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April
1939

641
Eliot

15
Cents



WAR!!

WAR!!

WAR!!

"Clinging to a tiny platform 600 feet in the air puts a big strain on my nerves," says Charles A. Nelson, steel inspector of the New York World's Fair. His rule to ease nerve tension: "Pause now and then —

LET UP_ LIGHT UP A CAMEL"



LIKE SO MANY OTHERS at the New York World's Fair, Charley Nelson makes it a rule to break the nervous tension of crowded days by pausing every now and then to let up—light up a Camel. Observe, on your visit to New York's greatest exposition, how smoothly everything goes. Also note how many people you see smoking Camels. There are dozens of sights at the New York World's Fair—but don't spoil the fun by letting your nerves get fagged. Pause now and then—let up—light up a Camel—the cigarette for mildness, rich taste—and *comfort!*



EDDIE CANTOR—Listen in to America's great comic personality in a riot of fun, music, and song. On the air each Monday evening over the Columbia Network. 7:30 p m E. S. T., 9:30 p m C. S. T., 8:30 p m M. S. T., 7:30 p m P. S. T.

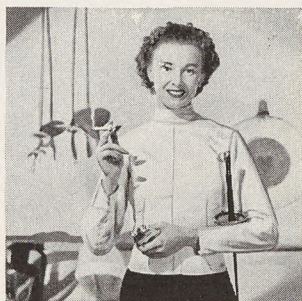
BENNY GOODMAN—Hear the one and only King of Swing, and the world's greatest swing band "go to town" in a big way—each Tuesday evening—Columbia Network. 9:30 p m E. S. T., 8:30 p m C.S.T., 7:30 p m M.S.T., 6:30 p m P.S.T.



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THE GREAT "SPIKE AND BALL" (above right) is the theme center of the New York World's Fair—the Trylon and the Perisphere—7000 pieces of steel joined by a quarter of a million rivets. It's the trying job of Inspector Nelson to check these two huge shells at every vital point. He says: "I've got to know every inch of that steelwork. It's a nerve-straining job, hanging onto girders hundreds of feet up, but I can't afford to get jittery. I *have* to sidestep nerve tension. It's my rule to ease off occasionally—to let up—light up a Camel." (Notes on the two structures above: The great ball will appear to be supported by fountains concealing the concrete foundation pillars. At night, the ball will seem to rotate—an illusion to be created by lighting effects. The towering Trylon will be the Fair's broadcasting tower.)

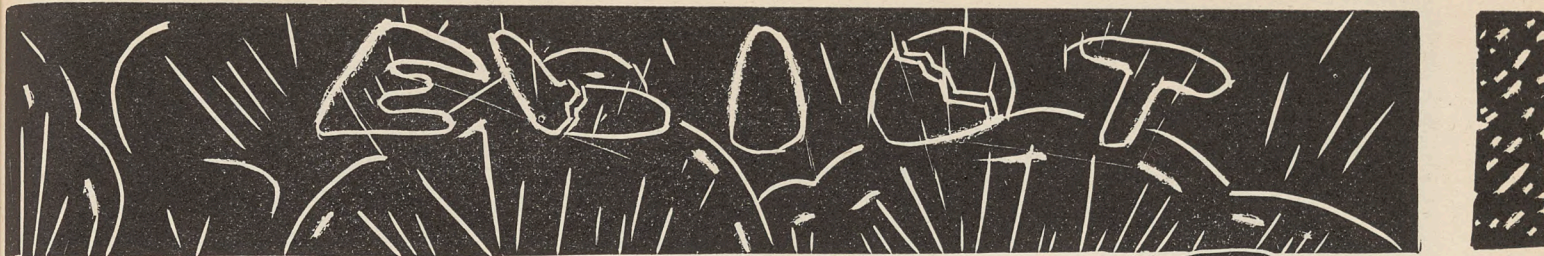


300 FENCING MATCHES and exhibitions are credited to Rosemary Carver, expert with the flashing foil. "Fencing drains the nerves," she says. "But I can't take chances on being tense, jittery in the midst of a fast parry or lunge. Through the day I rest my nerves—I let up—light up a Camel. I find Camels soothing, comforting. And Camels *taste* so good!"



**SMOKERS FIND
CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE
SOOTHING TO THE NERVES**

Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the **LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA**



General Hotchner
Chief-of-Staff

Major-General Triefenbach
Ordnance Department

Major Maynard
Liason Department

Brigadier-General Mead	Captain von Brunn	Colonel Woodlock
Lieutenant-General Lampert	Captain Chiles	Colonel Alexander
Colonel Smith	Captain Neuwoehner	Captain Simpson
Colonel Gottschalk	Captain Tanaka	Captain Kentzler
Major Marx	Lieutenant Schneider	Captain Camp
Major Choate	Lieutenant Tough	Captain Bonnell
Major See	Lieutenant Hoerr	Captain Roeder
Major Koken	Lieutenant Schweig	Captain Marsalek

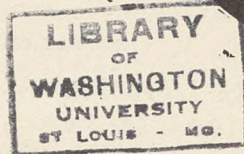
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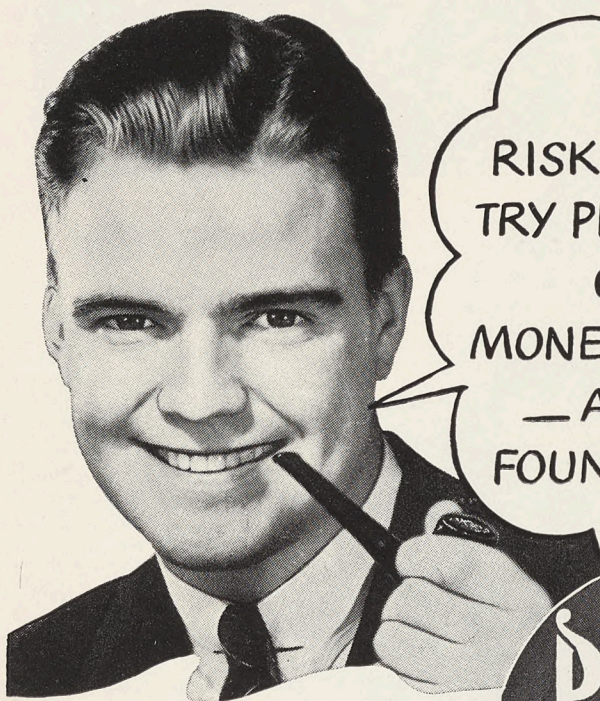
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I DIDN'T
RISK A PENNY TO
TRY PRINCE ALBERT
ON THAT
MONEY-BACK OFFER
— AND I SURE
FOUND SMOKING
JOY!

READ Prince Albert's money-back offer (lower left), then try this pipe treat, knowing that you risk nothing. Prince Albert in your pipe means EXTRA-MILD, FULL-BODIED smoking. It's choice tobacco — PACKED RIGHT. Prince Albert is "crimp cut." It burns slower, smokes cooler, and cakes your pipes up right. The famous Prince Albert "no-bite" process removes harshness, assuring RICH, RIPE TASTE without bite. Get Prince Albert for your pipes now!

PIPE FANS, HERE'S P.A.'S GUARANTEE!
Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

**PRINCE
ALBERT**
THE NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE



**SO
MILD!**

50

pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

PARADE OF PUBLIC OPINION

PRO



"War is horrible, dastardly, sinful,
But Fascism is even worse;
So on with war I say
And make this world safe for
Democracy."

—Woodroe Wilson, Jr.

"War can be made so very pleasant
If proper usage is attended.
So stab the enemy very gently—
And run like hell."

—Emily Z. Post



CON*



"Foist ya legalizes likker,
Dat d—n near ruins me racket.
Then ya legalizes moider,
Now I ain't got no racket.
Lemme tell ya, pal,
Dis war's a crime."

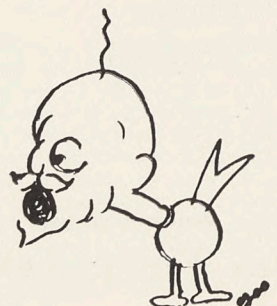
—Mobster Moe

"Bah! we are not making the
world
Safe for Democracy,
We're making it safe for
Hypocrisy."

—George Burnhard Shaw

*Opinion generally of the cynics
and other undesirables.

—Captain Tanaka



WEATHER

Verdun—Fair, Field Fast
Chateau-Thierry—Rain and Mud

DAILY BUGLE

Sports Section

April 21

GOLD STAR

FINAL

Today's Battle Postponed—Wet Grounds

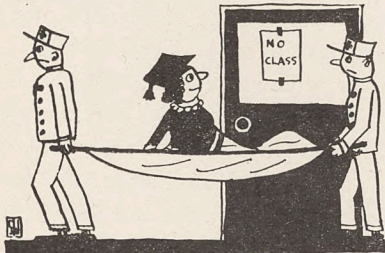
LET'S GO SPORTING

by
Bob Augowan

The bayonet squad was in fine shape last night, over at the arena. Boy, that was a sight for sore eyes. However, this column feels sure, in our opinion, that if more school spirit had of been shown and more students had of been there, a lot more of those enemy boys would of been killed, instead of only a little over 3 million.

This department wonders if maybe Groener's Groiners couldn't do a little better with a good cheer, we thought of "Rip 'em up, team 'em up," which we thought was kind of good.

BOMBING TEAM SCORES SUCCESS



This heart-warming scene just arrived by wire-photo from Munich, where our bombing team had just scored a possible 1000 hits out of 1000 shots at the Munich Children's School.

TRACK MEET

ARENA, April 20—General Aloysius Pumphrey headed General Horatio Snead by two worm lengths in yesterday's big track meet. Pumphrey ran from the enemy lines in two seconds less than Snead.



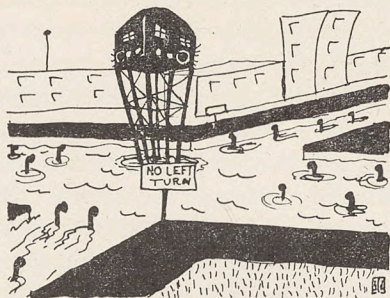
Spend your vacation in Togo-Bogo, the land of welcome and sunshine. Get away from the war. You'll never have to come back.

