supposedly uncontaminated field of sport—intercollegiate football, in 1920. Student papers throughout the country seized upon this point as the "blending devise" for a crusade for a return to clean codes of conduct in athletics; and Student Life's full-column editorial on "Stopping the Betting" was only one of a number that flooded the country's campuses.

On October 6, 1920, Washington lost a valuable asset in football when a player by the name of Jimmy Conzelman, All-Valley Quarterback of 1919 and one of the greatest Washington players of all time, was declared ineligible by the faculty of the Law School. His loss to the Piker eleven crippled them so badly that they plunged to the depths in the Valley Conference competition. Incidentally, the Valley in those days was the nationally-famous association which contained the great names of Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Iowa State and Kansas State and Missouri—the latter then near its peak in national football.

The Hilltoppers underwent varying fortunes in their athletic careers; but the most colorful feature of the early twenties on the Hill was the war staged by the faculty on "wiggly dancing" at university social functions. "The toddle must go!" was the warcry of the embattled deans. "The cut-in system is a diabolical innovation in collegiate social life," raved various dance

sponsors. "Washington University must eliminate the stag system if it is to remain in good repute among the large schools of this country," declared a Student Life editorial.

"When the orchestra indicates by a series of painful convulsions and a long cry of agony on the saxophone that the assembled trippers of the light fantastic are in their 'daddies' arms," declares an official dispatch, "that's the time for the university coed to keep her shoulders in control and appear altogether disinterested in the kind of shave her partner had that evening." Translated, this meant that wiggling and neckdancing were anathema.

"The cut-in system is abominable," one dean is quoted as saying. "It hardly can be called a dance when you cannot dance with a woman more than two or three steps. Stags are what are called 'cheap guys.' Their presence at a dance means that women who might be attending the affair are being allowed to stay home."

The fraternal groups banded together to condemn the new era. Also Phi Delta Theta, Sigma Chi and Sigma Alpha Epsilon issued a joint statement in a 1920 Student Life that "the shimmy and the shuffle are contrary to the interest of genuine terpsichoreanism."

And what came of it all? Why, students stopped shimmying when the rest of the country stopped, and not before. And as for the stag system—the University in 1925 forbade any stag to attend a school dance, with the result that three successive school dances were unanimously pronounced complete failures. The shimmy died the death; but the stag had come to stay. From that day forth, he was an institution on the Hilltop.

An interesting postlude to the war years is to be found in the fact that the movie advertising in Student Life increased several hundred per cent during the early twenties. Some of the favorites of the screen in 1920 were Connie Talmadge ("The Painted Woman"), Lon Chaney, Clara Kimball Young, and Charles Ray.

Drama reached its low ebb at Washington in 1923. Thyrsus, struggling through an average of two plays a month, found the post-war campus surfeited with the legitimate stage and its following diminishing to the vanishing point. In desperation, the organization took one of its plays off the campus, and produced it at Mary Institute. The result was the crowning insult to the chauvanistic thespians; for this production was stopped early in the first act by a rain of eggs and tomatoes.

(Continued on page 24)

# "SHIP-A-HOOEY"

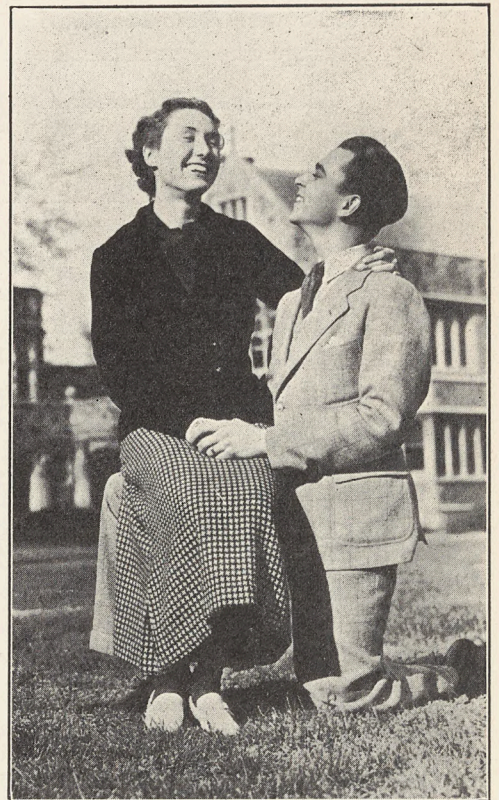
## THE BIG SHOTS



FRANCES BUSS  
WALTER LORCH



JULIABELLE FORGEY  
JACK PERCIVAL



# The Cast

(In Order of Appearance)

TOMMY PERKINS—Student .....JACK WEAVER  
 DR. LAWRENCE—Tommy's Physician .....BILL BOHN  
 RALPH STANDISH—Student .....WALTER LORCH  
 DOTTY LANDON—Student .....GEORGEA FLYNN  
 JOAN BENNETT—Student .....FRANCES BUSS  
 MR. LANSING—Owner of the Ship .....BOB BROSSARD  
 CAPTAIN MCGOWAN—Captain of the S. S.

Moron Castle .....ORVILLE HUNTLEY

BETTY STANDISH—Society Girl .....JULIABELLE FORGEY

BOB CLARK—First Mate on the S. S.

Moron Castle .....JACK PERCIVAL

"KINGFISH"—Native of Pogo Pogo .....BERNARD OFNER

OSWELL—Beachcomber .....ARTHUR HAUSER

NITA—Native Girl .....JANE STERN

THUGS—BOB FLETCHER, GENE NOLAN, HOWARD HESS,  
 TOM DRAPER

Also Waiter, Bartender, Sailors, Students, Etc.

MRS. STANDISH—Betty's Mother .....CONSTANZE WIEDMANN

**DANCING CHORUS—Girls:** Betty Bohannon, Beth Brookings, Grace Gale, Adele Helmkampf, Alberta Herget, Marion Hyman, Jane Konesko, Jo Kumbera, Gene Penney, June Pentland, Sylvia Ratz, Jean Simpson, Alice Tannert, Betty Tureen, Betty Waugh, Jeanette Weiner, Jacqueline Wood, Lorraine Yaeger.

**Men:** Sigmund Barrack, Guy Bramon, Ed Carson, Karl Magidson, Clark Langworthy, Loren Sage, Edwin Short, W. H. Sullivan, David Waugh.

SPECIALTY DANCER .....ROLAND MENOWN

**MEN AND WOMEN'S SINGING CHORUS—**Ruth Harrison, Carol Tausig, Bee Ferring, Betty Mansfield, Ann Jarvis, Irene Jennings, Martha Percy, Mary Buss, Dot Joslin, Robert Schee, George Seacat, Frank Marschal, Junior Reichart, John Pahlman, Scott Matting, Tom Conway, George Capps, John Carnahan, Paul Proctor.

