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The

ELIOT

Washington University • St. Louis, Missouri

MAY
1941

15¢



ROSE PERRI

"YOU SAVVY
QUICK,
SOLDIER!"



DAD ought to know. Look at the wall behind him. Photo of Dad, straight and proud in old-style choker-collar blouse, Sam Browne belt, and second "looie's" gold bars. And his decorations—the Order of the Purple Heart, Victory Medal, Croix de Guerre *with* palm.

"You savvy quick, soldier," he says to his son as that chip off the old block in the new uniform proffers Camels. "These were practically 'regulation' cigarettes with the army men I knew. Lots of other things seem to have changed, but *not* a soldier's 'smokin's.'"

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THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVES YOU
EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR AND

28% LESS NICOTINE
than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself*

● What cigarette are you smoking now? The odds are that it's one of those included in the famous "nicotine-in-the-smoke" laboratory test. Camels, and four other largest-selling brands, were analyzed and compared . . . over and over again . . . for nicotine content *in the smoke itself!* And when all is said and done, the thing that interests you in a cigarette is *the smoke*.

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give you a smoking *plus*
equal, on the average, to
**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**

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



Eugenie Andrews, Kay Pearson and Jimmie Otto between dances in fashions for Juniors by Steinman... you'll find them at Garland's... in St. Louis.

POETRY CONTEST

In this first issue of Eliot as a part of the Parnassus organization we are fortunate in being able to publish the poems which were judged the best of those submitted to the Contest sponsored by the Creative Writing Department of Parnassus.

The lucky winner of the first prize, Miss Dorothy Schregardus, will receive a year's membership in the Mercantile Library or any five dollar book.

Second in the Contest was Leonard Stein for his Poem Junior-Senior Party 1939.

The judges were Miss Marietta Daniels, Dr. Robert Schmitz, and Professor John Smith.

* * *

"VOICES FROM THE PAST"

By DOROTHY SCHREGARDUS

The long monotony of days
Goes on when love is gone.
The long-ago bright world
Lives only in pain-sharp memory;
Hours creep, gray and endless;
Shifting moods are flimsy screens
Before a shadowy, numb void,
And nothing is real.
Voices come from vast distances
To reach a dully aching brain,
And colors glow unseen by vacant eyes
That care no longer for old joys.

"Fool," the others say, "to care so much."
"Fool!" the gray void echoes;
Time clacks by on square wheels,
Echoes shrink to pulse-beats and grow mute,
The leaden fog rolls back and clings.

(First Prize in Parnassus Poetry Contest)

• • •

JOKES!

Little boy,
Roller skates,
Open sewer,
Pearly gates.

•

"Wheresha Phi Beta Kappa house?"
"Damfino. Whinell you wannaknow?"
"Founda key to th' dam' door."

—Virginia Reel.

•

Absent-minded Dean (knocking on St. Peter's gate)
"C'mon, open up here or I'll throw the whole fraternity out."

—Lehigh Burr.

The ELIOT

MAY, 1941

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CONTENTS

DEPARTMENTS

| | |
|------------------------------|---------|
| Music | Page 3 |
| This Way Out..... | Page 4 |
| The Towers and the Town..... | Page 7 |
| Greek Letters | Page 16 |
| Between Belles | Page 17 |
| Drama | Page 20 |

FEATURES

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------|
| Lawyer's Day | Page 6 |
| Ed Mead, Poet Laureate..... | Page 18, 19 |

STORIES

| | |
|-----------------------------|---------|
| A Letter from Granddad..... | Page 8 |
| Cold | Page 10 |
| The Why of a Hangover | Page 13 |

POETRY

| | |
|--|---------|
| Voices from the Past (Prize Winner)..... | Page 2 |
| Junior-Senior Party 1939 (Prize Winner) .. | Page 12 |

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MUSIC



AFTER the excellent and exciting season of music St. Louis has had this winter with such big names as the Philadelphia Orchestra, Milstein, Rubinstein, Heifetz, Pinza, and Anderson, we begin to wonder how we can live through a comparatively musicless summer. The prospect is not as bleak as it seems, however, because St.

Louis does have some musical treats to look forward to.

One of the nicest things to which we can look forward is the series of concerts to be presented by the Little Symphony. The Little Symphony, as you probably already know, consists almost entirely of members of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra and is directed by Hans Lange, associate conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. The concerts will be given in the Washington University Quadrangle as they have been in the past. These concerts are most enjoyable not only because very beautiful music is played, but also because of the informality of the audience. On part of the Quad the audience sits formally on chairs as at other concerts; the rest of the Quad, however, is given over to those who prefer to bring an old blanket and gaze at the stars while listening to the strains of Mozart or Debussy. These are delightful concerts and, incidentally, the Quad is one of the coolest places in town on a summer evening. The concerts take place on six consecutive Friday nights beginning June 13.

Another cool spot where one can enjoy music, though of a lighter variety, is in Forest Park at the Municipal Opera. Many of the old favorites are to be presented including *Sweethearts*, *Firefly*, *Irene*, *The Merry Widow*, *Bitter Sweet*, and *The Desert Song*. The season will open with the world premiere of *New Orleans* on June 5. We hope that the Muni Opera will keep its standards high and give us excellent performances like last year's *Great Waltz*. The St. Louis Municipal Opera is famous all over the country for its beautiful productions and we hope its reputation will not suffer this season.

One of the first concerts of the summer will be the All-American Youth Orchestra under the direction of Leopold Stokowski, on June 9. This concert ought to be an outstanding musical treat for several reasons. First of all we, here in St. Louis, don't have the chance to see the almost legendary Stokowski every day, and there is no doubt about his being one of the world's great conductors. Also, it will be exciting to hear the famous All-American Youth Orchestra which is composed of the

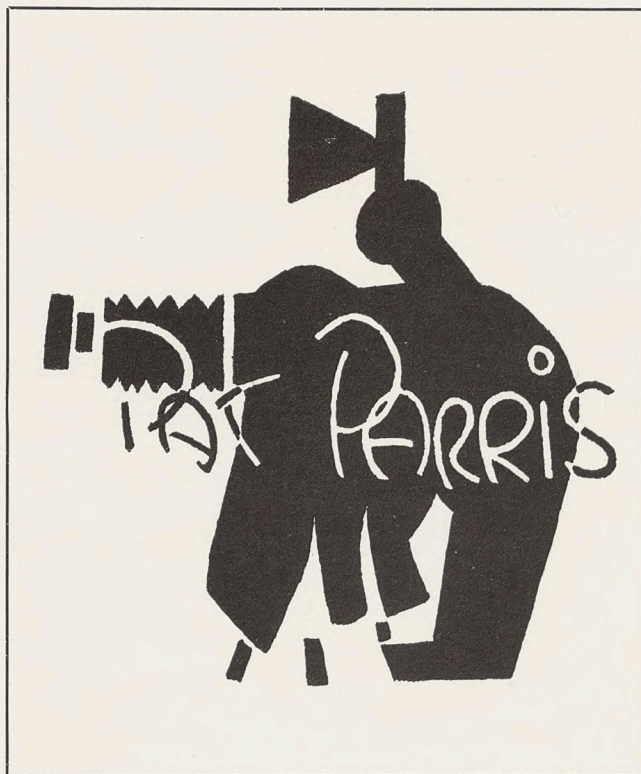
most talented young musicians from all over the United States and which has won so much praise on its tour of South America.

On the air this summer we can enjoy the excellent and delightful concerts of Howard Barlow and the Columbia Broadcasting Orchestra. Mr. Barlow's concerts heard on KMOX at 1 p.m. Sundays are most unusual because each week he presents a new American composition. Many standard symphonic works were first presented by him and it is exciting to guess at the future of the new works. Mr. Barlow also conducts many other beautiful compositions by classical and modern composers.

I can't help urging everyone who loves fine music to buy or at least hear the great recording of Brahms's Concerto No. 2 by Arturo Toscanini and his son-in-law, Vladimir Horowitz. This is said to be the finest Toscanini recording yet made with the NBC Symphony Orchestra and it certainly sounds like it. The orchestra is superb, Toscanini is Toscanini, and Horowitz is at his peak and in my opinion is one of the two or three greatest living pianists having perfect technique, brilliant tone, exquisite taste, and everything else essential to a superb musician. The Brahms concerto is wonderful, having brilliance, depth, poetry, and enchantment.

I close with the hope that you will hear a lot of beautiful music this summer and will thereby receive much pleasure and inspiration.

—Mary Jane Waldemar.



THIS WAY OUT

an alphabetical listing of places to go

Dinner, Supper and Dancing

Candlelight House—7800 Clayton Rd.

If you like to see and be seen, here's just the place, for you'll find everyone from the boy who sits next to you in History to the most recent Campus queen. Dancing is hazardous, but the food is good.

Chase Club—Hotel Chase (RO 2500)

The Chase Club is featuring Mitchell Ayres and his fashions in music. For the place to go, this night club still holds its place as tops. You'll pay for everything you get but there's good entertainment, delicious food and usually a well-known orchestra.

Le Chateau—Clayton Road

Le Chateau plans to open its summer terrace on May 30, and there will be an orchestra every night except Mondays. The food is good, prices moderate, and there is an added attraction of glass tables so you can see your date's legs all evening.

