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MAY 28, 1948

JACKO

THE DARTMOUTH JACKOLANTERN



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(SECOND PRINTING)

VOL. XXXIII NO. 6

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LETTERS

Financial Returns

Sir:

I have received a second billet doux for the two palsied examples of your art that you have sent me this year. I consider this a deliberate insult to my economic ability as I have already wistfully kissed good-bye one check to pay for the subscription. If you would care to discuss this delicate matter fully and in person, I and my witnesses (6) are prepared to meet with you on your home reservation on our only free weekend, that of May 8, 1948.

P.S. I am clutching the cancelled check in my lil' pink paw.

NAME WITHHELD

Wellesley College.

Sir:

Enclosed find a Postal Note to the amount of \$10 to be applied toward my bill.

. . . I find your attitude much different than the attitude of the personnel of "The Daily Dartmouth". Their actions were base and very sassy. Especially that of W. Scane Bowler and a Mr. Hutchins . . .

NORMAND E. DIONNE

Windsor, Vt.

Organic Chemistry

Sir:

I am only three months old, but even I know that when one mixes an acid with a base (JACKO, May 8) one never gets a primary glycerol. The back of my rattle to JACKO's researchers.

JEANNIE HESBURGH

Hoboken

¶The back of our rattle, too.—Ed.

Correction

SIR:

IN YOUR FINANCIAL COLUMN (JACKO, May 8) YOU REFER TO ME AS AN ENEMY OF THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE, AND THE AMERICAN CAPITALISTIC SYSTEM. I HAVE REPEATEDLY STOOD FOUR-SQUARE FOR THE UNITED STATES TREASURY, ITS BILLS, AND ITS BONDS. PLEASE CORRECT THIS GRIEVOUS ERROR WITH YOUR MILLIONS OF READERS. ALSO CONSIDER THIS AS A CANCELLATION OF MY SUBSCRIPTION.

J. STALIN

Moscow



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Contribution

Sir:

In recognition of your sterling and fearless reporting, I feel it my duty to send you the enclosed copy of a final examination to be used in Dartmouth College next week. That a test of this nature is still necessary in a college boasting a Great Issues Course (see EDUCATIONAL) is indicative of the historical knowledge possessed by present-day students.

PROF. JOHN DAZELY

Hanover, N. H.

¶ Thanks to reader Dazely; examination will be printed in next issue.—Ed.

War and Peace

Sir:

In the Green Key Issue "Vox Clam" column, you subtly ridicule the Peace Rally conducted by a number of straight-thinking students and faculty members last month and suggest . . . that JACKO will soon back a "War" rally . . . It is good to see that at last you publicly express your reactionary policy . . .

ABRAHAM SHALO, '49

¶ JACKO assures reader Shalo that the suggestion was advanced timidly, received eagerly by readers and JACKO staff members who are just itching to be drafted, put on a neat brown uniform, and get into a nice juicy war.—Ed.

Lay of the Land

Sir:

After an exhaustive and exhausting (we profit by experience) survey of the most illustrious of the grand agglomeration of Eastern institutions of higher learning, and after weighing the extra-curricular attributes of these colleges, we have reached the profound conclusion that of these only Dartmouth College possesses all the essential prerequisites of an institution that can be qualified as thoroughly excellent and the epitome of all that we admire.

We have been unable to classify our own college because of our obvious subjective position. We would appreciate your discerning evaluation of our Alma Mater.

N.D.C.

Wellesley College.

¶ We think Wellesley's nice, too.—Ed.

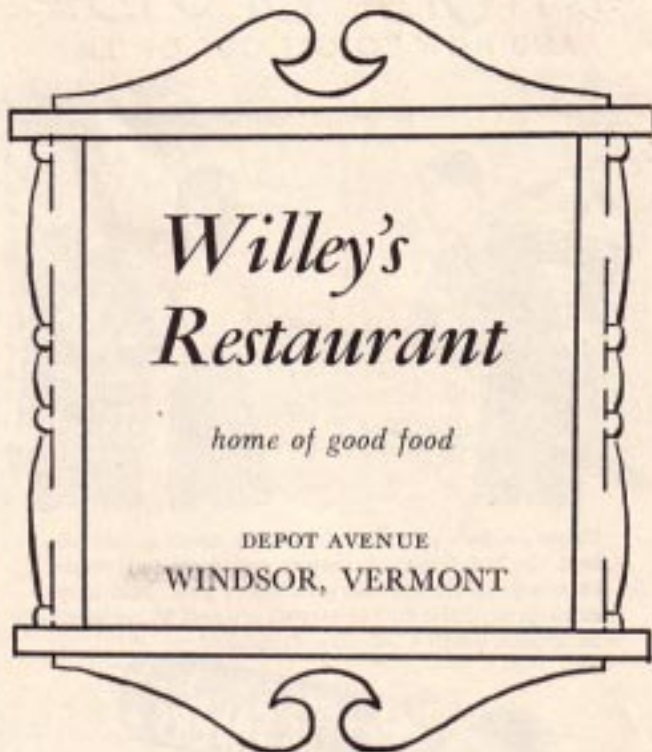
John P. and Henry A.

Sir:

Your subtle slurs upon the honor and good intentions of the liberal *Daily Dartmouth* must stop . . . It is only the *Dartmouth* that has had the courage to take a firm stand for Henry Wallace, a fine American, and the most promising candidate for president upon the American political scene today . . . If anyone on the JACKO staff had any guts or intelligence, they would be for Wallace and peace too . . . wake up, O misguided ones!

SENATOR GLEN TAYLOR

¶ The Daily D. has officially supported no candidate for president, has merely given ample space to columns written by Wallace supporters. And JACKO, while supporting no candidate for office, assures our future Vice President that JACKO has always stood for all the peace it could get.—Ed.



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Room*

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MISCELLANY

Special Assignment. In New York, Policewoman Caroline Kimpton, who had been attacked by a man while she was off-duty, finally found, arrested and personally hauled in her embarrassed husband.

Scent-ific. In Sherbon, Mass., famed Women's Reformatory bloodhounds, long noted for keen scent in catching escaped prisoners, went after escapee Sally Ciuba, instead caught Sally's sweetheart, Sherman Blog.

Wright Right. After 18 years of prison cell law study, Cecil Wright reversed a federal conviction for postal robbery, left Alcatraz eager to take his New Hampshire bar examinations.

Feet of Clay. In Hanover, N. H., Police Chief Andrew Ferguson arrested the Hanover Improvement Society's active secretary John Apelson, charged him with throwing an empty beer can out of his moving car.

The Male Animal, Cambridge Style. In Boston, the Massachusetts State Legislature unanimously approved a bill allowing men to get their hair and nails done at beauty parlors. In Cambridge, furrier Al Fine opened a shop near Harvard Yard, announced a new line of men's smoking jackets in seal, broadtail, and persian lamb.

Good Excuse. In Shaker Heights, Ohio, wealthy recluse Allan Dunnavan, when asked by the judge why he had failed to pay his income tax from 1933 to 1945 explained; "I'm a Republican."

Oldtimer. In Wenatchee, Wash., George Washington was hauled into court on a charge of disorderly conduct, immediately pleaded "guilty." The charge: chopping down cherry trees in Wenatchee's Public Park.

Mystery. In Georgia's Women's Reform Institution, Jo Ann Hazelton, who had served 14 months of a 2 year sentence, was removed from her cell and transferred to the prison hospital. The diagnosis: pregnancy.

Memento. In Cowling, New York, Miss Daisy Lauterbach asked city garbage-disposal officers to help her retrieve a set of lacy black underthings from the city dump, explained that they were items "of great sentimental value."

Consientious. At Dartmouth College in Hanover, N. H., student Eugene Whittier sat through a Chemistry lecture with double fracture of the leg, explained from a hospital bed later that "I didn't want to miss anything."

