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The

ELIOT



Washington University • St. Louis, Missouri

WINTER
ISSUE
1941

15¢



"SMOKING THE WAY I DO, I SURE APPRECIATE THOSE EXTRAS IN SLOW-BURNING CAMELS,"

—says Bob Fausel, ace Curtiss test pilot



A PLANE that's never been off the ground before—never been put to the test of actual flight. What will happen in that first power-dive? That's the test pilot's job... Bob Fausel's job... to find out. It takes more than sheer nerve—it takes extra nerve... extra skill and endurance. Bob Fausel *has* those extras... *gets* the extras in his smoking, too... with Camels. He says: "That extra flavor in a Camel always hits the spot."



I SMOKE A LOT;
SO I SMOKE CAMELS.
THEY **BURN SLOWER**—
GIVE ME **EXTRA MILDNESS**
WITH A GRAND **EXTRA FLAVOR**. MORE SMOKING
PER PACK IS ANOTHER
EXTRA I GO FOR IN
CAMELS

TRYING to tear a plane apart in mid-air is only part of test pilot Bob Fausel's job. There are long hours of engineering conferences... long hours of smoking. "That's where Camel's extra mildness and extra coolness are so important," explains Bob (*center, above*). "Camels are more than mild—they're extra mild—easy on my throat."

Cigarettes that burn fast burn hot. Camel's s-l-o-w way of burning means more coolness, of course, plus freedom from the irritating qualities of excess heat. Smoke Camels and enjoy extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor—yes, and extra smoking (*see below*).

EXTRA MILDNESS
EXTRA COOLNESS
EXTRA FLAVOR

● In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—*slower* than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

GET THE "EXTRAS"—WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS
THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

THIS WAY OUT

an alphabetical listing of places to go

Dinner, Supper and Dancing

Chase Club—Hotel Chase (RO 2500)

The Chase Club has Carl Ravazza and his band in their second week. This is a return engagement for the band, so we suppose people liked him. You know the Chase Club, dress preferably formal, food good, mixed crowd. You'll get along fine here, probably see some people you know, too. Minimum charge.

Club Continental—Jefferson Hotel (MA 4600)

Tony DiPardo's orchestra. This is patronized by an older crowd, but you might try it if you're crazy about Tony. We aren't.

Marine Room—Hotel Claridge (CE 7900)

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

Mural Room—DeBaliviere and Waterman (RO 4665)

It's rather attractive. You'll probably like it, especially the prices, which are reasonable for a place of this type.

Crystal Terrace—Park Plaza (FO 3300)

Joe Winter's orchestra is at the Crystal Terrace, but that's not the attraction. You know, it's the Crystal Terrace, and it glitters. If you're going by yourself, be well-heeled. If you have a date you'd better set a limit, for your money won't go far.

Candlelight House—7800 Clayton Rd.

If you're going to dance here, don't worry about your date stepping on your toes. Somebody else will beat her to it every time. The food is good. The band is small but not soothing.

Stag Bar—349 Collinsville Avenue

This is a good long ride for most of you, and we're not so sure that it's worth it. However, if you like Johnny Perkins, the master of ceremonies, cross the bridge. Show every night.

Steeplechase—Hotel Chase

Every time you walk through a door in the Chase you find yourself in some sort of night spot. This is one of the two grills. There's always a large crowd. The music is suitably inauspicious.

Town Hall—Clayton and Big Bend

If you go here after a show or a game you'll be surrounded by people you know. It's attractive and not too bright.

Walnut Room—Gatesworth Hotel

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

Zodiac Bar—Hotel Chase

This is up on the fine new roof. You'll be able to see the stars on clear evenings, for they roll back the ceiling. Nice if you don't mind sitting there right in the eyes of God.

" . . . and Grill"

The Barrel—5614 Delmar

Th Barrel hits the spot if you're looking for informal fun and a congenial crowd. You'll make friends with the man on your left in no time. There's a lot of noise, but it's pretty stimulating. Besides, if you don't feel like talking it will save you a lot of trouble. A nice gut-bucket piano pounder can play anything you know. Good college spot.

Busch's Grove—9160 Clayton Road

Busch's is one of the few spots around St. Louis that keeps the old traditions of good service, clean linen, and fine food and drinks. If you're looking for a quiet evening in pleasant surroundings, this is the place.

Graham's Grill—Central and Forsythe

If you haven't been to Graham's yet, you must have gotten wonderful grades. Almost everybody of college age hits here sometime during the evening. Roy has opened a new place on Manchester and Berry that would bear looking into.

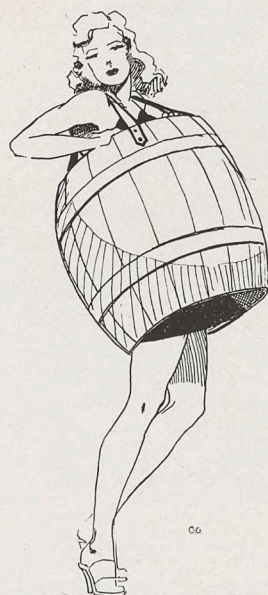
Max Weber's—Big Bend and University Car Loop

Weber's still doesn't take the place of Vescovo's, but it's getting better and better. The lawyers have taken it to their hearts, and the boys who live on the row find it to their liking. Good place for lunch and that late evening coke.

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.

Start the semester off right . . .



PAY ME A VISIT

SAYS

Betty Barrel

When time hangs heavy on your hands and you need a little relaxation—look me up.

Enjoy the true informal college atmosphere at

THE BARREL

5614 DELMAR

Always a Barrel of Fun



Beth would only kiss a lad
Whose breath was strictly dandy;
And that is why she always had
A few Life Savers handy.



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now
and then. Let Life Savers sweeten
and freshen your breath after
eating, drinking, or smoking.

FREE

A Box of Life Savers for the best Wisecrack!

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 prize 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 win-
ning wisecrack will be published the
following month along with the lucky
winner's name.

WINNING JOKE FOR JANUARY

Sandy MacGregor had been presented with a birthday gift
of a flask of fine, old whiskey at a friend's house. Carefully
placing it in his hip pocket, he began to walk briskly along
the road to his home. Suddenly a car sped out of the dark-
ness, causing him to be thrown violently into a ditch at the
side of the road. Cursing profusely, Sandy picked himself
up and limped on his way. Shortly he felt something warm
and wet trickling down the side of his leg. "My God," he
groaned, "I hope it's blood!"

BILL CROWDER

WE HAVE WITH US . . .

MR. HUGHES AND MR. EPSILON

DAVID HUGHES—The author of the story *Trust in God*, which we think is rather well done. Dave is, in his own words, "Just a deadbeat," with relation to activities. Says he hasn't done much since his Freshman year, but he is on the Junior Prom Decorations committee which is an activity of a sort.

Dave is a great naval enthusiast, just goes crazy over battleships and destroyers and cruisers. In fact, he has developed sort of a super-battleship game using ship models, which requires a lot of floor space and at least three days for a game.

He is also a music enthusiast of a sort. He said, "I'm an interested listener, but I don't know anything about it." Dave's ambition is to do research in physics, why we couldn't say. He may, change his mind any day now, but at present that's the way things stand.

WOLFGANG ILYICH EPSILON—Does our Music column every month. We can't tell you much of a specific nature about Mr. Epsilon, but we can say that if we told you his real name you would all know it. We ourselves have never seen Mr. Epsilon. All correspondence with him is done by means of an old shoe box, which we leave under a certain bush. In this box we leave our notes to him and he leaves his copy. We have it by way of rumor, however, that Mr. Epsilon is a Czechoslovakian refugee who learned English out of a travel booklet telling of the delights of a trip to Cuba.

If you have anything you wish to say to him, just give us the note and we'll slip it in the shoe box. We might warn you, however, that he is quite touchy with reference to his musical opinions, having received a fine education in music and in Shakespeare, a Slovakian translation of course.

JOKES!

They give tests under the honor system. The school has the honor and the students have the system.

SAE: "May I have this dance?"

She: "Certainly, if you can find a partner."

Minister: And what does your mother do for you when you've been a good girl?

Girl: She lets me stay home from church.

Fresh guy: Where do you live cutie?

Girl: I live at 210 West First Street—now, don't you dare follow me.

