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WENTY POPULAR GIRLS

V. 4 # 2



ELLIOT
NOVEMBER



DEEP INTO THE WOODS.
 No luxuries here, as "Herb" Welch — famous Maine Guide — makes noon camp. Hearty outdoor appetites welcome the sense of digestive well-being that smoking Camels encourages. As "Herb" says: "I've lived on dried meat and I've dined on the best—but no matter what I'm eating, it always tastes better and digests better when I smoke Camels."



**WHEREVER...
 WHATEVER...
 WHENEVER
 YOU EAT—**

*For Digestion's Sake...
 Smoke Camels!*

Costlier Tobaccos

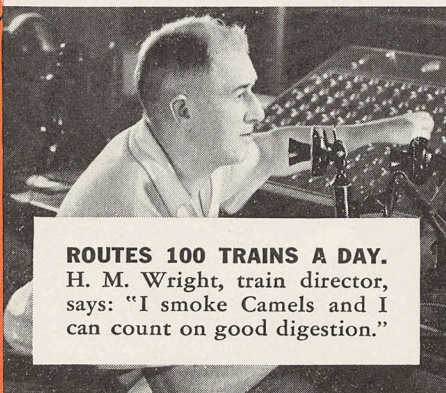
**Camels are made from finer,
 MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
 ...Turkish and Domestic...
 than any other popular brand.**

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Smoking Camels encourages a proper flow of digestive fluids...increases alkalinity...brings a sense of well-being

YOU eat over a thousand meals a year! Food is varied. Place and time often differ. Yet, thanks to Camels, you can help digestion meet these changing conditions easily. Smoking Camels speeds up the flow of digestive fluids. Tension eases. Alkalinity in-

creases. You enjoy your food—and have a feeling of ease and contentment after eating. Mealtime or *anytime*—make it Camels—for digestion's sake, for Camel's invigorating "lift," for mildness and fine flavor. Camels do not get on your nerves.



ROUTES 100 TRAINS A DAY.
 H. M. Wright, train director, says: "I smoke Camels and I can count on good digestion."



GLIDER CHAMPION. Mrs. D. Holderman says: "A few Camels, and I eat with relish and feel cheery and at ease afterward."

Between Belles

Alicia Animadverts



Dear Miss Thyson:

While perusing the pages of the first issue of Eliot, I was jolted quite severely upon reading that my affable Aunt Anastasia was contemplating doing the gossip column for your journal. Knowing Auntie as I well do and being conscious of the rather childish prattle of my cousin Ricky, I have deemed it expedient to devote a bit of my literary creations to what Ricky, in her quaint way, often referred to as the "dirt."

Henceforth, such newsies will be called "revelations." I think that makes everything so much more refined, don't you?

A word concerning myself, dear Miss Thyson: I am twenty-three years of age, demure, and cognizant of good taste. I have just completed four years at Miss Cornelia Throckmorton's exclusive eastern finishing school, Grizzleberry-on-the-Hudson. I am now attending Washington University and I hope to raise its caliber to the same high standards of culture that we girls attained at Grizzleberry.

Notwithstanding, I have observed many mischievous goings on since my enrollment and here, my dear, unbiasedly and completely (except for the hours eleven till dawn on Hallowe'en when pink elephants and such entered the picture) I convey to you gossipy tidings...

Walter Neun, who is commonly identified by his scarlet roadster, is now concentrating his romanticisms upon Mary Alt. It was in strictest confidence that Mary whispered to me at Cross Roads on October 17th that she had been admonished by Gamma Phi sisters to be wary of Walter, but that it was such fun to be dangerous. In comment I am tempted to resort to a common but expressive saying, "Oh, you kid!"...The telephone is admittedly a wonderful instrument but not when it causes occurrences like that which transpired on Friday night, October 16th, about six o'clock. Ken Meachem and

Virginia Comstock said some things which literally melted the wires and a lovely summer romance was disintegrated. The following evening the irate Mr. Meachem, demonstrating the fact that he was no longer contained in the bag, accompanied Jackie Woods to the altitudinous places, or should I say "high spots"...While partaking of victuals at Ves-covo's spaghetti emporium, I glimpsed June Davis and Bryant Rich who have been as inseparable as Laurel and Hardy...Irene Jennings had an hour off for luncheon, a pair of Saturdays ago, and not being very hungry and dieting for her girlish figure anyway, she decided that that would be as good an occasion as any to form a martial tie with Don Hanley, a Phi Delt from Mizzou...

I would like to spin a tale for all of you, a true, gripping account which should snatch at your heart strings and make your hormones tingle. This is the tale of one Rudolph Charles Seibert, a struggling young gridironer who has become enamored with one of the belles of the campus but seemingly this belle is consistently attended by the campus smoothies, the least of which is not Gene Beare. But, anyway, Rudolph Charles is enamored and so, not discouraged by the fact that another suitor, Todd Hamilton, lies definitely by the wayside or whatever a dejected suitor lies by, he begins his campaign for the damsel's hand. But the smoothie Beare (hisses and boos) discourages poor Rudolph Charles by reciting his romantic past with braggadocio and flaunts the fact before his eyes that although he desires to devote himself to J. Pentland and others, she deters him. The Sigma Chis (more boos) further discourage our young Hero. Everything seems black and Rudy Chas. has resolved to forget his smouldering passion. But suddenly there appears a light on the horizon—it's Alicia from Grizzleberry-on-the-Hudson, bearing intimate information that Evelyn Bissell is really quite fond of young Rudolph Charles and if he would only tilt his nose at Beare and the Sig Chis and lisp sweet nothings, he may be the chappie who rings the belle... Wanda Gottl thinks that Fred Varney and Jack Weaver are the nicest boys she knows... Arthur Hauser has let his Northwestern lady friend evade his memory since Dorothy Krieger has appeared on the sketch... Douglas Shanghai Smith cannot decide between Olive Depelheuer and... The girls cannot decide between Doug either...

(Continued on page 22)

POETS' CORNER

SONNET FOR PYGMALION

*For you, Pygmalion, no silver-bought
Woman of Cyprus with kohl-darkened eyes!
For you, Pygmalion, a vision caught
In its first blinding moment of surprise
And therein crystallized: no less than this:
Perfection carved by your own hand from stone,
The lips forever lifted toward the kiss,
The breast immutable and still unknown!*

*And so think twice: in making her alive
You stain her with the dust of time and change,
While you should have, in taking stone to wife,
Her loveliness forever new and strange,
Her palm a chalice and her lifted face
A fire, a sacrament, an altar place!*

CHANGELING

*This is at once her pride and her disgrace,
To wear for everyone a different face,*

*To be as false as Satan and as true
As God to every mother's son of you!*

*Last night you thought her virtuous and mild
And loved her gently as you would a child...*

*This morning you beheld a sibyl's face
Caught sleeping in your innocent embrace*

*And by tomorrow night, as sure as sin,
Some other arms she shall be sleeping in*

*And he, awaking, who had thought her wild
And arrogant, shall find a sleeping child!*

—Thomas Lanier Williams.



WINTER SUNSET

*Not now, I cannot pray. Not while this chain
Of terrible emotion and despair
Has bound and made a prisoner of my prayer.
Not while my throat is tight with choking pain,
The fierceness of futility! I strain
Toward heaven and the Presence that is there.
The coldness is intense; I cannot bear
The shrieking of a wind that's gone insane.*

*The snowy hilltop in the sunset glow
Is like an altar. I shall not forget
That lonely tree that, all undazzled by
The sun's red hypnotism on the snow,
Stands rigidly in frozen silhouette,
Black crucifix against a bloody sky.*

—J. M.

THE BETTER THINGS

October 31—November 29—Exhibition of paintings by artists of St. Louis and vicinity at the Art Museum.

November 12-21—The Little Theater presents *Shoemaker's Holiday*, by Thomas Dekker.

November 14—December 7—Artists' Guild's sixth annual exhibition of water color and craft work.

November 17—The St. Louis Music League presents Robert Casadesus, distinguished pianist.

November 20-21—The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra presents the *Damnation of Faust*, by Hector Berlioz—featuring Rose Bampton, Paul Althouse, Chase Baromeo, and the St. Louis Symphony Chorus at the Municipal Auditorium.

November 21—Jaquelin Ambler will lecture on Venetian Glass and Textiles at the Art Museum at 2:30 P.M.

November 23-29—*The End of Summer* will be played at the American Theater.

November 23—December 5—The Little Theater presents *Rain from Heaven*.

November 24—Franklin M. Biebel will talk on *Eighteenth Century France—Watteau and Chardin* at 2:30 at the Museum.

