

Missouri

# SHOWME

A reflection of modern campus thought

Stories

Books

Movies

Sports

Verse

Cartoons

Opies

Gossip

JANUARY



# THATS WHY THE LADY IS A TRAMP

With Apologies to Edgar

Let me park in a car by the side of the road,  
Where the gas tank has gone dry,  
Or a tires low, or some other excuse  
I know I'll hear from the guy.  
I would but sit in a rumble seat,  
Or a corner in some sedan—  
Let me park in a car by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

I see in the car by the side of the road,  
As we stop, with a lurching skid—  
The men who are fresh, the men who are shy,  
Or ask, "Do you love me, kid?"  
But I turn not away from the tentative pass,  
A part of the same old plan—  
Let me park in a car, by the side of the road,  
And be a friend to man.

Let me park in a car by the side of the road,  
Where every man will try.  
There are girls who ride, play bridge, swim, dance—  
But none of these am I.  
I merely sit in a rumble seat,  
Or the corner of some sedan—  
For the popular girl is the one who'll park,  
And be a friend to man.

—M. R.

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**THE COLUMBIA  
MISSOURIAN**



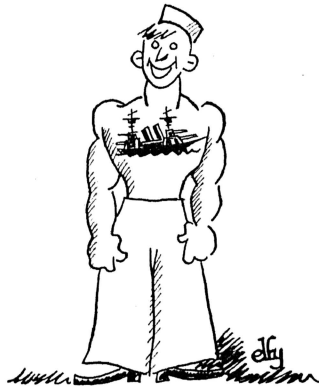
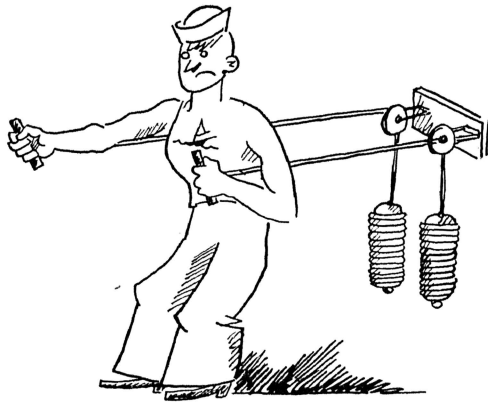
*A representative group of "M" men have chosen the ALL-MISSOURI COED FOOTBALL team with the honorable mentions. The god-fathers of this team of femininity are the varsity football team. Vernon Blakemore has been named honorary head coach. Assistant coaches are Walter Boain and Jack McCloskey. Head trainer is Henry Bushyhead. Appointments to the first team are as follows:*

**FIRST TEAM**

- L.E. Ruth (Slim) Kinyon.....Pi Beta Phi
- R.E. Betty (Beef) Kochtitsky.....Delta Gamma
- L.T. Betty Ann (Slugger) Ohnemous.....Delta Delta Delta
- R.T. Betty (Londos) Becker.....Alpha Chi Omega
- L.G. Betty Ann (Shorty) Root.....Gamma Phi Beta
- R.G. Jane (One-Round) Jones.....Kappa Kappa Gamma
- C. June (Bloodvessel) Riley.....Independent
- Q.B. Barbara (Tiny) Browne.....Delta Gamma
- H.B. Jane (Smooch) McGuire.....Delta Delta Delta
- H.B. Dixie (Slippery) Larrabee.....Kappa Alpha Theta
- F.B. Harriette (Muscles) LeMertha.....Phi Mu

**HONORABLE MENTION**

- Ends—Dorothy Bailey, Chi Omega; Margaret Reeves, Alpha Gamma Delta; Helen Kramer, Independent
- Tackles—Martha Dent, Alpha Phi; Eloise Boring, Alpha Chi Omega; Lee Hawthorne, Pi Beta Phi; Bette Woody, Chi Omega
- Guards—Martha Hunt, Kappa Kappa Gamma; Gloria Phillips, Kappa Alpha Theta; Nancy Hawkes, Delta Gamma; Ruth Keller, Phi Mu
- Centers—Jayne Solt, Independent; Audrey Zeizer, Phi Mu
- Quarterbacks—Joanna Morgan, Pi Beta Phi; Ginny Amer, Delta Delta Delta
- Half Backs—Jane Hemphill, Gamma Phi Beta; Ginny Wolk, Delta Delta Delta; Mary Ann Sargent, Delta Gamma; Nadine Guernsey, Kappa
- Full Backs—Jane Deutman, Alpha Delta Pi; Jean Tinen, Independent; Kitty Moore, Kappa Kappa Gamma; Eleanor Leibowitz, Phi Sigma Sigma



## BEER FEVER

*With all due apologies to John Masefield*

I must go down to the "Dixie" again, down to the  
pretzels and beer,

And all I ask is a tall glass and a bowl of pretzels  
near;

And the beer's kick and the drunk's song and the  
couples dancing,

And a lone stag on the dance floor, a Sig Alph free-  
lancing.

I must go down to the "Dixie" again, for the taste  
of the pretzels and beer

Is a strong taste and a good taste that only fresh-  
men fear;

And all I ask is a smoky room with gray clouds  
rolling,

And a couple of drunks in the corner, with empty  
bottles bowling.

I must go down to the "Dixie" again, to the blaring  
nickel machine,

To the dim light and the blurred sight, where the  
best and the worst are seen;

And all I ask is a ham on rye from a patient, weary  
waiter,

And quiet sleep and a sweet dream and no hangover  
later.

HUDSON

"What are you thinking about,  
Jack?"

"The same thing you are,  
Joan."

"If you do I'll scream."

Prof: What's a skeleton?

Stude: Just a stack of bones  
with all the people scraped off.

Freshman: Gutny mailfa me?

Postmaster: Whatsha name?

Freshman: Itzon thenvelope.

"You admit you drove over  
this man with a loaded truck?"

"Yes, your honor."

"And what have you to say in  
your defense?"

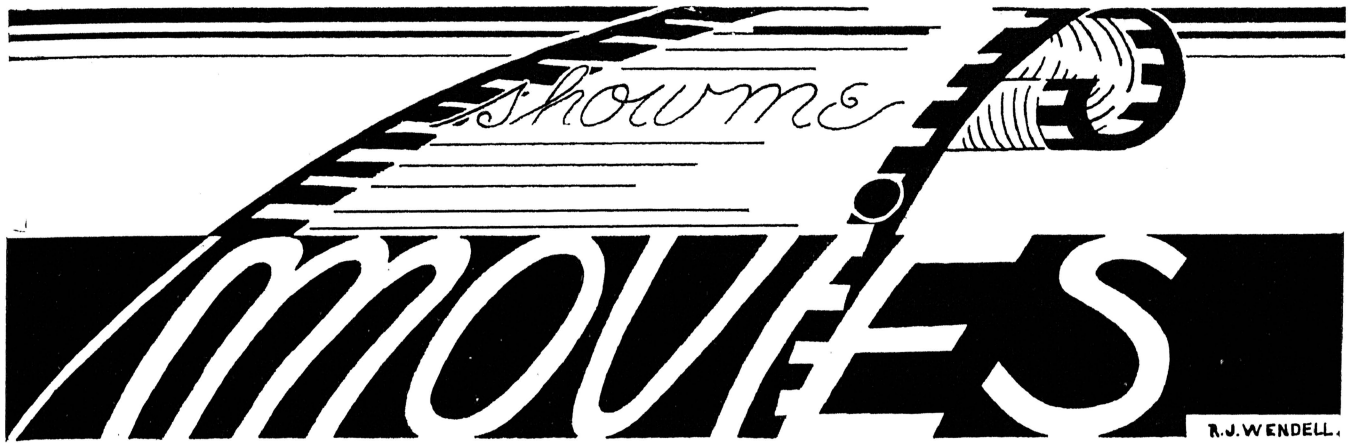
"I didn't know it was loaded."

Customer: This coat is not a  
very good fit, sir.

Tailor: Vell, vot do you expect  
for five dollars, an attack of  
epilepsy?



"Foo"



### CONQUEST

Modestly billed as "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Mightiest," "Conquest" presents an historical dramatization of Napoleon's love for the Polish Countess Marie Walewska.

Polish statesman, seeing the French Emperor's (Charles Boyer) concern for Marie Walewska (Greta Garbo), decide to use her as a tool to persuade Napoleon to free Poland from Russia. The two fall in love, but Napoleon's thirst for power leads him to marry another and finally to his downfall, Faithful Marie helps her lover to the last, but she realizes that their romance ends with the escape from Elba.

### MAN-PROOF

Myrna Loy and Franchot Tone are united on the screen for the first time in another case of the eternal triangle, but fortunately the figure turns out to be a square, and everybody is happy.

Mimi Swift (Myrna Loy) loves Alan Wythe (Walter Pidgeon), but he marries Elizabeth Kent (Rosalind Russell). After an affair with her married lover which almost ends in a divorce for him,

Mimi decides that Jimmy Kilmartin (Franchot Tone), a newspaper cartoonist and friend of her mother, isn't such a bad guy, so she falls in love with him.

### MANNEQUIN

Jessie Cassidy (Joan Crawford) hates her squalid life in the New York tenement district and aspires to something better. Hoping to improve her lot, she marries Ellie Miller (Alan Curtis), her worthless childhood sweetheart. They separate, Jessie becomes a mannequin, and meets and marries a New York harbor boss John L. Hennessey (Spencer Tracy). Their honeymoon is cut short by strike trouble which ruins Hennessey. Then Eddie turns up and nearly causes them to separate, but all misunderstandings are ironed out, and Jessie and Hennessey start all over.

### THRILL OF A LIFETIME

Howdy Nelson (Leif Erikson) is a playwright who runs a camp where love is always blossoming. Thinking the Yacht Club boys to be producers, he invites them down. Stanley (Johnny Downs) and Betty (Eleanor Whitney), a dancing team, also come down.

Stanley and Betty are in love, their partner, Judy (Judy Canova), falls in love with Skipper (Ben Blue), and Nelson's secretary, Gwen (Betty Grable), falls in love with her boss. Despite the romantic entanglements which develop, Nelson writes a show which is finally produced.