Good Business. In San Jose, California, Reverend Arthur Clarke, who began to water the communion wine, found plate collections falling off. After restoring the wine to full strength, collection plate revenue was back to normal.

JACKO

THE DARTMOUTH NEWSMAGAZINE

EDITOR David R. Reynolds
MANAGING EDITOR Peter J. Smith
EDITOR EMERITUS C. James Schaefer
BUSINESS MANAGER..... Louis B. Kastenhein, II

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PUBLISHER

Myron Pleschet

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Jacko - Reader

Shortly before a conservative coup in South Hadley, JACKO International, publisher of our foreign editions, received the following message from a subscription donor in Hanover:

"We entered a subscription for the JACKO in the name of (a student at Mount Holyoke). This happened to be a Christmas gift. Now the subscriber says her academic standing has been threatened if she continues to receive your magazine. Will you, therefore, stop service immediately . . ."

In response to this prophetic warning, JACKO Int. struck the name from its list and began its own investigation of the hazards of sending further copies to its Holyoke subscribers. Meanwhile, the conservatives brought off their coup and, as you may have read in your newspapers, promptly banned JACKO and three other college publications on grounds of "lascivious reporting."

Shortly thereafter, these banned publications were more or less reinstated, pending permanent decisions as to their future. JACKO Int., which has been through this sort of thing before, knows, however, that its future in South Hadley is almost zero. Its first move, after satisfying itself that further receipt of our publication would be highly compromising, socially, to subscribers there, was to hold up individual subscriptions, including that of Mount Holyoke's president.

Then, after arranging to continue the supply of copies of JACKO to Dartmouth alumni in South Hadley, JACKO Int. waited to see what would happen to the newsstand copies of JACKO's Green Key Issue, carrying several forbidden dog lines. Word came on May 11 that JACKO was banned for keeps from Mount Holyoke newsstands and that *The Quarterly* would henceforth be censored for "JACKO-like" content.

From there on, Mount Holyoke will probably follow the conservative pattern established in other schools for controlling foreign publications. Officially, there is Administration censorship of all publications, but Administration policy in several insitutions allows almost all

publications to pass the censor so that freedom of the press can be claimed. The real censorship is exercised by the college distributing agencies, which can fail to distribute any publication they dislike.

One JACKO Int. man, recently returned from Vassar, saw almost no foreign publications on the newsstands there except Yale magazines and newspapers. When he inquired about JACKO's four hundred subscribers at Vassar (there are thirty-five more in Poughkeepsie), he found that many were members of the free beer party who had left the college, more were on unofficial weekends, and the rest were in a dormitory closed because of disciplinary action.

As yet, there has been no direct censorship or expulsion of Dartmouth correspondents from Mount Holyoke. Paul White, of JACKO's Bennington bureau, who covered the Holyoke coup, telegraphed that before he left South Hadley his Holyoke friends had already begun to avoid him, saying it would be unwise for them to be seen with a Dartmouth man any more.

And so it goes. Until the coup, Mount Holyoke was one of the few colleges where JACKO could be distributed freely. It was the only college freely visited by students from other conservative colleges, and, therefore, almost the last portal through which the publications of the Ivy league colleges could find their way to the colleges behind the Iron Curtain. As this letter goes to press, JACKO Int. has written Mount Holyoke off as another example of the fact, which JACKO Int. has learned the hard way, that the war of ideas is a real war.

Cordially,

Myron R. Pleschet

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Name Class

[] Business Address

[] Home Address

(Check address where you want invoice for dues sent)

City State.....

Proposer

JACKO

Vol. XXXIII, No. 6

THE DARTMOUTH NEWSMAGAZINE

May 26, 1948

LOCAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Higher Standards

President John Sloan Dickey gave no sign that he knew that his big toe (he wears size 13 shoe) was getting slightly damp; he was peppy, and in good spirits, and fairly bubbled over with enthusiasm. But the angry waters of student opinion washed muddily through Parkhurst Hall all week and Dickey scarcely moved without sloshing in the stuff. And the water was getting dirtier and dirtier all the time.

A New Plan. Reason for the mud was obvious to all but the administration, headed by ex-football star L. K. Neidlinger. The faculty and administration had been called together for a meeting to "discuss new policy." Not one of the faculty members could understand the reason for this unexpected meeting, and for this reason, many failed to put in an appearance. Bright-young-man of the English Department, Professor John Finch, explained later that he attended the meeting because; "they served refreshments last time." But most were there out of curiosity.

The fireworks started as soon as Dickey strode into the expensively decorated faculty sanctum. Wasting no words, he lashed into the faculty for easy going ways with students. Pinned down for more constructive suggestions by easy-going Professor Foley of the History Department, Dickey lit the fuse. Said he: "the scholastic standards of Dartmouth are too low. Our marking system will have to be tougher."

Translated into action, this declaration would mean:

¶ First, that Dickey was turning over the applegart of 179 years of apathy. (Dartmouth was founded in 1769)

¶ Dartmouth, long noted for bright boys, would now be nothing better than another Harvard.

¶ Ed Graham, outspoken faculty critic, would not get his usual 1.9 average this term.

¶ Students, coasting along with easy-to-get B's, would find their report cards filled with gentlemanly C's. D-Students will rediscover the unlimited opportunities of Army Life.

¶ Cheating, a comparatively simple problem at Dartmouth, would reach unpredictable proportions.

Voices Were Raised. Student reaction to this new plan was immediate.

Many could be stimulated into little more action than staring vacantly into space, perplexed. A few Wallace-for-President Clubbers, taking the cue of radical tactics, picketed the administration building. The picketing was ineffective, however, as only two men, Charles Russell and henchman Ronald Spiers showed up. But in the usually lethargic atmosphere of Dartmouth's new and ambitious Undergraduate Council, good looking, affable, Robert Shade sprang to his feet and shouted, "we can't take this lying down!" With little further talk, a resolution was adopted by the Council, which said in short that they thought Dickey's plan was unfair.

But by week's end, E. Graham was still worried about his 1.9 average.

RIOTOUS LIVING

Million-Dollar Hangover

Alcoholism costs Dartmouth men about \$1 million a year in money and inefficient work. A group of Hanover professors and undergraduates got together to discuss and do something about this fact: they formed the Dartmouth Drinking Directorate and picked as president

local distiller Tanzi.

Last week, in the liquorless Hovey Grille under Thayer Hall, the committee held the college's first conference on alcoholism. Freshmen, Phi Betes, Tuck men and profs stated their views. Highlights:

¶ The circumstances that drive a Dartmouth man to drink—too many classes, too few women—can frequently be corrected.

¶ Alcoholism is a widespread habit—and college authorities had best recognize that.

¶ The College should supply free hospitalization for alcoholism, just as it does for active participants in other college sports.

¶ Dartmouth Fraternities have been more successful than any other group in helping alcoholics.

Suggested Reforms: Fewer classes, more houseparties. Professors and students were almost unanimous in agreeing that the academic schedule should be curtailed in favor of more liberal weekend rules. With less frustration and its concomitant drunkenness, output in shortened class days would still equal inebriated efforts at present.



DICKEY AND FRIENDS

For a meeting to "Discuss New Policy."

LOCAL AFFAIRS



DARTMOUTH'S NEIDLINGER
Reports kept coming in.

Deeds vs. Ideals

In Hanover, N. H. last week, Nelson Wormwood, steely-eyed campus cop at Dartmouth College (undisputed leader of Ivy League alcoholism—(see SPORTS)) turned in a report to college officials that turned perennial red faces redder. "There were twenty-five students involved and two girls. Even in my long experience, I have never seen anything like it . . ." the report began. The red had turned to purple when beefy "I wanna be your friend" Goudreau, another college cop, bounded into Dean Lloyd K. Neidlinger's plush office with a similar report about another after hours dorm party. A public opinion poll showed that one-half the student body thinks that the college shows little consideration for drinkers; six out of seven believes that the college shows little consideration for sex drives.