November 27-28—The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra will feature Serge Rachmaninoff, the composer-pianist, at the Municipal Auditorium.

November 28—Jaquelin Ambler will demonstrate the art of weaving at the Art Museum at 2:30; at 3:30 Jessie B. Chamberlain will lecture on *Jewelry of the Past*.

December 1—Franklin M. Biebel continues his series of lectures on the *Sources of Modern Painting* with a talk on *Classicism—David and Ingres*, to be given at the Museum at 2:30.

December 1—Kirsten Flagstad, Norwegian Soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, returns to give a recital for the St. Louis Music League.

December 4—Principia presents another in its series of concerts with Captain Albert W. Stevens.

December 5—*Fine Books* is the subject of Jessie B. Chamberlain's Saturday afternoon talk at 3:30 at the Art Museum.

December 7-31—The Artists' Guild celebrates its fiftieth anniversary by a retrospective and contemporary exhibition.

December 8—Franklin M. Biebel will lecture on *English Landscape—Constable and Turner*, at 2:30 at the Museum.

December 12—*The First Painters of the Netherlands* will be the subject of Jaquelin Ambler's lecture at the Art Museum at 2:30.

—Alice Percy.

Knock, knock!



Who's there?

Wetherby!

Wetherby who?

Wetherby hanged, Lady! "Weather" gets the ha-ha from Double-Mellow Old Gold's *double-Cellophane* package. Rain or shine! Hot or cold! Any climate! Anywhere! Any time! . . . you'll find Double-Mellow Old Golds are always factory-fresh. Thanks to those 2 jackets of the finest moisture-proof Cellophane on every package. And don't forget O.G.s. are blended from the choicest of the *prize crop* tobaccos!

ZIPS OPEN DOUBLE-QUICK!



Outer Cellophane Jacket opens from the Bottom.
Inner Cellophane Jacket opens from the Top.

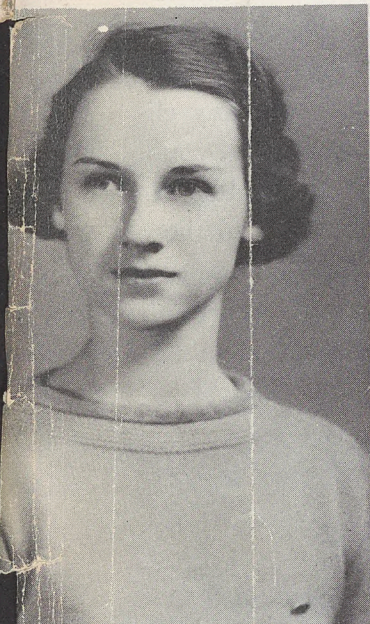
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PRIZE CROP TOBACCOS MAKE THEM **DOUBLE-MELLOW**
2 JACKETS OF "CELLOPHANE" KEEP THEM **FACTORY-FRESH**



Charlotte Sherwin Dolores Vollmar
Δ Γ

Peggy Baker Sally Alexander
Π Β Φ



Α Ξ Δ Κ Α Θ
Marian Keller Mary Ramsy

Φ Μ
Intense Mueller Ethel Edwards

The twenty odd
the Freshman
Queen, who
soon by vote
the campus. ex
will present to
Four Populit



Δ Δ Δ
Audrey Niehaus Lucille Busmaer

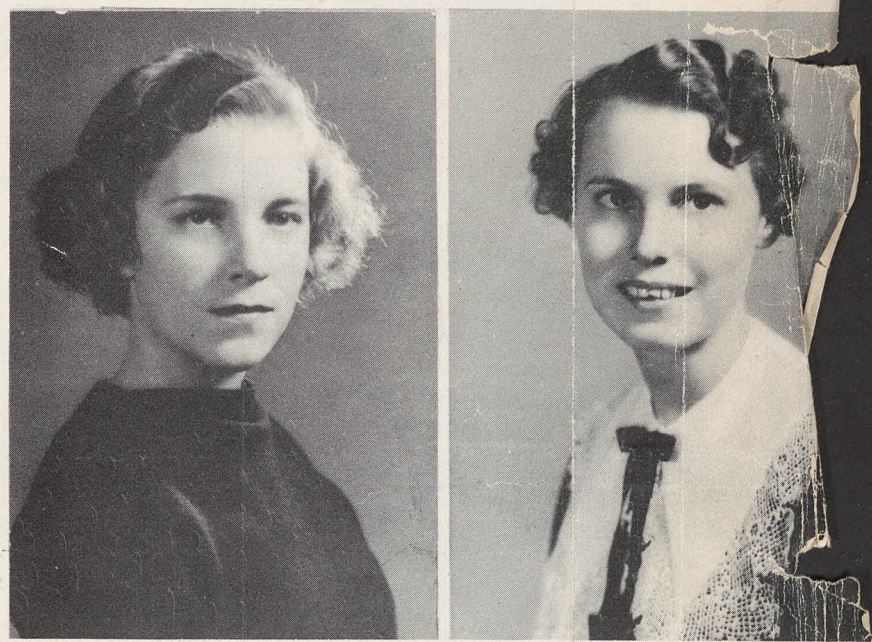
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and Shirley Lovejoy Kathleen Heege Betty Budke Margaret Parmar
A X Ω K K Γ

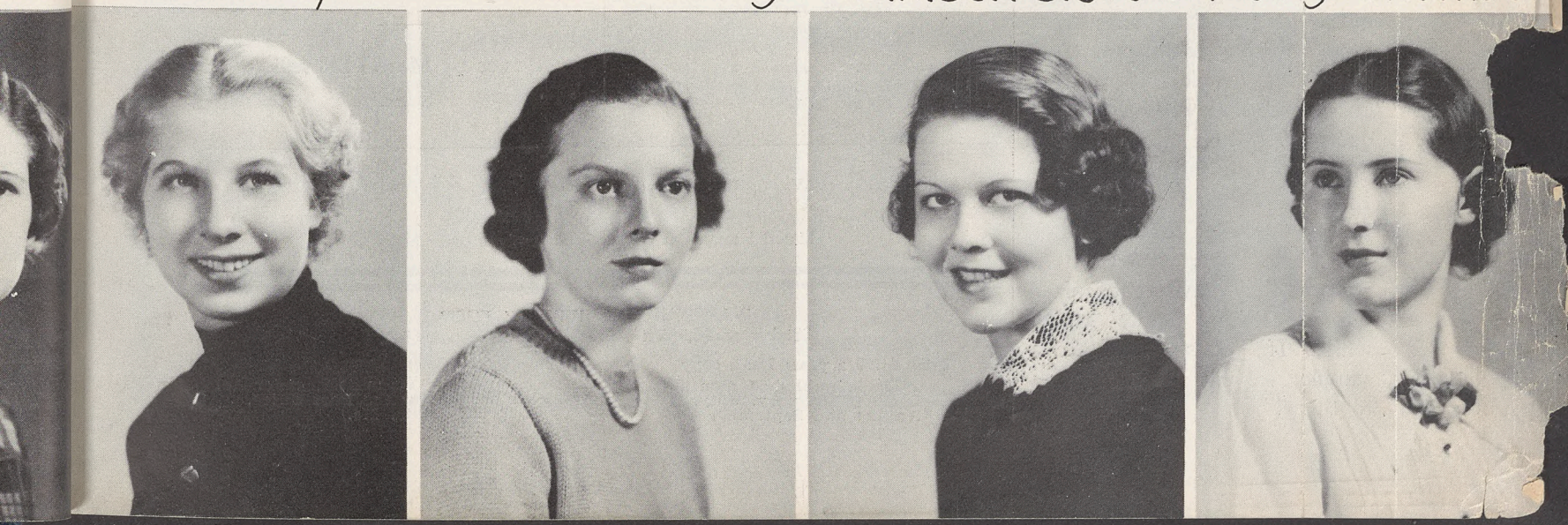
Candidates for
 Popularity
 will be elected
 by the men on
 next month we
 will elect a
 Queen and
 Popularity Maids.

*HELEN
HICOTT*



K A Θ I W A
 Marjorie Penney Lois Grundmann
Z T A
 Kathleen Stevens Mary Thomson

Photo: Phothueig
Γ Φ Β
 Esmee Hempel Mildred Gray



We Have With Us . . .

THE TWENTY POPULARITY GIRLS. We hope everybody likes the verses which we didn't run under their pictures. Oh, we have a reason, a very good one, too; and considering all the interviewing we did, we figure lots of people will want to know it. Anyone interested may call at the *Eliot* office—as soon as we get one—and we will give a full explanation.