### BEG, BORROW OR STEAL

"Beg, Borrow or Steal" ought to give a "laugh-a-minute," as advertised, because its cast includes such well known comedians as Frank Morgan, Herman Bing, Reginald Denny, George Givot, and others.

Ingraham Steward (Frank Morgan), a fake American bon-vivant, borrows a chateau on the French riviera from Bill Cherau (John Beal) in which he plans to hold the wedding of his daughter Joyce (Florence Rice) to a social-climbing banker's son (Tom Rutherford). On the night of the ceremony Steward realizes that his daughter doesn't love the man she is to marry, so he breaks up the wedding by admitting that he has no social position at all. In the meantime, however, Joyce has had a chance to fall in love with Cherau, and they marry.

in the		
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>● America's</li> <li>● Greatest</li> <li>● Stars</li> </ul>	College Theatre Company	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>● World's</li> <li>● Best</li> <li>● Pictures</li> </ul>
<b>MISSOURI</b>	<b>HALL</b>	<b>VARSIITY</b>

# MISSOURI SHOWME

"A Reflection of Modern Campus Thought"

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Issue Editor .....Richard L. Amper

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Franklin Bristol  
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Merrill Panitt

Richard Gorton

George Schulte

after the 31st read that last—"this semester.")

Blue Key officials might have asked that same question. Instead they perpetrated a mock election in which everyone had the right to vote—and as many times as he liked.

So the second big Blue Key fiasco goes off with a thump. Their theater boycott was so successful that on the eve of the boycott four Blue Key members joined the throngs at the movies; and their election—"Foo."

Several persons have asked us what happened to our campaign for dormitories on the campus. In answer to them—"we haven't given up hope yet."

President Middlebush has promised us an article for our next issue in which he will explain the dormitory situation.

We will ask him to tell us, in that article, his opinion on the matter and whether or not he will recommend to the legislature that we get dormitories.

In the next issue of Showme, then, we should learn exactly how great our chances are of getting what this campus has long needed—adequate housing facilities.

## Editorial Ego

The Blue Key boys have done it again. A couple of years back they decided to boycott the local theaters and now they've come through with probably the most disgraceful and stupid election in the history of the University.

Our "campus leaders" wanted to have a strong argument to back up their plea for the return of the activity fee. So they decided a "vote to reflect campus opinion" would do the trick. They set up a booth in Jesse Hall and invited everybody to vote—once, twice—or even three times.

They seemed to have neglected investigating what the results of

their "election" would be. They didn't realize that it was financially improbable at this time, for the Student and Savitar to share an activity book primarily intended for sports events. So a vote for the return of an activity book was about as sensible as a vote for the installation of beer in Jesse fountain.

We learned from an administrative official in the University, by asking a simple question—"Is it possible for students to have an activity book such as we had last year."—that there would be no activity book this coming semester. (If the magazine gets out

That booing at the basketball games is cute. It is, perhaps, not so much poor sportsmanship as an attempt to be funny. The referees usually call as many bad ones on the other team as they do on ours, so why waste the wind? Players on the floor don't even hear the hisses during free throw shots or the attempts some half-wits make to unnerve the players—so there's really no point in it—unless it's exhibitionism—which is a psychological term for "showing off."

## The Night Before

### FRESHMAN

Instead of sleeping every night,  
I study 'cause I'm not so bright,  
Worn to a shadow I may be,  
But let me pass this chemistry.

### SOPHOMORE

Now I lay me down to sleep  
With lots of textbooks at my feet.  
When I awaken in the morn,  
Please let some knowledge have been  
born.

### JUNIOR

Late at night when I retire,  
Keep of pro is my desire.  
Though I never cracked a book,  
Let me pass by hook or crook.

### SENIOR

As I lull myself to sleep  
I count sheepskins but not sheep.  
When commencement comes about  
Let me not be left without.

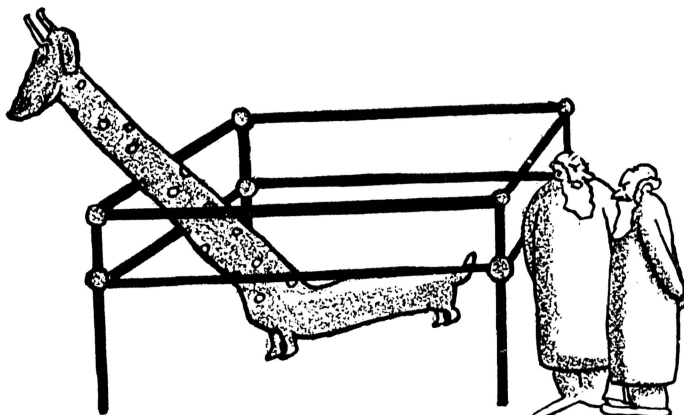


• "He sent her two telegrams every day for three years . . .  
and then she went and married the Western Union boy."

Dentist: You yelled like a wild man. I thought at least  
you had a little nerve.

Patient (nursing jaw): I did. You'll find it in that tooth.

Diner: I see that tips are forbidden here.  
Waitress: Bless your heart, sir, so was the apple in the  
Garden of Eden."



• "If we could only get Herman to take this  
breeding seriously."

## COPYDESK COLON DON'T PUNCTUATE

*Western Union Says You Don't Have to Spell Out Comma  
Any More and as for Stop—STOP!*

Henceforth comma the four major telegraph companies  
announced today comma it will not be necessary to spell  
out punctuation marks semi-colon they will be sent free of  
charge period paragraph

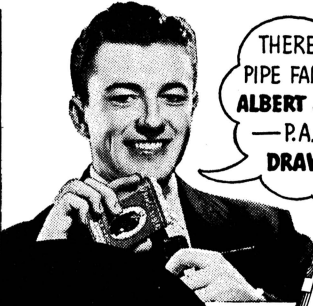
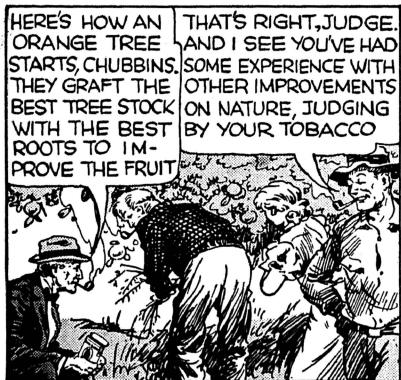
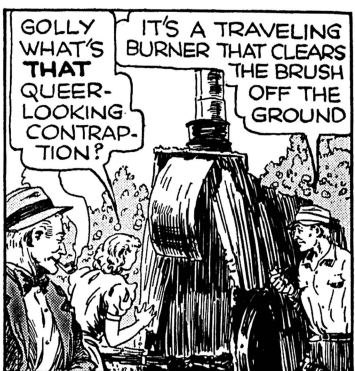
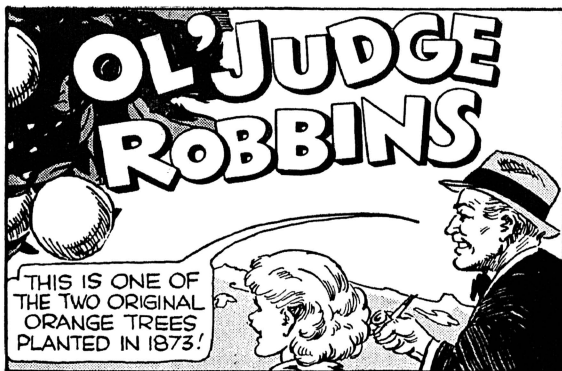
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phe close quotation marks period paragraph

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parenthesis joke comma get it question mark close paren-  
thesis comma quotation marks sounds the knell close quo-  
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marks outnumbered it period paragraph.

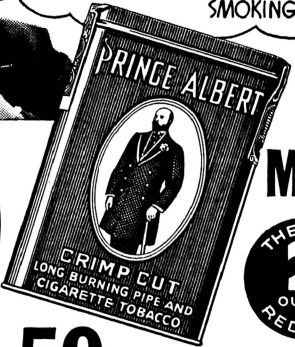
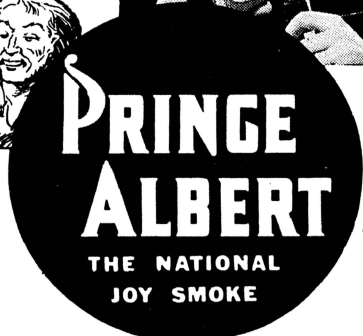
That word is quotation marks stop close quotation marks  
period paragraph.

The new concession will stop the use of stop  
Oh STOP exclamation pernt

—World Telegram.



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Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

The height of illegibility—a doctor's prescription written with a post-office pen in the rumble seat of a second hand car.

*Dear Lord, I wish you'd get this straight:  
I know I asked you for a date  
For Saturday, but what I meant  
Was ANYONE BUT the guy you sent.*

"When in China did you take a ride in one of those jinrickshas?"  
"Yes, and they have horses that look just like men!"

He was a great musician. He went from Bach to Beethoven and Bach again.

First Thug: Got a penny, Bud?  
Old Man: What do you want a penny for?  
Second Thug: We wanna flip to see who gets ya watch 'n' who gets ya pocketbook!

The aviation instructor, having delivered a lecture on parachute work, concluded:  
"And if it doesn't open—well, gentlemen, that's what is known as 'jumping to a conclusion.'"

**HARD FAIR WARNING**

"What's happened, George?" the wife inquired as her husband got out of the car to investigate.

"Puncture," he replied briefly.

"You should have been more careful," she said. "The guide book warned us there was a fork in the road at this point."

*Whatever trouble Adam had  
No man in days of yore  
Could say, when Adam cracked a joke,  
"I've heard that one before."*

"Yep, I had a beard like yours once, but when I realized how it made me look I cut it off."

"Well, I had a face like yours once, and when I realized that I couldn't cut it off, I grew this beard."

# THE MODERN TOUCH

by Franklin Bristol

"Hope you ain't particular what you get picked up in," he said, holding the door open. "Too hot a day for anybody to be walking. I'm just going back in to Colville though. Won't help much, I guess."