RECRUITS



RANDOLPH FIELD, TEX. April 21—These are the latest group of air cadets, just arrived from the west. They will be given a full training course tomorrow and sent off as replacements for the 7,334,225th squadron.

HITLER TAKES VENICE



The first photograph to arrive from Venice as Hitler's advance guard arrived triumphantly at the center of the city. The Italian residents lined the canals shouting, "Come on out and fight," but in vain.

Eat in Famous-Burr

Tunnel-Way Restaurant

THE SAFEST PLACE IN TOWN
TO EAT

600 OLIVE (underneath what was
Famous-Burr Department Store)

BOTH SIDES CLAIM VICTORY
—LEAGUE REFEREE
AT A LOSS

ARENA OF WAR, Apr. 21 (OP)—Both sides claimed major victories today as the battle was called off after the 23rd attack because of wet grounds. Dispatches from the enemy reported that they had killed 14,276,331 of our men, and wounded two. Dispatches from our general headquarters claimed that we killed 14,276,331 and wounded two.

INNOCENT WOMEN & CHILDREN

However, our team claimed a moral victory, because in the seventh attack during the stretch period, we killed 472 more spectators than they did.

BOX SCORE

	K.	W.	I.W.&C.
We	14,276,331	2	1,474
They	14,276,331	2	1,002

Batteries: Field and Coast.

INTERCEPTED

B	S	S	A	I	L	I	N	B	L	S			
10	O	L	K	M	A	O	B	A	O	O	N		
16	L	O	O	N	Y	N	U	T	L	O	O	T	O
22	E	B	O	T	H	I	L	O	O	K	O		
28	R	B	T	N	E	S	L	O	O	K	M	Z	
34	O	R	B	E	L	D	E	P	O	T	S	A	E
40	E	A	R	M	E	U	K	A	N	N			
46	L	A	R	V	E	L	I	L	D	W	E	L	T
52	A	D	F	N	P	I	L	O	K	A	Y	O	
58	V	L	T	A	S	T	E	R	K	K	R		
64	I	F	Y	G	H	O	Y	K	S	C	R		
70	S	L	G	A	G	U	B	A	A	A	I		
76	A	Y	M	N	A	N	G	E	R	L	A	N	D
82	L	N	E	V	A	N	H	A	C	T	U	A	L
88	Y	N	N	A	N	N	H	T	Y	K	L	Y	

Our intelligence department has just asked us to publish the above symbol, believed to be an enemy code message. Anyone able to tell its significance should communicate at once with the Bugle.

Adv.

FOR SALE—One slightly used umbrella, practically bombproof, useful for scaring away mad dogs and Hitler.

Apply 10 Downing St., London



THE TOWERS

The War

We had big plans for this issue; it was to have been nothing short of sensational—win us a niche in the Hall of Fame, a two-page spread in *Life*, and untold thousands of fan letters. We had it all doped out. We would imagine ourselves in the midst of war. Everybody would be at the front. All our old school chums would be privates and looies. The Quad Shop would be a recruiting station. Everything, in short, had been planned to a "T".

But then things began to happen. What with Europe's rapid, unexpected developments and *Student Life's* cribbing, the idea had less appeal for us. What point would there be to imagining ourselves in war when there is every indication to believe that we may be, actually hurling hand-grenades before the ink on this porous paper is dry. And so, after a few articles had been printed along this general theme, the idea of the issue was diverted towards other aims. The result is a heterogenous mess.

But, strangely enough, this is just the way that we want this issue to be. In each article you will find a different sort of a contribution from members of the staff and others who wished to express themselves. Satire, crude humor, political propaganda, narration—they combine to form a picture which is different than the traditional forum on "What I Think of War." From them, though, perhaps one can get a more honest picture of what college students actually think of war, if think is the right word.

Fish Swallowing

Following in the foot-steps of beer-jackets and jitter-bugging, the

fad of gold-fish swallowing has established itself in the colleges of America. Smart magazines devote pages to depicting "typical" college students in the throes of downing well-greased fishies. From the looks of things, fish-swallowing is destined to take its place along with fraternities, sororities, and crap shooting as an established phase of university life.

Obviously, such a great movement must have a leader, and reports credit first one and then another Harvard or Dartmouth freshman as having given birth to the first swallow. "Harvard," one report says, "has shown the way in this movement and it is to the East that other schools must look for guidance and inspiration from their leader."

Such reports hurt us to the very quick. We wince at the very mention of Harvard as the leader of the movement for it was on this very campus, a little over a year ago, that the first collegiate gold fish was swallowed. It is true that the process was a little polluted because the fishie was downed in a glass of mineral oil, but once inside the tummy, it squirmed and wiggled just like the modern gold fish. For weeks the swallower, Jim Black, was hailed as a local hero and W.U. basked in the glory of its newly found imminence.

And now that the movement which we started has finally gotten under way, are we hailed as the pioneers that we are? We won't answer that question but we will quote these passages from the editorial column of the *Washington University Student Life*:

"It began at Harvard, which has hitherto maintained a reputation as a fairly respectable institution; there one fish was swallowed on a ten-dollar bet... These gustatory gym-

nastics have not—in the open at least—yet appeared on our campus... Washington has remained impervious. There must be a reason: our conservatism. If so, conservatism in this case is synonymous with maturity; and a characteristic to be thankful for, so long as it prevents us from infantile behavior and digestive suicide."

Thus, the world and our own newspaper forsake us. The glory all goes to Harvard. And what's more, some nasty things are said in the passage quoted above about the art which we founded. It is obvious that the editor of that publication has never experienced the delightful sensation of having forty or fifty live gold fish squirming in his abdomen.

Blue Lights

Those new blue lights which they've installed at the first table in the library have been causing us to think very seriously about the future of Ridgley. Right now it is a pretty popular place. You walk up to the glass door, peer up and down the aisles, spy a co-ed who is good for a couple of quips and a date, and then you're set for the afternoon. But if they install more lights it will cut down attendance tremendously. Try as you will, when you peer through the glass door you won't be able to see over them, and since one feels foolish walking up and down the library looking for no one in particular, people will turn away in disgust, feeling that perhaps there lurks behind those blue lights some forlorn babe who is just longing for their company.

From the looks of things, the future of co-education is at stake.

Men on the Wane

We hate to get serious about anything, especially about people. We remember that girl in Chatauqua. But a few serious lines more or less won't really matter.

A few weeks ago Omicron Delta Kappa, senior men's honorary, held a meeting at which they attempted to elect those members who they felt deserved to be honored with the coveted key of O.D.K. For long hours they considered those junior and senior men in the university who had the required grade point average

of 1.5 and who had participated enough in activities to indicate a certain amount of leadership and service. The long hours, we assure you, were not spent in trying to select from among many eligible men—they were spent in trying to find some eligible men. After the smoke had cleared and the list had been gone over time and time again, there were only two or three juniors who really appeared worthy of the honor and about the same number of seniors.

The big trouble was this: those who had the required grade average had little or no activities and those who had activities and indicated an ability toward leadership fell short of the required 1.5, which, it must be admitted, is certainly not too strict a requirement.

O.D.K., however consented to admit those who were even remotely eligible. There is nothing so wrong in that fact but if nine or ten boys constitute the cream of the junior and senior classes, then we are living on skimmed milk.

Reciprocal Massacre

Everybody's always talking about war, but nobody ever does anything about it. That's probably why the last one was such a flop... financially, of course.

The World War cost the United States more than twenty-two billion dollars, of course we don't consider that a very large figure these days, but the trouble is, we didn't get anything out of it—on the whole, it proved to be a very bad business deal.

Not long ago some gentleman proposed that the government give two hundred dollars a month to every person over sixty years of age. That would make twenty-four hundred dollars a year. Since there are approximately ten million of these people in the United States, the annual bill would amount to twenty-four billion dollars, or two billion dollars more than the cost of the World War. The nations of Europe, also, are faced with the problem of what to do with the old folks.

After considerable thought on the matter, we have hit upon a solution, as simple as it is obvious, for killing

two birds with one stone. We have no objections to the customary methods of warfare, which, during the past few years, have become even more efficient than they were in 1916. But we feel that our plan would be far more economical.

In the first place, the object of warfare is to kill as many people as possible. In the last war it cost over twenty-five thousand dollars per man. This, we agree, is a ridiculous figure. Furthermore, lots of windows were broken, streets were torn up, and several large buildings were damaged beyond repair. Many of the returning soldiers suffered from flat feet. As we have said, we have no objections to this kind of warfare, but our plan is not only more economical, but will certainly save everybody a great deal of trouble. We propose that the civilized nations of the world agree to kill off certain portions of their own populations, and thus avoid all the usual fuss and bother of doing it the hard way. It would be most logical to pick out those people who are over sixty years of age. They aren't much good anyway, and think of the money we'd save on pensions.

Lawyers and How

Next Friday one of the annual phenomenas of the campus will take place; it occurs no where else on earth, at least we hope so, because it takes a semester for the campus to recover from it. We refer to Lawyer's Day and the skits which are presented during the morning.

Each year the three skits which are presented by the three law school classes have become progressively more extravagant. Last year the first

year class went so far as to produce a musical comedy and this year they are going a step farther with a six-act musical revue. Singing, dancing, and a rare sort of acting which is prompted by early morning set-ups at Vescie's, have made the performances into the unusual things that they are.

Perhaps there is no point to our telling you things which you undoubtedly know—you have only to sit through one Lawyer's Day performance to discover that it is phenomenal. It is a gala occasion. There is one sour note, however, and that is the heavy mortality rate caused by lawyer-actors falling off the apron of the stage. This is a deplorable condition which we hope is taken care of this year. We suggest either fewer morning high-balls or else roping off the front of the stage.