The ELIOT

WINTER ISSUE 1941

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Edith Marsalek, "Anne of Cleves" in
"Three To Get Ready," this year's Quad Show

TRH HARRIS

THE TOWERS and THE TOWN

On Your Way, February

Here we are in February, and how we regret it. If we had our way, we would just skip from January to March, leaving February somewhere in the fifth dimension. It isn't the weather that makes us dislike February, although that's as good a reason as any, but the fact that there are so many presidents' birthdays in February. We don't mind presidents' birthdays as such, but they depress us terribly when they come in February. We go about our business and then we wake up on the morning of the twelfth and somebody says that it's Lincoln's birthday. "Well," we say to ourselves, "Lincoln was born in February." We don't think much more about it until the twenty-second comes around and somebody mentions that it's Washington's birthday. That makes us feel terrible, inferior as a snail, and we think of our birthday off in nondescript old August, when hardly any presidents were born. Just for comfort we pull out an almanac that has each day of the year marked with an important event. Each time we find that our birth date is notable only as the day on which telephone service was inaugurated to Borneo, or something equally inauspicious. Sadly we put away the almanac and wait for March to come blustering around, notable for no presidents' birthdays, clicking off its days with no pretension. Come on, March.

You Can Let Us Out Here

That old story about the watch repairman who scared the people on a street car half to jitters with a ticking package, a clock, pales in the light of the newest story from England. An air-raid warden was informed by a resident in Coventry that a bomb had fallen on the house across the street, but had not exploded. The warden went to the designated house, informed the owner that a bomb had fallen on his house the previous day, and per-

haps something ought to be done about it. The owner replied that he had disposed of it himself. When asked how, he said, "Oh, I just took it on the bus. Wasn't going to have no bomb exploding in my house." We can imagine the bus driver saying, "That'll be an extra fare for that bomb, fella," while the passengers clambered calmly out the windows.

Hatchet

Hatchet is really under way now. We can tell, easily enough, when they get things moving, because we get slowly, steadily pushed from the office we share with them. They use our typewriter, they usurp our chairs, they make so much noise we can't think. We don't mind, though. Our typewriter isn't worth a darn and we never get any work done in the office anyway. We haven't gotten a look at what they're doing yet, but we can assure you that there will be a lot to read. Judging from the number of girls they have typing like demons every afternoon, the *Hatchet* will be just about as big as a telephone book and contain about the same number of pictures. We're joking of course, but there's a lot of typing being done. With activity books being issued at one end, and *Hatchet* overflowing its bounds too, our office doesn't exist. We spend whole afternoons directing people to the activity book counter, and spelling words for the *Hatchet* typists. Oh well, we're all for working at home anyway.

Valentine's Day

Well, valentine's day is here, and we're sorry to say that it doesn't give us much of a thrill any more, not like the old days. There used to be the excitement of changing fancy and comic valentines with everybody else in the class. We can see ourselves with a great assortment of colored and lacy paper and a jar of glue starting to work on creations

of our own, complicated jobs that either fell apart or stuck in their envelopes. The real kick, however, came when we opened our quota. Always there were at least five unsigned; ah, those were the ones. We didn't care so much if they were comic, but that big one with the feminine "Guess who" really set our heart aflutter. We'd glance slyly about the room, looking for a shy glance that would reveal the sender. Now that we've reached the hoary age of twenty-one and have to deal in boxes of candy and flowers we still have the urge to get out our glue and start to work. We wouldn't have the old technique, but we could dream up something pretty fancy, we'll bet. Give us the word, baby, and we'll start cutting out hearts.

Hello, Robin

If you happen to see a robin hopping around one of these days, drop around and give us the word. We are steadfast observers of that fine old custom of shaking one's pocket-book or wallet at the first robin. We're not quite certain what this is supposed to be for, but we have an idea that it's to bring good luck. We have been doing it for years, and at the time of writing we're still eating substantially, and that, in these times, is plenty lucky. In case you don't know how it's done, here's the story. As soon as you sight the robin you pull out your wallet, shake it at the bird, and yell, "Hello, Robin." You'll scare the living daylight out of him, but it will do you a lot of good. May bring spring for all we know.

Quad Show Rehearsal, Brrr

We dropped over to Macmillan Gym the other day to take a gander at a rehearsal of the Quad Show principals. We are here to say that they are working under conditions that would make any eskimo slip on a parka or tear up a few boards for a nice bonfire. The winds that

whistle through the gym seem bent on making the show sort of an ah-choo follies. None of the windows close satisfactorily, so those people not in action have to sit with the cold air slipping down their necks; if one wants to smoke he must go outside where it is even colder. We are glad to say, however, that the frigid atmosphere doesn't seem to be doing the show any harm. With the help of scarfs and great overcoats the cast was going merrily about their business. We only hope that the sudden change of climate when the show is transferred to the auditorium won't make the actors sluggish. It is equivalent to rehearsing a show in Siberia and then giving it in Miami.

The Prom

We see that the Junior Prom committee is on Benny Goodman's trail. In fact, by the time this is printed, Mr. Goodman should be signed. For us it's the fulfillment of a lifelong ambition. Way back in high school we used to sit around and dream about having Benny Goodman for a prom, and walking in with our best girl. Now that fulfillment is actually in sight we're astounded; pleasantly so we might add. It is something we had never even hoped to see at Washington. The minute we hear that clarinet we'll be in a happy daze that will probably last the whole evening. "Just think," we'll be saying, "Benny Goodman," then we'll sit and stare. We don't care if we never get to dance. Just give us a chair by the wall and something to drink during intermissions and we'll be satisfied. The only thing we're afraid of is the little phrase that went around after he was here last time, "Good man, Goodman." Please spare us that.

Hell Week

By the time this issue appears, hell-week will be over, but not forgotten by most freshman fraternity men. Having gone through it ourselves we rather enjoy watching the boys drag around school during the three days that compose the "week."

Thursday they're chipper as larks, and a little proud of the fact that they haven't washed or shaved. Friday they're tired, some of them still chipper, but most of them beginning to feel the effects of little sleep and a lot of paddle signing. When Saturday rolls around they just don't care. They drag around game but completely worn. We suppose it's a fine way to start the dreary first month of second semester; too tired to give a damn.

Indirect Attack

It took the war to make us realize what a potent force the movie camera is. We have heard of strong men quaking and beautiful women fainting before the camera, but now we read of the pay off. After the British took Tobruk, the official Australian army photographer was taking movies of the terrain, when, to his great surprise, ten Italians came out of the bushes in front of him with their hands up, and surrendered to him. It looks to us as though our country's danger lies not in the East, but in the west, out Hollywood way. If ten armed soldiers will surrender to one movie camera, think what Hollywood could do if it really put its mind to it. The power of a division armed with little Eastmans would be something to see. Then again, a projector might be the thing. Few are the people that won't succumb to a long double-feature. "Give them two more west-erns, sarge, and then we'll charge."

Mr. Willkie

We have had a wonderful time during the past two weeks or so, watching the press' reaction to Mr. Willkie. There is no even division for and against; the papers just don't seem to be able to figure what to say. Some have cried loudly, "national unity," the Democratic papers that is. The staunch Republican papers have sneered and called him turn-coat. Among the great body of moderately independent papers the reaction has been of many sorts. Some have pointed to Mr. Willkie as an example of what the Republican

party as a whole should do, while others seemed to think it a breach of trust that he should accept a letter from anybody so solidly democratic as the president. At any rate, Willkie has certainly given the boys something to think about. The last we heard, the rumour was that Mr. Willkie would run for president again in the next election; on the Democratic ticket. We wouldn't want to predict anything about Mr. Willkie, as completely uninhibited a man as we have seen. It wouldn't surprise us to have him turn up delivering our milk some morning, leaving little notes asking about how college is this year.

Profanity

The quiz programs have done a lot of things to and for radio. They have done a lot toward making things more informal, and in the process, a little profanity has crept in. In the last six months we have heard two curse words come out over the air, just two more than we had ever heard before, both of them on quiz programs. The first was on one of those many colorless programs which sprung up as soon as "Information Please" looked to be a good thing. We were startled when a man from deep Brooklyn won two dollars, turned to the announcer and said, "Tanks a hell of a lot, buddy." As though that were not enough, just last Friday we heard Sir Willmot Lewis pronounce a fervent "damn" on our favorite program, "Information Please." We don't mind the use of a little profanity on the air. It makes things sound a lot more natural. However, we expect to read of the flood of letters to some broadcasting company protesting that radio, by the use of "damn" and "hell" is undoing all the good work that "Buck Rogers," "The Green Hornet," and "Gang Busters," have done in sending America's children down the straight and narrow. We think an occasional "damn" or "hell" would do a lot of good. Probably save many a father the embarrassment that comes when he makes his first slip before Junior.

TRUST IN GOD

By DAVID HUGHES

THE MESSERSCHMIDT rose evenly from the ground. Karl began to feel better. This was the third plane in a row to have a successful test flight. The workers were behaving themselves, thanks to the Gestapo. The secret police of the fatherland could accomplish anything. Two weeks before this factory had been turning out one bad plane in every three. Then Hofadler had put him in charge of the plant to stop the sabotage. Now Kammer, the superintendent, was in the Badenwald concentration camp. Kammer had been inefficient and lazy. Those were his faults. There is no place for laziness in a Nazi state. Everything must be expediency and efficiency. The efficiency of the Gestapo was why Krammer was in Badenwald now. The Gestapo had eyes and ears everywhere. Karl smiled to himself. Maybe even now there were people detailed to watch him. Probably not; he had only been here two weeks and nobody else had arrived during that time.