The usual small talk followed. "Driving this? Just like any other business, only ours is a business of sorrow." He sighed professionally, caressing his forehead at the same time, a gesture that was carefully calculated to be esthetic, but would never be other than rural.

"The services were kind of sad today, I guess." He turned and smiled wanly. "So many people crying and fainting." His drawling voice held a studied tremor.

Bony fingers, ochred by cigarette stains, disengaged the gears at a crossing and then, as the train passed, sent the big hearse jouncing across the tracks. He was an angular young man with coarse blond hair, and wore his undertaker's mien unbecomingly. He would have looked quite at ease at the wheel of a tractor.

"You know," he confided, "this here was really my first big job. Oh, of course, I've driven the hearse and helped Mr. Jarrett and Mr. Lawson ever since I quit high school four years ago, but today—" he exulted "today I buried my first big job!"

"Last week Mr. Jarrett said to me 'Clarence,' he said, 'as you know, the convention's this month. Now I don't like to go away like this, what with Mr. Lawson sick and all, but I feel I can trust you to run the parlor like it should be run.' Well, you can just imagine how I felt. After all, it's not every young fellow who gets put in charge of a business. No siree, not these days! I'd been hoping for a chance to show the people of Colville just what good work I could do, and when Mr. Jarrett gave me my orders I just felt like singing.

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## He Knew Just How To Improve Business

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"Still, after Mr. Jarrett had gone off to Dubuque, I began to get a little worried. What if I didn't get a chance to show the people of Colville what I could do? I'd been running the business for four days, and no one had died except one of the colored janitors over to the Maple Street School, and they took him all the way to Birmingham and buried him in the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise Cemetery there."

The hearse lurched heavily toward a storm drain as Clarence spun the wheel in order to avoid hitting a vagrant dog. "One thing, though," he resumed, "I got a chance to try out a little scheme of mine while business was slack. I can't understand why Mr. Jarrett never could see his way clear to give my ideas a chance. Just between you and me, Mr. Jarrett is a little bit old-fashioned.

"Well, anyway it didn't take me long to start in. I sent 'em to everybody I could find out about." He explained visibly. "Condolence cards," he explained after an enigmatic silence. "I got Slim Billings down at the printery to make me up a slew of 'em cheap—nothing gaudy, mind you, just a few assorted sentiments, like 'Wishing You a Speedy Recovery' and 'Our Thoughts Are With You,' and on the bottom of each one a little photo I got out of the Midland Morticians' Monthly, showing the establishment, with Mr. Jarrett and Mr. Lawson standing in the driveway beside the hearse. Then I sent one to everybody in Colville who was feeling under the weather, together with a bunch of violets—I got a rate from Sam Carmoni, the florist, on the violets.

"I'll admit it didn't look like my little plan was working, so good when Hattie Sutton died and they called Mr. Malone—he's our business competitor from over to Cedar Grove—after I'd sent her one of my best sentiments, and the biggest bunch of violets, on account of I knew she was about die. But I didn't give up hope, no sir, I just sent out more cards, and sat back and waited, and then—they phoned me from out at Three Forks that old Mrs. Cooley was ready for me to come and get her! I guess the people of Barlow County do have faith in my work. Here I hadn't even sent her a card on account of she lives so far out of town—but what did they do but call on me anyhow!"

"You can bet I brought Mrs. Cooley down to the parlor in a hurry! I'll admit I wasn't so sure of myself at first. You know, Mrs. Cooley just turned eighty last week, and—well, she's what we morticians call a 'ripe one.' But I said: 'Clarence, you've got a chance to show the people of Colville just what you can do. Are you going to make the most of it?' This is my first big job, and I wasn't going to let anything stand in my way.

"Now Mr. Jarrett and Mr. Lawson and I never could agree on a lot of things—in fact, they'd just sort of smile when I'd mention some of my more advanced ideas—such as my 'accent on youth' idea. They wouldn't think of putting more'n just the littlest bit of paint or rouge on anybody over fifty. It always seemed to me that we morticians should take it upon ourselves to make 'em look as pretty as possible, so the folks that 'knew 'em when' can say: 'I swear she don't look a day older'n she did at twenty-five. Mr. Parrett's and Mr. Lawson's jobs always looked a little peaked to me.

"Well, there ain't none of the Cooley kin left around Colville; so I had her all to myself. Old

(Continued on Page 16)

# PSYCHOLOGY 164

by Gayle W. Maile

Professor McWhinney, who had flouted his own theories concerning causes of inferiority complexes by wearing a blue shirt every day walked behind the long demonstration table and turned to face his class in Psychology 164. The class stared at him with blank stolidity. Save for the semi-liquid popping of chewing gum and the subdued whispering in the back row where "Bull" Bopp-sky, the varsity fullback, was making a date with Maudie Smythe, who had attained fame and popularity by not being elected queen of anything, all was still in the lecture room.

Professor McWhinney ruffled his sandy hair and said, "Instead of lecturing today, I am going to demonstrate a little contrivance invented by the Austrian Von Biergarten. We have been studying various phases of hypnosis, and I am sure you will be interested in this machine. It is supposed to induce hypnosis, though it never worked for Von Biergarten. Please pull down all the shades."

Several of the students darkened the room. Professor McWhinney, scarcely distinguishable in the gloom, reached under the table and lifted a complicated piece of mechanism to the table. An electric cord depended from it, and the professor plugged it into a socket. He turned a switch, and a dozen tiny lights in the queer contraption flashed on. Each was set in front of a highly polished metal disk. The professor flicked a switch, and the disks commenced to revolve, sending heliograph-like flashes of light from their turning, mirror-bright surfaces.

"Sit quietly in your seats and watch this," commanded the professor. "I'm sure you'll find it interesting. The flashes of light alternating with comparative darkness were thought by the in-

---

By the Winner of the  
American Magazine \$1000  
Short Story Contest

---

ventor to hypnotize the subject. But, as I say, it never worked.

"By the way, speaking of hypnotism," he continued, "the internationally famous Dr. Zingari will be in town today and tonight. He is perhaps the greatest authority living on hypnotic methods, and he has consented to give a lecture this afternoon at four o'clock.

The professor paused. The machine did not seem to be working right. The discs were turning more slowly than they were supposed to, and the electric motor within the contrivance was whirring too loudly. The professor fingered his chin. He was not a mechanic, and the machine's suddenly developed imperfections worried him.

"Remember," he said to the class, frowning at the machine meanwhile, "I want you to come out at four o'clock to hear Zingari."

The drone of the machine increased in volume. The professor scratched his head. "I wonder what's the mater with the silly piece of junk," he muttered. Then, in a loud voice, "Somebody go over to the machine shops and get a can of oil."

There was a rustle and scrape of a crowd rising to its feet as one man. The professor stared. Shadowy figures were filing slowly past him, their hands stretched in front of them. The entire class passed in front of the astonished professor and went out the door of the lecture room.

Professor McWhinney's china-blue eyes became slightly glazed, and he sank into a chair. Presently the phone in his office began to ring insistently. The professor

arose with an effort and tottered to answer it.

"This is Mike," bawled the person, undoubtedly large, at the other end of the wire. "What is this, one of yer batty experiments? A whole bunch o' nutty students just came anklin' in here with their mouths open an' their eyes buggin' out an' swiped every drop of erl in the place! What am I gonna do with this machinery? What am I gonna do—"

"What am I going to do!" groaned the poor professor.

He re-entered his class-room. The students were sitting quietly in their seats. He switched on the lights and turned off the machine. In a row on the demonstration table were containers of all types, each brim-full of oil. "Bull" Bopp-sky was just putting an entire drum of the lubricant in the corner. Professor McWhinney watched with fascinated eyes as "Bull" moved slowly to his seat.

A luxuriant mustache appeared around the corner of the door, and Mr. Skeeters, the professor's colleague, followed it into the room. He looked about him in amazement.

"What is this, Ned? Why are you still here? The bell's rung. I have one of my classes here this hour."

"You'll have to tell them to go home. This class is hypnotized!"

"What!"

"I said hypnotized!" snapped Professor McWhinney irritably. "Can't you see?" Mr. Skeeters stared at the wooden faces of the students.

"My God;" he gasped, and hurried out to close the door and tell his class that the room was being re-painted and that they would not meet that day. After the hall was cleared he came back.

"Better bring 'em out of it," he advised. McWhinney glared at him.

"Brilliant!" he gritted. "Wonderful! A splendid idea! **Only I can't.** I've tried everything I know. They just sit there. It's

a new kind of hypnotism—never seen anything like it;”

“You—you mean you can’t—”

“No, I cannot! You try it if you think it’s a snap!”

“Good Lord, Ned,” breathed Mr. Skeeters. “This is awful! If it ever gets out—what’ll we do? People will make their kids come home—say they can’t have profs hypnotizing their darling offspring just for the fun of it—”

“Don’t I know it! Don’t I know it!” groaned the professor.

“Well—” Mr. Skeeters looked about him helplessly.

“I’m going to see if I can find somebody or something that’ll help,” decided Professor McWhinney, and hurried into the hall.

A portly gentleman was pacing sedately down the corridor, polishing his Phi Beta Kappa key with the cuff of his coat.

“Dean Spreckels!” exclaimed Professor McWhinney, striding toward him.

“Well, McWhinney,” said the dean of men. “What can I do for you?”

“Come in here,” replied the professor agitatedly. “I want to show you something.” He took him by the elbow and led him into the lecture room, telling him the whole story.

“Heavens!” gulped the dean. “Hypnotized! My goodness!”

“Say!” burst out Mr. Skeeters. “I’ve got an idea! I read somewhere that if you instruct a hypnotized person to do the thing he does most often, he falls into his usual habit of thought and works his way out of the paralyzed mental state! Try it.”

“Class,” barked Professor McWhinney, “each of you do the thing he does most often!”

