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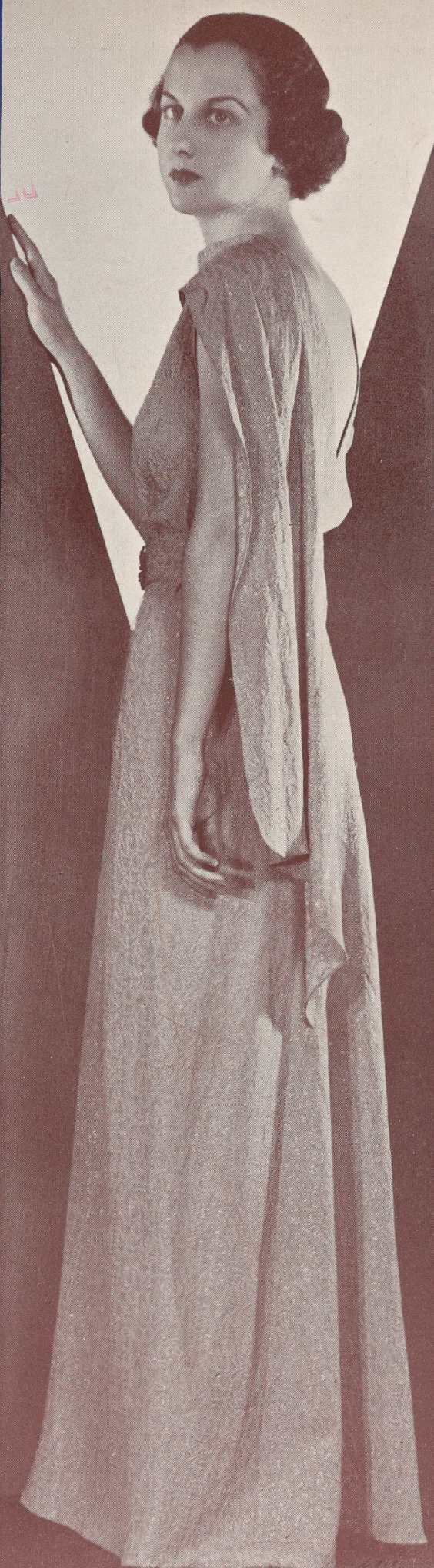
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Light



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WASHINGTON
UNIVERSITY
15 ¢
DECEMBER

35

SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM
R·J·REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY

MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AND
PRINCE ALBERT SMOKING TOBACCO



Camels

Of course you'll give cigarettes for Christmas. They're such an *acceptable* gift—such an easy solution of your problem. And Camels fill the bill so perfectly. They're made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand. They are the accepted cigarette of the social, business, and athletic worlds. Their finer tobaccos give that pleasant "lift"—that sense of well-being so appropriate to the spirit of Christmas.



A Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—in a gay package.

At your nearest dealer's—the Camel carton—10 packs of "20's"—200 cigarettes.

A full pound of Prince Albert in an attractive gift package.



A full pound of Prince Albert packed in a real glass humidor.

Prince Albert

Fine tobacco for Christmas. For more than a quarter of a century, the mellow fragrance of Prince Albert has been as much a part of Christmas as mistletoe and holly. So to the pipe smokers on your Christmas list give Prince Albert, "The National Joy Smoke." It's the *welcome* gift. For more men choose Prince Albert for *themselves* than any other pipe tobacco. Let every pipeful of Prince Albert repeat "Merry Christmas" for you.

DECEMBER AND JANUARY CALENDAR

All December—Exhibit of East Asiatic Sculpture at the Art Museum.

All January—American Show of Paintings at the Art Museum.

Mid-January (date undecided)—“Dodsworth” at the American Theatre.

December 13—Concordia Christmas Concert, Student Talent, at the Concordia Auditorium at 8:15 p. m.

December 13 and 14—Laurence Tibbett with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra at the Municipal Auditorium. Friday at 2:30 p. m., Saturday at 8:30 p. m.

December 14—Special Exhibition at the Art Museum.

December 15—“Germany up to the Moment”, Lecture by Henry J. Allen, Y.M.H.A. at 8:30 p. m.

December 16 and Week Following—“The Old Maid” at the American Theatre.

December 20 and 21—Helen Tranbel, Soprano, with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra at the Municipal Auditorium.

December 25, for eleven days—“Three Men on a Horse” at the American Theatre.

January 4—Gallery Talk by Jessie B. Chamberlain on “Venice and her Artists”. Art Museum, 3:30 p. m.

January 10 and 11—Nathan Milstein, Violinist, with the Symphony Orchestra at the Municipal Auditorium.

January 11—Pottery Demonstration by Jessie Chamberlain at the Art Museum; also Special Exhibition.

January 14—Emanuel Feuermann, Cellist, and Mischa Levitski, Pianist, in a Joint Recital at the Municipal Opera House at 8:30 p. m.

January 17—Concert by Alexander Brailowsky, Pianist, in Howard Hall at Principia, 8:15 p. m.

Concordia Historical Institute Lecture at Concordia Auditorium, 8:15 p. m.

January 19—“The War Makers”, Lecture by Senator Gerald P. Nye, at the Y.M.H.A. at 8:30 p. m.

January 24 and 25—Robert Casadesus, Pianist, with the Symphony Orchestra at the Municipal Auditorium.

January 25—Gallery Talk on “Oriental Rugs” at the Art Museum, 3:30 p. m.

January 31—Lecture on “Italian Lakes and Lombardy” (Illustrated in Color) by Branson De Cou at the Concordia Auditorium, 8:15 p. m.

THE HELL-HOLE OF CREATION

by L. M. NESBITT

Available in the Library Pay Collection

If one would get a clear picture of the nature and background of the country in which the present war between Italy and Ethiopia is being fought, he would do well to read L. M. Nesbitt's “Hell-Hole of Creation,” dealing with Ethiopia in general, and with the Danakil region of the country in particular. The book is the true record of the experiences of a mining engineer and two Italian companions in their journey through the previously unexplored Abyssinian Danakil where three other expeditions had previously disappeared.

The book is not a tale of adventure, of fights and harrowing escapes—it is a tale of suffering and endurance under frightful conditions—terrific thirst on long marches across crevice-filled lava fields baked by the horizontal rays of the sun which often brought the temperature up to 170 degrees—thirst, which was greedily satisfied at water holes after the cattle and goats and native bathers had been driven out—long, careful conferences with Danakil warriors, whose philosophy of life is summed up in the one terse statement, “It is good to kill. It is better to die than to live without killing;”—a philosophy which is religiously adhered to among a people in which the old medieval trial by combat is still used—such conditions endured

for three burning months until finally after having traversed a distance of 400 miles, the party emerged once more into civilization with three men dead and one driven insane by thirst.

But the value of the book is not only as a testimonial of what men may go through and live, it is valuable in that it throws an interesting sidelight on a country over which a war is being fought. Even in the best part of Ethiopia, the plateau lands in the center of the kingdom, the climate and nature of the place is not such as to encourage Europeans to settle down, and practically the entire 60,000 square miles of Danakil region is uninhabitable for white men. As one reads the book, sees the severity of the country and the utter primitiveness and ignorance of the people, one thought persistently recurs: What is the good of this one man war on Ethiopia, and once it is won, what have the victors got? What are they going to do with it? How can they do anything with it?

In parts, the “Hell-Hole of Creation” is not particularly well written, but in spite of this, and the fact that adventure as we commonly think of it is missing, the book is interesting. It is not merely a travelogue or the record of an exploring party—it is the record of a country, a people, a background, and it is as such that it will continue to interest people for some time to come.

WILLIAM G. MOORE

We Have With Us - - -

MILTON MILL, who knows what he is talking about in "Greek Meets Greek". One of the best liked fellows on the campus last year, Mill was one of the Phi Deltas' first-rate rush week hand-pumpers, and knows all the dirty rush gags because, as he says, he had to contend with them in the other fraternities. "The other ones," he'll tell you, and no matter what you do he'll keep right on saying that Pi Kappa Delta is *not* Phi Delta Theta.



BILL SWINDLER, who collaborates with Miss Sackmann in "The Campus Under Your Nose". Bill, one of the best informed students of Washingtoniana on the campus today, published "Those Days of Youth", a history of student activities on the Hill, in a series of Eliots last year.



CLAIRE HARRISON, a recent night school student, who contributes "The Last Program", and who has worked for some time as a radio script writer. Our last year's readers may remember her sketches about "Bill", which became so personal that Bill finally asked her to stop.



RICKY, the sweet thing, who became so positively vitreolic in some of her chatterings that we had to slap her down a linotype on three or four occasions. She promises to be a good girl.



THE BIG SHOTS, male and female. Martyl is getting used to hashing up their prominent facades, and swears that she went over Zibby from start to finish in ten minutes, because he had the fidgets and was late for a date.



THE FINER THINGS, in increasing quantities, though our weakness this issue is poetry. Doesn't anybody make verses around here?

Washington University

eliot

Vol. 3

DECEMBER, 1935

No. 3

THE STAFF

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National Advertising: Associated Students Advertising Bureau

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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY ELIOT

Skinker and Lindell :: :: St. Louis, Mo.

Price \$1.00 a year; 15c a copy

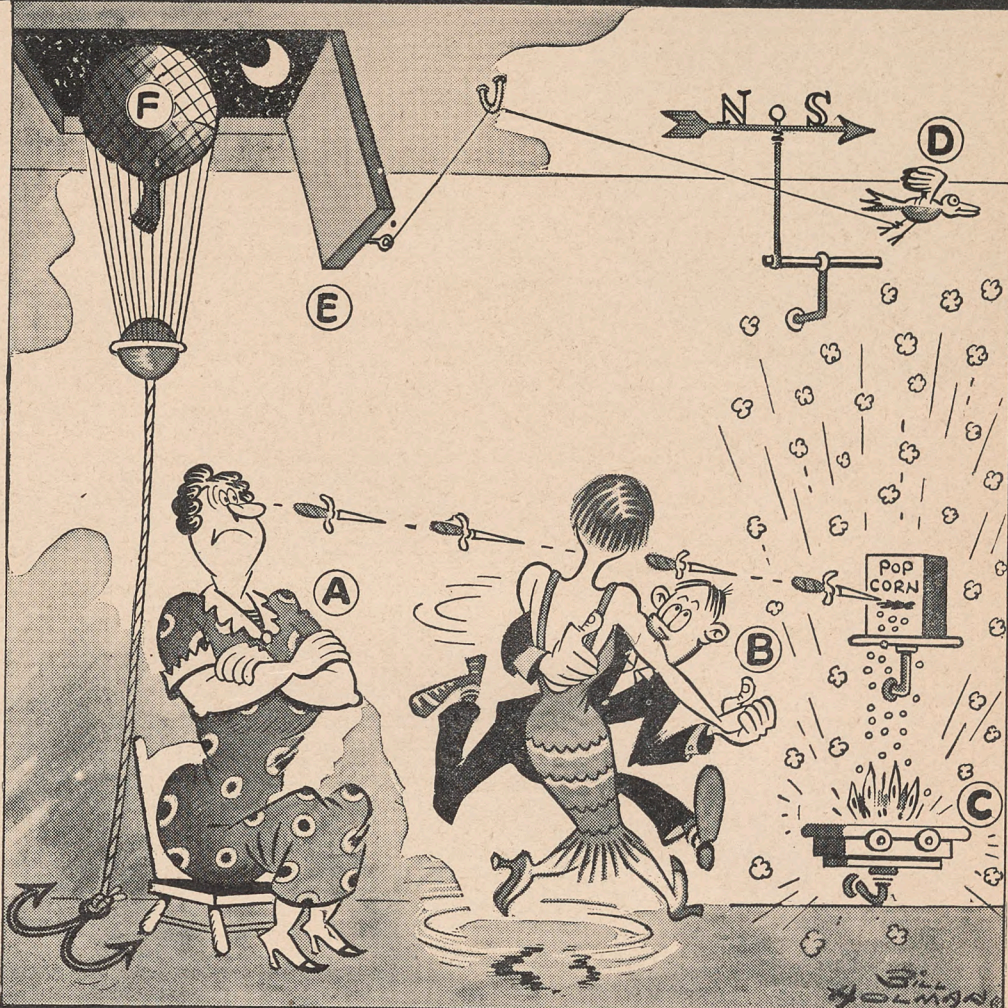
The Eliot is published monthly except in
 January, July, August and September

VOL. 3, No. 3—DECEMBER, 1935

Entered as second-class matter, under Act of
 Mar. 22, 1879, at the Post Office, St. Louis, Mo.

