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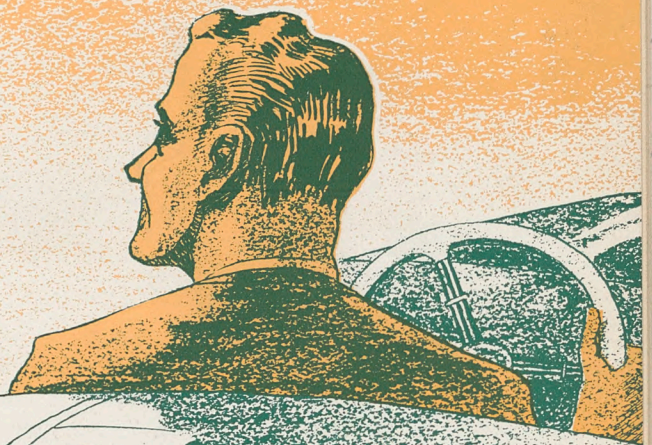
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Eliot

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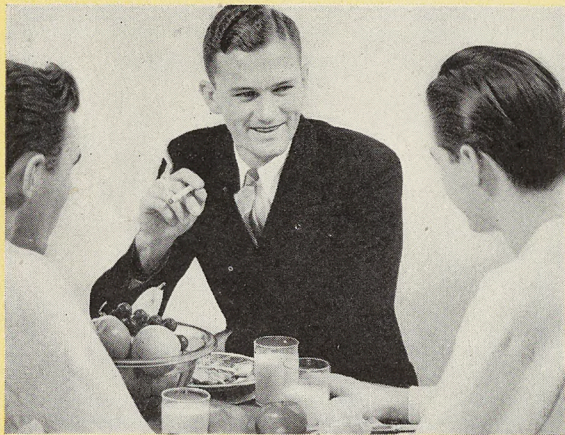
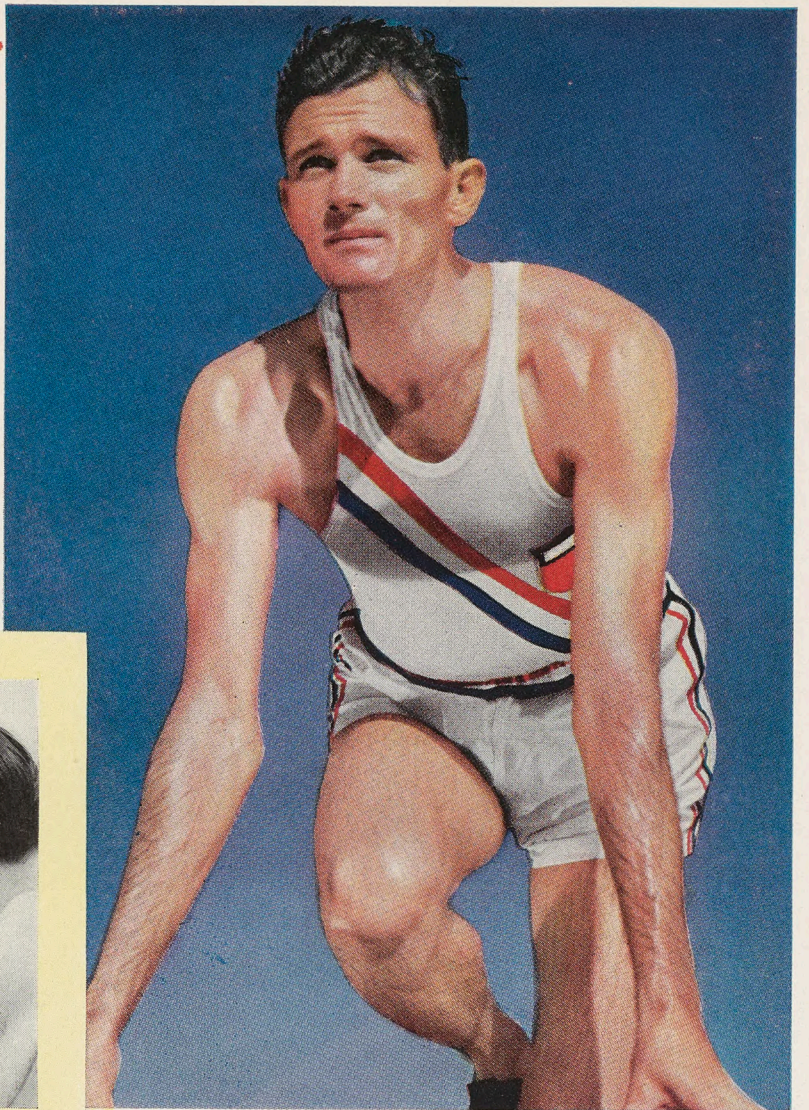
2528



WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE... SMOKE CAMELS

"That's what I do — and my digestion goes along O.K.," says Glenn Hardin, world's champion hurdler



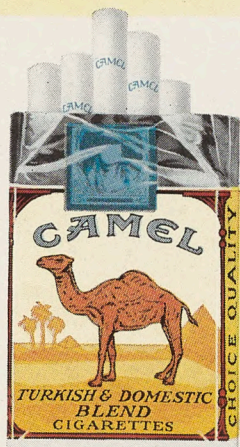
"I'M A GREAT BELIEVER in the way Camels help to ease strain and tension," says Glenn, one of America's great athletes. "It's no wonder Camels are the favorite cigarette of athletes. Take my own case. It wouldn't do me much good to eat and not digest properly. So I smoke Camels with my meals and after. Camels give me an invigorating 'lift.' And you'll notice, the same as I do, that Camels don't get on your nerves." Camels set you right! Choose Camels for steady smoking.

A feeling of well-being comes after a good meal...and plenty of Camels

FOR that luxurious feeling of ease so worth-while at meal-time—light up a Camel. Fatigue and irritability begin to fade away. The flow of digestive fluids—*alkaline* digestive fluids—speeds up. You get in the right mood to *enjoy* eating. Camels at mealtime and afterwards help to keep digestion on its proper course. You'll welcome Camels between meals too! They are milder—better for steady smoking.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

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



MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, of the famous Philadelphia family, has won international recognition for her charm and grace as a hostess. "Camels are a bright spot in my entertaining," she says. "I think a meal is not complete without them. And Camels are so mild—so gentle on my throat that I smoke as many as I like. They never get on my nerves."

Peace Week Program

April 18—25, 1937

Sunday—April 18—5:00—Graham Memorial Chapel
 "GOD OR GUNS"
 Rev. George Gibson, Webster Groves Congregational Church
 Tea will be served in the Y rooms
 Rev. Gibson and Richard Bryan, Washington University and Union Seminary, will lead a discussion on "The Christian Student and Peace"

Tuesday—April 20—8:00—Brown Auditorium 25¢
 Outstanding Peace Talking Pictures
 Claude Rains in "THE MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD," selected especially for this program as the outstanding peace film by Colvin McPherson of the Post-Dispatch.
 "WAR IN SPAIN," the authentic pictures of the Spanish civil war.

Thursday—April 22
 Peace Poll conducted by the League of Women Voters in the archway and arcade all day.
 11:30—Main Quadrangle. Peace Demonstration University Band
 Chairman—Robert Silber, Student President
 Student Speakers
 Bert Tremayne, President of ODK
 Helen Cassamatis, Campus Y
 Arleen Thyson, Mortar Board
 Thelma Marcus, League of Women Voters
 Frank Wright, Editor of Student Life
 Herman Waldman, American Student Union

Main Address
 Dean Sidney E. Sweet, Christ Church Cathedral—"THE STUDENT FACES WAR"

Anti-War Institute

- I. 2:00 Duncker 101
 MUST WE COMBAT THE MENACE OF FASCISM?
 SHALL WE HAVE AN ANTI-FASCIST FOREIGN POLICY?
 Chairman—Dr. Stuart A. Queen, Dept. of Sociology
 Panel Participants
 Dr. George E. M. Jauncey, Dept. of Physics
 Vance Smith, Discussion Leader, League of Women Voters
 Jerome Cook Glenn Moller
 Margaret Musselman
- II. 2:00 Duncker 208
 WHAT TRADE CONCESSIONS WILL LESSEN THE WAR SPIRIT?
 Chairman—Dean G. W. Stephens, Dept. of Economics
 Panel Participants
 PRESENTATION OF PROBLEM
 Mr. Harry Dennison
 TARIFFS AND TRADE.....Prof. Arnold Zempel

EQUALIZATION OF LABOR STANDARDS
 Mr. A. J. Pickett, Brotherhood of Railway Clerks
 Franklin Ferriss George Coleman
 Kennett Allen

- III. 4:00 Duncker 107
 CAN A STATUTE KEEP US OUT OF WAR?
 Chairman—Russell T. Judson, Regional Director Emergency Peace Campaign
 HISTORICAL SUMMARY OF NEUTRALITY AND OUR PRESENT POSITION—Mrs. Joseph Mares, Chairman of Dept. of Foreign Policy, League of Women Voters
 DISCRETIONARY NEUTRALITY—Miss Alves Long, Chairman of the General Federation of Women's Clubs of the 8th District
 MANDATORY NEUTRALITY—Mr. Harry Jones, Law School
 Prof. Charles W. McKenzie, Dept of Political Science
 Philip Monypenny
 Dale Johnson, Peace Action Committee

- IV. 4:00 Duncker 101
 NATIONAL DEFENSE: WHAT IS IT?
 Chairman—Mr. Irving Brant, Editor of Star-Times
 NAVY POLICY—Lieut. John H. Geppert
 DEFENSE OF SOIL ONLY—Dr. Oliver E. Norton, Dept. of Political Science
 ARMS CAN NOT DEFEND AMERICA
 Rev. Ralph Abele
 Helen Thomas Helen Mardorf

- V. 4:00 Duncker 208
 CONGRESS DECLARES WAR!
 Chairman—Rev. George Gibson
 A CITIZEN SHOULD:—
 VOLUNTEER (speaker to be announced)
 INQUIRE INTO THE MERITS OF THE WAR
 Rev. Frederick Roblee
 WORK FOR SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION
 George Duemler, Labor Lawyer
 SUPPORT A GENERAL STRIKE—Arthur Keep, Brotherhood of Railway Telegraphers
 Harold Clark Turner Alfrey Nellie DeBord

- 6:30 Dinner (tentative) Women's Building—75¢
 POLITICAL PARTIES AND PEACE
 Invitations have been sent to:
 Congressman C. Arthur Anderson, Democrat
 Mr. Harry W. Castlen, former Candidate for Republican nomination for Congress
 Mr. Robert Saunders, Socialist
 Mr. Richard Wagenknecht, Communist

- Friday—April 23—4:00 Duncker 101
 WHAT CAN THE STUDENT Do?
 The Campus Peace Committee has invited representatives of all peace organizations to present their program and what they think the student should do about it.

eliot

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Arleen Thyson..... Editor
Leo Dusard . . Business Manager
Jack Pickering . Managing Editor
Martyl Schweig Art Editor
Nancy Kealhofer . . . Story Editor
Dale Clover

Special Features Editor

Don Lorenz . . . Exchange Editor
Editorial Staff:—

Julius Nodel, Louise Lampert,
Alice Percy, Aaron Hotchner,
Florence Kay, Bee Ferring, Paul
Guidry, Butler Bushyhead, Wil-
liam Leue, Alvin Extein

Art Staff:— Charles Craver,
Helene Callicotte, George En-
gelke

Circulation Managers:—

Sally Alexander, Gerald Conlin

March Best-Sellers—Nan-
cy Streiff, Sally Alexander,
Peggy Woodlock, Mary
Margaret Alt, Marion Ket-
ter, Emilie Pickering, Sarah
Karraker, Ruth Wehmeyer


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Cover by George Engelke

Washington University Eliot,
Skinker and Lindell, St. Louis,
Mo. Vol. 4, No. 6, April, 1937.
Price \$1.00 a year, 15c a
copy. The Eliot is published
monthly except in January,
July, August and September.
Entered as second-class mat-
ter, under Act of March 22,
1879, at the Post Office, St.
Louis, Mo.