The cries of some of the mechanics made him look up. The plane was pulling out of a dive. The wings folded back with a crackling sound. A low whine filled the air. A moment later an aileron was fluttering to the ground. The pilot was trapped by the wings. The whine climbed an octave. The plane crashed in the middle of the field. A big sheet of flame covered the wreck. Karl hopped a passing car.

The flames were out when he got there. The men were putting the charred corpse in an ambulance. There was nothing more to be done on the spot. Karl knew he had something to do in the factory itself. These Frenchmen would get something they would understand. Tomorrow every tenth one would go to prison. Most of them would be innocent, of course, but it would produce the right result. He had learned that in the Gestapo. Justice, slow justice, that was for the democracies. Efficiency, that was for the Gestapo. Karl walked rapidly back to the hangers. He would show these swine what it meant to kill a German. He had better, he thought to himself, or he would soon be with Kammer in the concentration camp.

By the time he reached the field headquarters he had calmed down considerably. A new scheme took possession of his mind. If French pilots had to test-hop the planes, that would put an end to this monkey business. Tomorrow he would assemble all the workers on the apron and let them witness the flight. After a plane crashed; he would make sure that it would; they would be informed that a countryman of theirs had been in the cockpit. A vivid object lesson. It would then be

announced that from that time forth all planes would be tested by French aviators.

In the office he phoned Hofadler.

"Stormfuhrer Hofadler. Who is there?"

"Oberlieutenant Karl Lieberman. I wish to report that Pilot Johan Bekker died today in an airplane crash while test flying a new Me 109."

"Sabotage?" Karl didn't like the tone of his superior's voice.

"Probably, but I have a plan which——"

"You should have prevented it."

"I know, Herr Stormfuhrer, but it will not happen again."

"It had better not. Now, good day, Herr Lieutenant."

"But I need some help."

"Well, what is it? I am in a hurry." Hofadler's voice was very cold. Karl outlined his plan. The older man began to take notice. Here was something to his liking. The irony of it, the poetic justice of the plan.

"Splendid, Herr Lieutenant. I will send a pilot around this evening. You will be responsible for him. I think your plan will be successful. Success is the basis for survival. Remember that, Lieutenant. Now, good day. Heil Hitler."

"Heil Hitler."

"Lieutenant Lieberman, I presume," said a French voice. Karl turned from the desk where he had been writing a report to Berlin. A young Frenchman of about his own age was standing in the door.

"I hope you will excuse me for entering without knocking. I completely forgot about it in my joy at being freed from that internment camp. The return to civilization was, perhaps, too abrupt."

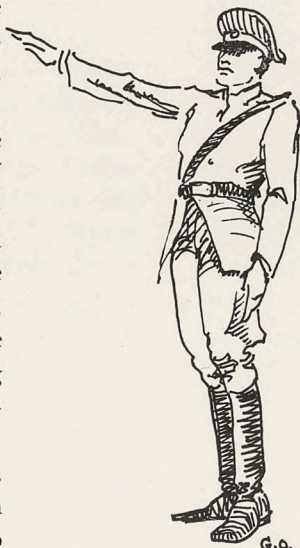
"Do not hope for any chance of escape while you are in my charge." Karl wished he had not said that, but this well-mannered young man made him feel awkward.

"Oh, do not worry. I know about how far I would get. I have had one bout with your secret state police already. Are you one of them? Do you belong to the Gestapo? No? Forgive me for asking. Of course you don't. No one does. At least no one will admit it."

Karl didn't say anything. This French pilot intrigued him. It wasn't very often that you heard a man speak his mind in these days. Besides he had a funny feeling that the man was reading his thoughts.

"Pardon me, me, Lieutenant, I have not introduced myself. Permit me to present to you Captain Andre Maurier of the Armee de l'Aire." And with that Captain Maurier gave a stiff bow. He went on.

"You are probably wondering why I am talking so



freely. I do it because I no longer have anything to fear. I have figured things out. We are not so dumb, we French. You have been having trouble in the aero fabricating plant here in Chalons. Trouble with sabotage. Don't look so astounded. We hear many things at our camp. You Germans think you are very smart when you can destroy a country by sabotage and the fifth column. When the tables are turned you no longer see it as a game in which one side is outsmarted. You get angry at the impudence of our decadent and inferior race. Well from now on the shoe will be on the other foot. In all your subjugated countries there will be sabotage and unrest.

"I was brought here to test fly your planes. Why use a Frenchman when the Luftwaffe has so many excellent men? I'll tell you. You want the workers to see me crash in one of the planes they fixed for your men. The demonstration will be a horrible failure if I don't crash, and failures are not to be tolerated in a Nazi state, so you will sabotage the plane yourself. Tomorrow the workers will be very sorry for their crimes. As long as you use French pilots you will get perfect planes. A wonderful plan. My only regret is that you will have to sacrifice your first plane and your first pilot. It's really too bad. I'm such a fine fellow."

Karl was experiencing varying emotions while listening. He wished that he could talk to him with the same freedom. The trouble was that you could never say anything without fear that somehow the Gestapo was listening. He, himself, had to keep track of all the acts of several of the Germans in the factory. Someone was usually keeping track of him. He felt apologetic for his system. He didn't have much to say, but he had to say something.

"I want to compliment you, Captain Maurier, on your expert deduction of the situation. You had me quite speechless at first. One doesn't find men who speak so freely nowadays." Karl felt a little better. He could be just as courteous as this foreigner. There was no reason to feel awkward while he had the upper hand. Monsieur Maurier was just talking because he was scared.

"That is the trouble with your system," continued Maurier. "You can't speak freely because you are afraid. The common man is afraid to talk, because he knows there is a Gestapo agent watching. The agent is afraid to talk because there is someone watching him. Even Himmler, your chief, has to watch his step, because somebody may want to knife him. Goering and Goebbels must be careful. Probably even Hitler is afraid. Today Germany is a nation of people afraid of their own shadows."

Karl's blood began to boil. A Frenchman calling the Germans frightened people. Did he not remember the disgraceful rout of the French army? No, this was too much.

"Go ahead and talk, Frenchman. That is why you are talking. You are talking because you are scared. I can say whatever I please to you and nobody is going to throw me into prison. You got that idea from English

propaganda. I am in charge at this plant. I am also the Gestapo man here. I fear nothing."

"You talk very bravely, Lieutenant, because you figure I will be dead man tomorrow. If I were going to be alive tomorrow you would not be so foolhardy. You are in such a state that you wouldn't trust your own mother. You might help me to escape tomorrow. You could do it easily. Just make sure that my plane is good and has enough gas to get to England. Of course you won't do it, not because of your sense of duty, but because you would even be afraid to trust me after saving my life."

"Captain Maurier, you go too far. You will spend the rest of the night under guard." Karl rang for an orderly. "Now, good evening."

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders. The ghost of a smile played on his lips.

"Good evening, Lieutenant. I must admit I am a little disappointed in you. Pray for my soul tonight, and please don't sabotage my plane so that I burn to death. That would be too uncomfortable."

He left as the orderly opened the door. Karl turned to his reports. The nerve of that man. He was so intelligent at figuring out the general situation. How could he be so naive about the other thing? Karl sighed. It would be a pity to see such a brave man die. He would make sure that the Captain got a suitable funeral.

* * *

The Messerschmidt rose evenly off the ground. The assembled workers watched it in silence. They could guess that something was in the wind. Karl heard his orderly say,

"This will even things up for Bekker."

"Yes," muttered Karl, "yes, it will even things."

In the cockpit of the Messerschmidt Andre Maurier looked at the altimeter. It was smeared with oil. With the back of his glove he wiped it off. There written on the glass were the words: "Gas enough to reach England. I trust you." Andre smiled.

* * *

A grey car drew up beside Karl. Four men in S. S. uniforms got out.

"Lieutenant Lieberman?"

"Yes."

"You are under arrest for high treason."

Karl was taken to police headquarters in Paris. Hofadler was waiting in the small office. Also in the room was Andre Maurier. Karl gave up hope.

"Captain Maurier, how did they get you?"

Hofadler spoke,

"Ah, my brilliant young agent of Chalons. Permit me to introduce Herr Franz Fischer of the Gestapo, better known to you as Captain Andre Maurier of the *Armée de l'Air*."

"Thanks for the plane, Lieutenant. It saved me the tiresome auto trip to Paris. I am sorry for you. Tomorrow you will be shot for high treason. It is a pity, but justice must take its course. The Fuhrer wants only those whom he can trust.