Club Continental—Jefferson Hotel (MA 4600)

Yes, Tony Dipardo's orchestra is still there. You won't find a college crowd here but if you like to meet your parents when you're out on dates we would suggest the Club Continental.

Crystal Terrace—Park Plaza (FO 3300)

Good food, entertainment, and dancing under mirrors to the strains of Joe Winter's orchestra. If you're going by yourself, be well-heeled. If you have a date, you'd better arrange those little financial details before you get there.

Marine Room—Hotel Claridge (CE 7900)

You'll only be able to go here on Saturday nights for the rest of the season, but you'll be studying Friday anyway. Ben Moss, South African accordion and piano player, and Phyllis Walter, singer. Not many people from the Alma Mater.

Mural Room—DeBaliviere and Waterman (RO 4665)

You haven't lived if you haven't been here. Everyone is going or has gone already. Very attractive and prices are reasonable for a place of this type.

Steeplechase—Hotel Chase

If your feet hurt and you want to sit down don't try the Steeplechase on Saturday nights because you won't get a chance. There is standing room only. Any other night it's good and we approve.

Town Hall—Clayton and Big Bend

It's the spot for informal college get-togethers and the upstairs is equally popular. We'd rather confine it to lunches, but it's a good place to go after movies if you're hard put to it.

Walnut Room—Gatesworth Hotel

Judging from the crowds, people seem to like it. Wear a coat, preferably a loose one, because you'll be racing people for a table if you get here after nine-thirty.

Zodiac—Hotel Chase

Well, here we are back at the Chase again, this time in their new star-lit roof. The ceiling really rolls back and there you are under the stars. Very romantic but a little on the crowded side.

" . . . and Grill"

Busch's Grove—9160 Clayton Road

If you like to sit in little log cabins on warm summer evenings this is just the place for you. Quite cozy with good food and drinks and a lot of old traditions thrown in. (not the food.)

Coal Hole—Coronado Hotel

A very smooth gathering spot and informal. Traveling men, and older people find this a pleasant place to relax.

Culpepper's—4665 Maryland

Good drinks, a pleasant atmosphere, and plenty of sophistication are the main attractions of Culpepper's. The debutantes have all migrated to Florida so maybe you will be able to find a table in some corner.

Forest Park—Forest Park Hotel

Plenty of activity and a lot of fun. Everybody here just bubbles with energy and if you're not too sleepy this is just the place.

Graham's Grill—Central and Forsythe

Most of us seem to be sticking to the old fort, even though Roy has opened a new place on Manchester and Berry. Maybe it's because we're used to it. If you can stand the many colored cocktail shaker which can make you deathly ill if you stare at it long enough we suggest Graham's for a good convivial gathering.

Huffnagel's—4967 Delmar

You won't see many college people here, but if you want to spend a long evening you'll find this a very pleasant and inexpensive spot.

Max Weber's—Big Bend and University Car Loop

Max Weber has done just about everything for the students, and it's about time we did something for him. You can't go wrong here. There's good food at inexpensive prices and you'll probably see a lot of people from the campus.

Meadowbrook—Ashby Road and Canter Way

The universal summer night spot for Washington University students will open on May 23 with Ted Weem's orchestra. Plenty of pseudo sophistication and high prices.

Piccadilly—Hotel Melbourne

You'll find this just the place for a drink or two if you're down Grand Avenue way. There's an electric organ that won't disturb you, and the songs are well sung.

Ramelkamp's—7817 Clayton Rd.

When "you lift a glass" here it has milk in it. The atmosphere's nice, and there is a juke-box for dancing.

Richmond—7014 Clayton

The Sigma Chis discovered this hole in the wall, and if you're with a good crowd you'll have fun. You have to make your own entertainment though because the Richmond has very little to offer.

Vescovos—Skinker and Delmar

Well, Vescies is back again and students are all rallying to support their old favorite. If you like shiny walls and good food, and no privacy, go here. Frankly we preferred the beery, smoky atmosphere of the old Vescies.

MIL KRISMAN and his ORCHESTRA—

having completed such a successful 14 week engagement at Castilla Restaurant that it has won for them a 30 week contract for next fall—is now open for engagements until the middle of July.

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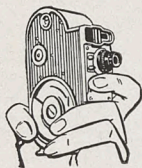
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ANOTHER LAWYER'S DAY

Back in 1939 was the last showing of the Campus burlesque show—the Lawyer's Day skits. College kids cut classes for a whole morning, jammed into the court room, hung through windows, watched Hotchner-led lawyers parade through vile, suggestive scenes, yelled for more. Then Lawyer's Day left the campus, opened at Van Horns. There, with no greedy audience demanding more, skits got worse, but cleaner.

One Friday this month the lawyers met again at Van Horns. After lunch the Tversky-written skit went on, almost flopped. There had been no rehearsal. Outstanding was shy Fred Doerner who, after enough beers, imitated, razed America-First Dean McClain. Others of the faculty took a beating. Worked over were smooth, long-voiced Elmer Hilpert; tall, somber Dr. Carnahan; back-slapping, tremendous, Chuck Cullen; dapper Mr. Becht. Best imitation went to Gene Davis for his more-than-resembling characterization of Ty Williams, Baron of January Hall.

Afternoon came and there was free beer in Tilles Park; some played ball. Oscar Orman entertained with old stories; hole-in-one Treiman won at bridge with V. Morsey; Don Flint worked madly over a dice game. Now-fearless Fred Doerner had all hands drinking from his beer-filled trophy cup while Bud Merritt snapped his camera. All were happy.

That night, music and dancing. Never was there a quieter, nicer dance. Those who expected a brawl were disappointed. Either tired out or spiritless, the lawyers took it easy. The day, in short, was a mild, not wild, success.

JOKES!

Mark Anthony made two famous speeches. One was at Caesar's grave when he said, "I've come to bury Caesar, not to praise him." The other was Cleopatra's tent at midnight: "I didn't come to talk."

—Notre Dame Juggler.

Husband: "I should think you would be ashamed to show your face in that outfit."

Wife: "Don't worry, darling—nobody will look at my face."

—Frvol.

Doctor: "The best thing you can do is give up cigarettes, liquor and women."

Patient: "What's the next best thing?"

—Drexerd.

We envy the position of the Hollywood janitor whose salary includes room and board and any little extras he can pick up.

—Urchin.

THE TOWERS and THE TOWN

Tribute

It is only fitting that a new editor should commence his term in office with a word of tribute to his predecessor. Courtney Heineman has served Eliot well this past year, both as editor and contributor at a minimum of compensation and deserves the praise and appreciation of the student body.

Policy

It is the policy of Eliot under the new regime to work for increased student interest and participation. Some of the old staff have joined the new and we are glad to have those who worked for Eliot in the past helping us in the Creative Writing Group and in staff positions now.

Credit

In the way of giving credit where credit is due, any merit which this present issue deserves falls upon the shoulders of the new managing editor, Newton Gorman, who has waged a successful battle against time, and has managed to get all copy to the printer before the deadline which was five days after his appointment and eight after our own.

Plans

With the end of a school year in sight it should not be amiss to scan the horizon for signs of what the new year will bring with it in addition to more exams and disquieting war news. In the Eliot outlook we see the inauguration of the experiment of publishing a magazine by an organization consisting of a group of students interested in creative writing who are ready to exert their fullest efforts to the realization of their objective—to make Eliot a better student's magazine.

International Saboteurs

We have it on good authority that Pershing Rifles is out to get Quizlings who painted the blue swastika on the A.A. gun in front of the observatory. We are not fooling. The

P.R. men are grim, determined patriots who believe in getting their man. We are not stool pigeons, nor are we squealers, but we are in the know about a certain group of young men on the campus who went out one night with the express intent to paint the observatory dome a luscious purple and found they could not get on the roof. It is suggested that the soldiers compare the color of the paint on their gun with that on a certain Thirteen booth. That is clue number one. Clue number two is that it is the same band of cut-throats that burgled the Petty drawings out of the Chem. Engineer's Alcove. The America First Committee is not, as the Aid-to-the Allies Committee might imply, responsible.

War Scare

To add to the feeling of martial tenseness there was another scare on the campus. Picture if you can Fraternity row a few Saturdays ago. The hour is about one-thirty in the afternoon. The walk is almost deserted. A few boys are playing tennis in the courts and the porter of number 8 is lazily watering the back lawn. From several of the houses comes the blissfully happy sounds of song practices. There is not an ominous note. But wait; circling in the central blue over University City is a small yellow airplane. Its motor cuts out and it begins to glide silently towards the row. Lower and lower it gets. Still no one sees it. Then from one of the houses came the agonize cry, "Look out! It's coming right on in." At the same instant the pilot cracked his throttle open and a thundering roar blasted the serenity of the west campus. The porter threw up his hose and was trying to make a bomb shelter under the Sig Alph chapter room before the hose hit the ground. Tennis players suddenly found out that there is no where to hide on a court. The wheels of the plane grazed the tops of the poplars and cut low over the stadium. Masses of humanity poured out of the houses in time to see the tail of the plane going out

of sight behind the grandstand. Questions at once came crowding to the mind. Was this some fool CAA student skylarking? No, of course not. That would be too simple. Was it a member of the America First Committee trying to show us what would happen if we got into war, or was it a man of the Aid-to-Allies Committee trying to show us what was in store for us if we didn't convoy ships to England? Frankly we don't know. Any solutions to these questions or discussions thereof would be gratefully appreciated. Send all manuscripts to the Eliot office with the top of a Ford Convertible. Decisions of judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of a tie. All entries will become the property of Eliot.