National Advertising: Associated Students Advertising Bureau
Harry Greensfelder—Director

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WOL' JUDGE ROBBINS

AIR-COOLED PIPE

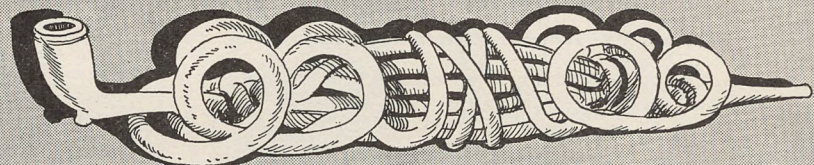
A PIPE 12 FEET 6 INCHES LONG? GO ON JUDGE - STOP KIDDING ME - THERE AIN'T NO SICH ANIMAL!

OH, YES THERE IS. I HAVE IT RIGHT HERE IN MY COLLECTION

WELL, SEEING IS BELIEVING. I'LL BET IT COMES FROM AFRICA OR SOME SUCH PLACE!

NOPE - FROM CONSERVATIVE OLD ENGLAND - AND WHAT'S MORE, IT'S MADE OF PORCELAIN

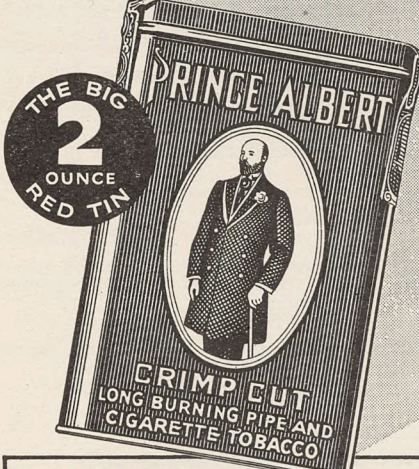
SEE, THE STEM IS CURVED AND INTERTWINED IN AN INTRICATE PATTERN. STRETCHED OUT STRAIGHT, IT WOULD MEASURE TWELVE AND A HALF FEET. ITS PURPOSE WAS TO COOL THE SMOKE AND SAVE THE SMOKER'S TONGUE FROM 'BITE'



WELL, IT'S CERTAINLY THE **LONG WAY AROUND** TO COOL 'BITELESS' SMOKING HERE'S THE **SHORTEST WAY** I KNOW - **PRINCE ALBERT**

YOU'RE 100% RIGHT, ALL OF US STEADY PIPE SMOKERS HAVE REASON TO THANK P.A. -

- FIRST FOR INTRODUCING THE SCIENTIFIC 'CRIMP CUT' AND AGAIN FOR DEVELOPING THE 'NO-BITE' PROCESS COME TO THINK OF IT P.A. STANDS FOR THE PERFECT ANSWER TO WHAT A PIPE NEEDS



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 Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

PRINCE ALBERT IS SWELL MAKIN'S TOO!



Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY TIN OF P.A.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Sleepwalkers' Quiz

Answers on Page 19

Phil Thompson, campus "hail fellow," missed only nine of these questions.
Phil Monypenny, Phi Beta Kappa graduate student, gave only thirteen wrong answers.
Jukie Forgey, activity leader, missed fifteen.
Sally Alexander, Freshman Popularity Queen, eighteen.
Joe Bukant, "idol of the gridiron," missed twenty-three.

HOW MANY DO YOU KNOW?

1. **January Hall is named after:**
 - a) The first month of the year
 - b) A famous lawyer
 - c) A woman
 - d) A former student
2. **The legend above the entrance to Eads is:**
 - a) Eads Hall
 - b) Physics
 - c) Chemistry
 - d) Come In, Sucker
3. **There is a large sun dial on:**
 - a) The quad side of Cupples I
 - b) The far end of Francis Field
 - c) The lawn in front of the Art School
 - d) The north side of Brown Hall
4. **Delta Sigma Rho is a:**
 - a) Boy Scout honorary
 - b) Swimming fraternity
 - c) Mystical A.S.A.B. club
 - d) German honorary
 - e) Forensic honorary
5. **The number of Hatchet editors is:**
 - a) Everyone excluding the photographers
 - b) One
 - c) Two
 - d) Three
 - e) Eleven
6. **Lock and Chain is:**
 - a) Dramatic organization
 - b) Sophomore honorary
 - c) Engineering honorary
 - d) Penal fraternity
7. **The entrances into the Quad are:**
 - a) Six in number
 - b) Closed during final examinations
 - c) Seven in number
 - d) Five in number
8. **Student Life is a member of:**
 - a) The Associated Press
 - b) The National College News Syndicate
 - c) The Hearst chain
 - d) The Associated Collegiate Press
9. **Asklepios is:**
 - a) Ice skating club
 - b) Girl's pep society
 - c) A candy bar
 - d) Woman's scientific honorary
10. **The second line of the second verse of the Alma Mater is:**
 - a) All of us are for thee
 - b) Gone are the days when
 - c) All of us spent with thee
 - d) Minnie had a heart as big as a whale
 - e) Fair Washington
11. **Washington U. came into existence in:**
 - a) 1853
 - b) 1857
 - c) 1894
 - d) 1492
12. **Bixby Hall is:**
 - a) The girl's gymnasium
 - b) The astronomy building
 - c) The art school
 - d) New Economics building
13. **On the lawn facing Skinker there is a bust of:**
 - a) Abraham Lincoln
 - b) Gypsy Rose Lee
 - c) George Washington
 - d) Robert S. Brookings
 - e) Robert Burns
14. **Prof. Carson's middle initials stand for:**
 - a) Gustavus Buppingham
 - b) George Byron
 - c) Glasgow Bruce
 - d) Gregory Battoff
 - e) Girard Bernard
15. **Dirge was:**
 - a) A course in blimp construction
 - b) Humor magazine
 - c) Frosh social fraternity
 - d) R.O.T.C. honorary
16. **The clock on Brookings is:**
 - a) Never right
 - b) Always right
 - c) There ain't no clock
 - d) Sometimes right
17. **The front page of Student Life states that it costs per copy:**
 - a) A cent
 - b) Not a cent
 - c) A nickel
 - d) Two-bits
18. **The football captain for next year is:**
 - a) Norman Tomlinson
 - b) Joe Bukant
 - c) Gale Bullman
 - d) Nobody
19. **Kaabah is:**
 - a) An architectural society
 - b) A knitting guild
 - c) Engineering organization
 - d) Letterman's Club
20. **In 1927 Brookings Hall was known as:**
 - a) Brookings Hall
 - b) Eliot Hall
 - c) University Hall
 - d) Bixby Hall
 - e) Over Hall
21. **The orchestra at the last Junior Prom belonged to:**
 - a) Herbie Kay
 - b) Ted Weems
 - c) Eddie Dunstedter
 - d) Henry Busse
 - e) Rabbit Foot Hannigan and His Nine He-Devils
22. **Scabbard and Blade is:**
 - a) An advanced military honorary
 - b) Fencing honorary
 - c) Butcher's union
 - d) Architectural society
23. **The University library uses:**
 - a) The Dewey Decimal system
 - b) The Ogino-Knaus system
 - c) The Library of Congress system
 - d) The approach-forcing system
24. **Robert Silber is:**
 - a) President of the band
 - b) Janitor in Cupples II
 - c) President of Pan-Hellenic Council
 - d) President of Student Council
 - e) Secretary-treasurer of Mortar Board
25. **There is a barber shop:**
 - a) In Lee Hall
 - b) In the woman's building
 - c) In the men's gym
 - d) In the chancellor's office
26. **"Between Belles" is written by:**
 - a) Alicia
 - b) Aunt Anastasia
 - c) Arleen Thyson's aunt
 - d) Rickey
27. **On the main door of the woman's building are the words:**
 - a) Ladies only
 - b) De senectute
 - c) Watch your step
 - d) Woman's Hall
 - e) Per Veritatem Vis
28. **There is a high aerial tower on top of:**
 - a) Eads
 - b) Busch
 - c) Rebstock
 - d) Student Life
29. **The trees on the quad are:**
 - a) Elms
 - b) Maples
 - c) Oaks
 - d) Poplars
 - e) You fool, there aren't any trees on the quad.
30. **The fountain in the archway bears the head of:**
 - a) Mae West
 - b) A lion
 - c) A unicorn
 - d) A mythical god
31. **The new president of W.S.G.A. is:**
 - a) Dorothea Usher
 - b) Evelyn Bissell
 - c) Alice Shriver
 - d) Helen Cassimatis
 - e) Jo Christmann
 - f) Dorothy Doerres
32. **On the east side of Lee Hall there is a stone cut of:**
 - a) Gen. Lee
 - b) Two eskimos hunting polar bears
 - c) An old man hugging an owl
 - d) An old man hugging his stenographer
 - e) An owl hugging an old man
33. **The Old Chapel is:**
 - a) In the basement of the new chapel
 - b) Opposite Lee Hall
 - c) In Brookings Tower
 - d) On the second floor of Ridgley
34. **The front of Brookings bears the words:**
 - a) Robert S. Brookings Hall of Learning
 - b) Per Veritatem Vis
 - c) Discere Si Cupias Intra Salvare Iubemus
 - d) Donated by R. S. Brookings, 1928
 - e) This is what Dante wrote about
35. **The number of arches in the library arcade is:**
 - a) 19
 - b) 17
 - c) 11
 - d) Too darn many
36. **The A.S.U. is:**
 - a) The Associated Students of the University
 - b) The Advertising Shysters Union
 - c) A liberal off-campus organization
 - d) The Associated Student Union
37. **The pictures of Washington hanging in Ridgley library are:**
 - a) Two in number
 - b) Three in number
 - c) One in number
 - d) Not zippy enough
38. **As a reward debaters get:**
 - a) A shingle
 - b) A key
 - c) A sweater
39. **Scarab is:**
 - a) Zoology honorary
 - b) Architectural honorary
 - c) Pig Latin honorary
 - d) Medical fraternity
40. **People with inferiority complexes feel superior when they come into contact with:**
 - a) The department of psychology
 - b) The treasurer's office
 - c) Student Life reporters
 - d) The corpses in the anatomy labs

FREE! A box of Life Savers for the best wisecrack!

to

DON LEONARD

one of the founders
of **JOKES, INC.**,
last month's winner

"'Swing,'" says Don, "is the emphasis on the notes that are not in the piece."

