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Washington University Eliot

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Among Those Present

Joseph H. Iwano, senior Pre-Med, brings us his prize winning short story, "Old Garcia." Iwano was the winner in the recent Elliot short story contest and came out on the long end of five dollars for his efforts. We think you'll like it. Stories submitted by other contestants will be printed in later issues.

We want to thank Mai Topping for the good job he has been doing with "The Finer Things." Paul Campbell helped him out this month by writing up "The Fighter," an interesting analysis of a discharged soldier.

We know you'll enjoy the poems of "Chipley, Lord Tennyson" (page 24). The author is the same clever girl who wrote several poems for us along with these two sketches.

Among Those Present is tops. The article on Thurtene, junior men's honorary, was written by Jackie Kratky, who has just been elected to Ternion, junior women's honorary. She has been on our feature staff for two years, and has worked hard on Student Life, Hatchet, chorus and Quad Show besides. Her main interest now seems to be Bud Lange, who gave her his Beta pin not long ago.

Hope you had as good a time as we did at the carnival — aren't Merry-go-rounds wonderful?

Edwina Schneehage says her story, "Stranger in the Night," is "obviously fiction, not fact." The technique of this short allegory reminds us of the weird impression left by "Commonplace," Edwina's contribution to the December Elliot. Edwina enjoys writing. She has written several poems for us along with these two sketches.

Also by Edwina in this issue is 1,000,000 A. D.—a subtle censure of world conditions and what we aren't doing about them today.

This month our super-expert on affairs romantic and problems gigantic gives advice to Max Morose and Harry Platonic. If you have a personal problem, if you can't seem to win friends and influence people, write in to Uncle George and see if he can't help you. If you wish to cry on his shoulder in person, apply for an interview any time last month.

Miriam Cain, junior English major, turned momentarily from the more serious side of life to flip off "Frustration," a clever poem you'll find in the back of the magazine. Miriam's sister Zetas are proud of her for the excellent work she has done that has made her a member of Alpha Lambda Delta, Eta Sigma Phi, and A. I. M. E.

Also among the contributors to the poetry department this month are Paula Tabachnik, whose many poems have been appearing all year; Amos Armstrong, a newcomer whose poem "The Path to Home," written in Negro dialect, shows much promise; and Gerry Dunckel, sophomore Liberal Arts student, who comes up with a bit of whimsy on the feminine disposition in "Fickle Woman."

Floyd D. Stewart reentered Washington this semester after his discharge papers came through. He served in the European Theater, and got his background material first hand for "Radio, Radio, Who's Got the Radio?" It shows his idea of Nazi pigheadedness and American humor. More such sorties would be welcome from his pen.

"Mood of the Morning," by Joy Franklin, sophomore Liberal Arts major, and author of "December Diary" in the December issue, is a great improvement over her earlier effort. We won't spoil the plot by telling you about it.

Jackie Walters, author of "Flo's Trip to Miami" in a recent edition and junior Pre-Journalism student, gives voice to the woes of womankind when she describes her pet hates along the date line in "It Gripes My Soul."

We don't know whether Meryl Moehlmann's sketch of Ollie Obenhaus, senior liberal arts student, is indicative of what we can expect our colleges to turn out these days but it is an interesting study of an individualist.

We'd like to give a farewell note of thanks to Art Director Willis Peterson and his wonderful crew for their excellent illustrations all year long. Our praises for them never cease.

LIFE-SAVER CONTEST

Life Saver announces that whatever student, in the opinion of the Elliot editor, submits the best joke for the next issue of the magazine will receive FREE a carton of Life Savers.

The joke and the name of the author will be printed in the following issue. Entries must be in by the 12th of month preceding publication. Just address your entries to: Life Saver Contest, Editor, Elliot, Washington University, St. Louis 5, Missouri.
Lovely blonde Anita Heinrichsmeyer 1946 Hatchet queen 1946 junior Mortar Board…” W. A. A. Hatchet class editor vice president, WUMS Research director, Eliot Red Cross Staff Corps chairman Head Usher Quad Show President, Delta Gamma. Who said brains and beauty don’t mix?

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buildings on campus for a pencil sharpener. Most students use fountain pens but sometimes they are forgotten or they run out of ink, and pencils must be reordered. If they are dull or broken, a lecture course can become a nightmare for that session. Doesn't the price of our tuition include some strategically located pencil sharpeners? Other schools have them in every classroom.

Bouquet

Congratulations to the Campus Y on their sponsoring of the Intercollegiate American Foreign Policy Conference. Perhaps the action of this and similar groups will help to get the President, the State Department, and the Congress busy setting up a well defined foreign policy in principle which will govern our actions through the years. It is heartening to see the college groups becoming interested in politics and taking up the cudgel for enlightened government.

Student Publications

The editors of the publications on campus have suffered this year because of the antiquated business set-up for publications. The original purpose of the set-up was fine—that is, to coordinate the solicitation of advertising for the various publications so as not to annoy the downtown advertisers by repeated and unnecessary calls; but the present arrangement, which entirely separates the business and editorial staffs, does not allow for maximum efficiency nor for the coordination necessary to put out the best possible publications. (Incidentally, although there are approximately 5,000 students and money from tuition is supposed to go toward paying for Student Life, there are actually only about 3,000 copies printed.)

The editorship of a publication, to the average individual, means that whoever is named editor is responsible for everything connected with the publication and if anything goes wrong, he gets the blame and rightly; but the set-up here at Washington gives the editors all the blame and not enough power to remedy the situation. Duties and powers of the business people, the sponsors, and higher ups should be clearly defined so that the editors know just where they stand, how much they are responsible for, and to whom they can go to get problems solved. The present arrangement causes hard feelings and bad business relations, and both the school and student body suffer by having publications that could be much more efficiently run and better in content. It is sincerely to be hoped that something will be done about this situation.

Student Government

In regard to enlightened government, the condition of student government on this campus could be much improved. As it stands, the Student Senate has very little to say in regard to the rules governing the students. They have no representatives on the Board of Student Publications, which is made up entirely of faculty members. This board selects the editors of the publications and supposedly determines policy in regard to publications. Student Senate has no representatives on the athletic committee. In fact, they have little voice in determining the things which affect them most.

How can students be expected to learn anything about running a democratic society when they get out of school if they are not allowed to learn to handle their own affairs of government while they are in school? A great deal of lament is heard these days about the lack of interest shown in good government by the citizenry and also about the lack of capable leadership. It should be recognized that this interest and feeling of responsibility for good government is developed early or usually not at all, and that college is the best place to develop both leadership and interest because the students are awakening to the world about them and to their duties and responsibilities in life.

Farewells

It is with regret that we say goodbye to the student body, to our excellent sponsor, Forrest Campbell, who has done everything he can to help us through our problems, and to our successors. Next year's staff and student body are fortunate in having such a fine new editor as Helen McGavran. We've found her most cooperative, capable, and conscientious. With the cooperation of the administration in solving some of the problems on the business side of the publication and the cooperation of the student body in submitting material for publication and in buying subscriptions next fall, Eliot and Helen will have a banner year.

The June issue of Eliot will be put out by the new editor and the tentative staff for next year. Don't miss it!
Thirteen Skulls on Live Men’s Chests

by Jackie Kratky

Thirteen! 13! Thurtene! What is it? How do you spell it? Where is it? If you’re not “in the know” concerning campus organizations, it is about time to wise up. Perchance this Thurtene is one of the many that baffles you. However, ease up—it is not a voodoo society or some mystical sect, it is simply the junior men’s honorary, made of thirteen outstanding junior men. The retiring president chooses new candidates for their participation in school activities, of which the prospective member must have at least two, and for ability, character, and a scholarship average. (This year, of 1.) The prime aim of the organization is to stimulate leadership among junior men and, according to the newly elected president, Dick Hetlage, “to give the school one darned good carnival.” Members can easily be recognized by a skull with a “13” on its forehead, worn left-center on the chest, denoting its wearer as being one of the “thirteen.”