**PRODUCTION STAFF—**Robert Hillman, president; Constanze Weidmann, secretary; Roland Menown, publicity director; Nelson Darragh, business manager; Percy Ramsey, director; Florence Boe, dancing director; Lauramae Pippen, singing director.

# Quadrangle

Presents

## "SHIP-A-HO"

May 3 and 4

A Musical Comedy in

Book and Music by MORTE

Additional Music by MARK SILVERST  
 and BOBLAKE

### MUSICAL NUMBERS

- |  |           |
|--|-----------|
|  | ACT I     |
|  | Scene 1   |
| 1. Sailing .....                                     |           |
| 2. You Are Mine .....                                |           |
| 3. My First Mate .....                               |           |
| 4. All Ashore .....                                  | Captain M |
|  | Scene 2   |
| 1. Shuffle the Deck .....                            |           |
| 2. My First Mate (reprise) .....                     |           |
|  | Scene 3   |
| 1. I Love Kibitzing In the Moonlight .....           |           |
| 2. Just We Two .....                                 |           |
| 3. I Love Kibitzing In the Moonlight (reprise) ..... |           |
|  | Scene 4   |
| 1. Native Girl .....                                 |           |
| 2. Nita .....  |           |
| 3. Finale—Shuffle the Deck (reprise) .....           |           |
|  | ACT II    |
|  | Scene 1   |
| 1. We're Rough .....                                 |           |
| 2. You Affect Me .....                               |           |
|  | Scene 2   |
| 1. Just We Two (reprise) .....                       |           |
| 2. East St. Louis Blues .....                        |           |
|  | Scene 3   |
| 1. You Affect Me (reprise) .....                     |           |
| 2. Finale .....                                      |           |

# Angle Club

Presents

## "A-HOOEY"

### 3 and 4

Comedy in Two Acts

Music by PORTER HENRY

MARK SILVERSTONE, AL FLEISCHER

and BOB BLAKE

#### CAL NUMBERS

ACT I	
Scene 1	.....Singing Chorus .....Joan and Ralph .....Betty and Bob .....Captain McGowan and Singing Chorus
Scene 2	.....Dotty and Roland .....Dancing Chorus
Scene 3	.....Tommy .....Betty and Bob
Moonlight (reprise)	.....Dancing Chorus
Scene 4	.....Oswell and Dancing Girls .....Nita and Singing Chorus .....Joan and Dancing Girls
ACT II	
Scene 1	.....Oswell and Thugs .....Tommy and Dotty
Scene 2	.....Bob .....Kingfish and Dancing Girls
Scene 3	.....Tommy .....Entire Company

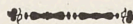
# The Play

## ACT ONE

- Scene 1. Deck of S. S. Moron Castle
- Scene 2. Same (that evening)
- Scene 3. The Island of Pogo Pogo
- Scene 4. Interior of Happy Hollow Cafe

## ACT TWO

- Scene 1. Oswell's Cabin
- Scene 2. Island of Pogo Pogo
- Scene 3. Deck of S. S. Moron Castle



# The Story

It all starts on shipboard. Betty Standish, an aspiring young society girl who has joined the floating university to get away from her match-making mother, has fallen hard for Bob Clark, the first mate, who because of ship discipline must keep his distance. Ralph Standish, Betty's brother, and a student on board, has directed his attention to Joan Bennett, another student, who avoids him in preference to Mr. Lansing, owner of the ship. Tommy Perkins, who has only chosen the role of student as the lesser of two evils—school or work—asks Dotty Landon, also a student, to help him with a psychology test and that starts something.

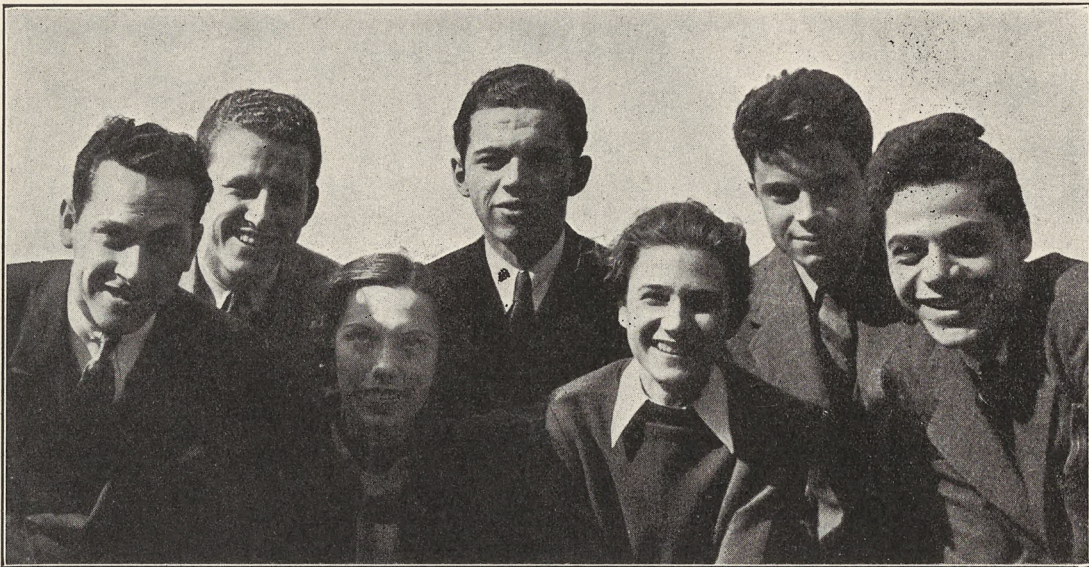
All runs smooth until the ship reaches the island of Pogo-Pogo. Betty and Tommy, with the aid of the Kingfish, steal ashore against Captain McGowan's orders. Dotty tells Bob about it and they try to bring them back. Mr. Lansing, to complicate matters, hires Oswell, the beachcomber, to kidnap Betty and break up the party ashore.

After many complications, Mrs. Standish arrives and straightens everything out. All ends as it should—happily.

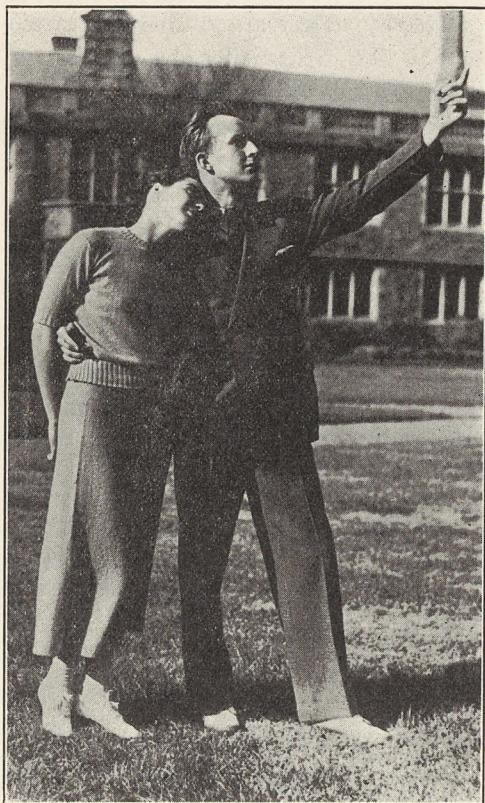


# "SHIP-A-HOOEY"

## MORE BIG SHOTS



Back Row—Left to Right—ART HAUSER, BOB BROSSARD, BILL BOHN  
 Front Row—ROLAND MENOWN, JANE STERN, CONNIE WIEDMANN, BARNEY OFNER.