I'M GOING OUT FOR A BREATH OF FRESH AIR.

NOT NECESSARY—FRESHEN UP YOUR BREATH WITH A LIFE SAVER!

MORAL:
Everybody's breath offends sometimes...let **PEP-O-MINT** save yours after eating, smoking and drinking

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

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

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

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

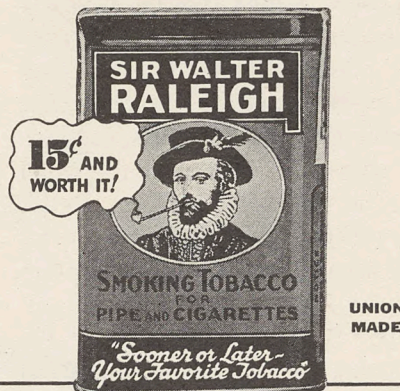
MAN'S PIPE BITES DOG!



... then he switched to the brand of grand aroma



THAT'S news, all right—and a dirty trick on Fido! Pipes need a good Spring cleaning now and then to cure their bite. And for your throat's sake—if not for Fido—try switching from your old hot-and-heavy brand of pipe tobacco to mild Sir Walter Raleigh. It is milder. That's no idle boast—it's a cool-burning, fragrant-smelling, Kentucky Burley fact! 15¢ for two full ounces buys you and Fido a million dollars' worth of fine, full-flavored smoke aroma!



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

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUNCHAUSEN) NBC BLUE NETWORK, NOW FRIDAYS 10 P.M., E.S.T.



Peace Issue

As even a glance at the table of contents will show, this *Eliot* is dedicated to the College Peace Movement. We feel privileged to be able to do our bit for such a worthy cause.

We wish to congratulate the Campus Peace Committee for the splendid plans they have laid for Washington's first annual *Peace Week*, and to thank them for the help they have given our writers in the preparation of articles on the movement.

A. B. C. D—

It is surprising to note how many things people on the campus see and hear about every day, yet aren't aware of. The little quiz sheet which is thrust into this issue is an unassuming, harmless looking set of queries; yet the guinea pigs to whom the set was administered tripped over some of the items pretty badly.

Phil Monypenny, for example, Phi Beta Kappa that he is, must have seen those Junior Prom posters plastered about the campus for weeks; yet he thought that Herbie Kay played at the last Junior shin-dig. Phil also indicated that he thought *Between Belles* was written by Rickey—of course, Phil was never much of a gossip anyway.

Joe Bukant, broncho of the gridiron, did not fare so very well on the forty items, but he surprised us by answering a lot of the difficult ones correctly and missing the easy. In answer to the statement, "The trees on the quad are:" Joe checked the line reading,

"You fool, there aren't any trees on the quad." As for the number of pictures of Washington hanging in the library, Joe's belief was that they are "not zippy enough." And then, too, this plunging young fellow labeled Robert Silber as "Secretary-treasurer of Mortar Board." He too thinks that Rickey rings out *Between Belles*.

Both Joe and Phil believed Prof. Carson's middle initials stand for "George Byron." But Monypenny showed his faith in Joe by checking him as next year's football captain.

Sally Alexander, tops in popularity and lots of other things, committed seventeen errors, most of them on the more obvious questions. Sally goes in and out of the Woman's Building a great deal; yet she has never noticed the inscription on the portal, for her impression was that it read: "De senectute"—which in so much King's English means "of old age." Sally thought that debaters get sweaters, Silber is president of Pan-Hel, Bixby Hall is the astronomy building, and that the number of Hatchet editors is "everyone excluding the photographers"—if Hatchet keeps up Sally's reply will probably be right.

Jukie Forgey, who cruises the quad quite a little and is by way of being a biggie in Quad Club and other worthwhile ventures, thought that the figure on the drinking fountain in the archway was that of a unicorn, she was not aware that anything is written on the door of the Woman's building, was of the opinion that the quad is

splattered with oaks, and was a little confused as to the number of arches in the library arcade, for she checked, "too darn many."

And so there remains one Philip Thompson, who is in line for decoration of some sort for his magnificent feat in defeating the campus' best for top honors and the title of the Most-up-to-the-Minute Inhabitant of the Quadrangle. Phil only committed nine faux pas but among these nine were such things as—Asklepios is an ice-skating club, and "You fool, there aren't any trees on the Quad."

All except Monypenny thought that General Lee's features were on the east side of Lee Hall; only Thompson knew the inscription on the front of Brookings, and the only person who knew that Brookings was called "University Hall" in 1927 was—Buckin' Joe Bukant.

Eliot Salutes

APRIL COURT OF HONOR

1. *Volunteer Social Work Committee* of the Campus Y, Ethel Jones and Paul Schwarz, co-chairman. The list of this group's splendid activities goes on and on. Here's a small section: . . . Scout and other recreational work at Holy Cross House, Christmas party for underprivileged children, Easter-egg hunt for colored orphans, dancing classes for poor boys and girls . . .

2. *Phi Sigma Iota*. For producing *two* fine French plays. The Legion of Honor to Mrs. Harcourt Brown, director, and both of her casts. Bravo. Bravissimo. Vive Phi Sigma Iota!

3. *Roger Hampton and Walter Beckers*, senior and junior intramurals managers, respectively. Rog and Walt do the work of twelve men. You see, there should be a dozen managers, two seniors, four juniors, and six sophomores. We found this out by accident. Judging by the fine results its gets, we'd always thought the present managerial staff was fully man-

ned with about fourteen hard-workers.

4. *The Debate Council*. For the programs it gives before all sorts of organizations all around St. Louis, foregoing the acclaim of parents, girl-friends, and fraternity brothers in order to "sell" impartial audiences on the value of Washington University. And, incidentally, to educate these audiences about important problems.

What's New Under the Campus Sun?

Imagine the delight of sprinting across the quad to make an "elev-en-thirty" at the Ambassador! It's true, dear students of the *drama*. At the Universities of Illinois and New York, men and women enrolled in the highly desirable Motion Picture Course take lecture notes on the Technique of Taylor, and that's worth sharpening a pencil for. This unique course has our decided approval. We'll take Clark Gable as an instructor any day.

Another new subject that we think presents fascinating and unlimited possibilities is the University of New Hampshire's course in weather forecasting. Students learn to forecast the weather at least twelve hours in advance. Just think—every prom with a full moon—no more field trips in the rain or Y picnics in the snow! And as for making private dates—why the thing's uncanny!

On the other hand, Miami U.'s course in deep sea diving on the floor of the Gulf Stream strikes us as being decidedly all wet. It's all right for the men to don a William Beebe outfit, but of course the coeds will have to play too. Remember what fun it was to blow bubbles at the age of four? Well, no girl wants to look like a goon in a bird cage, so can you see what would happen to the diving suits? The academic mermaids would be demanding Tahitian numbers with swing skirts. It's enough to drive any dress designer nuts, don't you think so, Mr.

Orry-Kelly? So we feel that if Washington were to go pioneer and try out some of these original courses, we'd better think twice before turning a lot of star-fish and style-mad coeds loose in Wilson pool.

But, here's one for our "must" list: Butler University's course in the proper use of leisure time. Judging from the vast number of heavy-eyed individuals stumbling around the Quad, and the faint rumbling noises that drift from the back row of every class (maybe it's just spring fever but we don't think so) we'd bet our brand new art gum eraser that Martyl lost last week that most of us would elect "Sleeping, The Science and Tactics Of." Now we'd really have something there. What a heavenly feeling to sleep in class, freely, openly, with no twinge of conscience or annoying classroom noises to disturb us, while the professors would not only look on approvingly but might even be moved to the point of singing us a lullaby, counting our sheep, or reading us *The French Revolution*. When oh when do we register?

More Bouquets

Thomas Lanier Williams "Candles to the Sun," presented by the Mummies on March 18th and 20th, was one of the best non-professional productions we have ever seen. The script is amazingly good. Dealing with the social problems of an Alabama mining camp, the theme is brought out

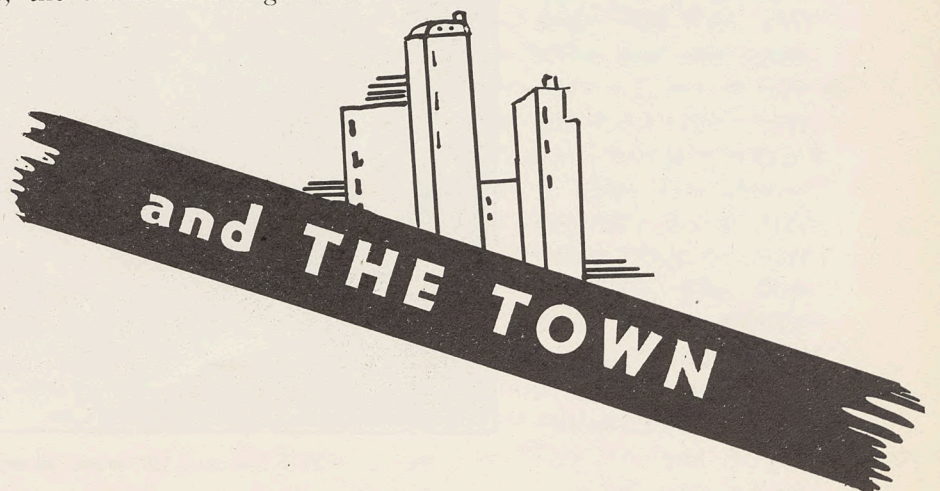
through the life of three generations in one family. Tom shows a remarkable knowledge and understanding of the Red Hill's miners and of life as a whole. His dramatic technique is also exceptional. Subtle contrasts are drawn in the characters and each of the ten scenes is well-developed, building up to its own climax. Dialogue is smooth-flowing and natural and at times clever.

Fortunately, the Mummies did justice to Tom's fine play, which is not easy to produce. The entire cast was excellent, and the performances of Miss Jane Garrett, as Star Pilcher, and Mr. Willard Holland—the director of the Mummies—as Birmingham Red, were definitely outstanding. Off-stage effects, such as mob scenes, a dance, and a prayer meeting were effectively handled. Special commendation should also be given for the rapid shift of the ten scenes.

We suggest that the Mummies present "Candles to the Sun" on the campus. It would be well worth while.

Among the "Better Things"

Martyl is again in the limelight, exhibiting two oil paintings at the Artists' Guild Twenty-fourth Annual Exhibition of Oil Painting and Sculpture. "Wasteland" depicts a desolate scene after a heavy rainfall, and "Church at St. Genevieve" shows the beautiful church, the center of the town, silhouetted against the sky.



