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1936

DECEMBER

ELLIOT

FRESHMAN QUEEN

Season's Greetings

FROM
R.-J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
 MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AND
 PRINCE ALBERT SMOKING TOBACCO



At your dealer's you'll find this Christmas package—the Camel carton—200 cigarettes.

Another Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—wrapped in gay holiday dress. (right, above)

Camels



There's no more acceptable gift in Santa's whole bag than a carton of Camel Cigarettes. Here's the happy solution to your gift problems. Camels are sure to be appreciated. And enjoyed! With mild, fine-tasting Camels, you keep in tune with the cheery spirit of Christmas. Enjoy Camels at mealtime—between courses and after eating—for their aid to digestion. Get an invigorating "lift" with a Camel. Camels set you right! They're made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

Prince Albert



It's easy to please all the pipe-smokers on your list. Just give them the same mellow, fragrant tobacco they choose for themselves. — Prince Albert—the National Joy Smoke. "P. A." is the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world—as mild and tasty a tobacco as ever delighted a man. And Prince Albert does not "bite" the tongue. Have bright red-and-green Christmas packages of Prince Albert waiting there early Christmas morning... to wish your friends and relatives the merriest Christmas ever.



One full pound of mild, mellow Prince Albert—the "biteless" tobacco—packed in the cheerful red tin and placed in an attractive Christmas gift package. (far left)

Here's a full pound of Prince Albert, packed in a real glass humidifier that keeps the tobacco in perfect condition and becomes a welcome possession. Gift wrap. (near left)

THE BETTER THINGS

December 13—January 13—The Artists' Guild continues its retrospective and contemporary exhibition.

December 18-19—The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra will present Alexandre Tansman, the composer-pianist, whose new orchestral work is to be heard for the first time at the Municipal Auditorium.

December 19—*The Little Dutch Master* will be the subject of Jaquelin Ambler's Saturday afternoon lecture at the Art Museum at 2:30 P.M. There will be an hour of sketching in the galleries before the talk.

December 26-27—Ruth Slenczynski, twelve year old child pianist will make her debut to St. Louis audiences with the Symphony Orchestra on Saturday afternoon and Sunday evening.

January 1-31—The Artists' Guild will hold a one man show, exhibiting the works of Charles F. Galt.

January 2—Jacquelin Ambler will talk on *Hans Holbein, a German* at 2:30 P.M. at the Museum.

January 5—Franklin M. Biebel will continue his series on the Sources of Modern Painting with an illustrated lecture on *Romanticism—Delacroix and Corot* at 2:30 P.M. at the Art Museum.

January 8-9—Daries Frantz, distinguished young American pianist will appear with the St. Louis Symphony.

January 9—Jessie B. Chamberlain's Saturday Afternoon Gallery Talk will be devoted to a special exhibition, at the City Art Museum at 3:30 P.M.

January 12—*Realists—Daumier and Courbet* will be the subject of Franklin M. Biebel's lecture at the Museum at 2:30 P.M.

January 15—Joseph Hofman, pianist, will appear on the Principia Concert Series.

January 15-16—Gregor Piategorsky, well-known violin-cellist returns to play with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra.

—Alice Percy.

THE POETS' CORNER

REALITY

"Not too long in the garden, Nellie."

She pulled the hood about her head,
The door closed, dampness hugged her face;
Down through the garden, bushes hid in darkness,
Out through the gate, onto the moor she went.

No path to follow, only the sheet of white;
She loosed her cloak and welcomed night.
The shadow of the moor crept up behind her,
Arms held her close, she yielded.

A still breath on her neck moved softly,
Not hot with passion's fervour, youth's caress;
The gentle wooing of an ageless being,
A lover vague as prayer, as real as faith.

Together through the night they walked,
No will to guide her, only the moor's appeal;
She turned, her soul drank one last parting kiss,
Back through the garden, into home again.

"You're chilled; I'll fetch a warm drink, Nellie."

—J. N. T.

DEPARTURE

The fog rolls in, rolling, rolling,
Silent the knell of moisture settles down,
Pushing the smoke back to the chimney's depths,
Spreading a pall upon the hearth's grey stones,
Whispering to the eaves until they weep,
Dripping cold tears upon the hoar-frost ground.

Old Tom puts on his ulster, hurries out,
A ghost ship rides upon the smoky waves,
A ghost ship, it is his at last returned!
The helm, the bow, he hauls the mainsail up,
Casts anchor and away; old Tom has gone.

The fire leaps up, wildly, wildly,
Hissing the flame of freedom shoots away,
Shuddering at the moment of its joy,
Withering in the heat of its desire;
The chill returns, old Martha huddles, cold.

Her Tom, her Tom! The fog rolls in again,
Rolling its knell for Tom, for Tom has gone.

—J. N. T.

We Have With Us - - -

THE POPULARITY QUEEN AND HER MAIDS. We know that everybody was simply bowled over with surprise by our announcement, but anyway we think the picture is very nice, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that campus prediction was mere guesswork, even if it was correct. Nobody *knew* but us.

BILL LEUE. For heaven's sake, Bill, why haven't you submitted something before? *The Decision* was written for Mr. Buchan's short story course, but we waylaid Bill on the way to class and convinced him that the story was too good to hand in. It's something every college student simply *must* read. And now that it's safely within our pages, Mr. Buchan can read it too.

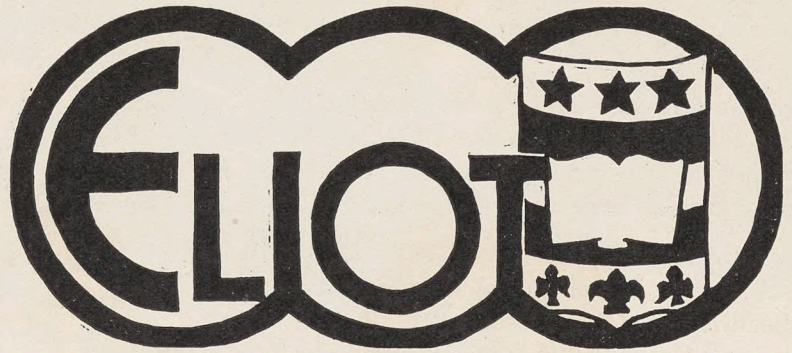
A. BEN ADAM, who writes *Christopher Smith*, a truly novel tale. Chris is one of those rare girl-shy creatures. We firmly believe "it can't happen here," but the naiveté of the story won our heart and we couldn't resist publishing it.

LOUISE LAMPERT, another newcomer. Louise saved the lives of six people last summer but nobody seemed to appreciate her deed. In recognition of it, we are running *The Little Hand*.

ADOLPH SCHWARTZ, who stoutly maintains that his defense of Judge O'Malley was not written with a view to an A, though he is in the Judge's class this year.

AUNT ANASTASIA. Some of our readers were anxiously awaiting the appearance of Aunt Anastasia and were a bit disappointed when we gave preference to the "revelations" of the sophisticated Alicia. This month we have the old lady herself, in all her glory.

Washington University



Vol. 4

DECEMBER, 1936

No. 3

THE STAFF

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Cover by **Martyl Schweig**

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St. Louis, Mo.

And He Learned about *FRESHNESS* from Her!



DOPEY'S delicious Delilah dished out fetching freshness with saucy sureness. Always start them off with *Double-Mellow* Old Golds. They will catch on so much quicker.

The two jackets of Cellophane is the first tip-off, and then with the first delightful puff of that mellow, sun-ripened, prize crop tobacco, the light of true freshness will dawn and he'll catch the spirit of things, Christmas included.

Yes indeedy, and you'll get a bigger kick out of that Kriss Kringle Kiss . . . *it will be factory-fresh.*

ZIPS OPEN DOUBLE-QUICK!
Outer Cellophane Jacket opens from the Bottom.
Inner Cellophane Jacket opens from the Top.

Copyright, 1936, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

PRIZE CROP TOBACCOS MAKE THEM DOUBLE-MELLOW
2 JACKETS OF "CELLOPHANE" KEEP THEM FACTORY-FRESH

Between Belles

Aunt Anastasia Appears

My dear Arleen:

I have a good idea how that stiff-shirt niece of mine, Alicia, got wind of my intention to do up the gossip for you. It all goes back to my nephew Hobart who was playfully sawing the legs off the sofa one day while Alicia was visiting me when I had a touch of the gout. I had hid my dirt letter to you under the seat of the sofa so my snopy relatives wouldn't see the darn thing but, wouldn't you know it, Hobart spied the paper under one of the pillows and then, before I could toss a vase at his loving head, the little doll had let the cat out of the bag. Alicia kinda squinted through her lorgnette, stiffened up like a six months old cadaver, and gave me that Grizzleberry stare. How was I to know that when she said, "Really Auntie!" and strutted out of the room with my letter that she was going to swipe all of my gossip and send it to you in that blasé lingo of hers?

Ennyhoe, although my nieces, Ricky and Alicia, never said so they really got all their talents for snooping from me—it's one of those things which has been handed along from one twig of our family tree to another. A great-grandmother, Ezmiralda, uncovered that scoop on the Pocahontas story, which is proof of the fact that our tribe has been in the business since the Mayflower poked her nose into Plymouth—and we've been poking our noses into other people's business ever since. And so, to press, MacDuff, and Auntie Anastasia brings you Yule-tide dirt...