This kind of news was evidence that in a college where all students are supposed to be receiving a liberal education there is a wide, and continuing gap between Dartmouth deeds and Dartmouth ideals. Six months ago President Dickey (rhymes with Mickey) appointed a special committee to see what could be done about closing that gap. Last week the committee, headed by The Player's Robert Russell '49*, made its report.

* Not to be confused with Robert Russell who was indicted three weeks ago for the hatchet murder of his five-day old baby. Other committee members: Sigma Chi's A. B. Hinman, Delta Tau Delta's Arthur "Bud" Bullock, The Dartmouth's Smiley Chambers, DCAC's Kingsley Jarvis, local Playwright Robert MacLeod, and Sigma Nu's George Jamison.

Two Rights. The committee, its members reported, found "much that has shocked us, and much that has made us feel ashamed." The committee felt that every student at Dartmouth was entitled to the protection of two basic rights; to freedom of action in dormitory rooms at all times (said Chairman Russell, "Hell, they pay for the rooms, don't they?"), and for a relaxing of drinking regulations to guarantee freedom to imbibe wherever and whenever the student feels the urge. At present only a limited amount of sex and liquor said the committee, is "guaranteed" at Dartmouth.

Certain specific steps could be taken immediately. The committee proposed less stringent controls by the Administration and its carefully-watched pawn, the Undergraduate Council. It also recommended that effective curbs be placed on the snooping and sleuthing of cops Wormwood and Goudreau, and that a special committee be established to see that these recommendations were carried out.

Better to Judge. The committee recognized the special problem of dealing with complete alcoholics and sex maniacs. The report decried proposals arising out of "near-hysteria," which would restrict the alcoholic from drinking at all. "We don't want to go overboard on this thing," declared fairminded A. B. Hinman, '46 who occasionally indulges himself. The committee recommended instead that groups "which attempt to influence student opinion" be required to disclose all pertinent facts about themselves, as now required of heelers by *The Dartmouth*.

Said the report: "Our purpose . . . is to enable the students better to judge the true motives of those who try to sway them."

At week's end tight-lipped, dapper, Dean Neidlinger was more tight-lipped than ever before. It was obvious that the committee's report provided a sharp and much needed prod to Dartmouth's "liberalism."

GOVERNMENT

Not So Handy Andy

Things were looking bad for Andy. Ever since Andrew J. Ferguson had taken office as local Police Chief he's been in and out of the frying pan five times. This time it looks as though he might cook.

Public officials have to carry through their obligations to the people they serve, but genial, harmless Andrew Ferguson, spends too much time escorting overweighted faculty wives across Main Street to pay much attention to his obligations. And it's beginning to show.

Earl S. Hewitt, local Republican bigwig, picked up his phone in his littered office last week and in between puffs on his expensive cigar (Romeo and Juliet), he got hold of the bad boy. After some pointed remarks about his ability, without bothering to raise his voice he told "Andy" to do better or he would. (In getting a new Police Chief).

Later, in private conversations, he disclosed that Ferguson had not recorded enough arrests (only ten Dartmouth students for intoxication and vile language over a week's period) and that the only way that they were able to judge whether he was doing the job was to go by the usual scale (i.e. number of arrests).

Cowing under this lashing, Ferguson, quick to catch on, promised more arrests. Said he; "there isn't much time left in the school year, but I'll see what I can do."

JACKO REPORTS

Newly arrived in Hanover, a returning JACKO heeler who lives in Butterfield, cabled this first impression of the struggle for freedom:

The Council Fights. In this strangest of college towns, perhaps the strangest of all meetings take place about every four weeks in 2 Butterfield Hall. Here sit the duly elected representatives of the students of Dartmouth—the Undergraduate Council—convened in the basement room. It's straight rows of wooden benches suggest a classroom more than a student legislature. But to the front, below green curtains emblazoned with the College seal, two large, raised benches rather suggest a courtroom.

On the lower of these benches sit the assembly's presiding officers, behind and above them sit agents of the Administration and the Board of Trustees. Perhaps the suggestion of both classroom and courtroom is apt. For here, Dartmouth

LOCAL AFFAIRS

students are expected to learn the ways of democracy, and here the Big Ones from the Administration and the Board of Trustees are supposed to sit in solemn judgment on their efforts. But, this week, it was difficult to tell who was judge, who was accused.

The Strangled College. The two immaculately dressed business men stared down expressionlessly from their high official bench at the determined figure in green senior jacket who spoke to the Council. He was President George Barr of Dartmouth's class of '45. His hands gripped the rostrum firmly. He attacked the restrictions upon admissions to Dartmouth and on the arbitrary earmarking of funds donated by alumni for certain extremely questionable projects (see ART). Prosaic issues? Yes—but they involved orders of the Board of Trustees.

His crisp, strong voice did not betray his 23 years as he declared: "We must have all groups represented freely in Dartmouth. We must keep dormitory rents and tuition down (see BUSINESS AND FINANCE). We must avoid architectural monstrosities and spring Bermuda vacations for DDA officials." This was little less than Dartmouth's student leader calling on the higher-ups to stop strangling the College. The two business men showed their unconcern—one by strolling out, the other by reading a newspaper.

Every Child Knows. At last, the business man lies aside his paper with respectful attention: Curly-headed Chick Camp, spokesman for Dean Neidlinger, takes the floor. He is the only one of the gathering who looks well-fed; his jowls are heavy and his stomach folds over his belt. Briskly, he assails the "Daily Dartmouth" for subversive activity, the JACKO for advocating anarchy on campus weekends, and WDBS for "Programs . . . of consistently low quality." All but one or two members, who are engrossed in comic books, guffaw. But Camp perorates bravely: "We must defend the students of Dartmouth whose subsistence and rights are being stolen from them. The administration . . . proposes that all college publications be placed under a new coordinating agency, under the Office of the Dean, and completely separate from the Undergraduate Council. . . . We feel that in this way the interests of the students will be better protected in that it will be easier to prevent dangerous propaganda from being disseminated by press and radio." In the bored silence that follows, the frantic clapping of the single D.O.C. delegate present echoes hollowly. It is nearly beer time, and the JACKO delegates leave their bench. The businessmen's attention wanders, and they file their nails with an air of unbearable boredom.

A Diplomatic Echo. It takes Meff Runyon, a nervy, sandy-haired student of 23 to jar the Administration delegate from his posturing. Meff is a Social

Democrat; a sympathizer in many progressive campus movements; an uncompromising foe of either Leftist or Rightist totalitarianism. His eyes are hot with anger, and he is impatient with all this petty squabbling about Dartmouth's dangerous press when all Hanover knows what is at stake. "I want to raise this debate to the level commensurate with the gravity of the crisis we face." He does so bluntly: "The students of Dartmouth are unwilling to surrender to the S:F:T:C:A.D.* and its odious program of censorship. . . . Our mind and will are firmly set on a constitutionally-run College with the right of expression for all. . . . We know the seriousness of this hour." (The businessmen have laid aside their newspapers and nailfiles, and listen intently).

Students like Meff Runyon and John Stearns may expect (at best) to be under order of suspension or expulsion 24 hours after the Administration's removal of the constitutional guarantees of freedom for Dartmouth's publications and radio station. Until that day comes—if it does—they can continue battling to show the Big Ones that their *Nervenkrieg* has been far from an unqualified success—and to remind the student body that they are defending at Dartmouth more than just their rights to express opinion openly.

This seemed to be about the only lesson and judgment to come out of the strange meeting in 2 Butterfield Hall a few weeks ago.

WEATHER

The Five Great Days

Hanoverians were disregarding the weather with their usual contempt. In a land where the weather usually appears with the violence of Lower Slobovia, a * Society For Thought Control At Dartmouth, the Dean's proposed agency.