Somewhere in the dim dark ages of 1904, Thurtene saw the dawn. Past issues of Hatchet from 1904 to 1916, indicate there was such an organization functioning on campus, but the membership remained one of the mysteries of the quadrangle, except to those receiving the newsletter. Then, with the issuing of the 1917 Hatchet, a list of members was published as follows: David Berger, Urban Busick, Thomas Davis, A. Nelson Greene, Russel Jowwey, Meredith Jones, Jerome Meyer, Norman Pemberton, Benedict Schulze, Donald Stewart, Francis Stout, Edwin Thomas, and Forrest Wetzel. From that time on, membership in the organization has been common knowledge. The present-day roster reads as follows: Al Berger, Lee Cady, Rudy Catanzaro, Eugene Foster, Bob Gesbert, Johnnie Good, Dick Hetlage, Gordon Heusser, Richard Overbeck, Marvin Renard, Jim Schultenberg, Clark Smith, and Monte Stebbins.

Good examples of Thurtene men and the qualifications which made them eligible to membership, might be well noted in the officers of the group. Dick Hetlage, Beta Theta Pi, was elected president by the flip of a coin. Dick proved to be active as a member of the Quad Show governing board, a member of the Thyrussa governing board, Lock and Chain, sergeant-at-arms for Student Senate, and treasurer of the sophomore class. On the losing side of the “flip” was Rudy Catanzaro, who holds the vice-presidency. Student Senate, Campus Y, secretary of Sigma Chi, Gamma Delta, and Tau Phi Epsilon are among Rudy’s accomplishments. Zeta Beta Tau Marvin Renard, member of the Inter-fraternity Council and treasurer of the junior class, was elected secretary-treasurer.

Carnival

The annual carnival is Thurtene’s contribution to the festivities of the spring calendar and this year, the weekend of May 3 and 4 saw the parking lot on Big Bend lit up in true carnival style. Only campus organizations, such as fraternities and sororities, and independent organizations, are allowed to participate in the Washington University version of the “three ring circus.” The carnival aims for novel and interesting ideas for booths and entertainment, and as a reward for the most carnival-like booths, in the minds of the judges, two cups are awarded—one to the best sorority booth and one to the best fraternity booth. All organizations must enter their ideas with Thurtene, so that duplication will be eliminated and the organization may be charged for the renting of the space for the booth. Thurtene itself runs a ferris wheel and merry-go-round so that the carnival is complete.

Last year’s winners of cups were Sigma Alpha Epsilon and Kappa Alpha Theta. The SAE’s had turtle races, but the booth was built in the shape of an octagon and was decorated with a red and white awning over the top, giving the impression of a tiny merry-go-round. The Theta booth had a backdrop of three “harem” girls, whose arms were missing until real “leg-make-up” arms were stuck through the holes, waiting to catch the hoops people were throwing. The Betas had their traditional egg throwing booth and the Phi Deltas had a Monte Carlo in full swing. Many novel ideas were used and the competition was extremely keen.

Organization

Thurtene meets once a month and has regular attendance, according to its president. The meetings are usually once a week for the month before the carnival to insure the success of the event. There is no faculty sponsor, which is unusual for campus organizations; and according to past and present members, there will never be one. Rough initiations are the pride of the group and they feel that no other campus organization’s initiation can equal theirs.

Thurtene membership is a distinction among junior men, as the group selected is usually the most representative and active group of junior men on campus. It should be the aim of every junior man to become one of “the thirteen.”
WASHINGTON INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE

The four delegates—Hans Silbermann, senior in Liberal Arts; Frank Doll, senior in Foreign Service and chairman of the local club; the author; and Warren Button, senior.

In the preceding issue, the author discussed the trip, the Union building, and was discussing the various round table discussions. This issue completes the comments on the round tables and discusses the speech by Dr. Clyde Eagleton, head of the political science department at New York University.

9. "The Governing of Occupied Territories—Germany." Hans Silbermann of Washington presented a paper on this topic and I was a member of the General Discussion group. I was amazed at the amount of knowledge on the subject manifested by the various delegates and members of the audience, and by the serious thought that had evidently gone into their study of the question. Many returned veterans were present at the sessions, and much interest was added by their comments on the things they had actually seen, but about which the rest of us had only read. It seemed to me the general consensus of opinion at the end of the session that the government of Germany should be placed under an allied commission set up under the UN and not governed separately by the four allied powers as is now being done. This conclusion was reached because it was felt that the only way to reeducate Germany quickly and to rebuild her economy on a sound basis was to govern her as one unit. It was further believed that the unstable German economy between wars was the major factor which had precipitated the rise of Hitler and the subsequent holocaust so recently over.

U. S. and Foreign Affairs

The highlight of the entire meeting for me was the talk made by Dr. Clyde Eagleton, Professor of International Law at New York University, U. S. Representative at Dumbarton Oaks, and adviser to the U. S. Government at the San Francisco Conference. His subject was "Our Responsibility for a Successful United Nations Organization in an Atomic World." The main points in his speech are paraphrased in the succeeding paragraphs from the notes I took.

"We've been doing a lot of talking about what Russia and other countries have done or should do. Let's take a look at what the United States is doing.

United Nations

"On November 5, 1943, the United States Senate passed a resolution supporting the setting up of 'an international authority with power to prevent aggression and to preserve the peace of the world.' (U. S. Senate Resolution No. 192). This was passed to promote the UNO. Yet at San Francisco and before, the United States worked to make UNO as weak as possible.

"1. The U. S. opposed at Dumbarton Oaks the proposal of Russia for an international police force. [Ed. Note: If Russia wants to dominate everybody, why did she propose the setting up of an organization that would surely curb her power as well as that of every other nation?]

"2. The United States supported the veto as strongly as Russia did. Yet, no one ever hears in our press about that. All we hear is that Russia held out for the veto.

"3. The U. S. supported and widened the idea of domestic trespass. (That is, the U. S. wouldn't let anything considered to be the internal affairs of any country be subject to UNO or international law).

"4. The United States was for an international police force under conditions that won't allow the UNO to take action against the aggressors for a long time.

"5. The U. S. set up machinery for the five powers, rather than a representative group, to run things until the UNO had the power to run things itself.

"The United States is responsible for making the UNO too weak to do anything good and the blame falls on us, the people, for not speaking strongly enough for an international police force and for the other things we want in the way of foreign policy. The same thing is happening now. The people are sitting back, not expressing their desires to the proper authorities. The President and the State Department go on the assumption that they must continue the existing policy on everything unless the people demand that the policy be changed." [Ed. Note: How many of you readers have ever written to the President or to the Secretary of State, expressing your views on any matter pertaining to foreign policy?]

In regard to disposition of the Pacific bases the U. S. is desirous of controlling, Dr. Eagleton stated that "under the Atlantic Charter we said, 'We want no territorial aggrandizement.' But we want those Pacific islands under full sovereignty—or seem to. This is bold imperialism. It is as much as to say that 'might makes right.' If we need bases in the Pacific, why shouldn't we take over Europe and have bases there too? Likewise, American statesmen have not suggested putting any of our territory under mandate, and worse, we are trying to grab territory already under mandate under the League of Nations. Other powers won't stop our taking of these Pacific islands because we are too big.
but we have a moral responsibility to see that we do the proper thing in this instance.

"Furthermore, why do we want bases as far as Okinawa and Dakar? Does Russia know we don’t have imperialistic ideas in wanting these bases? It is some¬what parallel to the idea that ‘I know the dog won’t bite, but does the dog know it?’ If we need bases so far from our shores, why doesn’t Russia need them that far from her shores, too? We’ve given no assurance that we believe in trusteeship and intend to follow the Atlantic Charter.”

In regard to our occupation of Japan, he asked: “Is Japan to be administered by joint decision of the allied powers or just by the decisions of the U. S.? We’ve shut out all the other powers and have given them advisory committees and a veto power. They have no real part in the administration of Japan. Why shouldn’t Russia do the very same thing in Europe as we’ve done in Japan? Another thing we did to produce friction over the Japanese question was to com¬mit ourselves individually with Japan beforehand. A bombing (which should settle this problem) was set up—after we had expressly agreed with the other allies not to make a separate peace or to make any agreements with enemy countries without the full consent of the other powers. In addition, we are deciding about the Pacific Islands ourselves, and no one else is allowed to say anything.”