AARON HOTCHNER, who will be remembered for his witty article on debating last year. In his delightfully versatile way, Aaron went gory on us this month, and we hesitated a bit before printing his *Basket of Hope*. We believe, however, that a big bowl of Wheaties with sugar, cream and some kind of fruit, eaten just before reading the story, will offset any disastrous effects on the nervous systems of our readers.

ALVIN EXTEIN, appearing in *Eliot* for the first time. *Super Supers* is a humorous account of being "superficial" in grand opera. We'd like to have seen Alvin in those breeches.

HERMAN WALDMAN, the winner of the English XVI acting prize last year, who really knows his dramatics. In *Produced by Thyrsus* he gives us a preview of this year's plays.

SERENA SCHULT, another familiar contributor. Serena has been working with some very interesting people and presents an objective view of the negro question.

THOMAS LANIER WILLIAMS. We have been looking for poetry like his for some time. The Poetry Society tells us that they have reorganized into something quite worth while. If Tom's poems are a sample, we say "More power to them!"

Washington University



Vol. 4

NOVEMBER, 1936

No. 2

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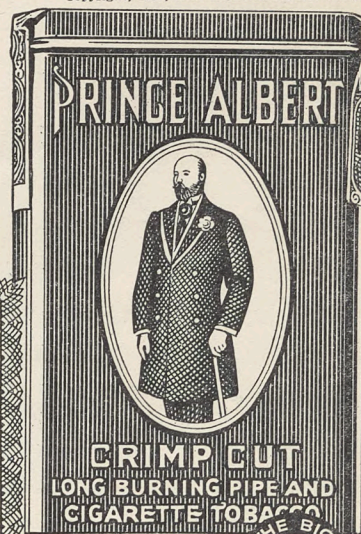
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P. A. IS MIGHTY FRIENDLY SMOKIN', MEN!

Yes, sir, Prince Albert is a real delight to steady pipe smokers. Being "crimp cut," you can count on P. A. to pack easily, burn cool and sweet, and cake up nicely. And thanks to our special "no-bite" process, Prince Albert *does not*

bite the tongue! You're in good company when you smoke Prince Albert. It's the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world. And it's swell "makin's" too. Try a handy pocket-size tin of Prince Albert—the "national joy smoke."



PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

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

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert



Here They Are Again

Against our better judgment, we decided to have our annual popularity contest this year, because we couldn't be so heartless as to blight the college careers of twenty lovely freshman girls. Of course we were prepared for our usual troubles about their pictures, but we did not foresee the political complications which our little venture would cause. The campus politicians were just waiting for the girls to run for something or other and immediately hatched a dastardly plot for vote swapping. But the girls refused to play, and though our worthy journalistic colleagues did their best to uncover all the dirt, they found nothing but lily-white snow.

And Here They Go

Though these little beauties are the centers of attraction now, history has shown that very few popularity contestants remain long within the portals of our institution. Last year we prophesied that, according to past records, only six or seven of the twenty 1935 beauties would be in school by 1937. It is interesting to note that just nine of them are here

now. Of last year's winners, only the queen, Jeanne Butler, returned to school this year. Beauty marches on!

Yous

It is the custom with editors of school publications to answer student critics in this wise: "Well, it's your magazine. It belongs to you. What would you like to see done with it?" Now, the only trouble with this reply is that the English "you" is ambiguous. It would be much better in our opinion if all student editors used some device to distinguish their second person singulars from their second person plurals.

This is just what we intend to do. With a true pioneer spirit, we, the editorial staff of *Eliot* have decided to employ the system invented by a Polish serving girl of our acquaintance, namely, to use "yous" (not the vulgar youse) for the plural and "you" for the singular. Through this system our replies to student critics will never be ambiguous.

For example, when we say, "*Eliot* belongs to yous,—our aim is to please yous," yous will know that we are trying to turn out a magazine that will, as much as possible, suit all of yous together—not just you who likes shady stories, and you who likes art, and you who likes poems and high-brow stuff, and you who likes deadly serious articles—but every-one of yous guys.

A Bouquet

We urge all those who have not already done so to skip over to the Art Museum to see the annual Exhibition of Artists of St. Louis and Vicinity. Many excellent works are being displayed, but we are especially interested because our own Martyl is showing two paintings, "Lunch Time" and "Mid-Western Frontier." The former portrays two mules eating hay and the latter a street in a small town. Both are typical of

the middle west. Martyl has the distinction of being the youngest exhibitor.

And A Brickbat

Having asked repeatedly for letters from the people, we are delighted to say that at last we have received one. A young lady "born and brought up in the South" was extremely indignant over *Sophisticated Lady*. She resented the fact that "the characters in the narrative were represented as being excessively low moraled in spite of the fact that they allegedly came from the best of families." We are glad to have this little girl's opinion, but we wish to point out to her that the story is not regional. If she will analyze *Sophisticated Lady*, she will see that it deals with people, not with a part of the country. We regret that our correspondent was shocked, but we feel that we must tell her that such things do happen—even in the South.

More Birdies

For several years there has been talk of organizing a photographic society on the campus, so that the many camera fiends might have a chance to compare notes. There was no place at school for those students without their own dark rooms to develop films. But at last the problems of the amateur photographers have been solved. Last month Newton Friedman organized the group and, what's more, secured a dark room in Cupples I.

There was a large turnout at the first meeting of the "Photographic Society," as they have christened themselves, and more picture takers are popping up right along. At present the club has a membership of about thirty, including Dave Boyd, who works on the photographic staff of the *Star-Times*.

Martyl Schweig, chairman of the program committee, plans to secure speakers like Mr. Pinkus,

of the Missouri Photographic Society, who recently addressed the club. The photographers tell us that in time they hope to supply pictures for *Eliot*. That suits us fine, as we are planning to reinstate the page of campus shots.

Welcome, Alicia

It has surprised us not a little to discover scores of people with remarkable snooping tendencies. In fact, we can't trust anybody. Having bid farewell to Ricky and arranged for our new column with Aunt Anastasia, who really is a lovable old soul, we were quite unprepared for the advent of Alicia. She's the dynamic sort of person who takes people by storm; she's well—we don't want to tell you too much about her, because we must keep her identity a secret. Anyway, she took *us* by storm and convinced us that she is a master snoop among the many snoops who hound us continually. We hope you like her column.

Hear Ye

As we sat in Francis Field the night of the city championship freshman game and the afternoon of the Homecoming game, somehow we were reminded of a story that a University of Pennsylvania alumnus once told us.

It seems that at the end of the World War his university still contained a number of older students who had gone to college only to be in the S. A. T. C. (Student Army Training Corps or "Safe at the Collitch" according to the way you look at it). Many of these students were pretty worldly-wise and sophisticated. Their motto was *Nil admirari*. School spirit, even of the most wholesome and sincere kind, was to them foolish.

But these sophisticates did like to have what they called "fun" and believed that they had a right to have it any time, in any way they wanted, and in any place—even in the football stadium. They were rugged individualists.

The Penn junior and senior societies, Phi Kappa Beta and Sphinx, however, decided that the football stadium was no place for anyone to have "fun" of a sort that indicated a lack of organized, cooperative school spirit. For they felt that such fun was an unfair reflection on the majority of students, who really had a proper enthusiasm for their school's activities. And so, at the next football game observant students noticed that the Sphinxes and Phi Kappa Betas, their visages grimmer than usual, were pretty evenly distributed throughout the student section. And the ticket-takers and pennant vendors couldn't help noticing large gobs of matter occasionally flying past them from the direction of the grandstand.

A faculty investigation of these gobs of matter revealed nothing definite. Some students held that the flying objects were former cheer-leader-hecklers and player-critics, while others declared tearfully that they were merely former good guys, who, when last seen, were "having fun."

Whooley

For the last few years one of the most popular classes of radio entertainment has been what we refer to, in spite of the good intentions of its sponsors, as the "putting on the spot" class. Programs of this sort have usually been something like this: after he has listened to a dozen or so non-professional performers of whom one is a widowed laundress with five children, one a choir singer and the sole support of his or her invalid father, and one an impoverished blind girl who needs just enough money to buy her a violin in order to be made happy, the listener is asked to help single out one of these people to be given a cash prize (and to give the rest of them a figurative pat on the back and a "Tough luck, old pal!").

Then came the latest development in this class of "entertain-

ment." The sponsors of this particular program, we sincerely believe, have the best intentions in the world, but here is the picture of the program that we carry in our mind. After a fanfare of trumpets, an excellent announcer reads reports of the deeds of three modern heroes—the kind of stuff that makes shivers run up and down your spine. For example: a doctor spends fifteen years working on a serum for a dread disease—and then uses it on a free case; a young woman dives into a swamp and pulls two people out of a car that has gone off an Everglades road; a World War hero just discharged legless after eighteen years, from a government hospital, refuses to accept charity and says that he is going to take care of himself.