I know the Washington populace will swallow their tonsils in astonishment when I noise it about that Bill Typhoon Moore, a bachelorite, has been ensnared... William and his big red comb have dated Jane Cushing Chivvis and now Jane has sent Typhoon her stag bid to the Theta dance... that, my dears, is what you call Student Life... A choice anecdote reaches my ears concerning three S.A.E.s... these brothers—Stray Cat Thompson, Jack Pickering, and an alum—started out for their dance at Westborough in a rented car... the flivver scooted along for a while, began wheezing, and then expired... the brothers called up for another car... Thompson called his date and told her not to be impatient... the second car arrived and the boys chugged along, picked up Pick's date and then with good intention, headed for Thompson's woman... as the rattletrap passed Vescovo's it rattled its last and re-

fused to spark a plug... the brothers piled out, the o'clock now being 11:30, Thompson called his date and soothed her, and the alum—Sam Behan—called his date and told her to pick him up with her car... and so, Behan went to the dance, Pickering and his date munched spaghetti for half an hour, and Stray Cat, head on palm, brooded in the corner over a glass of beer and those signs which read: "Drive-it Urself"... Yeah, if it runs... Bodacious Joe Bukant packs up his extra shirt every week-end and plunges home to see his Vivernon heart throb... Theta Xi's tell me that his walls are so covered with snaps of his sweetie and football photos that it looks like a dime museum at an artist's convention...

Jules Pierre Paul Guidry III has comitted many a faux pas in his hey day... jumping off into a ditch or bowling over trees are just events in his regular automotive repertoire but the black day of Friday 13th found Paul in his glory... not a tree or a ditch this time but... well, let Auntie draw you a little drama of the happenings which we may call "Four Dates in a Lake"... the scene is laid in Forest Park where Paul III and his lady fair, Lorraine Yaeger, are cheerily driving along during a light smoke pall... Ginny Comstock and Tom Piffner sit biting their nails in the rear seat... Paul has the air of a master about him and dawdles the wheel with one hand as he whishes along, at times playfully bouncing the clutch back and forth... but then, as the hunting dog senses the presence of quail, so Paul senses that something is amiss... on go the brakes, Ginny bounces off the ceiling, and Paul peers out of the window of his father's newly simonized car... "Water," cries his lady fair, "we're in the Mississippi"... but Paul, in the face of such adversity, calms the company, coolly observing, "The river doesn't run in the Park"... and so Paul ventures forth, first testing the billowy waves with a cautious big toe, and then swims against the breakers to the shore where he surveys the scene... there is the simonized buggy lying axle deep in the best lily pond in the park... the party towed into Hillcrest at 11:45 and Guidry still sticks to this screwy story about the lake... Dick Yore is still agog over Jane Cummings but certainly doesn't pursue his romance... into my good left ear it was whispered to me that Dick thinks that he hasn't got that usual chance... Auntie A's bum right flap,

(Continued on page 23)

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



ICE SKATING



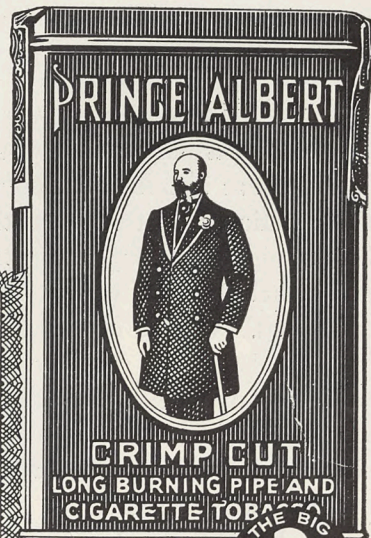
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PRINCE ALBERT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF —

Prince Albert is as tasty and mellow as Nature and man, both working together, can make it. The tobaccos in P. A. are among the choicest grown—expertly cured, carefully matured. As the crowning touch, every leaf is processed

to take out "bite." Then, cut the scientific way—"crimp cut." It's bound to be mellow, tasty, slow-burning tobacco that suits steady pipe smokers to a T. Prince Albert is great tobacco for roll-your-own cigarettes too.



PRINCE ALBERT MUST PLEASE YOU

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

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



More Trouble

Now that we have run off our popularity contest without too much disturbance to the general welfare—there was only one attempt at ballot stuffing and our eagle eyes quickly discerned the duplication of handwriting (we must say the culprits weren't very subtle), and there was only one vote cast for Mr. Morrison—we have decided to have a few more contests, just to keep up the spirit of play.

Three times as many votes were polled as in last year's popularity election and this year the whole campus did not know the result a half hour after the polls were closed. (We did not tell Jack Weaver this time.) In fact, we didn't tell anybody, not even the queen herself, and though as we write these wise words we are confident that the secret has been kept, we know that before our admiring public reads them, a couple of people are going to figure out that they have been cruelly deceived and the game will be up.

Anyway, we like this business of knowing those who know, and knowing those who think they know but knowing they do not know and thinking those do not know who know and know they know and we do not know,—so the February *Eliot* is going to be our great Contest Issue. We're going to have a cover contest, a short story contest, an essay contest, and a cartoon contest. Thus we are giving an opportunity to the artists and writers who may feel that we have not given proper attention to their contributions. Prominent artists and writers will judge the material (so perhaps people will speak to us next month) and all of the winning contributions will be published in the February *Eliot*.

All material must be in not later than January 15th. Now come on, all of "yous," here is your chance to revolutionize our magazine!

Bury the Dead

It's over. There have been moments when we've doubted it, but there can be no question about it now. The long feud has come to an end. *Student Life* and *Eliot* are pals.

At the beginning of the year we were surprised—and delighted, of course—when four of the best writers on our excellent paper submitted articles to us. *Student Life* was surprised—and delighted, of course—when we published all four of them. Things went along quite smoothly, then. We hope the student body has noticed that there have been none of the usual nasty cracks in either editorial column. (We learned a few days ago that *Student Life* is just too gentlemanly to tell us what they really think of us, but we still like them anyway.)

The editorial was what got us. Out of a clear sky, without the slightest suggestion from us, *Stu-*

dent Life published a plea for an *Eliot* office! That's real friendship, and we assure them that we were deeply touched. Because if there's one thing we need—well, words fail us, but we *were* deeply touched. And if we can ever lend them our eraser or any other little thing like that, we shall certainly be more than glad to do it.

Puff of Pride

Things are certainly looking up for good old *Eliot*. In the first place, thanks largely to our business manager, Leo ("Haven't you met him, girls?") Dusard, our special features editor, Dale ("Little man with big pipe") Clover, and our beautiful and charming sales force, monthly sales and subscription sales are on the increase. Then too, contributions, although not pouring in, are at least dripping a lot faster. And to cap the climax, in the *Student Life* of November 27, each of the six candidates for honorary colonel of the R.O.T.C. either goes down as being "on the *Eliot* staff," "a member of *Eliot*," "active on *Eliot*," or, at the very least, "lists among her activities . . . *Eliot*." Can any other activity boast such a record? (We'll answer because we have checked the list.) No, they cannot! At last the student body can know which activity is considered the smartest of the smart by the fairest of the fair.

Seriously, though, we think that *Eliot* deserves to get ahead—simply for trying to do what Editor Ed Mead, way back in June, 1935, described as "making the mood of the campus and the magazine correspond," the mood of our campus being, Ed said, "a curious medley of the cloister and the boulevard—serious, studious, literary—and gay, rampant, and cosmopolitan all at once." Now "yous" know what we're trying to do.

Hold That Lion

Speaking of contests, we doff our fedoras to *Student Life* for the most unique one of the year. They really had something with those stray cats. Mr. Thompson's entrant definitely outclassed all others (though the darn thing was very obstinate about coming out from under that desk), but we have heard rumors that if a certain Tibalt had not been stranded in an ash can in Granite City, the results of the contest may have been different.

Not to be outdone by our colleagues, *Eliot* will pay ten dollars to the owner of the most unhappy-looking mountain lion which appears on the campus December 13th. Entrants may be left at Ridgeley Library. We will call for them there.

Suggestion for Symphony

On November 13 and 14, the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra played a composition by Albert Stoessel, a native of St. Louis who is now director of the opera and orchestra departments of the Juilliard Graduate School of Music in New York. The composer was present and was duly honored by the audience. The whole affair was, of course, a splendid thing.

But the week before Mr. Stoessel's composition was presented by our orchestra, the *Globe-Democrat* ran a lengthy feature story on Walter W. Stockhoff, who still lives in St. Louis and whom Sibelius called "America's one composer!" and ever since, we have been wondering why our great symphony society doesn't honor Mr. Stockhoff. Sibelius is rather generally recognized as the world's greatest living composer, and we would be inclined to take seriously praise coming from him. He also said of Mr. Stockhoff,

"Of all the men over there, I should like to have known him."

Mr. Stockhoff has had a distinguished career, having taught piano for many years, having published many of his works, and having been the personal friend of Ferruccio Busoni whom the *Globe-Democrat* calls "one of the few magnificent pianists of all time." In fact, when Busoni heard one of Mr. Stockhoff's compositions for the first time and was told that the composer was an American, he exclaimed, "That's impossible. No American has and I don't think ever will write music like that."