Dirty Work at the Carnival

We went to the Thirteen Carnival Saturday and watched the crowd. The Sigma Nus were drawing the biggest gallery with their modified ducking stool. The Phis seemed to be running them a good second with Monte Carlo (a notorious gambling den). Everything seemed to be going along well when we saw the man from the Student Finance Bureau going from booth to booth whispering something to the ticket takers at the respective concessions. Always on the alert for something hot, we investigated. It turned out that there was a gang of crooks going around passing phoney tickets. He was telling the fraternities not to take any orange tickets of the 034 series. The boys at once opened their strong boxes and sure enough there were plenty of the little orange fakes. The rest of the night became very interesting as we watched men from the different lodges collect in little groups to ask each other tersely, "How many did they pass off on you?", or, "We're pretty darn sure we know who it is. It's those little kids who took our best prize." It is nice to see how serious the men of the campus can become in an emergency. With men like these Democracy will never fall.

A LETTER FROM GRANDDAD

By DAVID HUGHES

ZIP ROCKET FUEL CORPORATION

W. P. Jones, President

"Zoom with Zip"

May 10, 1990

William Jones
Phi Phi Phi House
No. 9 Fraternity Row
Washington University
Saint Louis, Mo.

My Dear Grandson:

I am very thankful to you for your letter. A letter means a lot to an old man like me. Enclosed find fifty dollars which I hope may help you along. I am sorry that I am not able to buy you that new Ford Amphibian Rocket Car, but my funds are getting low. It wouldn't matter if I thought I was going to die in the next ten years or so, but I am only seventy and with my new monkey gland injection I am liable to live another forty years. (Hey! Hey!) A man has got to save something for his old age.

I really think, however, that you are starting off on the wrong foot. Your trouble is that you've been dating this Sally Fourth for a long time. You said in your letter that some guy with a new rocket roadster is, as we said in my day, "cutting your water." You think that with a new amphibian you could beat him out. Maybe you could, but you might as well face the facts. You are not going to get a new rocket car this year. But there are other ways, Willy, to accomplish your purpose. When I went to Washington (class of '42), I was in somewhat the same predicament as you.

I was going with a pretty girl named Anne. She was the most beautiful girl on the campus. At least that is what I thought at the time. I still think I was right. She dressed very well, though I suppose you would think of her as very old fashioned with those long skirts of hers reaching almost to her knees. Well, after I had been going with her a while, some jerk ("misfire" to you, son) stepped in. He had a new car with two spotlights on it. You'll understand what that means when I tell you that that was about as classy as having two television sets in a rocket car today. This boy began to give Anne a terrific rush. It seemed that I couldn't walk across the campus without running in to the two of them together. I began to feel lower and lower in spirit. My fraternity brothers noticed this and began to ride me for it. I got into several hot arguments. Finally Don Nekk took me to one side and asked what the trouble was. You know Don Nekk of Nekk's Nifftee Klothes. He is a rich man now with a chain of stores all over the middle west. If I remember correctly, he was voted the man most likely to succeed in the chapter. We sure called that one. Even then you could see that streak of good-natured

ruthlessness in him like the time he helped break the leg of the Deke's fastest dash man just before the intramural meet. How often did he do those little unremembered and unrewarded acts of kindness. It was that kind of thing which helped us win the cup that year.

Nekk asked me what the trouble was, and I told him. He said, "Willy, you are going at it the wrong way. You should tell Anne that it is either you or that jerk, that she has to decide one way or the other." "Nuts," I replied, "Nuts. I tried that." "Yeah? What did she say?" "She said that it would have to be the jerk, even though he was just the lesser of two evils." Nekk pondered over this a while. Then his face lit up the way it always did when he had received an exceptionally bright inspiration. "Willy," he said logically. "Willy, we've got to try another plan. Now here is my idea." And with that he unfolded a plan that was so astounding in its simplicity, in its directness and logic, that all I could do was look at him with a sort of breathless admiration. That Don Nekk was certainly a man of action.

* * *

For the next two weeks I did nothing but follow Galahad wherever he went. Galahad was the name of my rival, Galahad Lefftmee. I worked out a chart which showed just exactly where he would be at any one time. I did not follow him on his dates. I had to keep my self respect. Never follow a man on a date with your girl. It isn't honorable, and besides you might find out something you don't want to. No, I am glad to say that at seventy years of age my conscience is as clear as when I was a new born babe.

Well, after a week of this I took the chart to Nekk. He was delighted. That old gleam came into his eyes, the same gleam he had when he hit that pledge in the vertebrae with the edge of his paddle. "H'm," said Nekk. "H'm." Nekk's conversation was always so enlightening. "H'm," he repeated. "H'm." Then he was silent for a while. Finally, he spoke. "So Galahad always goes home from the library at 9:45 Tuesday nights, and he walks along that lonely path from the women's dorm to fraternity row. Well, well. Do your studying early on Tuesday, Willy. We are going to have some fun that night."

Tuesday I was so excited that I could hardly study. I had trouble with my History of Art. I didn't even dare try my Static Dynamics and Theory of Equations. An overpowering feeling of tingling anticipation came over me. Finally I whipped off my French and quit studying.

That night at seven Nekk and I went down to the corner drug store and bought a pint of Old Dobbin (\$1.45 a quart). "It will help us to enjoy the evening better," argued Nekk. Yes, I thought, it certainly will. This will be more fun than smashing baby buggies. We

then went up on the campus and sat down beside the path over which Galahad was due to pass at about 9:45. Nekk warned me against taking too much whiskey. "You won't be able to get the maximum enjoyment out of tonight, if you dull your nerves like that. Take just enough to sharpen your wits, not enough to dull them." He made me feel ashamed of myself for being so bourgeois, and I kept quiet from then on.

"It's just about time," said Nekk. I looked at my watch. It was 9:43. I had fallen asleep. You can see now why I admired Nekk's coolness. He was so precise and punctual. It wasn't 9:46. It wasn't 9:40. No, it was exactly 9:43. We had just two minutes to prepare for Galahad. Nekk took the lead pipe and hit the ground with it a couple of times to get the feel of it. Then we stood up and stretched. The cool night air revived me. It was one of those balmy summer nights when a young man wants to do something.

Pretty soon we heard some footsteps coming along the path. "Here he is," I whispered. Nekk's eyes shone. As the dark figure passed him, he turned and followed silently behind. After about three steps his hand went up and then down. I heard a dull thud. He dragged the limp body back to me. I shone the flashlight at it. It was not Galahad Lefftmee. It was the Delt president. Nekk swore. "Damn meddler," he muttered as he threw the body into the bushes. I was a little taken back. I had never seen Nekk flare up so over a trivial matter.

Soon another figure came along the path. Again he was followed. Again I heard the thud. This time it was Galahad. Operation number one was complete. "Let's take him to the car," I said, but Nekk still had that gleam in his eyes. "Aw, Willy, let's stick around and get a few more." That was Nekk's weakness. He never wanted to quit when he was having fun. I had to be tactful. "You might wreck your pitching arm for tomorrow's softball game. You can't take the chance of letting the fraternity down like that." He saw my point and slowly slid the pipe into his pocket. The two of us carried the unconscious form of Galahad to the car. I got into the back seat with him. Nekk was to drive. "What will I do if he comes to?" I asked. Nekk gave me the lead pipe.

We rode out almost to Saint Charles. Nekk drove the car off the road just before we got to the bridge. After going through the woods for a while we stopped at the bottom of the embankment which lead up to an unused railroad bridge. We got out and carried the body up to the tracks. Then I slung Galahad over my shoulder while Nekk went back to the car for the rope, the knives, and the saw. I had forgotten them, but not Nekk. He never seemed to forget anything. He is a man you can count on in a tight spot.

When we got to the center of the bridge, I put the body down as per plan. Nekk soon caught up. He had the tools and what looked like a lunch box. "What's that?" I asked, expecting some new form of devilment. "Just some food. We might get hungry later on." Another example of his thoughtfulness.

The two of us then proceeded to lash Galahad firmly to the ties. When we had him firmly bound, I reached for the saw. "Not now, Willy." Nekk looked at me reproachfully. "Not now. Wait 'till he wakes." So I sat down on the end of a tie with my feet dangling over the edge of the bridge. I have already told you that it was a fine night. Well, back on the campus it was nothing compared with what it was out on the river. The lights of Saint Charles were reflected up from the slowly swirling waters of the Missouri, while a diamond studded dome met over our heads. Far down the river a steamer tooted, and from Saint Charles came the distant sounds of auto horns and other man made things. One couldn't help being filled with a love of humanity. I don't think I have ever felt so peaceful.