Finally the announcer gives the listener his big surprise; he says that the unseen audience is going to have the pleasure of singling out just one of these heroes to be the recipient of a large cash award.

"Oh, goody," we say, "lots of fun. (We mop our brow, light a

(Continued on page 19)



BASKET OF HOPE

by AARON HOTCHNER

Illustrated by CHARLES CRAVER

HERE exists today on the coast of Central Africa the powerful British protectorate of Zanzibar, a territory predominantly inhabited by Mohammedans and still governed by a native Sudan. The rich, carefully cultivated soil has allowed the country to prosper, the railroad has made transportation easy, the Arabs are peaceful and have established modern institutions for trade and commerce.

There was a time not so long ago, however, when the tranquil country of Zanzibar was a very important Mohammedan power under Imans of Maskat, who set up in this territory the machinery for his warring hordes. Into this civilization came the white man—the pioneers who were laying the foundation blocks for the gigantic British Empire of the future. They came at first in a spirit of friendliness, but the Arabs resented their coming. For over a century did the contest between the white men and the Mohammedans wear on, but in the end, the patience of the white man won out.

It is this patience which is so remarkable—how in the face of such adversities, the white man persisted. I am going to relate to you an incident, a fleeting second, in this cavalcade of empire building; an incident which is a tribute to a race of men who knew no defeat.

It was a scorching summer afternoon in the year 1806. The ground was cracked from the intensity of the sun's rays, and rocks were seen to cleave in two from the heat. In the middle of a stretch of clearing at the outposts of the port of Zanzibar, there was a pit, dug very deep. This was the dungeon for prisoners of war and for many days now this crude jail had contained five men who were exposed to the merciless heat of the equator, five British missionaries who had been seized by the Iman raiders and were now being held as hostages. Two of the men were young, two middle-aged, and one elderly.

Richard, one of the younger men, was leaning against one of the walls. Three of the men sat in the meager shade of the west wall, and Father Donnelly, the oldest of the men, lay on a bed of rags beside Richard.

"What good will our planning do us," Richard was saying through blistered lips. "These devils give

us food and cool wine at night, then let us roast under their damn African sun during the day. It's probably the most wicked torture that these fiends can think of."

"What mystifies me," said Rogers, the other young man, "is that they toy around with us this way. We can probably keep living like this for quite a while."

Father Duncartes answered him: "We are hostages. The Arabs figure, of course, that the officers at Pemba will release all their Arabian prisoners in exchange for us. We are valuable to them."

"Fine way to treat valuable things," said Richard.

"How is Father Donnelly resting, Richard?" asked Harrison, a pudgy, middle-aged man.

Richard stooped to regard the old priest but Harrison's question was answered by Donnelly himself. "I feel better, my boy, thank you. What time is it?"

Father Duncartes answered: "About three or four o'clock."

"That is good, for in a few hours the basket will come down again and there will be water and sweet

foods. Water, trickling like that of the Jordan, cool—I think I shall bathe in the waters tonight. My body is warm and dirty and I would like to cleanse it." The old man raised himself up on one elbow, delirious from the fever of the tropical heat. "But if the Jordan doesn't flow, then I can't bathe, can't be cleansed and I shall—I shall die in filth!"

"Father!"

"No, no, I shan't die in filth—I have forgotten. A part of me shall never be tainted by this stench and dirt—a part of me shall always be clean . . . my soul. I have lived a good life, a noble one." Donnelly shook an angry fist at the aperture. "You can't dirty all of me, you thieving heathens, you may bury me in the filth of your dungeon but my soul, my life—" the old man fell back exhausted. Richard, excited by Donnelly's hysteria, turned on his three companions.

"Yes, we've all been good men, we've revered God, studied the Bible, spread His learning, and today He lets one of his ardent disciples die at the hands of lousy heathens. What has our goodness



(Continued on page 22)

SUPER SUPERS

by ALVIN EXTEIN

How it feels to appear before four thousand people, and all that goes with it

ONCE or twice a year St. Louis becomes aware of its duty toward the great world of culture and someone starts a short season of grand opera. Then the Towers go down to meet the Town, and some of the boys from the hill arise from the lethargy of books, profs and sealing wax to appear before their public as supers.

There isn't anything much lower in grand opera than a super. He is, if one may use a slangy phrase in such a lofty field, an animated "stooge." It's the duty of a super to be a mob in "Carmen," a silent juryman in "André Chénier," and a stalwart section of the Ethiopian army in "Aida." That the term "super" doesn't spring from "superior" but rather from "superfluous" is almost a certainty, for if there are fifty animated stooges in a mob scene fifty-five or sixty do not really matter unless the production manager has to keep down the costume expenses.

The first step in becoming one of the great unknown in a mob scene is to walk up to the stage entrance the night before the performance and shout in a confidential whisper, "SUPER." No explanation, just "SUPER." This convinces the keeper of the royal portals that you are at least an experienced super, and he bids you enter. It is only fair to warn you that door men are really not the kindly old gentlemen one sees in movies, and this initial move takes a certain measure of courage.

A season or two ago, a group of Washington's loyal sons, not lacking the old do or die, crashed the sacred gates the night Giovanni Martinelli and Elisabeth Rethberg were rehearsing. At this particular rehearsal the entire company, excepting principals, was gathered on the huge Auditorium stage. The bedlam is terrific—high C's, low C's, and middle C's from the chorus float through the air while the supers stand around wonderingly.

There enters a highly excitable man. He attempts to make a handful of supers understand that they must walk on the stage at a certain time and walk off at another. Since they speak no Italian and he a sort of Anglo-Italian, they have a hard time of it. The highly excitable man becomes even more excited. He threatens to go back to his native land. No one is impressed. Gradually, the supers get the idea and in turn march around the stage, trying to get in a word to some of the prettier girls of the chorus.

About midnight into the midst of the bedlam stalks a man with a regal manner, a regal shock of hair, and an equally regal paunch. Who else but Martinelli. Immediately a flying wedge of auto-

graph hunters attacks him. Mr. Martinelli scrawls twenty, fifty, seventy-five Giovanni Martinellis until he is forced to retreat, shouting, "Do I come here only to sign my names?" The supers who do not yet have his signature watch him anxiously.

Elisabeth Rethberg enters a few moments later. In the confusion following Martinelli's entrance she is not noticed. One of the supers walks up to Miss Rethberg and dusting a chair with his handkerchief, offers it to her with a nonchalance that would do credit to a gentleman of the old school. There was an unsung hero. A gentleman survives in an age of forgotten chivalry.

An opera rehearsal is not in the run of ordinary theatrical events. The principals have sung their roles many times. They are not doing anything at all new. So they go on the stage and sort of hum through the entire score as they lean on their canes. In a scene where a battle of great action takes place Mr. Martinelli and a Mr. Morelli cross their canes. Mr. Morelli places his free hand over his heart and calmly flops down in the nearest chair. He has lost the duel. But then everybody is beginning to take it easy.

The rehearsal is over and the "experienced" members of the chorus tell the wide-eyed supers stories about the famous prima donna who refused to scale a papier maché wall until a huge double mattress was placed on the other side, or the one about the conductor whom they insisted always wielded the baton when slightly cock-eyed. Not to be outdone, a future Tibbett tells of the couple of supers, who carrying flaming torches in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" felt their hair beginning to singe. This caused a little confusion in Mr. Rhinehardt's carefully planned production. "That's nothing," comes a voice from the rear, "I almost killed Walter Hampden." It seems that in the role of a soldier in a battle scene, this particular super became confused and attempted to duel Mr. Hampden, who should have been conspicuous with that nose. A lot more hooey, then everyone goes out for a plate of spaghetti to keep up the spirit of the thing.

The night of the performance you hand your card of admittance. Not having had any other paper at the time, you probably have the names of all the opera's stars written on it. You watch in agony as it is torn into tiny pieces. Then to the dressing rooms. In runs a happy student; out walks a soldier of the French Revolution dressed in a uniform kept on only through the grace of God and two dozen safety pins.

(Continued on page 21)

PRODUCED BY THYRSUS

by HERMAN WALDMAN

Another check-up on our dramatic organization, just to make sure they'll be ready for December fourth

Illustrated by TOM KIRKSEY

IT is the night of the English XVI plays. You settle down comfortably in your seat, at peace with yourself and the world. You have eaten well and now you are going to be entertained all evening. While you are looking around to see how many of your friends you can locate, the lights dim and the murmuring audience settles into an expectant silence. The curtain rises and—"Why what's this?" you say. "This can't be the stage; this must be the dressing room." It is, my friends, it is. Or rather, it's as close a reproduction of that room as the stage crew can make it. In short, it's the setting for Jack Percival's play *Last Act*. Based on Jack's experiences at the "Muny" opera, it is set in the chorus men's dressing room and portrays the complications that arise when a "fading" musical comedy star realizes that he is about to be pushed from the top by a younger man. It serves the double purpose of presenting a very interesting character study and of acquainting us with what goes on behind the scenes of our Muny opera.