But in spite of his distinguished career and the lavish compliments which have been paid him, Mr. Stockhoff, so far as we know, has never been honored as a composer in his own city. We therefore suggest that the many students and faculty members who attend the symphony concerts write Mr. Golschmann and request a Stockhoff composition. We have already done so.

Cheerio!

Conventional criticism of the recent Oxford-Washington debate has been adequately handled by *Student Life*, the downtown papers and other sane, sober, and purely journalistic publications.

Eliot, however, doesn't give a fig leaf for convention. We condemn the obvious and are only happy when viewing things (figuratively, of course) from the top of the radio tower, through a crack in the field house floor, between two glasses of beer at Ves-covo's.

Eliot therefore chooses to consider but one of the skills displayed by the debating Bears and Oxen. This skill may or may not have any connection with good

debating—but there it was as we peeked out of the biggest organ pipe. Moreover, this skill has (for reasons which will soon be obvious) tremendous interest for us. It should also have interest for many faculty members, for all collegians who go on dates, for *Student Life* editorialists.

It is just this: spouting words—without coming to the (or even a) point. Mr. R. U. P. Kay-Shuttleworth in his first twenty-minute speech went away from the point for five minutes, turned back toward it for five, shied away from it for five, went around and around it for five and almost reached it as time was up. Mr. A. W. J. Greenwood let the point stay where it was for ten minutes, then picked it up and played with it idly for ten. Messrs. Albert Schoenbeck and Marion Bennett leaped upon the point as soon as possible and clung to it.

Letter from *Eliot* to Messrs. Kay-Shuttleworth and Greenwood: "Please accept position as *Towers and Town* writers. Name your own salary. Cheerio."



THE DECISION

by BILL LEUE

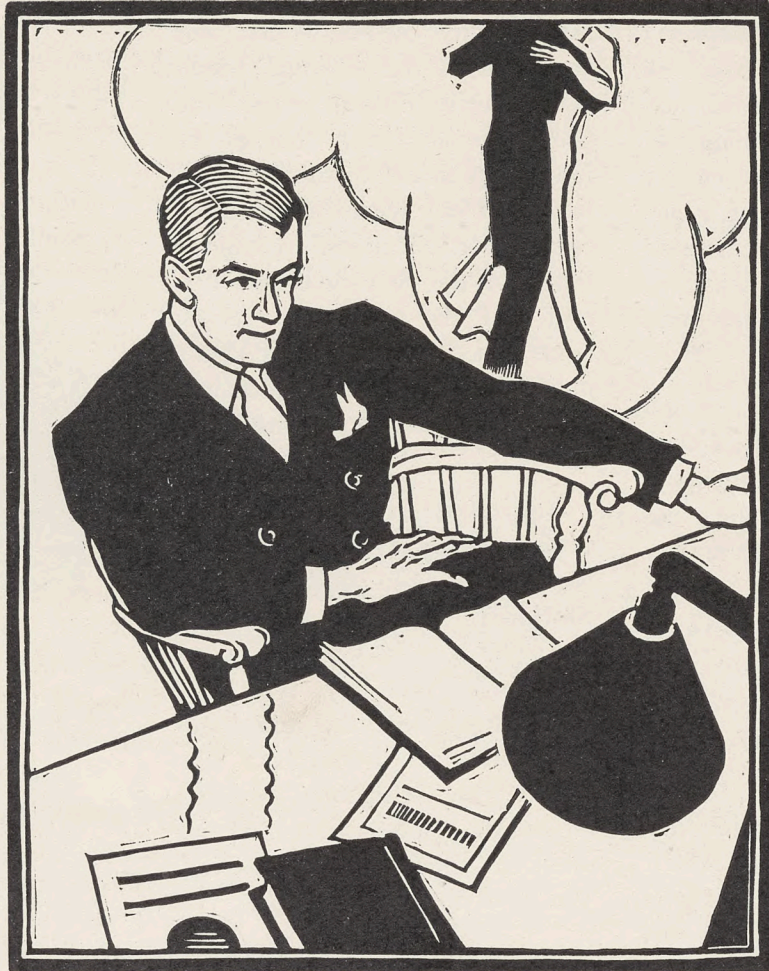
Illustrated by CHARLES CRAVER

JACK noticed that the library windows were becoming darker than the surrounding wall. The long room was almost empty now. Only here and there a bent head shone under a green shaded light. It was quiet too; not quite the same place without the usual shuffle and scuffle of feet and chairs and the steady crackling and sputtering of books and paper.

Yes, it was getting late. He really should go home now, but, doggone it, he'd really like to make up his mind first. He pushed his book across the table; he hadn't been able to study for the last half hour anyway. It was bothering him. Well, he might as well face the problem squarely and try and settle it right now. No use letting it get the better of him; he'd bring it out in the open and clinch with it.

If he really devoted himself to a calm objective consideration of the issue, he ought to be able to settle it quickly and neatly. Then he could report the results of his investigation to himself and act accordingly. After all he was an intelligent and educated person; so thinking out a little thing like this ought to be simple, if he just applied his experience in straight thinking. He must be able to do straight thinking quite well or he certainly would never have got to be a junior in college.

But, damn it, it did seem to be sort of a knotty little problem. Perhaps it was because it was such a personal problem instead of one of the impersonal, objective things he was used to dealing with. Well, he'd be objective about it. That's what he had been taught to do, and, gosh, what good was an education if it didn't help you settle your own little personal problems. Why, sure, he would have the right



He leaned back in his chair and cleared his mind for a cold, calm objective consideration of the issue.

answer in a moment.

He leaned back in his chair and cleared his mind for a cold, calm, objective consideration of the issue. First, of course, it would be necessary to define the issue clearly; so there would be no confusion as to the denotations and connotations of the terms.

That was easy. The issue was clearly, should he go to the dance he had a bid to this evening, or should he stay home and study? But, wait, perhaps he should state the proposition as an affirmative statement to be challenged and supported, as, "Resolved, that he should go to the dance: or, Resolved, that he should stay home and study."

No. He had had enough of debates to know that they never decided anything. An affirmative state might prejudice his judgment. He'd leave it in the tentative form.

Then what would be the best way to go about deciding it? If he went to the dance, what would be the results, and if he stayed home, what would be the results? How would his decision effect him?

Ah, he had it. He leaned forward and pulled a sheet of paper out of his notebook. He drew a line down the center of the paper and on one side of it he wrote, "For Dance," and on the other side, "For Studying." Then he sat and thought and chewed his pencil and slowly compiled under the first column a list of arguments:

1. Will see people, lights, music, life, gayety, and such.
2. Can wear my new chalk-striped, double breasted suit.
3. Can forget work for a while.

4. If I'm seen there, it will add to my social standing.
5. Will add to my social experiences, polish, culture, etc. Necessary part of education.
6. Will see some of my friends.
7. Will get to dance with some really smooth girls, and will get to dance with and talk with Jean, and maybe get a date with her for our pledge dance.

But damn it, that pseudo-sophisticated ass, Barton, would be taking her to the dance tonight.

Hold on, this was irrelevant. He must get back to his calculation. Under the column marked "For Studying," he wrote:

1. Can get that over-due logic in.
2. Can catch up with rest of work and have that satisfied feeling.
3. Can save money, and am I broke?
4. Can hear the conclusion of that mystery story on the radio tonight.
5. Can get a good night's sleep.
6. Will be able to spare the time to see *Anthony Adverse* at the Varsity Sunday evening.
7. Can let Dad use the car tonight, so I can get it more often in future.

Well, wasn't this fine? There were a lot of swell reasons for going to the dance and a lot of swell reasons for staying home and studying. Numerically he had the same number of arguments on each side, but of course they weren't all of the same value. But gosh, both cases looked convincing. What should he do?

Maybe if he argued against each proposition, he could abate his enthusiasm for both ideas and eliminate one of them. He'd try the same system in the negative, and maybe dig up some new angles.

Under the column "Against Dance," he wrote:

1. Will spend too much money.
2. Can't go to the show Sunday.
3. Really need a haircut too badly.
4. Will have to shave again this evening. Ouch!
5. Won't get logic in tomorrow.
6. Will be sleepy tomorrow.

Under "Against Studying," he compiled:

1. Am getting too introvertish.
2. Can't wear my new chalk-striped, double breasted for a week yet if I don't go.
3. Will be miserable knowing everyone's having a good time while I'm slaving.
4. Can put logic off a while. Really doesn't matter much if it's in a little later.

5. Can sleep in both lectures tomorrow and miss nothing. Sleep too much anyway.

6. If I don't go, won't see Jean.

Good. Now he was afraid to do either. It was certain he'd be kicking himself tomorrow no matter which way he decided.

Maybe he had the wrong approach to the matter. If he could state it in other words; perhaps the question wasn't clear enough, or he didn't realize all the implications. He could try to use formal logic on it, perhaps. Sure, he certainly ought to be able to test the validity of these arguments. But, oh rats, it wouldn't make anything but a dilemma. Well, even a dilemma might help.

He turned over the paper and wrote: :

If I go to the dance, I'll regret it; and if I study, I'll regret it.

I must either go to the dance or study.

Therefore: Whatever I do, I'll regret it.