MUSIC

PORGY AND BESS, THE SYMPHONY



With last Saturday afternoon's magnificent *Tristan und Isolde* still fresh in mind, I really feel obligated to say a few words about the high calibre of the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts we've been hearing this year. Not that the high calibre is anything new, but just that I'm anxious to accord it a little official recognition (if mention

in this column is anything "official").

We who live in the sticks should get down on our knees and utter a prayer of thanks to the Metropolitan Opera and to the Texas Company, which sponsors the broadcasts. We should thank Mr. Edward Johnson, manager of the Met., for presenting the top-notch singers of our day in those operas that have stood the test of years. We should thank the top-notch singers for being top-notch. We should thank the Texas Company for sponsoring these broadcasts rather than such fine programs as *Dr. I.Q.*, *Amelia's Second Love* and *Hedda Hopper*, "your sun-kissed correspondent". And, while we're about it, I suppose we might thank Messrs. Wagner, Mozart, Verdi, Puccini et al. for their contribution to the Saturday afternoon broadcasts.

As in years past, one of the notable features of the series is that the radio listeners are the ones who choose the operas. Impresario Johnson is apparently anxious to present those works that rank highest in public favor and the audience is each week requested to submit the names of the operas it wants to hear. As a result of this policy, this winter, we have heard such staples of the operatic repertoire as *The Marriage of Figaro*, *Tannhauser*, *Otello*, *Madame Butterfly*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *Pagliacci* and *Tristan und Isolde*. The one novelty was Donizetti's *Daughter of the Regiment* with Lily Pons.

And now that we're on the subject of requests, I want to request something of you. In case you ever have a postcard that you want to send somewhere and don't know where to send or what to say, here's what I suggest: send it to Mr. Johnson at the Met. and ask him how the chances are for a revival of George Gershwin's folk-opera *Porgy and Bess*.

Now I have a good idea what he'll say if he answers you, which I doubt that he will. He'll tell you that a *Porgy and Bess* revival would mean a great deal of trouble and expense for the Met., as the Gershwin opera was only presented professionally once, in the Fall and Winter of 1935-36. And at that time, Mr. Johnson may tell you, the Met. had nothing to do with the production, a New York Theatre Guild presentation. It played 127 performances, which is good enough as Broadway

engagements go, but hardly sensational. Mr. Johnson will point out to you that a revival would mean new sets, new costumes and a new chorus—unless he were to use the regular Met. chorus in black-face. He might even call your attention to a little note that appeared late last Summer in *Variety*, the entertainment trade journal; a note saying that among the operas the Metropolitan management was considering giving this season was *Porgy and Bess* with Marian Anderson, Paul Robeson and Dorothy Maynor. But, Mr. Johnson will regretfully state, it was decided that the revival would be too ambitious, too expensive, and tentative plans for it were abandoned.

Please don't get the idea this is going to end your correspondence with Mr. Johnson, as I've decided I want you to reply to him. (This request is developing along more expansive lines than I originally foresaw.) Here's what I hope you'll say in your reply: "Dear Mr. Johnson: I am extremely anxious that you reconsider the subject of a *Porgy and Bess* revival. In the opinion of both professional musicians and the musical public, the late George Gershwin's contribution to the development of musical composition in this country was of the utmost importance. *Porgy and Bess*, his only opera, was the crowning achievement of a career that assuredly would have reached even greater heights had the composer lived. As such, I believe it merits a Metropolitan Opera production, even though the expense be greater than that ordinarily accompanying a revival."

I don't think you need say more. Surely Mr. Johnson realizes that *Porgy and Bess* is an outstanding American opera and that its comparatively modest run of 127 performances on Broadway doesn't mean a thing. After all, we must allow for the fact that it is an opera, not a musical comedy, and that it wasn't being played in repertory; even *Tristan und Isolde* with Madame Flagstad would have difficulty achieving much of a Broadway run. I also believe that Mr. Johnson realizes that in recent years sentiment has been growing for a *Porgy and Bess* revival. You won't have to tell him any of that. You'll only have to indicate that you're one of the many who missed the original *Porgy and Bess*, one of the many who look forward to hearing it for the first time.

After that, all we can do (outside of sending more postcards from time to time) is sit back and wait for the Met. to come through. When that happens, when you read somewhere that the Met. is going to revive the opera in question, there's one last favor I want to ask of you; and that is to mail a postcard (yes, another postcard) to the Texas Company, requesting the inclu-

sion of *Porgy and Bess* in the Saturday afternoon series so that we out here in St. Louis can hear it.

* * *

The present weekend brings to St. Louis symphony-goers what I consider the choice program of the year. Joseph Szigeti is the soloist and he is playing the Beethoven Violin Concerto. The word "distinguished" is bandied about a good deal by publicity agents, but in Szigeti's case it actually applies. Another adjective that may be applied to Szigeti with some degree of safety is "peerless," although I fear that Jascha Heifetz's admirers would dispute this. Mr. Golschmann has also programmed the Shostakovich Fifth Symphony, repeated by request. Unless I am mistaken, the Shostakovich Fifth has been played more often this year by the country's major orchestras than any other symphony. The Boston Symphony Orchestra alone has played it a half-dozen times and Dr. Koussevitzky has been quoted as saying that it takes rank with the great symphonies of Beethoven, Brahms and Sibelius. The work received tumultuous ovations after its first local performances

last December. Mozart continues to get a fair deal from Mr. Golschmann, as the *Marriage of Figaro* overture is the opening feature of the weekend's concerts.

Paul Robeson, who has sung *Old Man River* so often that I now have it on good authority he sings it in his sleep, will make his first local appearance in a recital at the Auditorium Monday night. According to the publicity blurbs I have been reading in the papers, he will be accompanied by Clara Rockmore, the thereminist. The theremin is "an instrument that is not touched by the player. The sound is obtained through movements of the hands in front of the theremin. The tonal quality is comparable to the violin in the higher ranges and violoncello in the lower." There is no money-back guarantee if Robeson doesn't sing *Old Man River*, but I have an idea that it's going to crop up somewhere among his encores. And, by the way, I am hoping—nay, praying—that the encores include *Bess*, *You Is My Woman Now* from a certain opera that I don't think I need mention by name. Yes, that's right. You've guessed it.

BLUE PRINTS

By ED. RHODES

JUST a few more hours of this damn heat and I'll be on a train lammin' across the border, thought young Bill Crain, as he walked up the few steps leading to the Centerville National Bank. Craning to look over the head of the man next in line he could see the hot, sweaty face of the teller, as he quickly counted out the crisp bills.

What if something should go wrong, Bill found himself thinking against his will. But then how could it, he puzzled, as the events of the last few hours flashed across his fevered brain with machine gun rapidity. Jim Summers' wife thought him on his annual solitary hunting trip on the Big Piny River. Summers had been a fool to carry blank checks with him. Locking Summers alone in the cabin while he scouted up wood for a fire to heat a poker had been quite effective. When he returned with the wood, old Jim had been surprisingly willing to make out a check, "Pay to the bearer" nineteen hundred dollars. Bill felt in his pocket and reassuringly touched the crisp paper.

Just think, nineteen hundred berries, and all he had to do was collect the dough, amble down to the station, and catch the 3 P.M. north. He would stroll off for a smoke at the first big town, then hop a freight South. He would be over the border by tomorrow noon. It would be two days, at least before they found Summers, and if they check up at the station, he had bought a ticket for St. Paul. Summers might get a little hungry in the meantime, but . . . The clerk cut his thought short with a brisk, "Step up, please."

In spite of his assurance, Bill felt nervous as he stepped up to the window. With a characteristic gesture he pushed his hat back on his head as he pulled the check out of his pocket. The teller looked at the check, then glanced up to scrutinize Bill. Bill's heart rose in his mouth, then descended again as the teller's glance dropped. Now to walk down to the station and away from this hot burg.

"Just a minute, buddy," said a hard voice at his elbow, as he turned from the ticket window. "We've got a few questions to ask you." This last as heavy handcuffs clicked around his wrists. Much later in a cell, Bill Crain was still trying to find the slip. At first he had thought Summers had escaped, and like a fool he blurted out the truth to the questioning of the police. Summers had not escaped. Even now they were bringing him down from the cabin.

Footsteps sounded on the corridor floor and there was the haggard face of Summers peering through the bars. "Yep," he said confirmingly, "that's the fellow all right."

"Why in the Hell," Bill exploded, "did the cops pick me up, if you was tied in the cabin."

"Easy," replied Jim Summers. I noticed that habit of yours of brushing your hat back on your head when you are nervous. I counted on you doing that in front of the teller when you cashed the check. You left your hat in the cabin when you locked me in and went out to get wood. Luckily there was a stub of a blue pencil on the shelf. I took your hat, and . . ."