A groan from Galahad brought me back to the business at hand. I felt irritated with him for disturbing my peace of mind. Nekk looked at me. "I'll take the saw. You take the icepick. Fix his eyeballs." Same old Nekk. No beating around the bush with him. Just straight, frank statements, precise and to the point.

The details of the next hour or so would not interest you, my boy. Nothing unexpected happened. No fancy stuff. Everything went according to plan. After an hour we knocked off for sandwiches and coke. It was a refreshing pause. For the next hour we sat on the edge of the bridge and told jokes as we threw the chunks over the side. That Nekk knew more darn jokes. By a quarter to twelve Galahad had almost entirely disappeared. We kept the head until twelve. Nekk thought that would give the whole job an artistic touch. As the last sound of the Saint Charles clock died away, we silently watched the head slowly turn over as it disappeared into the darkness. I thought I could hear the faint splash, but Nekk said it was just my imagination.

Well, Willy, my boy, I've told you something that I almost never talk about. Mind you, it's not that my conscience hurts me. I feel entirely free of any feeling of guilt, but some people would not understand. It was just an ugly necessity, although I won't say I didn't enjoy it, but—well, you know how people are. Nekk and I used to laugh about it sometimes over our beer. He thought it was a scream when the Delt president finally got out of the hospital with his head all wrapped up.

Anne was at first very much concerned over the whereabouts of Galahad. Finally she forgot about him. We kept going together, and two years later we were married. After the marriage ceremony she asked me, "Willy, do you know why I married you?" "Because I'm so handsome." "Heavens no. Because you are so dominating. Nothing can stand in your way. Don Nekk told me all about what happened to Galahad Lefftmee. That's what I married you for." Anne always was a good sport. I can safely say that no man ever had a better or more loving wife.

I shall have to say good bye now, Willy. Write me again soon. An old fellow like me doesn't have much to think about except his memories.

Your loving grandfather.

P.S. I hope you win out with Sally.

C O L D

By JIM VON BRUNN

HE HAD been bad for a long time. The swamp-cold got to him in early December and for three months he got steadily worse. We began to realize what was happening when old Doc Peters packed his bag and said it was the last trip he was going to make out here for Joe. He said there wasn't anything else he could do because the cold had gone right on into Joe's lungs, so we better just hope and pray. He gave Mom, who was worried sick and crying, as good advice as he could and then he left in a hurry without even saying goodbye. I guess he was as broken up as we were.

I pressed my face close to the window so that the ice would melt off and I could see outside. The cold stung my cheek and that sort of relieved the sick, empty feeling I had in my stomach. I watched Doc struggle out through the snow drifts to the barn where he had set up Betsy, and kept watching, hoping that maybe Doc would change his mind and say that Joe would be better after all. When I saw Doc swing up on Betsy I knew for sure he wasn't coming back, and I tried hard not to think about Joe and how we would miss him.

Outside the storm fence was sagging with plastered snow. Great drifts had piled up around the edge of the barn and the fine flakes glistened like needle points as the wind blew it in swirls right up to the window. Past the barn and down the slope into the south pasture everything was white, even the corn shocks had been crushed under. Way down toward the river bottom where a thin line of blue trees could barely be seen I saw Doc's tiny black speck moving. He was the only sign of life in that great expanse of frozen earth and it made me shiver and turn away from the window.

Maybe, if I had known that that was to be the last time for a month that I would be able to see any of the world outside of our own farm I would have looked a little longer, but I didn't notice the black cloud that was rushing up from the East bringing with it blizzards, and cold from the coast.

* * *

It was dark outside after I had helped Mother peel the potatoes, it seemed to be much later than it was though,

maybe because of the shock we had had that afternoon seemed so far away—the news about Joe, I mean. Mother didn't say much except to tell me how to help her with the preparing of the food. And I knew better than to ask her about Joe, even though both of us were thinking about him so hard that the silence seemed to say his name. The house seemed bigger and colder than I had ever known it and I wished that Pete would hurry back from town. The clock on the kitchen shelf ticked furiously and it reminded me of Joe, lying behind that grey door leading from the hall. I hadn't seen him for many weeks now because the doctor said I shouldn't, but I still could see his wild fever stricken eyes as they looked unknowingly at me the last time I saw him. I sure did wish Pete would come.

I sat on the high chair in the kitchen corner and watched mother prepare the sick food, and occasionally she glanced at me as I watched her, as if she resented my presence. I was too sleepy to think though and the smell of frying food was friendly and warming. I must have dozed off, because suddenly I was awakened by Mother calling me to quickly throw some wood on the fire. She was in Joe's room, I saw the weak light thru the crack in the door. I wondered fearfully if any thing was wrong and sent a shower of sparks

flying as I shoved the wood in the stove. All was still in the house, only the grey door to Joe's room silently clicked shut.

Between the kitchen and Joe's room was the dining room. It was big, barren, and old-fashioned. Tonight it was dark, and only the light from the kitchen managed to bring in relief a few of the old prints and family portraits that stared glassily from the past. The dining table, big and knotted was like a huge spider crouching in the middle of the room. I was afraid and lonely. Outside the wind was beginning to moan through the eaves and inside the clock still ticked on. I was astonished to see that only a short time had elapsed since mother had gone. However, all of my fears and apprehensions left me at the friendly sound of Pete's sleigh and the horses crunching up the road.

* * *



Mother said nothing at the table to either Pete or me unless we asked her a question about the weather or something. She seemed terribly tired altho the strain had left her face leaving in its place a resigned, beaten appearance. Pete and I tried hard to be cheerful and not talk about Joe, but I guess we did an awful bad job of it. Mother reminded us to keep the fire burning so that Joe wouldn't get cold.

* * *

It was dark when I woke up the next morning. I didn't wake up gradually, slowly regaining consciousness, instead my eyes just opened as if I had been awake all of the time. I lay on my back with the covers pulled up to my chin and looked into the blackness. Everything was still. Down in the kitchen I heard the clock echoing through the narrow halls, through the dining room, past Joe's room, up the stairs, long and narrow, through the darkness into my bed room. There the sound crashed and re-crashed. I was afraid of something, I didn't know what. Hesitatingly, almost afraid to reach out of the warmth into the world darkness I groped for the light. Unable to see I waved my hand around in the darkness trying to strike the right cord, suddenly it hit something, something that had never been in that spot before.

"What are you doing?" it was mother's voice, and immediately I was filled with relief.

I told her, trying to make my voice casual, I was just trying to find the light. She turned it on.

"It's late. I was just going to wake you. There's a blizzard outside and you must get some wood for the fire so Joe won't get cold."

She smiled a thin tired smile, she was pale in the cold hard light and I knew she had stayed up all night.

The three of us, Mom, Pete and I sat down together in our cold little world, before the fireplace in the living room. Sometimes, tired of reading, I'd look up from where I lay on the floor and smile at Pete stretched out in the big chair, his chin on his chest, his hands folded, and watch the warm firelight flicker around the hard lines of his face. Pete was the oldest of us three boys, and the strongest. He was all that I ever hoped to be, and Mom depended on him alone. I guess Pete felt his responsibility, too, because the only tender part of his whole person was his soft brown eyes and they had taken on a worried, deep and thoughtful gaze, different from the merry glint that used to play there when father was alive. I could tell that he was awful upset about Joe's condition, and even more worried about Mom's strange actions.

Occasionally Mom would leave the room to attend Joe. Then she'd come back in a little while, sigh, and take up where she left off on her knitting. Perhaps the one phrase that sticks most in my mind during those trying hours is mother's voice asking us to put more wood in the stove, so Joe wouldn't get cold.

"He's so frail, and he's suffered so much from the cold already—we must keep him warm." And then she would go back to her knitting and her thinking, and

Pete and I would read or find some other means to amuse ourselves quietly.

The storm was beautiful in its fury. The wind threw clouds of white against the house, and in the haze the drifts seemed to creep in various directions on hidden feet. Grotesque shapes were formed where the snow had covered a bush or a tree, or a fence. One could not see far into that swirling grey mass and it seemed strange that our minute life could survive in this atom of a house being buffeted by the wrath of the universe. I was thankful for the supply of food that I knew was stored away, and for the great wood pile in the cellar.

The dull, unending day marked only by the monotony and violence of the storm, turned our one time cheerful house into a gloom of despair. Death never seemed so realistic to me before, I seemed to see it, feel it, hear it. In every cold corner of the room, and in every icy blast against the windows I was touched by his clammy hand. He lurked among the grey shadows around Joe's silent door, and I heard him rattle the shutters, and window panes in Joe's room, sometimes, gently tantalizing, other times violent, impatient, furious at his delay.

But toward evening, in the warmth of our little house, with blackness shutting out the fury of the storm, all of the impending tragedy that had filled my heart seemed to leave and instead I was filled with a deep contentment, and only a vague fear struggled within me. I lay before the fire place, with its bronze andirons reflecting the cheery glow, and watched the logs burn and spit sparks. It was fascinating to watch the little blue flames licking under the logs and growing into huge orange and yellow flames as they swirled up the chimney in the sweet smelling of hickory smoke. Best of all though I liked to hear the crisp pop and sputter of the resin and the jump of red embers as they shot toward the floor screen, making sprays of sparks which burned brightly for a moment on the hearth and then died, just as quickly. My face was hot and I grew sleepy thinking of all the good times that were coming as soon as the snow thawed. Joe and our troubles seemed like preposterous dreams. Indistinctly I remember Mom's footsteps coming from Joe's room and she sat down beside me; then the room grew dark except for the crackling faces in the fire, and I fell asleep.