Arleen Thyson's play, *Sweet XVI*, is a dramatization intended to reveal to Washingtonians the backstage side of English XVI night. There is just as much drama backstage as there is out before the footlights. There is suspense, confusion, humor,—sometimes conflict, and Arleen Thyson has caught and portrayed it all in her exciting, laugh-provoking play of the backstage.

Radically different from the foregoing two is Ed Mead's play, *Eternity Unlimited*. It is a drama of the world 20,000 years in the future, and relates what happens when a small group of revolutionaries rebel against the complete regulation of the world maintained by the "Eternalist Party" then in power. It outlines in a vivid manner the social problems of the world to come.

Now all of these plays have their problems of characterization, staging, make-up, costuming, and lighting, and it is my purpose here to show how Thyrsus is meeting these problems this year, and to outline the roles played by the various important casts in the drama of the backstage.

By many rehearsals the actors must learn to speak their lines distinctly and with the proper inflection and intensity. Mr. Carson often asks the aid of the Public Speaking Department, as he is doing this year. Speaking lines intelligently, however, is only half the acting. There

is also what is called, in stage parlance, "business." This includes all facial expressions, gestures, and any other kind of physical movements necessary for the action of the play. Thyrsus players must rehearse and re-rehearse their "business," for a clumsy, inadequate, or ill-timed gesture completely spoils the effect of the most carefully-rehearsed speech. Thus, this year, for instance, Gene Beare, playing the make-up man in *Sweet XVI* must learn to do actual make-up jobs, and Myron Kuluva in *Eternity Unlimited* must work out a way of dropping a tray of glasses so that the action will appear natural and still not splatter glass in the laps of the first-row customers. In order to help the actors become thoroughly familiar with their "business," Mr. Carson always has the practice stage set with its bare essentials, and all movements, such as walking, sitting down, kneeling, etc., completely worked out. This gives the actors a sense of the geography of the stage and their places on it at all times. In addition, all important props are brought to rehearsals and the business connected with them is worked out and standardized to eliminate doubt and confusion on the night of the production. The important thing to achieve is the proper co-ordination of speech and "business," so that all action appears natural and unrehearsed to the audience.

Every year brings its special problems of characterization, and this year is no exception. In *Eternity Unlimited*, for instance, Myron Kuluva plays Skaf, a man in his eighties. Mr. Carson must drill him until a shuffling gait and a halting speech become a second nature to him. Also in *Eternity Unlimited* is the part of Dr. Maxius, a kindly but determined scientist, a man of profound thought and great foresight, but a man of human sympathies, withal. Julius Nodel will have to rehearse a great deal before he can portray the proper combination of these qualities to his own and to Mr. Carson's satisfaction. Another noticeably difficult part is being handled by Wieder Sievers in *Last Act*. It is that of Gordon Reed, the "fading" star who must give way to new blood. The difficulty is that much of Reed's internal struggle is revealed, not by his speech, but by the play of his facial expressions. Wieder Sievers, however, has had experience at the Little Theatre and also with the company that played "tab" versions of Shakespearean repertory at the San Diego Fair, and therefore should be quite competent in his part. Another role that will have to be well rehears-

ed is that of Ambrose in this same play. Ambrose is the orchidaceous or "pansy" type, and Bob Alexander, who plays the part, has a difficult job of interpretation ahead of him. One more role that will be especially interesting to Washingtonians is that of Professor Carlton in *Sweet XVI*. Obviously it is a fictionalized version of Professor Carson himself, and it should be very interesting to see how well Collins Thompson will be able to reproduce the famous Carson mannerisms.

In addition to outlining certain character types, each play must develop a certain atmosphere that binds the whole together. In *Sweet XVI* it's speed. The play has such an unusually large cast (20 in all) and the entrances and exits are so numerous that it would drag noticeably if the action were not pitched at express-train speed. If you watch closely, you will be able to see that this effect is gained, not by speaking the lines very rapidly, but by not allowing the slightest unnecessary pause between speech and speech or cue and entrance.

The keynote of *Eternity Unlimited*, however, is restraint and tension. Since the action in this play is below-surface and social, rather than open and physical, the play must reveal this submerged action by the outward tension and restraint. This atmosphere is achieved by eliminating all entirely free and natural movements. All actions are more or less restrained and controlled even, in some instances, to the point of being mechanical. Again if you look closely, you will see the two men, Randolph and Lanson, sound the opening notes of both tension and restraint in the beginning of the play.

The problem of *Last Act*, since it is based on the downfall of a popular idol, is to enlist the sympathy of the audience. This can be done only if the actors themselves appear to be utterly sincere in all they say and do. The least evidence of lack of sincerity will cost them their audience's sympathy. This, then, gives you some idea of the extensive preparation of the actors.

The preparation of the settings is very important to the success of the productions. The whole division of stagecraft this year is under the direction of Gordon Carter, veteran teacher of stagecraft and director of scenic design and construction at the Little Theatre. Mr. Carter has divided his backstage "cast" into several groups: scenery designers, scenery builders, and costume designers. The first group is designing the sets for this year's plays and making small scale models for past English XVI plays, for practice. Mr. Carter is teaching the second group the actual methods of making scenery—what kinds of wood and canvas to use, how to build for strength and lightness, how to paint the scenery, and so forth. The third group is designing the costumes for Ed Mead's futuristic play. Also under Mr. Carter's general supervision are the lighting crew and the

committees responsible for procuring costumes and props. Costumes, properties, and lighting must all blend harmoniously into the setting.

One other important cast is the make-up crew whose magic can transform young men into doddering oldsters, and beautiful girls into hags. This cast is now learning its trade from Herr Gehring, well known make-up artist of the Little Theatre. Every Wednesday afternoon, Herr Gehring conducts his classes in a basement room in Eads Hall. At the first session approximately thirty people (twenty-eight girls, two boys) reported, a class so large that the Herr had to divide it into two sections. First Herr Gehring selected a girl and demonstrated a "straight" make-up job, explaining the process as he worked and inserting tips on how to economize on buying make-up equipment. Every few moments he would hold up an article—powder puff, lip rouge, or powder brush and say, "Dime Store." Probably the most startling revelation to most of the members of the class came when the Herr announced that Crisco made every bit as good a make-up base as the best cold cream. The first lesson was entirely a demonstration, but Herr Gehring hopes that soon every member will have his own make-up kit and be able to follow, step by step, the Herr's demonstration. In this way, the class will learn to do "straight" make-up jobs, and then progress to more and more difficult character jobs. It is these people who will assist in making-up the actors on production night.

Approximately two or three days before the day of production, the acting casts, the stagecraft casts, and the make-up cast, are all gathered together for

(Continued on page 21)



BLACK AND WHITE

by SERENA SCHULT

Having worked personally with negroes, the author is able to present both sides of this racial question

Illustrated by GEORGE ENGELKE

FOR a long moment she looked at me. And then I stood before a closed door, a door which had been shut in my face. I was conscious of no indignation or anger. I was numb to the fact of my own existence. Only the expression on her face remained. She had spoken not a word. But her face told of contempt, fear, prejudice, and hate. She was a negro, and I—well, my skin is white.

This incident occurred the first time I visited the Deals. I realized that I had rung the bell to the wrong apartment, and as the door opened, I mumbled an apology for the disturbance. I was utterly unprepared for the eloquence of that moment. The door was not slammed emphatically, but slowly and deliberately it told me that I was contemptible in the sight of the negro woman.

I paused and reasoned with myself before I rang the Deals' apartment bell. I was not in my own neighborhood. I was alone among people who thought of me as—an enemy? I considered beating a retreat. I knew nothing about the Deals except that they attended the American Youth Congress meetings. I had met them before in various groups. But always there had been several white people present.

I don't know what caused me finally to ring the bell. Instinctively I knew I couldn't allow myself to cultivate fear. But I was not complete master of myself, for when the bell did not work, I had to force myself to knock.

My recollection of the room I went into is vague. I know that on the mantel there was a vase filled with fresh flowers. A little boy ran into the room, "Mother, Mother, Jimmie wants to know if I may go with him to the store. He has a nickel." Mrs. Deals looked at me, then said, "Mother is entertaining company. Go outside and play. Besides, I told you you were to stay in the yard this afternoon." His enthusiasm gone, the little boy mumbled, "Yes'm."