There, now where was he? Just where he was before, stuck between the horns of a dilemma. Ah, but wait. As he remembered it, dilemmas were very defective forms of reasoning. Perhaps he could find a loophole somewhere. There were three ways he could attack a dilemma if he remembered his logic correctly.

First, he could take the dilemma by the horns. He could accept the alternatives but deny the consequences of one or both. But he had just proved to himself by a valid inductive process that if he chose either alternative, he'd regret it.

Well, he might try escaping between the horns by denying that the alternatives were exhaustive, that they included every possibility. Could he do anything else besides going to the dance or staying home and studying? He could take his logic book with him and study it while he danced, but this didn't seem very satisfactory somehow.

Finally, he could rebut the dilemma by setting up a counter dilemma. Ah, yes, he would do this. In fact, he had done it when he thought up reasons for going to the dance and staying home to study. His first list of reasons would back it up. He wrote:

If I go to the dance, it will be to my advantage; and if I study, it will be to my advantage.

I must either go to the dance or study.

Therefore; Whatever I do, it will be to my advantage.

Oh nerts, he was getting nowhere fast.

Maybe if he brought some of his knowledge in some other field to bear on the subject, it might help. He certainly had taken enough courses to find something to apply. How about psychology? That ought to be directly connected with his muddled mental processes.

(Continued on page 23)



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by

A. BEN ADAM

Illustrated by
GEORGE ENGELKE

CHRISTOPHER SMITH was an instructor at the medical school and a very good one too. No one who had ever watched him fling his stringy black hair away from his high pale forehead or watched him focus his watery eyes through his large glasses was particularly impressed with his intelligence, but the fact remained that he was an excellent instructor except where girls were concerned. And there he faltered. The light of wisdom which burned so brightly within him at all other times sputtered and went out. And Smith sputtered and almost went out along with it. The simplest question asked by the simplest girl threw him into confusion. If the girl was pretty the confusion became chaos, and it was even said that he had once tried to resign his instructorship because the unheard total of seven girls had been assigned to one of his classes.

But his discomfort in past years had been as nothing compared with that in which he now found himself. For this year Miss Lanson was in the class, and when she entered the dreary laboratory on a winter day, the whole place became transformed—the sun seemed to shine—the room got brighter—the very breath of spring seemed in the air, and even the specimens in the tanks perked up and the

formaldehyde came as close to resembling Attar of Roses as ever formaldehyde can. For Miss Lanson was lovely. She was small with delightful brown hair, soft blue eyes and a firm little mouth that was ever laughing. She would have been an adornment anywhere, but in the medical school she was something rare and radiant sent from Heaven to delight those who were being fitted to send so many on to Heaven and to the other place as well.

Among those who succumbed to Miss Lanson was Christopher Smith, and if he had ever been a fumbler before, he now became a tall shaking personification of Confusion himself. He got rattled thinking of her. When he looked at her, the knowledge acquired in six years of hard study stole quickly and silently away like the well known Arabs, and when she asked him a question about the work, he lost all sense of everything. He merged the digestive system and nervous chords of the dogfish into the circulatory system and called it a rather unusual example of the excretory canal of the male cat. For the life of him, he couldn't remember what the large end of the small intestine was called nor could he find it, even though it wasn't in the least obscured and was plainly showing when the animal was stretched out on its back. In short, she paralyzed him.

"And what makes it worse," he confided to his only intimate, Tommy Heys of the Physical-Chemistry department, "She's so darn nice. If only she weren't so friendly about everything, I could stand it, but gosh, why you know she's as nice to me as she is to that Parkinson, and he gets a couple of new cars a year, and has at least five or six suits—maybe more, in fact."

"Well," said Heys, "Why shouldn't she be nice to you? Just because Parkinson has money doesn't mean he has everything—in fact that boy is dumber than an oyster. Maybe she doesn't like 'em dumb. Evidently she doesn't. If she did she'd go to a College of Liberal Arts somewhere. She's in the med. school, and she's a good student, and I can't imagine her liking some guy who doesn't know beans from a home in the ground and who, if he ever does get out, will only be fitted to teach in some medical school. If he ever practiced he'd kill 'em off right and left. If you really like the girl go to it." Christopher got all confused at the idea again, but that night when he retired to the quiet of his room he thought better of it.

In his room he was master. There he regained his poise and self control. It was not always his room, for when he had finished his studying and was getting ready for bed, it became a large drawing room filled with fine ladies and distinguished gentlemen. There were all sorts of people there, well dressed, talking to each other in low tones and sipping cocktails. There were beautiful women and handsome, polished men, but none more handsome and polished than Christopher Smith, the brilliant young surgeon whose discoveries were discussed by every medical man and whose parties were the delight of those who enjoyed the better things of the world. He moved slowly and gracefully about the room—a bow here, a wave of the hand there—a smile and a word to the lovely old lady with the white hair sitting over there by the large French windows. "How do you do, my dear Mrs. Johnson—so nice of you to come—Ah there, Tom old man—golf tomorrow?—let me see—chamber of commerce luncheon at one—hospital at two-thirty—why yes, I could make it—good—at the club at half past three then." And then when he was halfway down the room—always halfway—he would meet Miss Lanson. He always met her halfway because it was at this point in his journey down his room that the skeleton hung. It was a very good skeleton—he had paid fifty dollars for it—and he made good use of it too. "Oh there you are Helen—how glad I am to see you—(taking the skeleton by the hand and making a graceful bow)—I was hoping I'd see you here this afternoon." (At this point he released the hand which fell back against the body with a loud clack—sometimes when he was unusually at ease, he

would lower it back gently.) "I wonder if you would care to go to the play tomorrow night. They say it's very good. Fine, fine—I'll be around for you about a quarter of eight—we'll have supper at Galenti's afterward." (At this point he would bow gracefully again and turn with a pleasant cultured little laugh to a group of the Junior League who wanted him on the committee for the next charity ball.)

Here he usually stopped. The thought of Miss Lanson was too strong. A minute he would stand lost in reverie. Then he would go up to the skeleton, take it by the hand and say, "Oh Helen, at last we're alone. They musn't know about—they never shall." Then he would sigh and start back suddenly. "They're coming—they musn't find me here. I go but I return." Then he would leap to the top of the wall (the table) gaze an instant at her lovely eyes, tear-filled for him, and then vault over the wall, and gallop away. Just who it was that he was fleeing from in this episode was never quite clear to him, but he became quite good at vaulting over the wall, and once, so enamored was he, that he leaped clean over and landed upon the small stove upon which he cooked his meals so that for the next three nights he was forced into the role of a wounded soldier who had struggled into some village to warn them to leave—the Russians were coming.

One night when he was in the midst of the drawing room and was holding Helen's hand, Tommy Heys burst in and then stopped in surprise. "Well for the love of Pete what the devil are you doing there bowing over that skeleton's hand?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Christopher, greatly embarrassed, "Nothing—anyway what did you want to go busting in here for anyway?"

"Well I'm a son of a gun," said Tommy, "I do believe you were practicing. Ho man—wait'll I tell this to the boys."

"No please don't," said Christopher in great fright. "Don't."

"Oh so that's what you really were doing," said Tommy, "You admit it. Now, listen Chris, you ought to have better sense. Anyway, you've got the wrong kind of skeleton if that's what you want with it," he added, viewing the skeleton with a professional eye, "That's not the right kind at all." Chris blushed.

"Now listen," said Heys, "If you really like the girl that much, go to it. There's nothing wrong with you, and you've got brains, something Parkinson hasn't. If you let this inferiority complex you've got lick you here, you're going to let it lick you all the way along, and you'll never get anywhere. And besides, what've you got to lose? I admit she's swell. If I had the remotest chance of getting to know her, I'd do so, and you've got every chance—her own

(Continued on page 21)

WOMEN AT THE BAR

by ADOLPH K. SCHWARTZ

The fuss which was caused by the memorable drinking decision of Judge O'Malley of our Law School faculty

Illustrated by GEORGE ENGELKE

DO WOMEN of St. Louis, who are free, twenty-one, and thirsty, have the inalienable right to toss off a gin fizz in public with their boy friends? This was the question raised by the Excise Commissioner last summer, and answered by Judge Frank C. O'Malley, in the affirmative.

The Excise Commissioner's office was created by the Municipal Assembly of the City of St. Louis "to make such rules, regulations, orders and directions as may be necessary and feasible for carrying out the provisions . . ." of the ordinance relating to the sale of alcoholic beverages. Assuming to act under this ordinance, the Commissioner promulgated a rule prohibiting the serving of drinks to women while they are either seated or standing at the bar. He also threatened to prosecute any tavern-keepers and revoke their liquor licenses "if in the conduct of their business they serve, or permit intoxicating drinks to be so served to women." "We are faced with a tremendous problem," said the commissioner. "The new tavern is just the old saloon hiding behind women's skirts. Mothers used to have to worry over the sobriety of their sons; now they are faced with a greater problem, the sobriety of their daughters."

A tavern-keeper down-town, who was realizing a handsome profit serving fair damsels Martinis and Tom Collins' at his bar, filed suit in Judge O'Malley's court to get an injunction against the enforcement of the regulation promulgated by the Excise Commissioner. (Judge O'Malley is also a part-time member of the Washington University Law School Faculty.)