For three days this dormant life went on. The storm subsided to a steady fall of large white crystals which drifted silently outside of our windows, which was now almost covered by a fluffy snow hill. The sky was still leadened with a greenish overcast, and it was so cold that the smaller branches on the trees had frozen off and formed queer patterns where they fell into the snow below.

Mother was still real worried about Joe, and at the time I thought she was probably hoping the Doc would come because she kept going to the window and looking out, seemingly right through the falling snow into town.

"Put some more wood on the fire son. Joe's so cold, and he's had such a hard time for a little fellow. His hands are like ice, and he's as cold looking as the snow.

As cold as the wind out there over the south pasture.
So cold for such a little fellow.

"Just look at that snow. If only the spring would come and thaw the ground. And the flowers would bloom, and the air from the south would chase the chill from the air. Nothing can live now in that cold, hard earth. Nothing can live!"

I watched Mom after stacking the wood on the fire—which really didn't need it—she looked so wistful standing before the window looking for the sun, and I wanted to help, but didn't dare ask about Joe for fear of upsetting her.

* * *

It was at the dinner table that night when I first realized what was wrong. We were eating in the kitchen and as usual we were pretty silent, although I couldn't understand why since evidently Joe wasn't getting any worse. Pete was the one who asked mother the forbidden question—how Joe was getting along. "We haven't seen him for a long time, Mom," Pete said licking his

lips, "and you haven't told us a thing about him." Pete was nervous, I could tell by the way he fiddled with his spoon and kept his eyes turned down. "Don't you think it might even help Joe if you let us see him?" For a long time mother didn't say anything, she just stared at Pete like I'd never seen her look before. Cold, furious, like an animal at bay. Then she said in hard clipped words and with her eyes narrowed, "Nothing you can do will help Joe. And you wouldn't want to see him." For a while the awful significance of her words didn't seem clear to me. Then, suddenly I knew! There was Joe's cold grey door across the hall, mute, shut. So that was why we hadn't heard his struggling breath for so long a time, and that was the reason I thought he was getting better. Yet, all this time, for all these days and nights, probably since the day the doctor had left, he had been dead. And Mom hadn't told us. She had acted like he was alive, had taken him food, given him more blankets, had made me put extra wood on the fire to keep him warm! Yet he had been dead—cold!

JUNIOR-SENIOR PARTY—1939

(Greenville High School, Miss.)

By LEONARD STEIN

Junior-Senior party — Mexican fiesta.

* * *

The high school gym is Old Mexico. Bright serapes, posters, crepe paper, transform the grey walls into colorful life.

Balconies — painted cardboard stuck on the basketball backstops — are filled with Mexican señoritas — clothing dummies from Tenenbaum.

And Manuel, the butcher, sings songs of Old Spain and squeezes his accordion, serenading the lovely clothing dummy in the cardboard balcony.

And all the while dignified seniors, laughing juniors, prim faculty, joke and smile and/or look bored or interested or dumb, depending on the company or the music.

Lucille thumps the piano; a bull-necked fellow calls "Under the 0, 43," for the hungry crowd waiting for food.

Jews, Swedes, Irishers, trying to look like Mexicans, turn the roomscape into moving, laughing, living young color.

But Dutch, and gypsy, and Russian costumes outnumber Mexican dresses.

* * *

Tamales, ensalada Mexicana — strange foods with stranger names.

Boys and girls gulp their food and the teachers try to remain prim during the amazingly funny bullfight and everybody puts on his company manners, but the ensalada still falls on the paper tablecloth.

* * *

Junior-Senior party — Mexican fiesta.

Whooppee!

(Second Place in Parnassus Poetry Contest)

THE WHY OF A HANGOVER

By CHUCK LYON

CAPTAIN JANSON opened his eyes. A horrible pain shot through his head. He sat up. The cabin rose, whirling. The lamp above shot around and around in a brilliant arc. He called the steward. Nothing came out of his throat but a croaking guttural. Enraged, he threw back his head, drew in his breath, and bawled "Hods'n, HODS'N . . . you sea goin' son of 'n unfor-givin' octo . . ." Captain Janson's breath gave out, and he fell back, spent and purple. His chest heaved, the roar in his ears subsided a little, to become a regular, pulsating beat. He listened to it a moment, then opened one eye. Hodson was standing beside the bunk. Sprucing himself up mentally, Captain Janson said, "Hods'n get me a mug of hot water." He shut the eye. Presently he felt someone shaking him. He opened the eye. It was Hodson. He sat up. He could see a little, but he still kept one eye shut. "That's all, Hods'n, get out." Captain Janson stood up, peeked around till he found the bottle, then headed for it. As soon as he let go of the bunk post, he flew across the cabin, and crashed into the farther wall. He sank in a heap cursing distinctly, but in a low voice. Hodson helped him up, sat him on the bunk, filled the rest of the mug from the bottle, and put it in his captain's hand. Captain Janson emptied it, by drinking and by drooling, and went to sleep. Hodson disentwined his fingers from the mug, and putting in on the stand beside the bottle, went out.

Captain Janson had just carved an epic in the annals of seafaring men ashore. He had been on a drunk that surpassed in every particular the mark of his illustrious forbears. The most spectacular part of his feat, was the fact that he had practically no experience at this sort of thing. Of course, he liked a little brandy on a cold night, and a little "dago red" with his meals, but for tremendous, athletic bouts of drinking, he was uniquely, (for his profession) untrained.

It was, you might say, a question of mind over matter, for Captain Janson had every reason, and every incentive to erase the memory of his last voyage, from his tortured brain.

The "Chester Slocum" was a tramp, picking up cargo in any port, in any clime, and her hull was as sound as her owner's skull. Both were thick and durable, and not easily penetrated. He, having bestowed his name and fondly cherished hopes of a great shipping line on her broad beam, believed her capable of anything. Mr. Slocum was in his late seventies, and had once been a captain himself. He had told the hair curling tales of his sea adventures so often, that he was completely sure of their truth, and consequently, the tasks to which he set the "Chester Slocum" were spectacular. Captain Janson was a patient man, and seldom radioed more than three or four times for verification of the fantastic orders he received.

The ship was lying in Georgetown, British Guiana,

after having unloaded a cargo of Flit and Italian Balm, when Captain Janson received the following message: Proceed to Obidos, Brazil, for a cargo of crocodiles and cockatoos, for delivery in San Francisco. Except for the fact that Obidos was over three hundred miles up the Amazon, that the "Chester Slocum" had absolutely no facilities for live cargo, and that the crocodiles would have to be fed on the three or four week voyage, there were practically no difficulties involved.

A less solid citizen would probably have bought a cocked hat and retired to the quiet depth of a sanitarium for thirty or forty years. The phlegmatic captain however, simply gave orders to head for the mouth of the Amazon, as soon as supplies were laid in. At Para, the situation began to unfold in all its complexities. On wiring Obidos, Captain Janson found that no cargo had been arranged for. Owner Slocum had simply cabled an agent to inquire if a cargo of crocodiles and cockatoos might be obtained, and getting an affirmative reply had ordered his ship to go there. The simple directness of Mr. Slocum's brain was exceeding confusing, at times. The able Captain Janson engaged passage on a river boat, and left for Obidos.

It is exceedingly difficult for one captain to travel on another's ship, and the way the dark, Portuguese speaking skipper handled the river boat added at least five or six grey hairs to his colleagues pate. Captain Janson watched the "San Paolo" go aground, drift backwards into a flimsy dock, pause half a day while her captain visited ashore, and generally flout all rules of seamanship. The nonchalant meanderings of his own tramp steamer seemed as efficient and purposeful as the U.S.S. Pennsylvania in battle practice. At Obidos, the situation became less clear with increasing rapidity. With the aid of an interpreter Captain Janson found out that, "Yes, there were crocodiles. No, not here—maybe Manao, maybe Teffe. Maybe two, three days; maybe next month. Cockatoos, oh yes, yes, everyone in Obidos has a cockatoo." Captain Janson went to the "Travelers Hotel," got a room, and sat down to sweat and think.

He could buy fifty or a hundred cockatoos, crate them, and ship them to Para. That much was simple, but how in Hades could he get some crocodiles. He might wire Manao and Teffe and have natives catch them and send them down, but who in Teffe could he wire. As he retreated from the idea of going up the river on another of those lovely river boats, there was a knock at the door. He spent several minutes working his way through the mosquito netting with which the room was copiously provided, and finally opened the door. A very personable and intelligent looking young man introduced himself. "James Young is my name. I heard you had come up and I wondered if I might be of any assistance. Crocodiles wasn't it? Well you've certainly found the right man. Any particular size? For museum or private? And

cockatoos. I can get hold of some very brilliant specimens, if the price is right." The monologue continued in the same vein for several minutes, and then Mr. Young conducted the open-mouthed captain to the telegraph office where they telegraphed up river to a special friend of Mr. Young, who would be sure to make every effort to locate some "huge specimens." While waiting for a reply they went into a nearby shop, and had a few drinks . . . on the captain. In the conversation he learned that Mr. Young was twenty-five, had been in Brazil four years, "picking up material for a novel." He was rather shabbily dressed, but wore his clothes well, and seemed to have an inexhaustible fund of information about anything at all. His face was a little hawkish, but always pleasantly smiling. Captain Janson was sure that there would be a little financial arrangement between Mr. Young and his friend up river, but he was too thankful to resent any reasonable graft. By afternoon the reply came saying that the "boys" of Mr. Young's friend had already gone out and that they might expect eighteen or twenty "croc" within a week.