In regard to China, his statement was that “the U. S. is following the same policy there as Russia is in Iran and Britain is in Greece. It was just luck that the U. S. wasn’t caught in the Indonesian situation. We had just gotten our troops out in time, or we should have been in the same stew with Britain. The U. S. is trying to defeat Communism and build up capitalism in China.” [En. Note: The Russians will hardly be encouraged by that to love us.]

On the idea of regionalization, Dr. Eagleton’s opinion was that “we accuse Russia of exerting ‘spheres of influence.’ We in the U. S. have built up the hemi¬sphere idea to such an extent that if the Act of Chapultepec were instituted, it would exclude the UNO. The U. S. is the big power in that Act, so that its institu¬tion could make the U. S. the ruler of the world. [En. Note: Coupled with the atom bomb, no wonder Russia has the jitters.] With our plans for hemispheric defense and the desire to acquire bases in the Pacific, it would mean that terri¬tory under U. S. influence would extend from the North to the South Pole and from Okinawa to Dakar. That wouldn’t leave much for the rest of the world.”

On Argentina at San Francisco, he stated that “the United States led in bringing in Argentina as a member of the UNO against the wishes of Russia. Russia said that the American president, the Secretary of State, and other Ameri¬can leaders had labeled Argentina as being fascist and as helping the fascist cause. Now the same leaders had turned around and said that Argentina should be admitted as a member of the UNO; which is supposed to made up of nations inimical to the axis. Russia asked for forty-eight hours to study the question to decide whether Argentina was fascis¬tic and whether she should be admitted. Stettinius maneuvered the conference in a manner to disregard Russia’s request for time to look into the matter, and railroaded the question through. This made the western hemisphere solid and thus Russia can depend on a block of twenty votes against her in the UNO (at least she feels that way) any time she disagrees with American wishes— and we protested about two more votes for her—for White Russia and the Ukraine.”

On American responsibilities, he said that “while committed to the UNO and paying lip service to it, we are going our nationalistic way after having made the UNO as weak as possible. The UNO is not strong enough to settle the atomic bomb question. We have agreed to turn over the bomb to UNO if ‘sound and effective guarantees of security’ are set up. But who is to decide what is sound and effective? Russia says we are stall¬ing.

“People are willing to accept the ideas of the pure scientists but when political scientists, who have been trained in mat¬ters pertaining to government, peace, etc., make suggestions for bringing about world peace, they have to sell it to the public. [En. Note: Will it take another war to make people learn that we need competent, trained men to direct us in the ways of attaining harmony both at home and abroad rather than the sug¬gestions of the sidewalk philosophers at the corner drugstore—or those of some of our verbose friends in Congress?]”

“The following measures should be taken to strengthen the UNO to make it the body it should be:

1. It should be given the power to in¬spect every country to see whether materials were being manufactured for the building of atomic bombs.

2. It should have control over the move¬ment of materials and appliances necessary to the manufacture of atomic energy.

3. It should have an international po¬lice force armed with the bomb, dis¬persed in various places, and so well armed and able to act so fast that they could drop the bomb on the manufacturing country first. There¬fore, there must be a small group with the power to sanction use of the bomb.

4. It should require every individual to report whether his own or another country is going to use the atom bomb. UNO should also have au¬thority to inspect any plant any¬where. But how many American business men would be willing to have their businesses inspected? We must get down to the individual on this matter and make him realize his responsibility. The American people must wake up and go much farther than they have to make the UNO effective.

5. The regulation of trade should be a function of UNO. Thus it could for¬bid the manufacture of certain ar¬ticles used only in the manufacture of atomic bombs.

6. We must furnish the manpower nec¬essary to save world peace. We might be able to get it by volunteer¬ing. If not, then it must be by conscription. We must also have an au¬thority to tell the international po¬lice force what to do and where to go.

“The UNO can’t work, however, unless we all give up the veto power. But will the U. S. give up the veto? In the light of the fact that it might be out¬voted by small states, it seems unlikely. Nevertheless, how far the State Depart¬ment will go in this direction depends on the American people. They must make their desires known to the State Depart¬ment and to the President.”

“Of course, the ideal is a world state, and we don’t have to scrap the UNO entirely to build it. We have always built on the past, and we can build on the UNO now. We shall have to get the big five to agree to a world state first, but we need no amendment to get an international police force and we need no amendment to the charter to accept compulsory jurisdiction of the court. If the United States suggested these mea¬sures, the rest of the world would prob¬ably go along. But it would be hard to

(Continued on page 20)
Every time Garcia got drunk, he used to tell us how he had come from Puerto Rico to the sugar plantations of Hawaii. The main part of the story was true, I guess, but the details he added must have been made up, I later came to realise, because so many different things couldn't have happened to him, and anyway he couldn't have remembered them so well for so long a time.

I gathered that he was shanghaied when he was a kid. He was walking along a dark street one night in a town in Puerto Rico when some men grabbed him and dragged him to a ship. In those days, labor was scarce in Hawaii and I guess the sugar barons paid off the ship owners handsomely for boys and men of the laboring class, with no questions asked. Garcia must have been about ten at that time. He didn't remember his father or mother well, but sometimes he would go into a crying jag when he mentioned them.

We used to like to go to his one room shack. He always had candy and gum for us, and sometimes when he was drunk he would give us real silver money. On Saturday afternoons, sometimes we'd take fish to him which we had caught. He used to be very grateful for them. His shack was just that, a shack. It was made from one by twelve lumber which had been discarded by the plantation carpenters. There were wide cracks all around the house. There was an old, smelly bed on one side of the room, a rusty two-burner Perfection oil stove on the other, and a table with two benches in the center. A sink was near the stove. An empty Bull Durham bag was fastened on to the faucet so that the water would fall more gently and not splash too much.

He had a great passion for singing, and he taught us old Spanish songs because, he said, he liked company when singing. I still remember a couple of them. One of them went something like this,

Madre mia, madre que rita,
Madre de, mi corazon,
Eche me, la viente cion.

and another,

Paria que jo me case
Boja compral ola chon,
Para vital his amigo
Para vital bacelon.

Of course, I don't think this is the way they are written in Spanish, but they sounded something like that.

I guess his love for music was the reason for his knowledge of Caruso. The first time he mentioned Caruso, we asked him who he was. He looked pained at that and said that he was astounded that we had not heard about the greatest singer the world had known. His voice was so powerful that windows were shattered when he let loose. He had died due to a broken blood vessel in his throat when he was trying to reach the world's highest note. It was only a few years ago that I was disillusioned.

Funny thing about him, he was so good humored and friendly to everybody except to the Filipinos. Oh, he used to go around with them sometimes, mainly on account of the one interest they had in common—gambling. But he never liked them, and he made no bones about that to us. He used to tell us about how once a Filipino hit half his left ear off in a fight. But then he took out his razor and sliced up the Filipino somewhat. He described how the Filipino's intestines started to spill out, but how he, the Filipino, had been so wrought up by the fight that he just held his guts in with one hand and took about five steps before he flopped down on the street. He didn't die, so Garcia just went to jail for a few years. He still carried around a scar. I don't know if that was the one he had used in his fight, but he used it to peel mangoes and papayas and sometimes to clean the fish we took to him.

However, there was one Filipino named Simplicio he did like. Don't ask me why. Simplicio lived in another shack not far away from Garcia's. Funny thing was that he was so different from Garcia. Where Garcia was a drunken, irresponsible, happy-go-lucky man even at his age of about fifty, going out to the cane fields to work only when he was dead broke and the plantation store would not extend him any more credit, Simplicio was a temperate, mild, and hard working man. His one great pride in life was that he had a son back in the Philippines going to a university there. His name really described his character.

Well, one night my father had given me a good whipping because I had swiped one of his bags of Bull Durham and tried to smoke it with some other boys in the cane field. What seems so unjust to me even today is that we really didn't smoke it at all on account of the fact that we couldn't roll a single cigarette out of the whole bag. And I still wonder who snitched on us. Anyway, to get on with the story, I decided to run away. I was rather stubborn in those days. I went to Garcia's shack that night to sleep there but he wasn't in; and though the door was unlocked, it was a bit dark in there, so I decided to go over to Simplicio's shack to see if Garcia was there. He wasn't, but Simplicio was writing a letter to his son in the Philippines and he let me sit on his bed. He wasn't very handy with the pencil and so took a long time finishing it. I guess it was about 10:30 when he sealed the envelope and turned around. He was surprised to see me still there; and when I told him of my plan, he looked rather worried and said that he was taking me home. I didn't protest too much for by then my plan didn't look too hot to me. We were just going out when Garcia came tearing out of the dark, all scared and excited. He grabbed hold of Simplicio and begged him to hide him. Simplicio took him into the house quickly and put him under the bed. He didn't die, so Garcia just went to jail for a few years. He still carried around a scar. I don't know if that was the one he had used in his fight, but he used it to peel mangoes and papayas and sometimes to clean the fish we took to him.