GEORGEA FLYNN  
 JACK WEAVER



## ● TAKE IT FROM RICKY ●

Dear Gordon,

You were wise in placing a couple of stooges around the campus for they are taking all blame for being me while I go around unseen and unheard, and what I have seen and heard the past weeks is plenty.

Winona Gunn has not cared where she has stepped, and as a result is the third coed the Betas have black-listed on this campus. All because of the Beta dance. She didn't care for her escort at the dance and so quite early left with that K. A. with the checkered vest and didn't return to the dance until quite late. I'm also told she left for a long while with a Phi Delt. But to show that she was not A. W. O. L. for three hours, she is circulating a petition to prove that she was on the dance floor at all times. And there is that classic statement she made at breakfast in the dorms. I quote, "It put puts one in such a twit to know that one is the most beautiful girl in school."

Probably the only coed on the campus that can milk a cow with both hands, and get away with it, the gal with the many vitamins, Laura Mae Pippen, is swinging to and fro. Now with Bob Hudgens, now with Ken Meachem who likes her plenty, and it is through his promotion that the K. A. house party was held at her summer home; and then with a Phi Delt who doesn't go here. And now and then she allows John Buettner to take her places. But friends of both, Pippen and Buettner, know that their charity for each other runs high and will not be surprised when they see a Sword and Shield on Laura Mae's bosom. Tho for the present Buettner does take out Dot Dittmann whose romance with Mills has gone blooie.

If a bee ever settles down, you can say that Queen Bee, the camouflaged girl, has with Don Freeman, a Sigma Chi of Kansas City. And incidentally cutting out Ruth Lothrop. But of course Ed Waite and Jack Carnahan still date her occasionally. Tho Carnahan did take Mary Wilson to the K. A. house party, he still chews gum with Feering between classes and takes her home to show all that they are just friends. He prides himself on not having had a date with Bee for weeks. Mary Wilson still rates Sweet Child Hunker's Phi Delt drag bid who always has and probably always will like her oodles. Through it all Mary secretly remains cynical toward the local dubs.

Was George McDonald, the Teke Prexy, talking through his hat when he told some of his brothers he had had a secret date with Jim Miller? You know she is wearing the Sigma Chi pin of Kibby Henry. But George really would like to replace that Sigma Chi pin with his own. And I understand Margaret Berr gave Libero Bertagonalli, the Tarzan Teke, a terrific beating before giving him final boot. Well, some guys can take it when they're in love.

Evelyn Bissel has Ernest Ohle breathless. And brother George Throop, liking to play jokes, is complicating mat-

ters by competition. Gene Beare, whose passion for dimpled Bissel ran high, is now cooling off. And speaking of jokes, Evelyn has promised the madre to tell no more Mae West ones and thus stay pure. And after spending six dollars on her, Billy Evans should have something to say about competition.

The pudgy wudgey Ossing league has narrowed down considerably. Niehaus has dropped out after a scrap, and Arthur Traber fell off sometime ago. Now Ritterskamp and Bramon share time on that station, with Pinky probably getting a little more than half and being ace. For she breaks dates with Chuck O'Conner of St. L. U., who used to rate so high, for him.

Pin pinning was in the air at the Phi Delt house even before the pinning. So no one was surprised when Bill Smith decorated Louise Krause at the Phi Delt formal. She stayed home from the Kappa convention for the occasion. I wish that I knew why girls cried. For then I could tell you exactly why Lorraine Yaeger entered the dance floor with Grisson Harrell, at the Gamma Phi formal, with salty tears streaking her pretty face. It might have been an emotional outlet after accepting Grisson's A. T. O. pin. But Arthur Sands, a brother, really seems to have the inside track, so my guess is that Yaeger's weeping was caused by being forced to refuse the pin.

Rumors have it that at least six Phi Delt would like to date Helen Worrall. So James Mara had better get out the shot gun. Reichardt has already vamosed and in the direction of Sweetheart Herget. Carnahan is looking in that direction too. Fred Varney, of water fame, thinks Peanuts Kletzker is tops; but Grace Gale also blocks his vision. Ash blond Stobie is leaning more and more toward Edele. Even Tracey Barnes has dropped out. Any time now you can look for Schuyler's pin to be on Lib Lashley. Tho some sigma Chis still try to compete occasionally, Bill claims to have things under control. And to be sure that Harlem Keeler will always be in sight, Bill Moors has decorated her with the cross.

Ray Hobb's secret admirer sent him silk shirts and socks for his birthday . . . Joan Pratt and Art Clarkson still bill and coo, while Jack Hewitt and Jane Morgan of likewise . . . In spite of denials that there was anything between them, Jane Fisher and Jack Losse still cling . . . Has Brashear's old love for Twice-a-Maid Rossiter been awakened by recent dates . . . Greg Burdick is trying to split Harry Schadt and Norma Dee . . . A pft with the Lindenwood beauty has brought Jack Fendya's Pi K. A. pin home . . . That is Dersey Weaver, a freshman from Kansas who is squiring around Annie Meroe Burnett . . . Roy Otte, the anti-kss man, still likes his high-school girl . . . Those phone calls Irving Hicks gets at the Teke house are from off-campus . . . Dorothy Hunt and Bill Wolf play "footie," while Jane Spotts and Jack

(Continued on page 18)

# THE PERFECT LARK

by ED MEAD

I KNEW what to make of it when Delta Sig went out after perfection. It was the same as year before last when Kappa Rho went in for manliness, the year that Jack Brandis was at the top of his form. That was when they redecorated their living room as a hunting lodge, gave three stag beer bouts at Jack's duck club and only two or three dances. That same year Buddie Hayne and Pennie Wright started their gunman club, and all the Beta Chi's went in for being cute, wearing knickers and white shoes and being God's gift to all the waitresses within three miles of Hampden Hill. **Black-Bored's** columnist called Pennie and Hayne the Two Little Ducks, and I think they were pleased.

You can see it coming. With a couple of dominant Little Ducks, Man's Men, or Activity Snipers the goat element of the chapter wheels around and they're off, with Little Duck understudies coming along from the freshmen and sophomores, imitating every gesture. Then the tight-mouthed intelligentsia spend more time in their back rooms and a few outspoken souls break off and join the Y. M. C. A.