That night Captain Janson went to bed with a light heart, and a feeling that all was well with the world. At six o'clock however, his mood was altered by having the energetic and smiling Mr. Young awaken him. It seemed that they must round up the cockatoos as soon as possible before word got around town and the dealers raised their prices. For four days Captain Janson tagged at the always speeding heels of his benefactor, buying cockatoos, having crates built, securing freight space. He sweated and cursed under his breath, thinking each day in the heat ridden little town would be the death of him, but finally the "croc" arrived. A meaner looking set of beasts he had never seen, in thirty-five years of seafaring. They ranged from fourteen to eighteen feet, and their long mouths turned up at the corners in a wicked leer.

At the very moment he was inspecting them, Captain Janson began to feel strange. They seemed to grow larger and larger, and writhe and squirm, although they were securely bound. Suddenly everything went black. Captain Janson had a rather severe attack of Malaria. Mr. Young, efficient and capable, arranged everything, doctor, medicine, passage to Para. The only things he left to Captain Janson were the chills and fever.

In Para, after another week, the doctor judged Captain Janson strong enough to be taken aboard his ship, and in another day the "Chester Slocum" sailed. Although the sea air was supposed to hasten his recovery, there were a few modifying factors which nullified its life giving purity. First, the fact that the omnipresent Mr. Young was still very much present. Also, the disposition of the cargo. While Captain Janson had been out of action, Mr. Young, as an obvious authority on South American fauna had ordered an open pen built in the hold, and the crocodiles released in it. The tiers of cages of the cockatoos were also neatly stowed in the hold.

At first conditions were abnormal but bearable, but they soon changed for the worse. Because of the heat,

the hatches of the hold had to be kept open, that the animals and birds might not suffocate. Cockatoos are of a definitely loquacious nature and the screeching and squalling of the two hundred birds, splintered the air from morning till night. There were two hundred instead of one hundred, to allow, as Mr. Young had so humorously put it, for "breakage." And at night, the poor crocodiles, perhaps sensing that they were forever leaving their lovely, slimy, homeland, or perhaps being affected by sea sickness, bellowed and roared in sad but powerful overtones. Needless to say, the rest and quiet necessary for a convalescent were lacking, and Captain Janson's calm nature started deteriorating rapidly.

As the voyage progressed he became ever more conscious of the inescapable personality of Mr. Young. Being temporarily immobilized he listened hour after hour to the learned discourse of a many twenty years his junior. The sea is definitely a stronghold of the caste system, and a ship's captain is usually isolated by his exalted position. Captain Janson had never been consciously fond of this isolation, but now that he was so strenuously deprived of it, he found it increasingly desirable. His indebtedness to this valuable young landlubber galled him unceasingly and his formerly taciturn nature began to boil with unkind thoughts.

In the hold too, the situation was developing. The cleaning of the bird cages was a problem which was overlooked until the heat and a slight breeze brought it to the attention of everyone aboard. Naturally the crew had much to say about the noxious task which was forced upon them. The unrest in the fo'c'sle was nearly turned into mutiny by an unfortunate experience suffered by one of the crew.

It happened at night, as one of the sailors was making an inspection of the cages, which was regularly done. He had reached a point quite some distance from the ladder out of the hold, when he heard a coarse grunting, and a scraping almost beside him. With some misgivings he turned the flashlight in the direction of the noise, and there, with its mouth agape, and its one hundred and sixteen teeth glistening, was what he thought would be there. His flight was precipitous to say the least, and he swore up and down that he felt its hot breath as he swung up the ladder. This is doubtful however, as the crocodile had stopped to swallow the still-burning flashlight.

The crew was a little jumpy that night, and the next morning they absolutely refused to go down into the hold to try to secure the animals that were loose. The cockatoos were in a terrific dither and screamed continuously for succor from the horny skinned Caiman. Mr. Young suggested that meat be thrown to the "croc" till they were no longer hungry, and then a man might go down and herd them back in to the pen in safety. The crew was in favor of the idea, if the "man" was Mr. Young. This condition persisted for several days until it became evident that the "breakage" had begun to occur. The powerful aroma of decaying flesh drifted out of the hatches, like a deadly gas, and seeped into every corner of the ship. The sea was calm, and no

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saving breath of air came. The food tasted of it, the water tasted of it. One man refused to go on watch, because he said, the stench made his eyes water so much he was afraid he wouldn't be able to see, and they might ram something.

At last the ship reached Colon and men from the zoological gardens descended with poles and nooses and returned the "crops" to their pen. Captain Janson was by now less than a shadow of his former self. He seemed to have an ingrown bile with complications. The crew was surly, and there was talk of getting the union to take action against the captain when the ship reached San Francisco. Through it all Mr. Young was calm, even tempered and nauseous. Even Hodson, who usually never opened his mouth, was heard to say that "some people would be easier to bear, if they weren't so damn sweet."

Leaving Balboa, everything was shipshape once more. The cages were clean, the pen secure, and Mr. Young was ill in his bunk from something he had eaten ashore. Six days out it began to come. The barometer fell, and one of those notorious storms of the west coast of Mexico devoured the ship. The hatches were battered down except for some air space, and the animals left to make out as well as they might. Seas swept the ship, pounded her, swept away the boats, and raised hell generally.

In three days it began to ease up a little, but stayed too heavy to open the hatches. At last she reached San Pedro. Anchored inside the breakwater, the Captain order the hatches off. A terrific and unbelievable odor arose. Beside it, the previous stench were as nothing. The hold was a shambles of broken crates, dead crocodiles, and dead cockatoos. There were two crocodiles still alive, but they had partaken so generously of fowl that they died before a veterinarian could be reached. (And when the nature of the patients was disclosed, they were very difficult to reach.) Captain Janson got the ship into a berth and secured down, then he called the crew. He told them that they could have shore leave for as long as the ship stayed in San Pedro, and from the amount of drinking he had to attend to, it looked like it would be a long time indeed. They were paid off, and went ashore to attend to their own drinking, and left their captain to his. Thus it was that Captain Janson awoke with a headache, thirteen days later. Mr. Young has not been heard from.

DOG HOUSE

HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW WAS PLENTY SORE—
but he's out of the dog house now!

"WHERE YA GOIN' with my pipe?" wailed Henry. "To the incinerator—where *all* smelly things belong," snapped his mother-in-law. "That tobacco of yours is impossible."

ONE WEEK LATER. Now Henry's in clover. Even his mother-in-law treats him right since he switched to Sir Walter Raleigh. Try this mild tobacco on *your* home life. Fifty pipe loads, 15¢.

KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE WITH SIR WALTER

This NEW Cellophane tape seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO
PIPE CIGARETTES

UNION MADE

Tune in **UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE**
Every week—NBC Red Network
Prizes for your "Dog House" experience

G R E E K L E T T E R S

WITH THIS ISSUE we are attempting to revive a column started back in '38. It is the object of this column to take up those things which go on in the fraternities and sororities which are not covered by BETWEEN BELLES. This first try will probably be slightly terrible because we had to put it out in two days. When we call up a member of one of the lodges the answer we usually get is, "Gee, I don't know. I guess nothing ever goes on in our house." To listen to them all gives one the impression that this is a pretty dull campus. It isn't. There are many things that go on that are good for a laugh. These are the things we want to hear about.

The KA's seem to have pledged a bunch of thieving gourmands this year. After the interfraternity sing the brothers had dates at the house for an informal dance and ice cream and cake. When they went for the ice cream the cupboard was bare. The only ones who didn't seem perturbed were the freshmen. The upperclassmen and their dates went hungry.

"Gamma Phi room. We trap Junebugs and other insects." This is the greeting you are likely to get if you call up the Gamma Phis nowadays. The girls were having a lot of trouble studying at night until they found out how to trap Junebugs with coke cartons.

Be nonchalant. When in need wear your shirt. These are the maxims of the Sig chapter. On a recent Sig Chi picnic Davis and Steinle went swimming sans clothes. Naturally their pants disappeared. Davis and Steinle called for help, but in vain. They swam around the pond for thirty minutes before they dared climb out. They finally rejoined the party wearing their shirts as shorts, looking very grotesque with their legs sticking out the sleeves.

The Thetas apparently had a very serene if unvaried time on their house party. They went sunbathing, wading, sunbathing, boating sunbathing, tennis playing, sunbathing, and riding. For all that we have not seen many sun tanned KAT's on the campus.

The Tekes have now a second favorite orchestra leader. They had brother Mitchell Ayres out to their house for dinner the other day. He now rates alongside Teke Glenn Gray. Just ask the boys for their autographed records.