But Jim Crain already had his hat off and was peering at the band. Sure enough, imprinted in blue on the band where it would come off on his forehead when he perspired, were the letters, "qleH."



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They Satisfy

MR. OGLEBY'S PWEDICAMENT

By COURTNEY HEINEMAN

MR. OGLEBY was in a terrible mood. "Why was I born?" he complained. "Why was I born?" he moaned. Mr. Ogleby was in a terrible way. He was not a man to complain, but his new grievance was too much for any man to bear. He paced up and down his room in dark despair. Occasionally he sighed. Mr. Ogleby could hardly be blamed, for fate had done a terrible thing to him.

He walked to the telephone and picked up the receiver. "Woom service," he said.

There was a pause at the other end of the line and then a giggle. "You can't get it here, buddy." Mr. Ogleby heard the receiver click.

He picked up the phone again. "Woom service," he said sternly, "and I'm not a pwactical joker. I want some food in my woom, wight away."

There was a choked laugh at the other end of the line and then the clerk said, "Yes sir. Sorry, sir."

Soon there was a click, and another voice said, "Room service."

Mr. Ogleby sat down, relieved. "Please send up some ham and eggs and owange juice and coffee to woom 317," he said. "Wight away."

There was a stunned silence for a moment. "Do you want your ham medium or wayer?" the voice asked.

"Well done," barked Mr. Ogleby, "and none of youw twicks if you please. I'm not a man to be twifled with."

The chastened voice said, "Yes, sir."

Mr. Ogleby got up to pace the room again. "It's downwight twagic," he sputtered out loud. Mr. Ogleby's predicament was indeed tragic. Only yesterday he had been a normal man going peacefully about his business. Now he was ruined. "I'm wuined," he groaned. "What a tewwible pwedicament." He slammed his fist on the table. "I shall sue him fow ewevy dollar he has," Mr. Ogleby fumed, "ewevy wed cent." He slumped into a chair. "Yesterday I was all wight. Yesterday I was nowmal. Now I can't pwonounce an awah. Oh what a pwedicament."

There was a knock at the door. "Come in," said Mr. Ogleby darkly.

A bus-boy entered pushing a laden table before him. "Good morning, Mr. Ogleby." He pushed the table over in front of the chair in which Mr. Ogleby was sitting. "How are you this morning?"

"Good morning, Wichard," he said. He looked the bus-boy straight in the eye. "I'm tewwible, and no wise cwacks, please."

Richard looked at him curiously. "Not feeling so good this morning, Mr. Ogleby?"

"Tewwible, Wichard. To tell you the twuth, I feel

awful." He took the cover off his ham and eggs. "You are looking at a wuined man, Wichard. A man who has lost his best fwiend," he said. "No longer can I speak as a nowmal human being. I can no longer pwonounce an awah." He shook his head sadly. "Fowah a wadio announcer that spells wuin."

The bus-boy shook his head. "Gee that's too bad, Mr. Ogleby. What're you gonna do?"

"Heaven only knows." Mr. Ogleby nibbled a piece of toast. "Heaven only knows."

"What happened, Mr. Ogleby?" Richard wanted to get to the bottom of the business.

"I was slapped on the back." Mr. Ogleby said it bitterly. "By another announcer. I think it was pwofessional jealousy." He picked up his knife and fork and sliced viciously at his ham. "Fate, Wichard," he sighed. "Just fate."

Richard backed uneasily to the door. "Will that be all, Mr. Ogleby?"

"Yes, Wichard." He glanced at his watch and then gobbled at his breakfast. He finished, put on his coat and hat and walked to the full length mirror on the bathroom door. He looked himself straight in the eye. "Face it like a man, Ogleby," he ordered himself. "Ewewything will turn out all wight."

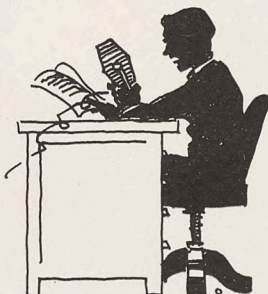
As he went down in the elevator he thought over the terrible catastrophe. Just yesterday he had been the most famous announcer on the air. Every big program that went out of New York fought for his services. The voice of Horace Ogleby was better known than the president's, and heard even more often. When Ogleby did a news broadcast people listened with reverent attention. "Shhh," they'd say, "it's Ogleby." Yesterday when he left the studio he had been on top of the world, and then it had happened. As he stood waiting for the elevator, his greatest rival, the only announcer on the air whose voice and diction compared with the smooth Ogleby voice and perfect diction, had slapped him on the back and said, "How'ya, Horace?"

Ogleby had staggered under the blow, then turned angrily to see who his assailant was. There had stood Andre Carlson, as big as life. "Oh," Ogleby had said, "It's you, Andwe."

"Andwe," Andre had said. "Why the baby talk, Ogleby?"

Ogleby had been shocked. "I assure you, Andwe..." There it was again. Mr. Ogleby was horrified. "This is tewwible," he had gasped. "I can't pwonounce an awah."

Carlson had guffawed. "Quit the kiddin', Horace." He entered the studio. "See you later."



Ogleby was stupefied. "Andwe," he said softly. "Howace, bwing, bwight." He struggled desperately, trying to bring out just one R. The taxi driver that had brought him home had looked in the mirror occasionally, trying to figure out what Horace was doing. Horace had repeated, "Andwe, Andwe, Andwe," all the way home. Then he had gone right to bed, thinking perhaps it would pass. It was only in the morning when he woke and found himself still afflicted that he realized his terrible predicament. Now as he rode down in the elevator, he wondered what he would do about his news broadcast at ten-fifteen. What would they say? What would people think when they heard Horace Ogleby talk baby-talk? At first they would be stunned, then amazed, and then they would begin to laugh. Horace Ogleby would be the laughing stock of New York, and the broadcasting company would never let him appear again. "You're through, Ogleby," they'd say. "We can't have baby-talk."

Horace got out of the elevator, strode through the lobby of the hotel rapidly, out to the doorman. "Get me a taxi," he muttered. A taxi appeared and Horace got in. "Wadio City, dwivah."

The driver stared at him. "What was that again, Jack?"

"Wadio City, and huwwy."

"Okay," the cabby said, and started the taxi. He chuckled to himself for a while, and then turned his head. "Do you want the woof up or down?" He could hardly drive he got such a kick out of it.

Horace ignored him and looked out the window. When they arrived at the building, Horace got out. "How much?" he asked.

The driver looked at the meter. "Fifty cents."

Horace handed him a half dollar. "You'll get nothing extwa fwom me," he said indignantly. He walked into the building as the driver sat laughing in his cab. When the elevator let Horace off at the studio, he went immediately to the office of the program director. He opened the door and walked up to the desk. "Geowge," he said, "something tewwible has happened. "I can't go on the air."

The man looked up at him, "What!" he exclaimed.

"I can't go on the air," Horace repeated. "Something tewwible had happened to my pwonunciation. I can't pwonounce my awahs."

The program director was stunned for a moment, and then he began to laugh. "You had me fooled there for just a second," he said breathlessly. "I thought there was really something wrong. 'I can't pwonounce my awahs.'" He roared again.

"Geowge," Horace pleaded. "I weally can't. This is sewious."

George looked up at him and then bubbled up in mirth. "Sewious," he gasped, the tears rolling down his cheeks. His whole body shook with laughter.

"This is no laughing matter." Horace was getting frantic. "You'll have to get somebody for that eleven o'clock news bwoadcast." He shook the man. "Geowge.

Listen!"

George stopped laughing for a moment and looked up. "Yes, Howace?"

"If I have to go on the air this mowning, you'll wegwet it," Horace said. "Don't say I didn't wawn you."

Something in the tone of Horace's voice made George stop laughing. His mouth dropped open. "You aren't serious are you?"

"Assuwedly. I've been twying to tell you."

George was scared now. "If you're kidding me," he threatened.

"No, you'll have to get somebody else for that bwoadcast. It goes on in ten minutes."

George ran his hand through his hair nervously. "Jesus," he said. "It's too late now. Oh why does this have to happen to me." He pulled out his schedule for the day. "You'll have to go on. We haven't got anybody here that'll do for a national."

Horace slumped into a chair. "I'll never live it down," he moaned. "Never."

A boy stuck his head in the door. "Almost time, Mr. Ogleby."

"All wight," Ogleby said. "I'll be wight in." The boy stared at him for a moment and then withdrew. Ogleby stood up and took a deep breath. "This ends the caweeah of Howace Ogleby," he announced. He hung up his coat and hat and walked into the studio. There was his chair and table. Nobody else was allowed to use the Ogleby table and chair. Here he had been delivering his famous news broadcasts for years.

He sat down, picked up his script. He glanced over it for foreign names, repeated some of them to be sure of his pronunciation. "Sidi Bawwani," he said. "Bawwdia, Tobwuk." He looked up at the clock. Thirty seconds. He took the clip off his script, arranged the pages carefully, and waited for the direct cue from the man in the control booth. He signalled that he was ready.