Right at the beginning of Lark Phillips' junior year the Delta Sigs went perfect. Laura Jenkins, the Gamma Xis' social chairman, saw it the year before.

"If he can hold that pace, watch the line form. He's perfect, I tell you."

When I first met Larkin Phillips he was a sophomore and should have been pretty drunk.

"Who's that?" I asked. I'm an Alpha Rho Delt and just moved in to board with the Delta Sigs as a Stray Greek. It was their pledge dance.

Little Ding Willett looked at me from under his big bushy eyebrows and broadened his smile. "You mean you haven't met the Lark?" It was hard to believe.

He was tall, in a loose, flexible way, and his blond hair lay in imperturbable, slightly kinky waves that seemed careless and faultless all at once. That much held pretty true for all of him, his clothes for one. Always perfect, but never with a fussed-over look. Always falling in clean, soft-looking folds, and always about the latest thing.

Someone said he'd had upwards of a half pint. He showed some of it. There was a slight blur, a light unsteadiness about him. Yet he was graceful in a faintly tottering manner, and genial, with that indefinite touch of intimacy. All in all it was the most delicate, the most exquisite illumination I'd ever seen.

"How do the future Delta Sigs stack up with those ARD standards?" he asked me. Ding had just told him my name, and I didn't think he even knew I was in the house.

Little Ding was standing right alongside us, nodding his thick mass of wavy black hair that almost made him topheavy, and being—pretty desperately, I thought—as genial and affable as the Lark. Right then I should have seen the line forming. Subdued plaids were the latest then and I noticed that Ding had one very much like Larkin's, but not as expensive, nor worn as well.

During that year a few more followed, but it was mostly Ding Willett. Sometimes I felt a bit sorry for him. When the Lark came out with something rather casually startling, as a new kind of collar or a new kind of



mannerism, I could usually locate it on Ding some time after. I remember when the Lark was wearing gay shirts and ties with fairly conservative suits, Ding overreached himself on this and bloomed forth in some rather brazen stripes and patterns that reminded me of an American flag draped around a coffin. Then the next day I would see him sneaking around, to conserve his finery, in corduroy pants and a leather jacket.

It was in Ding and the Lark's junior year, as I say, that the Delta Sigs went out for perfection. The place blossomed out so that it was rather oppressive, like a hospital room stuffed with flowers. Larkin had been rush captain and I think he picked likely material. They were all handsome, genteel-looking fellows with very regular and expressionless features. Most of them dressed pretty well to start with.

"We'll shape them up," the Lark told me the day after the pledge night.

"Very good possibilities," I said. "The slate's already clean for you."

He gave me his perfect smile which always seemed to signify comprehension without committing himself to anything.

Of course clothes don't mean perfection. The casual, amused attitude was part of it. "Live gracefully," the Lark said. They played cards in the afternoon to the music of the most sophisticated of the radio syncopators, and could lose quite sizeable amounts in the very best form, even when it meant selling off a sport coat or so. Their dances were masterpieces of the correct touch. The Riviera Danse at which they wore basque shirts and espadrilles was generally proclaimed by every sorority which really "existed" and would have been one perfect harmony except for two busy gentlemen who couldn't locate espadrilles and came in their bedroom slippers. Ding, all the time, was following the Lark in spreading the gospel, though he had gone so far at one time as to assemble a whole outfit by himself. When two different freshmen copied it almost item for item he was happy for three weeks.

Just before second semester, when the Delta Sigs had reached their peak of perfection and every pledge was such a flawless example that you had to look twice to tell them apart, the Lark's uncle, old Larkin Phillips, came up from the oil fields for a visit. They polished up the big plaque over the fireplace.

This Chapter House Given in Memory Of

RICHARD WINSTON PHILLIPS

Lambda Chapter, Delta Sigma

1899—1917

by his father

LARKIN HALE PHILLIPS

Beta Chapter, Delta Sigma, '96.

The first time I saw him was at the big dinner they gave for him. He was sitting next to the Lark and I could see his sharp little grey eyes taking in all the Delta

Sigs, one by one, and I thought I saw something of a smile on his lean, tanned face.

"That fellow there," nodded the old fellow. "What does he do?" They were discussing the pledges.

The Lark looked at one of his prizes, a blooming young man whose collar, six weeks before, had been just a fond vision of some designer's dream. I suppose he had the happy thought that his uncle couldn't find a flaw in one of them.

"That's Johnny Branscome. He went out for the freshman football team. Just a freshman, and he's had as many bids to dances as any man in school.

"Except," said Ding Willett, "the perpetual stag—there."

The Lark was very pleased.

"I guess it was just that smile of his," said Mr. Phillips, "but he reminded me of a young man I once knew. It so happened that he was perfection itself in saying, 'Watch your step, please.' He did it with just such a blend of alarm, and, shall I say kindness—like this, 'Watch your step, please'—that people really **did** watch their steps and remarked afterwards that they'd never quite watched their steps in just that way before."

"What became of him?" asked the fellow in the light green gaberdine, who had temporarily driven his Chevrolet opponents, two seats down, into the ground with a few exquisitely turned Ford arguments.

"Oh, after twenty years of absolutely perfect 'watch your steps' he decided there was nothing left to try for, and slit his throat from ear to ear."

"I'll have to tell Johnny what his smile looks like," said the Lark, laughing.

Then Mr. Phillips, who figured he'd leave it to him some day anyway, offered the Lark five thousand dollars. I think he had it all doped out before he talked to me. That was a couple of days after he'd come and he'd probably found out, for one thing, that only eight out of twenty pledged had made the Pan-Hel initiation grade requirements.

"Well, Berring," he said, "you've been with these Delta Sigs long enough to know. What's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing at all. In fact it's been my personal conviction that the Delta Sigs have reached perfection. Of course there's that Woodson fellow who **will** keep his pants baggy and talk in a very loud voice."

He passed that up. "Do you think my nephew has been the instigator of this perfection?"

"He's a very domineering fellow," I said.

The Lark almost lost his poise when his uncle mentioned the five thousand at dinner.

"I was just thinking, Lark. I wondered if you'd like to make five thousand dollars."

I knew he'd been wondering if he'd have to lay up his car this month. He smoothed his face into a calm and said, "I'd like to."

"Earn, you understand."

The old man had worked out a pretty fiendish plan. The Lark was to get the money a week after the semester

was over, providing he did one of four things: get the lead in the musical comedy; edit the News, or **Black-Bored**, the comic; or get First Ranking of the junior class for the semester.

"I can see that classical pan out in front of the chorus girls now," said Ding Willett, pushing his head forward and smiling.

There were a few practical difficulties in the way of that. May McQueery and Bus Jackson had been doing the leads ever since their freshman year and had already been accepted in the tryouts. Besides, the Beta Chis and the Alpha Gammas had a pretty water-tight hold on the **Troupers**.