If you see any Pi Phis walking sort of bow-legged lately, you are requested to remember that it is not a permanent disfiguration but only the result of their bronco busting activities at Eaglehurst Ranch.

We were told that the largest Petty drawing on the row hangs in Bud Schwenk's room in the Sigma Nu house. The Betas think they can go him one better with the collection in McEnerny's and Siebel's room. While these collectors do not have any huge drawings they certainly have a lot of them. They use Esquire for their wallpaper.

How many of you have looked up at that round stone on the Kappa balcony, the one with the face painted

on it? Quite a lot of you. But how many of you realized that on that same balcony the Kappas often take their sunbaths? Well, keep watching, because that is what goes on. Rather that is what went on before Mrs. Bartlett accidentally looked out of the window.

After the sing able seamen Smiley, Brereton, and Dallmeyer of number seven fraternity row took their dates out on a sailboat ride. They got back at five-thirty a.m. "Becalmed?" asked their brothers. "The boat was, but not us," replied the salty three.

Johnny Meyer, Theta Xi working in the McMillan Hall cafeteria, caused Dean Starbird to arch her eyebrows the other evening. The girls were having trouble with their fried chicken. Finally, one of them said in exasperation, "Johnny, bring me a bucket." Johnny, the waiter sans pareil, left the room. Two minutes later he returned with a big red bucket and a pile of napkins.

The Thetas don't know it, but Betty Haliday's carload of Pi Phis paid them a visit on their houseparty. On their way to Eaglehurst the Pi Phis drove over the winding road to Bird's Nest. When they got there not a Theta was in sight. These Thetas are such quiet, retiring girls.

Bartmes, the barber, long a fixture around the SAE house has finally retired from business. Roger took up barbering as a hobby this winter. Countless Sig Alph heads have been trimmed by his deft hands. Take a look at Johnny Murphy, Bill Costello, Dick Platt, or Jack Roehlk if you want to see a sample of his handiwork. He was plenty good. The boys are taking up a collection to give him a gold-plated pair of scissors for his key chain.

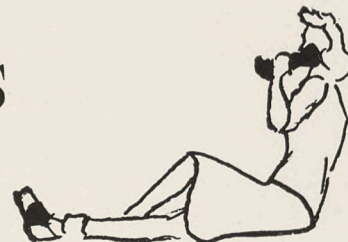
Joe Steinle is rapidly gaining fame as a poet. This bard of the Sig Chi house is winning great acclaim (or great notoriety) for his wonderful parodies on the poems of Tennyson, Browning, Kipling, and others. We wish he would clean up a few and submit them to Eliot.

We have now run completely out of material. We have missed several organizations in our column. For this we are sorry, but we have had so little time. We can go on putting this stuff out until we reach our quota, or we can fill up the extra space with jokes. Those jokes are lifesavers. While we still remember it we want to make a memorandum to check up upon the lesser office holders of the various lodges. A survey of the fraternity chaplains alone would be very interesting, but there must be many more examples of square pegs in round holes in the fraternal rosters. Remind us of that next September. It might turn out into something pretty good. We will have to admit that we are just trying to fill up space now. This situation will not occur again. We swear this on the stack of Hatchets in the office. Maybe the printer will fill this page out with jokes. Maybe he won't. Maybe he can stretch this out to fill a page without jokes.

—D.H.—N.G.



BETWEEN BELLES



WHAT CAN IT BE that's taking all the girls away from Washington U. these days? Is it the usual spring wanderlust or just the shortage of men due to the draft? Bettie Stupp, D.G. has a new interest in the Kappa Sig chapter up at Illinois. Have you completely forgotten those two Sig Alphas and the Phi Delt down here, Bettie? Marion McLain has been up to Illinois to see Other Kelley. Justine LeSage and Lorraine Duerbeck, Tri Delts, have both been to Mizzou.

Harriet Hausman is going to leave for Virginia Polytech as soon as finals are over. Ilda Smith is staying closer to home—her latest interest being at St. Louis U. Betty Halliday is going to the Yale Senior Prom as soon as school is out.

It seems that Nancy Roeder went up to Dartmouth last year to see Carl Holekamp who introduced her to a friend of his. Since she went up last week to visit the friend, we hope that Carl was as successful at wolfing. Talking about out of town, Patty Mansfield, Jim Callaway, and Joan Vernon spent a most exciting week-end at Lebanon. In spite of the company, Jim fell sound asleep in a feed trough.

And Chuck Lyon is planning to leave for Guatemala as soon as finals are over. Perhaps he will be able to settle down and collect his thoughts then.

New and old developments right here on campus:

Helen Wallis D.G. and Fred Clauser S.A.E. (old)

Dean Maize Kappa and Gene Pennington Beta (new)

Betty Sprague Kappa and Harry Cheshire Sig Chi (new)

Gladys Hill Alpha Chi and Charles Heiser (old enough)

Genn Stewart Alpha Chi and Gordon Gilbert K.A. (old and mellowed)

Patty Dunbar Pi Phi and Bill Rider Phi Delt (getting older)

Betty Rasbach Pi Phi and Charlie Bland Sig Nu (aging rapidly)

Maribeth Green Kappa and Hardy Glenn Sig Nu (old)

Marjorie Stauss Alpha Chi and Joe Ady (plenty old)

Jo-Ellen Kidd Alpha Chi and Frank Darr (its hard to tell)

Betty Moline Gamma Phi and Alan Trembold? L. L. Pfeffer? Bill Weisert? (some new, some older)

Naomi Zwilling and Jack Hunstein S.A.E. (new)

Ann Purnell Pi Phi and Jack Michener S.A.E. (not so new)

Betty Mills Theta and Chuck Lyon Phi Delt (out of date we presume)

Lois Jo Mills Tri Delt and Buzz Withington Sig Chi (getting there)

As any fool can plainly see this column would not be

complete unless we added Alice Love Pi Phi and Rex Carruthers Beta.

Bob Conzelman was conspicuous by his absence at the Gamma Phi Dance—what's the story, Dooley?

One of the many eternal triangles on the campus is Ed Elzemeyer Phi Delt, Catie Sparks Theta, and Dave Hughes S.A.E. Good luck boys and may the best man win. We ought to have the answer June 6.

The Decker-Ruester-Jung triangle has straightened out to Ruester-Decker. It was a hard fight Bob, more power to you.

Doris Hartmann has been seen frequently with Peyton Gaunt but we have also seen her quite often with an off campus Kappa Sig, name unknown.

Dottie Frier and Sue Broeder are flying high, dating a couple of aviators. Date one and you meet the whole crew of them.

We sure would like to know what the score is in the Johanning-Stone game. One day it looks like Forrest has got a homer, the next day it looks like he struck out.

Patty Waterman has a new-found interest in the Texas oil fields. She met him at the R.O.T.C. dance—he is returning to survey the scene in June.

Frank Grindler had better get out his anti-aircraft guns. Shirley Settle has been dating a pilot from Scott Field a lot lately.

Marlyn Newburger, who dropped out of school last semester, is engaged to Wally Adderton—a result of a long romance—interrupted by a short pinning to Sig Chi Wilbur Hacker. Well, it all came out right in the end.

The Madeline Byrne-Bob Losse affair seems to be getting pretty serious. We see Madeline driving the Thetas around in Bob's car quite frequently.

Another inseparable pair is Jean Wenzlick and Paul Fullerton. They can be seen at almost any hour sitting in a quiet corner seriously talking to one another.

The following have received Doctor Degrees in Love. (Pinnings)

Barry Hyndman T.K.E. to Julianne Grafeman.

Frank Bubb Phi Delt to Anne Netherland Kappa.

Harry Steinmeyer Pi K.A. to Olivia Zeller Tri Delt.

Who do you think Bob O'Connell has been cutting Lab for? Right, it's Jerry Forrestal and its beginning to look pretty serious.

A note was left in the Eliot office asking us to print an announcement in this column to the effect that Charlie French is now available for any girl who is interested. Those who care to file an application please send it to this office together with a copy of last Sunday's *Student Life*.

Well, that's all for now. We're locking up the old typewriter until next September—see you then.

ED MEAD, Poet Laureate

"Let us now praise famous men," might be a good title for this article, but as any fool can plainly see we are having a terrible time filling up all the space in this issue. We have looked through old *Eliots* and *Dirges* and through countless magazines from the exchange, the *Harvard Lampoon*, the *Indiana Bored Walk*, the *Annapolis Log*, and many others. All of this was in vain. Again we went back to the *Dirges*. One name in *Dirge* which we continually ran across was that of Ed Mead. We do not know anything of Ed beyond what he has written in *Dirge*, but we can say that here was a man who livened up the student publications of his day more than anyone before or since. We are re-printing two of his poems here to illustrate our point.