Listen, My Children

by JIL MEREDITH

Illustrated by CHARLES CRAVER

IT hadn't been my idea. I hadn't particularly wanted to go motor cycle riding with a drunken boy who wanted to kill somebody. As I climbed up behind him I wondered if he had his heart set on killing Hub or if just anybody would do. I was terribly excited.

Bill didn't like it at all, but then Bill hadn't liked anything all evening. He hadn't wanted to come in the first place. Bill energetically disapproved of square dances and the people who attended them. "I can't see why you want to go to a Hunky brawl at a dive in Backwater," he had grumbled, when I had suggested the date as something that might appeal to his pioneer spirit. I had patiently explained that it wasn't called a "brawl" but a "shindig," that they weren't all Hunkies, that the dive wasn't in Backwater—if it was a dive—and had added as a special inducement that last week a man had been shot there. Then Bill had muttered he didn't know where I met such queer people and if a man had really been shot there last week, the chances were this week things would be sort of dull, but in the end he had agreed to take me, probably hoping against hope for a murder or something.

Nothing happened at the dance, that is there wasn't any blood shed, and I had almost convinced Bill that my Hunky friends were thoroughly gentle—fundamentally, I mean—but that was before Dude had come in wanting to kill Hub. We left the dance about one and drove over to the Tom Cat Inn with Lou and Mike. Mike had promised he'd lead us to the best hamburgers we had ever tasted and even Bill had seemed willing. There is something about a hamburger after a square dance, especially if, like Bill, you can't square dance.

The Inn was almost empty. Behind the counter a tired-looking waitress was vaguely drying glasses. Two men in leather jackets were leaning on the bar, and she stopped now and then to smile mechanically at their detached insults. In a corner a scratchy phonograph record was whining a dated version of *Sleepy Time Gal*. We ordered our sandwiches and sat listening to Mike tell about the bull that had got loose at the stock yards, when we heard a motor cycle sputter to a stop outside. A boy in overalls rushed in and walked straight to our table. He didn't bother with greetings. "Has Dude been here yet?" He snapped the question at us and his eyes shot from Lou to Mike. He was terribly out of breath.

Mike looked at Lou. Lou took a bite of her hamburger and looked at the boy in overalls. "No," she said, "he ain't been here. What's the matter, Poker?"

Poker glanced quickly around the room. "Your cousin Babe," he told her. "She had a date tonight with Hub Mix."

"Yeh," said Lou. "So what?"

"Where'd they go?"

"I dunno," said Lou, "but they're comin' here sometime tonight. Babe said she'd meet me here."

"So Dude's comin' here," Poker said grimly. "He found out Babe's two-timin' him and he's out lookin' for Hub. He's crazy drunk an' he don't know what he's doin'." Poker looked around the room again. "He's got a gun," he said quietly.

I was so excited by this time that I was squeezing my hamburger and Bill's hand to a pulp, but if Lou was upset, she certainly didn't show it. She just sat there looking up at Poker in that sleepy way of hers. I remember hearing



For an awful moment he stood there, swaying, uncertainly

(Continued on page 17)

Everything I Have Is Yours

by LOUISE LAMPERT

A resident of McMillan Hall speaks her mind on borrowing question

"My God! What a face!"

I jumped with fright at this unexpected exclamation and came crashing down from the chair on which I had been balancing myself while trying to screw a new bulb into the ceiling light. The next thing I knew, I was sitting in the middle of the floor, rubbing a throbbing ankle and trying to regain my equilibrium. My heart was beating loudly against my ribs and my breath still came in short gasps. I had thought that I was alone in my room; my door had been closed, and I had heard no one knock. Furthermore, I had just arrived at the dormitory two hours ago, and, as yet, had met no one.

I pulled myself up from the floor and searched for the owner of that rasping voice which had expressed itself so emphatically a few minutes ago. The voice belonged to a streaky, peroxide blonde, wearing a tight red wool dress with large purple buttons, the kind of a dress that makes your heart swell with pity for all the "little sisters" in the world who are doomed to wear coed hand-me-downs. The girl was leaning her elbow crookedly upon my dainty lace dresser scarf, crumpling up the corners and pushing the whole scarf out of position. She was gazing intently at the large picture on my dresser. It was the picture of a blonde boy in uniform; it was the picture of "my love."

"My God! What a face!" she repeated, snatching the photo into her hand and holding it directly under the electric light, so close to her eyes that the glass frame became steamed with her profane breath. She held it thus for several seconds, then shivering with horror at the sight, she slammed it down upon the ivory mirror, saying pityingly, "And I suppose *That* is your 'one and only.' Ugh!"

I was nonplussed. Here was a strange blonde with stringy end curls and run down heels whose name I didn't even know, who had walked into my room without knocking and was now giving me her frank and insulting opinion upon my most personal and cherished possession.

* * * *

This incident happened last year when I was a Freshie and still too foolish to realize what dormitory life is like. But I know, now, and I didn't even need "Ten Easy Lessons" to find out that the Theme Song of the dormitory is "Everything I Have Is Yours."

Maybe I'm old-fashioned. Maybe its all wrong to get mad when a large fat female down the corridor, whom you know only by sight, asks to borrow a pair of panties as she "just didn't get time to wash hers

out last night." Maybe its all wrong to feel like chewing nails when some stranger comes stealthily into your room while you are in class, takes your only bottle of white shoe polish and leaves an incoherent note reading, "I'll buy you some more someday, honey. Thanks. B." Maybe its being narrow-minded not to "laugh it off" when you discover that the sloppy art student next door has borrowed your only razor blade to cut out her parchment painting. She just couldn't find her shears!

Well, then I'm old-fashioned, narrow-minded, and all wrong, for I certainly disagree with the "everything I have is yours" plan of living and I can't make myself approve of the accepted "clothes communism" system, especially when it concerns such fundamentals as a pair of panties! However, I realize that I can do nothing to change this idea of "Know me, lend me your panties," so I suffer in silence as I often watch my most intimate undergarments tripping off to class while covering the back of some southern babe living on the first floor, and whose last name starts with F.

I'm not stingy. In fact, I love to do favors for my friends, for I like to please other people. I get as much pleasure from lending my cameo locket to a good friend who has taken the trouble to ask my permission to wear the jewel and has promised to take good care of it, as I would get in wearing it myself. But when some frizzy-headed dame dashes into my room, *demanding* to wear "that honey of a cameo which I always see you dragging around," it's a different story entirely. I feel the muscles of my jaw tightening and my lips pursing together; I want to yell "No" in her face immediately. Of course I never do. I haven't enough backbone, I suppose. I usually explain that I never lend jewelry and end up by flinging the locket at her in despair, worn out by her persistent pleading.

I remember that when I first came to the dorm I was absolutely horrified by the girls' utter disregard for others' property. These girls who mar furniture and clothing which does not belong to them are going to college and are supposed to be of above average intelligence. Still, they have to touch and mutilate their associates' property like little children. They flippantly tread on sacred ground, blindly ignoring the numerous "No Trespassing" signs on every tree. They are too selfish, too self-centered to care about anyone else's property; they have decided to get what they want, for themselves, even if they have to break a few rules in the process.

(Continued on page 19)

The Demonstration

by BILL LEUE

Illustrated by GEORGE ENGELKE

THE psychology class was delighted to see that Professor Dudd was going to perform another demonstration today. The desk was littered with the usual assortment of interesting and incomprehensible gadgets.

Doug Spencer, campus sophisticate, leaned over to chat with Jacky Parks, the smooth blonde on his right.

"Wonder what the old boy has for us today? Maybe he'll show how white rats react to swing music."

"I hope it's as good as the lie detector last week," said Jacky.

"Man, did that needle jump when he asked Gainer if he had gotten a ticket lately," put in a little fat fellow in a loud red sweater.

"This thing looks like a set of buzz saws," said another, fiddling with the apparatus.

Professor Dudd strolled into the room and draped his tall lanky form over the high demonstration table in his most intimate lecture manner.

"I think you'll all be interested in a lecture we're having this evening in Green Auditorium," he commenced.

"Professor Svengi of Molane College, who is probably one of our best men on hypnotism, is going to speak on the hypnotic treatment of nervous disorders."

Professor Dudd began to hook up his apparatus.

"We were discussing last time, under the chapter on action, the matter of suggestion. Now, hypnotism is an extreme state of suggestability, which can be induced in most normal people. The usual methods involve the use of the eye as a center of concentration for the subject, but Professor Boycy of Middleberry has achieved some slight results with the use of revolving disks.

"We tried to reconstruct Boycy's apparatus in the laboratory yesterday, and I've brought it along this morning to see how it will work.

"Don't expect too much of this thing. Professor Boycy found it was rather effective in soothing emo-

tionally upset or nervous people, but at no time was he able to really put anyone under. Of course, I wouldn't think of trying this thing here if there was any danger of that. You know, if you get anyone in a real hypnotic trance it can be quite a serious matter, especially when not handled by an expert, and I admit I haven't done very much work in this field.

"We tried to reproduce Boycy's machine, but we did not have quite the same materials available, so ours is a little different, but I hope that won't keep it from working."

Professor Dudd turned off the top lights and switched on two faint beams that barely illuminated a series of slowly revolving dull silver disks.

"Now, just lean back and relax," he said. "Watch the disks and try to forget whatever you're thinking about. It really ought to be good for you, very relaxing to the nervous system. Professor Svengi, who, as I mentioned, is speaking here tonight, has found the hypnotic effect quite useful in treating certain types of nervous and mental disorders. He's really

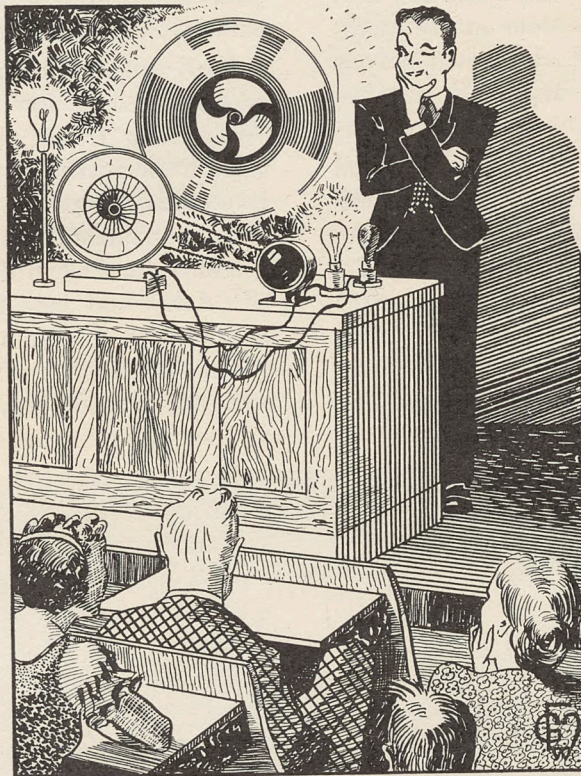
a very interesting speaker, and if you can make it to hear him, . . ."