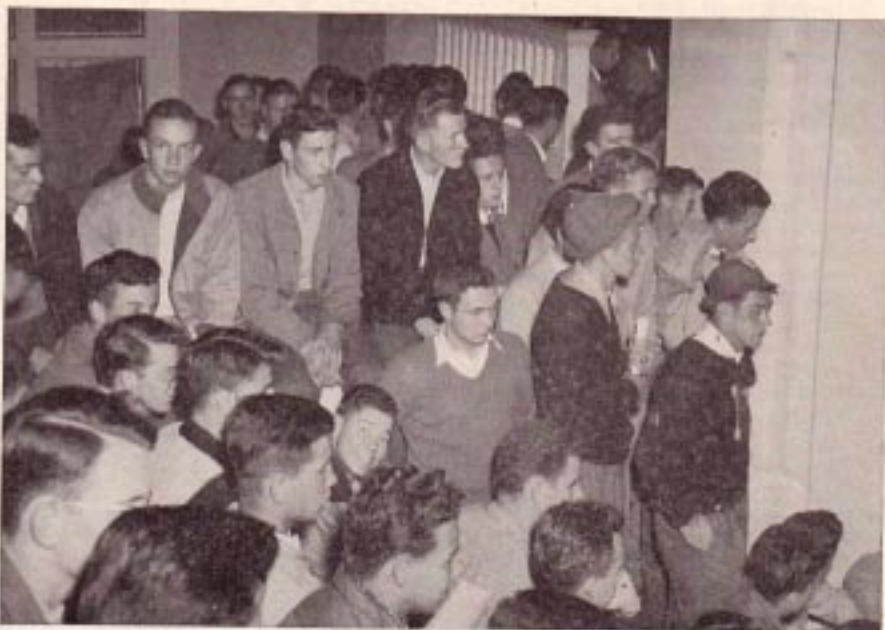
day of bright sunshine was never more than a mirage. Yet there was a feeling in the air that was not to be disregarded.

It was the second day before, the average citizen of Dartmouth noticed how brightly the sun shone. Thousands watched from advantageous positions on the green, hundreds more gaped from windows. Soon the trees along the roads started to put forth reconnaissance buds, the flag hung like a wet dish-rag, even the clouds cooperated by not putting in an appearance.

By the fourth day things had begun to get out of hand. Weatherman George Z. Dimitroff was astounded. Philosopher Maurice Mandelbaum issued a statement saying that as the good weather was not rational, it must be all an illusion. On the other hand Empiricist Francis W. Gramlich was ecstatic. Dissent was rife, tempers all over campus grew shorter and shorter. Even the Boston and Maine Railroad was affected, and ran a train on time, much to the confusion of passengers and officials.

On the fifth day Hanoverians began to enjoy the calm. The paths leading from town were jammed with pushing, gesticulating throngs. Shoestores were invaded by dust-powdered hikers in search of sturdy boots and shoes. At White River Junction, crowds stormed the train station, until extra police details herded them into order. Fortunately, this threw the Boston and Maine back to its usual tardiness.

The only Hanoverians who really seemed downcast were members of the highly vocal "Great Four Days Men of '00." For 48 years they had been writing essays and fattening fables about the Great Four Good Days of 1900. But at weeks end they were only talking about the second longest period of good weather, and nobody was listening.



UNDERGRADUATE COUNCIL.
The strangest of all meetings takes place.

WHO'S WHO IN THE GOP: DICKEY



Before the Philadelphia Convention next June, a major job of the nation's voters will be to absorb, weigh, and compare the records in the Republican Who's Who of Presidential Candidates. Herewith, in the tenth of a series, JACKO publishes the condensed biography and political record of Dartmouth's President, John Sloan Dickey.

Vital Statistics. Age: 40 (born November 4, 1907, in an unpretentious house in Lock Haven, Pa.) *Ancestry:* his background is solid Presbyterian. He is the brightest of the five children (three boys and two girls) of John W. Dickey and Gretchen (Sloan) Dickey. His younger brother, Robert F. was a member of the class 1932 at Dartmouth and is now practicing medicine in Lock Haven. Sister Gretchen, is emulating her famous brother on a smaller scale by teaching High School in Lock Haven. His father was and still is a manufacturer in the town of Lock Haven. *Educated:* at Lock Haven High School (1925), Dartmouth (1929), Harvard Law School (1932). *Married:* in 1932, to Miss Christina M. Gillespie, daughter of Dr. Gillespie of Exeter School fame. She is from Exeter, N. H. *Children:* Sylvia Alexander, 13; Christina Louise, 12; John Sloan Jr., 7. *Church:* Presbyterian. *Nickname:* Johnny.

Personal Traits. A big (6 ft. 3 in., 210 lbs.), smiling ruddy complexioned Pennsylvanian, his most pronounced facial characteristics are his gapping front teeth, his high sloping forehead, and his thinning, almost negligible, brown hair. He is careless of dress, preferring to wear a sloppy, red-checked hunting jacket over his usually unpressed suits (brown is his favorite color); rather than a top-coat. His tie always has the appearance of being hastily tied, as his collar button is usually showing. His hands are usually thrust deep in his pockets when he's standing, characteristic of his informal and disarming manner. In private, he is a genial and pleasant conversationalist; in Parkhurst Hall he is all business—cool, aggressive, and persistent.

Career. A lawyer (Corporation) by profession, he has been appointed to many public offices (Assistant to Commissioner of Dept. of Correction in Mass., 1933; Assistant to Assistant Secretary of State and Assistant to Legal Advisor of State Dept., 1934-36; Special Assistant to Secretary of State, 1940; Special Assistant to Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, 1940-44; Chief, Division of World Trade Intelligence in Dept. of State, and Director of Office of Public Affairs, 1944-45; Public Liaison Officer, U. S. Delegation in U. N. Conferences in San Francisco in 1945;). He has never been elected to any public office. Since 1945, he has been President of Dartmouth College and a Trustee of Wellesley College. At present he is a member of President Truman's political cauldron, his Committee on Civil Rights.

Private Life. He lives in the President's House in Hanover, N. H. with his wife and three children. For relaxation, he likes to take walks with his energetic, large, brown (his favorite color) retriever. A solid citizen, he never hunts or fishes out of season, and when his crowded schedule allows, he takes his rod and gun into the woods, "doing no great harm to wild life." This is typical of his modest manner. Always playing host to visiting dignitaries, he enjoys taking them on walks showing off "his" campus.

Early Years. He was raised in Lock Haven, where the Dickey clan abound, and went to grammar school. Never a dull student, he was a favorite of the teachers. Because of his size, he was the leader of his neighborhood gang, but usually managed to keep out of trouble. With the attitude of the scholar that he is, in High School he preferred to stay on the sidelines and manage the football team, rather than play at a position that depended on brawn. Always one for practical jokes, big, good-natured Johnny (as the girls used to call him) took delight in teasing the girls. He graduated from high

school with the single notable distinction of being the first student from Lock Haven to enter Dartmouth.

At Dartmouth, he became a model student. In his freshman year, he went out for Basketball and Tennis, but in neither did he win a letter. As a sophomore, he began to turn his attention to the more serious side of college life and as a result, he graduated in 1929 with an outstanding scholastic record—highest distinction in History, Magna Cum Laude, Phi Beta Kappa, and as a Rufus Choate Scholar. In his spare time, he was an active member of the Outing Club, President of Theta Chi fraternity, and a member of the Interfraternity Council.

After Harvard Law School, he took a fling at private practice with Senator Saltonstall's old firm of Gaston, Snow, Saltonstall, and Hunt, and later wrangled a partnership. In between stints as a practicing lawyer, he served as a reliable little cog in Washington's vast network of public offices, all in the Department of State. The crowning achievement of his State Dept. duties was the tactful and diplomatic treatment he accorded 41 civic groups (many Women's Clubs) who attended the San Francisco Conference. In 1945, by unanimous vote of the Trustees, he was appointed the successor to the ageing and PMAuled President Ernest Martin Hopkins of Dartmouth. Since then, he has been outspoken in his belief that College students aren't getting a strong enough dose of international relations, and translating words into action, he has instituted the new and highly controversial "Great Issues Course" (see EDUCATION) at Dartmouth.