With fatherly pride, Mr. Deals asked, "What do you think of our youngster? Here's a picture of him which we took not so long

ago." And Mrs. Deals commented, "One has to train them properly." In that small incident, I got a hint of the traits that characterize Mr. and Mrs. Deals.

She is a charming, well-educated woman. Her speech is clipped. One can almost hear her cut off the words. She says what she has to say directly. She has worked with groups such as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (N.A.A.C.P.) and realizes acutely the difficulties to be encountered in the negro's struggle toward a better life. This realization has hardened her a little, and made her less enthusiastic and confident than her husband. I remember very clearly the night I discovered this. There was a meeting of the American Youth Congress at the Deals' home. Someone had suggested holding a mass meeting in behalf of Lloyd Gaines (whom I shall tell you about later). Mrs. Deals asked, "And *where* do you expect to get the people?" Someone answered, "We'll have announcements made in all the colored churches and Y's." Mrs. Deals laughed bitterly.

It was about two months later that Mr. Deals drove me home from another Youth Congress meeting. I was tired and disgusted with myself and the organization. Our inefficiency, our vain attempts to accomplish anything had impressed themselves upon me. As he drove, Mr. Deals began talking—about the possibilities of the group, about the ceaseless energies of the leader, about the new plans that were being made. I began to listen, and as I listened, my admiration for the speaker grew. Here was a man who was acquainted with the problem and its difficulties, who had seen numberless plans frustrated, but yet who could enthusiastically lend his energies to a new plan. Before I got out of the car I had offered my services on committees which thirty minutes before I had thought were useless.

One of those committees was to work with Lloyd Gaines in his fight for admission to the law school of



A white man standing at his elbow knocked the glass to the floor . . .

(Continued on page 20)

Chesterfield

Wins



Know the answer? So do I
These Chesterfields -

They Satisfy

Fashions

by

Florence Kay

Photos by Jules Pierlow

What's all the excitement about? What—don't you know? We're going to Mizzou next week to beat the Tigers. And are we going to make a week-end of it! We went down to Kline's Junior Shop and Country Club Shop and picked out the perkier week-end wardrobe ever. Just look:

A perfect dress for the game is the Louise Mulligan to the extreme right named "Jigsaw." "Jigsaw" is a two piece light green feather wool and is so called because of the jigsaw design of the antelope belt and trim on the neckline. The antelope is the new terra cotta shade offering a great opportunity to match accessories. The jacket buttons down the back and has an accentuated shoulder line giving the waist that sylph-like appearance. Six gores in the skirt provide the new swing effect.

Then for the tea or afternoon affair when we must look our best in a short skirted informal dress is the one next to "Jigsaw" on the right, "Accent on You," as it is most appropriately called, is a black crepe made on princess lines. The fitted bodice, slim waistline, and flared skirt spell O.K. for your figure, while the lace yolk and forget-me-nots make you irresistibly demure. The off the face velvet hat with high pointed crown forms a necessary accompaniment.

And now for the big event of the week-end—the formal dance with its scintillating music, soft lights and feminine





charms resplendent in their best finery. And the two dresses on the left are made for charm. Both are black, emphasizing the importance of black for evening, and both have contrasting touches that set them off. The model on the right is black net over taffeta styled on Napoleonic lines. "Sweet and Low" is trimmed in char- treuse and royal blue double faced taffeta at the waist- line and the flounce is tied up with the same material.

The evening gown on the left is black starched lace over a black taffeta slip. Notice that both dresses have taffeta slips that swish to your heart's content. This gown is form fitting to the knees with an interesting flare to

the floor. Soft rose velvet circles the neckline and ties in a bow in the back. Tiny puffed off the should- er sleeves have a rose velvet bow on each.

If after your breath taking week- end you feel the need of stimulation —what could be better than a brisk canter in the park? And look at the smart habit from the Country Club Shop at Klines that has been assem- bled on the lower right. First take cavalry twill jodphurs in a natural shade, a brown novelty check coat with leather buttons and patch pockets, and brown jodphur boots. Then add a white English blouse, green silk tie, and green string knit gloves. To top it off a soft brown derby and a brown riding crop with horse hoof handle. What would make a more chic equestrienne?



Co-ed Corner

by BEE FERRING

You are invited to attend a
FASHION DISPLAY
of fall and winter shoes
that

Co-ed Corner at Swopes
has planned for your next
shopping journey downtown

Something new awaits you at Co-ed Corner! On the main floor Swopes has arranged a charming little lounge that adapts itself to practically any kind of a rendezvous you have planned. At Co-ed Corner you'll find cozy chairs and comfortable sofas in a real collegiate atmosphere. This little nook is a grand place to meet for luncheon dates (and who of you won't admit the scarcity of convenient meeting places in town) or the spot in which to take that needed rest when your step has lost its spring after an intensive shopping tour.

While you're resting, the smart shoes that are constantly on display at Co-ed Corner will undoubtedly catch your eye and hold it. When you're dashing to classes, lunching or dancing, though you have an exquisite complexion and your costume be perfect, the effect will be lost unless your general allure is aided by a swinging, well-poised step. Here at Co-ed Corner shoes have been designed just for you, with an eye open to your various activities and wants.

During this season of exciting football games, barbecues and barn dances, walks and hikes, Co-ed Corner wants you to purchase your sports footwear with taste and care. After all, the smartness of your fall suit and other sports clothes will greatly depend upon the shoes you wear.

First of all, I want to suggest the "Co-ed Bootie" (pictured upper right), which is probably the smartest exponent of the fashion for practicability this fall. At last a really comfortable shoe has been designed for you. The Bootie will be vougish and versatile with your sport togs, and at the same time, it boasts protection for your ankles in wet and chilly weather. You can wear it anywhere, and I'll guar-



antee that you'll soon get over the notion that they remind you of "grandma's high shoes." This new ankle-high shoe has sturdy welt soles, big shiny eyelets, and comfortable heels. It is available in brown, green or black reverse calf and is priced at \$3.95. There are other varieties of Booties to be had too. One version, featured in white, black, brown and natural calf, is trimmed smartly at the top with cuffs of fur in contrasting colors. I think the white calf with the red fur trim is particularly colorful and attractive. These and other styles are priced at \$5.00.

Another highlight of the fall mode is the ever popular spectator pump (shown at lower left of page). Always a favorite for school and all-around wear, this pump is featured in suede with perforated calf trim and the built-up leather heel. It may be had in both black and brown. This shoe has also been designed as a tie-oxford, with smart square perforations and the same leather heel. Both styles are priced at \$5.00.

Of course ghillies and both calf and buck sports oxfords are as good as ever. This season the oxford has become interesting, for shoe designers have suddenly become color conscious. Reds, greens, wines, blues and other off shades add tremendously to the appeal of the new sports shoes. Try a colored pair with your woolen and tweed clothes. You'll be surprised at the effects they achieve.

Co-ed Corner wants to boast of just one more important detail. Swopes have priced these Co-ed shoes within the reach of everyone. Prices range from \$3.95 to \$5.00, but just think!—for that amount you may choose anything from the sportiest of sporty shoes to the most toeless of evening sandals. Remember, you're always welcome at Co-ed Corner, the newest rendezvous.

THE TOWERS AND THE TOWN

(Continued from page 9)

cigarette with our trembling hands, take a pull from our Scotch and soda.) Lots of fun. Heh, heh. Whooley."

Piles of Orchids

The V. P. Queen's bouquet to Bill Vaughan. Why that? Well, in the first place, we have always wondered what happened to that big flock of orchids after the ball. In the second place, it would be copying Winchell to give Bill only one orchid. And, in the third place, Bill deserves a good share of the orchids in the state of Missouri anyway.

Why so? Because his daily cartoon in the Springfield Leader is swell and because his stories and cartoons in Eliot used to be swell too. And, we might add, because Bill's a swell guy—also.

(Editors note: look for "Roy" in the pages of the Leader if you want a good laugh.)

Speaking of Fouls

From our correspondent in philosophy comes the following tale. The 11 class was discussing Socrates' tragic death and Dr. Cory asked that someone quote the philosopher's last words, which were, "Crito, I owe a cock (a Grecian coin) to Asclepius." There came the momentary silence which always follows questions like this, and then a bright boy in the third row came to the rescue. "Socrates' dying words," he announced proudly, "were 'Crito, I owe a chicken to Asclepius.'" He is not a freshman.