The editing would take a couple of years. That left the scholarship business, which meant competing with a bunch of frowsy little people who carried big satchels of books and went sneaking from class to class with grim expressions.

"We'll have to get started right away," said Ding.

The Lark looked a bit surprised. Then he put his hand on Ding's shoulder. "Sure—of course. And there'll be five hundred in it for you if I win." Ding beamed beautifully out of his Harris Tweeds. "A system is all it needs," said the Lark.

The Lark, in spite of his perfection, had a certain mentality. I've found that that and a system are all it takes to make grades if you don't care whether you learn anything or not.

They were in mostly the same classes together; both changed sections wherever they could.

"You can't get an A out of a prof who's used to giving you C's," Larkin said.

They dusted off their high school typing lessons and started hammering out lecture notes, making carbon copies. They divided any lists into groups and learned them by rote, without paying much attention to meaning.

"It's your turn to type History, Ding." So the clicking would almost drown out Ray Noble downstairs.

For recitation classes they mastered a few brilliant answers, volunteered them in the beginning of the class, and so were usually free from questions the rest of the time. An intellectual senior gave them questions of great depth to ask at regular intervals, and follow-up questions to follow the usual explanation.—"Yes, I know, but what's the practical significance of that theory in—"

For term papers they skimmed great quantities of technical books at ten minutes apiece, hitting the index and snatching long involved quotations. The professors wrote on them, "A. Great depth. You should plan at some time to take the advanced course which includes this material."

At the House the perfection regime was on a decline. The Lark sometimes forgot himself and wore the same suit for a week, while Ding came out in the open repeatedly with corduroy pants. The Lark would say,

"If you see me on the library lawn, tell me to go in and study." But if they came in with him, they mostly talked. What I mean is, it was no great renaissance of learning.

"Beginning to like culture?" I asked Larkin.

"Haven't come across any yet. This is office routine."

"It works, doesn't it?"

"Well, I'm getting A's."

Whether it was an improvement or not, it was a change. It was getting harder to find a fourth and easier to find a book around the House. By the time the Lark and Ding were going over the old exam files, it was pretty certain that ten more of the freshmen would make Pan-Hel requirements. By the time exams were over, it seemed eleven of them would.

I remember Commencement Day very well. I was graduating—that had something to do with it. But all the while I was sweating through the platitudes I was pretty curious about the Lark. There were a lot of people going out after A's just as systematically as he was, and they'd been at it longer. But I think maybe I was a little less surprised than the rest of them. I seemed to remember hearing, "Ding, isn't it your turn to do the notes?" just a little too often.

So when they read off the First Rankings and gave out the little certificates with ribbons around them, that's the way it happened.

"Second semester, junior class: First Ranking, Richard Arlington Willett"—clap, clap, clap—"Second Ranking, Vladimir Wertzman"—clap, clap, clap—"Third Ranking, Larkin Hale Phillips"—clap, clap, clap. . . . So it was Ding.

He pretended to be mad at first for beating out the Lark. But next day, by air mail, the letters came from old Phillips. The one for Larkin read:

"Good going, but I bet it on the nose." He had enclosed a check for one thousand dollars.

The one for Ding read:

"I should have made my terms more inclusive. Congratulations." The check was for five thousand dollars.

Ding played it fair and square. He gave the Lark four hundred and fifty dollars. With the other fifty he picked out a suit, and shirt, tie, shoes, and socks to go with it. He knew the Lark's measurements—every one.

## TAKE IT FROM RICKY

(Continued from page 15)

Klees do the same . . . Charlie Hendrie is all atwitter over Grace Powe . . . With Starkoff's pin, why was Ronnie (Asparagus) Shinn at the Sig Ep dance . . . The Betas call their Sunday evening affairs the "Beta

Coffee" and not teas—oh deah . . . Joe Barr takes June Graves places, as does Master Jerry, the senior arch with the same name . . . The swains will still cluster around Virginia Rossen and try to forget her engagement to Harry Vandergrift . . . Vivian Peters got herself Walter Roddy's A. T. O. pin . . . And Camillo Best has the pin of a red-haired dental student . . . Maellen Staub took Wilson Hoag's Sig Alph pin, but it was only in fun . . . Lots of fun Joseph, Teke, switches from one Buss to littler Buss . . . Oscar Conrad took his pin back from Jane Schwartz and is through . . . Capps and Toby Carlin have also entered the Gale lineup . . . Leslie Ware and Mary Jane Steidemann have at last parted . . . Eleanor Davies still pines for George Wood who courts a high-school girl . . . Little man Bigler would fain have Gene Penny for himself alone, but can one dance on stilts . . . Is it true that June Pentland does not accept blind dates.

I remain unseen and unheard,

Yours,

RICKY

### WAR IS SWELL

(Continued from page 8)

Lady: Dye hard?  
 Gen: Now I can show you bonds that are pinker than that. (enter Orderly flustered.)  
 Ord: (saluting excitedly.) Beg pardon, sir.  
 Gen: Go away.  
 Ord: But, sir.  
 Gen: Go away! Can't you see I'm making a sale.  
 Ord: But, it's about the army, sir.  
 Gen: What army?  
 Ord: Our army—the war—remember?  
 Gen: Oh, yes, now that you mention it, I do remember. What about it?  
 Ord: It's retreating.  
 Gen: What is?  
 Ord: The army, sir—our army that's fighting in the war, sir.  
 Gen: Oh, yes. What did you say it was doing?  
 Ord: It's retreating.  
 Gen: What's that?  
 Ord: It's walking backwards. The enemy is chasing it.  
 Gen: You mean the war is getting closer to us?  
 Ord: Every minute, sir. It's only 500 miles away now.  
 Gen: Good heavens, what'll we do now? (walks up and down, running his fingers through his hair.) They'll be on us most any minute now. (to the lady.) What do you suggest we do?  
 Lady: I don't know. (offering him her package.) You might recruit this again. My husband will give his all—I mean his liver—for the cause.  
 Gen: H-m-m-m—doubtful. Orderly, fetch me the janitor.  
 Ord: He's gone home, sir.