(Continued on page 22)
Radio, Radio, Who's Got the Radio

by Floyd D. Stewart

"Jerry up!" someone near the door shouted.

A second later, Willie, the old Volkssturm Unteroffizier entered the barracks, greeted by a chorus of derogatory and obscene remarks.

"Now what the 'ell does he want?"

"Throw the bastard out!"

"Ask him how's Berlin looking these days."

Lucky thing it was that the bloke couldn't understand English. He had come in only to give the barracks leader some instructions, and the blue clad R. A. F. prisoners quickly went on about their business—reading, talking, or just sleeping, trying to forget the cold or their constant desire for a spot of real English tea and a lot of other things to fill up the eternally empty spaces in their stomachs.

Jerry didn't like these R. A. F. men. Somehow they wouldn't cooperate. Always playing tricks of some sort on their captors and taking things in their own hands, getting what they wanted in spite of all the rules. Sometimes one wondered who was running the Stalag, the Germans or the English. Daring, too, these men who had taken Spitfires up back there in '40 against overwhelming odds. Their tunnel had been discovered just in time; a few more days and half the camp would have been scattered over the countryside. And now it was this radio. Several had already been found, but even with the threat of solitary with bread and water hanging over them, they still managed to get their news from B. B. C. Now in this very barracks there might be a radio if one only knew where to look. . . .

And then Willie's eyes almost popped out. There—going up the side of the wall, partly concealed between two boards—there was a wire!

"Was ist dies?"

Into Willie's mind flashed a vision of the reward and the leave promised by the Commandant; for what else could this wire lead to but a radio? He got excited and began shouting at the top of his voice. But no one paid much attention; they were all used to yelling Germans. One man quietly remarked, "Tell him to wrap it up or get out. He's disturbing my rest."

Willie traced the wire up the wall and across the ceiling to where it evidently connected with the wires leading to the electric light. Then he went back to where he had first seen the wire and followed it down to the brick floor. It ran under the bricks along the wall, back up the wall again to a beam, along the beam to an upright, then up to the ceiling, meandered around the ceiling, came down another upright and a post to the floor again. Through crevices between the bricks of the floor, up and down beams, around the walls, all over the barracks. It would seem queer that all this wire hadn't been noticed before, but Willie was too excited to think about that. It took him nearly an hour to find where the wire finally went through a window.

"So! They buried it out in the compound. Dummkops! To think they could hide anything from a German soldier," he thought.

But this would take digging, so Willie got half a dozen soldaten and an offizier. It was hard digging in the frozen ground, but of course this was much too important to be entrusted to Kriegsgefangen Schweine. The wire went almost completely around the barracks, being buried at a depth of four to six inches, and finally made a straight line toward a corner of the compound. By this time the guards were perspiring in spite of the cold wind. Russians, Dutch, French, Poles, everyone—everyone except the English, for there wasn't a single Englishman around—congregated, though keeping a respectful distance, and speculated on the outcome.

At last, in the corner, almost at the warning fence, the wire went straight down. The Germans were jubilant. Now at last they would find the radio and shut off the prisoner's news for at least a little while. The wire went down, down, almost three feet and disappeared into a hole punched in the top of a Klim tin. No wonder the radio hadn't been found before if it were small enough to fit into a can this size. The offizier carefully lifted the can out. Who could tell? Perhaps it contained an explosive device. But no, there was no explosion as the can was lifted out. All the Germans gathered around, tense with expectation. After a little fumbling they managed to pry the lid off.

In the can was a piece of paper, and on it was written one word—"NIX."
The Fighter

by Lester J. Daeksel

Another topnotch story by the author of "Part-Time Job," which appeared in an earlier issue.

"Draw one, Shorty," a small, nervous man shouted.

"Draw one," an echo replied.

A frosty glass of liquid with foam came sliding easily down the bar.

"Sure you won't drink one with me?" the nervous man asked his companion.

"I ain't thirsty," the other man replied.

"That don't make no difference. Drink one anyway. It will make you feel better."

"I feel all right."

"You don't look so good. Better have one. Make you feel better. Draw another one, Shorty."

The echo replied and the frosty glass slid down the bar as before.

"Do you think you can handle Dugan O. K., Chick?"

"I think I can take him by the third round, Doc," Chick replied to the small, nervous man. "He's in lousy shape. I seen him down at the gym today. He's just another palooka like me—out for a few bucks."

"I want to see you throw a lot of punches. Make it look good and you get an extra ten bucks."

"I'm almost broke now, Doc. How about ten now on account?"

"On account of what? I ain't never seen you fight yet. You might faint in the ring. I don't know. You was lucky I got you booked on the card at all. You just fight, Kid. That's all you got to do. I'll pay off for punches."

Doc slowly dropped two dimes on the grease-covered bar. "I want you to rest up a little now, Kid. I want to see you look good tonight. Meet me in the lockers around seven."

Doc left Chick standing at the bar, fondling the glass of beer. He watched the fights in the juke-box machines—soft, syrupy lights, diffusing through the colored glass with subtle restraint.

A woman with a green dress that fitted like skin moved up to the bar. She was not pretty, but there was in her figure a certain voluptuousness of movement, and in her eyes a misty, sleepy passion. Her voice was throaty and inviting.

"Hello," he said.

"I seen you from across the room. You looked so interesting I thought I'd like to talk to you." The men at the bar chuckled softly. She glared at them. "Let's get away from here," she said. "Someplace—quiet."

"It's O. K. here," he said. "I like it fine."

"You been in the war?" she asked.

"Yeah." He paused for a moment and then said swiftly, "I better go now. I got to rest up for a fight tonight." Her arm remained about his waist, and pressed a little tighter.

"I like your blond hair and blue eyes. How tall are you?"

"My eyes are grey."

"From where I stand they look blue. Anyway, let's have a drink."

"I'm broke."

She reached into her purse and pulled out a bill. "Draw two, Shorty."

"Make that one, Shorty. I'm leaving. Got to get some rest," he said, turning to the woman.

"Let me go with you."

"No."

"I'd like to," she said.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Ethel," she said. "What's yours?"

"Chick."

"I mean your real name."

"Just call me Chick," he said. "I got to go now." He slid out of her arm and went out into the street.

It was beginning to get dark in Frisco, and the white vapor was starting to arrive from the sea. He looked at a clock and ordered a cup of coffee and the waiter asked him if he wanted it dressed or undressed, and he told him that he wanted it with cream and sugar, if that's what he meant. He cooled his coffee with water, drank it fast, and got out.

He stood on a corner and waited for a bus to take him down to the arena. He looked at the windows in the houses down the block. The shades were drawn on those windows facing the west, and on those facing the east, there was yellow warmth, visible even through the fog. It was a city, half eager, half afraid.

Now in his mind there was a fish market. He knew it was a block away as he walked down the cobblestone street. "Fina fish heah. Fina good fish. Justa caught. Hey! Soja! Hey, mista soja.

(Continued on page 17)
Dearest Bill,

It's been two years now—two years since you left me—two years of emptiness, and each day I miss you more and more. I miss your funny grin, your laugh, your crooked nose, your kisses—I think 'what would Bill and I be doing now? Dancing? Playing bridge? Walking?' Is that wrong? Would it be wrong if I pretended for just this letter that you're here with me? Is it O. K. if I do?

—Thanks, Darling.

I wake up. The man upstairs is singing in the shower. It's seven o'clock—early. I scramble into my left mule and search for my right one. I find it—in back of the chaise longue (I forgot I threw it at you last night when you wouldn't make me a sandwich).