A young man in a green jacket and red-brown trousers worn eagle-fashion six inches above the ankle and another in corduroys wearing a diamond fraternity pin kelt on the floor and began to throw horse-dice for one-mill stakes. Most of the men and women pulled their chairs around to face one another and began

an aimless chatter, sucking from time to time at imaginary straws protruding from equally imaginary cokes. In the rear row “Bull” Boppsky placed an arm about Maudie Smythe and kissed her.

Dean Spreckels watched this last operation with eyes that stuck out of his head like a snail’s. “Oh, myohmyohmy!” he groaned. “What are we going to do? What is Miss McSquee going to say!”

“Your idea,” said Professor McWhinney to Mr. Skeeters, “is a bust!”

“Maybe I got it kind of twisted,” admitted Mr. Skeeters. “Maybe it was to do the thing you ordinarily wouldn’t do that shocks you into consciousness. Why not ask that school magazine editor, Payne, to get an issue out on time?”

“You’ve got to do something, McWhinney!” broke in Dean Spreckels. “I can’t solve this problem for you. You got yourself into this mess and you’ve got to get yourself out! You’re an authority on psychology, whereas I—well, never mind what I’m an authority on! Good-by!” And he strode out.

“Try my idea, Ned!” urged Mr. Skeeters. The harassed professor faced his class determinedly.

“You, Isaac Goldfarb!” he almost shouted at an under-sized, round-shouldered, be-spectacled youth. “Go down and punch the chief of police in the nose!” He turned on Mr. Skeeters. “That’s got him, anyway. Now for the others.”

Mr. Skeeters’ mouth fell open, and he pointed a shaking finger. Professor McWhinney whirled. Isaac Goldfarb was just disappearing through the door, walking with a definite swagger.

“Oh!” sighed the professor, and leaned on his demonstration table, mopping his bedewed brow. “What’s the use! I’m going over to see President Centershrub. Maybe he can suggest something.”

He found the college president in his home, hurriedly packing a

traveling bag.

“President Centershrub, my class is hypnotized!” he wailed as he plunged through the door. The president glanced up impatiently and finished his packing.

“Hello McWhinney. I haven’t time for your jokes now—got to catch a train for Hamilton City. Representative Joshing is putting up a bill to pay each student fifty dollars a month for attending the college. Good-by!” The president clapped on his hat, snatched his bag, and trotted out to a waiting taxi.

The professor sat down and wept. Finally he went back to the administration building, walking with dragging feet. As he entered the hall a bulky, uniformed individual strode up to him, holding a handkerchief to his nose.

“Have you seen anything of a little, dried-up guy with glasses an’ skinned knuckles?” he boomed.

“Who, me? No - - er - - no,” replied Professor McWhinney.

“Well, if I catch him he’s going ter stay in th’ jug till he’s got a long white beard! You know what he did? He socked me! Walked into my office an’ belted me on the schnozzle! Knocked me clear over my desk an’ walked out, calm as you please! Oh, wait’ll I catch that goofy mug!” growled Chief Mullock, and he stumped away, sponging his damaged proboscis with an incarnadined handkerchief.

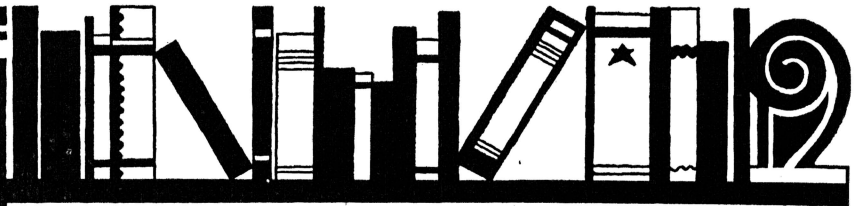
Professor McWhinney sighed and passed a shaking hand over his forehead. When he reached his lecture-room he found things much the same as when he left, except that Isaac Goldfarb was sitting proudly in his seat with a handkerchief bound around his hand, and Mr. Skeeters was playing horse-dice with the two young gentlemen. The stakes had risen to a quarter.

“Any luck?” inquired Mr. Skeeters.

“No, Oh, why did this have to

(Continued on Page 16)

# books



R. J. WENDELL

## AFTER 1903—WHAT?

Robert Benchley

Bearing Harper & Brothers' 1938 copyright comes the latest reflections on oddments of life as viewed through the eyes of one of the most convolute of the nation's humorists—Robert Benchley. His *AFTER 1903—WHAT?* might be said to be less worthy of comment than *MY TEN YEARS IN A QUANDARY, AND HOW THEY GREW*. It doesn't have the same ripe humor and we cannot help feeling that Hollywood has cast the same baleful influence over Benchley as over most artists. He mentions that episode, too, in one of his bits.

All of the items in this book are short, kept to within three pages, so the book will lend itself to the casual reader who likes to take his Benchliana in short, quick doses. In fact, it may well be recommended that the book be read in that manner, and not in one sitting as we read it.

Noteworthy of special comment is his bit on *Toning Down the News*, a reflection on the French method of handling news, or more particularly on Benchley's translations of French accounts of *crimes passionels*. In such stuff he excels. And don't neglect his short comments on his *Special Haircut*, *Sheep Dipping*, *Summer Shirtings*, and *Insomnia Cure*. Another thing, *en passant*, don't let the title fool you. But if you're acquainted with Benchley, you won't.

## BOOKS REVIEWED THROUGH THE COURTESY OF THE MISSOURI STORE

### WINTER IN APRIL

Robert Nathan

Perhaps no other living writer applies smoother polish to his prose than Robert Nathan. And his latest book, *Winter In April*, is no exception. Nathan writes in a simple, direct style the story of a young girl, her grandfather and his secretary, as narrated by the old man, for it is largely his story.

Ellen, the granddaughter, is a girl of fifteen and quite naturally falls in love, first love, with the young German emigre who comes to her grandfather's house to act as his secretary.

Much of the book is taken up by comments on passing life as seen through the eyes of the shy old man, a critic and academician, who once, long ago in his youth, cherished the dream of writing a book and who sees how far short of his dreams he has fallen now that he comes to his declining years.

But though the old man tells the story of the young and hopeless love of the young man, who is twice his granddaughter's age, he is not ossified by the years. He feels the importance to the girl of that first sleeveless, backless dress—a formal—and sees that she gets it for the Christmas

dance over the objections of his fearsome sister. And later, when she sells the dress to give the money to Eric so he can send his sister to the south of France, the old man breaks a shopwindow and carries away the dress with the aplomb of one a third his years. The manner of the robbery and the way he fools the police are those of a man of action and not of a literary critic.

From the lips of the shy old man comes much of the philosophy one would expect from a man past his zenith but not ready to die. It is a hedonist philosophy, which sees much, believes little, but finds life still worth living.

Perhaps it is Nathan himself, who though only 44 years old, voices this ideology as his own. He, perhaps, cannot be blamed for it; a sensitive artist, he feels that war is everywhere, the old truths are no longer workable, and peace is a comparative myth except here in America. Perhaps he feels the war drums will be rolling here, too, before long. But he hopes to stave them off until he has passed on.

*WINTER IN APRIL* is a beautiful tale bewitchingly told of this old man and his granddaughter. In it can readily be seen the sensitivity of an artist for the complex emotions of the very young and the thoughts of the very old. Mr. Nathan will write a long time, indeed, until he turns out another as artfully simple and artistically done.

(Continued on Page 22)



● "The Admiral's retired, but he never misses the battleship maneuvers in the newsreels."

## STAFF MEETING



● "It's about time that we had a little get-together," said the editor to his staff that thought no more of him than he had thought of the preceding editor. "Our magazine," he went on, "is all right in its way, but it doesn't weigh enough." He paused for the laugh which he knew would follow whether or not they thought the last crack funny. "The trouble with our magazine seems to be that it lacks sophistication—not enough class. Our next issue has just got to be a corker, and I want you all to concentrate on a very special feature—something high-class with a lot of ritz in it. You've just got to forget all this bunk you've

learned under my preceding editors. Now, I have no intentions of telling you what to write, but merely to give you an idea of what I want, I'll outline a simple story.