EASY WAY TO HANDLE A CHAPERON

CHAPERON (A) LOOKS DAGGERS AT STUDENT (B) DANCING WITH GIRL IN LOW-NECKED DRESS. STUDENT DUCKS DAGGERS WHICH STRIKE BOX OF POP CORN AND PIERCE HOLE IN BOX. POP CORN LEAKS OUT ON TO LIGHTED STOVE (C) AND IS IMMEDIATELY POPPED. BLUEBIRD (D) SEES POP CORN AND THINKS IT IS SNOW. STARTS TO FLY SOUTH WHICH RELEASES TRAPDOOR (E) AND ALLOWS LITTLE GIANT SUPERCHARGED STRATOSPHERE BALLOON (F) TO ESCAPE HOOKING CHAPERON AND TAKING HER UP FOR A BETTER VIEW OF THE MOON



... AND AN EASY WAY TO ENJOY A PIPE

I GET MORE FLAVOR,
MORE PLEASURE,
AND MORE TOBACCO
IN EVERY TIN OF
PRINCE ALBERT



THE BIG
2
OUNCE
RED TIN



SPECIAL PROCESS REMOVES "BITE"

PRINCE ALBERT'S EXTRA FLAVOR AND MILDNESS ARE DUE TO TOP-QUALITY TOBACCO, PLUS A SPECIAL PROCESS THAT REMOVES ALL "BITE" FROM THE TOBACCO. P.A. IS "CRIMP CUT"... COMES IN A BIG RED 2-OUNCE TIN. NO WONDER MORE MEN SMOKE P.A. THAN ANY OTHER SMOKING TOBACCO

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!



THE TOWERS —

increasing the efficiency of auditory perception, and causing the same general stimulation for good, sober reflection as chewing the cud or biting the fingernails.

Our personal survey corroborates this opinion, and puts the opponents of lecture-knitting quite properly behind the eight-ball. One young lady stated that while she wielded the needles, facts fell neatly into a unified whole and took concrete form in the shape of such useful articles as wrist warmers, woolen mufflers, and boot socks. She said specifically that every time she puts on a certain yellow neckpiece she is driven rather helplessly through the entire indicative mood of her French irregular verbs, admitting, however, that she stumbles over the subjunctive in that it is stitched up almost inextricably with state and municipal government in a knockabout green sports skirt. There is another, a sensitive young student of abnormal psychology, who has knitted herself successfully through dementia praecox, the alcoholic psychoses, and hardening of the arteries, and declares she passed through the entire phenomena of *status epilepticus* without so much as dropping a stitch.

The movement is spreading widely among the men, its adherents claiming that a nimble-fingered young blood can turn out a suit of heavy underwear between mid-semester and Christmas. Our office is besieged, of course, by accounts of that ruminative class of chemical engineers who put aside their notebooks and set by, quietly absorbing a lecture on electrolytic analysis while they knitted lapfuls of warm woolen mittens.

A Certain M. Defrere

Jack Pickering, one of the many

—AND THE TOWN

hilltoppers who carried banners and made mob scenes at the five-night stay of grand opera at the Municipal Auditorium, sends in a good account of his impressions as super.

One of his anecdotes on the Faust presentation concerns M. Desire Defrere, the "short, rotund stage director" of the St. Louis and Metropolitan Opera companies, a versatile chap who also sings baritone. He was singing Valentine and the pretty Lucy Monroe of the radio was Marguerite. Miss Monroe, not used to large audiences, was nervous and missed her first cue.

Once on the stage, Jack writes, "Miss Monroe fought successfully against her nerves for half of the opera, but in the third act they almost got her. It was during the Garden Scene, a scene in which Marguerite remains for some time in her garden and then goes into her cottage, the window of which she later opens to sing a duet with Faust. Miss Monroe sang very well in the garden, but when she got inside the cottage—in reality, behind the scenery—she turned pale and bent her head forward as though to keep from fainting. Then she began to cry very softly. At this moment Desire happened along. "Don't do that, honey. Don't do that," he said, and then he did just the right thing. "Think about your salary," he said with a grin and swaggered off singing. Lucy smiled and was in good spirits the rest of the evening."

(Continued on page 13)



Contest Department

When we put on such a silly business as a freshman popularity contest we naturally expect just a smattering of monkeyshines, and now we're mighty disappointed. The election went off more smoothly than the class elections (and there were almost as many male voters as there were for all the class elections put together). There was almost no attempt at vote stuffing, no one stole the ballot box, and nobody kidnaped the queen (though by the grace of God and Jack Weaver the whole campus knew about it a half hour later). Strangest of all, not a vote was cast for Walter Lorch, Joe Bukant, the Chancellor, Dean Starbird, or Sigma Chi.

We give a hearty *viva* and a ho hum for the practical, matter-of-fact working of the modern university mind.

A Bit of a Yarn

A good many professors have been coming to us to see if we could use our influence in stopping what they believe to be rather an abominable practice, this business of young ladies' knitting through their lectures. We looked into the question impartially, finally turning it over to seminars in philosophy, psychology, and education. Their decision, based on the three reports is that knitting during class is on the whole beneficial rather than detrimental; for though the philosophers immediately get off the subject, the other two agreed that "lecture-knitting", as they put it, is fundamentally sound,

Smacked by a Sappy-Santy?

... light an Old Gold



ONLY FINE OLD TOBACCO
can give that natural aroma
and fragrance of Old Gold
cigarettes.



© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

When a messy mistle-toad
takes advantage of an old Christmas custom to
cop a kiss . . . don't let it hamper your happy
holiday. Just light a mellow, honey-smooth Old Gold
and its appealing taste will tell you, that despite the
phoney Santies . . . there is a Santa Claus.

FOR MERRY TIMES . . . LIGHT A **MERRY** OLD GOLD

Clothes for the Co-Ed

by BEE FERRING

The Holidays, with the doors of all the little red schoolhouses closed down tight, mean "play". No early classes to crimp one's butterfly soul; no schedules, no studying, really nothing to do but have a good time.

With so much fun in the air you will find that the success of your holidays will be improved tenfold by a few new frocks, particularly party ones for the gala season ahead.

Your evening dress depends, more than anything else, on how it is draped. You should choose the kind of drapery most flattering to your own lines; perhaps it will be the molded effect of a shirred front seam, or the fitted line of twisted drapery. Evening skirts, with some exceptions, are neither wide nor scant, but comfortably full. Lengths remain about the same. You may be sure of a graceful line if the hem escapes the ground at front and trails the least bit at the back.

New materials for evening are heavy slipper satin and taffetas that lend themselves well to new bustles and draped effects. The lames and gold cloth still hold sway for regal dresses. There will be many occasions when you will need a dress that isn't strictly tailored and yet doesn't approach being as dressy as a tea-gown; a dress you can wear all day shopping



VIRGINIA KERWIN



and for dinner or to a tea-date, or matinee party. The two dresses pictured are of this handy sort. The one at the left would probably suit you, were you "lunch-eon bound". Made of silk alpaca crepe in a new gold color, this one piece frock has an interesting bodice. Shirring at the dropped shoulder line releases fullness into the slightly draped blouse. It has an interesting high neck that folds about the throat and ties at the neck front. Amber and rhinestone buttons complete the front trimming, being displayed from neck to waistline. The skirt has the soft, flattering, unpressed pleats. This dress can also be had in a soft aqua color.

The dress photographed at the right will add to your reputation for dressing well. Its color is sea-foam green and its material is moss crepe. The sleeves are the long, mammoth bell-style, and are attached to the shoulder line by cluster shirrings. The dress front is draped beautifully by means of the shirring starting at the shoulder line, and this drapery is caught up in regular intervals from neck to waistline by small rectangular rhinestone clips. The waistline is finished off with a wide belt of self material and large rectangular rhinestone buckle.

The dresses illustrated are from the Leah Rubenstein Dress Shop on Delmar Blvd. where these and many more interesting frocks can be purchased.



TAKE IT FROM RICKY

Dear Ed:

Most of the things I want to tell you about this time have to remain untold. But I can tell you about Jean Berthold. She and Todd Hamilton, who are supposed to have been indulging in a more or less secret affair, have agreed to "never date each other again. Never." But Jean confesses that she didn't mean a word of it, and is hoping with all her palpitating heart that Todd wasn't sincere either. She will scream a big Pi Phi scream if Todd discovers her fib. But then again Mr. Hamilton is supposed to be in love with Angel Bissel.

Earl Wiley has made a complete reverse since coming here. In September he made many sarcastic jokes about his A.T.O. brothers who couldn't study because of love sickness for home town girls. Now he is completely saturated with young love for Jeanette Trice, a Delta Gamma. From observation, Ed, you might think that Jack Carnahan is all for Jeanne Butler. But his interest leans toward Margaret Mitchell whose date book is filled with much competition, and so Jack gets to see too little of her. And George Mueller it seems has changed from Jeanne to Nona Mae Butler.

Grace Weigel, who has always been one of the better coeds, turned completely collegiate the other day, sporting a Kappa Sig badge and a Teke pin along with her sorority crescent and three stars. But she did confess it was all a joke, and nothing serious. Which more of the girls should do. Virginia (What the Public wants) Ebrecht was heard to have said a girl has a much better time with off-campus men. But the way she moons at Ray Hobbs is another proposition.

The Military Ball reminds me of last year's, which isn't at all strange. Two of the leading military "biggies" were anxious to get dates with the same honorary captain. One succeeded, but on hearing her dancing was not all it should have been, got a Pershing Rifleman, a pledge, to persuade her to break the date and go with him. Which she did. Something that has been covered up since it happened last summer: F. D. Cheney is the Teke that drove the Betas into their house last summer, and as a result they are now gun shy. F. D. thought they were pink elephants. He re-

turns to the red campus next semester as a husband, being married while at summer school, and as a father. S.A.E. pins and Tekes don't mix. But Martha (Educated) Percy forgot all about it, and when Bill (Homecoming) Sullivan called for her she had forgotten to take off Ed Hall Jr.'s pin from that afternoon. And many of the girls will weep when they learn that Bill Evans likes to only hold hands with an off-campus—who is an orb full. Virginia De Haven is sobbing with heart aches and her hair is turning from worry over whether or not Jim Black is leaving her for Margaret Smith. Both think he is "sweet." Even though Willie Wischmeyer has been dating Jane Faust heavily, he still can't forget Laura Mae Pippin, the Country Lass. Bob McClure probably feels the same way only won't admit it.

A Tri Delt pledge wants to know what a girl should say when a man tells her she is his inspiration. She could ask the other girls what they said when he told them the same thing. And Catherine Layton claims she has three of the boys on her apron string. Pat Burns gives long, deep sighs, and stares off into space thinking of Bill Reinholdt. He should know who she is, now that Pat is a Popularity Maid, and an honorary officer in the R.O.T.C. The reason you don't see Jeannette Froman back this year is that she was not happy here on the quad. And though the Theta Xis tried to make her so, they did not succeed.

The American Lit class thinks it is "just too cute for words" the way Lovick Draper and Joan Stealey hold hands. They think no one sees them. Or they just don't give a hoot. . . . Henry Graves, '34, K.A., and basket-ball captain, is playing with fire in M. Catlin—and you know smoke gets in your eyes. . . . Thelma Stevens and Everett Best are inseparable. . . . Has Curley Cuen forsaken Betty Frye, and after all those moonlight picnics last summer. . . . It is a Westminster lad whom Florence Baker thinks of most, and not Dale Clover. . . . Town Trotters. . . . C. V. Jones and Alice Worthington . . . Dorothy Doerres and Art Langenhennig. . . . Bill Drenman and Phyllis Abeken. . . . Connie Schnur and her Theta Xi. . . . Effie Andrews and Bob White.

(Continued on page 20)

GREEK MEETS GREEK

THE PRIZE-WINNING ENGLISH 16 PLAY

A Comical Satire on "Rush Week"

by MILTON MILL

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTYL SCHWEIG



"I mean no—that is—yes,—he wants to see Murphy"

First played by Thyrus November 1, with the following cast:

BUCK.....	Jack Weaver
LARRY.....	John Buettner
SIM.....	Edwin Waite
"FUZZY".....	Ralph Cook
MURPHY.....	Ernest Ohle
KINGSTON.....	George Molyneaux
LANGE.....	William Jahn

THE SCENE

The "Den" of the Pi Kappa Delta fraternity house. The backwall has a fireplace with a mantle upon which are cups and trophies. The walls are covered with pictures, some of the pictures are men in baseball uniforms, some in football, etc., apparently all of the prominent men of the fraternity. There is a studio couch, left rear, under a large P.K.D. pennant, and a magazine table, right rear. There is a door, left, and a French window, right. A hardwood, simple constructed

table stands right center. To the right front is a Morris chair with an ottoman in front of it. Beside the chair is a smoking table equipped with several brands of cigarettes and to the right is a handsome upright ash tray. Down left there is a small table with a chair beside it. The room has a generally neat appearance.

(At the table left, LARRY is writing. BUCK stands center watching him.)

BUCK: Gosh! I wouldn't be so worried ol' man; after all, it's the responsibility of the whole fraternity to "Rush."