The Judge in the course of his decision, ruled as follows: "It is not necessary for me to decide whether it is in the power of the Board of Aldermen to prohibit the service of intoxicating drinks to women at the bar, while permitting it to men, for the reason that they have not attempted to do so If the order or rule is to have legal sanction, it must find it in the power of the Commissioner to make it His is a ministerial office. He might lawfully make such rules and regulations as directly tend to enforce the terms and prohibition of the ordinance and by them carry out its provisions, but he may not add to the legislative enactment under the guise of a rule and thus take upon himself legislative powers."

The Commissioner argued that the rule was justified upon the ground that the ordinance requires a

license to keep an orderly house, and that the rule was in furtherance of that end.

The Judge said, in part: "This presupposes that the presence of women at the bar is in itself disorderly. I am not willing to admit that the mere presence of women at the bar is an evil thing in itself, but if so, it would not make any difference in the result, because the order of the Commissioner does not exclude their presence either standing up or seated at the bar, but only that they may not be served there. Disorderly conduct, if there be any, is in their presence and hearing just the same, and the order accomplishes no result. An orderly place may be maintained by the exclusion of disorderly persons, whether they be men or women. It should not be by the exclusion of persons to whom disorderly conduct is offensive. The rule adopted by the Commissioner is unnecessarily discriminatory in character, and beyond his power to make, and therefore invalid."

The relentless newspapers, always hungry for some sensational news to feed to their ravenous public, hopped on the Judge's decision, which was merely a statement to the effect that there was no law prohibiting women from drinking, and interpreted it as an announcement that the Judge was in favor of women drinking "as much as they

(Continued on page 22)



THE LITTLE HAND

by LOUISE LAMPERT

A true account of a narrow escape from death

Illustrated by TOM KIRKSEY

THE BRAKES screamed alarmingly and I felt the boards of the bridge crumple up like tissue paper beneath the car wheels. I held my breath and waited. For I was sure that in a moment seven girls would be mercilessly plunged to their deaths in the chasm fifty feet below. Still, in spite of this thought, I wasn't particularly frightened over the prospect of death. My mind was racing back over the events of the previous two hours, desperately reviewing each minute. How far away that time was. Thinking of it, then, it seemed as if a stranger and not myself at all were hanging on that shattered bridge floor with only a rear bumper as a separation from death.

It had all happened so quickly, that I had been too stunned to realize fully the extreme danger. The car still remained in an upright position, held by its rear bumper which overlapped an iron girder. But the body of the car had fallen through the opening, its front center bumper-guard was wedged

against a suspended truss-rod which formed a pivot-like front hold. There I sat, next to a tiny girl camper dressed in a new pair of green jodhpurs and a newly starched white shirt. She was grasping a riding whip tightly in her hand and had clasped it firmly between her sturdy little legs. She sat erectly on the very edge of the seat, the muscles of her face drawn tense with excitement. She had been going on her first horse-back ride.

I turned my eyes away, for I couldn't bear to see her, so young, so eager, so unaware of her danger, and to know, in my own heart, that those sturdy little legs would soon be merely fragments in a pile of mangled flesh.

For the day had promised to be so delightful for her and the other youngsters, when we had started out from the camp to the Riding Academy, located several miles from our lodge. Another counselor and I had complete charge of these five little girls, all soon to experience their first ride. For days, they had spoken of nothing else, thought of nothing else, but their coming thrill. They had denied themselves candy for a week so that they could buy sugar lumps for their horses; they had nearly ruined the

new camp chairs by practicing "posting;" they had put on and taken off their new podhpurs a hundred times. Then, the night before the ride, the gathering storm of excitement had broken in all its fury. They had stayed awake all night long, afraid to rely on the alarm clocks or the counselors to awaken them at the appointed hour.

When I had opened my heavy eyes reluctantly at 4:30 a. m. I had seen five little girls already

fully dressed, sitting on the foot of my bed, watching the minute hand of my clock, and patiently waiting for the alarm to ring, so that I would get up. I threw the blanket over my head in disgust, then forced myself out of bed, retiring to the adjoining room to dress and to curse a bit about the hardships of a counselor's life, while I tugged at my once loose-fitting jodhpurs.

I remembered, while I sat suspended on that bridge, how gay the little group had been as we had bumped merrily out of camp grounds in "Henry" our camp Ford; how interest-

ed they had been in the horses' names, the different "gaits," and the story of the stableman's wife.

Then we had come to a bridge which was not blockaded. There was no warning to stop. So we had driven ahead. When our front wheels touched the floor, it fidgeted slightly, as if to warn us of its falsity; then we had crashed downward suddenly, accompanied by the shrill screeching of brakes applied too late. After a drop of several feet, we had stopped falling, and were left hanging in mid-air like a kite whose tail has been caught in a tree. I laughed ruefully to myself when I remembered that I had stood in line two hours and had spent a quarter for the Sky Ride at the World's Fair. That was nothing compared to this!

Only the rear bumper kept us from being plunged to the tracks below. The same rear bumper which I had cursed so roundly when it had rattled noisily the night the counselors returned home late after a "sneaked" ride to the city. This bumper, caught in the beams of the bridge, was now saving my life.

I didn't move at all. I just breathed and waited to hit the tracks below. Time seemed endless. I



But the body of the car had fallen through the floor.



Schweig Studios

Elliots Queen
The Freshman Queen
(Elected by male popular vote)
Sara Jean Alexander
(Sally)

The little lady is seventeen years old, five feet three inches tall, weighs a hundred and eleven pounds and has blue eyes and brown hair. An English major in the College, she says "Washington is all right and the boys will do." Her favorite sport is swimming, and being a Pi Phi pledge, she is also very fond of ice-cream cones.

The Freshman Maids

«in alphabetical order»

Peggy Lou Baker

Another Pi Phi pledge, Peggy Lou comes from Hosmer Hall. She is five feet two and one-quarter inches tall, weighs one hundred and twelve pounds and has brown eyes and dark brown hair. Swimming and tennis are the chosen sports. Thinks W.U. men are "Oh, all right."



Mildred Gray

Claimed by Gamma Phi Beta, eighteen years old, five feet three and one-half inches tall, brown eyes and hair. Likes Washington hockey and basketball and the boys "pretty well."

Jeanne Hempel

Also a Gamma Phi pledge. Blue-eyed, natural blond; and very particular about the spelling of her name. Favorite sports are swimming and golf. Is honest enough to confess she thinks the men here are "swell."

Margaret Parman

Green eyes, brown hair, five feet four, weighs a hundred twenty-one. Tennis is first in the way of sports, with dancing next. Of the men Markey says, "Oh, yes, I like them." She is a pledge of Kappa Kappa Gamma.



Fashions by Florence Kay

I know you've all planned a wonderful Christmas vacation and that you're looking forward to the parties and all the gay festivities that the holiday season brings. And why not? That's what Christmas is for. It's the one event that makes evening clothes an absolute necessity for the college girl. So I thought I'd play Santa Claus a little early. I've found for you a group of the most fetching evening dresses you've ever seen. And not only are they fetching, but they're practical as well. Two of them can be used for strictly formal occasions or for informal wear. And the other boasts its very own evening wrap. Such economy really can't be overlooked. Besides this appealing trio, a grand display of other evening gowns is available at Kline's Junior Shop.

The dress on the seated figure (on the opposite page) is of peacock blue taffeta trimmed in flame—one of the smartest color combinations of the season. It is made on empire style with the fullness of the skirt starting at the waist line. This gives the skirt a graceful swing and being of taffeta it has a tantalizing swish. The jacket is of quilted taffeta lined in flame. It has a flared peplum and is held together by one button in front. For very formal wear, the jacket is removed, revealing a very low decollatage and a cluster of flowers at the front middle line.

On the right is "Surprise Package," another outstanding model by Louise Mulligan. This also does double duty to impress Mother with its extreme practicality. The skirt is of black crepe, straight in front, with four gores in back placing the fullness in middle back. The bodice is of flowered metallic cloth, cut very low, and has a peplum in back. A tiny black crepe jacket fits snugly over the bodice and buttons down the front. The jacket also has a peplum and is just short enough to leave a small edging of the metallic bodice showing. This adds the necessary touch of color for an all black dress.

Photos by Jules Pierlow



And now on the left, comes the acme of sophistication and charm... If I were choosing titles, I would call it "the co-ed's dream." It's made of transparent velvet—the kind that just molds your figure. A white lace yolk binds the high neckline in front and the very low back. The fullness of the skirt all goes to the back and falls in a graceful train. The bodice and waistline are snugly fitted forming a perfect line. And that isn't all! This "dream" has its own finger length black velvet cape. Around the shoulder line is a row of black chenille flowers. Put them together—what elegance!

Well, if you've been wondering what the ski suit has to do with evening gowns, clear your brow. I admit there's no outward connection, but I've selected what I consider the ideal Xmas gift for you. Do I hear a unanimous agreement? After all, Christmas means not only parties, but snow and fun galore. For skiing, sledding, skating, snowball fights, and general warmth, a ski suit is perfect. The one pictured is of green wool trimmed in white. The jacket blouses at the waist and buttons high at the neck. And topping off the costume is a little green antelope skull cap. Besides this model you'll find several other styles in ski suits in all colors in Kline's Country Club shop. There's a grand selection from \$8.98 up.