N. C. P.

The current series of dramatic broadcasts sponsored by the National Collegiate Players has proved to be very interesting and educational to those who take part. Of course, the programs are far from perfect but just the other day, the group received its first fan letter. The organization is as proud of it as its first tooth and it wants the world to read it:

"K.W.K., Hotel Chase, St. Louis, Gentlemen,

"Our whole family wishes to tell you how much we enjoyed that new group of young people and their refreshing little play that you put on the air Thursday evening at 9:30. They all took their parts so well. You are to be congratulated upon finding such an excellent local group."

No one in the cast wrote the letter.



PRIVATE FINK AND THE GOOD BOOK

PRIVATE FINK sat on the steps of D Battery's kitchen and peeled onions. And as he worked he cursed, softly, picturesquely, and fluently. Beginning with an illuminating commentary on the ancestry of the Chief of Staff, Private Fink assailed the Judge-Advocate General, the Chief of Artillery, the Corps Area, Division, Regimental Battalion, and Battery Commanders in order of rank, winding up with an emphatic and vitriolic denunciation of mess-sergeants in general, with certain startling specific references to Sgt. Bobo Brown, mess-sergeant of D Battery. Eulogy and onions finished, he wiped his hands on his greasy denims, spit at a large grey rat on the garbage platform, and rolled a cigarette. A solid week's K.P. Private Fink sighed gloomily. A guy could, he reflected, be too goddam smart for his own good in this man's army.

Private Fink had been in a similarly reflective mood four days before as he stepped out of the mess-hall, searching his teeth with a splinter, he sauntered down the gravel walk to the barracks. As he passed the orderly room, Private Fink was hailed by one Pinky Morris, on duty as Charge-of-Quarters.

"Hey, goldbrick, how's the chow?"

Private Fink came to a halt, placed his hands on his stomach, and belched—loudly and expressively. He then grasped his nose between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, raised his right above his head, and moved it slowly up and down. Having thus expressed himself, he moved on down the battery street, morosely chewing on the splinter. The army, he mused, wouldn't be so bad if it weren't for the lousy, stinkin' mess. And the mess wouldn't be so bad if it weren't for that dogrobbin' hunyak, Bobo Brown. Week after week, month after month—the same damn thing, over and over. Meat an' potatoes an' bread. Meat an' potatoes an' bread. Coffee an' oatmeal an' eggs. Coffee an' oatmeal

an' eggs. Cripes! Beef like gunslings, lead-grey mashed potatoes, thin, greasy, bacon—gah! He threw away the splinter and with a gesture of disgust and entered the barracks.

It was Wednesday, and Private Fink had no duty until retreat at five o'clock. He entered the squad room where he found Dutch Stolle, his corporal, looking very unhappy.



"What's a matter, Corp?" he asked.

"I don't feel so good," Dutch answered, "my guts feel like I swallowed a bumblebee."

"It's that damn mess-sergeant," Fink proclaimed. "Him and his awful mess is enough to turn anybody's stommick."

"Mess-sergeant, hell," Dutch moaned, "it was that green rot-gut that dago outta Headquarters Battery gimme! That stuff took the enamel right offa my teeth—I shoulda know'd better."

"Well, that mess ain't makin' nobody healthy," Private Fink insisted. "I feel like I ate a bucket o' buckshot." The corporal raised his head.

"You been bitchin' about the mess again?"

"Yup—I told that big baboon in the kitchen what I thought of his rotten chow at noon. I tol' him I wouldn't give it to a mule. He flung a fork at me, 'Listen, you dirty louse,' he says, 'I am runnin' this mess, an' I'll run it the way I wanta without no dogface private tellin' me where to head in.' Well, I says, 'as far as I'm concerned, you can run it—'"

"Listen, you," the corporal broke in, "you better quit shootin' your bazzoo around that mess-hall, or

you'll be doin' double duty in the kitchen an' I'll rate a skin from the Old Man. An' besides," he continued, "this mess ain't near so bad as some which I have been at. Maybe it ain't fancy, but it's plenty of good, nourishin' food. Hell, remember when I was attached to Infantry for a month to help Lieut. Foster for anty-aircraft instruction? They feed them poor devils on grits, greens, and lima beans, an' make 'em like it!"

"Yeh, an' they bellyache like everything, too," Fink snorted, "Anyways, what burns me is the way this Bobo squeezes off the dimes for himself—always walkin' off on Sundays with a gallon o' ice-cream, or a whole ham, or a couple ton o' canned goods. I seen him plenty o' times, when I was on K.P."

"O.k., o.k., keep it up," Dutch sighed, "but when you end up with your tail in a sling, remember who tol' yuh."

"Horses," snorted Private Fink.

When mess call blew at half-past five, Private Fink arose and filed into the mess-hall with his squad. No sooner had the D.R.O. placed a plate before him than he was off.

"Godamighty," he wailed, "corned beef an' cabbage—again. Tough corned beef an' stinkin' cabbage. Judas H. Priest, it's enough to make yuh sick just to look at the stuff. Why in God's name can't they give a guy a meal around here? They nick us for a ration allowance that could build battleships, an' that's the truth, an' whatta we get—corned beef an' cabbage. Cripes! Why, I bet—" Private Fink felt a meaty hand grab him by the collar. He scrambled to his feet to confront a red-faced, belligerent giant with three stripes on his arm—Sgt. Bobo Brown.

"Listen, you no-good, gold-brickin' so-and-so," the Sargeant roared, "I told you at noon that one more bleat outta you, an' I'd have you up in fronta the Old Man so quick you'd think you sat on a live fuse. Well, this is it, soldier, an' once I get you in this kitchen, you're gonna wish you was in the Navy or the C.C.C. Now get th'hell outta here, before I cold-cock yuh with a cleaver. Move!"

(Continued on page 19)

SATAN AND THE OLD ARMY GAME

CHAPTER ONE

1. And it came to pass that the Tournament of the game of Chess, which was to settle the great dispute over the Championship of the Inter-celestial League, was drawing to a close; and indeed, the finals had been reached.

2. And Satan was declared to be the representative of the Holy Order; and Mars was to be the representative of the Pagan Order.

3. Wherefore the Lord brought it to pass that there should be erected a Tournament Hall, the like of which had never before been seen, larger even than that which men call, Madison Square Garden.

4. And the Lord caused that advertising be displayed, by placards on the backs of those gusts of wind which were without other gainful employment.

5. And when it came to be the day of the Tournament, the great Hall was filled to overflowing with a tremendous crowd, which did include everybody who *was* anybody. Wherefore the newsreel cameras scarce knew where to turn, so many were the celebrities.

6. And the Lord and all the Arch-angels sat in the Royal Box, which was

bedecked in purple; and Adam looked embarrassed, for Eve was vested in a fig-leaf, which was of the latest décolleté style; and there was present even Old Man Moses, who did occupy a seat which was of the ringside.

7. And in the third row which was of the Left Center, there sat Mrs. Noah, with her umbrella tucked under her arm, and her friend, Mrs. St. Peter; and Mrs. Noah did say unto Mrs. St. Peter,

8. Where's Pete?

9. And Mrs. St. Peter replied, O, I expect he's down on the gate. And she was silent for a moment, whereupon she said, Look.

10. And behold, the attendants, which were vested in blue robes and wore the blue headress of the Order of The Union, Local No. 25, were wheeling in the great gaming table.

11. And behold, it was verily a remarkable table, like in shape unto that land which was known as *Europe*; and it was divided into divisions that were called *countries*.

12. And behold, the pieces were like unto those beings known as *men*; and others were like unto those things called *machines*;

13. And the Lord himself saw that all was well; whereupon he rose in all

his majesty and spoke, saying,

14. Let's go.

15. And Gabriel stepped out into the middle of the floor, and blew thrice seven times on his golden trumpet, and said,

16. We will now have the FI-nal and dee-CI-ding match in the Great INNERCELESTIAL CHESS TOURNAMENT. In this Cor-NAH we have MARS, at one-HUNDRED-twenty-two tons, the con-TEN-dah repreZENT-ing the PAGAN OR-DAH.

17. And there was a tremendous sound, as of boeing, and the very Earth trembled unto its foundations, and the men on it trembled in like manner.

18. And Gabriel held up his hand and said, And in THIS cor-NAH we have SATAN, the defending cham-PEEN representing the HOLY OR-DER.

19. And there was a tremendous sound of approbation from the assembled multitude, such that the Earth did once again tremble unto its very foundations.

20. And behold, a miracle was passed, and two corners appeared, and Satan did sit in one of them vested in fire-red trunks; and Mars did sit in the other, vested in blood-red trunks.

21. And Mrs. Noah did say, Tsk, tsk, what *will* they think of next?

22. And Gabriel rang thrice upon a great bell and spake, saying,

23. Keep it clean, boys.

24. Whereupon Satan and Mars did seat themselves at opposite sides of the table; and Gabriel said unto Mars,

25. The visiting team gets to choose. Which do you want—red or black?

26. And Mars answered, saying, I'll take these little fellows with the black shirts.

27. And Gabriel said unto Satan, Okay, you get the reds. And Satan said,

28. O, heck. I get tired of red, red, red all the time.

29. And Gabriel said, Play up, boys. Your move first, Satan.

30. Whereupon Satan smiled a sly smile, and pushed a button which was in the side of the table; and behold, one of the black pieces, which was

(Continued on page 23)





HOW TO PASS TIME
IN THE TRENCHES

A. KOKEN

DEMOCRACY---WHAT'S THAT?

Enlightening Letters From Four Who Know

10 Downing St.,
London, Eng.

Dear Sirs,

I am grateful for this opportunity to write a few words concerning my favorite subject—Democracy. I haven't been able to really have a good say about it since Munich, and I think it's time to develop the theme a little farther.

Sometimes when I begin to feel a little less democratic about democracy, I open my umbrella and go for a walk. It comforts me to feel this protection above my head and to grasp its bone handle tightly. If I get tired of just walking I look up and start counting the ribs...It's much more realistic than sheep.