The go-ahead came. Horace took a deep breath and started his spiel. "Good mowning. This is Howace Ogleby with youw mowning news. The attention of all Ewwope is focused today in the Balkans and the Near East. The gweat question is, whether or not the Germans will come into Gweece to help their faltewing axis partners. There was no indication fwom Gewmany as to whether Hitler would step into the Italo-Gweek battle to pull his pawtner's iwon out of the fire. Gewman spokesmen wepudiated the wumors that Gewman soldiers were alweady awwiving in Italy, and that Gewman twansport planes are now being used to fewwy Italian soldiers to the Albanian fwont. The latest communique fwom Gweece weports that the Gweeks are within eleven miles of Valona, and . . ." Horace went on with his broadcast. His voice and diction were as faultless as ever, but never an R. crossed his lips. Once he glanced up at the clock, noticed the engineer bent over his board, his back heaving as he laughed. That threw Horace off for a moment, but he was soon back in stride.

. . . With Tobwuk fallen, the intwepid Bwewish

fowces are pushing wapidly west, deeper, and deeper into this Italian tewwitowy. Well, that's the news for the morning. This Howace Ogleby saying good morning until this same time tomowwo. This is the National Bwoadcasting Company." Horace finished and then sat for a moment without moving. He knew that he wouldn't be back at the same time next day. "You've washed up, Ogleby," he said.

He got up and walked out of the studio, into the office of the program director. When he opened the door, George was on the telephone. "Yes," he was saying, "Yes, yes, we're sorry. We don't know what's wrong." He hung up the phone and looked up at Horace. "I'm afraid you're through, Horace, unless you can do something about your affliction. We're already beginning to get calls. They all want to know what's the big idea of you talking baby talk. What can we tell 'em?"

Horace slumped into a chair. "Yes I know. Well, I guess the only thing to do is go to a doctor and see what can be done." He put on his coat and hat. "Good-bye, Geowge. I'll let you know how things turn out." He walked toward the door.

"Good-bye, Horace. Good luck. I don't know how we could get along without you."

Horace went out the door, through the reception room to the elevator. The girls at the big information desk looked at him and giggled. Horace glanced at them and his face turned red. He got in the elevator, descended, took a taxi to his doctor's office.

The doctor was completely puzzled. "When did this happen, Ogleby?" he asked.

Horace told him the whole dreadful story. "And if I can't get fixed up, doctor, I'm wuined," he finished. "My Cwosley wating will fall. I'll be the laughing stock of the wadio twade." Horace sat with his head bent over.

The doctor sat thinking for a moment. Suddenly he leaned over and slapped Ogleby on the back, heartily. "Maybe another slap will fix you," he said.

"I fink it weally might," said Horace. His eyes widened in horror. "Did I say 'fink?'" he gasped. "Now you've don and done it. I'm worse than I was before. I can't say a fing wight." A tear rolled down Horace's cheek. "Oh my doodness, what a pwedicament."

"Very strange," the doctor muttered, "very strange." He went over to Ogleby and examined him. "I must admit, Ogleby, I'm stumped." He sat on the edge of his desk. "I'm afraid you'll just have to bear it for the present. Perhaps it will right itself. Nature has its own way about these things you know." He chuckled in rare good humour. "Come back to see me in about a week. Ogleby, and we'll see how you're getting along. Good luck, Ogleby."

Horace said not a word. He walked from the office a beaten man. He didn't dare to say a word. There was no telling what might come out. He returned to his hotel room, called up the student. "Hello, Geowge. This is Ogleby. You'd better get someone else to take my pwogwams this week. I'm worse than ever. I'm afwaid

I'm compwetewy washed up. I fink I'll have to get something else. I'm fwough wif wadio fowever. Yes. Thanks, Geowge."

He sat and stared out the window. "The passing of Ogleby," he muttered. "It's the hand of fate. The telephone rang. "Hewwo," he said listlessly. He listened for a moment. "What," he screamed. "No! Never!" He slammed down the receiver. "What a colossal nerve," he said bitterly. "That, for Ogleby. The gweatest name in wadio. I'd die before I'd do that."

He got up and paced the room. "Hmph," he grunted occasionally. He stopped in front of the mirror, squared his shoulders. "Ogleby will stop at the peak of his caweeah," he told himself. "They'll never be able to laugh at Ogleby. That's final," he said sternly.

He sat down again. "But what'll I do," he said aloud. His shoulders slumped. "I don't know anything but wadio." He suddenly leaned forward, and his body was racked by sobs. "Fwough," he murmured through his tears. "Fwough wif the only fing I ever loved." Suddenly he sat up, blew his nose, walked again to the mirror. "Ogleby will go down with his boots on," he misquoted the old saw. "Let them say what they will, Ogleby will stick to the bitter end."

He walked to the telephone, the old spring in his step. He dialed a number and waited. "Hello, Geowge," he said. "This is Howace Ogleby. I've changed my mind. I'll accept. I'll be down in the mowning. Yes, yes, all wight." He hung up. "The name of Ogleby will go down in wadio histowy," he said, "for one weason or another."

For a week he worked like a demon. From morning till night he was at the studio. Nobody was allowed to see or hear him, except George, the program director. He worked behind closed doors. He was on none of his old programs. Speculation was high at the studio. "What's old Ogleby up to?" they'd say. "What do you think they're cooking up with Ogleby?" Ogleby would say nary a word. Ads appeared in the papers. "Listen to Ogleby on his new program, starting next Monday." The radio world was agog with suspense. "They're really pushing Ogleby, aren't they?" one man would say to another. "They won't let anybody hear him, even."

On the evening appointed for Ogleby's renaissance every radio in the country was tuned to hear Ogleby. At first the people were amazed, then, as he went on, they began to laugh, but by the end of the program most of them liked him. Telegrams flooded the studio. "The new Ogleby is greater than the old," one of them said. "Give us more Ogleby," said another. Ogleby's Crossley rose higher even than its old peak.

He's a national institution, now. If you turn on your radio at eight-thirty any evening but Sunday, you'll hear his familiar voice say: "This is Uncle Howace Ogleby, wewiewing the news for the kiddies. Well, nasty old Adolph was at his old twicks, today . . ." Yes, it's Horace Ogleby, reviewing the news. It's supposed to be for the children, but everybody listens. It's a new slant in radio. Good old Uncle Howace.

D R A M A

QUAD SHOW, THE SEASON



Mr. Ramsay, director of "Three to Get Ready"

AS THE picture at the top of the column would indicate, Quad Show is almost here. The man is Percy Ramsay, for the last eight years, general director of Quad Show. The show that Mr. Ramsay this year has to work with is *Three to Get Ready*, a farce dreamed up by Bill Thoma.

Three to Get Ready deals with the life and loves of Henry VIII, but not in a manner that would make you recognize him. Perhaps the only similarity between the Quad Show Henry and the real Henry is that they both had a great faculty for collecting wives. In this instance, the wives even have the same names. There is Anne of Cleves, Kate, (Which Kate is not made quite clear in the show) and "Henry's weekends in the country," Anne Boleyn. This is not the full quota of Henry VIII's marital difficulties, but it is enough to give Quad Show two rather full acts. Perhaps I ought to say that the head-choppings which characterized Henry's dealings with his wives are not included in Quad Show, anymore than Henry's Quad Show dealings were included in the real Henry's life. The fictitious Henry has nothing weightier than the results of the third race at "Slapsom Downs" on his mind, and of course one of his numerous marriages, in this instance, with Kate.

The whole show is built around the fact that Norfolk, Canterbury, Henry, Kate, Anne Boleyn, Anne of Cleves, Kate's mother, Mrs. Quigley, and Herman the sailor are in a tremendous marital snarl. All of them want to marry someone who wants to or has to marry somebody else. Everything is straightened out by the final curtain, but it takes a lot of convolutions.

The dates of the show are the sixth, seventh, and eighth of March, the place, the auditorium of the U.

City High School. Tickets will be on sale by the time this appears, but you don't need to worry about getting any; somebody will sell you two before you know it. Don't fret about it when they do. You'll enjoy yourself.

The month of January was singularly quiet dramatically in Saint Louis. On the thirteenth the Little Theatre presented "Here Today," a witty farce and on the twenty-sixth the American offered Dante in *Sim Sala Bim*, which was held over for a second week. The rest is silence. The appearance of Dante offered the first opportunity since the cessation of the late Howard Thurston's annual engagements for those lovers of legerdemain to be thrilled and baffled.