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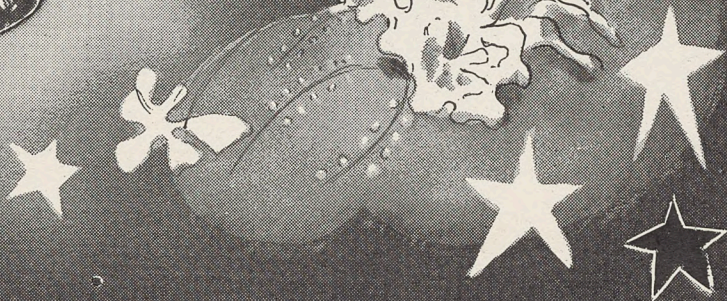
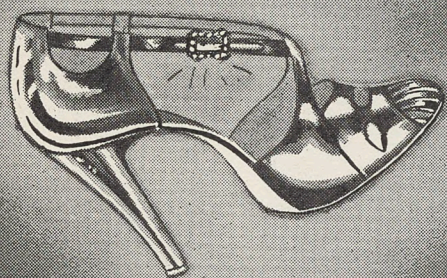
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Evening Slippers

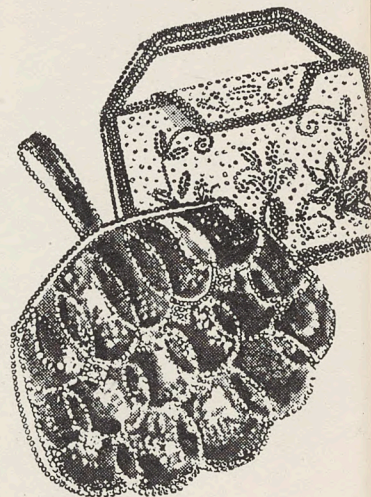


Foot-Note

by BEE FERRING

never has the mode gone so completely frivolous and romantically daring

Maybe it's the influence of "Gone with the Wind" ... maybe it's just old glad, gay holiday spirit ... but feet have gone completely feminine this 1936 season! You'll find the smartest toes bared to the world ... most knowing heels uncovered ... the most conventional foot brave brocade, sparkling with gold and silver trimmings. Swopes have all the bright new flatterers ... criss-crossed and intricate in cut ... in gold, silk, satin, moiré, brocade, or gay combinations ... from \$5 up.



Swopes have the mad little, glad little bags that accompany a gal on her evenings. They can be tiny affairs that hold just a hankie and a compact or more capacious, for cigarettes and what have you. Get 'em in sequins, beads, rhinestones, but do have one to accompany your formal. And to speak of gifts, you can get your mother a Nat Lewis bag at Swopes and make a year round of it or a bag by Jenny will please her immensely and not put as much stress on the old allowance. There are even sequin knockouts for \$2.95!

Swope slippers come to the fore this time of year ... in cocktail, hostess, lounging, and frankly utilitarian versions ... in every conceivable color and material ... for every feminine name on your gift list ... from \$1 up.

TWO METAPHYSICAL SONNETS

I. The Mind Does Not Forget

The mind does not forgets that which is limned
 Can never be obliterated quite
 But lives securely, though its life is dimmed
 Behind the fretted jewelry of light.
 The mind does not forgets seach mood or thought
 Is bound together in an endless chain,
 Is inextricably compressed and caught
 Within the cellular sequence of the brain . . .

The mind does not forget. Though it be thrust
 Into the blind anonymity of dust,
 The mind remembers still. Its memories live
 In forms forever sifting through the sieve
 Of water, earth, and air, becoming one
 With memories inviolate of the sun!

II. La Coeur A Ses Raisons *

The heart has it own reasons of which the mind
 Can never guess the mystical intent.
 Why look into the mangled skull to find
 Wherefore those atoms toward destruction went
 Like chimney swallows whirling toward the sun?
 The heart grew tired and so it tired the flesh
 Of doing things that were too safely done
 And far too often to be done afresh . . .

The mind with all its knowledge cannot know
 Wherefore the heart would quit the house of bone
 On wings more ghostly than the ghost of snow,
 Tossed by the winds, unweaponed, and alone—
 The heart has secrets that cannot be known
 To his less ancient brother of the bone!

* La Coeur a ses raisons que la raison ne connait pas"—Pascal.

—Thomas Lanier Williams.

LONELINESS

Across the wastes of tractless land
 That stretched away on every side and lay
 Misty in the rising glow of a winter
 moon
 There came a cry stabbing the
 silence,
 While the echo moaned the cry
 again.
 Clear it came, then faded, clear
 it came again.
 Answered afar by another cry,
 Bridging the grief between the
 two,
 Clear it came, then faded, clear
 it came again.

—J. N. T.

SOPH GIVES DAD XMAS PIPE-PLUS!

THANKS FOR THE SWELL PIPE, SON

OPEN THAT OTHER PACKAGE, DAD

SAY, THIS TASTES GREAT!

RIGHT! THAT'S WHAT WE SMOKE BACK AT COLLEGE

YOU YOUNGSTERS SURE KNOW TOBACCO

YOU BET! EDGEWORTH JR. MAKES ANY PIPE TASTE GOOD--CLEAR DOWN TO THE HEEL! ✱

✱ BECAUSE IT'S EXTRA MILD, FREE-BURNING

Vacuum-fresh tins.

TIMELY TIP: If dad's a steady pipe smoker, get him a special Xmas package of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Plug Slice. If he smokes both a pipe and cigarettes, get him this laminated "Cellophane" Xmas package of Edgeworth Junior.

WHILE THEY LAST! \$1.00 POUCH FOR 10¢

... and one inside white paraffin wrapper from a tin of Edgeworth Jr. **IN YOUR COLLEGE COLORS**

We offer this \$1.00 English Type Folding Pouch in Rep Cloth with Rubberized Liner for only 10¢ and one wrapper to persuade you to try Edgeworth Jr. Buy a tin today. Send the inside wrapper and your dime together with this coupon (or print your name, college and address on the wrapper)—and we will send pouch immediately. Only one to a customer.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

Enclosed find 10¢ and one inside white paraffin wrapper from a tin of Edgeworth Jr. Send me \$1.00 value silk tobacco pouch. (Please print.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

COLLEGE _____

Offer good for only 30 days

THE LITTLE HAND

(Continued from page 13)

hated the delay, so useless, so unnecessary. To pass the time I looked at the embankment of pebbles on either side of the tracks and tried to imagine how they would feel when I fell against them. I could nearly feel the stinging on my soft flesh. I wondered whether I should die of bruises or whether I should die during the fall downward. It didn't matter.

Then something happened to me. A soft little hand moved slowly, yes fearfully towards mine. It hesitated, then folded its fingers in my own and settled comfortably within my bony, hard one, as if at last it had found the protection it had been seeking. I watched this hand closely for I knew it was trying to convey a message by its movement. Slowly, I deciphered the message.

For I understood, suddenly, that I had failed, miserably, in my duty as a counselor. I had actually been sitting, inert, contemplating death, nodding at it with my nonchalance, inviting it by my idiotic indifference. I had begged it to hurry, not caring that it would grasp five other lives, besides my own, with its sharp fingernails. Now, I was astonished to realize that I had allowed myself to be so selfish, such a coward about admitting to myself that I had actually been too frightened to make the first movement of escape. But I had been warned in time.

I softly squeezed the little hand, begging it to have confidence in me, to place its trust in me. It answered my plea. Then I heard a low voice, very strange to my ears, coming from my own throat. It commanded the girls to try the only means of escape—the car window, and to swing over the beams of the bridge to safety. I heard that same voice, so mechanically propelled, telling the driver to turn off the engine and to wipe her bleeding lip with my handkerchief.

Time no longer seemed endless. I was praying silently for enough time to allow us all to escape from the car before it crashed. For as each child climbed out, the car rocked more violently as if it were mocking and teasing us and then chuckling to itself over our precarious position and our extreme nearness to death. It was maddening.

Finally, when all the girls had reached the side of the bridge safely, it was my turn to swing Tarzan-like over the beams. By the time I had reached the solid iron supports at the end of the bridge, "Henry" had taken the fatal plunge. I looked at his mangled limbs piled up like naked turkey bones after a Thanksgiving feast. I shuddered to think that I had escaped a similar fate by only a hair's breadth of time.

I looked at the sky. The morning sun had just ventured forth from behind a black cloud and was now shining brightly, like a lovely lady who throws back her black evening cape to expose her brilliant

red gown. I stared long and hard at this sight. I was glad, oh, so glad to see the sun, the clouds, again. I thanked God softly.

Then a policeman whisked us into a patrol car and drove us back to camp. The other campers had just got out of bed and were still chasing the sleep from their eyes. I smiled at them sadly, when I remembered that their heads had been buried in soft white pillows, that they had been dreaming fluffy, pink dreams all the while I had been facing grim, black death in a swaying car. I smiled, and feeling very superior, sauntered into my bedroom. One of the girls realized that we had returned unusually early and sleepily asked why. I told them that "Henry" had died. They said "Oh" flatly and as I began to relate the details of the incident, they went right on scrambling for socks and shirts. I saw that their minds were so firmly fixed upon breakfast that they were not hearing a word I was saying. I left.