BEER vs. TEA

*Most poets think
(in themes on drink)
Of tea
And wildly write
Throughout the night
Of tea,

Of serenades
And scherzades
So sweet,
Of gowns and hats
And dogs and cats
And meat,*

*And I say, "Well!"
And, "What the hell,
They're free
To wield their quills,
Howe'er their wills
May be."*

*But there's a few
Like me and you
(I fear)
Who don't like tea
But do, you see,
Like beer.*

*And so for these
Minorities
Please hear
My tealess plea,
The theme to be
On beer,*

*How to that place
Of welcome grace
We'd roam
And in repose
Would dip our nose
In foam.*

*As thus we sat
In friendly chat
We'd tell
Of eyes of blue
And maids we knew
So well,*

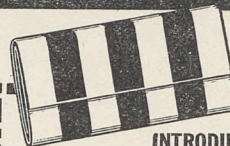
*Of proms and whirls
And dates and girls
We'd boast,
But as we lied
I think that I'd
Like most*

*To watch thru' foam
Your eyes become
So wan
And never go
Until your dough
Was gone. —Butler Bushyhead.*

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National Correspondence Schools,
Incorporated--Inc.

BLACK AND WHITE

(Continued from page 14)

Missouri University. I have met him four, perhaps five times, but I know little about the man Lloyd Gaines. I know only that figure which is seeking equal educational rights for negro and white. There is nothing striking about his appearance. He is a tall, slender, neat-looking man. I was surprised when I heard him speak for the first time. I had expected to hear a smooth, easy flow of words; instead his speech is slow, hesitant, and deliberate. His struggle for admission to the School of Law is viewed by many as an attempt to strike from the state statutes laws fostering race discrimination. Gaines, however, backed by his lawyers and the N.A.A.C.P. firmly states, "That is not so. The statutes of Missouri state that equal educational opportunities be available to both negro and white students. I want to study to become a lawyer and cannot do so in Missouri. Lincoln University does not have a law school, and the state, tax-supported school has refused me admittance."

When his case was first brought up, someone raised the question of social equality as well as educational equality. Lloyd Gaines stated, "But there's where you're wrong. The negro doesn't want social equality. He'll keep to himself. All he wants is an equal opportunity to learn and live." And in my work with the American Youth Congress I have heard many negroes express the same opinion.

Some feel differently, however. There was, for example, Miss Penderton, with whom I worked on another of Mr. Deals' Committees. As a teacher in the St. Louis Public Schools, she is constantly aware of the physical and intellectual needs of her pupils. From her own salary she helps furnish clothing for the most needy. Throughout each day she gives her wealth of knowledge and high ideals. Near the close of one meeting she related the following incident which occurred in one of the larger hotels in a well-known southern city: The soda fountain clerk had just prepared a coke for a negro. As the negro raised the glass to his lips, a white man standing at his elbow knocked the glass to the floor, tell-

ing him about the place of the negro. The clerk, in order to prevent a large disturbance, ordered the negro from the store. After the negro had gone, the white man, on the strength of the sentiments expressed by the on-lookers, turned to the clerk, demanding, "Who th— does he think he is, drinking with white folks?" The clerk answered him, "He's the man who owns this building."

This incident had varying effects on the members present. The most unusual reaction was that of Mr. Hartsford. It was unusual, not because of its content, but rather because it was an attitude one would not expect to be expressed at a meeting of the A.Y.C. Mr. Hartsford, whose voice has the characteristic drawl of the southern negro, is a junior in college. Apparently he has done a great deal of traveling around the country. One surmises that this was done chiefly by rule of thumb. He began in his own peculiar manner, "Well—now, what you say is all right. But I don't know. I think Jim Crow laws are all right. Down in the South you know where you can go in a store and where you can't. It doesn't cause any embarrassment. Up here I don't know where I'm going to get waited on and where I'm not. In the South I can get on a street car and know where I belong. But just the other day I got on a crowded street car. I had to sit somewhere, and I happened to sit down beside a white woman. She got up as though I had stuck her with a pin. Everybody looked at her and at me. I felt like two cents."

After the hubbub of discussion had died down, Miss Penderton said, "Even if it does prevent embarrassment, no matter what you say, it's still discrimination, and discrimination is bad."



Oh boy, at last I've paid my fees and purchased my books.

—Texas Ranger.

Mention of the street car and the white people's attitude toward the negro caused me to tell about that door closed in my face the first time I had gone to the Deals' apartment house. Someone said to me, "But the negro's attitude is more justified than the white man's."

Miss Penderton repeated the old adage: "Two wrongs never make a right."

PRODUCED BY THYRSUS

(Continued from page 13)

the dress rehearsal, which is the exciting, but none too encouraging final preparation for the "Big Night." After at least one intervening day (for recuperation), the "Big Night" itself arrives. This is the night when the combined efforts of all the crews are integrated and presented for your approval. But remember, although you may be perfectly at ease, the casts of the backstage drama are not. In the downstairs room there is a babel of voices, a smell of grease paints, a ringing of bells, and a squeaking of records. There is a last minute rehearsing of well-rehearsed lines, a frantic searching for lost props, a desperate telephoning for late actors. There is an excited conjecturing as to which play and which actor will win the night's prizes. December fourth will tell.

SUPER SUPERS

(Continued from page 11)

The opera has begun, and your big moment arrives. You march on the stage while the chorus sings. Some of the chorus is not singing. Some are saying, "Hello, dope. Hi, dummy. Watch those breeches."

You're thinking "What if I don't get off the stage in time? I'll stop the show. Heh! Heh! Stop the show!"

The footlights glare, but you're keeping your eyes on the back of the guy in front of you. Gradually the temptation to look at the audience becomes irresistible. You look, but instead of seeing Uncle Louie up in the second balcony, all you can see are the bald heads in the first three rows. The fellow in back walks too fast and bumps you from the rear. You jump about three feet. So does he. You think, "Ye gods, they're going to yell 'TAKE HIM OUT' in a few minutes." The basso hits a low note and you feel those breeches beginning to sag slightly. A high note comes from the soprano. You stretch your neck and feel hot under the collar. You begin to wonder what to do with your hands. There are no pockets in the breeches. Finally the fellow in front begins to head for the exit. Obediently you follow. "Sure, I appeared before four thousand people just like nothing, Maw."

BASKET OF HOPE

(Continued from page 10)

availed us—the worst kind of death imaginable. I don't give—” A hard blow from Duncartes' fist sent Richard back against the wall. He fell down on his knees, staring at the opposite wall, blood trickling down his chin.

“Dissension is easy among the oppressed,” said Father Duncartes.

That evening the large wicker basket was again lowered from above into the pit. Food was distributed in silence, the water bottle shared. And while the men sat there eating, quite suddenly Rogers sprang to his feet, his face lighted by an inspiration.

“Look,” he shouted, tugging at the rope which held the basket, “it's fastened!” It was true. Night after night this basket had been fastened and offered an easy means of escape which was now recognized. “Quick, help me up,” Rogers continued, “I'll go to the arsenal down the road and bring back arms and equipment.”

“It's a desperate chance, son,” said Duncartes.

“It's a chance, isn't it?”

“Rogers is right. We must act. This is the answer of God.” Richard was talking. “He has put me in shame for my blasphemy and I am the one to carry out the mission. Anyway, I am bigger and stronger than you, Rogers, and better fitted.”

“Richard is right, Rogers,” Harrison said. “Quickly now, son, if you are to act at all.”

“And proceed with caution,” Duncartes advised, “for the Arabs are crafty and alert.”

With a grim determination Richard remarked: “I shan't fail. God will help me conquer.” He paused with his hands on the rope, crossed quickly

to the side of Father Donnelly's bed, and said to him, “Father, have strength for I am going to free us all from the Arab curse. We can reach the coast in a short while and be safely away before our loss is noticed. Pray to God that He aid us.”

“I knew our Lord couldn't fail. I shall pray for you, my boy.”

With that Richard ascended the rope and disappeared into the night. A few minutes later the basket was hauled up and these four Christians sat patiently awaiting the verdict of their fate.

They sat there, it seemed, for a long, long time. Everything was absolutely quiet. But then there came down from above a piercing, “Psst, psst!” which brought all the men to their feet. Father Donnelly clung to the wall for support.

Father Duncartes whispered up: “Yes, son, we hear you.”

And then over the edge of the pit came the wicker basket and slowly it descended toward the bottom of the pit. The men awaited breathlessly. At last it came within reach. Father Duncartes grasped it and with frantic haste dug his finger nails into the wicker in his attempt to pry off the cover. The men gathered around excitedly.

At last it gave, revealing a white cloth covering the contents. Father Duncartes smiled at his unfortunate companions who had suffered so much. He pulled off the white cloth and a great gasp broke from the four men.