So far this season we have had a steady stream of very good and sometimes superb productions. No previous season has offered such an abundance of excellent touring companies. The casts of *The Little Foxes*, *The Male Animal*, and *Ladies in Retirement* were as completely fresh and as admirably skilled as one could demand. In all three of these the direction was particularly notable; Herman Shumlin being responsible for the first two, and Reginald Denham for the other. Each of these productions, surprisingly enough, was a starring vehicle; but only technically. Unlike starring vehicles of the regrettably not too far distant past, these stars effaced themselves, and their companies were composed of co-workers rather than merely those in the supporting cast. In none of these three plays was there a poor performance and this innovation for the theater in this country served to increase rather than lessen the luster of the three stars, Tallulah Bankhead, Elliot Nugent, and Flora Robson, respectively. Miss Robson in particular, showed how completely self-effacing a star may be and still manage to dominate a play. Such theatrical "give and take" as this actress demonstrated was indubitably the result of English training in repertory where the play is still the thing.

An interesting commentary on this theatrical season has been audience response to the various attractions. Katharine Darst stated in her column recently that this is no time for anything but comedy. It is unfortunate that Miss Darst and so many other share this opinion, for many splendid attractions have suffered accordingly. I can understand the validity of these views in relation to a play such as *There Shall Be No Night* which the Lunts will bring to the American this month, but not as to *The Little Foxes* and *The Time of Your Life* which were received by many with great distaste and dismissed as sordid. Miss Darst so described both of them. "One doesn't want to be either depressed or oppressed in times such as these," says the Globe-Democrat writer. To me, *The Little Foxes* is neither depressing nor sordid for its criminal acts are executed in such a grand manner that one is transfixed and almost awe struck at the malevolence of the play's heroine. The Christmas week

attraction, *The Time of Your Life* was a great disappointment to the majority of theatergoers who expected some sort of ribald goings-on appropriate to the holiday season. Some thing in keeping with much egg-nog and plumb pudding and with just a hint of sleigh bells somewhere in it. *Dubarry Was A Lady* would have been the perfect production for this group for its bawdy humour and the unabashed behavior of Gypsy Rose Lee would undoubtedly have given them just the kick they had expected *The Time of Your Life* to deliver. In reality no more perfect a Christmas week show could be found for when one parts the holly and eludes the drinks he remembers that the brotherhood of man is more integrally a part of Christmas than a hundred parties or a whole covey of reindeer. If one finds the picture of men and women groping for happiness and most of them finding their own happiness in helping others sordid, then *The Time Of Your Life* is sordid. Why it should be unpopular today is rather baffling, because, to me, it is very heartening to find a playwright who believes firmly in the intrinsic dignity and beauty of the human species.

"We don't want to see unpleasant plays," chants Miss Darst condemning *Ladies in Retirement*, although granting its performers and production to be superlative. "We want to be taken out of ourselves and made to forget as only a comedy can make us forget," she goes on. *Ladies in Retirement* does just that, and one sits enthralled, with his own cares and worries completely forgotten, and world chaos momentarily assuming a secondary place. A skillfully written melodrama gives the most complete escape the theatre can offer and *Ladies in Retirement* is indeed skillfully written. Escape that is sought only in comedy like the escape found in drink leads only to hysteria; and hysteria is the last thing we need in a world already half-mad.

Rather than these being times when only comedy should be offered I feel that tragedy has its definite place in our theatrical scene. There are tears and sorrows inside us all that are tying us into knots. It is to escape from these inner torments that we cry for laughter. We seek momentary relief in comedy and momentary oblivion in drinking, but when we leave the theatre and when we wake up in the morning the unshed tears are still with us and the unbandaged wounds still hurt. Tragedy offers "purgation of the spirit." By shedding tears in the theatre and by participation in the sorrows of the unreal characters of tragic drama we can relieve the tension and reality of the world today. Such a catharsis is necessary and only tragedy can give it.

—ALAN GREEN.



S P O R T S

IS THE KING DEAD?



G. Owen

AS soft-spoken, gray-haired Henry (Hank) Iba, headmaster of three days. Astounded homa A.&M. basketball circus, led his weary cage warriors out of St. Louis a short time ago, Missouri Valley fans rubbed their eyes and began to sit up and take notice. Something very much like a miracle had happened in the short space of three days. Astounded Aggie teammates looked back on a disastrous week end and asked each other, "Can it be true?"

Not only had the St. Louis University Billikens, unable to register a victory in their previous seven starts against opposition often of a minor league character, stunned the basketball

world by beating the Oklahomans, 32-29. Bob Kinnan's surprising Washington Bears added insult to injury two nights later by beating them again, 21 to 18.

To grasp the significance of two such events, one must go deep into the history of Missouri Valley Conference basketball competition—say, three or four years. It is a history which repeats itself every winter and the dominant word in the whole thing is Oklahoma A.&M. Losing was a habit never cultivated by the Aggies in that period. Prior to the St. Louis game they had won fifteen straight conference games and had won the Valley championship for as long a time as modern historians are responsible.

This is all pretty much in the past tense, perhaps unjustifiably so, but the point is that for the first time in a long while the Valley cage race is a wide open affair. New contenders are beginning to loom on the horizon, specifically Creighton and, more important to us, Bob Kinnan's Wash U. Bears.

As the Bears are resting in second place at this writing with a record of four victories and two defeats, gloating had better be done while the gloating is good. Creighton is in first place, only a game ahead of us, while Oklahoma, with two and two, is in third. Here, in brief, is the story of Washington's rise:

CAUSES

1. Tall, blond, and ambitious, sophomores Jack Darnton and Charley Heiser are beginning to catch on in the pivot, feeding positions. Darnton especially is becoming an effective scoring threat, using his left hand to score on those overhead shots.
2. In Harold Globig, ex-McKinley High ace, Washington has one of the slickest sophomore guards to come here in years. Globig still is inclined to shoot too many long shots but he hits frequently and is invaluable in calming down the offense.
3. Dutch Lutz has come a long way in becoming a team player. With he and the rest of Kinnan's boys working together, it looks good.
4. Bud Schwenk gets the call as the most improved player on the squad. Clumsy last year, Bud is doing so well in capturing rebounds now that he can't be spared from the lineup.
5. Coach Kinnan is improving the basketball and stimulating the interest around here by giving us the semblance of a big-time administration. Look at the scores. Look at the crowds.

NARRATIVE

1. Four victories and two defeats against conference opposition. Two of those victories came over St. Louis U., one an overwhelming one, to soften the memory of the football game. Oklahoma, as indicated above, also fell before the Bruins and so did Drake. Creighton, probably the loop's most powerful quintet, beat us, as did Washburn. In fact, the Washburn game was the only one in which the Bears have really looked bad all season.
2. Three victories, two defeats in non-league games. The Bruins split with Missouri, as is their custom, while they beat Rolla twice. They really looked good in losing the Yale game 44-41.
Watch for the results next month.

—BILL HERBERT.



So your last boy friend went with you a year before asking for a kiss?
Yes, up to then he'd just been taking them.

Young Melvin was working a cross-word puzzle.
"Oh, Ma!"
"Yes, Melvin?"
"What's something found in the bottom of a bird-cage in four letters, ending with 'it'?"
"That's 'grit', Melvin."
"Thanks . . . Oh, Ma!"
"What is it, Melvin?"
"Got an eraser?"

—Pelican.

Eliot
will put out two
Colossal Issues
in March

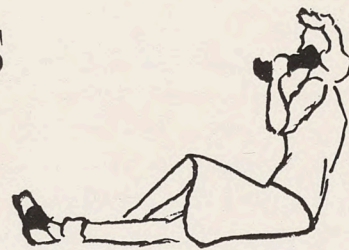
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Watch
for the
Squad Show
and
Junior Prom
Eliots



BETWEEN BELLES

THERE IS MUCH CONFUSION



HERE WE GO again . . . Some of our number left us temporarily to recover from exams . . . Shirlee Jones and Doris Gates went to Annapolis . . . L. J. Grigsby, Joan Gundlach and Barbara Zumwinkle to Florida . . . Barbara Chivvis to Kansas City . . . Jane Anne Morris to Georgia . . . Mary Wilson to Mississippi . . . Janet Williamson to Wisconsin . . . And Jean Buchta and Peggy Stewart attended the Winter Carnival at Dartmouth. Some have left us for good . . . Horty Hartkopf . . . Carolyn Hagen . . . Janie Welsh . . . Norma Saeks . . . Marlyn Newburger . . . and Jim Hoose.

Since Leap-Year is over the Phi Delt's are going places stag now . . . Losse, MacLean, Funk and Humphreville at the Gatesworth sans les femmes . . . tsk, tsk, tsk . . . Later they were joined by Suzonne Buckner with Bob Mason, and Frances Royse with Carter Ellis . . . Mmmmmmm!!

Patty Lou Hall came back to town for a visit wearing a medical school fraternity pin . . . Hi PINnington.