Professor Dudd interrupted himself a moment to tinker with the little electric motor and then continued.

"I want you to come out tonight at seven."

The dull silver disks shimmered in the faint light. Round and round they went, shadows flitting over them in rhythmical succession. The room was dark and quiet, and the disks went round and round and round.

Professor Dudd leaned over to tinker with the electric motor again. It was wheezing a little. He fumbled around on the desk for an oil can and then remembered he hadn't been able to find any this morning.



Professor Svengi has found the hypnotic effect quite useful

Peace Marches On

by JACK PICKERING

An optimistic survey of the growth of the Peace Movement

I.

Too many Washington University students talk this way, "Oh, it's very noble to try to build up anti-foreign-war sentiment, but it's pretty futile. When the time comes they'll flood the country with propaganda, they'll beat a drum and blow a bugle, and off we'll go to 'right some wrong' on the other side of the world." But I say, "Who are 'they'? Aren't 'they' (whoever they are) members of the public? They are? Well, then I've gotcha. For I can show that anti-foreign war sentiment is spreading like athlete's foot among the members of the American public."

II.

For example, skim through the following notes on the growth of the Peace Day movement among our college students, our future leaders in many fields. Notice that the national movement has increased tenfold in the three years of its existence. Keep in mind that the demonstrations on last Peace Day approached a 50% coverage of all college students in the country, that a two-thirds coverage is practically assured this year (there are almost 1,500,000 college students in the United States). Notice that the peace demonstration movement on our campus has increased unbelievably in dignity, prestige, and effectiveness, as well as in size, during the last three years. But most important of all, observe that this year every student participating in demonstrations throughout the country is being encouraged to say not only, "No war except as a last resort." but also "No participation in foreign war for any reason."

1934. New York City. Approximately 50,000 students "strike" against war. "War, we don't want to work for you! So let's find out how not to." is the general theme of a number of demonstrations. The term "strike" is used for its vivid, businesslike sound. The sponsoring organizations are the National Student League (N.S.L.), the Student League for Industrial Democracy (S.L.I.D.), the National Council of Methodist Youth, the middle-Atlantic division of the Interseminary League.

1935. All over the country. Approximately 175,000 students hold meetings to discuss working for Old Man Mars. These "strikes" are sponsored by the same organizations that backed the New York demonstrations in 1934—plus several additional church organizations.

Washington University. The Campus Peace Committee, Hilltop sponsors, willingly abandon the term "strike" to avoid giving the foolish impression that

the local demonstration is a protest to university administrators for allowing war to exist. The Campus Peace Committee consists of representatives from the N.S.L., the S.L.I.D., and the Peace Action Committee.

The highspot of the Washington demonstration is a meeting in January Courtroom, announced by "the far distant rumble of a piece of sheet iron." Prominent Thyrsus actors produce a play by Al Wilkinson which emphasizes the ugliness of war, the greed of munitions profiteers. A young professor from Eden Seminary speaks. Uniformed R.O.T.C. students in the back row are somewhat disorderly; "pacifists" are disorderly right back at them. *Student Life* editorial, "Weighing the Strike," deplors taking of sides among students and over-enthusiasm on behalf of these sides; points out that the demonstration, in its fundamental aims, represented the best interests of every student.

The results of an all-day balloting, held the day of the demonstration, show that only about 900 voted. The vote, however, is decidedly pro-peace—especially on the no-more-foreign-war point.

1936. Nationally. About 500,000 participated in demonstrations (350,000 had been predicted). National sponsorship: United Student Peace Committee, consisting of representatives from all sponsoring groups of 1935, plus representatives from the National Y.M.C.A., the National Y.W.C.A. the National Student Federation, the Emergency Peace Campaign, and several additional church organizations. Aim of this committee: to encourage the holding of "strikes" or demonstrations, to get national publicity for the demonstration plan, to coordinate demonstrations throughout the country; *not* to dictate policies to individual campuses.

Washington University. Plans for Peace Day are front-page *Student Life* news for three weeks. Editorials are favorable from the start. Sponsorship: Campus Peace Committee, Dick Horner (now a Rhodes scholar, then Student Council President), chairman. Seven organizations are represented on this committee: Student Council, W.S.G.A., Campus "Y", Mortar Board, A.S.U., the Campus League of Women Voters, O.D.K.

A seventy-car parade is substituted for rumbling sheet iron as prologue to the Demonstration. A mass meeting on the front steps of Brookings draws even uniformed members of the R.O.T.C.—who are not disorderly. Rev. George M. Gibson and Student Council President-elect Bob Silber speak. *Student Life's* editorial comment, "Advances Along the

(Continued on page 23)

A Student Stand Against War

by WILLIAM CHEANEY

A summary of the present situation

THE advent of the annual student demonstration for peace brings sharply to the attention of the student the very critical nature of European affairs and the necessity for keeping the United States from becoming involved in the war which is potential in this situation. American students, the participants in the demonstration, will be among the greatest sufferers in the event of a war. They must contribute to an intensification of the efforts against war. They must make clear to themselves and to others their determined opposition to participation by the United States in a war abroad. The student demonstration, nationally known as the "Peace Strike," is a symbol of such opposition, and, as such, should attract the active support of all students.

The dangerous quality of the present European situation is familiar to all, a war of continental proportions seems imminent. Economic pressures interwoven with national interests, opposing political philosophies, and insane or characterless leadership, have led to bitter rivalries between states. Some nations are assailed by internal insecurity and turn to war to divert the attention of their peoples from this fact. Other nations, feeling their security menaced by outside forces, stand ready to go into war. Motivated by fear and ambition, all nations make enormous expenditures for armaments at the cost of social reconstruction. The presence in Spain of a conflict, on which the hopes of many other nations depend, brings the situation to a state of crisis. The "little World War" which is now going on in Spain is dangerously near to extension to the whole of Europe, and possibly to the world.

With the danger of war so near, American citizens must take steps to avoid the errors and misconceptions which led us into the last war. Remembering the suffering of American youth in the World War, and envisioning the suffering which Spanish youth is undergoing, the youth of this country must be on guard against being fooled again. This country must make every effort to resist being drawn into a war abroad. It must make its slogan "No Foreign War." To avoid entry into a European combat, the nation must resist the pressure of certain forces which are known to be war making in effect. It must resist the following things, among others. It must resist the pressure brought by the force of economic interests abroad. It must resist jingoistic appeals to the national honor. It must look with skepticism upon demands for the maintenance of "freedom of the seas" and "the rights of American citizens." It must profit by the experience of the last war and resist the siren call of idealism. Ideal-

ism is too often the stimulus used by belligerent powers and by munitions makers to involve neutral nations in disastrous combat.

There are those who would have the United States become actively involved in European affairs to save Democracy from Fascism—or to bring peace to the world. Some advocate the entry by the United States into the present League of Nations. Others say that the United States should take the lead in the formation of some new scheme of international organization through which world peace might be accomplished. Others believe that our nation should take an active part in the struggle against Fascism. These are pleasantly ideal enterprises for our country to undertake. But they all involve a considerable risk of war. The consequences of whatever action the United States might take are too unpredictable to make it worth while becoming involved. American participation in the present League set-up would add little to the effectiveness of that faltering organization and might mean war for us. And it seems clear that any new form of international organization must have its origin and development in Europe before the United States can play any effective part. Those opponents of Fascism who deprecate the isolationist policy of the United States neglect to consider that Fascism has its internal origins as well as those which proceed from the action of outside forces. With the entry of the United States into war, the forces of the nation will be mobilized under the control of the War Department. Along with this, suppression of civil liberties will come. Thus, Fascism will have arisen in the United States because of an action supposedly against that very force. If the Industrial Mobilization Plan, now under the consideration of Congress, is passed, this outcome is inevitable. With these considerations in mind, the student will see the danger of responding to the stimulus of idealism. He will be aware of the necessity for the maintenance of an isolationist policy by the United States for the present, at least.

The students of the nation are fairly familiar with the nature and causes of war. They have some impression of the horror of war from the post-war literature of disillusionment, from contemporary cinema and drama, from reports from the Spanish front. From study in the field of social sciences and from the educational measures of peace organizations, they have gained a fair conception of the forces which make for war. But they must add to their knowledge. And they must clarify their stand-

(Continued on page 24)

*Ride a bike
and enjoy Chesterfields*

They Satisfy



When smokers find out the
good things Chesterfields give them
.. nothing else will do

Co-ed Fashions

by *Florence Kay*



Photos by Jules Pierlow



Well, April Fool has come and gone, but there's no foolin' about the clothes at Kline's Junior Shop and Country Club Shop. If you need a pick-me-up for the spring formals or dances, campus-wear, or what not—we have the best right here.

The two evening dresses in the lower left corner are colorful spring newcomers. On the right is Louise Mulligan's "Delhi Duchess." It's made of a soft Persian print with a red background. The whole dress is gored to form the fitted waistline and flared skirt. The decolleté bodice laces with blue velvet. For less formal occasions the tiny fitted bolero jacket is added.

"Violet Time" on the left is one of the new flowered chiffons that will dance you straight through the summer. Contrasted with the yellow background is a soft green sash that forms an Empire bodice putting the curves in just the right places. The sleeves can be worn high on the shoulder or low to give a drop shoulder effect. The skirt is billowy and sways gracefully as you walk or dance.

On the right is a charming trio that will take care of all your informal needs. The ensemble in the center combines a dashing color and an innovation in style. "Crusader" has a navy sheer shirtwaist dress with short sleeves and an extremely interesting coat. The coat is called the "shirt-tail" coat because it has shirt-tail slits on either side. It is of watermelon wool with four patch pockets and a Peter Pan collar that ties in front. A matching belt of watermelon wool is on the dress.

The coat on the right is an outstanding Schaparelli model of beige wool. It is fitted with a flare at the hemline and has a genuine leopard collar. The neutral color of the coat blends well with any costume.

And now for our spring version of the classic collegiate uniform. All we can say is, "it's swell." The jacket is an imported tweed of sandringham blue, beige, and London tan check. It has patch pockets with flaps and notched lapels. The boat pleated skirt is London tan and the Ilmora sweater is sandringham blue—both matching the exact shades in the jacket. This striking outfit is assembled from Kline's Country Club Shop and there are many other effective colors that can be combined. Choose your favorites!

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Dandelions, twittering birds,
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three infallible signs of Spring!
We've pictured the indispen-
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...have an almost universal appeal—heel, sturdy in build, the last word of comfort for school and sports. In genuine white buck, with brown or black saddle, \$5

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...get a big hand from stylists. In white buck with perforated calf trim in brown or black, these have that grand built-up leather heel that's flattering as well as comfortable, \$5.50

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CO-ED CORNER has those gay little Angora Anklets in all the Spring pastels, 50¢ pair

SWOPE SHOE CO.... OLIVE AT 10TH



The Better Things

March 28—April 22—The Twenty-fourth Annual Exhibition of Oil Painting and Sculpture at the Artists' Guild.