SINGLE STANDARD

or

The Curse of it All

Assistant
Associate
Professor Spee
(Ay Bee, Ay Em, and Pea Aych Dee)
Loved Ellamine
McGuph MacSquay
(A member of doubleyou, ess, gee, ay)
But Ellamine
McGuph MacSquay
(Of doubleyou, doubleyou, ess, gee, ay)
Couldn't decide
if she wanted
to be
Mrs.
Assistant
Associate
Professor Spee
(Ay Bee, Ay Em, and Pea Aych Dee)
Or simply
(and proudly)
the Ellamine
McGuph MacSquay
(Of doubleyou, doubleyou, ess, gee, ay)

But the years
rolled on
and now we see
That it's simply
(and proudly)
Professor Spee

(Ay Bee, Ay Em, and Pea Aych Dee)
So Ellamine
McGuph MacSquay
(no longer of doubleyou, ess, gee, ay)
Curses the day,
the day when
she
scorned
Assistant
Associate
Professor Spee
(Ay Bee, Ay Em, and Pea Aych Dee).

* * *

THE PLIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS

I.

In *Dirge's* dank and dismal tomb
We labored at our task
To conjure up a mass of mirth
Of humor unsurpassed.
When no detail was overlooked
To throw men into fits
We took it to the printing shop
And called our labor quits.

II.

The printer is a sort of man
Susceptible to wit,
Yet not the sort you'd look to see
Be carried off by it.
But when the copy touched his hand
(Before he'd read a word)
He gave himself to laughter of
Intensity absurd.

III.

To say he burst his garments off
Would be conservative.
To say he rolled about the floor
Is not superlative.
He was at once consumed by mirth
And now the room contained
Just mirth, no man, for he had flown
And mirth alone remained.

IV.

With gloomy mien and mournful tread,
 Our foot falls soft and slow,
 We ventured on until we saw,
 Of linotypes a row.
 The man in just gave one glance
 (At twenty paces, mind)
 And fell at once in spasms of
 A most disgraceful kind.

V.

And since by now full ninety men
 Were howling on the floor,
 We set our papers down to think
 (For we could do no more).
 The copy had no sooner dropped
 Into the metal trays
 Than linotypes set GIGGLE up
 In fifty different ways.

VI.

This fool contagion spreading out,
 The presses felt it too
 And quaked in wild hilarity
 That shook them through and through
 The cuts split wide with laughter loud—
 The reeling type was shed—
 Indeed, the mirth was such it turned
 The ink from black to red.

VII.

In spite of all this silly stuff
 We did no more than frown
 And stepped aside in time to see
 The building shaking down.
 We all dislike such show of mirth
 As much as any man.
 So since we've never cared to write
 As funny as we can.

There you have a sample of what can be done for a college magazine. Don't just sit there and read Eliot with a sneer on your lips. Come on out and help us make it better. There must be some wits around school who can turn out this stuff. Hand in some of your efforts, good or bad. You'll be surprised at how easy it is to get something in Eliot. And this goes for all cartoonists and also for writers of humorous short stories. Get to work over the summer and give us your works in September. Then we can have a try at enlarging Eliot.

JOKES!

As soon as a co-ed starts to pet indiscriminately, the whole school seems to be on her neck.

—Exchange.

"Gimme a kiss like a good little girl."

"All right, but if I give you one like a naughty girl you'll like it better."

—The Scottie.

The evening is over,
 'Tis near a new day
 When he takes you home
 By the dark, longest way.

You realize the truth
 When he pulls up to park,
 Men may look different by daylight,
 But they're alike in the dark.

—Awgwan Flash.

Gather your kisses while you may
 For time brings only sorrow;
 The girls who are so free today
 Are chaperones tomorrow.

DUTCH ROHLFING'S CAFE

5928 DELMAR

Is a Friendly Place with a true
College Atmosphere.

Whenever a group of you get
together on party night—drop
in and see Dutch and have the
time of your life.

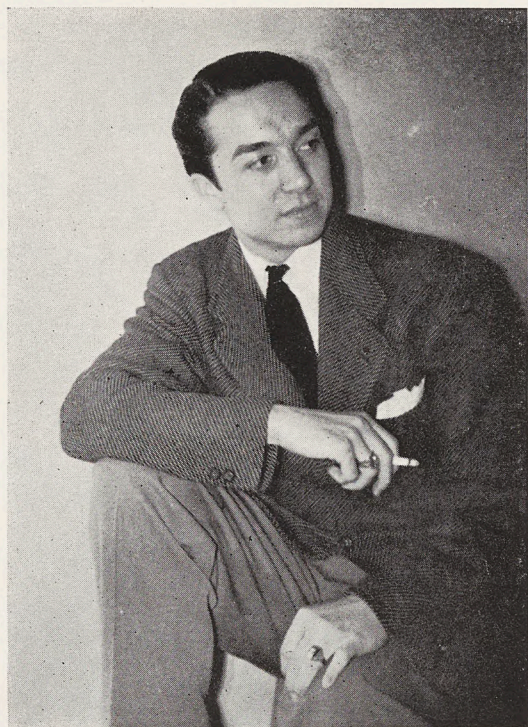
The Perfect Place to relax and
forget the worry of finals. It's
a date then!

5928 Delmar and ask for Dutch

P.S.—Just wait till you try his
Chili.

D R A M A

"HEDDA GABLER"



MR. GIL READE

THE DRAMA section of Parnassus made its debut on the Washington University campus Thursday, May 15 with the production of Henrik Ibsen's great play, *Hedda Gabler* starring Miss Valerie Brinkman, whose picture decorates the cover of this issue, in the title role. The price of admission was twenty-five cents, and all proceeds went to Eliot.

This first opus of the Parnassus dramatic group brought to light many new experiments. The set was designed along impressionistic lines with an eye to economy as well. Use was made of black furniture covers to enhance the tragic mood of the play, and a pair of french doors and a fireplace were fitted loosely into the cycs.

The direction was in the main a co-operative affair. Rehearsal schedules et cetera were handled by the student director, Dakin Williams, but much of the actual direction of the play was done by the more experienced members of the cast, Miss Brinkman and Mr. Gil Reade. The cast was much indebted to the advice and helpful criticism of Morris Yaffe, one of the stage managers who was present the night of the last rehearsal. Louise Hilmer and John Murrell also were of much service in the production of the play.

The production of the play was undertaken in the face of many obstacles. The complete absence of the restraining influence of faculty supervision contained more hardships than advantages; for while it gave the cast a sense of freedom and personal responsibility, it resulted in an air of informality which detracted from the effectiveness of the rehearsals.

Then too, work on the play was interrupted at a vital time when three members of the cast were chosen for parts in the *Judgment Day* production of *Thyrsus*. These three, Val Brinkman, Gil Reade, and Sandy Snyderman were forced to learn most of their lines in a period of about ten days. Add to this the fact that two of the cast switched parts in mid stream as the saying goes and the fact that the director had too many irons in the fire and showed up for dress rehearsal with a severe chest cold and without his voice and you come up with this inevitable result—from every standpoint the play left much to be desired.

However, there were a few bright spots in the production as well for Miss Brinkman and Mr. Reade, although they were not too sure of their lines at occasions, played their respective roles with distinction. The scene in which Hedda burns Lovborg's manuscript was perhaps the most effective part of the show, and the final curtain was very well done. Valerie Brinkman was stunning in appearance as she opened the second act robed in a bright red formal brandishing a pistol aimed in the direction of Judge Brack (Gil Reade).

Vera Chamberlain played the part of Mrs. Elvsted with a great deal of feeling and won the sympathy of her audience. Sanford Snyderman was perfectly cast as the reformed Mr. Lovborg and displayed a great deal of emotion in all his scenes.

Betty Warfield and June Walsh did good jobs as Aunt Julia and Berta, and although they had the least attractive parts in the play these two girls were constantly on the job.

All in all the play must go down in the records as a noble experiment. Many lessons were learned among them that a play to have unity and compactness must have competent and experienced direction—this was the main defect of the show. Individual performances were good, but the cast did not work together in the way that they should—the rehearsals were obviously "too little and too late"—Ibsen is still too difficult for amateurs to handle—although as a literary masterpiece of the drama *Hedda Gabler* is yet to find its equal among the works of the long line of playwrights who followed Ibsen in the field of the drama from August Strindberg down to Eugene O'Neal.

Parnassus will start the coming year with the advantage of the experience gained from the hard lesson of the present, but The Parnassus group can perhaps derive some satisfaction in that it has at least made an effort and that effort has been in the direction of progress. Nothing ventured—nothing gained as the adage goes, and then since experience teaches even the foolish, the drama section of Parnassus can look forward to a year filled with activity, and accompanied by fewer mistakes.

—Dakin Williams.

In Memoriam

To

Jane Taussig

•

She went with morning on her lips
down an inscrutable dark way
and we who witnessed her eclipse
have found no word to say.

I think our speechlessness is not
a thing she would approve,
she who was always light of wit
and quick to speak and move.

I think that she would say—goodbye
can be no less a lyric word
than any song, than any cry
of greeting we have heard.

Thomas Lanier Williams



ELLEN DREW
Chesterfield's Girl of the Month
currently starring in Paramount's
"Reaching for the Sun."

1st
CHESTERFIELD
*for Milder, Better Taste
and Cooler Smoking*

FIRST is the word for everything about Chesterfields... from the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos to the most modern manufacturing methods. You will find in Chesterfield everything you want in a cigarette.

More and more... Chesterfield is called the smoker's cigarette.

They Satisfy
MILLIONS