Public Record. As a lawyer, he established himself early with a reliable firm and worked himself up to the position of partner. No sloucher he, often in his early law years he went to court where he was respected for his fairmindedness and his strict adherence to legal procedure.

As an officer in the Mass. Dept. of Correction, his job was to investigate and report on prison conditions etc. His friendly and informal manner earned him the respect of prisoners and jailers alike.

As an official in the Dept. of State, he earned the gratitude of his immediate superiors for quiet, tiring, and often useless behind the scenes work. He was commended for his efficient work at the San Francisco Conference and was rewarded with Archibald MacLeish's old position when he left.

As an educator, he varied his Washington duties with a position on the faculty of the School of Advanced International Studies and held the title of Lecturer in American Foreign Relations. His interest in his Alma Mater was evidenced by the fact that he served 5 years as the assistant class agent, and from 1936-40 as a member of the Executive Committee of the Boston Alumni Association—both thankless tasks. He once said: "I have two loves—Dartmouth College and international relations." Since his appointment as President in 1945, he has been persistent in trying to promote a marriage of the two. He has received honorary degrees from four New England colleges; Tufts, Brown, Middlebury, and Amherst, still many shy of Truman's all time high.

Pro & Con. His critics say that he is a phony liberal who advocates liberalism on one hand and dances with Capitalists (Nelson Rockefeller) on the other. Seniors attending his Great Issues course are often embarrassed with his over-familiarity on the speaker's platform with such famous men as Archibald MacLeish ("Archie", to Dickey). Other students don't feel that he is spending enough time in Hanover; he is usually off on a trip and delegates his power to stooge, Dean Neidlinger. A few just say, he is a bull-headed, plodding mediocrity who never says or does anything out of the ordinary.

His admirers say that he is sincere, generous, tolerant and gentle-minded. They point to his experience in the field of law and international relations as a necessary qualification for the next President. They also point out that, for a candidate, he is a young man in vigorous health, the darkest dark horse in the Republican Party race, and a man "who knows the right people" in Washington.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

POLITICS

On the Rise

Tom Dewey, Harold Stassen and Bob Taft, got most of the play in the political headlines last week, and over the radios, but the man who was showing the biggest gains in Hanover, N. H., a liberal Republican stronghold, was none other than Dartmouth's own President John Sloan Dickey. This week, *The Dartmouth* poll clocked the race, confirmed what many a GOP professional had already guessed: in the three weeks since the local Wallace-for-President leader had been expelled from school for lewdness and indecency, the college President's popularity had more than doubled; the declared candidates had neither gained nor lost much ground.*

No Handwagon Zip. Many GOP politicians were privately talking Dickey up as the strongest man to whom the party could intrust its interests and the nation's. Abe Shalo, '49, local leftwinger cracked, "He ain't strong enough to lift a shovel."

In the primary's that have been held so far, the Republican bigwigs have proved their point. Each side was satisfied with their candidates showing. Dewey's organization power was displayed over and over again. So was Stassen's vote appeal and Mrs. Bob Taft's sex appeal. Stassen has won in almost every town and hamlet in which he has done some personal campaigning. But in New Hampshire, for instance, there was never any real handwagon enthusiasm for either.

If Tom Dewey, Bob Taft, and Harold Stassen were to make a better showing in the forthcoming Republican Convention they would have to develop more vote-getting power than they have shown thus far in Hanover. In Philadelphia on June

* *The Dartmouth* poll, taken among Republicans, before the first show at the Nagget, showed these preferences, in percentages: Dickey, 4; Stassen, 3; Dewey, 1; Wesger, 1; The pollster admitted that it was a poor picture.

23, every avowed and unavowed candidate's name (including Dickey's) will be considered.

Focus of Confidence. It is a time for greatness, but greatness is unpredictable in any President, especially on the college level. More exactly, it is a time for statesmanship in the White House and John Sloan Dickey is clearly and predictably a statesman. Thus he is esteemed in all quarters except those envenomed by the *Chicago Tribune* ("he stinks!" says the *Tribune*) or perverted by Wallace-for-President Clubbers. In Hanover, for example, many Stassenmen, Taftmen, and Deweymen, were second-choice Dickeymen. In sum, the private conversations of many GOP wise men were expressed by bootlicking George Barr. Said he: "There is no doubt that Dickey is now the man on whom the active candidates could most readily come together . . . of no other man can it be said that there are so many student Republicans who trust him, so few who are deeply opposed . . ."

Another

Hollywood's ageing and slightly greying male actor, Spencer Tracy, a man who has portrayed everything from a Portuguese fisherman to a Mid-Western rancher, on the screen, last week announced that he was fishing around for yet another, if not as lucrative role: the President of the United States.

In his home in Los Angeles last week, he sat like a defensive halfback in his plush, overly-decorated living room. Into the room bounded California's Republican Chairman Arthur W. Carlson. In his hands, Carlson carried a framed copy of a resolution, neatly hand-lettered, adopted by the Republican state committee. The resolution asked Spencer Tracy's permission to line up a Republican convention delegation for him.

On a table nearby, lay a letter pre-



CANDIDATE DICKEY
Just out of the shell.

pared in advance. It was addressed to Chairman Carlson. Spencer Tracy picked up the paper and read aloud: "I shall be proud . . ."

Spencer Tracy said he would make no active campaign and would seek no delegates outside his own state. But he would be more than just a favorite son. If anyone wanted to work for him in other states, that would be O.K.

An Appealing Platform. Tracy, nobody's fool, and quick to learn the part, issued almost simultaneously a short terse bulletin, outlining his platform. Some of the splintery planks:

¶ "Movies should be more widely used to develop an understanding between Russia and the United States." Cornered into making some recommendations, he named a few that he had starred in recently.

¶ "The President's salary should be raised to meet the rise in living costs . . . almost as much as certain cinema idols are making. After all," he explained, "the President has to be a greater actor than even John Barrymore."

¶ "With a two party system, only confusion ensues. Let's just have one big party."

Too Serious. Mixed reaction followed the release of this news. One woman shopper in her early thirties gave her reasons for "rooting" for him: "he looks just like a President." Most of the approvals came from female admirers, who think that his talent is worth more than just a meager 19 thousand a picture.

But most of the reaction can be summed up in a statement made by a New York construction foreman: "He's taking his part in the 'State of the Union' too seriously."



BARR, O'NEIL, DAHLE, AND STEARNS
Dickey's managers are confident.

CRIME

Tommy & Benny

Chicago sweated as the wooly, wet heat topped 95 degrees. But it was not too hot for lurid drama. For the first time since the Tony Marceletto thrill murder of 1942, the home of sudden gunfire and anonymous funeral wreaths last week had a crime story juicy enough to appease its appetite. It seemed like old times.

The famed Chicago press came to life, chased its tail and boyed bulletins. It threatened the police, tried the case on Page one, and manufactured a confession. Readers jumped aboard with letters full of theories, shudders, lectures on Psychology, morals and English usage. While psychiatrists candled the accused's head, the city focused on its ugly, old, Cook County jail. There in cell No. 38, frail, smiling, 7-year old Tommy Bingham.

Tommy was the star. A dumb, lazy, member of Miss Hickman's Kindergarten School (where Bruno Hauptman spent a short time), he was charged with 12 burglaries, four assaults with intent to murder, and five successful attempts. He was also suspected of having shot and stabbed ex-WAC Alice "the Honey Kid" Abbott; of having carved up and eaten little five-month-old Cherry Redin; of having attempted to knife his sister, a delicate six-year-old, when she refused to play monopoly with him. The papers declared that he had made an oral confession of all seven murders while lulled by a "truth serum" (actually only a bottle of Pepsi-Cola with a sodium pentothal label on it). Tommy insisted that he could neither rob nor murder. He blamed it all on one of his playmates, Benny.