(LARRY keeps on writing, apparently paying no attention to BUCK.)

BUCK: And just because you're Rush Captain is no reason why you should sit and grieve for the whole bunch of us, just because some little attractive "mug" named Brookes Hamilton comes in from the big city with Alpha Delt strings tied all over him and decides

he wants to be what his Dad and Mother and God knows how many relatives are. (LARRY gives signs of hearing him but pays no attention. BUCK hesitates, then walks back to table) Why don't you give up the little "fritter?" (consolingly) I don't like him so darned much anyway.



LARRY: (tossing down his pencil and rising) Use your head, Buck. (He walks a few steps upstage then, turning—) Can't you see the influence that kid has on these other fellows? Why give him up just because he is an Alpha Delt legacy? Oh, well! (he is somewhat depressed as he returns to his seat—starts fumbling with his pencil.)

BUCK: Where's Sim? Isn't he out talking to some fellow?

LARRY: Yes! He's out now trying to "feel out" that Bartwell kid. (then, somewhat enthused) If we get him, that will be a total of eleven that we have so far and they are pretty good ones, too.—Gosh! You know as well as I do, the fix we're in. Look (he sweeps arm around) nothing we have in the house is paid for—our scholarship is terrible—the Alumni are on our neck—national headquarters is sore—can't you see, Buck, we can't forget anyone, much less Hamilton. (pause) If we don't get a decent class this year, I

hate to think of what might happen.—Maybe our charter—

BUCK: Well, yes, but—

LARRY: (worried)—and, if I fail as Rush Chairman—Lord knows what the chapter will—

BUCK: (interrupting) There you go worrying over that damned election. Listen, Larry, that was perfectly fair and square and—

LARRY: (walks nervously to side, takes out cigarettes) Let's quit kidding ourselves, Buck. You know as well as I do that it was the Seniors who got me this job and they're gone—(he points downstairs) My God! that bunch down there are just waiting to jump on my neck for something.

BUCK: Well, I guess you are on the spot,—but it's not half as bad as you make it and after all—you do—have a good man to help you.

LARRY: (smiling) You're OK Buck. (pause) Now look (he points down to the paper he has just finished) here is the entire set-up and technique that we are to use on Murphy. He is a scholar and a tennis player. (pointing) On that smoking table place last month's issue of the "P.K.D." and have the page opened to that article about our seven Phi Beta Kappas at Amherst.

BUCK: (interrupting) God! I hope he doesn't ask about the scholarship here.

LARRY: (nods) Kingston has all the tennis paraphernalia out in the hall ready when we need it. Now, Buck, let's really concentrate on him because if—(SIM enters hurriedly through door left and appears somewhat disgusted) LARRY changes the subject immediately (anxiously) What's the news, Sim? (BUCK sits in the Morris chair)

SIM: Well, brothers! (he reaches in his pocket for a cigarette) Bartwell thinks we have just about the finest bunch of boys on the campus, but he is anxious to know what fraternity Brookes Hamilton is going to join.

LARRY: (desperately) Good night! What kind of a Saint is this Hamilton anyway?—football, basketball, track—editor, 94 average, dramatics, lotsa' money and the three best men we have are waiting to see what outfit he hooks up with.

BUCK: (interrupting) Isn't there any possible way that we can cut him off from the rest of these fellows so that we can send just the almighty Hamilton to the Alpha Delt and not the whole damn freshman class?

SIM: Just a minute, Larry, that's only half of it. "Fuzzy" is downstairs in all of his glory. He's—

BUCK: (jumping to his feet) Fuzzy? Damn it, I told him not to dare leave that telephone booth and if he finished, to come back here immediately. I gave him 38 Rushees to call and six fraternities to break dates. Lord knows he couldn't have—

SIM: I thought so. When I saw him he was with

(Continued on page 21)

How It Feels To Be - - -

TWO PRESIDENTS AND A COUPLE OF CAPTAINS
SPEAK OUT WHILE MARTYL SCHWEIG DRAWS
THEIR PICTURES

President of Women's Pan-Hellenic Association . . .

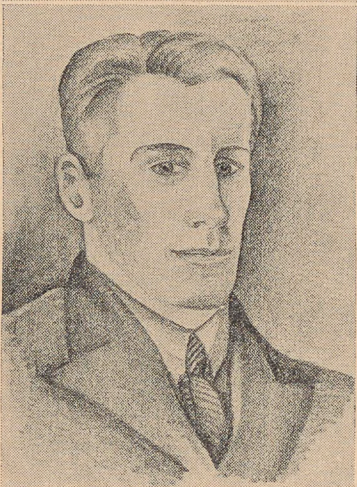
Mary MacFayden

"It is so satisfactory being Pan-Hellenic president. You just sort of inherit the office, and save all the fuss of election. Then you appoint efficient chairmen, and let them do all the work, while you enjoy yourself. It also gives me a lovely excuse to be late to lab once a month, and it's fun to trail in after everyone's been working an hour or so."



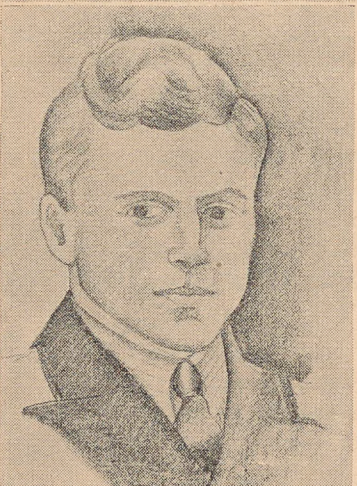
Ex-Co-Captain of Football Team . . . Chick Droke

"The first thing you feel in being a washed-up co-captain is that you want to go to sleep for a couple of days, and that feels pretty good."



Ex-Co-Captain of Football Team . . . Michael Zboyovski

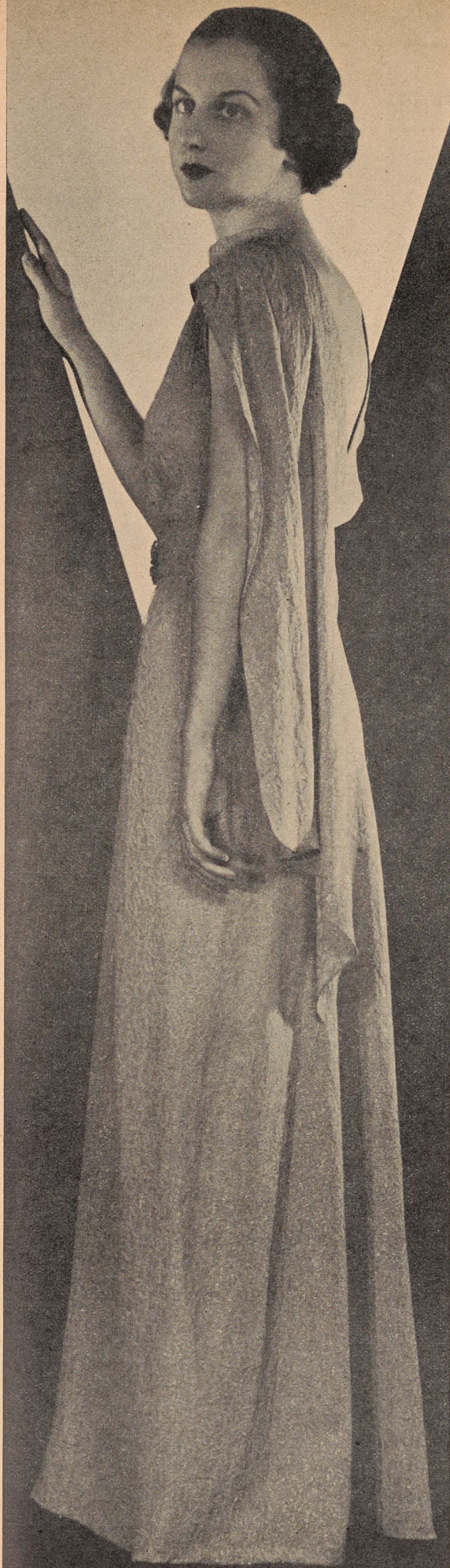
"Being co-captain of the football team is a lot of fun but being ex-co-captain is a lot easier. Seriously, I'm sorry the season is over and that it was our last year with Jim."



President of Glee Club . . . Bob Brossard

"Being president of the Glee Club feels like not much of anything. There is about as much glory attached to the office as there is being captain of the football team at Knox College. Next to being Vice-President of the United States or Mayor of Kansas City, being president of the Glee Club is the best way yet discovered to reach oblivion. To all those ambitious young canaries who some day hope to achieve this high office, I can say that there are at least three times in the year when you break into print and feel like a big shot—once when you go into office, once when you go out of office, and once when the editor of Eliot thinks you have a major activity."





Announcing

The FRESHMAN QUEEN

*Chosen by Male Vote as the Most
Popular Freshman Girl*

●

MISS JEANNE BUTLER

Kappa Kappa Gamma

Miss Butler, one of the favorites in pre-election guesses, won her title by a generous margin, stepping out handily in front of a fast field.

She comes from Villa Duchesne, admits to an age of 17 years, a height of 5 feet 5 inches, and a poundage of 106. She has very original green eyes, brown hair, and confesses the only sport she is very fond of is dancing.

The Four Popularity Maids

Four of the Most Popular Girls in the
Freshman Class, in Alphabetical
Order:

PAT BURNS

Kappa Kappa Gamma

●

MARTHA GALLOWAY

Gamma Phi Beta

●

VIRGINIA KERWIN

Pi Beta Phi

●

MARIANNE WILKERSON

Delta Gamma

NEW DEAL FOR THE CAGERS

by BUD EDELE

NOW that football has been shuffled back into the discard after one of its most successful seasons, despite defeats that threatened to mar the outcome of the schedule, sport fans are beginning to look over the possibilities of the "New Deal" in basketball on the campus.

Hudson 'Huddy' Hellmich, is the man who was awarded the 1935-36 season post as head coach and if he can instill some of the spark and flash that made him famous at the Soldan High School and the University of Illinois, the Bears may run their winning football ways on into the basketball season.

That "New Deal" includes a fast-breaking offense and a defense that will vary from week to week against the different styles of opponents. For the uninitiated, the fast-break on the offense will mean a speedy style of play, faster than any ever seen on the Hilltop. With the speed comes action and excitement and games will increase in interest.

"Football has stepped into fast company at Washington and the basketball team is aimed for the same thing as soon as it can possibly be accomplished," Coach Hellmich said. Those possibilities began with the Notre Dame game opening this year's schedule. The game with the Notre Dame five, incidently, is opening up a year of relations with the South Bend school. It will include the basketball game, a tentative track meet and a 1936 football game.

The Washington schedule calls for 17 games, six of them away from home. This gives fans more of an opportunity to follow the quintet in their 1935-36 campaign. Most of the opponents will be familiar to

followess of the team. St. Louis, the traditional rival, again appears twice in the bookings, the first time at Washington, Jan. 21, and the second showing at the St. Louis University gym Feb. 25. Missouri, for many

years an opponent of the Bears, has been dropped this year after the failure of the holiday round-robin double-headers of last year.

Since the close of the football season, the gridders who reported for practice have been worked into the lineup so that they might become accustomed to the change in playing field. Some of them insist, however, in retaining a few of their blocking and tackling tendencies, but even these are gradually being abandoned in favor of the smooth rhythm of a fast working team.

A definite lineup of first-string men will be hard to choose from until several games have been played, according to Coach Hellmich. But if we wish to make a good guess we could include Captain "Nickie" Martintoni at center; Hafeli, the man who came back; Bill Sauer and Vaughan Devine at forwards, and Irv Londy, Dick Douglas and Dave Williams, Guards.

Other candidates include Cedric Miller of last year's squad, Walter Moehle, George Allemang, Myron Pankewer, and football men Chick Droke, Tommy Ozment, Norman Tomlinson and Joe Bukant.

What a group including such players can do is another indefinite problem, but to ask any of the men on the squad, it appears that they are headed for the Missouri Valley Conference championship.

Bill Ens, a varsity man from last year, said that "All the bolstering the team needed came when the



football men reported for practice. I'd say we were headed places under Hudson Hellmich."

Cedric Miller: "Well, last year we ended in a tie for third place, but I'm sure that we'll be higher than that."

Tommy Ozment: "Creighton and Drake, two powerful teams from last year are coming back strong, but the football team has started a winning streak that the basketball men are aiming to match."

Those opinions were continued among the men and they are working hard to make them possible.

Not a little of the credit is due to Hudson Hellmich and his great background. Hellmich starred in both basketball and track at Soldan High School in St. Louis and when he left to finish his work at the University of Illinois he became noted in the same fields. He has not, however, gone over simply to teaching the tricks of the court to the men who work under him, but steps into a uniform every night and illustrates his points.