Gen: Gone home! What did you let him go home for? You know I always consult the janitor about such matters—why, I was a janitor myself once, (swelling) now look at me.  
 Ord: Yes, sir. I am, sir. I'm afraid it's that top button again, sir.  
 Gen: Well, never mind doing that now—move—do something. Do you hear me?  
 Ord: Yes, sir. (standing still.)  
 Gen: Well—well—well—  
 Ord: (still standing) Yes, sir.  
 Gen: Get me that book on military tactics. It's on my desk, there.  
 Ord: Yes, sir. (gets book.)  
 Gen: Read me what it says on what to do about a retreat.  
 Ord: Yes, sir. (starts thumbing pages and mumbling to himself.) There's a lot of what-to-do-about in here, but I can't find anything about retreat. It's got what to do about hang nails, though.  
 Gen: That won't do. (paces up and down.) I have it! I'll close my eyes and point to something in the book, and whatever it is we'll do. Bring the book over here. (closes eyes and points.) What is it?  
 Ord: What to do about fallen arches, sir.  
 Gen: What does it say to do about them.  
 Ord: It says to stand on your head as often as you can.  
 Gen: Good, now we're making some progress.  
 Ord: Yes, sir.  
 Gen: Well—well—well—what are you waiting for? Why don't you stand on your head?  
 Ord: I don't know how, sir.  
 Gen: (to the lady.) Why don't you, then?  
 Lady: It would be most un-lady-like, General. You go ahead if you want to.  
 Gen: Me? I—uh—I don't know how either, but one of us has to do it.  
 Ord: May I make a suggestion, sir?  
 Gen: Go ahead.  
 Ord: I suggest that we all put our heads on the floor like this. (kneels and rests top of head on floor.) If three of us did it, it would be worth one and a half people standing on their heads.  
 Gen: A very thoughtful suggestion. (follows suit.) (to lady.) Come on, you've got to help us too. Everybody has to help or we won't win.  
 Lady: Oh, do you want me to do that too.  
 Gen: Sure, it's good for your arches too.  
 Lady: All right, but not for long. I've got to get my husband home to the kiddies.  
 Gen: (upside down.) Gee whillikens—this ought to win the war. We'll all get medals for this.  
 Ord: Oh, goody—War is swell, ain't it, General?  
 They are all grouped in the center of the stage with their heads on the floor as the curtain falls.

## OFF THE RECORD

(Continued from page 5)

### The King is Dead

**I**T IS, we suppose, the ambition of every man to write his own obituaries. And yet—we cannot write ours. This is the fifth time we have begun this paragraph, the fifth time we have tried to say good-bye gracefully. But—we who surrender now our editorship should come not to praise ourself but to bury us.

We wonder naturally if we have succeeded—and we realize that we cannot answer, that the readers of the Eliot must answer, and our business manager must answer. Our b.m. says we have succeeded. . . .

"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—  
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell!"  
Gentle readers, we who are about to die salute ye.

---

## TWO TIMES LOVE

(Continued from page 7)

the delight that sparkled in her eyes. Blue-black diamonds—

But if Rod had failed to notice her smiling eyes, he did find her whole person gay and charming that evening. On the dance floor she was perfect, and only Jane knew that as they drifted from one room to another she was watching, carefully, for some one. Rod didn't see.

It was late when he heard her say, rather breathlessly, "Rod, I'm awfully warm. I wonder if I waited here by this window if you'd get me something to drink?"

"Sure, honey. Why didn't you tell me sooner? I'll be right back."

Jane watched him leave, and then turned and walked toward a column where a man stood, alone, watching the dancers. In evening clothes, and without a mask, Jane smiled to herself at a thought. She had known. Jack wouldn't dress. Lightly she touched his arm, and he turned to look down at her, quite seriously. Jane stood still for a moment, and then smiled, very slowly, faintly teasing.

"Mr. Jack Seymoor, I believe?"

His voice was cool, but interested.

"Yes."

In elaborate curtsy Jane's skirt touched the floor.

"How do you do?" Then as his eyes swept over her and became more puzzled, "It's nice to see you again."

Jack saw before him a girl who was exquisite. Lights shimmered and danced across her dress, and he decided her form was perfect. He wanted to see her eyes. He felt they'd be gayly dark. And her lips were provocative. If she knew him, well—Jack made his answer, turning more toward her.

"It's nice to see you, yes. But why do you say 'again'?"

Jane lifted her head and a soft laugh quivered in her throat.

Jack just had to know. "Who are you?" he asked.

Jane bent forward and whispered, mockingly, "A ghost, Señor." Quickly then she turned and went to meet Rod.

"Sorry, Jane. This is all I could find. We can go somewhere else—"

She interrupted his question. "Oh, I wouldn't leave for the world. This is wonderful. Let's dance, Rod."

The orchestra was playing a dreamy waltz and Jane, nestled close to Rod's shoulder, was very sweetly unaware that anyone watched her, or that Jack was coming up to tap Rod's shoulder, his eyes still on her. With a smile to Rod she turned away, and moved off in Jack's arms. Silently they dipped and turned, while Jane kept her face pressed close to him. She had to hide her smile. Jack had been so easy. Always it had been this way. A new girl, a new moon, any flirtatious smile—only this time she was the new one. Lot's more fun, an irreverent thought flashed through her mind, but was gone, for Jane really wanted to make him say again all the things he used to say.

"You dance divinely, little ghost," she heard him now, his voice flattering, low.

Demurely she glanced up at him from behind her mask "Gracias, Señor."

He swept her off the floor then in one quick, graceful turn. Another few steps and they had passed through the wide doors and out onto the terrace that surrounded the Club. Jane was strangely calm as he pulled her down beside him to a bench that was just within the soft glow of lights from the dance floor. Jack's eyes sparkled. He was hunter born, and this girl was intriguing.

"What an infatuating ghost. You know, my dear, I don't think I'd mind living in your realms if I thought there were many ghosts like you."

The flattery made Jane laugh, and somehow the strangely familiar vibration struck some memory in Jack's heart that had lain quiet for months. A fire was being rekindled, and haunted by some unknown urge he rose and stood looking searchingly at her. For one tense moment his tall form and its old romance held Jane breathless, spellbound. But almost as quickly other memories came back—other nights that she thought she had forgotten, nights when she had suffered. And suddenly, looking up at him, Jane knew—knew he couldn't make her suffer now. Once again the mocking laugh rang clearly, and yet softly, kindly, as Jane threw off her mask and stood before him, silent. For a long moment they were motionless there on the terrace, face to face. Jack had known from her laugh and he made no move to touch her as she turned, but stood watching her ghost walk slowly through the open door.

Rod was just inside, Jane's scarf over his arm and a

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worried look in his eyes. When he saw her come in he hurried over toward her.

"Jane, you've had me so worried. Where have you been?"

"Into the past, Rod." There was a faint smile on her lips.

"Jane—I'm serious."

"So am I, my dear." And suddenly she was. "I had to go back to the past to learn about the future." She paused for a moment, searching for a way to explain. Then, slowly, she smiled.

"Ghosts—that's it! Ghosts. There aren't any ghosts any more, Rod. They don't live any more. Maybe they never did, but if you think they do they can bother and—haunt you. But when you know that they don't—it's wonderful, Rod. It's sweet." She spoke very softly, "You do see, don't you?"

And almost, then, Rod did. For Jane was there before him. And Jane was smiling, still.

### MADONNA

(Continued from page 9)

might have been, if the worst had been the best." He laughed a little as he worked.