Cornered Cobra. It was wonderful the way Tommy and later on the reporters talked about Tommy's fearless, shameless, icy-eyed alter ego, Benny. Tommy had been about five when he met Benny. Right away Benny had tried to get Tommy (no good boy himself) to go out pecking into bedroom windows at night. Even when he was talking under what he thought was sodium penothal, Tommy said that Benny robbed for pleasure, and killed like a cobra when cornered. And besides, he was forever whispering terrible things in Tommy's secret ear. The psychiatrists, with yeoman help from the boys in the pressroom, explained Benny to Chicago, by saying that his creator, Tommy, was a duo-personality — that Tommy had made Benny up the way children invent playmates. By such a device, they said, Tommy could remain his dull, shiftless self, and at the same time, carry on a one-man crime wave to make even Chicago's hair raise. Chicago's hair rose, but the back of its neck tingled pleasantly.

Meanwhile Tommy snarled that he had always taken the rap for Benny. First it was lying, then petty shoplifting, and

then petty murder. Tommy swore that he had told Benny to "go to hell," to keep away from him. But Benny, Tommy said, "just did it for the laughs." Witness the note he wrote in blood on the bedroom walls of Miss Alice "the Honey Kid" Abbott's dingy two room apartment. "Tommy loves Alice." He wrote, that in Tommy's hand, like an expert forger.

At week's end, Chicago was beginning to get on to this business of Tommy's split personality. The drugstore D.A.'s declared that Tommy Bingham was either nuts, or the coldest murderer in the city's murder-studded history—and the hell with this Benny routine.



SAN FRANCISCO'S LAPHAM
He stepped in with a plan.

LABOR

Brakes on Frisco

On one day last week there were 20 strikes going on in San Francisco. One of them had San Francisco-ites jittery; it threatened to take a major bite out of their rubber supply and to cut off their cigarettes, liquor, funny books and hundreds of other items they purchased daily over store counters. Unless it ended soon, it would keep hundreds of thousands from their usual pastimes.

The strikers were about 6,300 A.F.L. truck drivers who worked for general hauling contractors. Out in sympathy were some 62 Wallace-for-President Clubbers in far-away Los Angeles. Said the sympathizers: "We cannot be denied an adequate living wage, even if we have to forego some of the pleasure in life." The issue: a demand for a 50% pay increase (present scale: \$13.83 to \$17.41 a day).

The walkout immediately blocked some 5,000 long-distance trucks which daily roar into San Francisco's sprawling warehouse district with manufacturing supplies. Strike leader promised to keep food and essential drug supplies moving,

but in many cases drivers refused to haul food to chain stores, most of whose shelves were almost empty.

About 120,000 people were made idle at once. Many of San Francisco's dirty parks were packed with people silently awaiting the end of the strike. On Nob Hill, fashionable residents were sitting and waiting. Ex-mayor Lapham (pronounced laff him) stepped in with a settlement proposal—the magic 28½¢-an-hour raise. But the drivers, against the urgings of their union leaders, tossed it back to him as unacceptable.

San Francisco had suffered since V-J day from trolley car strikes, the Alcatraz strike, the Chinatown strike, and now this. They had learned three things: 1) how easily one union can put the brakes on their city; 2) there was nothing they could do about it; 3) the best things in life aren't free.

MANNERS AND MORALS

¶ After seven terms in the mill, John Sullivan of Harvard, when asked for a Phi Beta key (college slang for cap-opener) at a Holyoke beerbust, whipped out a solid gold, honest-to-God Real Thing.

Bitter Threads Among the Gold

¶ Started nightclub operators reported a new rage which was sweeping collegiate beer drinkers. Started spontaneously at staid Hunter College in New York, girls and now boys were adding a shot of bitters to each glass of beer. Bartenders and students alike were unable to explain the drink's appeal; some confused tries: "helps me to tell beer from ale," "bitters come in nicer bottles."

Back Home

¶ Word came from the Smithsonian Institute this week that the "Kitty Hawk," first flying plane of the Wright brothers, would be home to roost in the near future.

After a mix-up with Institute officials back in 1928, white-haired, intense Orville Wright had crated his ship, sent it off to a museum in England which had been only too glad to receive his loan. Still and all, Wright hoped for official U.S. recognition of fact that his plane was first to fly over this country.

As queries mounted in Washington asking where the plane was, official faces began to assume a ruddier & ruddier hue. They had kept Wright's plane out on a technicality which they seemed unable to explain to the public.

Now unusually contrite for Washington officials, museum directors begged and got permission for plane's return from trustees of Wright's estate. Eager to go whole hog in honor of the Wright machine, they planned to hang it in the place now held by Col. Lindberg's famous "Spirit of St. Louis."

Only problem: who would take Lindberg's plane?

FOREIGN NEWS

COLBY

Alcohol and Honor

At Colby, the new honor system was pronounced by college authorities as an overwhelming success, by students a dismal failure which had turned friends against each other, and by Dartmouth, a damn nuisance.

The new code of honor provided: Henceforth, the ban against drinking would be enforced only by the girls themselves, who would turn themselves in every time they consumed alcohol without the necessary overnight permission. If a Kearsagian should be caught drinking by her roommate or neighbor and not turn herself in it became the solemn duty of roommate or neighbor to turn her in. A week after initiation of the system, one Barpee resident commented: "This is no honorable solution to the problem of alcoholism at Colby. It's a system of mass espionage and cat-eat-cat; a real police state on a small scale."

The administration was jubilant. Estimated number of students turned themselves in or being turned in by May 1: 150.

In Hanover, angry Dartmouth students reported receiving letters complaining of mass terror and mistrust among Colby women. Gripping over lost Green Key dates was rampant. Lamented one Colbyite's letter: "It's getting so a girl can't even drink a bottle of beer in the presence of her own roommate."

Helpful Hints for Medics

Many Colby girls with a flair for medicine and social tact are finding jobs as medical secretaries. Prior to taking positions, Kearsagian aspirants take a field trip every spring before being placed in doctors' offices and hospitals.

Recently Miss Anne Grier, Colby alumna who is now a medical secretary in New London, spoke to future applicants in the Medical Secretaries' Club about the duties of a medical secretary, offering many suggestions concerning the work. Miss Grier ("Anne" to the lively "Kearsage Beacon," Colby's journalistic voice) assured her audience that most doctors were sympathetic and helpful in this apprentice work. The qualities of willingness and cheerfulness, as well as a sense of humor, were stressed as necessary to cope with the unexpected.

Stated Miss Grier, "Almost anything can happen in a doctor's office—and usually does."

SMITH

Out of Northampton's World

Smith College, forever possessed with an urge to travel somewhere, migrated en masse to Holyoke Saturday night, May 15 for the Promenade, high spot and main dance of the Smith Senior Prom weekend. Boston and Springfield papers characterized the scene in the

ballroom of Holyoke's Roger Smith Hotel as "wild."

The theme of the weekend was designated officially as "Out of This World." JACKO and other observers present agreed that it was just that. Furnishing music was Ben Cutler's orchestra, whose former engagements were, appropriately enough, the Stork Club and the Bachelor's Cotillions in New York City.



SMITH PROM

The vice squad was busy.

At Smith, college authorities denied emphatically reports that the town of Northampton had been placed "Off Limits" as far as Smith dances were concerned, maintaining that the switch to Holyoke was due principally to economic and transportation considerations.

Following the dinner dance Friday night at Wiggins Tavern, police were alerted for 24 hour duty. Prosaically declared one member of the Holyoke police force's special combined Vice and Riot Squad, "We had our hands full by the time the weekend was over."

WELLESLEY

Roommating

For Wellesley freshmen, one of the year's high spots is their liberation from drab Washington Hall. With typical Wellesley pomp, the ceremony is conducted every spring. But this year all did not go well.