Tall and fast, he can still outplay any of the men on the squad, and for that reason he is admired and well-liked. Every man on the club has voted in favor of the new coach and there are apparently no grumblers against the shift.

With the material on hand Hellmich has succeeded in making out several working combinations that have looked good in earlier scrimmages and in the Notre Dame game. Cedric Miller will probably back Martintoni, captain-elect, and see plenty of action. Most of the players that report will see action, for that matter. The speed with which the Bears are carrying on the offense and defense is enough to sap the strength of even the men who are in perfect condition. That was the reason for the many changes against the South Bend team and to maintain the speed it is likely that the plan of play will continue for the rest of the year unless one of the working groups can show that it is able to stand the strain of a full game at the pace.

Irving Londy, the man who starred in freshman basketball several years ago, is expected to return to full form, after a layoff of a season, along with Dwight Hafeli, whose come-back has been cheered by Hilltop rooters and downtown sport scribes all through the year. Bob Hudgens, star halfback, and Mike Zboyovski, who was a member of last year's team, will not report this year because of the heavy routine of study they are forced to maintain. Captain Martintoni, Williams, Miller and Sauer are the only lettermen from last year, but with that nucleus, Coach Hellmich is depending on the showing of the team.

In order to further interest students who have failed to follow basketball, Coach Hellmich has added entertainment for the half for various games throughout the year. The idea was tried successfully at schools throughout the country and Washington will probably like the scheme. Tumbling and exhibitions on gym-

nastic equipment will make up the programs. If anything else of interest can be uncovered it will be tested and then given to the students for final approval.

With such 1936 prospects it appears that the Bears are seriously intending to push their way into the top rung of athletic circles in the country. It may take several years for the fulfillment of such ideas, but at least it is a step forward in the curriculum of the institution. The plan has the backing of the alumni and faculty, and the backing of the student body can be calculated by their support of the athletic system when the second semester has ended. It requires aid from all involved and if it can be fulfilled, then the Washington University Bears will become ranked with other big schools over the United States.

OPPONENT	DATE	AT
Notre Dame.....	Dec. 10.....	Home
Westminster.....	Dec. 14.....	Home
Drury.....	Dec. 20.....	Home
Washburn.....	Jan. 6.....	Home
Grinnell.....	Jan. 11.....	Grinnell, Ia.
Creighton.....	Jan. 13.....	Omaha, Neb.
Drake.....	Jan. 14.....	Des Moines, Ia.
St. Louis.....	Jan. 21.....	Home (Wash.)
Tulsa.....	Feb. 7.....	Home
Washburn.....	Feb. 8.....	Topeka, Kan.
Oklahoma Aggies.....	Feb. 10.....	Stillwater, Okla.
Tulsa.....	Feb. 11.....	Tulsa, Okla.
Creighton.....	Feb. 19.....	Home
Grinnell.....	Feb. 21.....	Home
St. Louis.....	Feb. 25.....	(St. Louis)
Drake.....	Feb. 28.....	Home
Oklahoma Aggies.....	Feb. 29.....	Home

THE TOWERS AND THE TOWN

(Continued from page 4)

Thanks, Mr. Zuppke

Here's a little tale that has been kept pretty mum for a couple of months, and reached our Organization only through the basest trickery. Irv Londy, Conzelman may remember, had a bum foot for the Illinois game, and received, after it was over, a telegram signed "Bob Zuppke". The Illinois coach told Irv in glowing terms how sorry he was that Irv couldn't play, saying that the Illinois score would not have been so high had Washington's ace linesman, etc., etc., been in the game. Londy naturally felt pretty good about it and showed it to the squad and half of the school. Then he wrote a thank-you note to Zuppke.

What Irv has known for some time is that the telegram was sent, not by the Illini's coach, but by two of the local coeds. But what he doesn't know until now is this: He asked a certain coed, for some reason, to mail the letter to Zuppke. She, not knowing what was in it, mailed it. The O. Henry ending is that this same young lady is one of the two, so help us, who wrote the telegram.



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IT'S GREAT!

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Made by the makers of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed

THE TOBACCO YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR

THE LAST PROGRAM

by CLAIRE HARRISON

ILLUSTRATED BY HELENE CALLICOTTE

"**T**WAS the night before Christmas, and all through the house . . .

Not a creature was stirring—not even a mouse!"

Sheila typed the official opening for the Santa Claus script mechanically. How many times had she marked those famous lines with a note of re- "softly", then in "natural voice" gone on to tell the dear little kiddies to be sure to go to see Santa and all his bee-yoo-ti-ful toys on the sixth floor of the Thrift Department Store?

This was the last program, thank God! Or was it "thank God"? Sheila was never quite sure she really was glad when the last program of a special series came off her typewriter. She glanced at the pile of letters on her desk. There had been close to seven hundred that day—some grimy, showing the finger prints of tiny hands, others neatly written by obliging parents. The letters were variously addressed to "Santa Claus", "Mr. Santa Claus", "Dear Santa Claus", and even "Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus"—all in care of Radio Station KXW. Most of them were exactly alike. They began with "I have been a good boy (or girl). Please bring me . . . followed by a stupendous list of bicycles, wagons, dolls, trains, and countless drums, candies and Christmas trees.

Santa Claus, ably played by Jack Delaney (also "The Old Philosopher," "Jim of the North Woods," and the "Friendly Counselor" between holiday seasons) never saw the letters. The Santa Claus script had been in Sheila's hands for three years. On the whole it was a pleasant job—writing the script, planning the production, reading the letters. "Thrift" was generous in supplying toys for sound effects and Sheila's office and the prop room almost resembled the mythical North Pole workshop so often mentioned in her programs.

Well, the script was still no further than

"Theme . . . Jingle Bells . . . twenty seconds. . ."

It was the last program . . . with 700 letters all clamoring to be answered. Sheila quickly decided to devote the entire program to answering them. After all the kids wanted to hear their names on the radio—and it pleased the mammas and the papas. And the mammas and papas were all potential customers for the Thrift Department Store.

She opened the first letter—same old thing. She plunged her hand in the middle of the pile, drew out another letter and glanced quickly through it. Funny—this one wasn't like the others. The kid didn't seem to want any toys. She turned the little sheet over, looked for the name. It was Marcia—Marcia Trevor,



traced carefully by a little hand not yet experienced in manipulating a pen.

Odd—it couldn't be. Sheila hunted frantically for the envelope, tossed carelessly back in the pile. It was post-marked here in the city. That meant Jim was here—with Marcia.

When Sheila had taken her job in the continuity department of KXW four years ago, she had given her status as "un-married." After all, she was; Jim had gotten a divorce immediately after her departure, and both he and Marcia had dropped out of her life. She recalled that last stormy scene when she had walked out on Jim. He had gone dramatic like all of his New England grandfathers.

"You just can't keep out of an office full of men, can you? Why don't you tell the truth—admit that a mere husband doesn't satisfy you—that you need to eat breakfast, lunch and dinner with them—look at them all day—drink with them all night."

"Oh, shut up, Jim. You're quite right—you aren't enough. You've tried to make a model wife out of me—bridge with the people next door twice a week, and all that sort of thing—but I'm not made that way. I've earned my own living since I was 16—and you've made me ask you for every cent I've wanted since the day we were married. I didn't want Marcia in the first place because I knew I'd make a rotten mother—but if you'd let me get her a competent nurse I'll pay the woman myself out of my salary—and let me go back to my job, I promise you that when you get home in the evening you'll find a perfect wife and mother waiting for you. I've got to work, Jim—just

got to. This domesticity is driving me crazy. Will you let me go back to work?"

"No! If you go back to work, you get out—and you don't come back. Marcia will never have a mother who tries to act like a man—who swears and smokes and—"

"All right, Jim. You raise her as you see fit. God help the poor little kid—but she'll probably be exactly like you, anyhow. I've got to live my life as I see it. I'm going."

That was seven years ago. Outside of the formal notice of the severance of all legal ties between James and Sheila Trevor, she had never heard a word from Jim or about Marcia. She had slipped back into the routine of work—more easily than she had expected—and she had been fairly successful.

She picked up Marcia's letter again.

"Dear Santa Claus:

"I have not lived here so very long, so I did not hear you before. I don't want any dolls or things because my daddy buys them for me. Please, Santa, I would like to have a mother—a live one. I asked my daddy but he said to run along and not ask—" The little pen had faltered over the spelling of "questions". (Damn Jim, thought Sheila.) "I will try to be a good little girl. Don't forget about the mother. I guess my daddy can't buy one.

"Your friend,

"Marcia Trevor."

Sheila laid the letter on the desk and lit a cigarette. For almost the first time in seven years, she thought about Jim and Marcia. Somehow, she had always considered Marcia as something that was Jim's—not

her's at all—a part of the force that had tried to crush her—a force which she had been fortunate in escaping. Sheila had wanted to be completely free from all the ghostly ties of domesticity—and now—this.

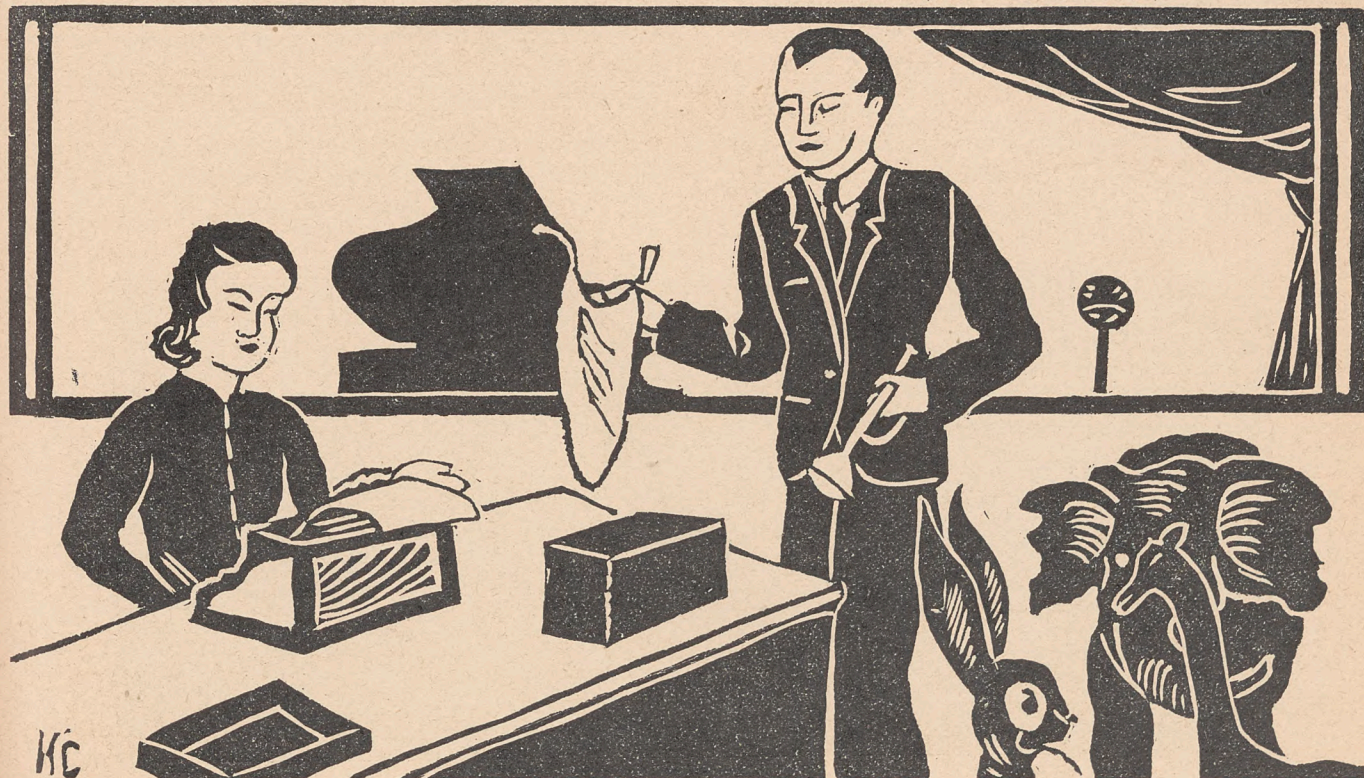
She wondered what kind of a story Jim had told Marcia. If she had ever given it a thought, she imagined him telling the little girl that her mother was dead—or else painting Sheila in the blackest possible colors. That would be like Jim. But instead—why, the beast had simply let the child think anything—or nothing.

Sheila turned to her typewriter. For the first time in three years she was going to answer a letter of her own—a letter personal only to her—Sheila Trevor. She had to tell Marcia something. There had been the hundreds she had answered, at special requests of depression-hit parents, explaining to little Jimmy that he could not have a twenty dollar fire engine this year, "Because Santa was out of that special toy." A polite lie to save the youngsters from too great a disappointment on Christmas morning.