And then I can imagine things. I picture a gallows built around the roof and I see David Lloyd George and Anthony Eden dangling from it. If ever I have any problems of state which can't be taken care of by a speech to Parliament, I just look up into the dome of the umbrella real hard, and pretty soon the whole thing comes to me—almost as if I had planned it all out. This is an elegant system. It's much better than having to write a book.

And then when you roll up an umbrella, it's not like a cigarette or a carpet, but it makes a nice little walking stick which can be re-opened at a moment's notice. And the end of the umbrella is very sharp. I have been picking up pieces of paper in the park with it; I have really become quite proficient. If ever I should lose my job as prime minister, I can always step right into a park cleaner's position. And I'll probably be very good at that, too.

That's democracy for you.

Cordially,
Neville Chamberlain.

Rome, April 10.

Gentlemen,

I answer to your request to Signor Mussolini that he write you a letter, I answer that he is too busy to write you, but that I am quite qualified to

tell you anything you want to know about anything.

I start off by telling you about yourselves. Bah! (My good friend Adolf said to say Pfui for him, too) Americans—every year I see thousands of them swarming like ants and dropping chewing gum wrappers



in the canals of Venice. Bah! I hate you! Every time I step in another piece of chewing gum I hate you more. Bah! Pfui!

I am too an authority on Democracy. Bah! You Americans go always around telling how rich you are, and how America is the most prosperous place on earth. But you cannot fool me. We Italians are not to be hoodwinked so easily. Every day Signor Mussolini tells us over the radio about the poor, poor starving Americans, dying by the hundreds in the streets because they cannot get food. And about the crime, and those horrible gangsters in Chicago who practice their marksmanship on innocent women and children.

And also we hear about the cowboys who spread terror in the west and rob trains and stage-coaches. And about the Indians who massacre the pioneers every night even in your own city of St. Louis. My heart bleeds for you, living in such peril. I invite you to move under the blessed protection of Il Duce. He

will look out for you. America, Bah! Democracy, Pfui!

Virginio Gayda,
Editor-in-chief,
Fascist Controlled Press.

Tokyo, April 5.

Sirs,

Banzai to Honorable Eliot from most humble self. You say, please, I should write you letter about democracy. Democracy very fine thing for who like it—very fine thing indeed. Humble Japan admire democracy and United States. Democracy very fine thing. United States very fine place, like Japan. Japan, too, great good influence in world, with desire only to spread culture over ignorant; so is now engaged in missionary work to civilize ungrateful Chinese, who conceited and think they civilized already. Pacific Ocean wide, need much civilizing. Japan civilize west part, United States civilize east part, pretty soon whole ocean civilized. No worry over Philippines—Japan civilize them too, just as soon as she get through civilizing China; United States may leave Philippines sure that Japan take good care of them.

But democracy—Humble self very fond of same, and wish Honorable President Roosevelt much success to institute it; humble self do not quite understand reason for civil war in United States, but presume it very much like same in Spain. But confident democrats will win because democracy so much nicer, and republicans sure to be killed off by superior democratic forces. Who these republicans think they are, anyway, trying to overthrow democracy?

Your most humble servant,
Hirhito.

10 Reichstag Blvd.
Berlin, Germany.

Editor of the Eliot,
Washington University,
U. S. A.

Dear sir:

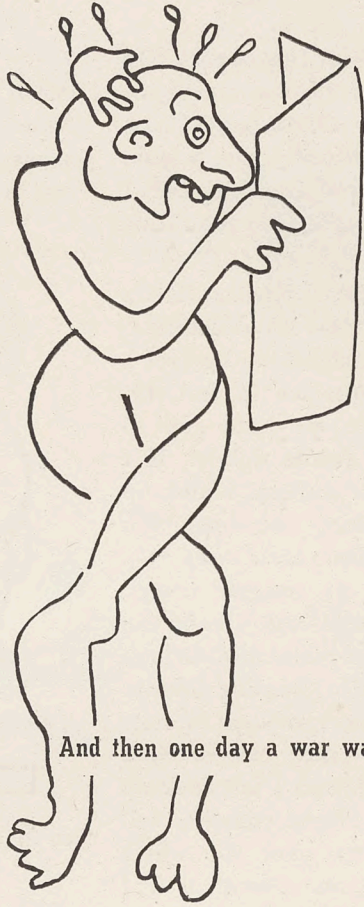
In regard to my ideas on democracy—

Yours truly,
Adolph Hitler.