Certain rooms in certain dorms being coveted for certain reasons, the College long ago adopted the lottery principal in allotting rooms to future sophomores. From a giant dice cage, kept throughout the rest of the year in an out-of-the-way Rec Hall room, numbers from 1 to 500 are drawn; holders are given choices of vacant rooms in numerical order. Freshmen are forbidden to look at their num-

bers until drawing is complete.

Last month, the drawing was held with due ceremony. The crowd of girls sat momentarily hushed, awaiting breathlessly the signal to open their capsules. When it was given, capsules cracked all over the room. Then puzzled exclamations and angry shouts went up, as prospective sophs looked at their numbers and saw three and four digit numbers, many over 500.

Finally one bright girl caught on. The weekend before, a special dance had been given for Harvard. Apparently Crimson wags had been at work inside the rec hall, filled as usual with wishfully-waggish thoughts. The numbers? Room numbers in Strauss Hall, Harvard dorm.

BROWN

The Rift Widens

The blessings of the coeducational system were dangerously jeopardized recently in Providence, where extensive digging on a road construction project threatened to keep a road joining Brown's campus to that of neighboring, feminine Pembroke in a permanent canyon-like state.

Wrote Pembroke's Miss Pat Tierney in the "Pembroke Record," "Mr. Gammino's [the foreman, we assume] friends . . . just don't seem to be able to stop. They've gotten the feel of the good, warm, moist earth under their fingernails and they appear loath to give it up and begin re-surfacing the road . . . We shudder to think of the consequences if they are able to dig a chasm wide enough . . . to rupture the close inter-campus relationship which is being cemented by banter, chatter, and one thing or another on the terrace of Andrews Hall."

At Brown, staunch hearts were determined that "one thing or another" was there to stay.

WILLIAMS

Schuman or a Georgia Pile

The battle of Professor Schuman raged hotter than ever last week at Williams, traditionally a bastion of Little Three liberal education. It all began when certain influential and irate alumni objected to an article of Schuman's stating, among other things, that more than guns and dollars were needed to stop Communism and that the United States must support world-wide social progress constructively. When certain prospective donors to William's fund for new buildings threatened to withhold their contributions unless Schuman was dropped from the faculty, the administration seemed faced with an extremely horned dilemma.

"The New York Sun's" columnist George Sokolsky had earlier pointed to the fact that the offending article had appeared in Soviet Russia Today, which cooperates with the National Council of



HARVARD'S PEACE RALLY
For Cambridge Leftists, a fascist putsch.

Soviet-American Friendship, a group on Tom Clarke's Red bogey list.

Stated a group letter to "The Williams Record": "We wear no Wallace buttons . . . nor agree with what we consider to be misguided beliefs. However, we do not declare that because a man may hold these beliefs . . . heads must roll." Norman Redlich, a Williams graduate attending Yale Law School wrote: "Open blackmail . . . on the part of potential donors . . . fills me with disgust . . . I would prefer studying under Professor Schuman in a mud hut than under some mediocre hack in a pretentious pile of outdated Georgian architecture."

HARVARD Peace a-la-Harvard

Harvard, always a bubbling crucible when it comes to world affairs, almost boiled over last month when a none-too-peaceful "peace rally" was conducted. Sentiment among the thousand-odd students jamming Cambridge's famed Memorial Hall triangle was varied. Placards appeared in the hands of children of Harvard students whose fathers apparently preferred to remain home, stating such conflicting views as, "Keep My Dad in College", "Neville Wanted Peace, Too", and "I Didn't Raise My Mom To Be a Wac".

Tension throughout the Cambridge area rose steadily as reports of an impending fascist attempt to "putsch" the meeting streamed into the offices of Harvard's campus police. Special ambulances from Boston hospitals stood by, as police reinforcements streamed across ancient Harvard Yard. Claimed the "Crimson", staid Harvard organ, "No

serious incident . . . or riot . . . marred the rally . . ." Other sources, however, told of rubber-masked hecklers unsuccessfully attempting to storm the platform while Cantabrigian politico Wendy Meisgal was decrying U. S. policy in Palestine.

After a warning of Harry F. Ward, former chairman of the Civil Liberties Union, that a "shooting war" might result if present U. S. policy were continued, dissenting voices were raised. A group in the rear began shouting, "We want war!" Others cried, "Let's show the world that our system works!"

The opposition temporarily gained control and student Fred L. True took the platform long enough to declare, "Speak softly, but carry a big stick . . . As for me, give me liberty or give me death." Certain Harvard professors, who appeared to have heard these words somewhere before, denounced the speaker, and general confusion ensued.

Emergency cases, which Harvard authorities insisted were not riot victims, poured into the Massachusetts General Hospital. Stated one doctor, "I've never seen so many truncheon wounds . . . since I left Germany in 1932."

'Gators' Jubilee

Forever going to great lengths to give publicity for social events the air of the sensational and the virile, Harvard brought some ferocious wild life to the campus. The ticket sale campaign for the college's Spring Jubilee Hop began with the introduction by Publicity Director A. Warner Pleus of two alligators, male and female, into a cage in the Union, Harvard's freshman dining hall.

"They are extremely vicious," reported Pleus, "and have to be handled carefully." Their pen was carefully padded, and the

water in their pool was changed regularly. "They have to be submerged most of the time," said Pleus.

The Jubilee Dance Committee drew big crowds with a multicolored poster hanging above the alligator nest. Proclaimed the poster, "Everybody's coming . . . even this pair."

CORNELL

Cayugan Communism

At Ithaca, the ashes had cooled, but tempers were hot. Campus gossip was throwing new light on the disastrous blaze which had destroyed Cornell's pride and joy, her new million-dollar Engineering laboratory, in which much valuable government equipment had been lost. An investigating group had held a brief inquiry; finally came up with the statement that the fire had been due to "cause unknown, probably faulty insulation or other equipment."

Last week, ominous things were said off the record by unnamed members of the Cornell Young Republicans Club and the Ithaca chapter of the American Legion. Attention was called to the fact that a Cornell Marxist Society had been formed but a few months before the fire. The Big Red's reds were accused unofficially of having hinted vaguely at dark deeds, calling at February meetings for "direct action . . . to stop the new war which is being hatched by the capitalists." Furthermore, many of the Society's members were engineering students and had direct access to the lab.

Among the Marxists, and other more mildly Left-oriented groups on the campus, the reaction was swift. The Civil Liberties Committee, which has been fighting to assist the ten Hollywood writers convicted of contempt, bitterly denounced the whisperers for "spreading a monstrous lie," challenged the maligners to come out in the open. Hearst reporters were rumored to be in Ithaca, sniffing for a story. And the MacArthur For President Club, which had seemed to be on its last legs in April, reported over a hundred new members in one week.

YALE

The Starving Bulldog

In ivy-entwined New Haven last month, it looked as though either a general pay increase or a general purge would be coming up soon for a large proportion of the Yale faculty. Mounting indignation over the salary scale for Yale instructors came to a frothing head when Professor Henry Lancaster of the Government Department called a mass meeting in Sterling Law, inviting all professors of Yale and its associated schools who felt that they were underpaid. Best estimate of attendance: 200.

Remarkd English professor Edward N. Donaldson, noted at Eli for his course in Modern Satire, "They've got to pay us

FOREIGN NEWS

more. The garrets which some members of the English Department are occupying now, right here in New Haven, would make Montmartre tenements look like Monticello."

One anonymous pedant tried to evade the principal issue of the meeting by calling attention to President Charles Seymour's March denunciation of the proposed draft as "subversive." Result: He was shouted down by a bloc of Economics professors sporting Wallace buttons.

Professor Lancaster summed up for his audience the effect of years of low teacher pay on Yale: "If this keeps up, the finest member of the faculty will soon be the janitor."

MR. HUSH

Who was he? Nobody seemed to know.

For the last three months a silent figure had stalked the campuses of prominent Eastern girls schools & colleges. Quickly dubbed "Mr. Hush" by confused witnesses, everyone, including police, seemed interested in his identity.