April 13-16—A special exhibition will be presented by the Art Museum.

April 17—*The Clanets* will be the subject of Jaquelin Ambler's next Museum talk, at 2:30 P.M.

April 20-23—Mary Powell, Supervisor of Education at the Art Museum will discuss *Wall Coverings* at 11:00 A.M. Tuesday, and 10:00 A.M. Friday.

April 22—May 5—The Little Theater presents *The Distaff Side* by John von Druten.

April 24—There will be a demonstration of *Painting Landscape* at 2:30 P.M. at the Museum.

April 24—Jessie B. Chamberlain will lecture on *The Arrangement of a Room* at 3:30 P.M. at the Museum.

April 25—An exhibit of photographs by Dr. Arthur Proetz may be seen at the Artists' Guild.

April 26—The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra with Eugene Ormandy and Jose Iturbi as conductors will be presented by the Civic Music League at 8:30 P.M. at the Municipal Auditorium.

April 27-30—*Patterns in Art* is the subject of Mary Powell's lecture at 11:00 A.M. and 10:00 A.M. at the Art Museum.

May 1—Jaquelin Ambler will discuss *Fine Porcelains* at 2:30 P.M. at the Museum.

May 1—Jessie B. Chamberlain continues her series of Gallery Talks with a lecture on Medieval Decorative Arts at 3:30 at the Museum.

May 4-7—Mary Powell discusses *The Medieval Galleries* at 11:00 A.M. Tuesday and 10:00 A.M. Friday at the Art Museum.

May 8—*Carot and Barbizon Painters* is the subject of Jaquelin Ambler's gallery talk at 2:30 P.M.

May 8—*Eighteenth Century Rooms and Their Furnishings* will be discussed by Jessie B. Chamberlain at the Museum at 3:30 P.M.

May 11 and 12—*Karl and Anna* by Leonhard Frank will be presented by the Little Theater group at 8:30 P.M. at the Artists' Guild.

LISTEN, MY CHILDREN

(Continued from page 8)

Mike call her "Dead-Pan Lou."

She took a drink of her coke. "Where's Benny Kaufman playin' at tonight?" she asked Mike and he thought a minute and told her at the "Slaughter House." Lou finished her coke. "I reckon that's where Hub's at, then." She stood up. "Come on, Poker," she said. "We got to go tell Hub. Dude's batty enough to take a shot at him."

"Wait, Lou," I called, feeling like an abandoned child or something. "Can't I go with you?"

"Not room on the klonk," Lou explained briefly. Klonk is Backwater slang for motor cycle. "Anyway," she said, "Babe and Hub might leave the Slaughter House before we git there. You kids try to git Dude out of here if he comes." It was then that she got the idea. "Make him take you for a motor ride, toots," she told me. "You can prob'ly git him out thataway."

They went out then and I sat shaking between Bill and Mike. I wanted to say something cheery, like, "Isn't this marvelous—I'm just in the mood for a murder," but somehow I couldn't find my voice. Bill bent over his hamburger and grumbled some fine sarcasm about gentleness, but I think he was secretly pleased at the promising turn events had taken. Then we heard a motor cycle stop outside and a minute later Dude lurched into the room.

There was mud smeared on his boots and jacket; his hair was rumpled, his forehead streaked with dirt; he needed a shave. His right hand was thrust into his pocket and through the leather we could see the outline of a gun. For an awful moment he stood there, swaying uncertainly, frowning in the glare of the lights. Then he stumbled across the room and leaned heavily on our table.

"Wheresubat?" he growled thickly.

Mike said, "He ain't here."

Dude scowled at me and then at Bill. "Awrright," he slouched into a chair. "I'll wait."

"Hub ain't comin' in here, I tell you," Mike said.

"Oh yes he's comin' in here," Dude's laugh scared me more than his words, "but he ain't goin' out—not till somebody carriesim out!"

Mike pleaded with him; Dude argued back with conviction and utter lack of logic. Bill tried to make him ashamed of himself in words that were too deep for Dude; Dude told Bill to go to hell in terms that were probably new to Bill, too. Nobody accomplished anything.

I was getting nervous. We had no time to lose. Babe and Hub might be on their way to the Inn now. We had to get rid of Dude!

I pulled on his sleeve. "Is it true," I invented breathlessly, "that you drove your last race with a sprained hand?"

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from page 17)

He looked at me for a long minute. "Shuttup!" he said.

I could see that he was in no mood for hero-worship, and I hadn't time to consult Carlyle, so I changed my tactics. "I'll tell you where Hub is," I tempted him, "if you'll take me for a motor ride."

Dude is smart, even when drunk. "O.K. sweedart, but you tell me where Hubsat firsh!"

I didn't feel like arguing so I said quickly, "He's at the Greasy Spoon."

That was a mistake. Dude said I had better not fool around with him because he'd just as soon kill two double-crossers as one.

"What do you mean?" Bill said, beginning to go heroic, and Dude told him he had just come from the Greasy Spoon ten minutes ago. Then he grinned a hateful, superior grin and took an immense bite of my hamburger.

I decided to get tough too. "You're lying, I said, and added as a choice afterthought—"You mug!"

"Be quiet," Bill whispered. "Don't make him any madder."

I was making rapid calculations. If I could get Dude out of there for twenty minutes—

"It's impossible," I told Dude. "I don't believe it—it can't be done!"

"Shuttup!" said Dude. "I jest done it!"

"All right," I flashed, "prove it!"

"Be quiet," said Bill. He still didn't catch on.

Dude finished destroying my hamburger. "Whad-djushay?" he asked me.

I reached in my purse. "Here's seventy-five cents and whatever Bill's got that says you can't drive me there and back in twenty minutes!"

"Hey," said Bill, "wait!"

Dude blinked. "Where?" he said. He was so drunk he couldn't even see the money.

"Never mind," I assured him, "it's here. Is it a bet?"

Dude got to his feet, unsteadily. "C'mon, sishter," he mumbled, "by God, I'll have you back in fifteen!"

He was determined enough then but when we got outside he seemed to have forgotten why we had come out. "Ah'm tired," he said.

"Come on, Paul Revere," I urged impatiently, "get on the motor cycle."

He rubbed his eyes. "What motorshycle?"

Bill was very disapproving. Even when Dude started the motor and I had said goodbye forever, Bill was still arguing with me.

"Listen, stupid," he pleaded affectionately, "you're too young to die."

"Don't worry," Mike calmed him, "Dude won his last two races when he was drunk."

"Think of that!" I said, but when we started I didn't think of it. I was too busy wondering when Dude would locate our side of the highway. All

I could think of was a remark I had once heard Lou make. "Ever one of them fellers knows he'll die on a klunk some day," she had said.

Faster and faster we hurtled into the darkness, rocketing around curves at terrifying angles. The wind was a throbbing, deafening rush in my ears. I shut my eyes and clung to Dude's jacket with a desperate, clutching grip. The terrific speed paralyzed all coherent thought. I remember thinking I ought to pray and not getting any farther than "Now I lay me—" which seemed crazily incongruous. I wanted to scream, to beg Dude to stop or slow down to ninety, or just shoot me and get it over with. My hands were numb and stiff; my legs felt weak. I felt that I couldn't hold on any longer. I was bouncing higher with every bump. I was sure that this horrible nightmare of speed and noise and madness would never stop.

It finally stopped. Miraculously, unbelievably, we were back at the Tom Cat Inn and Lou, Poker, Bill and Mike were waiting for us outside. Bill helped me from the motor, but Dude just sat there looking sort of white, under the dirt. "Who won?" he said.

Lou came over. "Nice work," she told me, and then to Dude, "Well, if it ain't Dillinger. What's all this batty talk about you wantin' to kill Hub?"

Dude got off his motor and looked at her stupidly. "Who?" he asked. He sat down on the steps and buried his head in his arms.

Lou laughed. "What's the matter, Dude?"

"Goway," he grumbled, "Godammit goway an' lemme shleep!"

BETWEEN BELLES

Dear Arleen:

Couldn't resist the springtime's lure for writing out some gossip. Just a little. Each Monday afternoon Blackinton and Depelheuer, lead George Campbell and Bob

Lashley to the bear pits. The bears are getting friendly by now.

It is fact that one of the maids for the Junior Prom did not have a date the night before and was well worried. It took Keller one minute and a half to thank Usher on the parking lot the

other noon for taking him to Parkmoor and buying him something to eat.



(Continued on next page)

ANSWERS TO
SLEEPWALKERS' QUIZ

1. A woman.
2. Physics.
3. The quad side of Cupples I.
4. Forensic honorary.
5. Three.
6. Sophomore honorary.
7. Seven in number.
8. The Associated Collegiate Press.
9. Woman's scientific honorary.
10. All of us spent with thee.
11. 1857.
12. The art school.
13. Robert Burns.
14. Glasgow Bruce.
15. Humor magazine.
16. Sometimes right.
17. A nickel.
18. Nobody.
19. Engineering organization.
20. University Hall.
21. Ted Weems.
22. An advanced military honorary.
23. The Dewey-Decimal system.
24. President of Student Council.
25. In Lee Hall.
26. Alicia or Aunt Anastasia.
27. Per Veritatem Vis
28. Eads.
29. Elms.
30. A lion.
31. Jo Christmann.
32. An owl hugging an old man.
33. In Brookings Tower.
34. Discere Si Cupias Intra Salvare Iubemus.
35. 19.
36. The Associated Student Union.
37. One in number.
38. A shingle.
39. Architectural honorary.
40. They all sound pretty o.k. to us.

● ● ●
BETWEEN BELLES

(Continued from page 18)

Charlie Leutwiler has joined the ranks of the "I like Mary Wilson" Club. Jerry Conlin of the Sig Alph frosh is very interested in Brother Roy Cospers' sister, Doris. Grace La Rue had a hard time trying to decide who to take to the sorority dance—it was between Nick Just and Dick Leonard, and Just finally won out. Dick says it ain't Just. Ossing back with Bramon and slipping away from Ritterskamp. Dale Stanza and Ann Blackinton are holding hands again. Eye "Scoop" Bissell is now an associate editor of Hatchet and is also going to the Drake Relays Queen competition, all expenses paid. Ernest Ohle is Editor-in-charge-of-Evelyn. "Dutch" Von der Au is dippy about Ginger Rausbock. Jack Fargher has been dating a Visitation cutie, Maria Quillian.

Away, now, in a puff of carbon monoxide. RICKEY.

EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS

(Continued from page 9)

They don't apologize for musing up your bed, flicking cigarette ashes on your bed spread, for sticking chewing gum on your lampshades, for combing their hair in your room and letting the falling strands flutter—and remain in the middle of the floor. They don't give a hang when they mutilate your evening newspaper, which you haven't even read in an effort to find some item of personal interest to themselves. They don't bat an eye when they nonchalantly turn your radio dial from Roosevelt's speech to a hill-billy band, laughingly explaining that they are Republicans. They don't give a damn about a "Do Not Disturb" sign hanging on the door, but walk right in, take out their knitting bags and begin a detailed account of the fun they had at the Phi Delt dance, although they know you are trying to remember History dates for a mid-semester exam. They have no consideration for you, your wishes, your feelings. Everything you have is theirs—your time, your furniture, your formals.