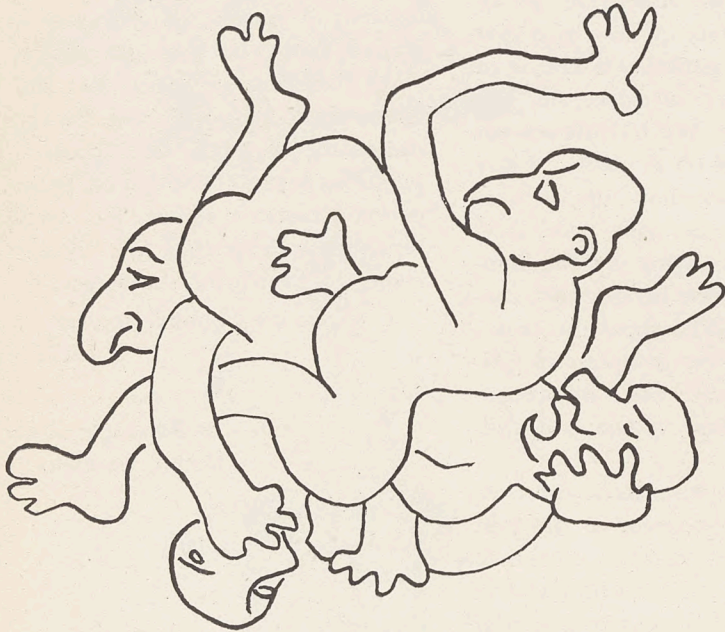
PORTRAIT O



I was a happy college boy



And then one day a war was declared

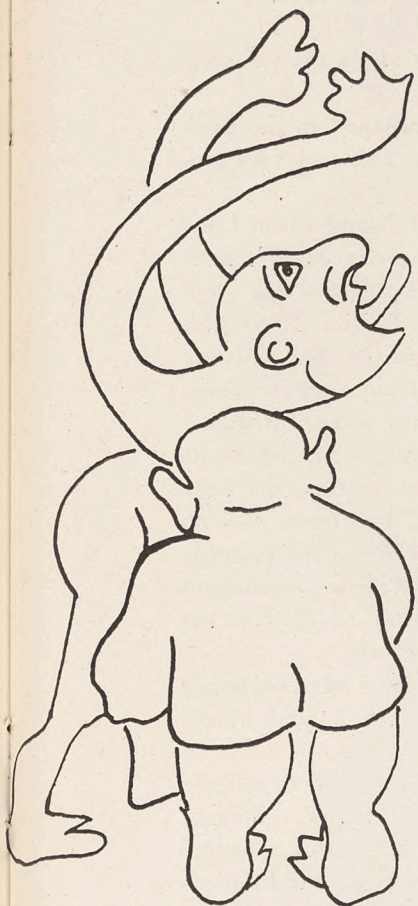


And the boat was awfully crowded

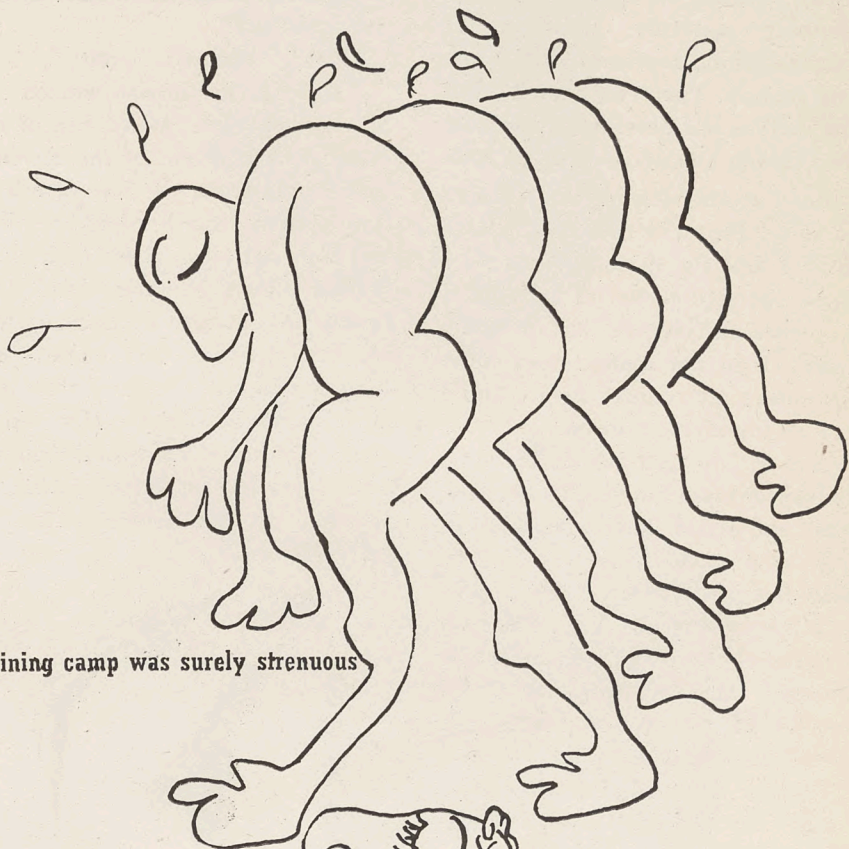


But I met the nicest girl in Paris

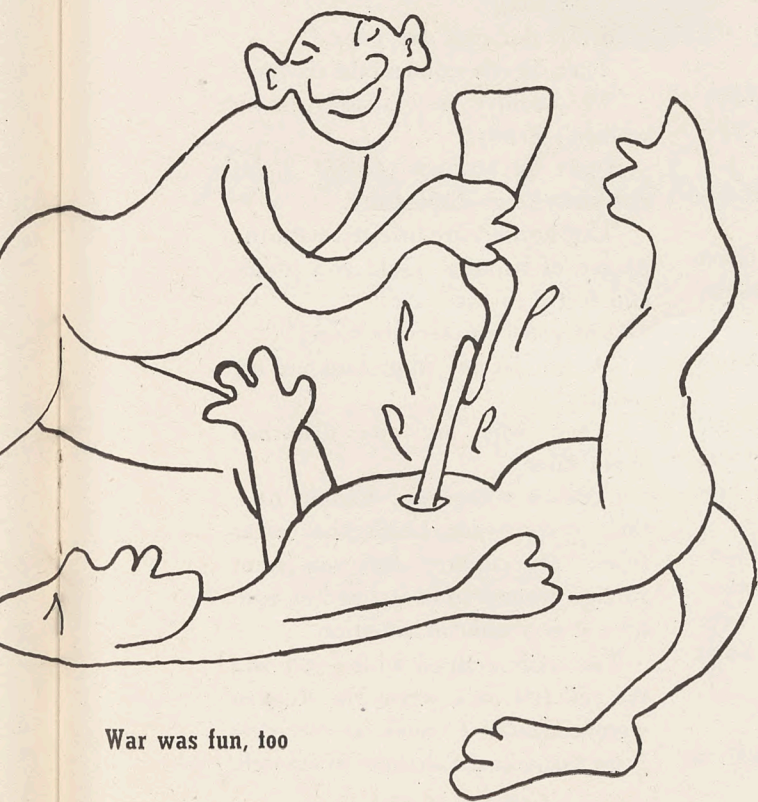
OF A HERO



The doctor said I was a very healthy man



Training camp was surely strenuous



War was fun, too



And now, I am a hero

W.W. Mead

NO CONQUEST

ALL MORNING the train had crawled like a wounded caterpillar, jerking in quick leaps and stopping suddenly, lurching the coaches behind and ending them into one another. There were many stops for soldiers and peasants and foreign men fleeing from other foreign men.

But I was not lost in the confusion of noise. I must be calm at all times. I must find the meaning beneath a word, the significance of a laugh. I am what Occidentals call a secret agent. I do not fight, I seek those who make my country fight. And I had an important mission.

A man, his aged father, his wife, and his children huddled in a corner, silent and afraid. They were farmers, soil caked to their feet and jackets. They had not slept for many nights, they were greasy and dirty. The children clung to their mother as she hummed them a lullaby. I opened the lid of my wicker basket and pulled out some containers.

"Accept these from my bounty," I said. "And permit me to find you more comfortable quarters."

We left the carriage and crowded into the next. There were many foreign men in the train, there was much to be discovered. No questions would be asked as I looked for a seat for the farmer and his family, no questions if I wanted to listen to talk and find out about the many foreign men.

We went on. I found a seat and gave the guard some money. I left them, for they were no longer important. I was a secret agent and my mission was foremost in my mind. I had found the purpose of my mission.

I stepped into a carriage with only one occupant, a woman of much beauty as foreign men conceive it.

"My most humble apologies," I said, "but the train is filled. A thousand pardons for my intrusion."

There was a quick jerk of her neck, her hands stiffened, then relaxed. Her voice was a sudden calm after the hurricane of her emotions.

"Come," she answered lightly, "come in."

"My gratitude swells like the waves of the ocean; my heart, a rock of coldness, crumbles to sand before your presence."

"Pretty," she said, "pretty."

I bowed. The Russian women can be very beautiful. Many men of my country have given up the memory of our culture for the love of a Russian woman. She brushed the long veil from her face. It cascaded like a shadow down her shoulders. Her beauty was revealed more clearly for my bewilderment. Her lashes, very long and heavy, glistened when her eyelids moved them. Her hands touched at her hair, the polish on her nails sparkling in the movement. I lowered my eyes in the warmth of embarrassment.



"You must be a virtuous husband, no? Or is it that women have no attractions?"

My face was confusion but my mind was ordered. I opened my basket.

"Here are some preserved oranges. Would you honor my gift by accepting it?"

"Delighted. And I shall have tea, if you insist."

She smiled. Many foreign men must have succumbed to her smile, many foreign men must miss that smile. The tragedy of their loss is very great to me.

I went into the next carriage for hot water. A man of my country was there. I whispered a word to him and he disappeared.

I returned with the water and hurried the preparations. The time must be used for talking, the time we were to be together. I extended the bowl to her.

"Thank you."

I noticed the ring on her finger, a cut stone with a coat-of-arms.

"Do you like it?"

"The hand? As beautiful as the lotus in spring—"

"No, no, the ring."

"I had not noticed. One forgets synthetic beauty when there is real beauty surrounding it."

"But it is real. I am the Countess Marinov."

"Delighted. Stooped in the presence of nobility, I lift my eyes cautiously."

There was a Russian woman I saw many times, who danced in houses where men seek pleasure; she went many times to Russia. There was much information that her whirling skirt gathered from cabaret tables, there were many secrets that her slender fingers dug from the hearts of men. She had no title, she wore no coat-of-arms, but there was no need to think of her in the presence of the Countess Marinov. A woman's birth is as difficult to hide as the danger of her beauty.

She opened a gold box containing cigarettes. She took a gold holder from her purse.

"You are very fortunate to be leaving my country. This is a difficult time. War has no part for women."

She was not pleased. I did not expect her to be pleased.

"Perhaps your country will not fight for long."

"Until our men are gone."

"Then let the women take charge."

"My country may already be in women's hands."

Again she was not pleased. I did not pursue her displeasure.

"Our borders are infested with the plague of bandits. Gold and jewels add lustre to their eyes."

"Do you consider my safety?"

"A life is not important to my country."

"Then why are you disturbed about mine?"

"You are a countess. Bandits have little respect for heads that wear titles. My country does not want foreign women to be harmed by bandits, it is a difficult situation."

The train stopped with a jolt and the veil fell back across the Russian woman's face. I could see her eyes grow large in the shadow of its web.

(Continued on page 19)



The Right Combination does it...

THE SECRET of Chesterfield's milder better taste...*the reason why they give you more smoking pleasure...* is the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos rolled in pure cigarette paper... the blend that can't be copied.



Chesterfield
THEY SATISFY

JOHN PAUL JONES

**"PHEW"... AND
FAR BETWEEN!**



"MY SISTER IS NUTS about this guy. But that stinko pipe of his doesn't help any. Think I'll swipe it... clean it... and refill it with some of Dad's Sir Walter Raleigh."



JUNIOR GOT HIS REWARD, and Romeo got his dame! And they pledged their love with a ring—a ring of Sir Walter Raleigh smoke—that mild, fragrant burley blend.

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

**UNION
MADE**



PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday, coast-to-coast, NBC Red Network.

John Paul Jones weighed fifty pounds when he was born. He was so strong his pappy had to make a crib out of steel bars from the old bear trap. John Paul hit his mammy in the face and broke her nose.

"I don' want nobody kiss'n me. For I'se a man's man." That's what John Paul said. And so he hit his mammy in the face and busted her nose.

John Paul was born a hungry and thirsty man. When his mother offered him milk he got so mad he busted her nose. And he spit and put the fire out. And he said, "I'se a man's man. Bring me a ham. And bring me a jug. I'se a hungry man."

"Hes a man's man shore 'nough," said his mammy.

"He's a man's man," said his mammy.

"He's shore 'nough a man's man," said his pappy.

And so the first day John Paul ate a ham and drank a jug full. And his folks almost froze to death because he spit out the fire. And it snowed out. And the snow covered John Paul's shack. And when he cried, "I'se a man's man," the mountains trembled. And avalanches of snow covered his shack. Then he was happy 'cause even the mountains knew he was a man's man, and John Paul smiled.

II

"Mammy and Pappy, I'se tired of the hills. I'se itchin' to go down to the city. I'se a itchin' to wear shoes on my feet. I'se a itchin' to see some women. Tomorrow when the wind's a blowin' in the trees I'se a goin' to be a blowin' to the city."

"Son, yo's shore a man's man. Yo' shore ought to go to the city to see the women and wear shoes."

And so John Paul smiled when he slept that night.

And John Paul busted his mammy's nose when she kissed him goodbye. And he busted his pappy's hand. And he was so happy he forgot to open the door

when he walked through it. And he sang a song:

*"I a rootin' tootin' man,
I'se goin' where I can.
I'se goin' to the city.
Ain't that a pity,
'Cause the Lord wants me hyar."*

III

John Paul liked the city fine. He liked the women. And he liked to wear shoes on his feet. But he was restless. He was eight feet tall and he was restless. And so he killed a hick from the hills who called John Paul a liar. And



John Paul got sent to jail. And he bent the bars and busted the warden's nose.

"You're a mighty big man, John Paul," said the warden. "But I think you is yellow."

And so John Paul swung the warden by the feet and knocked the rafters from the roof with his head, and busted the warden's head wide open.

"You're a mighty big man, John Paul," said the warden. "And you're a mighty brave man, too."

And so the warden and John Paul were good friends.

(Continued on page 23)



TO WHILE away time at the front or in training camps we recommend these little tests and choice tid-bits from home:

1. Bob Reinhardt and Kay Galle are (1. A song and dance team; 2. Too terribly fond of each other; 3. Brother and sister).

2. Pat Ahern is (1. Fickle; 2. She is not; 3. She is; 4. She is not; 5. Okay, you win).

3. Joan Ball is getting tired of (1. Hot fudge sundaes with nuts; 2. Hot fudge sundaes without nuts; 3. Having to listen to the gossipy Thetas; 3. Seeing MacLean in the parlor every night).

4. The most sought after man around campus is (1. Ken Davey; 2. Ken Davey's uncle; 3. Clyde Berry; 4. Chancellor Throop).

5. Besides sitting on the library steps, Betty Bastman (1. Sits in the Quad Shop with Griffin; 2. Sits in the library without Griffin; 3. Sits on the Quad with Griffin; 4. Sits).