Phineas Morgan did not care for any of the Vernon landscapes or seascapes, it seemed. He would 'possibly come in again' to study more of those with the Biblical theme.

"You haven't the touch for landscapes, Vernon. Too dull. The religious pictures—if you don't mind my saying it—they are too depressing, and ghostly."

"I've done some fair portraits," Vernon persisted,

"If you would like to see a few of them—"

"Yes, I've heard your portraits were better. But I won't have time today."

"I think I could do one of you, Mr. Morgan. One that you would like very much, once you saw it started. You really have a rare type of character to work with, and—"

"No, no, Vernon. Save your breath," the old man laughed. "I've got half a dozen now. You artists, with a rich man my age, either vision him a Cavalier or an old Greek philosopher. I don't know why."

He picked up his hat and cane, but before he turned to go, paused at the side of a newly-finished portrait; a young mother with a tiny babe at her breast. New interest spread over his face. In the large, airy room with its subdued colors of uncounted paintings on the walls and tables, the connoisseur was lost immediately in thoughtful study, appraising and admiring, bending this way and that before the picture and chuckling with approval. At last he turned.

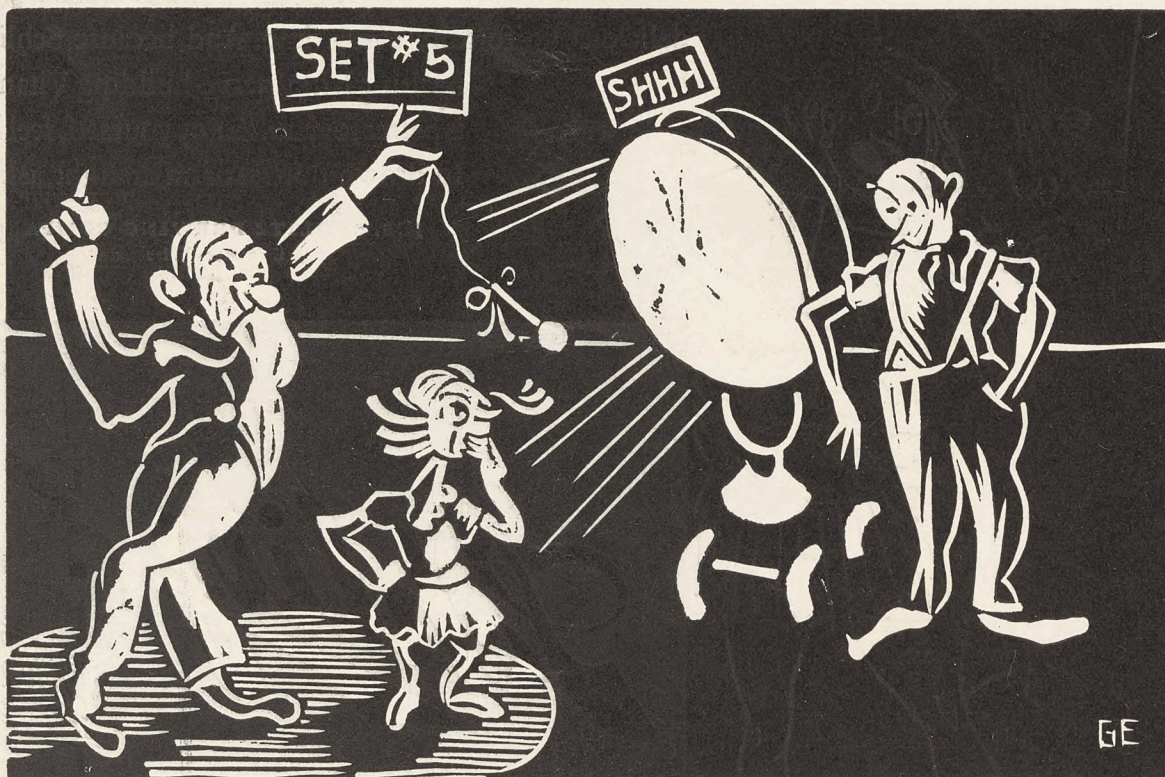
"That's marvelous, Vernon!" he exclaimed gustily. "Marvelous! Best thing I've seen this year! Did you do it? Of course you did, though; it's hardly finished. Superb! The expression, the depth of color—somehow they seem to tell the whole story."

Vernon did not feel equal to answering.

"I want to buy it, of course. The very picture I want to hang in the new cathedral we're building uptown. A note of the modern interpretation is what we need. When you've finished the halo, call me up."

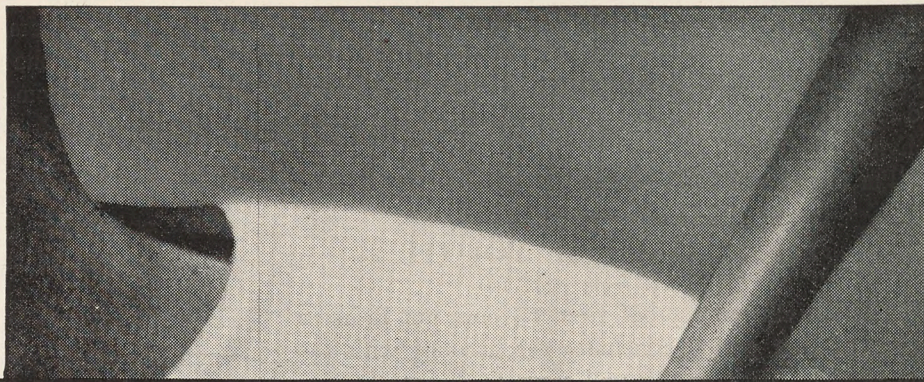
"Halo?" Vernon asked. "But it isn't—"

(Continued on page 24)



"Let's see, does it say lollipops or dollars in my contract?"