Breakfast is ready—orange juice, burnt toast, jelly, eggs, burnt bacon, and coffee. I woke you. It's a difficult process—two kisses, a yell, and a hit on the head. You wash and we eat—silently. Neither one of us likes to talk in the morning. A half hour later you kiss me and leave for the store.

At eleven o'clock I'm dressed. It took me a long time because I took a little nap after you left (I always do, but I never told you before because I didn't want to make you jealous, and besides I loved to complain about what a hard day I had).

It's six now and you're home (I skipped the afternoon because you weren't here). I'm almost through fixing dinner—Fried chicken, salad with French dressing and gobs of cucumbers, baked stuffed potatoes, pineapple with whipped cream, and coffee—your favorite meal. You eat like a greyhound runs and then you sit back, light a cigarette, and watch me, trying to make me feel self-conscious. Funny isn't it, Baby, that you should eat so fast and I so slow.

We wash the dishes. That is, I wash. You dry. No, Darling, that pot doesn't go on that side—on the left. Won't you ever remember?

And now the dishes are done and we are sitting in the living room in front of the picture. We're different. We don't sit in front of a fire like other couples. We only sit in front of a picture of one. Besides, we don't need a fireplace. They make everything so dirty. (Is that sour grapes, Darling?) The radio is on. It's Glenn Miller, our favorite. (I guess you know that he's dead now.) We dance around the room—a break at the divan, a dip at the coffee table—a twirl around the big blue easy chair. And then we fall exhausted to the floor and lie there 'til we get our second wind.

We're rested now and all is quiet, except for the Camel commercial. That's when I decide to slide your shoe off and tickle your foot. You retaliate and as usual, I lose the battle, but only after a game fight. Well, anyway, I only scratched you once. You hit my arm two times. See the marks! What will people think?

What will people think? What would people think if they knew I wrote you letters? If they knew that I pretended you were still here? Would they laugh? Or would they feel sorry? Or would they whisper that "she's a little off the beam. She's been that way since her

(Continued on page 14)
It Gripes My Soul

by Jackie Walters

illustrated by Aline Schulze

I am a very patient girl and I try to be very understanding, but some things are just too much for me.

My pet peeve is the boy who makes a date for 8:30 and comes strolling in at a quarter after nine. He makes no explanation for his tardiness, in fact, he seems quite unaware of it. If you happen to mention it to him, he invariably makes some bright remark like, "Oh, am I late?"

Another winner of the unpopularity poll, as far as I am concerned, is the boy who walks you out to his car, opens the door, and hops in ahead of you! It helps the situation if he has been riding his sheep dog in the car, too. The dog hair clings steadfastly to your new black or navy blue coat, and gives the outfit an entirely different appearance.

The stunt driver is always an interesting date—if you have a cast-iron stomach and unbreakable parts. He defies the laws of man and gravity to give you a thrilling ride. He guarantees that the ride will make you lose your breath; and take it from me, if that is all that you lose in the course of the ride, you will be lucky!

There is always the boy who likes to impress you. He takes you to a nice place, picks out a certain table which he prefers because George is the waiter for it. When George comes over to take your order, he jumps up, grins, shakes hands with George, and starts a long conversation with him. Then, he orders for you (without bothering to consult you). After this, George leaves and your date sits down again, leans over and tells you confidentially that George is a grand fellow, has been around the world, is the son of his old flame's Aunt Minnie's dressmaker and really treats you swell. "Why," he continues, "when Joan and I used to come here last summer—we practically lived here last summer—Joan was crazy about the place—he was a riot. Joan used to make eyes at him all the time and he just whipped her. He used to bring us cigarettes all during the shortage." By this time, George returns with the order and sets yours down rather heavily in front of you. After glaring at you for a few seconds, George disappears again.

Then there is the helpful date who orders for you. "Two bourbon and water."

"Good for you," he insists. "You never get a big head from bourbon and water." You remark that you have never had a big head anyway and that you don't think that is a very good argument. You always lose, though, and you might as well resign yourself to let the thing sit until the ice has melted it into more water and bourbon. It still tastes the same, however, even thus diluted.

The inconsiderate date is my candidate for most likely to be succeeded. He likes to make a big night of it on Friday night, because he is one of the fortunate few who have no Saturday classes. The fact that you have an eight o'clock lecture does not bother him. If you mention that you have a class, he obligingly offers to drop you off at school in plenty of time. He may be so kind as to furnish you with pencil and paper so you may take notes if you get "real sticky" about it.

There are the dates who dance on your toes, who leave you alone for hours while they chat with friends, who criticize your clothes, but none of them compare with the moocher. He arrives at the door with his books under arm and suggests that you don't go out, but stay at your house and study, or play bridge with your folks. He eats tons of potato chips, drinks your father's last bottle of beer, consumes all the cold cuts in the ice-box, wears out your records, and trumps your ace.

I don't like to mention things like this as a rule, but I just can't help it—it gripes my soul!

Mood of the Morning

(Continued from page 13)

husband died last year. Or was it two years ago? Let me see..."

Does it matter, Darling? Does it matter when you died or how? I don't think it does. Isn't it enough that you're dead—that we're no longer together—no longer a "combination of one" as you used to say. But now I'm being morbid again and I promised I wouldn't and I won't. I will only continue to write you, Darling—and to love you—

Yours always,
In conformity with the trend of fashion, coiffures, too, are having a revival of the 1920’s. With the approach of warmer days, new hot weather specials are advocated: the cap coiffure, bangs, and the smooth up-sweep. 1946 millinery is particularly adapted to these designs, with open crowns, deep fitting cloches, and off-the-face hats showing face-framing hairlines.

Short hair will not be worn in a baby bob manner, but set in a cap cut coiffure. The curvature of the head is clearly defined, and the hair waves gently toward the cheek. Although reminiscent of the flapper era, this hair-do is new in that it has soft, elastic lines. A long bob can be set in the ’46 way with most flattering results.

Bangs, if becoming to you, are in the height of fashion. Curled bangs, short bangs, or deep Chinese bangs; bangs with every combination—with a tight page boy, a chignon, long hair, or pigtails.

With up-swept hair, more emphasis is placed on the back of the head. The main trend is toward a smooth coiffure without tight curls and waves. Here again the Chinese influence is felt in the looped rolls, coronet braids, and fancy hair knots currently seen. With a little practice, these hair-dos are easy to manage and very comfortable. To compliment the side swept hat, the coiffure follows through along the same lines.
This season’s fashions see belts gaining new importance. The same curved natural leather belt can be worn with anything from shorts to dinner dresses, or from dirndls to date dresses. Spring belts follow the body contour and give an illusion of a small waist. With the released silhouette the belt, too, is getting larger, approaching the wide cowboy size. Gold kid and suntan leathers are extremely popular for summer, with decorations ranging from harness rings to dangling coins, nailheads, jewels or saddle stitching. As in other fashion fields, inspiration is coming from the Ancients, for the history of the belt can be traced directly from the Egyptians.

In the Nile valley, priests and high officials wore belts and girdles of colored ribbon to denote rank. From the king’s girdle hung an elaborate apron, highly decorated by opaque glass, colored leathers and beads, similar to our modern designs. In contrast to the Greeks, who went without belts to show grief, the Egyptians girdled their loose gowns as a sign of mourning. The ornamental belts of the ancient Romans were significant of wealth. They were usually woven of silk or gold with an inscription on the narrow border and were fastened with a gold buckle. With the Crusades came a change of dress, and belts became twisted bands of silk with golden tassels falling to the hemline. Ladies of the Twelfth Century encircled both waist and hips with corded belts, tied or clasped in front. The pouch bag, fastened to the belt, also shows the influence of the Crusades on today’s fashions.

The goldsmith made the massive girdle (dominant during the Fourteenth Century), which was set low about the hips. These metallic belts were gold discs hinged together or sewn on ribbon for flexibility. Belts scarcely functioned during the 1900’s, but with the coming of the shirtwaist, the belt followed the dip of the skirt front. At this time, the Fourteenth Century belts were revived.

The summer ’46 costume is simplicity personified and depends upon the belt for emphasis. All variations will be found this season with most trimmings in front. You’ll wear two narrow belts Greek fashion or gracefully wide ones tapering off to nothing in the back. We have no superstition connected with our belts, just the trend of fashion tradition, which says belts, belts, and more belts.
Uncle George’s Opinion

I have an urgent problem.
I think I will fail my eight o’clock class on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday unless you help me.