6. Paul Kummer took (1. Doris Hartmann to the Froshmore Prom; 2. An aspirin; 3. Sick on the punch).

7. A sure way never to get in the gossip column is to (1. Date the guy who writes it; 2. Not date the guy who writes it; 3. Get married; 4. Pay the editor to leave your name out).

8. All the boys are sighing because of (1. Middleton; 2. Alexander; 3. Lamarr; 4. Asthma).

9. Mary Margaret Alt gave (1. Neun his pin back; 2. Two-bits for the Gamma Phi Old Maid's Fund; 3. A piano recital).

10. Why doesn't someone (1. Ever buy an Eliot; 2. Set the archway clock right; 3. Break up Spitzfadden's monopoly).

11. The Kappa Convention was (1. At Columbia; 2. Held in the morgue; 3. Wasn't, but should have been; 4. The homeliest sight you ever saw; 5. not nearly as bad as the Gamma Phi Convensh).

Although this is the time of the year for it, not many fancies have been lightly turning... Spitzfadden, Goesling, Sheepy, and Keller asked Budke, Webb, and the Reusters to go picnicing one day but when they got to their sunny hillside, they discovered that no one had brought any food... but being a resourceful bunch they ate fudge squares and milk shakes, so they claim, for their picnic lunch... sounds good, but how did they find that kind of stuff out in the country?... Sterling Tre-

mayne has managed to keep himself well-hidden for the years he has spent around these parts but at last we have unearthed the real Sterling—or as his friends call him—Casanova Tremayne... the Kappa's Field Secretary blew in the other week and lo and behold, she was an old friend of Sterling's whom he had met out in Colorado last summer... they had a date to "see the town," as Sterling put it... and what's more, on the way back from the O.D.K. convention, Sterling met the love of his life on the train... a petite little number that was headed back to school in the south somewhere... but Sterling claims he will find her... "I claim I will find her," he said...

Gloria Ball has submitted this ad for the classified ad department: "WANTED: Several nice, interesting young men who can prove to be exciting during a whole summer; exotic, latin types preferred. Must not have any interest in yearbooks"... Byars, it seems, is cycling in Yurop, this summer... maybe between trenches, for all he knows... Julius Friedrich wins the most constant man award for his attentiveness to Lorraine Koch, whom we sympathize with...

That red roadster hasn't helped Bloom one bit... Pete Mara has been holding hands with Houk and jelling with Conrad... somebody ought to wake up soon... Dick Compton gave Doris Gates a birthday party at the Phi Delt House... presents from Woolworth's... Our nomination for the best line of the month is Eggie Marsalek's statement that Jack Brerton ought to model collars because he has such a good neck line... and Mary Wilson deserves some kind of honors for this reply which she made to the question, "When did you get home last night, Mary?"... "Oh, early," Mary replied, "I get in at one but it takes til one-thirty while he chases me around the living room"... June Longworth and Lou Hardy are pinned...

Some one of these issues we are going to publish the inside story on the Sultana crowning... Paul Lashley has been trying to keep things hushed up but it ain't no coincidence that Rosemary has had to put up with him ever since he plunked the borrowed crown on her chestnut dome at the Froshmore Prom... yes, girls, you have to date the strangest people in order to be a queen, nowadays... Fuzzy Gibbs and Betty Webb tagging around together... Oh, well...

—A.H.

FREE! A box of Life Savers

to

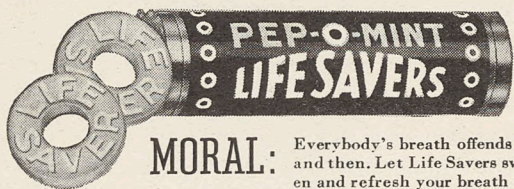
Pat Ahern and Edi Marsalek

for the following poem:

He grabbed her in the dark and kissed her,
 For a moment bliss was his.
 He said, "Sorry, I thought it was my sister."
 She laughed and said, "It is."



In the Spring, no young man's fancy
 Lightly turned to thoughts of Nancy.
 But now they pester her to death,
 Since Pep-O-Mints improved her breath.



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now
 and then. Let Life Savers sweet-
 en and refresh your breath after
 eating, drinking, and smoking.

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive, cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the Editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

THREE PLAYS FOR A QUARTER

DELTA PHI ALPHA, the German honorary, annually presents an evening of one-act German plays. Sponsored by the German department, each of the three plays is directed by a member of the Deutsch faculty. Dr. Erich P. Hofacker is directing *Unter Vier Augen* ("Between Us") by Roderich Benedix. This un-akter concerns the domestic difficulties of socialite Hanice Walser and her home loving doctor husband, Ben Borus. Things are complicated by the old family retainer George Perks. Herbert Wiegand and Lillian Keller, as the maid, completes the cast.

The second play is a rollicking comedy, Ernest Wichert's *Als Verlobte empfehlen sich* ("They Announce Themselves As Engaged"). Frances ("Mayerling") Hurd is the dignified Mama in the play. Ernie (Andreas Langerhans) Wolker, plays the part of a not so bright



Russian farm overseer to whom Audrey Buddensick of Phi Mu suddenly finds herself engaged. From reliable sources it has been rumored that high spots of this play are Audrey's screams and her "Ein ungeheure Schmach ist mir Angetan." The phoney engagement announcement is the work of Rudy Kaufman, handsome juvenile especially imported from the old country to play opposite Eloise (Phi Mu Juliet) Bradley, the ingenue. Dorothy Gaebler is the Dienst Maedchen of this amusing "Lustspiel." To keep this particularly gemuetlich crowd on the job at rehearsals is the task of Director Theodore H. Leon who royally treats the cast to coke and pretzels.

Hans Lachs' 16th Century sketch *Der Fahrende Schueler* ("The Traveling Scholar") is the third play now in rehearsal. Mildred (Teach) Eisenmayer—plays a dumb peasant Frau with Howard Schmitz as her stage husband. Everything goes well between them until a clever student swindles the couple. Milton (Braintrust) Slein is the Fahrende Schueler.

The bargain price of admission should induce many to attend the performance—three plays for 25 cents or one-fourth of a dollar. The date is Thursday evening, April 27, in Brown Hall Auditorium.

NO CONQUEST

(Continued from page 14)

I have seen spiders and I dread them.

There was much noise and confusion.

"Your bandits have come," she said.

The outer door of the carriage was jerked open and fat faces thrust themselves into our presence. She did not scream, she did not even move away from the knowing grins. Nor was she surprised when they spoke to me.

"Is this our guest?"

I nodded.

"She is a very noble person. Be certain you do not treat her with disrespect."

"You care to search me?"

"No."

"My luggage?"

"Perhaps." I was not happy about the disregard in her manner.

"Regrettable. It entered Russia days ago."

"It is regrettable. There will be no one to claim it."

"No?" Her disdain was not pleasant to endure.

"Again I err."

She rose. "Shall we go?"

"A countess must never be kept waiting."

I stepped outside the carriage and took her hand. She was very much like the cabaret dancer. The train behind us began to crawl away.

"You have missed your train, Countess," one man said.

"My last. And such a wretched one." She turned her eyes from it. "Your railways get worse each time I ride them."

"This is a time of war," I answered. "It is difficult to travel in time of war."

There was a small building in the clearing before us.

"Will you enter, Countess?"

"Your headquarters? Conveniences are rather lacking. And you do it all for your country."

I looked at the bare room. The wall on one side was splintered and there were many holes.

"I am not the only one."

The men had their guns. They were impatient.

"A cigarette, please—"

I went to a cupboard.

"Accept these. I had saved them as a souvenir."

"Thank you. So sorry to deprive you; but mine are on the train, going to Russia—where my luggage is."

I lighted the cigarette and turned away.

"Very bad," she said, exhaling smoke in a thin streamer.

Surprise clung to my face.

"I am the Countess Marinov. A title works many changes. I liked them once—"

"Good-bye, Countess." I had my hand on the door.

"—when you bought them."

I gave the order and it was over. But her laugh sounded above the gun fire and I felt that she and not I had conquered. It is distracting to be conquered by a woman, to be outwitted by a foreign woman.

—Major-General Triefenbach.

● ● ●
PRIVATE FINK

AND THE GOOD BOOK

(Continued from page 8)

The offender and a G.I. coffee cup hit the door in a photo-finish.

Outside, Private Fink brushed coffee grounds from his blouse, and walked gloomily back to barracks. He was in the dog-house now, and no mistake.

The next morning, Private Fink stood nervously at attention before his Battery Commander.

"Fink," the Old Man barked, "the mess-sergeant tells me you've been making unnecessary and unfounded complaints about the mess. Is this true?"

Private Fink gulped, opened his mouth—

"I thought so," snapped the Old Man. "Fink, it seems you're a constant offender in this regard. However, I haven't called you for it before, so I'm not going to stick you for it this time. But by all that's Holy, if I hear another word from Sgt. Brown about you running down the mess, I'll have you doing K.P. a week at a time. Do you understand?"

Private Fink gulped again. "Yes-sir," he said.

"Very well, the Captain growled, "Now get back to your platoon—"

and remember, one more gripe out of you, and you'll be in the kitchen until Christmas. Dismissed!"

Private Fink walked slowly toward the truck park. To eat at Bobo Brown's rotten mess was practically unbearable, even when he was free to express his opinions about the food and its preparation, but to be forced to eat and keep his mouth shut was infinitely worse. The Old Man had meant what he said—he knew that from past experience. Private Fink kicked at a pebble. The army was a helluva life.

In fact, for the next few days, life in general definitely palled for Private Fink. Each mess, conducted under the gibing surveillance of Sgt. Brown, became a humiliating ordeal. Even his squad mates turned against him.

"This is sure a elegant meal," Dutch would proclaim, digging into an anonymous stew. "Don't yuh think so, Pinky?" And Pinky Morris, with an eye on Fink, would hold aloft a spoonful of dubious soup, and reply, "Lovely, Dutch, downright lovely—don't you think so, Private Fink?" This never failed to evoke a guffaw from the squad, and Anglo-Saxon expletives from Private Fink.