They don't realize the trouble you have undergone and time you have spent shopping for petty toilet articles, drugs, and other odds and ends. For they use these articles freely, idly promising to "pay you back." They ask to use a "little Listerine" for their sore throats, but when you look at the bottle they return, you are sorely tempted to ask them what was wrong with the last drop. They never offer to pay you when they consume a tube full of toothpaste, but frequently even forget the quick "thanks." For they actually expect you to supply them with anything they lack.

They never stop to think that you might want to use your French grammar to review a little the night before the exam. They come in your room, when you're gone, borrow the book, forgetting to tell you that they are using it for the

PUBLIC NOTICE TO ALL PIPE SMOKERS

THE CONFLICTING and bewildering claims made for pipe tobacco make it our duty, we believe, to publish this straight-forward statement.

For 60 years we have been making fine pipe tobaccos, which we guarantee against tongue bite. Now for the first time we divulge the methods which have made this guarantee possible.

Pipe tobacco may be rushed through a plant at a great saving in expense. Every tobacco expert knows this.

Or they may be made by the slow, patient method used in Edgeworth. This method we call Process-Aging. There are twelve required steps, each under laboratory control. It takes 4 to 7 times as long as might seem necessary.

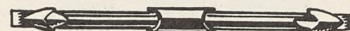
This prevents tongue bite as no other method will. We invite you to prove this statement to your own satisfaction at our risk. You are the only judge.

NOTE: There are three kinds of Edgeworth for you to choose from:

1—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed—a cool, long-burning tobacco preferred by seasoned smokers.

2—Edgeworth Plug Slice—for the smoker who likes to crumble the tobacco in his hands until it's just right for him.

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Please accept 50¢ Gold Plated Collar-Pin for only 10¢ when you buy Edgeworth. Merely send inside white wrapper from any tin of Edgeworth with your name and address and 10¢ to Larus & Bro. Co., Dept. 200, Richmond, Va.

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evening. At about 10 p.m., after you have wasted three hours removing all the books from your bookcase, they enter gaily with the book in their hands, advising you to begin studying immediately as the verbs are "God-awful hard." Of course, *they* know *their* verbs and can go to bed and get a good night's sleep—thanks to *your* book.

Maybe some girls like to dole out their entire wardrobe, their books, their time, like this, to every chance acquaintance. Maybe they think they will be called "big-hearted," "swell," "O.K.," and will gain popularity by scattering their belongings far and wide. Maybe some girls don't mind sleeping on sheets full of squashed cigarette butts. Maybe some girls don't feel foolish when they borrow their roommate's eraser three hundred and sixty-five nights out of the year. Maybe some girls *don't* care if all their property is loaned out god-knows-where or to whom.

But I am one of the few unfortunate beings who likes to be *sure* of having *two stockings* of the same color which belong to *me*, ready to put on if I am unexpectedly invited out; I am one of those queer persons who believes that my size 34 sweater will never fit me again after the buxom babe, size 40, once heaves her mighty chest in it. Well, maybe I am back in the horse and buggy age when it comes to borrowing and lending to anyone at any time. Still, I don't think my attitude is to be condemned. For I am not trying to reform anyone to my way of thinking. I am merely *telling* those flippant females, The Beastly Borrowers, and those Damned Dames, the Deadly Destroyers, to "keep off" my property, because everything *I* have is *mine*.

BETWEEN BELLES

My dear Arleen:



It is definitely not true that Jukie Forgey held back Rollie Menown, dapper young, best dressed Romeo, and Bud Smith from their New York trip... Kay Galle is now toying about with Pete Mara (Alan Fleishman has been heard to murmur deliriously about the Galle charms)... Jim Redman, after a period of prosperity, has the old pin back from Mary Louise of Quadde Shoppe fame.

Ta-ta all you dears, and thanks for all the touching letters of proposals... I know that I am irresistible and I would like to accept each and every one of you... but... I really don't need any insurance.

That gabby old gal.

AUNT ANASTASIA.

THE DEMONSTRATION

(Continued from page 10)

"Someone run over to the M. E. lab and borrow some light oil," he said casually, still leaning over the motor.

Chairs scraped. Books clattered to the floor. There was movement all over the room. Then the shuffle of many feet.

Professor Dudd looked up with a start. Shadowy shapes were passing before him. He gasped and turned quickly to snap on the lights.

A weird, unbelievable sight met his eyes. The class was slowly filing out of the room. They all walked with heads drooping, eyes glazed, and arms limp at their sides. They did not raise their feet, but pushed one slowly after the other in a mechanical way, swaying slightly from side to side. Debonair young fellows in checked sport coats, and charming young women with little hats perched cockily on their heads: all strangely transformed into grotesque shuffling figures. Like a line of ducks they passed out the door and down the corridor.

Professor Dudd was stupified. He leaned back against the wall, his knees giving way beneath him. He couldn't move. He just stood there, his mouth hanging open, and his hands twitching convulsively. Slowly the full import of the situation came upon him.

With a great effort he pulled himself up and gazed at the empty seats. They were empty. There was no one in the room but himself. But, no, it was impossible. It hadn't happened. It couldn't have!

* * * *

A group of overalled figures were working about one of the large steam engines in the M. E. lab. They were very intent on their work. Suddenly, one of them who had turned about to pick up a wrench, exclaimed, "What the hell!"

The others looked up and saw a long line of people coming slowly and silently towards them down the length of the lab.

"Who let them in?"

"Look how they're walking. What is this, a game?"

"No, my God, their faces. They're all asleep or something."

"They're comin' right for us. Le'me out a here!"

* * * *

Professor Dudd, followed by the rest of the psych department, four deans, and the Chancellor himself went racing across the campus towards the Engine

School. They met the class trooping out the door, the leader bearing outstretched before him, like an offering to the gods, a small oil can. They passed by without turning their heads, leaving the psych department and the administration staring after them in consternation.

"They're going back to the classroom," gasped Professor Dudd.

"We'll have to post a guard over them," said the Chancellor. "Then we can stop and figure this thing out."

* * * *

It was a grave gathering of the deans and department heads that crowded into Professor Dudd's office. The Chancellor spoke first.

"Now, Gentlemen, you realize, of course, that we are confronted with a most serious situation. The safety of these young men and women is in our hands. Moreover, the reputation, indeed, the future of this institution is at stake. We must keep this thing as quiet as possible. It may take some time to get this matter straightened out, and we'll have to contend with newspapers and parents and relatives.

"Professor Dudd, I think first you should tell us what is being done for them."

"First, Gentlemen, I must accept the entire responsibility for what has happened," said Professor Dudd. "Of course, I never dreamed, . . . but excuses won't help the situation now.

"As for handling this situation. The best men in the department are at work in the library right now, trying to find ways to break the hypnotic trance. Luckily, Professor Svengi, who is one of the country's outstanding authorities on hypnotism is in town. I called him a few minutes ago, and he's coming right out. I'm sure he'll know what to do.

"In the meantime, the best thing we can do is to keep them where they are and keep everybody away from them. You see, as long as we leave them alone they'll be perfectly quiet and easy to handle, but the slightest suggestion from anybody will set them off, and once they've received a command, nothing will stop them till they've carried it out. I've posted guards about the room who have instructions to keep quiet and to keep everybody else away."

The Chancellor got up to speak again, but at that moment the door was pushed violently open, and a wild eyed young man dashed in. It was Harding, one of the assistants in psychology.

"Professor Dudd!" he shouted, "They're out again!"

"What!" from everyone.

"Yes, we opened a window to let in a little air. Two students outside talking. One told the other in fun to go jump in the swimming pool. We tried to stop them, but they were too much for us. What shall we do?"

Out the long path to the Gym sped the Chancellor, followed by the deans and most of the faculty, all running at top speed in a most undignified manner. They easily passed the long line of shuffling figures which moved grimly on towards its objective.

The faculty drew up around the swimming pool and prepared to stop the line's advance.

"There'll be no handling them till they've carried out the order," gasped Professor Dudd. "Have the pool drained as rapidly as possible, and in the meantime we'll try to keep them from breaking down the doors."

With the aid of pumps and fire hose the pool was drained in less than an hour. Then tables and furniture of all kinds were thrown into the deep end to fill it, and finally, every pad in the gym and all the pillows and blankets from the dorms were tossed in.

And then the doors were opened, and one after the other the poor stooges jumped in the swimming pool.

Professor Dudd and the Chancellor stood on the edge of the pool, both vigorously mopping perspiration from their brows and looking down at the grotesque figures sprawled on the mats. With a great sigh of relief, the Chancellor ordered them back to the classroom.

* * * *

Professor Dudd and a little man with a stiff mustache stood in the corridor just outside the door to the classroom which held the unfortunate students.

"Now you see how it is Professor Svengi," said Professor Dudd. "There they sit like statues staring blankly before them."

"Yes," said Professor Svengi, "It's a most peculiar case. In ordinary hypnosis the operator has the subject under his control alone, and it is up to him to end the hypnotic trance. But these people weren't put under by a person, but by that machine. I've never seen a trance as deep as the one they are in. You've already tried ordinary methods of reviving them, such as slapping them in the face and shooting off a gun?"

"Yes, Yes, oh, we must do something," moaned Professor Dudd, throwing out his arms.

"Of course, but I'm afraid we'll have to try a more drastic method. I wonder, that is, you know, the hypnotic subject's mind is more or less free from the ordinary inhibitions. You noticed how readily they jumped in the swimming pool."

"Yes, I know."

"Well, as you remember, under hypnosis, although these surface inhibitions are removed, the deeper ones, those that have their roots imbedded in the unconscious mind, the basic beliefs upon which the individual's behavior is built, are not removed. In fact, in every case I know of, if asked

(Continued on next page)

to do some things which conflicted with these basic personality traits and inhibitions, the subject not only refused to respond but immediately broke the trance and regained consciousness."

"Yes," said Professor Dudd slowly, "I have heard that is what happens, but—that is, ah, what do you suggest that we do?"

Professor Svengi leaned close to Professor Dudd and whispered in his ear.

"But, but, but, but!" sputtered Professor Dudd.

After a few moments of hesitation, however, the two men opened the door and entered the classroom, closing it again behind them.

"It will be awful if this doesn't work," whispered Professor Dudd.

"It's our only chance," insisted Professor Svengi.

"Yes, I guess so. There's nothing else to do. You might as well go ahead."

The little man stepped to the desk and braced himself against it with both hands. He moistened his lips several times, and then in as clear and calm a voice as he could muster, said, "Take off your clothes."