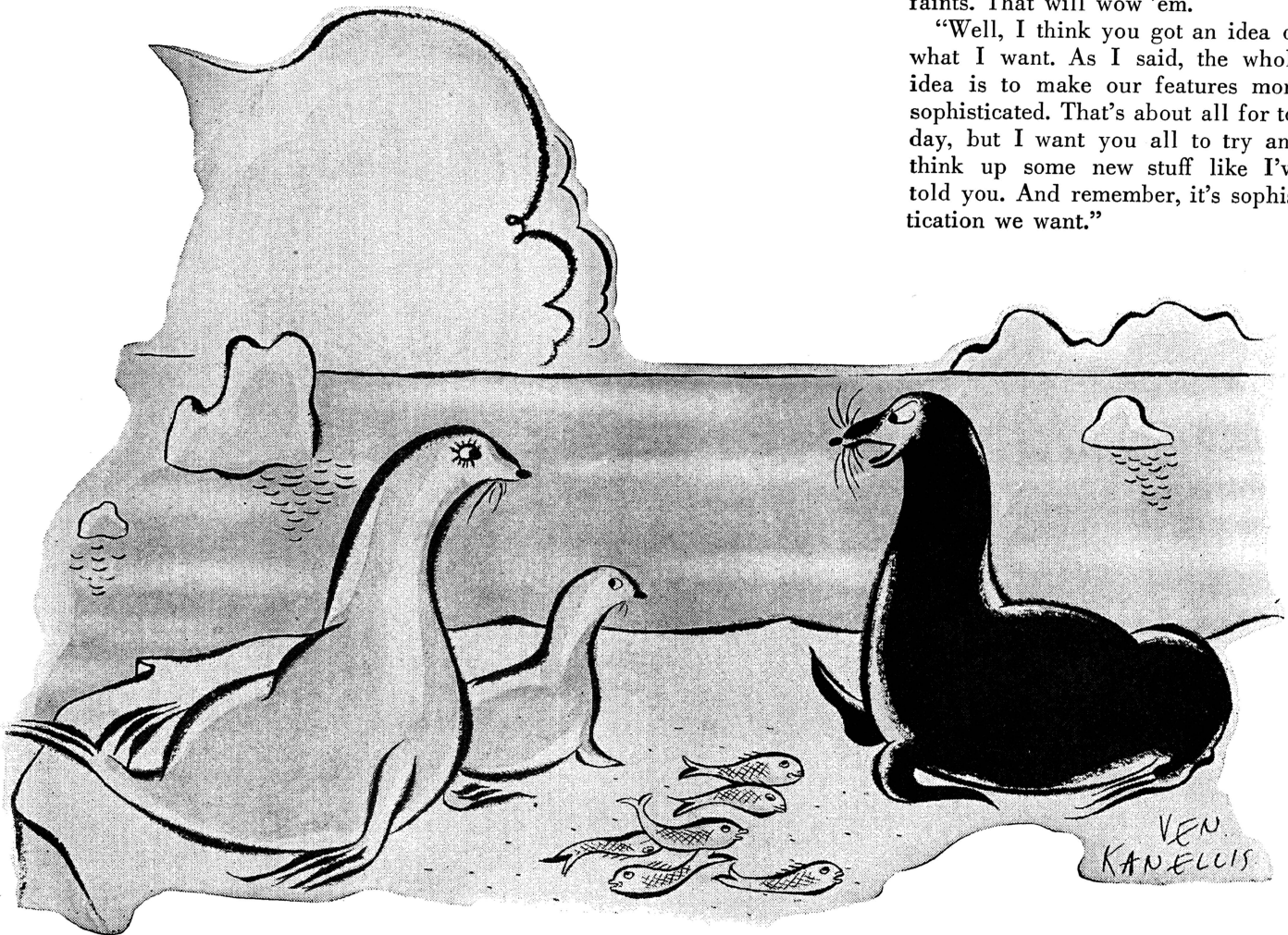
Let's say the scene is a prom. You can have three couples seated at the same table. One of the dames can be a big fat baby who is sore because no one asks her to dance except her escort, a little skinny guy, who is at least two heads shorter than she. Then, you can have one of the other dames on the make for the remaining girl's beau who is a husky, good-looking football player. This immediately gives you a chance to use a lot of football and dumb athlete jokes. For instance, the dame on the make asks the football lug outside and starts to put on the act for him when she spies her own boy friend looking for her, and so she shoves the big boy under the couch, that is

except for one foot which happens to stick out when the boy-friend enters. She immediately says to him, 'Have you heard about my athlete's foot?' That's a laugh right there.

"Then for the comedy relief, you can have the three couples leave the prom and go to a restaurant to get a bite to eat, and you can have one of those dumb waiters there. You can work up a lot of sophisticated comedy for that waiter. When he brings in the drinks, he can drop a piece of ice down the fat girl's neck. That's a real laugh. Then as he walks away, he can knock off the professor's wife's wig. Can you imagine what a laugh that'll bring as she goes on eating without noticing her wig is off. Say, you better jot this stuff down as I go along; they're all sure-fire gags.

"Then as a climax, just after the boys discover that they haven't enough money to pay the check, a mouse runs across the floor and all the girls scream. The boys start to chase the mouse, but it runs under the professor's wife's skirt and she faints. That will wow 'em.

"Well, I think you got an idea of what I want. As I said, the whole idea is to make our features more sophisticated. That's about all for today, but I want you all to try and think up some new stuff like I've told you. And remember, it's sophistication we want."



● "Fish for supper again?"

# Chesterfield

*Let me wish you*  
**MORE**  
**PLEASURE**  
*for '38*



# Picking The Best Ten

In one corner of the cozy living room sat Helen over a bridge table filled with newspaper clippings and movie magazines. Taking the pen out of her mouth she called over to her husband, Henry, who was engrossed in the evening paper. "Darling," she called.

"Yes, sweet?" he answered, removing his pipe from his mouth.

"Precious, what do you think were the best ten pictures you saw last year?"

"Let's see—the critics, you know, honey, picked 'The Good Earth'—"

"'The Good Earth'?" That wasn't so hot," she interrupted. "The one I liked best was Shirley Temple in 'Wee Willie Winkle.'"

"That was nice, but it was, after all, a little bit childish. It had no—"

"No Luise Rainer."

"No! You know what I mean. 'The Good Earth' had a real story—something you would digest, but Shirley's picture was just a modern fairy tale," he answered her.

"That's just like you, to barrage me with insults."

"Insults? Now, how did I insult you?"

"You just said I couldn't understand anything but a childish story," she sobbed.

"Who said that?" he shouted. "Are you looking for trouble?"

"That's right," she yelled, "deny it. Call me a liar. I insulted myself; I said that I had a child's mind. You didn't say anything. You never—"

"Now, take it easy, baby; all I said was that the critics picked 'The Good Temple'—I mean—oh what's the difference!" he shouted at the top of his lungs.

"That's right; make a scene. Yell,



• "Sure it's fresh. Can't you see it wiggle?"

so all the neighbors can know how you mistreat me."

"Now, listen, Helen. I've had enough. Do me a favor; just don't bother me."

"Oh, so I'm not good enough for you any more. No, you can't bother with your wife, but you can take out that red-headed hussy in your office to lunch!"

"How many times do I have to tell you that I didn't take her out to lunch? I met her there—after all, you know, I don't own the cafeteria. If she wants to eat there she has all the—why the heck did you have to start something tonight?"

"That's right, try and change the subject. At times, I think you married me for the ten thousand dollars my father gave me."

"Well, if I did, it wasn't enough."

"Oh, so you don't deny it," she said while tears flowed from her eyes.

"Darling, I'm sorry. You know I love you, but you get me so excited I really don't know what I'm saying.

Now, sweet, let's forget it. Everybody is entitled to his own opinion and judgment."

"But you don't like my judgment," she sniffled.

"Of course, I do. Now, give me a kiss and let's forget it—huh?"

They kissed. She went back to her bridge table, and he picked up his pipe and began to read the paper. Quiet reigned over the room once more and the radio, which had been playing all along, again took the spotlight. The voice of the announcer rang out, in his best Harvard accent: "And now Don Badner and his Tune Doctors cut up on an old favorite, *You're Driving Me Crazy*."

"Darling," Helen called out, "isn't that a silly title? How could any person drive another person crazy?"

"Very silly," he replied in a sarcastic tone.

"You know, Henry, listening to this song makes me think—what do you think were the ten best songs of last year?"



# MUSIC

## JONES

"Swing" music must be having its stay. Just recently, Benny Goodman and his Orchestra demonstrated the meaning of swing in the Philharmonic symphony's austere Carnegie Hall. Three thousand adherents of "swing music" rocked and beat time to Goodman's arrangements. So much for swing.

Matt Kinney, Phi Gam, should be given four stars for his fine number "Everything in Life." "Count" Solomon did a fine job on the arrangement and yours truly will make sure you hear it upon request.

I suggest that all music fans hearing Ben Pollack should request "I'm Coming Virginia." His arrangement is very good and the number dates from way back.

We should have time for a musical quiz. This time, I will list ten bands and you name their theme song.

1. Clyde McCoy
2. Ted Weems
3. Kay Keyser
4. Jan Garber
5. Roy Eldridge
6. Benny Goodman
7. Henry Busse
8. Will Osborne
9. Tommy Dorsey
10. "Red" Nichols

Here are a few questions that I would like to have answered.

1. What is Freddy Martin's theme song?

2. Who wrote Tommy Tucker's theme, "Ah, How I Love You?"

3. Does Kay Keyser really own Sammy Kaye's Band?



## SMITH

We can't offer you another month featuring Benny Goodman as last month seemed to do, but from the following notes it seems that some fine records should be released this month.

From Victor way this month comes the news that Tommy Dorsey has two fine tunes out in the form of THE ONE I LOVE coupled with I CAN DREAM, CAN'T I? and then passing on to that stylist Hal Kemp, we find him recording two excellent tunes namely TAKE A TIP FROM THE TULIP and SPEAK YOUR HEART. For those swing fans among you we again present Larry Clinton and his fine band who have recorded THE SNAKE CHARMER, coupled with Jack Harris who records TOY TRUMPET. Another Clinton release includes I DOUBLE DARE YOU and TWO DREAMS GET TOGETHER. It seems that the small combination bug has made an attack on Richard Himber and he had formed from his regular band, "The Seven Stylist." This group has recorded THERE'S A GOLDMINE IN THE SKY and SAIL

ALONG SILV'RY MOON. By the way, this combination is made up of vibraphone, clarinet, trumpet and four rhythm. Himbers regular Essex House Orchestra has recorded THRILL OF A LIFETIME and I LIVE THE LIFE I LOVE.

You bluebird Record buyers won't want to miss two small records by the bubble man, Shep Fields and his Rhythm. These are BOB WHITE and ALEXANDERS RAGTIME BAND also WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK and WITH A SMILE AND A SONG, and IT'S WONDERFUL coupled with I'M THE ONE WHOH LOVES YOU. Many of you will remember Al Bowlly who formerly sang with Ray Noble and who now has a band and is waxing for Bluebird. His contribution is I CAN DREAM, CAN'T I? coupled with SWEET STRANGER.

Later on this month you will hear some of the following records by these popular artists:— Tommy Dorsey will bring you JUST A SIMPLE MELODY coupled with that old favorite LITTLE WHITE LIES. "Fats" Waller, the colored gentleman of swing will bring you two swell records: EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY and NEGLECTED. The latter mentioned tune is somewhat slower than the first, and is destined to be a hit. "Fats" second record is AM I IN ANOTHER WORLD and MY FIRST IMPRESSION OF YOU. These two swell tunes

(Over please)

receive a swell rendition from Mr. Waller, and we are sure that this record will be one you won't want to miss. Not forgetting you Goodman fans, we are happy to announce that the quartette has been put back to work and recorded that sensation that is sweeping the country, BEI MIR BIST DU SCHON. This is recorded with Parts I and II, and side A is the usually quartette record with a fine vocal by Martha Tilton. Side B is somewhat different, however, in that toward the end of the record you will hear some trumpet interpolations by one of Goodman's trumpet men, Ziggy Elman. By all means be sure to hear this one. Here is some good news for you Berigan fans. Bunny has now recorded a ten-inch record on his theme, I CAN'T GET STARTED and THE PRISONERS SONG. Many of you will remember this record in the Symposium of Swing, by Victor. Larry Clinton's contribution will be MILITARY MADCAPS and SHADES OF HADES. Both of these are Larry's own compositions by the way.