I am seated, according to the chart, right under the instructor’s nose, and I always yawn for some time after I get up. He always sees me and looks very cross, and yesterday he said:

“I don’t mind if you yawn, but if you dislocate your jaw don’t expect me to call a doctor!” Which remark I can’t understand, Uncle George, because I really have a very small and refined yawn.

Besides, he gives me poor grades on all my tests because he thinks I’m too sleepy to understand his lectures.

I am at my wit’s end. I tried going to sleep at 9:00 p.m. on Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday nights, but it didn’t help. My mother told me it was lack of oxygen, so I had the windows opened wide, but that didn’t help. One morning I took two caffeine pills, but they only made me sick! Can’t you advise me, Uncle George?”

Signed

1.

Your problem is fundamentally a far from unusual one. Many people yawn in the early morning. There are two social courses open to you. Either:

1. Tell the teacher you are farsighted and move to the back of the room, or

2. Carry a box of caramels to your eight o’clock and chew them unobtrusively, taking care always to have the mouth fairly full and the teeth well stuck together. This ought to stop the trouble and perhaps you could appease the instructor by offering him some, too.

Yours,

Dear Uncle George,

I am a democrat, convicted only once in my life (10 years light sentence for murdering a blonde), paroled in two years, have jilted four girls, been sued once for breach of promise, and graduated from Washington University. I am now in love with a bar maid at the Chase and want her to be my wife. However, I am afraid to explain my past to her. I’m sure she would understand about the women and jail, but how can I erase the fact that I graduated from the Hill?

Max Morose

Dear Max,

Yours is a common case in my spacious files. Perhaps the best way to explain it is through heredity. Certain qualities are passed on from father to son. These must be accepted burdens of the son, just like in the practice of sharecropping. Explain to the girl that you, too, are a victim of your culture and that, in your helter-skelter life, a college diploma was forced upon you. If she doesn’t understand, she is not good enough for you, Max.

Dear Uncle George,

I have a girl friend named Veronica and lately I don’t think she is any more (mine I mean). There are little things that make me think she doesn’t love me no more. Last week when I was supposed to have my monthly date with her, she was all dressed up when I arrived. She looked surprised when I put my bicycle on the front porch for a long stay. She said that she had to go out with Willie Flicher that night to help him with his calculus and that I could talk to her mother for a spell if I wanted to. Later that evening, I saw her at the old rail fence near lovers’ lane and I must say she and Willie had their heads together over that calculus. I told Veronica the next day, if she didn’t stop hanging around with W. F., I wasn’t going to let her ride my new Speed King for two months. She said that she was sorry, but Willie was like a brother to her and that, though she loved me, she would have to help him keep up in his studies. What can I do to get my innocent Veronica from the clutches of this math major?

Harry Platonic

Dear Harry,

You are definitely up against a shrewd male in this Flicher person. Yours is such a special case that I have called in two other equally competent people in the ways of the heart, to give me focus into the solution. Following are excerpts from their letters to me, in answer to this dilemma.

Uncle Herman: “Ask Willie’s mother if she will adopt you. This will make you Willie’s brother and thereby bring out the same affection for you that Veronica has for the calculus student. But remember, if then she doesn’t love you, she is not good enough for you.”

Aunt Addie: “Take a course in calculus and ask her to help you with your problems. If she will not comply, remember there are many fish in the sea (an old adage but true), and that she is not good enough for you anyway.”

Let me add my hearty approval to these words, Harry, and give another suggestion. Buy another bicycle so that she does not have to ride on yours when you go out on dates. Women, in these days, certainly do like to have an independent and free existence. But, let me assure you, that there are many young ladies who are equal to Veronica or even surpassing her in good qualities. So don’t be discouraged if these suggestions do not work, for she is probably not your type anyway.

Yours,

The Fighter
(Continued from page 12)

Fina fish sandwich, only two bits. For you I give cole slaw. Altogether, still two bits.”

“Hey Mike, how are you?”

“Well, Joe! My old frn Joe! How are ya, son?”

That was the day he had spent in Santa Barbara loaing around, dreaming, and wondering if the medical discharge from Hoff General Hospital would ever come through. It was noon that day, and he had just finished two glasses of Benedictine at the El Rancho and he was walking along State Street, looking for somebody he might know, something familiar, anything at all.

After a lot of this aimless walking he met Mike—good old Mike, the fisherman, Mike, the man who swam with him at Monecito, and bought tortillas for him in the “Paseo de la Guerra”—a long time ago. He talked to Mike a long time about these old times, and then asked him if he had seen his old girl, Mary Boswell, and Mike said, no, he hadn’t, not lately, that she had left town with a thin man who dressed like a pimp and that no, he hadn’t seen her lately.

“They married?”

“Must be. Lived together for coupla months. Maybe she be back?”

“Maybe.” He broke the cigarette he was smoking in his hand and the tobacco fluttered away in the air; and Mike told him to drop around again sometime, that he would try to find out where she went; and then he told Mike that that was all right, to forget it, and that was the end of that.

(Continued on page 19)
Records:

It's the Herman Herd again and they are to wax a classical study in jazz composed by Igor Stravinsky and tabbed "Black Ebony." It is not of the jump variety and after hearing the feeble applause that it received when he played it for his Woody Herman show in March, it seems probable that the album will not get much support from the boogie-soxers. Bob Simon said, in his New Yorker review (April 6), that the New York sophisticates enjoyed the array. Me? I'll take "Wildroot" or "Apple Honey." Stravinsky has written another opus for the Kenton band.

There was not much publicity for the 1945 All-Star Band in their release for Victor. The outfit was chosen by the Metronome Magazine and has a few of the great musicians of last year knocking themselves out on a Sy Oliver "Look Out!" and Ellington's "Metronome All Out!" The work by Chubby Jackson on "Look Out!" is some of the finest bass these ears have heard. Pete Candoli (trumpet) takes a wonderful drive chorus on the same side and introduces the final riff sequence in a Zippy Elman manner. The Ellington half is fine for some trombone work by both J. C. Higgenbotham and Bill Harris.

The Eddie Condon group from New York has an album of Gershwin melodies released by Decca and featuring Lee Wiley, a fine blues singer. She and Bobby Hacket team up on "The Man I Love," which sounds professional. Bobby Hacket has had a long career as an unknown. In the movie "Second Chorus" he was responsible for both the horns which George Murphy and Fred Astaire mugged. During an arrangement of "Sweet Sue," Fred and George were to out-blow each other. Hacket took both the men's parts by making one record and playing against himself on the next. Bob is most appreciated for his work in Glenn Miller's aggregate. The trumpet echo on "Serenade in Blue" and "From One Love to Another" are from his horn.

The last time St. Louis saw him was when he played with the Casa Loma band at Tune Town last February. In the free-plug bracket: Try the Apollo on DeBaliviere near the U-City tracks. The maidens behind the counter are congenial and the stock is well.

Movies:

The fine art of making motion pictures is coming of age. It's got a long way to go, but a number of recent productions offer promise of better things to come. No "art" in all history has flourished on such a grand scale, and at the same time displayed so much in poor taste and infantile exhibitionism. Today, progress is being made in the direction of more mature screen entertainment, and the current tendency toward thoroughly developed psychological themes is a step in the right direction.

"The Lost Weekend" is probably the most startling and cleverly accomplished of the current psychological plots. Ray Milland's portrayal of a dipsomaniac is superb. The message, that some men can't drink, is of immediate importance. "Leave Her to Heaven," "Love Letters," "Spellbound," "Shock," "A Walk in the Sun," are some popular examples of the trend. They make good thought-provoking entertainment. They require the best talents of acting and directing. They attract an intelligent audience and bring some of the greatness of the legitimate theatre to the screen.

Hollywood usually overdoes the characterization when the story involves an in-the-flesh psychiatrist. In "Shock" Dr. Price, while no worse than others, is a pretty thin character. He is strictly "movies." He is one of a group of Hollywood psychiatrists that have been treating the parade of assorted lunatics in the movies during the last year or two.