So it was a morose, embittered Fink, who that Sunday filed out of barracks with his platoon at church call, and scuffed into the chapel. The greater part of the Chaplain's exposition of "The Everlasting Concept and Its Relation to the Soldier" was lost on Private Fink. He slumped gloomily in his chair, lost in moody contemplation during the first part of the sermon. Lapsing into reverie, he saw Sgt. Bobo Brown successively die horribly by suffocating during gas-drill, cut to pieces by a muzzel-burst during battle practice, and finally emerge as cube-steaks from beneath the treads of a gun-tractor. He suddenly gave a start and dropped these extremely pleasant contemplations, held by a phrase from the Chaplain's discourse. He sat for a moment, unable to believe his ears. Then he squared his shoulders, sat erect, and looked about him. For the first time in three days, Private Fink grinned from ear to ear. And when

(Continued on page 20)

PRIVATE FINK AND THE GOOD BOOK

(Continued from page 19)

the service was over, he quick-timed it back to the barracks, reincarnated purpose obvious in the tilt of his hat, the swing of his shoulders, and the glint in his eye. He could hardly wait for mess.

Once again, Private Fink filed into the mess-hall with his outfit, past the baleful gaze of Sgt. Bobo Brown. He stopped at the first table and placed his hands on his hips. He looked about him, sniffed audibly, and shook his head.

"Oof," said Private Fink. "Hebrews, 13:8."

"What's that you said," the Sergeant bellowed. "What's that you said about Hebrews?"

Private Fink wheeled to face the sergeant. This was what he had been waiting for.

"I was quotin' Scrip-chur," he shrilled. "I said Hebrews, 13:8. Whatsa matter with that I wanta know, that you should come blowin' down my neck for quotin' outta the Good Book on Sunday? I may be a dogface, but I got rights an' I know 'em. Hebrews, 13:8."

With this, he stalked to his seat, surveyed his plate, snorted, and pushed it from him.

"Hebrews, 13:8," he repeated, and reached for the bread. The Sergeant verged on apoplexy.

Late that afternoon, Sgt. Bobo Brown strode up the walk to the Chaplain's quarters. The Chaplain answered his knock.

"Well, Sergeant," he said, "what can I do for you?"

"Well, sir," Bobo began, "it's like this, sir. I was wondering if maybe you could tell me was there something someplace in the Bible called Hebrews, thirteen eight?"

Now, the Chaplain had long ceased to wonder at the abruptness and incongruity sometimes evidenced by his flock. But even so, for Sgt. Bobo Brown to quiz him on the Scripture seemed about as fanciful as Queen Mary doing the can-can. Nevertheless, the Chaplain recovered in a flash.

"Why, yes, Sergeant," he replied, "I'm quite familiar with the passage.

Would you care to take it down?"

"Yes, sir, I would," Bobo said, reaching for a pencil and notebook, "I certainly would!"

"Very well." The Chaplain cleared his throat. "It runs something like this:

Hebrews, 13:8—

'Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever.'"

—Hon. Major Willmarth.

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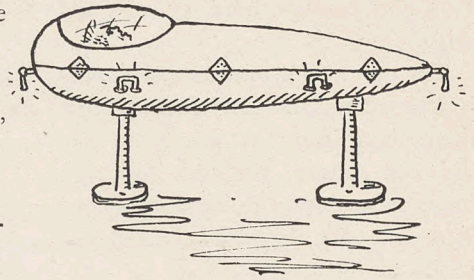
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MEETING AT MIDNIGHT

(An Example of the Filthy Peace Propaganda That Is Being Disseminated.
Watch Out for It!—Ed.)

A filthy darkness fills the room, broken only by the feeble glare of the candle on my little table. The light flickers dimly upon the courtyard's unkempt, whitewashed walls which rise up about me. It's one of those damn hot nights which are so common along the Micho in July and August. The stars seem to be floating along just overhead, and everything looks clear, but down here there is only a muggy darkness, four walls, and sweat.

The mosquitoes are thick tonight; they keep buzzing about my head. But it is useless to keep slapping at them—there are too many. So I just sit and mop my face, and my shirt sticks to the back of the chair.

A few feet away I hear the men talking in low tones. They are waiting just as I am. I loosen my belt to relieve the heat. Sergeant Brill is late with the prisoners, and I am disgusted. It is bad enough to get a firing detail without having to sit around and let the mosquitoes eat you up while you wait. Finally footsteps scrape on the pavement, and the gate swings open. It's the Sergeant with the prisoners. A fine rest detail this is.

A shape looms up in the shadows, the figure of Sergeant Brill. He salutes and then relaxes.

"The prisoners are here, sir."

"Good. You're late as it is. Take over the squad, and get this thing finished." Presumably a Lieutenant is supposed to be in charge of a firing squad, but out here we forget a lot of rules. I hate the job and have no intention of doing it.

"Lieutenant, you know who the prisoners are?"

I look at his face. He sounds serious and is now talking in almost a whisper. I glance at my papers under the candle light. They are in a mess; the tallow has covered part of them.

"According to these the prisoners are one of the natives who was caught sniping, and Father Legrin who had a

crystal set in his private chapel. What about them?"

"Well that part is all right. But there's three of them now, and one ain't no native." The Sergeant's face showed red in the candlelight. "His name is Carl Lamb—of Brooklyn, and he's from the Brigade."

"You mean he's to be shot? Since when do they execute men in the International Brigade?"

"It's orders, sir. But would you like to talk to him?" Brill's voice is hopeful. I look at him for a moment. Hot and late as it is, I can't order a fellow American shot until I at least know who he is and why he's here.

"Bring him over, Sergeant." Brill hastily turns to get him. "And, Sergeant,—carry on with the other two, please." His eyes meet mine in the gloom. He knows I hate this detail and am shirking my duty.

"Yes sir."

Carl Lamb is led over to me. I am surprised; he is young and doesn't look tough. In fact, he is small and has a naïve look about his eyes. He is dressed all in white prison cotton, and he needs a haircut and a shave. But he looks a lot cooler than I am. What am I to say to him? He's about to die and I'm about to kill him. I'm not dealing with



some fool native. I never hesitate to get tough with them. They started all this trouble themselves. But this fellow is young—probably didn't know anymore what he was getting into than I did when I enlisted. He's an American, and he knows I am too. He comes to attention and gives a jerky salute.

"You're Carl Lamb?"

"Yes—sir."

"Of Brooklyn, U.S.A."

"Yes."

"More recently of the second regiment of the International Brigade?"

"Yes."

He isn't volunteering any information. I can see that he's having a hard time holding himself together, and he doesn't want to talk. His eyes flit around the gloomy courtyard. Things are so damn quiet and hot. I look at him a minute. I hate to bother him at a time like this, but I must know why he's here. I can't just order an American boy shot to death without knowing a little something about him, whether or not he deserves it. Maybe I am being too business like with him.

"Cigarette?"

"Yes, please." He takes the cigarette and bends over to light it from the candle. There is a ragged volley of shots in the background. That will be the priest. At the sound Lamb's hand jerks suddenly, and he burns himself on the candle. A fleeting look of utter terror—complete funk asses over his pale face. And then it disappears again. He inhales deeply on the cigarette, and then coughs. Foolishly I wonder whether or not he deserves it. Maybe whether he has ever smoked before.

"What did they charge you with, Carl?" There it is out. He must tell me now. He inhales again, coughs again, and then looks up at the walls.

"Cowardice."

"How did it happen, Carl?" I must use his name. It gives him something to cling to, to reinforce himself with.

"You know the front, Lieutenant?" His voice is now toneless, dead. His eyes are still on the walls.

"Yes." How well I know that stretch of front along the muddy stream that is supposed to be the famous Micho River!

(Continued on page 23)

MOLLY THE TRUCK DRIVER

MARCH 1 . . . Why I write all this drivel about this stupid, little war is beyond me. Perhaps so I can read it when I am fifty and stodgy and remember the good, old days when life was fun and food was a moot question. The real reason is that I miss writing letters. Now that Fred, Bill, and Jack are comfortably lying in a dung heap, I have to write to myself. Damned ungrateful of them to get in the way of three neat bullets and leave me without a correspondent to my name. Paris has been blacked for three nights now. It isn't half bad dodging people and cars by ear or stripping by them or, best of all, catapulting into them. It's always a surprise to see what you've knocked down. Whoever walks or drives at night in this eyeless city deserves to be buffeted about a bit. Last night Launcelot developed a sudden labor pain in the carburetor; so fumbled through the streets at an indecent speed of 15 per, thus avoiding the excitement of discovering what we had hit.—We didn't hit one thing. I ask you (I know you are all dead, boys, but this is merely a rhetorical question) what's the use of my driving a truck when everything is so blind and dead in Paris? Tonight I was drinking with some of the lads from the British battalion at Le Chat Rouge when the bombs dropped and blasted our conversation along with some of our conversationalists. Rather interesting when it's over to see if the last one talking is still here to end his tale. Fortunately he wasn't, and I didn't have to hear the finish of what began as a dull recitative on the joys of peace, spring, Scotland, and scones. Stupid fellow that. Reminded me of one of the doctors in the medical unit I came over with. God, I'm glad for Launcelot's careening when I think of the excruciating inactivity of the unit. And so to bed.

MARCH 8... Back from the Le Mans front with a load of convalescents to find Paris still dark. Paradoxically, this blind groping is very illuminating. Launcelot, now with ale aches, and I were headlong in the vicinity of the Place de la Concorde a few nights ago

with some medical supplies when the bombs came. One fell a block behind me; the other dug into the block ahead of me. I paused to do a little window-shopping in the interim and met Joe, the young interne from the base. Aside from being tickled by a few splinters from the wreckage I was unhurt and really found the bombs a blissful blessing. Joe still has the old appeal, but he's getting soft from hating the international tea-party. I told him that it was more exciting than a dull practice at home. Reminded him that he met me here. Surprisingly it seemed small compensation. He was always one to enjoy being in the minority.