For those of you who are interested in albums a new one will be released which should interest you: It is one containing records by Leo Reisman and his Orchestra, Eve Symington and finally Xavier Cugat. The album is entitled, A NIGHT AT THE WALDORF? and contains four records by the above mentioned artists. This places your records in good shape for this month, so let's relax and wait to see what next month will bring us in the form of music.

□      □

### PSYCHOLOGY 164

happen to me? I'm ruined! Ruined!"

A tall, cadaverous man walked in. He was dressed in black, wore blue-tinted spectacles and a spiky black beard.

"Good afternoon," he smiled, extending his hand. "I'm Zingari, the great hypnotist! You are Professor McWhinney?"

"I wish to God I wasn't!" groaned the professor.

The clock in the college belfry struck four times.

"I see I'm on hand in time for my lecture," remarked Zingari, opening a brief-case. "Though my audience seems a bit - - er - - sleepy. Not alert, you might say." He waved his hand. The professor gaped.

The class was stirring slowly. Here and there someone yawned and stretched. Maudie Smythe gave "Bull" Boppsky an indignant look and shrugged his arm from her shoulders. The dice game broke up and the players stared mystifiedly at the money in front of them.

"Why - - what - -" began the professor.

"It's - - they're coming to!" exclaimed Mr. Skeeters.

"Say, professor, what's happened?" asked Maudie Smythe.

"How'd I hurt my hand?" whimpered Isaac Goldfarb.

"Darned funny!" pronounced 'Bull' Boppsky, consulting his watch. "Yeah, darn funny. It's four o'clock! An' the last thing I remember about this lecture was the prof sayin': 'Remember, I want you to **come out** at four o'clock to hear Zingari!'"

□      □

### THE MODERN TOUCH

Miss Grubbs knew her when she was a girl, but she was ailin' last week, and couldn't get down to the parlor. Well, I put all of my individuality into my work, and if I do say so myself, I was real proud of Mrs. Cooley. I figured the biggest part of Reverend Harkins' congregation would be at the funeral, besides the regular bunch of Three Forks and Colville folks who come to all the funerals anyway, and I could just about imagine how they'd be talking and praising as they walked past the casket after the services.

"Well, it was ever more than I expected. I never did see such an emotional funeral! Mrs. Cooley must have looked just like she did sixty years ago, because

when old Miss Grubbs saw her lying there wearing that black wig with all the little curls in it, and with her red cheeks and long eyelashes and prettied lips and all—why she got the hysterics and had to be taken out! I think she wanted to congratulate me, because she kept saying: 'Where's that Clarence Simms?'

"The emotion must have stirred up the rest of the folks, too. They acted kind of peculiar when they saw me after the services. Everybody was carrying on something terrible. There wasn't a dry eye in the place. I bet the people of Colville won't forget—Oh, you gettin' out here? Well, so long. . . Don't mention it."

□      □

Old Lady (to man with dogg)

—What kind of a dog is that?

Man—He's a spaniel, madam.

Old Lady—My, my, isn't it a good thing he's not over there now?

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# THE KEY MAKER

by Frank H. O'Brien

I have just been down to the jail to see Signius Sevson, whom I have known for thirty years. He is baffled, frightened, and doesn't seem to understand what he has done. I knew Signius' father, and I have known Signius for all of the twenty-two years he has made locks and keys for Ogdentown, so I am faced with the necessity of defending him when he comes to trial.

He is guilty, he doesn't deny that, but he told me a strange, perplexed tale today. Perhaps after I have written it down I shall be able to find a way to make a case of it, clouded as it is.

He was pitifully glad to see me. He sits alone in his cell, despondently frowning at the floor. They have searched him several times now, hunting for any small wire which his clever hands might twist into a pass-key. He does not understand their caution, and it hurts him that they should be so distrustful.

"I am an honest man, Mr. Grueben," he told me, his weak brown eyes turning on me, lost and hurt and desperate. "They know me, and they knew my father. Why do they search me, like a thief? Why do they watch me so?" He thrust his heavy face so close to me that I felt his beating breath. His bewilderment pleaded for an answer.

"Signius," I tried to explain to him, "you are a criminal now. You have broken into a house—the house of your friend. Is not that cause for distrust?"

But I have listened to many stories told behind cell bars, and I know that not all crimes are not committed by criminals. So I sat down beside Signius and asked him why he had broken into Jon Siegfried's house and had opened his safe.

He was shocked by the question. I believe he had not faced the facts at all before. He pushed

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## Signius Sevson Was a Fool

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his head into his thick hands and shuddered. Then he sighed and straightened up. The light from the little square window fell across his face brightly, glistened in the red stubble there, illumined his baffled, drawn countenance. He moved into the shadow and began to talk in his queer half-Swedish, half bookish English, hesitating at first, then with haste.

"You would not believe that an honest man will rob, would you?" I had no answer to such a question, so I said nothing. He waited uncertainly, and then continued. "Yet Signius Sevson has broken into the house of his friend, Jon Siegfried." He paused, shaking his head in slow uncertainty. He could not understand.

"It is that they have mocked me too long. Yes, that is it. I would never have done this if they had not mocked me so!" His voice rose madly and his peasant body stirred with deep tremors. Then he fell silent again, pondering thickly. His hands writhed slowly and became still, his thick torso relaxed, and his brow smoothed. A smile broke over his kind face. "You know, my shop is a pleasant place. I like to make keys, to make them precisely, each curve and each indentation. They must be exact, you know, or they would never do their work." He spoke of his keys softly, like slow music rising deep and gutterally from his throat. The music died and he became tense and scowled again.

"But they have spoiled all of that!" He sprang up, stiff limbed from the cot, and sank back slowly, bowed and tortured. "It will never be the same now. Never again will people come to me with their keys. They will say, 'We must not have Sevson make

our keys for he will make a duplicate and rob us in our sleep!'" He drew forth his pipe and filled it, his sure keymaker's hands shaking. After a few intense pulls he went on.

"But I must tell you why you see me here. There were always many long afternoons when I had not much to do. My friends would come then, and we would talk and smoke. But some came who were not my friends. They were the friends of no honest man. They only came when the shop was empty. They came to me with fine tales of making keys for them and of robbery. I would have nothing to do with their schemes, for I believed in honesty and fair doing. I cursed them and drove them from my shop.

"But in the teeth of my curses they would lean over my counter and laugh at me and say, 'Ah, Signius Sevson, you are not an honest man—you are a fool! You are a fool who is too thick-headed to pick up riches lying at your feet. Think, Sevson, can any lock in Ogdentown keep you out? Are the locks elsewhere any different?'"

"All this in spite of my anger at such words they would say to me, calling me a fool and laughing at my anger. They they would scurry like rats through my door, but their mocking at an honest man stayed when they were gone. Sometimes it echoed from wall to wall until I had to open the door to rid my shop of it. I am not a fool, and I could not bear to have that word hanging in the air of my shop and beating, beating in my ears." His breath rushed hotly through his nostrils and he growled in his throat.

"It is not days or weeks, or even months that I have listened to such mockery. It has darkened my happiness for many years. At first I could cast their words away and be happy with my keys, but then they stayed to mock me all my waking hours. Only sleep could set me free." Torture strained

(Over please)

ed out in deep gouged lines on his face, bloomed in white sick flowers at the knuckles of his hands and shuffled his heavy feet restlessly.

"That was not so hard to bear even, but God be my witness, for this last year I have even slept with evil whispering in my ear! Yes, not even sleep had freed me until last night when they brought me to this jail.

"I have laid awake, listening to thieves sneer at an honest man. The breeze that came through my window seemed to say, "Signius Sevson, you are a fool. A fool! Fool!" He struggled to his feet, surging in agony like a man drowning in a sea of uncomprehending anger.

"But I must not become excited." He panted fiercely from deep inside his great chest. "All this must seem strange enough to you who are too sensible to care what a thief might think of you.

"Then two nights ago I conceived a way to rid myself of this mockery. They had always laughed at me because they thought I was too stupid to break into a house. They thought I was afraid to do the things they did, that my mind would fail me in a time of stress.

"I will show them,' I said to myself. 'I will break into a house, lay its riches bare, and then return home. Then they can laugh at me no longer, those thieves. They will see that Sevson is not a fool, but a man who is too honorable to rob, even though he can put out his hand and gather up money.'" His wide hands clenched and the sweat of his perplexed anger dripped off his knuckles.

"You understand me, don't you? You see that I had no intention of robbing Jon Siegfried? You must believe that one thing, or you, too, will think that I am a thief and meant to rob my friend!"

I assured him that I would believe him, and Heaven's rewards for kindness can be nothing to the look of gratitude which shined out at me from his blue eyes.

"So I arose from my bed and made my way to Jon's house, for I knew that he kept his rents in his safe each night. It is no easy task for an honest man to creep like a thief into a house.

"The darkness choked me like a blanket and my feet stumbled. My whole body beat and beat. I could hear my body pounding, and I felt it swell and then shrink, and squeeze my lungs until they burned. I almost turned and went back to my bed, but as I paused that mockery came to my ears louder and more botter than ever before. It drove me on, along the sidewalk, under the trees of Jon's yard and to his very door.

"Before Jon's door I stood paralyzed for a long time before I could pick his lock. When I was done I was sweating so that I could hardly turn the knob, and I shook so that almost fell of my own weakness. But I closed the door carefully and went to the safe.

"I became weak again, and almost went away. But I heard the voices again in my ears. The voices were low and whispered this time, and caught in my ears. They maddened me. I calmed my

breath and took the knob of the safe in my hands.