—Yale Record



## AS A BATTER NEEDS **BOTH** HANDS

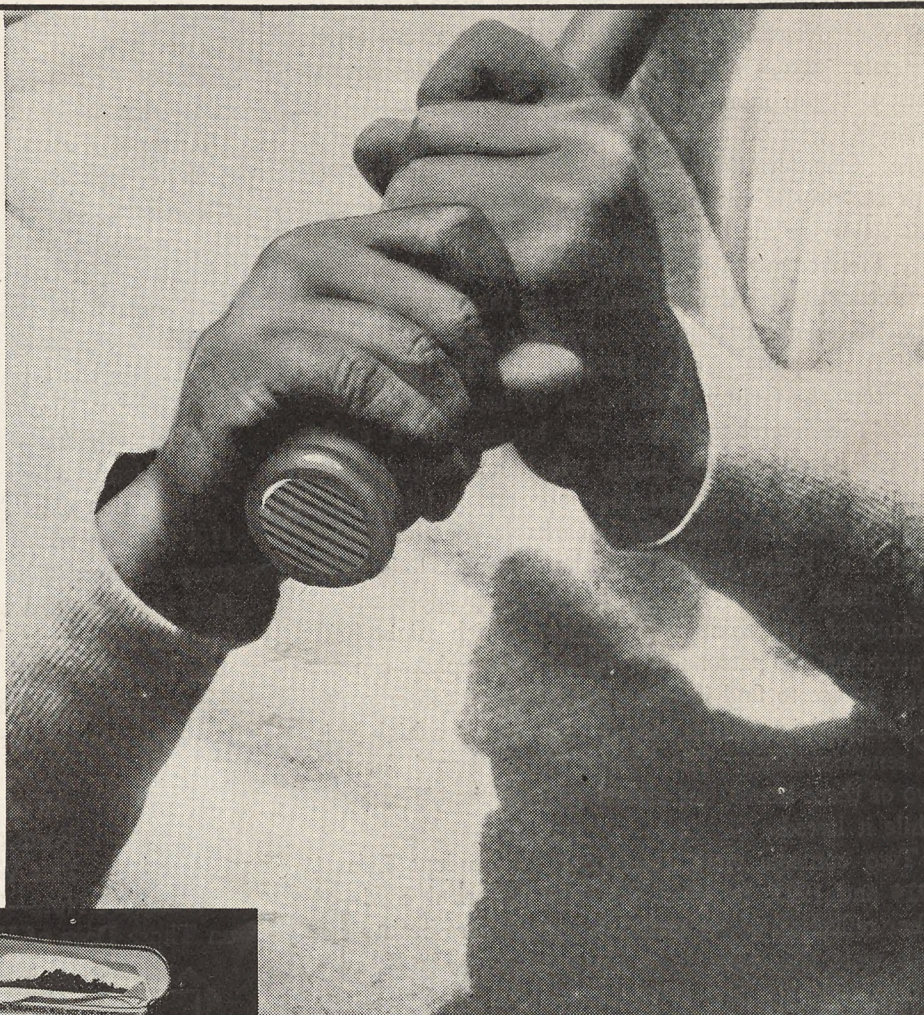
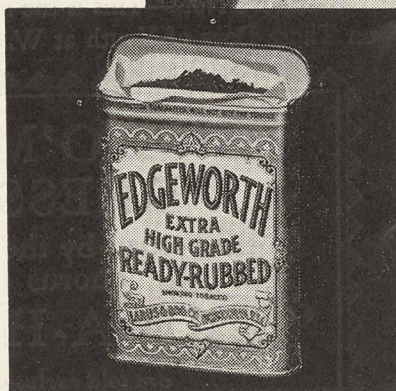
*So a pipe tobacco  
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mildness and flavor*

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**EDGEWORTH HAS BOTH MILDNESS AND FLAVOR**

## MADONNA

(Continued from page 22)

"Certainly. I want it complete. It will be the most inspired Madonna in this century; a wonderful thing. I'd love to see your model for that—Yes, I'd like to see a living Madonna."

"I'm afraid you can't—now."

## THOSE DAYS OF YOUTH

(Continued from page 10)

This action elicited reproof from no one; but rather a writer of that period concludes the account with the remark that "perhaps this will serve to dispose forever of a dead art."

In 1924 an expose as sensational as in the racketeering days of modern times was effected by Student Life, when it revealed that bookstore prices were nearly 100 per cent over the regular retail prices on every article for sale "except soda pop (6c)." The student investigation, begun more as a joke than anything else, soon began to take on a serious aspect as the facts came to light. One dormitory resident decided that the time was ripe for private enterprise to enter in, and opened up a retail store at the Commons. It was then that the faculty took cognizance of the situation—by closing the dormitory store. Almost immediately thereafter, the law students banded together and declared in a body against accepting the bookstore prices for law books. This time the faculty backtracked, by issuing a statement that "the overcharges for law books was a clerk's error." Gradually the thing, which had begun in the form of a joke, evanesced once more into a joke.

The year 1924 was also remarkable for the appearance of a "yellow journal" on the campus. This, called the "Black Cowl," had as its avowed purpose the attacking of everything and anything which might bring it attention and patronage. Social philosophers can perhaps rejoice to find in this a reflection of contemporary professional journalism, which then was at a high point in sensationalism. The "Black Cowl" lasted for only two or three issues, but stirred up considerable comment while it lasted.

Two contests were conducted by Student Life, in 1924 and 1925, to select the most beautiful coed—an other reflection of the world outside, where beauty contests were the rage. Miss Doris Maull, a Pi Beta Phi pledge, won the first contest, and Miss Marion Hixson the second. Miss Hixson, too, was a Pi Phi—by a mere coincidence. . . .

Through the twenties, Washington athletic fortunes continued to waver. In track, Ralph Blanchard of the Hilltoppers tied the world record for the 110-yard low hurdles in 1923; and that same season the Pikers crushed the southern champions of Vanderbilt University, 65-36, on the cinders. In 1924 the name Bears was accepted by student vote as a substitute for Pikers, which had in the slangy twenties lost its World's Fair connotation. Struggling through seasons of football depression, Washington in 1924 accomplished a feat about which the old-

timers still talk out at Francis Field: after losing to a heavy Kansas team, 83-10, the Red and Green the next week opposed the national champion Missouri eleven, and returned from Columbia with a 13-7 upset victory.

Co-ed football made its appearance during the roaring twenties, but was only a passing novelty at Washington, much as had been the shimmy and shuffle. It was reported that the girls were unable to draw a crowd which would be content merely to watch them tackle each other.

Just what was the status of the university band during these years, requires the attention of an accomplished puzzle-solver. Until 1920 an independent organization, it began to receive advances from the R. O. T. C. soon after the war, when the soldier boys felt that the control of such a noisy vehicle of publicity was just what they needed. Up to 1924 the band maintained its independence, however, and even went so far as to court the attention of the navy!—for on one occasion it was proposed that the band be equipped with uniforms patterned after those of Annapolis' midshipmen.

Wild, senseless twenties on the Hill! They witnessed the passing of the old order for a number of things: the Mandolin Club, born early in the Victorian days of the school, passed out of existence; the traditional froshsoph fight became only a sham and a shirt-tail parade down Lindell, and finally died out altogether in the 1930's; the University Men's Union, a post-World's Fair creation, also died the death.

Growing pains occasioned by its tremendously increasing student body may have accounted for the school "getting that way"; but at any rate the twenties on the Hill form an exciting latest chapter to the never-ending story of those days of youth. It has been a long story that has unfolded since the first half dozen Washingtonians took their degrees back in '63; but the people who lived that story remember it fondly, just as will the ever-outgoing generations venerate the trite but beloved name of Alma Mater.

Those days of youth which  
All of us spent with thee  
Form a sweet history,  
Fair Washington!

(Author's Note—This is the last of a series of articles on Those Days of Youth at Washington.)

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*-aye Lassie, one  
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Tastes Better*