I went into the office, where the other staff members were ministering first aid to the other counselor, who had fainted from an after-shock. I stood by uselessly and watched the operation. I didn't even have a scratch. The director stopped her work long enough to glance hurriedly at me and remark, tonelessly, that it was lucky that I hadn't got hurt. As I started to explain to her just why I believed we had all escaped so miraculously, she turned back to my companion who had, I said to myself as I turned away, done little to save us anyway.

The breakfast gong rang. I walked thoughtfully to my table and began to serve mechanically. Then, also mechanically, I began the "good morning" song, which we sang each day. In the middle of the second verse, I felt a tiny hand clutch mine and saw a pair of blue eyes glance lovingly and trustfully into mine. My chest swelled with pride. I had received my reward.

STRANGER

*The Towers were silent in a shawl of sleep.
Ten o'clock and all is well!
The lantern curved an arc and trailed away,
Glimmering dimly with the fading sound.*

*High up a casement creaked and opened,
A candle fluttered with the rush of air,
A thin hand rose before it, stilled its fright,
A sigh escaped, sad eyes looked to the south.*

*Far from the grimness of the dreary Towers
A boatman sang, music and laughter reveled,
Music and laughter! the hand clutched at the air,
The light blew out, the coldness cut her flesh.*

*Music! she shivered and the cry rang out,
Eleven o'clock and all is well!*

—J. N. T.

NO SHAKEN SEAS

*No shaken seas confuse me now—
With summer at my northern prow,
With Southern Cross and Argus Keel
To curve the hazards of a wheel,*

*Here is a mariner's relief
From perilous, impending reef,
From terrible, eternal tread
Of winds above a watchful head...*

*Here is relief from whipping sail
Long hours against relentless gale,
From ghostly white and salty fleck
Of foam upon a sleepless deck...*

*Here is no certitude of weather
Lasting many months together,
No exactitude of issue
Out of time's ambiguous tissue,*

*But the Pole Star in its place,
The moon a white and speechless face,
The many reaches of the sea
Containing maybe shores for me!*

—Thomas Lanier Williams.

CHRISTOPHER SMITH

(Continued from page 11)

lab instructor! And another thing, even though she is swell, she's human, and the most she can do is say no, and there's every chance that she won't say no. You said yourself she was friendly to you. Now she's not the kind that would be friendly if she didn't like you. So what've you got to lose? Now wait—I'll tell you what we'll do. Our fraternity is giving the annual big brawl next week and—oh that's right, you don't dance. Well wait a minute—that's it, the play. "Hamlet" is coming next week. I know darn well she'd like to see that. Now tomorrow after lab. you simply say, 'Oh Miss Lanson, may I see you a moment?' and then you ask her, and if she doesn't go—so what? All she can do is refuse. I'll lend you my car, and we'll get it all shined up, and if you need any money, I get mine tomorrow and you can have all you want."

"Gosh," said Christopher, "It's great, but I can't do it. Boy, the minute I get around any of 'em, much less her, I get all messed up. Anyway, I'm better off here. I have my books—I work hard—this is my element, and a fish who leaves his water is doomed to disaster."

"Boy," said Tommy, "sometimes I think I ought to stomp on your head for a day or two to get you some atom of sense. Don't you see? It's not only

this date idea—it's a symbol. You know all the ability in the world isn't going to make you rise in your profession if you can't talk and meet people and express yourself."

"But I don't want to practice," said Christopher, "I want to teach and carry on research. I wasn't cut out for this social stuff anyway—my field is study and the like—I'd just be going out of my class. Here I belong, and here I ought to stay."

"Man, you're crazy," said Tommy. "How are you going to carry on research if you don't have a job? You can get some little job, sure,—an instructor all your life and how much money will you have for research then? What you want to do is get a big job and become recognized, and then some big school will pay you a lot of coin just for your name, and then you'll go give a lecture now and then, and do all the research you want. Now how are you going to get that big job? First you have to be good in your line, and you'll be all right. But this alone won't get you anywhere. You've gotta get publicity—make speeches before the medical society and write articles for the Medical Journal—go to all the conventions, and then when some big school wants a head for some department, you're that man, and then you're set."

With that he flopped down upon the bed and watched Christopher, who began somewhat querulously, "But I can learn to make speeches and things, but this girl stuff is different. I—"

"No it's not different," said Tommy rising up again. "You can begin to overcome it this way, and each time you do it, it will be easier, and each time you give up, it's that much harder. If you don't do this, I'll bet you all the pineapples in Hawaii you never get anywhere again. You'll stay in this rut all your life."

"O. K." said Christopher somewhat miserably, "I'll do it."

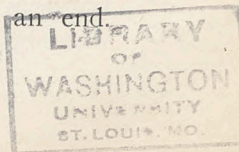
"Now your talking," said Tommy, "I'll hustle out and get the bus cleaned up in the morning. Right now I'm going. It's getting late. Now don't worry. Will power does it—will power. Not a word of this will be had by any one."

The next day Christopher went better than usual. He was even heard to point out clearly to Miss Bolsky, the large fat Russian, the difference between the nerve structure of the excretory system and that of the digestive tract without getting too confused.

"Say, what's happened to the old boy?" said Parkinson. "He's getting to be quite a Romeo. Did you hear him answer Bolsky's questions?"

"Yeah, don't worry—just a relapse—he'll get over it," said Stoddard. Stoddard was a fraternity brother of Parkinson's. Class was near an end.

(Continued on next page)



Boldly did Christopher walk up to Miss Lanson, stammer slightly, and then say, "Miss Lanson, may I see you a few minutes after class?"

"Certainly," Mr. Smith," said the girl, "But Professor Stevens said he also wanted to see me after this hour."

"Then go to Professor Stevens first," said Smith. "I'll be in the laboratory when you come out. There's something I wanted to ask you." He got red and confused again and turned quickly away.

The bell rang. The class went out. As Miss Lanson passed by, she smiled at Smith. He grinned feebly and then groaned. "Boy I looked like the remnant of a corpse after dissection on that one," he mumbled. "It's too bad she has to see Stevens first—I'd like to get this over with."

Then he began to practice his speech. "Miss Lanson, I was wondering if—" (damn, he had a lot of nerve to do this. She'd probably laugh in his face.) "you'd care to go see 'Hamlet' next week. I think I can—" (Gosh, he could see her face now, as she laughed and said, "Why thank you very much, Mr. Smith, but I'm already going. Otherwise, I'd love to..") How she would laugh to herself, and how the others would laugh when she told them. That was something he hadn't thought of—the others would all laugh at him now—but he must go through with it. It was as Tommy said, this was the turning point. If he made a supreme effort here and failed, he'd probably never get up that far again. His whole life an instructor—that wouldn't do—if he mastered this, he could master all the rest—try again, that was it.) "Miss Lanson what I wanted to see you about was—" (Gosh, that wasn't what he'd said before—that was rotten—if only Tommy were here, and if he were this bad now, what would he be when she was there before him—he would let it go—perhaps some other time—no, he musn't let it go—he was this far—if he let go now, he would sink back into the same old rut—an instructor all his life—a fumbler—a mediocre position at best—besides, to think that he would give in now, and take the easy way out—he must fight it.) Again, "Miss Lanson, I—" (Gosh, it was getting later. She'd be here any minute. He heard a door open down the hall. The door shut. The click of high heels on the wooden floor—good God, it was she—yes, coming nearer—oh now what must he do—he—)

"Here I am Mr. Smith. You said you wanted to see me?" she said.

He looked at her standing there before him, lovely as the dawn. "Yes, Miss Lanson, I wanted to see you," he blurted, "I—that is—you—I—," and then a great wave of relief surged through his very soul as he said, "I wanted to show you a mistake you made in today's work, but I saw in looking over the drawings that it wasn't your paper after all. It was someone else's—Mr. Parkinson's I believe."

WOMEN AT THE BAR

(Continued from page 12)

pleased, of whatever they pleased, whenever and wherever they pleased."

Overnight, Judge O'Malley became famous as the champion of women's drinking rights. The Associated Press and other news syndicates sent the story all over the country, and one of the New York papers even printed the Judge's picture on its front page. Letters poured into his office from every state in the Union, and even from Mexico, Canada, and Alaska. The contributors were men and women from every walk of life. Some of the letters lauded the Judge's action, while others condemned him.

One saloonkeeper wrote: "Women patrons are a menace to business. They're moochers. They buy one drink and then expect the men at the bar to buy the rest. That drives the men into buying package liquor and taking it home to drink in peace."

The president of a women's club said: "I agree with the excise commissioner. I do not think his idea is to discriminate against women, but to protect them for their own good. To my mind, there is nothing more pathetic than an intoxicated woman."

A society leader, well known to all St. Louisians, complimented the Judge on his decision: "You deny women the front door and they will go around to the back door or up an alley to a speakeasy, or out to a beer flat where there isn't even a pretense of regulation. You can't keep the wrong kind of women out, so you might as well let the right kind of women in."

An old *femme non mariée* (spinster to you) told the Judge what she thought of "men like him," in no uncertain terms. After a long and vituperative denunciation, she concluded, "and I only hope that you will be blessed with a wife and ten daughters, and that each and every one of them will come home to you drunk, every night."

The fairer members of Judge O'Malley's classes in the Law School sent him a petition thanking him for "admitting them to the bar."