March 10... Last night was another moonlight session. I used to like them for the romance, but now I like them for a reason much more exciting. They bring the bombers. You never know what town is going to get it. All you do know is that one of them will. I always hope it will be Versailles. What a grand mess that would make. Launcelot and I were dragging a heavy load of supplies up a road never intended for more than two cars. As we were pulling by another truck, along came a little car from the opposite direction. We hugged the big truck closely enough to bruise Launcelot's running board. That damned little car slid by like a thread through a needle's eye. I half-hoped he would go over the cliff—something interesting to tell Joe.

MARCH 11 . . . The medical base bombed tonight Joe and I ran for the garage because I wanted to be near Launcelot. I love every grease nipple on that crate. I lighted a match and Joe rasped it out. He is getting soft. The bombers couldn't see a match in the garage.

MARCH 15 . . . Back to Paris with a load of plints and bandages for the new offensive. Why do they bother patching them when they will die? Suppose I would miss all the fun if they didn't. Paris is still dark with the exception of the moon. Here it spoils the life. All the people run from hole to hole like rats.

MARCH 18 . . . Well, Joe is gone.

He was getting soft. In the last bombing at the base we ran into one of the shell holes that are used for garbage and refuse. It was filled with the dregs of the natural facts of life. Joe said, "God, I can't stand it!" and bailed out. He loped along towards the garage, but didn't make it. Well, the appeal has gone out of my life, but I still have Launcelot and Paris.

MARCH 21 . . . It is getting harder to drive through the shell holes in the road. The one joy that counteracts Launcelot's belching through them is hearing the convalescents groan and moan. They sound like cattle in a freight car.

MARCH 22 . . . Launcelot and I were flapping back to Le Mans yesterday when I saw something vaguely reminiscent of a man lying beside a shell-hole. I had no convalescents, therefore no desire to hit the hole. The man had to be it. How should I have known he was still alive? Well, what difference does one more make?

MARCH 31 . . . Have been laid up in Paris for four days waiting for Launcelot's operation to come through. Paris is dark again.

APRIL 1 . . . The bombers are bouncing their little balls again. Fun seeing the rats run for their holes. Paris is still dark. The planes are swooping overhead while I write. Paris is still....

—Major Choate



SATAN AND THE OLD ARMY GAME

(Continued from page 9)

known as a freighter, sank through the table. And Mars said,

31. Hey, you can't do that. It's illegal. And Satan looked innocent and said, Do what? And Mars said, Sink my freighter. And Satan said, What freighter? And indeed, there was no freighter to be seen.

32. And Mars was silent, but he scowled a terrible scowl. And lo, one of his pieces, which was like unto a bird, rose into the air and flew to the side of the table which was Satan's; and there was an explosion, and a multitude of the red pieces which were known as innocent-women-and-children did fall over.

33. Whereupon Mars rubbed his hands and smiled, and Satan looked at him with a look which bespoke thunder; and the spectators which were assembled grew tense; and the men on earth feared, they knew not why.

34. And Satan moved a veritable mass of men, which was known as an army, into an empty space on the board, which was near unto the chief place of Mars, called the capital.

35. Whereupon Mars moved a like mass of men into the same space, and Satan spake, saying,

36. Wait a minute. I got there first. And Mars replied, saying, Yes, but I'm there now. And Satan drew back his arm in a gesture which was indeed threatening; but Mars rose to his feet and drew himself to his full height, which was that of a giant.

37. Whereupon Satan let fall his arm, and said,

38. Okay. Let's arbitrate. And they decreed that a line should be drawn, dividing the space into two equal parts, which were called spheres-of-influence; and each took an equal part, and did appear deaf to a feeble sound of protest which did arise from the space.

39. And then Satan did push another button, and there arose in his chief place a sharp pyramid of wondrous metallic network, which emanated mystic waves in the direction of all the empty spaces; and it was called propaganda.

(Continued on page 24)

JOHN PAUL JONES

(Continued from page 16)

IV

And a big war broke out somewhere. And the warden and John Paul wanted to fight because they were restless. And John Paul learned how to shoot a gun straight. He could shoot straighter than anyone. He could dodge bullets. John Paul was a man's man.

John Paul and the warden used to charge the enemy all by themselves. John Paul would scream like mad and the enemy would run. And he would gut them with his bayonet and swing their entrails around his head and laugh. And the warden would laugh and they would go back to the trench and laugh.

"I'se a man's man shore enough," said John Paul.

"You is sure a man's man," said all the soldiers.

John Paul never got mad at the enemy, he was just restless.

One day a sneaky little enemy killed the warden. Killed him with a telescope rifle three miles away. And John Paul saw the little sneak. And he got mad. John Paul screamed and foamed at the mouth and you couldn't hear the war for all the noise he made.

(Continued on page 24)

MEETING AT MIDNIGHT

(Continued from page 21)

"Then you'll know where Hill 206 is and how it looks. Why it's almost straight up—too steep for the tanks. Well, our company was supposed to get it one morning before breakfast. It was right after I had got to the front. We got half way up the hill before they bothered us. And then hell broke loose!" His face twists and he puffs hurriedly on the tobacco. "They had machine guns all along the top of that hill. We were dropping on that rocky hill like flies. I saw there wasn't a chance of making it."

He is looking at me pleadingly now. "They got half of us before we were anywhere near the top—and we weren't getting any artillery support either. So I thought it was high time to beat it back to the old position while there were still a few left. It was my first action; how did I know that in something like that you just keep going until—it didn't seem sensible, Lieutenant."

He pauses and licks his lips. Dully in the background I hear another volley. That is Juan, the sniper. I look at Carl. I can remember my own first attack. After it was over I hid for two hours in a shell hole before I could get a hold of myself. But now Carl is talking again.

"... and then just as I was running back down the hill, for some reason the rebels deserted the top. So I ran right into the C.O. of the supporting company just as my own took possession of the hill."

He sounds so hopeless now. "That was about all. There was a court martial and—here I am." His shoulders are sagging and I am afraid that he is going to cry. I must stop that. I'm pretty sure now that all this talking didn't do him any good. But damn it, it's not my fault that he's here, and I am not going to watch an American go to pieces in front of me. I stand up and the chair squeaks badly. I feel very inadequate.

"Sergeant Brill," he appears at Lamb's shoulder. Lamb is staring at me with wide eyes. I don't think he believes the whole situation even yet.

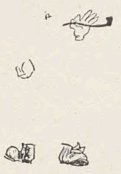
"Carry on, Sergeant." Brill looks

(Continued on page 24)

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JOHN PAUL JONES

(Continued from page 23)

"Get out of my way, soldiers, 'cause I'se mad. And when I'se mad I'se even scared of myself." And John Paul busted the Captain's nose. And he jumped over the trench and tore up the barbed wire and the enemy were so scared they couldn't shoot straight.

"John Paul's charmed!" they said, and they screamed as he tore out their guts with his bare hands. And the little sneaky enemy was running away. But John Paul caught him.

"I'se a man's man, little fellow, and I'se mad."

And John Paul tore off the sneaky enemy's arm and beat him over the head with it. And he smashed the enemy in the face and he jumped on him.

"You is a man's man, John Paul," said the enemy, and he died. And John Paul laughed, "I'se shore a man's man."

V

Pappy said John Paul was a man's man and so did his mammy, and so did the warden and all the soldiers, and the enemy and the little sneak . . . an so did John Paul. And so the Lord said, "John Paul, you is sure a man's man." And John Paul lay down and died, 'cause he was tired. And it took twenty men to carry him to his grave. And John Paul smiled at them as they threw dirt on his face, 'cause he was a man. And he went to Heaven.

—Captain von Brunn.

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**SATAN AND
THE OLD ARMY GAME**

(Continued from page 23)

40. And Mars rose and said, You're cheating. And he complained that Gabriel, who was called the League, or Referee, might know of it. And Gabriel was silent, knowing not what to say; whereupon Mars spoke, saying, You arbitrationists never were any good, anyway.

41. And he demanded that Satan make a forfeit for his illegal action; wherefore he asked to possess divers spaces in the extremities of the table,

which were empty, or which belonged unto Satan; and they were known as colonies.

42. And Satan refused, saying,

43. Nuts.

44. Whereupon Mars pushed the red pieces off a certain square, which was a colony and placed a multitude of his black pieces there.

45. And Satan became livid with rage, and picking up his chief man, which was a dictator, he did fling it into the very face of Mars.

46. And Mars drew himself to his full height once more, saying,

47. You dirty devil! And he swung his mighty arm, which was like unto the trunk of an oak, at the face of Satan. But Satan withdrew his head, and the mighty arm of Mars struck the table. And the table was upset, and the pieces fell upon the floor in great confusion; and the divisions of the table, which were called countries, were broken and bent.

48. And the noise that arose was terrifying, so that both Heaven and Earth quaked at it. And there was a roaring, and a screaming, as of the tortures of the damned.

49. And the Spectators did threaten Mars with implements which were known as pop-bottles; wherefore Mars did turn and depart, in the direction of the Pagan Order.

50. And as he departed, Satan spake, saying,

51. I'll get even with you, you big bully. I'll raise all the storm-troopers in Hades and follow you to the four corners of the Universe.

Chapter Two

1. And upon the Earth a suburban business man did open his morning paper; and there were therein headlines which told of stupendous warfare; and he spoke, saying,

2. Somebody sure is raising Hell!

—Colonel Smith.

● ● ●

MEETING AT MIDNIGHT

(Continued on page 23)

tense and rather unpleasant. But after all it's not my fault the fellow is here. He puts a hand on Lamb's shoulder, and the two fade away to the far side of the court. My face is full of perspiration, and my shirt is soaking wet now. I hear the click of rifle bolts as the glow of Lamb's cigarette slowly disappears. I pick up the rumpled papers from the table and start for the door to the office. I'll sign the death certificates inside—the mosquitoes are too bad in the night air. As I enter the door I hear the crackling volley followed by a thud.

I hope that Sergeant Brill will blow out the candle now. It is a clear night and there would be good visibility for the bombers.

—Major Byars.

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