In spite of all this, the trend is a good sign. It shows that Hollywood is more eager to tackle difficult themes—the sort that put the emphasis on characteriza-

Books:

During this dark and dismal "final month" the books will be omitted. Some say they have trouble finding time to read "Lil Abner" during testy times; however, if they do not take "Amber" out of that book store, there will be at least one student learning Folksways and Folklore the hard way.

I,000,000 A.D.

by Edwina Schneehage
(The world 1,000,000 years hence at the rate we are going today)

The fields and seas were here; the fertile soil and fathomless waters. Man-made buildings lay in ruin, man-made roads were broken, but soil and water were left.

Silence was here—heavy, thick stillness, broken only by the occasional falling of a bit of bark from a charred tree or the flutter of a buzzard's wing passing across the sun. A rat crept from the debris to nibble at some rotten thing: a snake, from his hole, crawled upon a skull to sun himself.

The sun grew hot and with white fingers drew the last moisture from the rocks. Beads of water lay upon the twisted iron, and rivulets ran along the withering bones. The snake, from the skull, crawled deep into his hole.

Blackness came upon the sun. Winds swept upon the land, sweeping rubble from their way. The seas, urged by the winds, surged at their surface and reached for the land. Water met water. Torrential rains fell, pounding upon the earth to drive the dead things deep within. Suddenly the rains ceased; all was still. The sun came out and shone upon barrenness. Man's time stood still.

Then, the monotony was broken by small green growths upon the earth. A rat crept from the debris to nibble at some rotten thing: a snake, from his hole, crawled upon a skull to sun himself.

Blackness came upon the sun. Winds swept upon the land, sweeping rubble from their way. The seas, urged by the winds, surged at their surface and reached for the land. Water met water. Torrential rains fell, pounding upon the earth to drive the dead things deep within. Suddenly the rains ceased; all was still. The sun came out and shone upon barrenness. Man's time stood still.

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He's Known
As Ollie
by Meryl Moehlmann

His horned rimmed spectacles and his inevitable bow tie help to identify him—he is "Ollie" Obenhaus of the friendly nature and definite ideas. Although his I. Q. is very high, he is worried about it because it is not as high as that of Freud, a leader in the field of one of his major interests, psychology.

People interest him from an academic viewpoint because he loves to study them psychologically, especially if they have idiosyncrasies of personality. Completely uninhibited individuals, like those who will say exactly what they want to at the time that they want to say it, hold a special fascination for him.

If you happen to see him wandering through the halls of Brookings with a beat up cigarette holder and whistling an unfamiliar tune, you should simply conclude that he is enjoying meditation on one of his favorite German melodies. Someday he hopes to visit Germany, which he is greatly interested in. From this country, I suppose, he has acquired the habit of wearing a monocle around the house just for the fun of it. The question of the week is whether he wears the monocle under his glasses or over them.

"Neat" and "EXcellent" are two of his favorite expressions. Perhaps he uses them to refer to the mustache that he is contemplating or the high Joe collars he is proposing that we revert to for a publishing house selling them. The books at the moment is that he works for him because of their aesthetic values. Scars also appeal to him because of the distinguished look they give. Ollie is aspiring to take fencing lessons so that in time he may gain such a battle mark; he hopes a scar would do for him what Charles Boyer's prominent vein has done for him.

He and a friend of his are trying to figure out a method to prevent men from getting bald, and his receding hairline is an ever present worry. Someday he may discover the solution to this age-old problem and then we can take his advice when he says "Read all about it in my next book." His connection with books at the moment is that he works for a publishing house selling them. The only thing about this job that he doesn't like is tying bows on the packages after he wraps them—that he can't stand!

His favorite piece of music is the Dance Macabre, the dance of death; he loves to play poker but can't stand people who play bridge; beer is a like, but he abhors bourbon. He wants to look like Humphrey Bogart—could it be to increase his appeal to women? And, by the way, girls, if you aim to please him in the color of sweaters that you wear, stick to pastel shades.

Frustration
She never touches alcohol,
Nor ever dares to smoke.
You'll find her ears are always closed
To any risque joke.
To flirt, she says, is indiscreet
Nor will she tell a lie.
Oh what a righteous boring soul,
To one as wise as I.

—Miriam Cain

Fickle Woman
I know the choice I made was right;
But what if I should change my mind
And try a different mode of flight?
I know the choice I made was right
But sometimes, thinking in the night,
I wonder what I left behind.
I know the choice I made was right
But what if I should change my mind?

—Gerry Dunckel

The Path to Home
De sky wuz all achime t'night
Asewpeit' o'er de hebbins
Arossin' blackness gorgeous bright
Aboastin' bleaken blevens.

De sky wuz out in arms t'night
Upheavin' piles o' bluff
Cross-criisin', weavin', out o' sight
All kinds o' stuffy stuff.

De sky looked most alarmed t'night
Proclaimin' wonderous cause
Skywritin' scriptures ob de right
Wid never moments pause.

O' sky wore sech a frown t'night
Thought Ah would shriek an' moan
But Lawd, Ah got de inner light
Ah knows mah way ta home.

—Amos Armstrong

The Fighter
(Continued from page 17)

He walked away from Mike now, to¬ward Monecito Beach, watched the setting sun redden the Pacific, noticed how mystical shadows from the fishing boats looked at dusk, how beautifully sad and full of wonder it had been in all his dreams—and how lonely it was now.

**

It was all there before him. He thought about it on the bus going to the arena. Three years of fighting. Three years of mystery and flight from thinking. Too many train rides to places he didn't want to see; drinking too much with strangers and not being thirsty; killing too much without regret and re¬gretting; and loving too much and not loving, and he wore it all out.

He got off the bus at the arena, and went to the lockers, and saw Doc right away.

"You look tired, Kid," Doc said. "Have you been resting up?"

"Yeah, I've been resting up. I'm in the pink."

"You look like hell."

"I feel fine."

"O. K. Are you ready?"

"Yeah, I'm ready."

"Think you can handle Dugan all right?"

"I think so. I'm in fine shape. Let's go."

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19
Strangers in the Night

by Edwina Schnecklage

The thunder rumbled loudly, introducing forked lightning, which silhouetted giant buildings against the black sky. The rain fell in torrents, flooding the dusty streets with miniature rivers of debris. People were running from building to building to find shelter from the driving rain.

Drenched to the skin, I struggled along the street to find a fortress against the storm. Finally I ducked into the doorway of an old deserted tenement house. There I stood, looking out into the night. The overhanging clouds blackened the earth, and shadows cast by the lightning played odd tricks upon my imagination. I saw movement where there was no movement. I saw people where there were none. Then it came over me—the feeling of being watched, the feeling of two eyes staring through the darkness. I became so obsessed with the thought that I wanted to take flight; to run blindly out into the storm—away from the eyes, away from the black desolate building. The tension reached its peak. I turned abruptly and came face to face with a tall figure; its two eyes shone as white hot embers in the fathomless blackness. A streak of lightning tore through the air, and for a fleeting moment I beheld the face of my unknown companion.

It may seem strange, but, now, as I look back upon that moment, I cannot remember being afraid of what I saw, nor can I remember not being afraid of the strange face "from out the night." About all I can say is that it was a good face, a kind face—not old nor young—but marred with lines; a tired face. I remember that it reminded me of the many scars left on a mountain by age.

When the stranger knew I was aware of his presence, he spoke. He made some comment on the weather—something about a bad night in which to be lost. From the statement, I took the man to be lost, so I replied, "If you are lost, perhaps I can help you." He paused, as though turning the words over in his mind, then said, "Oh it is not I that is lost." This puzzled me. The man's words did not make sense, and he spoke them peculiarly. His voice was resonant and yet seemed far away, like an echo in a deep well. I wondered that he meant—if he were not lost, then who was lost? Then I knew! He had tried to tell me that I was lost, but lost from what? I wanted him to answer this question, but something kept me from asking him, and he did not venture farther on the subject. There was a long silence, then he asked, "Are you afraid of storms?"

I did not know how to answer this question, having been reared in a state where storms were few. What storms I had known consisted of nothing more than two or three claps of thunder, some lightning, and a few drops of rain—so I said, "No, I rather enjoy them."

Again there was a pause, as though he were turning words over in his mind. Then he said, "You should be afraid of storms. People meet death by storms, you know."