It seemed the only way. She worded it carefully—"there were so many little boys and girls like Marcia (like Marcia! Heaven forbid!) who had no mothers. And since Marcia's letter had been received so late . . ."

So late! God, what tripe it was—what a miserable sop to throw to a poor kid who had pinned a lot of hopes on the Thrift Department Store's Santa Claus. Santa Claus! Sheila had a sudden insane desire to pound out in hard, indelible letters—to scream it to the whole world that Santa Claus couldn't bring Marcia a mother if he wanted to—that Santa Claus was

(Continued on page 20)



"It's been a great year for Santa Claus—and the Thrift Department Store"

THE CAMPUS UNDER YOUR NOSE

by RUTH MAY SACKMANN and WILLIAM F. SWINDLER

THERE'S a saying so true that it's trite, to the effect that many of the most interesting, unusual or remarkable things pass unnoticed right under your nose. That is the way it is with Hilltop students, as they pass blithely and ignorantly through those days of youth which.

Putting it simply, there are almost a countless number of things of interest in plain view about the campus, which the majority of students never see. Last year the student history of the University was outlined, and seems to have revealed quite a few novel facts to the people who read it. Now let's conduct a tour of the modern campus, and exhibit the sights that are still in evidence today.

In case you think that you know quite a bit about the Hilltop already, here are some preliminary facts to shake your confidence. Did you know, for example, that the name shield on Brookings Hall (just under the chapel windows as you come up the steps), was put there only six years ago . . . that U.S.C. dedicated its Hall of Philosophy to a Washington alumnus (Seeley W. Mudd) . . . that the University seal is among the dozen or more on the University of Nebraska field house . . . that the Washington (Mary Institute) flag is kept in the library of the University of Louvain (Belgium) . . . that a book by Dean Langsdorf has been translated into Chinese . . . that the clock in Ridgley Library is a gift of the Class of 1906 . . . that the ROTC bear emblem was adopted and approved by the War Department in 1927? There you are, smarty!

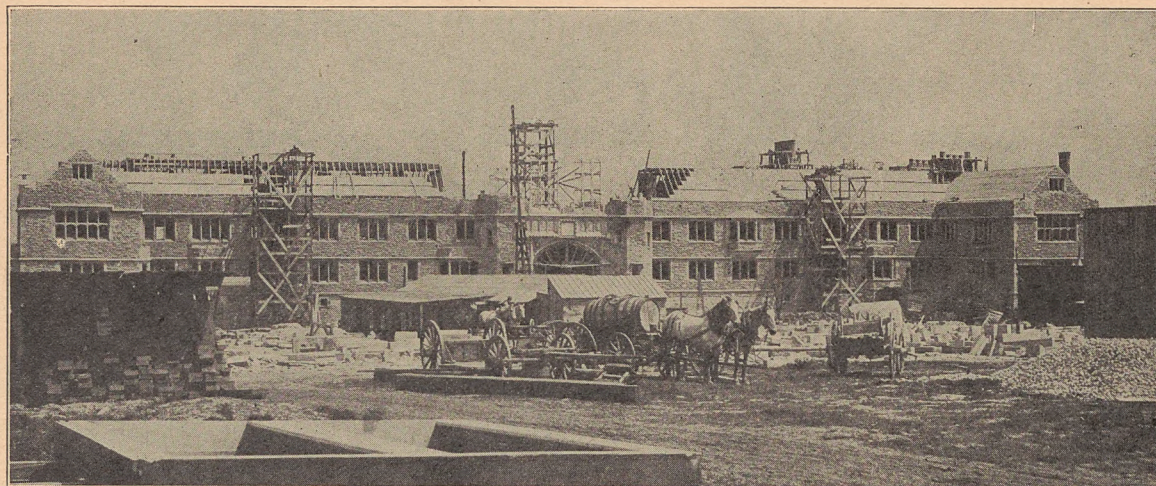
As the observant student comes up the walk from Skinker to the School of Fine Arts (not the "Art School"), the first thing he sees is the statue of Rob-

ert Burns, standing there for no particular reason. Some day, it is planned, a heroic statue of George Washington will keep him company. "Bobby" was donated to the school by the Robert Burns Society of St. Louis, one of whose founders was William K. Bixby. Bixby may have had some influence on the present position of the statue.

North of the hall, and facing Skinker, are the concrete remains of the old Art Building, which was the British Pavilion during the days of the St. Louis World's Fair. Between the building and the mud road that was ancient Skinker, were located elaborate sunken gardens, traces of which may still be seen, for they were preserved, together with the British Pavilion, until the present Bixby Hall was erected. One of the stories of the Pavilion relates that the roof fell in several places during the declining years. . . . Another story is, that included in the woodwork of modern Bixby are the valuable woods of the Chinese Pagoda of the World's Fair.

What is somewhat more noticeable, but rather recent, is the model frieze in the basement of Givens Hall, the other half of the embryonic "white campus." This frieze was brought to Washington during the summer of 1935, and is a copy of the western portion of the Parthenon in Athens. An older classical relic in the basement is the model of the Parthenon itself, donated by Robert S. Brookings. These are rare articles among the collections of American universities, and supplement the university's collection which is on permanent exhibition at the city Art Museum.

Crossing the parking lot—which, by the way, cost more than \$10,000 to create—the student ascends the Hill (if you stand in the Archway and look toward



Brookings Hall under construction in 1900



The Pikeway during the World's Fair

Kingshighway, the name becomes obvious.) Brookings Hall is the building of many names. During the World's Fair days it was "the Administration Building"; for many years after that it was University Hall; its present name was given it after Brookings' retirement as president of the Corporation. The observant student now begins to pussyfoot up the Chapel stairs unobserved by the Colonel's boys, until he reaches the topmost door in the northeast tower, through which he can step onto the roof of Old Chapel.

You'll find there the initials of past generations of Hilltoppers who sneaked to the roof because it was forbidden. There is located the gigantic bell, which in former times, was used to sound the end of the class hours. Rust and more modern methods have antiquated it. The view, however, is guaranteed not to become out of date. In the three other towers are massive, corroded cylinders which form the topmost part of the hot-water heating system of the *Alma Mater*.

Descending the stairs once more, the student may move across the Chapel and observe the mechanism which occasionally makes the clock run. With the face of the clock situated on the wall of the Old Chapel proper, it was necessary to set up the mechanism in a space under the choir loft, and connect it with the face by means of a long shaft.

From Brookings at the southwest entrance, you may discover another wonder under your nose—what is popularly known as "the Havana stone," the keystone from an arch in the Castella de la Punta, Cuba. When it became necessary to demolish this Spanish fort, which is across the Havana harbor from the famous Morro Castle, the stone was obtained by a Hilltop alumnus and sent back to the University.

On the opposite end of Brookings, just outside the Registrar's Office, is located a tablet, itself little

noticed, which calls attention to another campus wonder, also little noticed. The tablet is dedicated to Calvin Milton Woodward, professor of mathematics and applied mechanics, and commemorated the dedication to him by his former students of the elms on the Main Quadrangle. The tablet was created by the late Gabriel Ferrand and the late Victor S. Holm.

Perhaps the most conspicuous and least known oddity on the Hilltop now comes into view. This is a large vertical sundial located on the top of Cupples Hall No. 1. It is a gift of the Class of 1908. It records:

"I am a shadow . . .
So art thou . . .
I mark time.
Dost thou?"

You can still see the marks of the stage of the old Elizabethan Pageant Theatre on the facade of Busch Hall of Chemistry. The Pageant was held in 1916 in commemoration of the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death.

Charles H. Duncker Hall covers the spot where formerly the Commencement exercises were held, under the spread of a large tent. The imposing tablet, dedicating the shrine to Charles H. Duncker, Jr., by his parents, to perpetuate the memory of his war death, is known to the Hilltop rank and file by reason of its conspicuous position. But do you know what it says? We don't either. Let's all read it some time.

The general war memorial tablet is probably also fairly well known to campus jollyers, again because of its conspicuous position. Located on the wall of the main library, above the words, "*Alma Mater honoris causa dedicat*," are the names of the Washington men who fell in the War. The tablet was erected in 1922.

North of the Main Quadrangle is the parking lot occupying the site of old Northeast Hall, the last of

(Continued on next page)

the "wooden campus" buildings of the days before the crash. During the years of the school's rapid expansion, a number of these buildings sprang up to house the increased enrollment. One by one permanent buildings were erected to supplant them. Such was not the fate of Northeast, however; it fell as the result of a freshman prank, which in itself was one of the last acts of an older era of collegians. The class of '35, upon declaring its independence, painted its numerals in six-foot figures upon the wall of the Hall. This being the first coat of paint the building had ever had, it couldn't stand the shock. Officials decided it was cheaper to tear down Northeast than to complete the paint job.

Cupplies No. 11 was a landmark in the extension of the School of Engineering. Built in the early days of radio, it became one of the first American university structures to contain facilities for radio experimentation. When the equipment was set up an attempt was made to broadcast an organ recital from Graham Memorial Chapel. It failed of success, so the account runs, because someone removed the microphone from the top of the organ and set it on the floor "because it was an unsightly object and didn't have any business being there." Since then the towers have been used for laboratory work.

The towers and antenna extend from Cupples to Eads. At the junction with Eads is embedded a tablet with the inscription "In memorial to James B. Eads, gift of his daughter Eliza A. How." It is the same James B. Eads who erected the Eads Bridge.

Another relic of other days at Washington is at the far end of the campus. It is the "doll house" which stands on the practice field below Fraternity Row. It is barred and long in disuse. It was the dressing room used by the "girls from the institute" in the days when the institute was more closely affiliated with the University. In 1928 it almost met the fate of the wooden campus and the British Pavilion, when ground was broken for the 60,000-capacity stadium that was never built.

Before the beginning of the Washington-Oklahoma conference game of May 12, 1924, the notables of both schools gathered on the southeastern corner of the Francis Field and dedicated the fountain which now stands there as a memorial to David R. Francis.

The last feature of the campus which is under your nose is under it literally. It is the tunnel system of the university, known to Hilltoppers more by heresy than actual contact. Approximately twenty-four miles of tunnels, interlace the grounds underfoot. Only those few which have become the basements of Duncker, Cupples, Ridgley and Busch, are officially open to students. The longest of them, more than half a mile without a break, leads from the Main Quadrangle to the Field House.

The tunnels are used as conduits for the central

heating system of the main campus. All of them contain steam pipes and electric wires running from the power house to the various buildings. The one to the Field House contains dangerous pipes with wires carrying 2300 volts and steam pressure at 175 pounds. Two of the tunnels are barred by iron gates—a small one leading from January basement to Wilson Hall, and the other running from Liggett Dormitory to Mc-Millan.

The tunnels are perhaps the most popular of the university oddities, once the students come to know them. Three years ago a number of students were arranging "tunnel dates" for dank reasons of their own. The affairs were frequently confused with the "stadium dates" so well known at the University of Missouri. The ghost story still roams about the campus, concerning folks who wandered into the tunnels a few years ago, and were lost for two days.

TAKE IT FROM RICKY

(Continued from page 7)

Helen Worrall counts the days until she can see her Princeton Prince. . . . Gladys Kletzker had a Sig Ep on his knees for her. . . . The Glenn Moller and Anne Jarvis duo is tripping right along. . . . Carl O'Connor's Theta Xi pin is now resting on Eleanor Schuler. . . . Bob Winklemeyer's only desire is Rosemary Johnson, who has already been married once. . . . Jim Logan, Teke, lawyer, dreams about Ludmilla Suntzeff. . . . John Moses, S.A.E. pledge is half way up the altar with an off-campus. . . . Is it Art Reichardt or his many-dollared K.A. pin that Virginia Kerwin makes those big, big eyes about. . . .

Hold 'em High School,

Ricky

THE LAST PROGRAM

(Continued from page 17)

only a hoax—an ugly hoax perpetrated by a woman in the advertising business who hadn't given a damn what the kids got for Christmas so long as it was bought at the Thrift Department Store. Santa Claus give Marcia a mother—why, it had been Santa Claus who had really taken away Marcia's mother — and could never give her back . . . now.

Sheila slumped in her chair. Mechanically, she picked up a few more letters and dully finished the script. Pulling it from her typewriter, she clipped the pages together and prepared to straighten her desk. Jack Delaney, KXW's famous Santa Claus, strolled in, looking for suitable effects for the last program.

"Coming to the staff party, Sheila?" Jack tested a toy bugle speculatively.

"Absolutely. I'm doing a special script for it. You know — 'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house . . . not a creature was sober—not

even the mouse! And we're going to play 'Gin-gle Bells' for a theme song."

"Right" grinned Jack, gathering up his script. "Well, so long, kid. It's been another great year for Santa Claus—and the Thrift Department Store."

"Yeh. See you at the North Pole. And don't get your whiskers tangled up in that bugle."