Professor Dudd, standing in the corner, held his breath and waited. Then a look of shock and confusion spread over his face, which soon became a deep red, and got redder and redder as the minutes passed. It hadn't worked.

When the process was at last completed, Professor Svengi, almost choking, was able to give the counter order. At length all was well again, and the two men staggered out into the corridor.

* * * *

In the early evening the psych department and the administration met in the library for a last desperate attempt to solve the problem. Already there was fear that the papers might have the story. The lid couldn't be kept on much longer. The situation was indeed grave.

"Let's go over this thing once more," said Professor Svengi. "Professor Dudd, maybe if we can determine what was the strongest impression they received just before going under, it might help."

"Yes, yes, let's try something, anything," said Professor Dudd pacing the floor and wringing his hands.

"When I think of all those nice young people up there, just staring vacantly into space, perhaps—perhaps lost to the world forever—and it's all my fault," and he broke into violent sobs.

"Come, come, Professor Dudd, you couldn't help it," said Professor Svengi soothingly. "Now let's try to go over the moments which preceded the hypnosis and see what we can find. Were you lecturing while the machine was going?"

"Why - uh - yes, yes, I believe I said something."

"You didn't notice any unusual response, how-

ever, until you asked if someone would get some oil for you. Is that right?"

"That's right. Then they all got up and—you know the rest."

"I see, now think carefully. Do you remember what was the last thing you said to them before this, before asking for the oil?"

"Why, why I believe I was asking them to try and come to the talk you were going to give this evening."

"Ah, maybe we're getting somewhere. Now, concentrate and see if you can recall as nearly as possible your exact words."

Professor Dudd thought intently for a few minutes and then said, "I think I do more or less recall them. I remember trying to work on the motor at the same time and realizing my speech was becoming rather disjointed. I believe—I said something like,

'Professor Svengi is really a very interesting speaker, and if you can make it to hear him—'

"Yes, and then I'm sure I paused to tighten a nut on the motor. I remember the next thing I said seemed a bit disconnected, though I was really carrying the previous sentence right on.

"It was, 'I want you to come out tonight at seven,'"

"I want you to come out tonight at seven," repeated Professor Svengi slowly, "Why, I wonder—Why, Yes, It might."

He looked at his watch and jumped up.

"Come on! There's still a chance." and he ran out of the room followed by the others.

They opened the door just a little. The class was still there. Nothing had changed. They just sat mute and motionless and stared blankly at the wall.

Then Professor Svengi pointed excitedly to a boy in the front row.

"Look!" he hissed.

The young fellow's head fell slowly from its rigid horizontal position till it touched his chest and jumped suddenly up again. His eyes blinked and his right hand moved as if it were writing. Then he noticed he hadn't a notebook and looked quickly under the chair.

"He thinks he fell asleep in class," whispered Professor Dudd.

But by this time there were signs of life in other parts of the room.

Professor Dudd turned slowly from the door. He looked as if he were going faint from sheer relief. Someone took hold of him and lead him towards his office. As they passed the door of the psychology laboratory, he stopped.

"One moment," he muttered, "I've got to go in there. That damned contraption I rigged up—I'm going to burn it."

Between Belles

My dear Miss Thyson:

I had the very happy honor of being able to attend that perfectly fetching Medical School Bawl the other night... never have I seen such splendid decorum, each and every one a perfect gentleman... I must confess, though, that there seemed to be an excess of waitresses, nurses, and kitchen trucks whom the gentlemen doctors brought up as dates... at the half way mark, a very slinky creature hushed things up by her entrance and later she was introduced to me as Gypsy Rose Flea, or words to that effect... a person who is a satellite in the Ziegfeld theatricals... she began telling what some described as "shady tales," at the end of which I turned to my companion and said, "What's she got that I haven't?" and the results were electrifying... Forest Park Hotel was the scene...

Jonas Weiss, golfer, making a drive down the fairway for sprightly Aralyn Kopelowitz... Bee Ferring and Jacque Wood going Easter Egg hunting in Kansas City... verry good eggs, too... Buddy Capps elated over his blind to the Delta Gamma affair... "Jailbird" Thompson thought he had a date with her for the following evening until he found out that the babe had five other dates for the same evening... and Jailbird was the fifth...



"Jailbird" in action

and the irony is that he got the last two tags while he was going down to pay for the first two... Mary Jane Kreuger and a St. Louis U. native, Don Moseley, paired off neatly... Mary Lou Newman on her way to a new attendance record with Mutt Martin... Those who wonder about the vivacious Jeanne Hempel... find her nightly at the Chase Hotel... Mike Zboyovski hauled Kay Hampton to his dental frat tussle... Kay's heart has been set on this for a long, long time... Virginia Stanford around with Ed Henderson... The Delta Gams just give up trying to telephone for an hour when June Crowder gets on the line with her off-campus, Bob Jerrue...

Two of my teachers just came in from Grizzleberry, and they are so enthusiastic over the good work I am doing... it is so important to know how the other half lives... or whom they live off of...

Your literary luminary,

ALICIA.

PEACE MARCHES ON

(Continued from page 11)

Peace Front," gives unqualified praise to the demonstration, expresses the opinion that, for the first time, such an event was almost unanimously in good favor with the student body.

1937. Nationally. 1,000,000 participants are hoped for. United Student Peace Committee suggests four minimum essentials, four points which, it is believed, everyone participating in the demonstration should be willing to work for: 1. Making the R.O.T.C. optional wherever it exists. 2. Reducing expenditures on all preparations for offensive warfare. 3. Cooperating in all non-military international movements to remove the causes of war. 4. *Being unwilling to enter any foreign war.*

Washington University. Prominent faculty members, including high administrative officers, meet with the Campus Peace Committee. The Student Council President, now in the person of Bob Silber, is again chairman of the committee. The committee adopts the minimum essentials of the United Peace Committee. A whole week of peace education, leading up to and following the now traditional Demonstration, is planned. A vesper service is to take the place of sheet iron rumbling and automobile parade as introduction to the 1937 Demonstration.

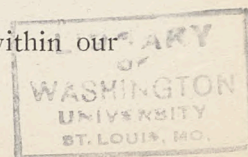
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Moreover, there are strong indications that a majority (although no one knows how big a majority) of citizens in every walk of life are right now opposed to entering a foreign war. Witness the extreme care taken on every side not to let our sympathy for the Spanish Loyalists lead to violations, or even apparent violations, of neutrality. (Contrast public opinion before the Spanish-American War.) The reader most likely read the April 4th *Globe Democrat*, in which the American Institute of Public Opinion (considered by many the most accurate "scientific sampling" organization) reported a 70-30% affirmative vote on the question: "Do you think it was a mistake for the United States to enter the World War?" In the "This Week" supplement to the same newspaper, F. Britten Austin, an Englishman whose chief aim is to be as realistic as possible, writes: "Only an American is competent to diagnose the attitude of America. But, as a European, it seems to me that the dominant desire of the American people is to keep out of any war whatsoever."

As for the minority of citizens who are not yet on the anti-future-expeditionary-forces roster, the biggest campaign yet got under way last week to sign them up. This campaign is sponsored by the No-foreign-war Committee of the Emergency Peace Campaign, Admiral Richard E. Byrd, Honorary Chairman.

In short, I look forward to the day within our

(Continued on next page)



(Continued from page 23)

lifetime when every United States citizen will be down on record as unwilling to fight other countries' fights, even if justified—simply because such a practice is futile. That time will be the era of "enlightened selfishness," "commonsense idealism." "They" won't possibly be able to drag us into the fields of Europe, Asia, or Africa when that time comes. "They" will be extinct.

A STUDENT STAND AGAINST WAR

(Continued from page 12)

point in opposition to war. The "Peace Strike," which is conducted on a nation-wide scale, can have real significance in the enlightenment and clarification of student attitudes.

As the student establishes his standpoint against war, he must familiarize himself with the legislative measures which are designed to keep the United States out of war. He should make an effort to study such measures as those which deal with neutrality, or with the reduction of armaments. And he must lend his support to those which he finds valid. Along with the student demonstration, there will be a program of education in which details of this sort will receive an attentive scrutiny. By making use of the program offered, the student can increase his knowledge of the means for keeping the United States out of a foreign war. Thus, he will find the demonstration more significant.

Student recognition of the European crisis and of the danger in it for the United States is imperative. The student must learn and combat those forces which will involve the nation in another war. He must comprehend the measures which are designed to keep the United States from becoming involved in conflict. And he must make known his standpoint in opposition to war. The student demonstration or "Strike," symbolic of united student opposition to war, and the educational program associated with the demonstration, offer him the opportunity to accomplish these ends.

Between Belles

Dere Arleen:

My gassy sister Alicia is always blowing off about all the "newsies" or whatever it is that she's always mailing in to you... I can't see how any of that junk is any good to nobody... sis is dead from the neck up... why, just the other day she was at one of them church gatherings and there was one of them dissipated-looking sociologists who was blabing about family relations and he turns to the dame next to my sister and says to this dame, meanwhile pointing to Alicia, "Is that your sister sitting there next to you, madame?"... and quick as a bee's buzz the dame answered, "No sir, my sister's living."

Anyway, here's some dirt with a kick in it... this is fresh news that'll send you home pop-eyed... Joan Stealey has just handed back the Lovick Draper pin, and thus a long romance goes up the river... nice dame, though, and Dale Clover seems already lined up... Sally Alexander really infatuated with Jack Cable, her deep-down heart-twister... Evelyn Bissell, who is a great big, big-shot queen, has just gotten the pin from Beta's shy wrestler, Bob Gaines... many happy returns... That soft-voiced little nightingale, Esther Huber, has got a peachy job all right... she does emergency jobs for the Eureka Public Address System Co... when an amplifier goes on the fritz Esther steps in and you can't tell the diff... Norm Tomlinson poked his Galagher dame one on the puss the other night, and now Norm has all his time to concentrate on football...

Olive Depelheuer sent her drag bid to the next sorority affair to her new interest, Harry Greensfelder... Beare and Pentland have reached a disagreement, and now Beare has switched to Ruth Finke who has given the ditch to Bill Kelsay... I guess it started at the Quad show when Grandma Finke stole Gene's watch and his heart along with it... June hasn't been at school for the last three days...

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT

Dear Sir:

I am enamoured with a tantalizing red-head named Margaret Simpson. She is always blowing off about how good she is, though, and knows she is a big-shot on the campus. How can I make her realize how I feel and what's wrong?

Jack Weaver.

Dear Jack:

Oh, yeah?

Jim Sido spent his vacation on a Kentucky farm last summer and he ain't heard nothing from there since, but yesterday the folks get kinda chummy and writ Jimmy a letter which didn't have nothing in it except this swell looking photo of the farmer. Sure are nice people. Louise Kraus wearing Kenneth Fox's Beta pin. Joe Limb has his pin on Mary Katherine Morley of the Quad Shop. Jack Pickering going almost steady with Marianne Wilkerson.

Blessings on thee, you lugs,

EGBERT.

P.S.—I made all this up. Ain't I the little devil?