"But," he said, "you should be afraid by cars and trains—yet I have no fear of them."

Again the lingering pause came; again I waited for a reply; then it came.

"But," he said, "You should be afraid of storms."

Before I could comment, a cab stopped in front of the doorway. I asked the stranger if he wanted to ride. "Yes," he answered, "I'll ride with you." So I called out and asked the driver if he would take two passengers. The driver was willing and I turned to tell the stranger—but the stranger was gone!

(Ed. Note: The stranger is an allegoric death.)

Washington Attends an International Relations Conference

(Continued from page 9)

amend the charter to get rid of the veto power and also to get people to tell on their own country if they were manufacturing atomic bombs. If we want these things, the American people must demand them in a strong voice. It is more difficult to get the agreement of the United States than any other country, but the rest of the world would follow us. If Russia wouldn't go along, so what?

"We must also decide what the 'adequate' safeguards are and decide whether we are ready to accept these safeguards ourselves for the atomic bomb. If we want to accept them, we'd better let our government know it immediately."

"We should strengthen and consolidate the UNO to accomplish these ideals and not build a completely new system."

The rest of the conference was taken up with luncheons, etc. We did manage to drop in to see the old Emporia Gazette office, the sanctuary and now the shrine of that great American journalist—William Allen White.

I wish that the entire student body of Washington University and all America could have attended the conference round tables and heard Dr. Eagleton's speech. His speech was so effective that at the mixer dance which followed it, it was common to see groups of girls and boys standing just off the edge of the dance floor in hot discussion about the points he had brought up in his speech, seemingly oblivious of the music and the dancers about them. Dr. Eagleton came over to the Student Union Building after his speech, and a number of us spent an hour or so discussing domestic and foreign problems he had not covered that evening.

I think all the delegates returned from this conference broadened in outlook and inspired to help make their fellow students and the American public realize the importance in active participation in government.

The general student body and the people of St. Louis had an excellent opportunity to participate in a somewhat similar program when the American Foreign Policy Conference sponsored by the Campus Y met on May 9, 10, 11, and 12 here at Washington University. The St. Louis colleges combined to play host to delegates from every college and university in Missouri. Charles Bunn, State Department representative, addressed the Conference, Friday night, May 10, and a set of general principles to govern future foreign policy was formulated. This set of principles, coupled with recommendations for solving specific problems commanding immediate attention in world affairs, was presented to the State Department, to the Congress, and to the President for their consideration.

It Matters Not

We two on a hill-top look down at the fog:
We see little people over trifles agog.
They rush through their lives never lessening the strain,
While we laugh and love and look down again.

—Paula Tabachnik
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SVB Sports Shop—Second Floor

Scruggs Vandervoort Barney
Old Garcia

(Continued from page 10)

He had a woman with him, a husky dark-eyed Puerto Rican with a smile for everybody, especially the men. And we were even more surprised at the change in Garcia. He was clean shaven, no stubble of beard on his face, wore clean clothes, and wore shoes all the time. He got a small but nice home on the plantation and went to work every day. He was a good worker when he set his mind on working, and would cut cane prodigiously. He must have been making lots of money for they worked by contract in the fields, so much money for so many bundles of cane. He even bought an old model Pizarro. Quite a remarkable sight, Garcia in love at the age of about fifty.

His woman was called Maria. She was about thirty-five. We kids didn't like her. The first time we went around to see Garcia after he had returned was one Sunday. He was downstairs washing clothes. He was happy to see us and stopped working to talk to us. I guess we were making quite a racket for Maria came down and swore at Garcia. She told him to chase us away because we made too much noise.

I guess she wasn't much good considering the trouble she began to make. She had a slow, sensuous walk, her hips rolling voluptuously under her tight dress. She liked to walk past the Filipinos during the day when Garcia was working. There was one especially, an old chap puttering around a plant in the corner, and went over to him. He had a woman with him, a husky dark-haired Filipina, and not only cancelled the debt, but had given him enough money to send to his son. The next day Carlos had moved in with Maria, and Garcia moved out. The way I figure it out, Garcia must have found out about Simplicio's trouble and had gone to Carlos and made a bargain with him.

Garcia wasn't any good without Maria for he quickly slipped into his old dissolute ways. He built up his old shack and moved in there, much to our delight. We all resumed our comradeship again. He didn't seem to be bitter about losing Maria. He claimed that all she wanted was money and luxuries, that he had to work like a dog for her, working all day in the fields then coming home to cook and wash dishes for her. But every once in a while when drunk, he would mention Maria in a tearful way.

As for Maria, she went on with Carlos as if nothing had happened. But she must have demanded a car, for he went to see Garcia when I was there to try to buy the old Pizarro, but Garcia refused to sell it.

The Pizarro, though old, was in pretty good condition. It had a right hand drive and we thought it was the most comical sight to see old Garcia driving the car from the wrong side. He didn't ride it much, though, because he didn't have enough money usually to buy gasoline, but he always kept the car polished. We used to help him every Saturday.

One Saturday afternoon, Garcia took us riding in his car. He was sober that day. We went to a town about five miles away. It was a nice day and we enjoyed the ride. We took turns holding the steering wheel on level stretches. Around the numerous curves and hills Garcia wouldn't let us fool around the wheel. He didn't want anything to happen to the car. We spent some time at that town, looking at the stores and movie posters. Garcia bought a couple of bags of peanuts for us. He passed the lone tavern in the town but didn't go in because, I guess, he thought about driving the car home. It was starting to grow dark, so we piled into the car to go home. I guess Garcia had something on his mind for he didn't say much on the way back.

About a half mile from our plantation camp, we saw Carlos walking along. To our surprise, Garcia stopped to give Carlos a lift. As we rode along, Garcia began talking to Carlos. He was saying that he might change his mind about selling the car provided he was offered enough for it. We had reached our plantation then, so we kids got off and saw the two drive off back towards the town, still talking terms.

The next morning the whole plantation was hurrying over to see the wreck. They had found the Pizarro at the foot of a long, steep hill, smashed in like an accordion into a tree. Carlos was at the wheel, dead as a mackerel. They found Garcia sleeping in the bar at the town. He had sold the car to Carlos and they had both celebrated the bargain that night. He didn't remember when Carlos had left because he had been so drunk, he said. I guess Carlos must have been quite drunk, too, because he didn't have brains enough to brake down the car going down the hill. At least, I didn't see any skid tracks on the road. And I sure felt sorry for Garcia because he cried so hard when he saw the wrecked Pizarro.

A sweet young thing breezed into a florist's and looked around the shelves for something she wanted. Then she saw an old chap putting around a plant in the corner, and went over to him.

"Have you any passion poppy?" she inquired.

The old boy looked up in surprise. "Gol ding it!" he exclaimed. "You just wait till I get through pruning this lily!"

—Vulture

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A Kansas revival service was being held, according to authentic reports, and one of the partners in a coal concern had joined the church. He tried to get his partner to do likewise. "I can't do it, John," replied the partner when the insistence became irksome. "Who'll do the weighin' if I join?"

A colored gentleman was accused by a friend of insulting the minister by asking that worthy to pray for his floating kidney. "No, sir—I did not insult the gentleman. All I did was to ask him to please pray for my floating kidney. What's the matter with that? Last week he done prayed for the loose livers."

"I can't marry the Sergeant, mother; he's an atheist and doesn't believe there is a hell."
"Marry him, my dear, and between us we'll convince him he's wrong."

Dizzy Gob: "I came to see my friend. How's he getting along?"
Nurse: "Oh, he's getting along just fine. Did you wish to see him? He's convalescing now."
Dizzy Gob: "That's all right—don't bother him. I'll just sit down and wait until he's through."

The tired worker plodded wearily home. A hard day at the factory. His last good tire had blown out. When he reached home, no aroma of supper cooking. Everything quiet. A note on the table informed him that his wife had gone for good. A telephone call from a nosey neighbor informed him that she'd gone with a sailor. "That's the last straw," he said to himself dismally. "One shot would end it all."
So he got down the bottle and took one.

The Postman Always Laughs Twice

My mailbox shelters never a card, For his head is soft, but his heart is hard. —Chipley, Lord Tennyson
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