Jack closed the door of Sheila's office behind him.

Sheila lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply, and leaned back, shutting her eyes. Finally, rousing herself wearily, she covered her typewriter and began to put away the papers from the top of her desk. At the pile of letters, she hesitated a moment—then, with great decision, she gathered them in two mountainous armfuls, and dumped them into the waste-basket.

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW

by MARGUERITE HARRISON

Available in the Library Pay Collection

The sub-title of *There's Always Tomorrow* is an accurate one. It certainly is "The Story of a Checkered Life," for Marguerite Harrison's inquiring mind and restless spirit led her into a variety of fascinating experiences. Her father's great wealth and the fact that he owned a steamship line gave her the advantage of dozens of trips abroad in her childhood. She learned to speak several languages fluently and became intensely interested in foreign peoples. She probably would have been contented with living a comfortable life at home, however, if her husband had not died shortly after their marriage. Left with a small son to provide for, she took a position as assistant society editor of the *Baltimore Sun* and later became music and dramatic critic. When the World War came, she entered the Intelligence Service, because of a desire to learn the true conditions in Germany rather than to serve her country. Although the Armistice was signed before she reached enemy territory, she was caught in the turbulent maelstrom of post-war Germany. Later she managed to enter Russia, where she was arrested as a spy and imprisoned for over a year in the terrible Lubianka. Powerful friends finally obtained her liberty, but she could not return to a normal life in her own country. Her restlessness carried her to Japan, China, Siberia. She happened to be in China when the Far Eastern Republic was dissolved and was therefore rearrested by the Russian government for being on Soviet soil. Her second prison experience is no less interesting than the first. After her release she went to Persia to make a travel film.

Marguerite Harrison paints her many adventures with great vividness. The influence of her newspaper and intelligence work is evident in her close attention to details. The book not only gives an enlightening picture of Europe after the Great War but also gives a clear understanding of the author's personality, the

keynote of which is contained in the call which Mrs. Harrison has heard all her life: "Something is hidden, go and find it."

The author's superb calmness is apparent in her style. The most thrilling experiences are described simply, without exaggeration or affectation. There is no striving for dramatic effect; it is created naturally and seemingly without effort.

ARLEEN THYSON

GREEK MEETS GREEK

(Continued from page 9)

Murphy, Cogswell and Hampton—why anyone should let him get with those three men alone, I do not know, but all the actives were busy, I guess. He was giving them the usual story about how he shot clay-pigeons out in Oklahoma City.

LARRY: (*interrupting*) Sim, why didn't you break

him away from those three fellows (*then, to BUCK*) See, if we had been awake last year, we wouldn't have had to take such guys as that Fuzzy. Gosh! what are we coming to next?

SIM: I tried to break him away, Larry, but he knew what I wanted. They were standing around the punch table and as soon as I approached him, he started talking faster and more furiously, although it was with some difficulty because his mouth was so full of cake and punch.

BUCK: (*excitedly*) We just have to get him away from those boys. (*suddenly inspired*) I'll go down and tell him that you want to see him immediately on some very important business. (*Looking to LARRY*) Drum up anything you want to tell him but we must keep him off of the first floor, some way. (*He starts out*) Clay Pigeons, my God! (*He goes out left*)

SIM: (*slowly*) Well, Larry, I guess we'll have to go down into some of those second raters we have, in order to fill our quota.

LARRY: (*turning*) What do you mean?

SIM: Didn't you hear about Hamilton? I saw Robertson from the Beta house. He told me not to count on Hamilton or any of those others that came down with him.

LARRY: (*interrupting excitedly*) Why? What's wrong? I'll be damned if we haven't got a better chance than the Betas.

SIMS (*continuing*) Oh, no, it's not that. He knew they didn't show a chance; in fact, he was kinda' hoping that we would get them.

LARRY: (*interrupting disgustedly*) Yes, I know!

SIM: —but he said that all of them had dates with the Alpha Deltas this afternoon and—

LARRY: (*interrupting again excitedly*) Well, what of it? We have dates with all of them tonight—

SIM: Yes, yes, I know, but let me finish. You see, Hamilton's ol' man came down for that afternoon date. The kid decided to go Alpha Delt and broke his

Beta dates this afternoon. He told Robertson that he was breaking all of his remaining dates and that he's going to break the sad news to us when he comes over tonight.

LARRY: (*he drops his head*) Well, Sim, I hate to admit it (*he rises, reaches in his pocket for a cigarette, walks to fireplace and throws burnt match into it*) but things do look a little black. (*momentary pause, then he turns*) You see, I sorta' planned on losing Hamilton, but Gosh! why must he have such an influence on the others?

(*A moment's pause, then a terrific sound is heard—enter FUZZY. He is tall and thin, sandy hair that is falling in his face, the pants and coat do not match, the pants legs are too short as is the sleeve length. He is a nervous and excitable individual. He is carrying an empty punch glass and a piece of cake.*)

FUZZY: Gosh! what are those rackets doing out there next to the door? (*he rubs his shin*) I stumbled and nearly—

(*During the following speech SIM sits in the Morris chair.*)

LARRY: (*with great self-control*) They are for Murphy. He's coming up here pretty soon and he's a tennis player—we will want that stuff in the room when he gets here—but never mind that. (*Then changing his tone*) Fuzzy—haven't we told you a thousand times not to go downstairs? What about those phone calls?

FUZZY: Why, I made every one of them.

SIM: You couldn't have, you didn't have—

FUZZY: Yes, I did. (*he reaches in his pocket awkwardly for sheet of names*) Here it is—Marlowe and Edwards were over at the pool, Deckert, Williams and Hanson went to a show, Rollins has a date with the Dekes, and Simpson has a date with the Psi U's and all the other dates are OK. I called all of the fraternities too, but Gohr! I don't like to do that all the time. It's getting now so that when I call all the houses and say, "This is Pi Kappa Delta", they just say, "Oh! hello, Fuzzy"—and Boy, is it hot in that booth! I had to put on a clean shirt yesterday, then again today—and yesterday as soon as I was finished, you sent me 70 miles out in the country to get that fellow Thomason from his aunt's house. Why, he's no good, that blithering idiot couldn't even make a fraternity and you guys knew it, too.—And Monday when you sent me all the way downtown for that "important order" and all it turned out to be was frankfurters! I think that you are just trying to take advantage of my—

LARRY: (*interrupting*) Fuzzy, listen!—(*easily*) We are not trying to take advantage of your good nature or anything else. It's just this, you're about the most faithful man in the whole fraternity, (*Fuzzy smiles gratefully*) whenever we want anything done, and done right, you are the most dependable one to call on, but Fuzzy—as for going down there and talking to

those rushees,—they don't know what your talking about,—they aren't interested in your clay pigeons or your uncle's fox farm. (*FUZZY starts to interrupt, but LARRY hurries on.*) Sure, they like you, but you are more valuable doing those things that are important and must be done by someone dependable.

FUZZY: Yes, I know all that, but (*pleading*) I want to "Rush someone. (*he looks up excitedly*) Now for instance, take this boy, Brookes Hamilton, I know him and why can't I—

LARRY: (*aroused*) Brookes Hamilton? My Gosh! that man again! What are you talking about? That fellow—

SIM: (*Rises and throws down book*) That's it.—(*he snaps his fingers, enthused*) yes, you go ahead and "Rush" him. He's coming over very shortly. (*to LARRY,—talking excitedly and hurriedly*) Larry, that kid's not coming over to break those dates, he could have broken them this afternoon, he had plenty of time. His only purpose is to be with Murphy, Bartwell and Lange. (*then back to Fuzzy*) Yes, Fuzzy, rush hell out of him—but remember this—don't let him see any other freshmen, stick with him every second of the time—understand? Now go on, Fuzzy, the men are coming in now and we want to see Murphy right away. Remember, no one sees him but yourself (*he helps him to door*) you can even tell him about clay pigeons and fox arms. (*He pushes FUZZY out left.*)

LARRY: By Golly! Sim, I think you're right.

SIM: Of course I am, that's typical Alpha Delt Rushing. —What good is he doing them sitting over there on their sofa? But here, he just casually tells those kids that he is going Alpha Delt, and—

LARRY: (*continuing*) —and that he hopes they will all stick together and all that trash. Damn it! the kids are awfully nervous now, anyway.

SIM: (*laughing*) But Fuzzy will isolate him like Commander Byrd when he gets going—Hamilton won't even have time enough to "hint" that he would like to see them.

LARRY: I hope you're right, Sim. —Well, anyway, are we ready for Murphy?

SIM: (*going to door*) Yes. Stay here, I'll get the stuff. (*SIM exits left, returns almost immediately with armful of trophies and two tennis racquets. He goes to mantle, LARRY comes over to assist him. They place the trophies just right on the mantle and cross the two racquets gracefully. They rearrange magazines on table, generally straighten up room, then place Morris chair directly facing center, see that lamp is faced toward chair. The "P K D" is opened to the scholarship article and the pages pulled so that it will remain open on that page. When everything is arranged LARRY sits down in Morris chair and turns on lamp. SIM goes to center, looks at him for a moment, then goes over and moves lamp slightly to right. Returns to center.*) That's fine now—we can see every

move, every facial expression and he can't see us at all. Gosh! Larry, I hope the Alpha Delts haven't filled him up, too, with all that tripe about how large our fraternity is and how small and "exclusive" is their own.

LARRY: Stop worrying about our size. After all, he's just a stupid freshman. Well! let's get him—

SIM: (going to door) OK! I'll send him up with Buck. I want to see Bartwell again. (as he starts out, he gives a final look at their careful setting) Everything sure looks nice—wish we owned it!

LARRY: (walks to table, picks up pencil, sits down, then to himself, slowly) If we can possibly get this kid now—then Sim is lucky on his second try at Bartwell—then, maybe—later on—we can put the skids on Lange. (he looks out into space momentarily, then jumping to his feet and throwing his pencil down) Why, to hell with Hamilton—we'll break him away from his three little playmates and send him to the Alpha Delts—to hell with them, too—

(Enter BUCK, followed by RUSSELL MURPHY. MURPHY is tall, heavy, dark complected, well groomed. He makes pleasant appearance but it is obvious that he is nervous.)

BUCK: (inquiringly) Who're you talking to?

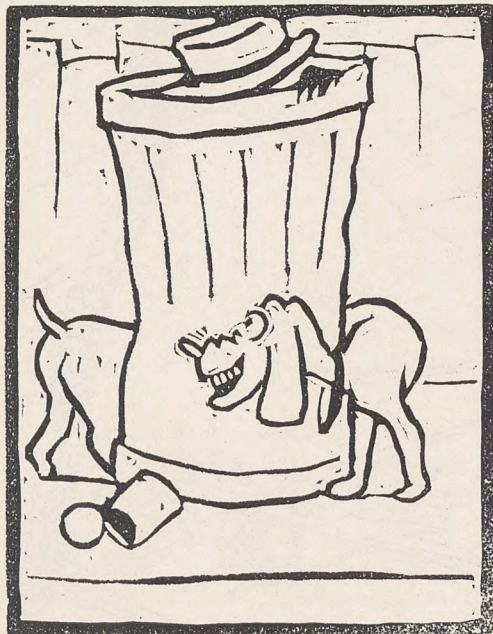
LARRY: (startled) Oh, nothing—no one— (unctiously) sit down, Murphy.

(MURPHY starts for chair backstage)

BUCK: (rushing over) Oh, no! That is—I think it would be more comfortable over there. (he points to Morris chair)

MURPHY: (placing himself comfortably) Oh, it's quite all right—feels fine.

BUCK: Well, there really is something wrong with it—you see—it's—it's got a—it's—it's an antique—yes, an antique and it might break you know—



"Hmmm—looks familiar"

—Charles Craver.

MURPHY: Oh, is that right? (he rises and looks at chair) Gosh! I hope I haven't harmed it?

LARRY: (relieved) Oh, no, I'm sure there is no harm done.

BUCK: (sigh of relief) No, uh, uh,—won't you sit over here, "Murph?"

(MURPHY seats himself in Morris chair and picks up scholarship article. LARRY and BUCK look at each other pleasantly.)

BUCK: (walking to table) Cigarette, Murph?

MURPHY: None, thank you.

LARRY: Murph, we just called you in to have a friendly talk and to see what your interests in school are—and if we might be able to help you in any way.

MURPHY: (putting book back on table) Well, really I don't know exactly what they are, I don't have any particular—

(A noise is heard and FUZZY comes running into the room from door right. Upon noticing the "conference," he stops instantly, then beckons violently for BUCK to come to him. He is excited and out of breath. MURPHY looks at him then turns back to LARRY.)

FUZZY: He—he—he wants to know—if—

BUCK: (low) He? Who do you mean?

(LARRY looks disgustedly at FUZZY, then in an undertone he talks with MURPHY to try and keep his attention from what is going on across stage.)