Thus an innocent decision by an unimpeachable conservator of the peace, rendered inauspiciously as merely a part of a day's work, was taken up by the press and converted into a sensational proclamation of the fact that women had a right to toss off a mint julep in public with their boy friends, whenever they felt in the mood; while all he actually did was to say that to the best of his knowledge, there was no law prohibiting them from engaging in this type of activity.

Meanwhile, bartenders report that there is no increase in the number of feminine oxfords and pumps parked along the brass rail.

THE DECISION

(Continued from page 9)

Now let's see. He was an organism faced with a situation in his environment composed of many and various stimuli. How should he respond to them? What would be his behavior pattern?

First, what were the instincts prompting him to favor either response? Undoubtedly the sex urge was the strongest instinct driving him to the dance, and self-preservation probably urged him to study. His future economic and social position depended to some extent on how well he did in school, but one night of study couldn't matter much, unless it was like the proverbial horseshoe nail. Anyway, self preservation wasn't very directly involved. But, hell, neither was sex. There certainly wasn't much chance of his sexual desires being fully gratified this evening. He wasn't even taking a date, and then too, they were all nice girls, the poor inhibited things. He should talk about being inhibited. He was being tied into knots right now by all sorts of inhibitions, pulling him in opposite directions.

And still he was stymied. He began to make wild gyrations with his pencil, and anyone looking at his paper could see his central nervous system was rapidly giving way under the strain.

If he could only get a larger perspective on the matter. If he could examine it in the light of all his experience at once. Couldn't he tie it up with his conception of the universe somehow? Why, of course! It was all clear now. He had long since come to believe that the universe was purely causal and mechanistic in its operation. He couldn't make a decision. He was just a passive link in the causal sequence. Things acted upon him, making him act upon other things. His course of action would be determined by his heredity, and what he had for breakfast, and the temperature of the day, and a lot of other purely mechanical factors, so why worry?

But, damn it, he was worrying. He couldn't just lie back and let the forces of nature work upon him, because this would be making a decision. What would the causal factors make him do in this case? Take, for instance, his heredity. His grandfather on his mother's side had been a Methodist minister and a scholar, and had even taught six different languages. But, then, on the other hand, there was his great grandfather on his father's side. He had been a notorious gambler and drunkard and old roué. Indeed, he was finally stabbed by one of his many women, leaving his lawful wedded wife, poor great grandmother, with six small children to feed. If great grandmother had only not been his lawful wedded wife. Then he would remotely be a bastard,

and this would give him some social, if not genetic justification to indulge in a night of dissipation.

But there were too many factors even to start considering them all, and it was strange he was still sitting there undecided. All those causal factors hadn't moved him to action yet.

Now what could he try? He had put just about everything he had ever learned or thought to work on the problem, and still he sat there, weak, vacillating, and undecided. What good was his education? It couldn't even help him decide the most trivial problems. To hell with education! To hell with philosophy and logic and psychology! To hell with college and classes and studying! What, studying? Yes, to hell with studying. Yes, of course, to hell with it. It wasn't worth it, but, then, his decision?

* * * *

Later in the evening he put his hand firmly on the shoulder of a tall fellow in a grey suit and said, "May I cut in, please?"

BETWEEN BELLES

(Continued from page 4)

though, was told that he could be on the top rung of the ladder if there was a ladder . . . Beautiful Bob Hudgens was a sight for Auntie's dim peepers at the Dental dance the way he and that daze-ling peroxide were tripping about . . . and Bob was applying rubbing alcohol to his bruises which were mostly internal . . . Just a glimpse: Debutante's Delight Spencer guzzling Chile Con Carne with three dates—Mickey Hyman, Louise Kraus, and Jackie Woods . . . that bill must have been served him with some baking soda . . . Jim Gillis, of Little Theatre fame, has been dating—of all people—Ina Claire, the famous actress . . . he called for her one eve and she appeared in one of those lavish feathery frocks and asked him to take her to see "the real St. Louis" . . . and so Jim took her, feathers and all, to a downtown beer joint . . . Ann Blackinton's latest escapade was in the form of a "visit" to the Mounted Police Station in Forest Park . . . the boys of S.A.E. turned out *en masse* to make faces and such at the culprit behind bars but when they trooped into the police station they were shocked silly . . . there was Ann having a great time with all the cops and enjoying things immensely . . . Olive Depelheuer and Rog Hampton had to run around for a long time before they found any one screwy enough to sign Ann's bond . . .

The time has come, children, for a recitation of a few, oh, very few of the things which met Auntie's

(Continued on next page)

eyes as she watched the youngsters frolic about at Mizzou... it did not rain but all the good people were positively drenched... Heading the frolickers was a dancing young man who chose the stunning costume of sky blue pajamas and a scarlet plaid scarf and strutted all the way across town to Gaebler's where he partook of supper in his royal blue... Otto von der Au wanted a date and so Bushyhead arranged things for him with a girl on a softball team there by the name of Ming Toy... they called her Ming Toy because she talked thru her nose and sounded like a Chinaman... anyhow, by the time Bushyhead got Ming Toy there, Otto was fast asleep... so fast, in fact, that neither Bushyhead nor anyone else could awaken him and so they had to take Ming Toy home and tote friend von der Au up to bed... what are things coming to?... in Auntie's hey dey no one ever was put to bed... if the fellow couldn't stay up till 9:30 and see his date home, then he was left to snooze in the cold... Paul Locke was about the only Bear who was happy after the game... he spent two hours with his Paducah Peach, a Stephen's girl...

Howard Kuehner, Ranny Lorch, and Walter Rohlfing all wanted to take Kay Galle to the Military Ball... so, like gentlemen of honor, the boys engaged in a supreme test to see which one was fit to accompany this Pi Phian... Rolfing rolled the highest number... Jim Black accidentally found himself on a single date with the vivacious Sally Alexander when the other couple decided not to go at the last minute... after the date, says Black—"I'll just be content playing second violin to Kerwin from now on. That Alexander woman scares me"... And Kerwin makes the circles with Aaron Pierson... Auntie Anastasia has been watching romances bud and unbud for many moons now and if she calls her shots right it seems that all this mad whirl about Aarolyn Kopelowitz is just an eddy... Sid Rosen is the big billow and Jack Intrater is what you might call backwash, along with some other ripples... Joe Steinbach hip-hip-hooraying over Miriam Levy... Art Berkman seen places with Elizabeth Krone... Those little Pi Phi bunnies, the Mohler twins, have been around with George Barnes... he thinks that he's dating Jean but he can never really be sure... Betty Chappell is prompting rehearsals every Tuesday and also prompting Horton Emery on how to pay attention to her...

Received in the mail... "Between Belles Editor: That irrepressible engineer, Ruxton McAlister, has gone off the deep end for Ruth Marie Goerlich. Not only that, but he also dated her for the military ball about the middle of last August." (signed) Mary Jane Schroeder... a week later a letter arrived from McAlister explaining that the girl was

Mary Jane Schroeder and not Ruth Marie... Auntie would like to know why there is such a fuss over an engineer... Jim Redman anking about with the Quad Shoppe blond, Mary Catherine Morley... Al von Hoffblotz has a couple of shares in the Ethel Jane Ellis stock... Jackie Woods gets a bouquet of gardenias every lunch time from a gent named Berry... boy, that's the Berries... don't laugh at that pun, kids, you'll be old some day too...

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT

—Dear Auntie: Often when I am dancing with a divine partner at a dance and enjoying it immensely, some disreputable looking College Joe attempts to interrupt the dance by cutting. How, dear Aunt Anastasia, may I inform this fellow in a polite way that I don't care to be cut?

Ginger.

Dear Ginger: Just shove him in the puss.

Auntie (Fulltact) Anastasia.

Christmas is nearly upon us and for the convenience of those of you who are in doubt about whom you should play Santa to I have compiled the following list of newly eligibles and don't forget... give your one and only a present early and avoid the rush... Bill Witle and Elva Hassendeubel Jane Faust and Ben Harris, Markey Parman and Jim Rowan, Jo Wilson and Johnny Rosebrough, Charlotte Widen and Willard Stamm, Peggy Woodlock and Howard Hess, Adele Helmkampf and Bob Peggam, Gladys Kletzker and Ted Bayer, Mickey Hyman and Bob Erhardt, Bee Ferring and Don Freeman, Lee Matthey and Peggy Lou Baker, Harper Allan and Jean Brigham, George Percy and Natalie Allen, Ernest Ohle and Virginia Brown, Sam Murphy and Bobby O'Laughlin, Chauncey Galloway and Frankie Myers, Georgia Flynn and Gene Nolan, Casha Bull and John Dunning, Annamae Dickey and Don Hinderleider, Martha Willert and I. W. Kurtz, Sally Chase and Ernest De Winter, Elaine Niehaus and Dule Garber, Arline Fotheringham and Bill Houseman, Jeanne Hemple and Milford English, Bob Byars and Betty Jane Ziock, Fred Pfeiffer and Harriet Jost, Dave Leigh and Sally Ausbeck, Phil Tompson and Jane Sheehan, Doug Smith and Jane Birr, Ed Wright and June Crowder... There you are, boys, slip on some chin whiskers, stuff a pillow under your belt, and sing some carols under your gal's balcony... if she's got a balcony... and if she hasn't, then get her one for an Xmas gift so that you can sing under it...

The gabby old gal,

Aunt Anastasia.