It was there that Jon found me, listening to the tumblers of his safe, like a thief! Mr. Grueben—" His bow of words broke off abruptly and he sat beside me half sobbing, his hands shaking.

But it occurs to me now that poor Signius has found the only possible solution to his bewildered story, for as I was leaving he plucked me by the sleeve and asked, his whole countenance lighted, "Is there need in prison for a man who makes keys?"

## Student

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# C • H • E • C • K • E • R • S

● Studying during vacation is a screwy thing to do. It doesn't get you anywhere. Joe studied during the Christmas vacation, or anyway he started studying.

When school opens again after the holidays, I see he isn't sitting in his usual seat. In fact he isn't in school at all. I call him up, and his

boning. Well, they studied all day, and all of a sudden Joe says they should rest up. So, Jabby gets out a checker board.

Joe thinks he's pretty good, but Jabby isn't bad either. So they play all afternoon . . . from five in the afternoon until twelve at night. Joe comes out one game ahead.

mother tells me he's up at Shadyrest Sanatorium, "for a rest." So I go up there and ask for Joe and the nurse takes me to a sun porch and tells me not to excite him. . .

He looks at me kind of sheepish-like, and I don't feel like pumping him so I tell him it's a nice place. Then he yelps like he just sat on a

The next day they study again, and then to relax they drag out the checker board and play for three hours, and Joe comes out behind the eight ball losing by two games.

With studying and all, Joe's pretty fussy after the second checker match is over. And he didn't like having Jabby

soldering-iron . . . and he tells me to cover that \$&?! of a tie I'm wearing. Well, this poked me back a couple of yards, because I liked the neat checkered design.

Yeah, that was it, he told me. . . Checkers!

The day after Christmas, it seemed Joe went to Jabby Pierce's place to do a bit of

beating him by two games. And Joe's an egg who takes things seriously, so that night he walks home thinking about it. He thinks so much that he dreams checkers all night.

That day they were supposed to finish studying, but Joe keeps thinking checkers, so they start in by playing a game or two. After a

unless he can have his back to the wall so he can't be jumped.

So he decides to go to the movies and forget about it all, and rest his mind. He sits down three seats from the aisle, and there is no one on either side of him, and no one between him and the aisle. Joe is watching the pic-

while Joe has Jabby twenty games to fifteen, and he's pretty happy. Then Jabby takes seven straight and they quit. Joe goes home down in the mouth. Then it started.

Joe's walking home and he hears someone walking behind him. "Heck," he says, "it's a jump!" So he moves over to the wall of an apart-

ture, but double jumps, and triple-jumps-and kings keep annoying him. Finally a man sits down next to Joe, in the second seat from the aisle, and *no one was in the aisle seat!* Here was a safe jump! Joe suddenly stands up on his seat, scrambles over the man next to him, and plunks himself down in the aisle seat,

looking straight ahead and smiling with satisfaction. A safe jump! The man gives him the once-over and walks out. Joe says to himself, sure this guy should go out . . . he was jumped, he was out of the game. In a couple of minutes some cops come in and tap Joe on the shoulder. Heck! Now they were jump-

ing him. Well, that's the game. Joe cools off, but they won't listen to him. Joe is pretty sore by the time they get him into the station house.

They get inside and Joe sees a couple of cops playing some sort of a game. Yeah, checkers! Then one of them smiles and says, "Got you

ment house because now the guy walking behind him can't make the jump. The person behind him comes up abreast, and Joe see's no one on the other side so he wants to jump the person, who happens to be a lady with a baby carriage. Then Joe gets control of himself, but all through the day he doesn't talk to anyone

now, Murphy . . . jump, jump, king!" Then Joe goes blotto. So they take Joe and . . .

It's time to go, so I tell Joe he'll be in school again shortly, and back slowly out.

When I got home, I carefully took off my checkered tie, and looking at it as little as possible, I spilt ink all over the darn thing!

## THE LAST LETTER

The reporter entered the massive mansion and immediately felt ill at ease. It wasn't, he thought, right for the editor to have sent him, a mere cub, out after an interview with the publicity hating bachelor, Mr. Pinch.

The butler coldly ushered him into a gigantic sized library where the wealthy Mr. Pinch was sitting quietly. Suddenly, Mr. Pinch bellowed "What do you want?" and almost scared him out of his wits.

"I was sent to get an interview with you," finally replied the reporter.

"What is it you want to know?" asked Mr. Pinch impatiently.

The reporter gazed about, "Aren't you lonely living here by yourself? How come, a rich guy like you never got married?"

The question threw Mr. Pinch off his guard. The angry expression on his face changed to one of pensiveness. "Would you really like to know?" he asked.

"I really would, Pop," said the reporter feeling at home.

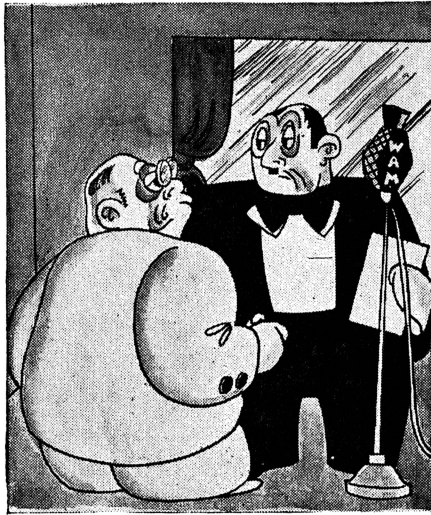
"Well, it was like this," Mr. Pinch began. "It was thirty years ago that I met Nadine—she was a real woman. She loved me—they all do—but her love was different—it was pure; not like these modern girls who like you a little and your money a whole lot.

"Yes, it was thirty years ago. She came to teach me how to play the violin." Mr. Pinch stopped and sighed.

"Well?" prompted the reporter.

"I treated her badly," Mr. Pinch went on. "I knew she loved me, and yet I let her down. Listen, she used to come three times a week to tutor me on the violin. We used to hold each other's hands and speak with our eyes, while I occasionally ran the bow over the strings to fool the old man who was working right here in this room. One day, the old man blew up and insisted that I give up taking violin lessons, but I carried on so that he gave in and Nadine continued to give me lessons three days a week. They were days of heavenly bliss. I still dream of them. I didn't marry Nadine, but I will always be true to her. I just couldn't ever think of another woman as long as I have the memory of my Nadine's beautiful disposition and utter unselfishness.

"I knew the old man would cut me



• "Look here Williams, we don't mind your occasional 'hello' to the wife, but this 'what's for dinner' business must stop!"

off without a cent if he ever found out that I was in love with the simple but sweet Nadine, so I wrote the girl telling her that I had nothing. I told her I offered what to her would be the biggest treasure—myself. 'Write to me, my love,' I penned to her, 'and thus show me all that you feel for me—all that you think of me. If you are afraid to share poverty with me for a few years, do not reply.'" Mr. Pinch stopped talking and lowered his head.

The reporter sadly suggested, "And she never replied?"

"Oh, no!" Mr. Pinch exclaimed. "I knew she loved me for myself. I knew she wouldn't fail me. Her letter came the next day."

"Then," asked the reporter, "why didn't you marry her?"

"I'm ashamed to tell you, but I lost my nerve when the letter came. I just couldn't get myself to open it. I kept staring at it over and over



• "You refuse to wear clothes, because you're a nudist, eh? Well, well, well."

again, but I couldn't get myself to open it. Then I heard my father approaching, and I grew panicky and folded the envelope and slipped it down the neck of this flower-jar." He pointed to a flower-jar standing on an adjacent end-table.

"When the old man left, I ran over to get my letter, but to my utter dismay, I discovered that the letter had slipped down the narrow neck of the jar and had unrolled itself flat on the bottom. I tried every trick possible to get the letter out but none succeeded, and I didn't dare break the flower-jar for it is a family heirloom. Besides it's an ideal burial place for my unrequited love. It is very satisfying to know that in that jar lies a testimony of what my Nadine thought of me. I never wrote to her again. Somehow I felt it would be better that way—easier for Nadine to forget."

And then it happened. The reporter went over to look at the flower-jar and accidentally dropped it. It cracked into thousands of fragments, and an old sealed yellow envelope fell to the floor. Mr. Pinch was too excited to yell at the clumsy reporter. "It's my letter," he cried. "it's my letter!"

With shaking hands he ripped open the fraying envelope and began to read:

*"For twenty one lessons on the violin . . . . \$75.00  
An early remittance would oblige."*

Diner to Headwaiter: By the way, did that fellow who took our order leave any family?

"Why did they evict the medical student from the library?"

"They caught him removing the appendix from the book he was reading."

Traveller: When I was in England I saw a bed twenty feet long.

Friend: That sounds like a lot of bunk to me.

There was a young fellow named Bound,  
While mowing his lawn he was drowned;  
It was dark when he fell  
To the bottom of the well—  
Couldn't tell his grass from a hole in the  
ground.

Sorority girl (handing out frosh pledge assignments): Why didn't you help the house mother around the house last night?

Fresh Frosh: What, was she drunk again?

A man of six feet, eight inches applied for a job as a life-guard.

"Can you swim?" asked the official.

"No, but I can wade to beat hell."

They laughed when I came out on the stage in my glove-tight shorts, but when I bent over they split.

WPA Executive: If we don't figure out a way to spend that \$120,000,000,000, we lose our jobs.

Secretary: How about a bridge over the Mississippi River—lengthwise?

Upon seeing a little girl lead a cow along a country road, the parish minister stopped her and asked::

"Little girl, where are you taking the cow?"

"To the bull," replied the young lassie.

"Can't your father do it?" questioned the clergyman, somewhat taken back.

"Nope," answered the girl, "only the bull."