FUZZY: Hamilton. He wants to know if—

BUCK: Hamilton? My God! Fuzzy, didn't we tell you not to let go of him for a minute? The first thing you know, he'll be seeing all these fellows and taking the whole bunch of them over there with him.

FUZZY: Yes! that's it, that—I mean no—that is—yes, —he wants to see Murphy.

BUCK: (angrily) Have you lost your mind? Of course he can't see him. That's the only reason that we put you with him, so he couldn't see these fellows until it's too late. Where is he now?

FUZZY: (hesitantly) Oh! He's not seeing anybody now—that is—I don't think he is. (he motions upstairs with his finger and looks inquiringly at BUCK)

BUCK: Why, of course he is, that's the very thing he wants to— (he finally comprehends the gesture)—oh! I see. (Pause) Well! (he pushes FUZZY out of the room) you just parade right up there and stick to him like a shadow. (Exit FUZZY, Left) (he returns) I'm sorry, fellows, one of the members just wanted to know when we should serve the food. (he nods to LARRY) What was it you were saying, Murph?

MURPHY: (backwardly) Well, my interests are pretty few, I guess. Of course, the most important thing to me is my grades. I would like to do well in my subjects, you know, to show my folks that I appreciate all they are doing for me. (pause) I see by this magazine here, that you have a lot of Phi Beta Kappas.

LARRY: (*pleased*) Yes. I hadn't noticed that article, but it's true that the whole national fraternity pushes scholarship hard. We, too, believe that it is of greatest importance and try to help our men as much as possible toward making high grades.

BUCK: (*nervously*) Yes! grades certainly are—important.

LARRY: We happen to have several brothers on the faculty who are very interested in our grades (BUCK and LARRY look at each other, worried) and—and they come out often to assist the freshmen—it is quite a help.

MURPHY: (*agreeing*) It certainly must be.

BUCK: You look rather tired, Murph!—have the rush parties whipped you?

MURPHY: Not exactly. It is sorta' tiresome though.

LARRY: (*uncomfortably sits on ottoman*) Well! What do you think of the fraternity situation? Is there any one that you—prefer to others—or have you—perhaps limited your choice to a few?

MURPHY: (*quite nervously*) Well, yes, I guess so—I really don't know—

LARRY: (*easily*) I hope you aren't nervous, Murph, I'm sorry if I have "rattled" you at all. I just thought we might be able to help you in some way.

BUCK: (*extremely nervous*) Yes! You know—just a friendly chat, sorta.

MURPHY: (*doubtfully*) Well, yes, I guess—you could help me—that is—you see I don't know exactly—well,—you see— (*Then looking up to LARRY and changing to a straightforward tone*) you want me to be perfectly frank, don't you?

LARRY: (*worrying as to what will come next*) Yes, you bet I do.

BUCK: (*worried also*) Yes! be frank, Murph.

MURPHY: Well, I have limited my choice to Alpha Delt and P. K. D. I like these fellows an awful lot—

LARRY: (*relieved*) Well!—that's fine.

BUCK: (*sigh of relief*) Uh huh! I'm sure glad to hear that.

LARRY: Well, go ahead, Murph.

MURPHY: (*continuing slowly*) But you are so big—you have so many chapters—and—

BUCK: (*turns in despair and starts walking left stage*) God! I knew it was coming.

LARRY: Who told you that, Murph? Remember, let's be frank—it was the Alpha Delt, wasn't it?

MURPHY: (*reluctantly*) Yes.

LARRY: And what else did they say?

MURPHY: Well, nothing except that there was a bit of exclusiveness in Alpha Delt that really caused a man to appreciate being a member and that—(*he hesitates*)—and that joining P. K. D. was just like joining—the human race.

BUCK: (*hearing this, turns angrily*) Well, you are a human, aren't you? (*pause*)

MURPHY: (*startled*) Yes, uh huh!

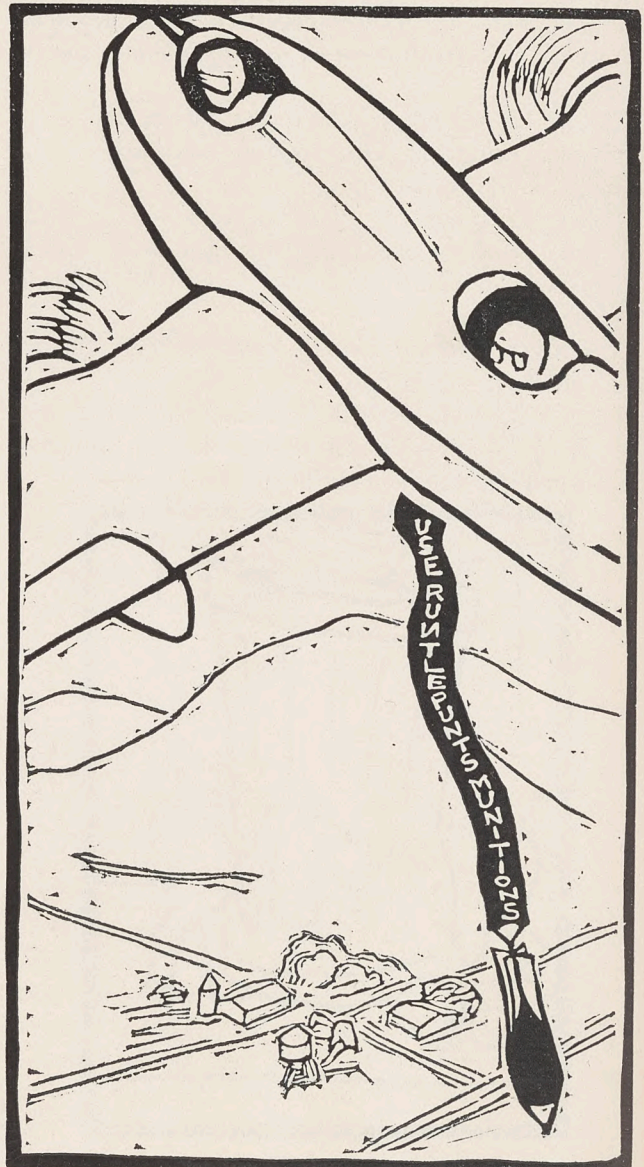
BUCK: (*continuing furiously*) Well, do you know that there are 568 trillion, 434 billion, 872 million, 941 thousand, 638 fish in the world and that there are 437 trillion, 229 billion, 113 million, 314 thousand, 888 animals, and there are 2 trillion, 500 billion human beings, and only 100 million white Americans—just think of how lucky you were, not to have been born a fish in the first place—so don't let them make a sucker out of you, now, Murph.

MURPHY: (*startled surprise*) Yes, I guess you're right.

LARRY: (*looks angrily at BUCK, puts hand on MURPHY'S knee, suavely*) It's just this, Murph. There is a bond that links all of the fraternity men together, they have something in common, and if having it with 5,000 members is an asset, then having it with 100,000 is just a greater asset and advantage.

MURPHY: Yes, I can see now that you are quite right.

BUCK: (*anxiously reaches in his pocket for a pledge*



—Charles Craver.

pin and goes toward MURPHY, looking to LARRY to see if it is OK to put it on him.)

LARRY: (*shaking head to BUCK that it is not time yet*) Well, Murphy, how about your extra-curricular work. Are you interested in publications, dramatics—or perhaps any kind of athletics?

MURPHY: Yes. I like tennis. (*modestly*) I played several years in high school and was captain my last year.

(*Just then the door opens and KINGSTON enters. He is tall, has blonde, wavy hair that is somewhat ruffled. He is well proportioned and handsome. Wearing white tennis shoes, white flannels, and white shirt that is open at top. He is, of course, playing a part and does it quite well.*)

KINGSTON: (*noticing the conference and pausing momentarily*) Pardon me, fellows, I didn't mean to interrupt, I was just looking for my tennis racquet—misplaced it somewhere—(*looking to mantle*) Oh! there it is.

BUCK: That's OK Kingston—funny thing, we happened just this minute to be talking about tennis. Don, I want you to meet Russell Murphy, Murph, this is Don Kingston—captain of the varsity tennis team. (*MURPHY rises quickly and shakes hands with DON. It is apparent that he is thrilled.*)

MURPHY: Gosh! I'm sure glad to meet you—I read a lot about you in the home papers last year. You certainly had a successful season, didn't you. Golly! I'll bet you could win the "Northeastern Opens" this summer—are you entered?

KINGSTON: Yes, I'm entered, but I'm afraid you are over-estimating my ability. Well, anyway, I'm sorry to have interrupted—

MURPHY: Oh, no, not at all.

KINGSTON: —but I do have to run along. It was a pleasure to meet you, Russ, and—if you are in the house next year—we will get together often.—So long. (*Exit KINGSTON, without getting his racquet.*)

MURPHY: (*watches him go out*) Yes! Gee, he's certainly a swell fellow.

LARRY: (*signals to BUCK that now is the time and BUCK immediately reaches in his pocket for the button*) Murph, all the boys like you a lot and they would like to have you with us, next year.

MURPHY: I've been thinking it over seriously for the last few minutes and I've decided that I want to be a P. K. D.

BUCK: (*enthusiastically, putting on the button*) That's the way I like to hear you talk. Here is the pledge button. Henceforward and hereafter you are a pledge. Congratulations.

MURPHY: (*looking at his button*) Thanks, Buck.

LARRY: Congratulations, Murph—you will never regret it.

BUCK: Now come on, let's go down and get some food.

MURPHY: (*as he goes out, he looks at his button*) I'm sure proud, I think I'll write to the folks, right now, may I?

BUCK: You bet you may. (*he turns and winks to LARRY as they exit left*) (*LARRY has walked part of the way to the door with them. Enter right, KINGSTON*)

KINGSTON: (*returning for racquet*) I forgot my racquet. How did it work out?

LARRY: (*turning*) Oh, swell, Don—it worked like a charm. Gosh! the ball has really started rolling—it will all be over in a little while (*then enthused*) Sim just has to get Bartwell—then—if we can get Lange—Boy! we'll split Hamilton's little triumvirate wide open.

KINGSTON: (*Has picked up the racquet, as he exits right*) Don't worry, not much more of it.

LARRY: (*returning to the table, left*) No, thank goodness.

(*Enter FUZZY hurriedly left*)

FUZZY: (*looking around*) Anybody here? Listen, Larry, Hamilton just insists on seeing those fellows—why don't you let him? —Gosh! I'm all talked out too, and he thinks—

LARRY: You bet he thinks! (*rises*) He thinks just about four times as fast as you do, you imbecile—and he thinks that he can take Murphy and that bunch over there with him, does he? Well! He's "all wet" because Murphy just pledged and you can tell him that! Where is he now? Never mind telling me, just get back there and—stay with him.

FUZZY: But if he could just see them, he could—

LARRY: (*loudly*) Yes! I guess he could—get them to change their minds, eh? Well, he's not going to do it, see? (*then calmly*) Fuzzy, why are you so supremely stupid that you can't comprehend this little game of his? He will have a great influence on them. Do you want to lose three good men just because of your negligence?

FUZZY: Yes!—that is—I mean no—but I believe that as long as he wants so badly to see them—well—we might just as well—

LARRY: (*starts helping him out of room*) Boy! You're impossible. How can such a big, big boy like you be such an awful cripple-brain. Just do this one thing, Fuzzy—stay with him—take him out to shoot clay pigeons if you wish—but don't let him see Lange, Murphy, or Bartwell. Now please do it.

(*Exit FUZZY, left.*)

LARRY: (*walking back to table*) What a man! (*sits*)

BUCK: (*Enters left*) Boy! Larry, Kingston sure took Murphy by storm. He's downstairs now, happy as a lark, telling everyone that Kingston is going to personally coach him.

LARRY: That's good. Are things going OK downstairs?

BUCK: Yea! Sim has been out with Bartwell pretty long—we ought to be hearing from him any minute now.

LARRY: How about Fuzzy?

BUCK: (*shaking his head*) God help that Hamilton kid, he's bored to death. But Fuzzy has at least kept him from seeing the other three. (*sarcastically*) I bet Hamilton wishes he had stayed over there with the "exclusive" fraternity.

LARRY: That reminds me, Buck, now we're going to see Lange in a few minutes, and the chances are that they have pulled that "small fraternity" song-and-dance on him, too. If he mentions it—for goodness' sake! don't pull out that statistical fish story again.

BUCK: Why do they always concentrate on our size? What difference does it make? Listen, Larry, when I left downstairs Lange looked "hot." Let's get him.

LARRY: O.K. He's a football player, so let's do a little substituting— (*pointing to the table*) the pictures of the "All-Americans" are in that drawer over there. Let's take down a few governors and senators to make room. (*he walks to mantle*)

BUCK: (*goes to table, removes pictures from drawer, then walks to mantle. They both start making replacements.*)

FUZZY: (*entering hurriedly*) Hey! fellows, we're going! (*both stop what they are doing*)

BUCK: (*turning*) You, again! Fuzzy, I have known you for three years and you have brought me nothing but bad luck the whole time. What now?