Triangles these days: Jack Cole-Mary Eicher-Tom Stauffer; Joe Funk-Jimmy Otto-Eddie Elzemeyer; Cal East-Margaret Horsting-Wes Gallagher.

S.A.E. dance: Jane and Marianna Taussig doing all right . . . Betty Mills with someone else besides Forrest McGrath who was stag . . . Jane Johnston no where at all . . . Jean MacGregor with Carrol Cartwright . . . Betty Anne Stupp with some one else and Costello stag.

Pinnings: Jean Richardson, K.A.T. and Bobo Simmons, Phi Delt; Bill Fish, Sig Ep and Margie Ratz; Jane Andrews, Pi Phi and John Reiner, Sigma Chi; Joyce Schoenbeck and Major Shaw, Sigma Chi; Bob McDowell, Sigma Nu and Kay Ruester, Gamma Phi; Martha Kane, Tri Delt and C. C. Freeman, Sigma Chi. It certainly looks like the Sigma Chi's are trying to beat the Beta's record in the number of pins given out in one year.

Unpinnings: Norma Saeks, Pi Phi from Bob Dekker, S.A.E.; Marlyn Newburger, Pi Phi from Wilbur Hacker, Sigma Chi; Suzonne Buckner, Gamma Phi, from Carter Ellis, Phi Delt.

"You've got to be a Football Hero to get along with the Beautiful Kappas" . . . Haddaway and Rowe Grif-

fith; Allen Lindow and Dotty Friar; Betty Thompson and Bill Pufalt; Dean Maize and Dutch Lutz; Estelle Frauenfelder and Chuck Lyon.

Bill Nebe and Margie Kammerer made a twosome until Marge got curious and things went phtttt! She wanted to know what all the excitement was about up at the Beta house and Bill wouldn't tell her.

Question of the week: How did Jack White and Bev Reynolds come out in their exams. They spent all their time studying in the Quad Shop—probably doing research for their course in Human Relations.

St. Louis Blues: Kendall Capps, Gene Seagrave, Bob and Jack Brereton, and Hank Stealy in various automobile accidents.

"Love in Bloom" or "While there's Life there's Hope." Rex Carruthers and Alice Jane in Love; Frank Bubb and Anne Netherland; Burt Smith and Janet Schiller; Rudy Dallmeyer and Posy Oswald; Martha Page and Harry Freck; Lou Mathey and Eleanor Johanning; Margie Stauffer and Des Lee; Jane Dooley and Bob Conzelman; Peyton Gaunt and Doris Hartmann; Margie Johanning and Forrest Stone; Oather Kelly and Marian MacLean.

"How to love them and leave them in four easy lessons" by Al Lindow "How to have your cake and eat it too" by Roy Whisnand; The quick, easy way to glamour by Mary Anne Fotheringham . . .

Bill Pape, S.A.E., has a problem on his hands; His "old flame" is the best friend of his "current love." If you solve it successfully, Bill, tell us how you do it.

Eddie Rhodes is fast becoming one of the best liked men on campus . . . Maybe its because he plays the lone wolf.

Jerry Bailey turned over a new leaf last semester . . . in fact he opened his books!!! Reason and Result: Dotty Royse and the meeting of two hearts in 2.5 time.

We predict a flood of bills to Joe Steinley from the Quad Shop; Subject: parking overtime on the counters, excess wear and tear on the floors, and generally distracting Laurie Karch's mind from business . . . It must be contagious. Sam Haley, Joe's roommate, has that glint in his eyes for little dorm belle, Jean Joseph.

Flash!! Howard Sperber's Phi pin has gone to a little gal at Central Institute.

This magazine wants to know if anyone can verify the sight we think we saw at Candlelight. Unless we had one to many . . . it was Cliff Vernard walking in and carrying a small but unmistakeable bottle of milk. He must have jumped on a milk wagon instead of the traditional band wagon.

Kay Ruester looks as happy as Bob McDowell and we're happy too, because we think this is one pinning that will really last, but maybe its just because the Sigma Nu pins have a better safety clasp.

What happened to Hi Neuwoehner's silk stocking business. Did Mary Jane put a stop to it and why?

Who was the Sigma Nu who came to school one morning with both hands swathed in bandages? It seems that his hands were badly blistered from beating the pledges so hard . . . Hell week is right . . . Hi, Herb!

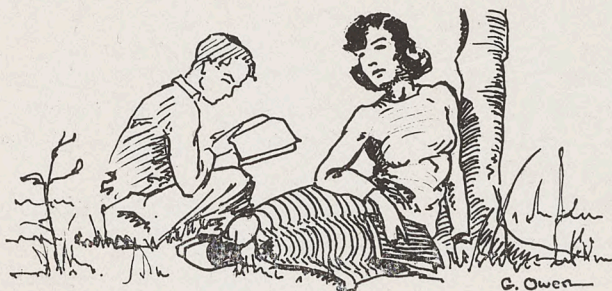
Bud Skinner has taken his Airline job seriously, and is just as seriously up in the air about Jane Taussig.

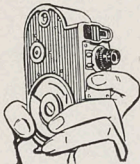
We hate to suspect anyone of being fifth columnists, but with this war and all, we do have to be careful, so we're giving you fair warning that both Ginny Kammerer and Patty Inman have the German measles.

Better Beware, boys if you aren't old enough to vote, you aren't old enough to drink. The Richmond Buffet (Bar to you) is only selling drinks to the fellows who can show their draft cards.

We can't figure out whether Henry Fick was badly sunburned or just turned red at the thought of giving an oral report in a Hygiene and Health class recently. Fick, being one of two male students in a class of nearly thirty, chose a rather bold subject, but outside of his questionable sunburn got through it very nicely. We can't give you the title of his talk, but maybe Henry will be glad to tell you about it.

These are purely fictitious characters, any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely on purpose, or "so help us, we didn't mean a word of it." If you know any gossip, tell us about it. We know nothing; but we print all.





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Wife (to drunken husband)—Dear, let's go to bed.
 Husband—Might as well; I'll catch hell when I get home, anyway.
 —Frivol.

"If you love me like I love you—Then shame on us."
 —Pelican.

J O K E S !

●

IF YOU WANT
TO MAKE
SOME MONEY

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Director of

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●

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Beta: Do you believe in marriage?
KA: Only as the last resort.

●

Shall I bring your lunch on deck,
sir?

Just throw it overboard and save
time.

●

TKE: The dancing teacher showed
me something new today.

Pledge: Is that right?

TKE: No, but it's lots of fun!

●

Old Maid (phoning from hotel
room): This room has a chink in
the wall.

Clerk: Well, what do you want
for two dollars, a coupla gigolos?

●

I wonder if my girl loves me.
Of course; why should she make
you an exception?

●

If that boy never necks you, why
do you go around with him?

Oh, he's such a relief after a hard
day at the office.

●

Gee, I'd like to meet that swell-
looking girl over there. Who is she,
anyway?

Oh, she belongs to the Nodding
Club.

What's that?

Nodding doing.

●

I've heard so much about you.
You'll have an awful time prov-
ing it.

●

I've been misbehaving and my
conscience is troubling me.

I see, and since I'm a psychiatrist
you want something to strengthen
your will power?

No, something to weaken my con-
science.

Never trust a girl who says she
loves you more than anybody else in
the world. It proves that she has
been experimenting.

●

Joe: Why does a farmer look for
a needle in a haystack?

Gish: Because that's where his
daughter usually does her fancy
work.

—Yellow Jacket.

●

Lawyer: Do you think it's right
to punish folks for things they
haven't done?

Professor: Why, of course not!

Lawyer: Well, I didn't do my
assignment for today!

●

SAE: I want to marry your
daughter.

Father: How much money do you
make?

SAE: One hundred a month.

Father: Well, her allowance is
seventy-five dollars a month—and
that'll make . . .

SAE: No, I've already figured
that in.

●

John, I'm awfully disappointed.
You haven't given me anything for
my 29th birthday.

Twenty-ninth? You've forgotten,
darling, I gave it to you last year.

●

Father—I never kissed a girl until
I met your mother. Will you be able
to say the same to your son when
you become a married man?

Son—Not with such a straight
face as you can, father.

—Drexler.

●

What you do; that's your business.
What I do; that's my business.

What she does; that's her busi-
ness.

What she and I do; that's no-
body's business.

—Siren.

QUAD SHOW

ISSUE

out

MARCH 5th

History - Pictures - Reviews



"I bought tobacco before you were born," says Alf Webster, tobacco warehouse owner of Durham, North Carolina.

"I figure I know good tobacco—that's why I smoke Luckies!"

INDEPENDENT tobacco experts like Alf Webster will tell you that in buying tobacco, as in buying most things—you get what you pay for. They'll also tell you that Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer leaf.

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Among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies are the 2 to 1 favorite. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike.

With men who know tobacco best—It's Luckies 2 to 1