“It's a head!” Rogers cried.

“The head of Richard.”

BETWEEN BELLES

(Continued from page 10)

Dorothy Doerres, leader of the Peppers, received an epistle on October 1st from an East St. Louis boy whom she had never met, informing her that he would like to have a social engagement with one of her Alpha Chis and specifying the dimensions: five feet, blue eyes, brown hair, and an aversion to cigarettes. The gentleman enclosed a snapshot of what he laughingly referred to as his face. As compensation for Dorothy's trouble, he promised her a box of selected chocolates. October 27th he inquired as to what had been accomplished and Dorothy replied she was industriously attempting to arrange things but had not yet succeeded. On the 28th arrived a special delivery letter asking if Dorothy herself would accompany the East St. Louisan on the 30th. The 30th has come and gone—neither Dorothy or any Alpha Chi has been “arranged” for the young fellow, although the letters are posted on the bulletin board. The woman in me compels me to ap-

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peal to the feminine members of the student body to do something for this depraved chap. Perhaps even I or you, Miss Thyson, will accompany the young man if this snooty attitude persists... William Dedding, returned from New York, is again in company with Mickey Hyman... Scottie Madding has left Chubby Datz and is now in Memphis, but Chubby (what will they devise for young ladies' names) has had plenty of cheer... After weeks of spying and snooping, the A.T.O.'s have discovered that Libero Bertagnolli is called "Snubbs" by the dainty little being who writes from home... George Womble has deposited his Phi Delt insignia in McMillan Hall with Carolyn Newhauser... John Robert Moore has broached the sacred subject of marriage to young Pat Daily but Patrice, who has been modeling a stunning blackened eye, informed Johnny Bob of a fellow in England called "Wag," who writes ethereal letters of romance and such to her. Whereupon Johnny Bob, a senior engineer, composed a lengthy essay on "Love," a carbon copy of which he mailed to Wag with a Robert Taylor gesture... Jack Losse asked Jane Fisher to give his Phi Delt pin back to him for rush week purposes and either Jack imagines that rush week is still transpiring or he has purposely left his shield and sword on his vest... Just when all of us were on the verge of believing that Lee Matthey was on M. Willert's hit parade, he received only a stag bid to the Theta dance. The young lady's antics mystify even me who

was schooled in Grizzleberry mystification...

Stuart Hines, whose love life brims with more tragedies than all of Shakespeare's plays put together, has written another chapter in his checkered career. The "lover's" latest escapade transpired on the night of Friday 23rd. After passing chit-chat back and forth and sipping cokes, Hinesy and his beloved started homeward. Diverting his attention from the task of driving for a few seconds, Stuart suddenly found himself plus automobile plus companion encamped in a nearby ditch and at the request of Mr. and Mrs. Hines, "the Terror of the Highways" has been spending his afternoons for the past few weeks at traffic school... Jules Shier is calling at McMillan Hall for Mona Melvin... The Zorensky Bros. are alternating in accompanying Lillian Broida places. I have been informed that they will Gitt nowhere... Iron Man Londy is non-committal about his feelings in regard to Miss Margaret Frank... Sara Jean Alexander wishes the Washington populace to be fully informed that she dislikes her first name and would prefer to be called "Sally." I sympathize with Sara, I mean Sally, but I do think that she needlessly expends a lot of energy in the way she chews her gum in the library—it disturbed me four tables away... A nocturnal glance: Sweetheart Herget smuggling a Theta Xi into the Pi Phi dance... Jeanne Hempel. Spelled right for once, isn't it, Jeanne?... Al Fleishman, walking

(Continued on next page)



—Texas Ranger.

edition of *Esquire*, no sooner became elated over the fact that Marion Blass had returned her octogon emblem to its owner, and had only procured one date, when Marion had the pin back on display . . . John Kinealy Bryan, intimately known by the confusing nick-name of "Jelly-Beanie," has been visaged with Virginia Anderson (or rather has not been seen without her) . . . Jane Morgens should be directed toward Phi Beta Kappa since Mauthe Frech is only in town over the week-ends . . . Kay Jerrue was undecided what to do last spring, but now she has resigned herself to Eliot Koenig's Pi K.A. pin . . . Rhodes scholar Horner distributed the coronas prior to his departure for England on behalf of Jane Munson, Missouri Pi Phi, and himself . . . Margaret Mitchell is being attended by Howard Hess and from all appearances, the glacier has melted . . .

The seasons may change, leaves may twitter down from the trees, and the archway clock may never be correct, but these go on and on: Joan Stealey and Lovick Draper, Louise Kraus and Bud Smith, Mary Louise Evers and Jack Shrader, Normabelle Dee and Greg Burdick, Jo Doyle and Ed Waite, Kay Hampton and Byron Herbert, Bucky O'Connor and Elinor Schuler, Gail Paulson and Bryant Moller, Birdie Biston and Frank Casserly, Don McGill and Margaret Christmann, Ann Jarvis and Glenn Moller. The following may not be so eternal but there's always a beginning . . . Mary Stevens and John Chapman, Betty Baker and Bill Clark, Betty Budke and Bill Burton, Paul Caldwell and Mary Wilson, George Hannaway and Marjorie Penney, Steve Hopkins and Mary Wingert, Alden Settle and Mary Jane Shroeder—"he joined the Bears to be by the side of a Pepper," (sounds like a bar-room ditty of the 80's), Bill Hunker and Mary Wilson, and might I add that if by chance you glimpse any of these embryonic romances you may wag a fore finger at them because Alicia's revelations are strictly authentic . . . B stands for breaking and for Beta. Two of the brothers broke into the Kappa dance through a cafeteria window at the Women's Building, Friday night. They had great difficulty getting past the checker who was at the cafeteria door but they finally managed to slip past when he was buried under four overcoats.

That football which was awarded at the homecoming dance and heralded as being the actual one used in the Washington-Oklahoma bruising contest, was in reality autographed by the players four full days in advance and was a second rate practice ball, all of which demonstrates another dupe of the public and corroborates the vociferous Barnum's, "One every minute."

Since Marianne Wilkerson decided to put that pin away in the moth balls, she has found it extremely difficult to procure a masculine attendant.

Edward Corvey was the object of her first attempt. Edward was preparing to journey downtown, when Marianne, who chaffeurs her very own automobile, emphatically persuaded him that she would positively enjoy the ride and would he please let her drive him to his destination. Edward, a simple lad, consented. Marianne suddenly recalled having to stop at home and after repeated attempts, finally persuaded Edward to come into the domicile and munch on some of the "cake which mama just baked." Marianne may feed him chocolate layered pastry, but it is Frances Allemayne about whom Edward continues to be sweet . . . Goldie-Locks Peil is now Harry Deckert's frequent companion and "Twelve Jobs" is a matter of the remote past . . . John Buettner is now vociferously circulating the news of his broken romance with Lauramae Pippin. His attempt to make the matter so very emphatic leads aged cynics to presume that he really is a bit more wrought over the severance than he pretends . . . Miss Throckmorton used to admonish us girls about a certain specie of the opposite sex smirkingly referred to as "ladies' men." Robnett Licklider is one at whom Miss Throckmorton would cluck her tongue, in view of his "devotion" to the lucky women, Adele Helmkampf, Jean Berthold, and Marion Jack . . . I sincerely extend my sympathies to James Van Cleave who imbibed too freely and arranged several dates with Libby Seigmund, which he now regrets. Please Libby! . . . It is quite unusual to uncover a romantic quintangle but this geometrical caprice includes angle Koken, angle Skinner, angle E. Wright, angle Leyhe, and the base is Pat Pattersen, Webster. Leyhe is at present the most acute angle . . . Pete Mara looks like a wreath at an undertaker's funeral since he has been presented with the ether first by Jane Conzelman and then by Mary Stephens who has just accepted John Chapman's Sigma Chi emblem . . . Don Lorenz fell soundly asleep in Merritt's room and although Edward Keller banged about and hunted high and low it wasn't until midnight that the lethargic Donald descended into the living room. The hour was rather an unusual one for appearing at a dance floor, so he and Edward sped off in the automobile to present apologies. But Mrs. Wright's little girl Carolyn was most emphatic about the fact that Donald was to cease even saying "Hello" or "How are you" or other such fresh remarks. Sleeping indeed! . . .

* And so, dear Miss Thyson, I apologetically submit my rather subdued revelations in lieu of Auntie's horrid "scoops" and "hot stuff" and other such vulgarisms. I hope those of you who appreciate such an impartial rendition of occurrences will rally to my banner and aid me in establishing a Grizzleberry refinement.

Your literary luminary,
ALICIA.