LARRY: (*anxiously*) Going where?

FUZZY: (*smiling*) Over to the Alpha Delt house.

BUCK: Why? What do you mean? Can't he even last out the rest of the date?

FUZZY: (*smiling*) I guess not. I told him he couldn't see them for a while yet so he just said that he wanted to go over there for a short time and would come back when he could see them. What that all right?

LARRY: (*depressed*) Yes. I guess so, but why that infernal smile? It doesn't impress me as being so damned funny.

FUZZY: (*apologetically*) Oh, no, Larry, I'm sorry. You see, I'm just a little bit relieved, that's all. Over there, I know he can't see those fellows—and here—well—I was just having a hard time, sorta'.

LARRY: (*disappointed*) Yes, I guess you're right. There's nothing much we can do.

BUCK: No. Go on, Fuzzy.

FUZZY: (*smiling again, turns and goes out right*) So long, fellows!

(BUCK and LARRY continue to replace the pictures) (*pause*)

BUCK: Damn his idiotic smile anyway.

LARRY: That's OK. Hamilton was an Alpha Delt ever since the week opened, I guess. (*they work.*)

BUCK: That's right, Larry. Hamilton wasn't so hot, anyway.

LARRY: (*trying to hide disappointment*) No—I

don't guess he was worth all the trouble and worry we went to.

BUCK: (*trying vainly to cheer LARRY*) I told you that from the start. We should have dropped him long ago.

LARRY: (*slowly*) I guess it would have been easier.

BUCK: And you know how these "big shots" always do the "fade-out" after they get into school. Do you remember how we worked on Barton?

LARRY: (*half-hearted smile*) Yes, and we couldn't even get him out of the intra-mural ping-pong match. (*They finish the pictures and similarly start arranging the trophies, concentrating those of football in the front.*)

BUCK: He sure as hell won't be able to do anything in publications against that tie-up of Phi U and Phi Psi.

LARRY: —No, and he'll really have to be a sensation before he can break through the Phi Gam stronghold in musical comedy.

BUCK: (*still trying to cheer up LARRY*) Now, you see, we didn't want that "ham" anyway. We got all worried just because he was an Alpha Delt legacy. This is the first time we have rationally considered his merits and he turns out to be a "punk."

LARRY: That's O.K., Buck—I guess we are just about ready for Lange, aren't we?

BUCK: Yea. (*starts out left*) I'll get him.

LARRY: (*excitedly*) Buck—wait a minute—(*enthused, listen, Hamilton is coming back here in a little while—Murphy has already pledged—and if we can "sew up" this kid Lange—(continuing excitedly)—and Sim gets Bartwell (happily) Golly!—maybe we do have a chance.*)

LARRY: (*worried*) But Hamilton will be here any minute—

BUCK: (*snaps his fingers*) All that means, is to hurry—we'll really have to step on it. (*he starts out, as he reaches the door, he turns*) But what if Hamilton comes back and the whole bunch decide they want to go Alpha Delt!—oh, God!—(*he exists left*) (LARRY continues to straighten up room. He carefully puts one picture crooked. ENTER BUCK and HARVEY LANGE. LANGE is about five feet, eleven inches, weighing about 190 pounds. He is an athletic type and presents a neat appearance. He, too, is nervous.)

BUCK: (*walking hurriedly to Morris chair*) (*talking rapidly*) Sit down, Harvey.

LARRY: Hello, Harvey. (*straightens picture*)

LANGE: Thanks, Buck. Hello, Larry (*he looks intently at pictures on wall*) Gosh! isn't that Bobbie Fitzgerald? (*he gets up and walks to wall*)

BUCK: (*nervously*) Sure.

LANGE: And isn't that Newsom, the all-American end?

BUCK: Yes, you're right again. Interested in football, eh, Lange?

LANGE: Yes, I like it. I played three years in high school.

LARRY: That's fine. I didn't know you were a football player.

BUCK: (*looking at watch nervously*) Ah—don't you want to sit down, Harvey?

LANGE: (*looking interestedly at pictures*) Gosh, and look—that's Carlson, all-American guard, isn't it?—and there's Elam, too, Four all-Americans?

LARRY: Yea. You know there were only nine fraternity men on the team and two of those were Jewish, so that means that four of the seven remaining were P. K. D.

BUCK: (*has been looking intermittently at his watch and through the French window. He is very nervous and fidgety. A little louder than last time*) Don't you want to sit down, Harvey?

LANGE: (*not hearing him*) —and what are these trophies for?

LARRY: They are for intramural football. I guess you will want to play intramural—won't you?

BUCK: (*goes quietly to LARRY*) Hamilton will be here in a few minutes, come on—put the "bee" on him. (*he goes to window, peers out nervously.*)

LARRY: Stop worrying.

LANGE: (*still looking at trophies*) Yes, I would like to.

LARRY: What position do you play, Harvey?

LANGE: I played halfback in high school.

LARRY: By golly, we're going to need a halfback this year, since Winkle made the Varsity. (*he looks at watch and grows nervous, too, speeding up.*) Come on over and sit down Harvey, and tell us what you plan on doing while in school. Of course you will want to stick with your football.

LANGE: (*has come to sit down*) Yes. I'd like to, if I have enough time. I think I will. (*sits in Morris chair*)

LARRY: (*again looking at watch—then door*) And I guess you are all worried over what fraternity you are going to join. (*BUCK turns, very relieved that he has finally "popped" the question. He looks out of the window again—sudden startled change of expression. He signals violently to LARRY that Hamilton and Fuzzy are coming.*)

LANGE: Well, seriously, from what I have seen there are only two fraternities on the campus that are worth-while.

BUCK: (*worried*) (*turns*) And those are?

LARRY: Yes, what ones do you refer to?

LANGE: Alpha Delt and P. K. D.

(*LARRY and BUCK both issue sigh of relief*)

LARRY: (*nervously*) —and have you—cut out either of them?

LANGE: (*continuing*) No, there are such swell boys in each! I guess it's just a matter of a big fraternity or a small one.

BUCK: (*at this, he grows angry, My God! that, again!*)

LARRY: (*worried*) Which do you prefer, Harvey?

LANGE: Well, seriously, I do like the exclusive feature about Alpha Delt.

BUCK: (*at right stage*) Boy! how they must throw it on over there!

LARRY: You have been talking with the Alpha Delt, haven't you?

LANGE: Yes.

LARRY: (*speaking very rapidly*) And to join P. K. D. would be just like joining the human race, wouldn't it?

LANGE: Yes. How did you know what they said?

BUCK: (*has finally seated himself on edge of magazine table, —he looks up*) Because that is the trash they feed every freshman and we have heard it before. Why, you are a human, aren't you? Do you know that there are—

LARRY: (*interrupting*) Buck, Buck, keep quiet. (*then back to LANGE*) You see, Harvey, the only thing that is of importance on that point is that there is a common bond that links all the fraternity men together, and it is a greater asset to have it with a lot of people than just a few.

BUCK: (*coming back to table angrily*) The fact that you are picking a few, doesn't make them perfect, either. You know, Christ picked twelve Apostles and he made one mistake—don't overlook that.

LANGE: (*slowly*) I guess I did have the wrong idea and I am glad that it is straightened out.

(*BUCK starts to rise. Goes toward LANGE with pledge button, looking to LARRY. LARRY signals him no.*)

LARRY: (*hurriedly*) Is there any other reason why you think you should not join with us, Harvey?

LANGE: Well, none, I guess, except that—well, you see I came down here with Hamilton, Bartwell and Murphy. I knew Bartwell and Murphy at school and Hamilton is my best friend.

BUCK (*at the mention of Hamilton, gets up and starts walking left stage*) Ugh! Hamilton!

LANGE: (*continuing*) —We sorta' wanted to go the same—well—I don't know exactly how to put it, but I heard this afternoon that Hamilton was going Alpha Delt—and inasmuch as he's over there—I thought—

BUCK: (*returning desperately*) My God! Lange, don't overdo that friendship stuff. I've got a lot of friends in Hell but that's no sign I'm going there.

LARRY: (*looks angrily at BUCK*) Buck! (*then to LANGE*) Harvey, it's just this. True friendships will not be broken just because you live in different houses—you also referred to Russ Murphy—he's downstairs now—pledged here and very happy about it.

LANGE: (*anxiously*) Is that right?

(*Enter SIM, left, depressed*)

BUCK: (*rushes to him—softly*) What's the dope

on Bartwell? (SIM *shakes his head despondently and to avoid interruption takes place on table right rear.* LARRY and BUCK *understand the gesture and show signs of disappointment.*)

LANGE: (*rising*) I certainly would like to join, fellows, I really think I prefer P. K. D.—but you see—Hamilton and myself promised that we would not pledge anything until we had seen each other, so I would like to wait until I can see him—

BUCK: (*very dejected*) Well!—come on, Harvey, let's go down and get something to eat.

LANGE: Thanks. (*as they go out, he turns*) I'll let you know as soon as I see Brookes. (*they exit.*)

LARRY: (*depressed, walks to center*) Yes, and what good news it will be. (*pause—then to SIM*) What was wrong with Bartwell?

SIM: (*slowly*) The same story. Gosh! everything was swell, then just as I thought he was going to pledge, he said he wanted to wait and see Hamilton—just exactly like this Lange kid.

LARRY: Hamilton. He will harm us plenty now—(*pause*)—I guess we should have been more careful with him. I didn't dream that we had a chance or I wouldn't have put the fraternity half-wit with him.

BUCK: (*enters left. He is downcast. When he enters he stands directly in front of door that he has just closed behind him*) Darn it anyway. If we could just have "nailed" Lange. All of the fellows downstairs were sorta' disappointed when they didn't see a button on him. And all on account of that—

(FUZZY—*entering hurriedly and as he does so, he knocks over BUCK who is standing in front of door.*)

BUCK: Ouch! (*turning, he sees FUZZY*). Oh, my God! What now, Poison?

FUZZY: (*apologetically*) Pardon me, Buck. Oh, I just wanted to know if it was OK if we went now. You see, things seem to be sorta' all over—and I just thought—

SIM: Things are all over, all right. And how!

BUCK: Who's we? Go where? What are you doing, thinking, anyway?

FUZZY: Oh! Hamilton and me.

LARRY: Hamilton?

FUZZY: Yes, you see he's kinda' tired (*sigh of relief*) Gosh! I am, too, and he's finally gotten to see those other fellows—Boy! it was sure hard to keep him from it for such a long time—but then he's finished now, and I thought that we—

LARRY: Wait a minute, wait a minute. Now tell us what you are trying to say. Is Hamilton downstairs?

FUZZY: Yes.

BUCK: (*hurriedly*) Who's he with?

(FUZZY *starts to answer, looking to BUCK*)—

SIM: Lange?

FUZZY (*turns to SIM*) Yes, uh huh, he saw him as soon as he came in.

SIM: (*excitedly*)—And I guess he saw Bartwell, too?

FUZZY: (*smiles pleasantly*) Yes, that's right. By Golly, how did you know?

BUCK: And he told them to go Alpha Delt, of course.

FUZZY: (*smiles*) I wish you fellows would stop kidding me, we want to go.

SIM: (*disgustedly*) Will, damn it; what did he say to Lange?

BUCK: And Bartwell?

FUZZY: Why, all he said was that he had been trying to see them all evening to tell them that he was going P. K. D. and that—

Exploding Simultaneously LARRY: What's that?
SIM: What? BUCK: My God!

LARRY: (*anxiously, happily*) Hamilton is going to—my Gosh!—when did he do it—why didn't you tell us?

FUZZY: He pledged when I first saw him—that is—I guess he pledged—I just told him that I was "Rushing" him and asked him if he wanted to join, and he said "Sure."

LARRY: (*laughing with others*) Well, that's wonderful, Fuzzy—but what did you do over at the Alpha Delt house?—and what happened when his Dad came down, this afternoon?

FUZZY: (*smiling*) Oh, that's nothing. His Dad is a good ol' gent and he told Brookes to do anything that he thought was best. You see we wanted to go as soon as he had seen those fellows and broken the Alpha Delt dates. You wouldn't let him see those fellows so we went over to break the dates, and if it's OK we would like to go now.

BUCK: Gosh, yes! Where are you going?

FUZZY: We're gonna' shoot clay pigeons.

BUCK: (*jokingly*) Boy! If I'd known that's what we were getting, I would have "balled" him long ago.

FUZZY: Oh, didn't you know that? That's how I knew him. I have been runner-up to him for four years straight in the All-Northern Clay Pigeon Shoot (*he puts his arms up in gun position, aims momentarily, then*)—but you watch me take him, now!

BUCK: Ping!

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