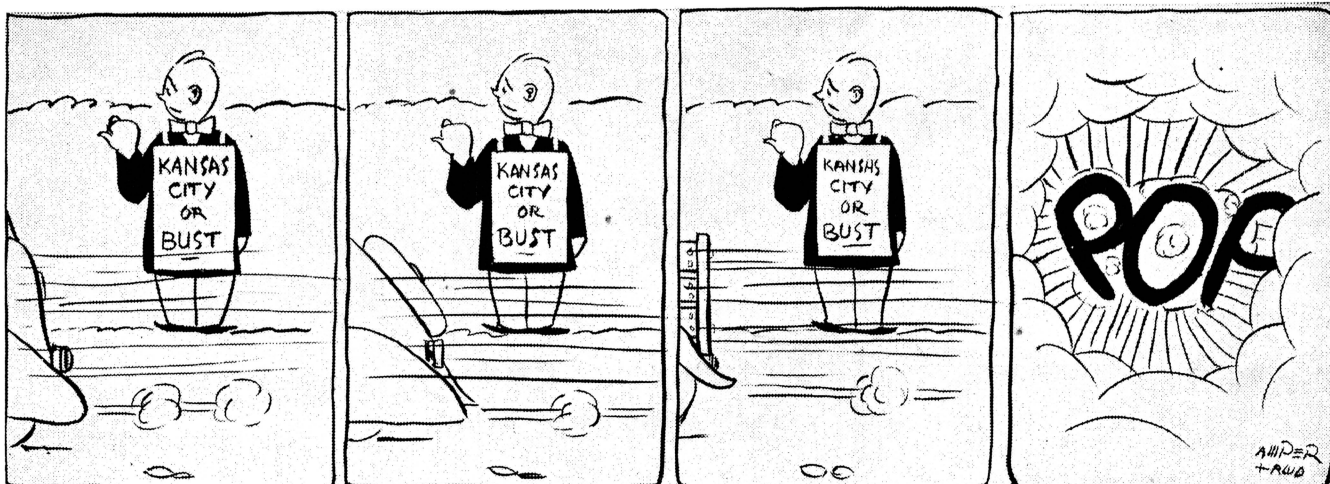
His activities shone afar—

His wagon was hitched to a star

As he labored on toward

His final reward—

Four lines in his class Savitar.



## BOOKS--Cont'd.

### "SERENADE"

Mr. James Cain of Hemingway, O'Hara and Cain in the order named has gotten tough again and written another one. "Serenade" is not as good as Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice," which F. P. A. of The Coming Tower described as "The most engrossing, unlaydownable book that I have any memory of . . .," but "Serenade" is just as salacious, just as brutal, and if you like these qualities—along with plenty of action and color—you will more than like this book.

When an opera singer loses his voice, and consequently his bookings, he usually ends up in Mexico City, the last outpost of civilization from a singer's standpoint. John Howard Sharp has skidded even farther. He couldn't even get a spot in Mexico City opera; he was ousted by government men from his guitar playing job in a cantina.

In the Topibamba Cafe Sharp sees Juana, a white Indian girl, in whom he sees much that pleases him. (Most of Mr. Cain's characters have a very low boiling point!) Juana starts the peregrinations of John Howard Sharp in Mexico.

Sharp chooses a lottery number for Juana. It pays off and she seeks him out as the source of her good luck and explains her plans: she wants to go to the steamy little west coast port of Acapulco and open a bordello! Sharp, who by now has a triple-distilled what-the-hell attitude, agrees to go along to lend a note of "respectability" and inveigle rich American fishermen into the establishment. What happens on the trip from Mexico City to Acapulco is plenty! Mr. Cain can write of the interplay of elemental human passions as no one else can. To get on with the business, Juana's enterprise comes to nothing, but what matter:—Sharp's voice during the Mexico City to Acapulco

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sequence has miraculously been restored to its former strength. An opera loving captain of a freighter takes the pair to Los Angeles. In Hollywood Sharp gets into the big money again. He becomes another movie baritone of the Lawrence Tibbet stamp. He loathes Hollywood, finally runs off to New York and tries to break his contract to the studio in the hope of resuming his career in grand opera. Here enters the villain of the piece, Winston Hares, who had figured rather prominently in Sharps past. It develops that Hawes has a controlling interest in the motion picture concern and enables his friend to sidestep the obligations of his contract. (It sounded phoney to me too!) It boils down to the old triangle with Hawes and Juana contending for the very virile and hairy-chested Sharp.

"Serenade" is not the book to give Aunt Gwendolyn as a birthday gift. But neither is it the flaming-jacketed lending-library type. There is good stuff in "Serenade" despite its sordidness. Mr. Cain's treatment of the Mexican interlude is vivid, real; his account of Sharp's later period of opulence is not so successful.

---

### ANSWERS TO JONES

1. Lonely Gondolier
  2. Out of the Night
  3. Thinking of You
  4. My Dear
  5. Little Jazz
  6. Goodbye
  7. When Day is Done
  8. Beside an Open Fire Place
  9. Getting Sentimental Over You
  10. Torrid Trumpet
-

# JILTED

She was a pretty gal, my gal was  
—but she left me flat.

Said she loved me, but another  
guy better—He's gotta car.  
That's that!

No car . . . no gal . . . got the  
blues . . . no weddin' bells . . .  
sittin' on a curb . . . feelin'  
low . . . hell!



Walked down the street. Saw a  
sign—liquor—forget it all, an'  
make another try.

Bought a pint, but it didn't do no  
good at all—just made me  
want to cry!

No car . . . no gal . . . no money  
. . . gotta headache . . . got  
the blues . . . feelin' low . . .  
hell!



Met another gal, a blonde—a pret-  
ty gal, my new gal is.

She understands when a guy's  
broke, an' when he's feelin'  
low—she's a whiz, my new  
gal is

No car . . . no money . . . but I  
gotta gal . . . an' she's gotta  
job . . . oh boy.

F. L. F.



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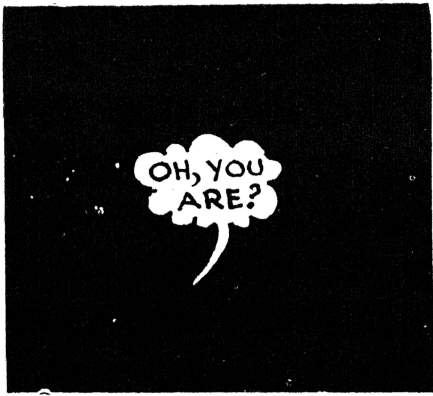
... it's the accessory  
color that's making  
all fashion headlines!  
A rich red-copper  
tone in Suede, as  
the fringed step-in  
above...or in a gab-  
ardine "peep" toe  
tie, with triangle  
eyelets! Wear Straw-  
berry with black,  
brown, blue... well,  
simply everything!

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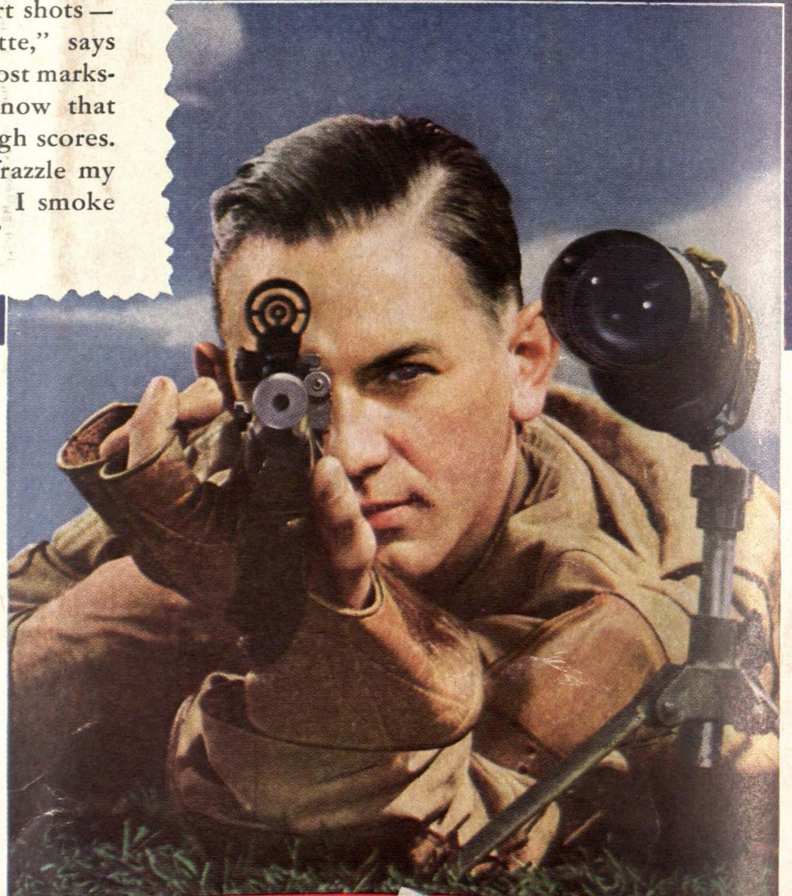
And millions of other people — the most loyal group of smokers in the world — put their "O. K." on Camels too — making Camels the largest-selling cigarette in America

**TAKING X-RAYS** is a delicate job—and a tiring one too. But as *Miss Myrtle Sawler*, X-ray technician, says: "When I'm tired, a Camel refreshes me. I get a 'lift' with a Camel."



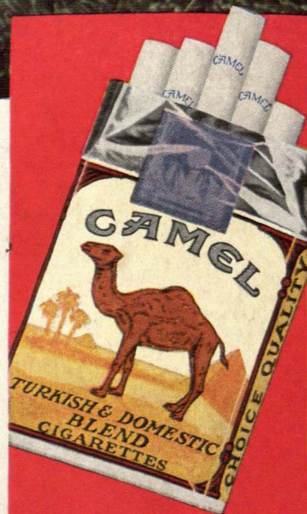
"I'M HANDLING money by thousands," says bank teller, *John McMabon*. "Jittery nerves don't fit in with this work. So it's Camels for me."

**HOME** economist, *Elizabeth May*, says: "There's a world of comfort in smoking Camels 'for digestion's sake,' at mealtimes."



{ ABOVE }

Head-on view of *Ransford Triggs* on the firing line. His .22 calibre rifle is equipped with hand-made sights. He uses the sighting 'scope beside him to help get his sights set exactly for the centre of the bull's-eye. The glove helps protect his hand.



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