Mr. Hush was usually disguised as a girl, a difficult feat since confused reports on his size ranged from four feet six to six three. Unless he fell somewhere near the average five, and a half foot size of American college girls, he should have been easy to spot; but after three months he was still on the loose.



ANONYMOUS HUSH
He left no clues.

Far too clever to turn up at any given place more than once, Mr. Hush continued to outwit his pursuers. Principal reason: police and college authorities had nothing to go on. Mr. Hush looked to be one of the shrewdest operators in



PRINCETON'S SQUIRREL CAGE
For Tigertown, a psycho test.

modern history; though he left his mark everywhere, he took nothing, left no traceable clues.

Last week swish Pine Manor Junior College was visited. Students woke up feeling that something was wrong. Professors seemed distraught in class. Soon there was no concealing the thought in everyone's mind—Mr. Hush had struck again. Worried college officials could find no evidence, as usual, beyond the firm conviction of the school body.

Not too hopefully, police in fourteen states continued working on one scrap of evidence—a picture (see cut) of Mr. Hush, disguised as a Smith sophomore (see March 23 *JACKO*) taken before he had disrupted traditional Rally Day ceremonies February 22.

PRINCETON

Pansies in the Spring

When the snow melted this spring, a force of 300 men were ready to clean up Nassau's traditionally neat campus, always a Jersey showplace in spring and summer. Ordinarily, when a winter's accumulation of snow melts, a college campus is littered with beer cans, bottles, and assorted other trash when the merciful, hiding snow has melted (i.e., Dartmouth).

But as the last streaks of white vanished from Princeton's majestic grounds, there was, reported the astonished unimaginative "Daily Princetonian," not a single beer can, bottle, or other remnant of winter's varied indoor sports to be seen. What was the reason for this effete tendency on the part of the Tigers? naively questioned the "Princetonian."

Last week, worried officials reluctantly

admitted that they were afraid they had the solution. Result: Every Princeton student will undergo an exhaustive examination and personal interview by a corps of psychiatrists recruited especially for the job.

Strange manifestations of spring's influence on the not-so-fierce Tigers were in evidence everywhere on the Princeton campus. Some Princetonians were surprised by townspeople purchasing lipstick, powder, and women's clothes in local shops. Morals cases, whether or not connected with students' doings, were on the increase on local police blotters. The few Princeton students that were still writing girls' colleges for dates were getting shafts. Many dormitory inmates were discovered sleeping in strange attitudes (see cut). And beer sales in Princeton's environs had fallen way off.

Growled Chauncy Belknap, new trustee: "Yale, Harvard, and Dartmouth fill their quads with beer cans during the winter. What the hell's wrong with us?"

UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI

Time to Grow Up

In sunny Florida, U. of M. was having its troubles with "immature students." The ill-named *Miami Hurricane* complained fretfully that students were "mutilating University property, littering the campus with rubbish, and refusing to cheer properly . . . at Miami U. sports events." Said an editorial, "Instead of adding to the beauty of the campus, Joe College's walking around the halls writing, 'Kilroy was here', 'Hurricanes', or some other piece . . . all over the walls."

What could be done? Suggested the *Hurricane*: "Act your age."

Denuder Dean

America's 20th Century master of graphic bungling and dilemma, Cartoonist Abner Dean, last week enlivened the Hanover art scene: some 10 selected Deans hung on the walls of the leisurely, never very crowded Hanover Inn Gift Shop.

The sedate Gift Shop did not unbend quite far enough to hang some of its more raffish Dean items. But the exhibition contained such characteristic works as *What Am I Doing Here?*, an office scene showing a nude, befuddled clerk tramping up a long mud-filled trough towards a mountainous, also nude boss, and the farcial *Pigs Is People*, in which a juicy, likewise unclad porker tries to escape pursuing humanity through the heavy legs of an equally porcine woman.

Few, if any, have excelled the wistful Abner Dean in lampooning of modern society. Lacking the brutal bit of Hogarth and Goya, he yet thoroughly impales many of the affectations and blunders of the present-day person.

For the Alumni Magazine Only Debts. Prolific Dean is a graduate of Dartmouth College. In his spare time he is a great New York swell. Extra money for gambling debts can always be had from the Alumni Fund (by special arrangement). For the Alumni Magazine, Dean has illustrated a series of satirical cartoons entitled *Once Out of Dartmouth—Oh Boy!* Today a Dean-illustrated first edition has brought as much as \$31 from book collectors.

Cartoonist Dean is a modest, unassuming man. Asked why he always draws people in the nude, he shrugged, "Oh, I guess it's cheaper that way. It saves ink." Ink-saving Dean admitted, however, that he had a very complete wardrobe and has never yet been in public without clothes. "You can do anything on paper," explained he, "anything. But to do it yourself is a horse of another color."

Almost Better Than a Magic Mirror. The popularity of the Dean's work is increasing rapidly, perhaps because people are beginning to recognize themselves in his figures. But it works two ways. Snorted one corpulent, lavishly-dressed matron, "Well, I never! There should be a law against that!" With a contemptuous sniff she gestured towards a drawing of a corpulent, conspicuously undressed matron.

Beautiful Bridges

Beauty prizes for the handsomest U. S. bridges built in the last 25 years were announced last week by the American Institute of Bridge Construction, Inc. The prize for the loveliest bridge costing over \$30 went to the Connecticut River Bridge between Hanover, N. H. and Norwich, Vt. Winners in this class have often been spiderwebby suspension bridges, but this year that type was disqualified on a technical count. Due to the abundance of cheap, wooden bridges spanning the cheap muddy rivers in New England, a special class for small covered-bridges (under \$10) was introduced this year after a prolonged and indignant squawk from the New Hampshire State Roads, Cow-paths, and Bridges Commission. Winner of this class was a modern version of the colonial covered-bridge, looking more like a chicken-coop with the ends knocked out than a respectable bridge, near Woodstock, Vt. Other winners: the Dunning's Creek Bridge (\$25 to \$30) on the Pennsylvania Turnpike; and the Oceanic Bridge (drawbridge) over New Jersey's Navesink (rhymes with *brave rink*) River.

Experts deny that there is a trend away from suspension bridges, though one such U. S. bridge (Washington's Tacoma Narrows Bridge) collapsed in a high wind in November, 1940, and the prize-winner of 1941 (the feathery Bronx-Whitestone Bridge) has long since been equipped with diagonal stays to check its oscillations. The Connecticut River Bridge, which won the big bridge prize this year,

is a type of bridge using the relatively new Wichert Truss (no relation to common advertisements) which needs less steel and spreads to take up extra stress when its piers settle in soft river bottoms. It was built at a cost of \$40.85 by the Thayer School's second semester, trial-and-error bridge-building class of 1948.

Stearns' Dilemma

"I'm an art professor; I'm liable to do anything," affably croaked Hanover's No. 1 collector of French art, genial, erudite John B. Stearns. What Collector Stearns was liable to do was a question that worried many Dartmouth art students, as well as the Carpenter Gallery. From 1916 (when his wife changed his ruling passion from fire engines to art) to 1946 Professor Stearns bought French paintings as wildly as he devised exams for his students. His collections, now valued at \$60 to \$150, out-grew three Hanover apartments, now fills four floors of a mausoleum-like private mansion, and is rated by experts as the most comprehensive of its kind in Grafton County. Popular, well versed in all phases of art, Latin, and Greek, Professor Stearns will probably leave his masterpieces to some big U. S. museum. The question of which one has got hungry U. S. museum directors into a dither.

Fortnight ago Stearns lent 25 of his best pictures to Hanover's fashionable, but insignificant Carpenter Gallery, where a few more aesthetic fanatics may get to see them than were able to get into Stearns' private mansion.* The pictures, which included the indecent *French Postcard Scene*, one of the two most ambitious and highly valued (at least 75c) items ever to come from the brush of the late great Edouard Manet, perked up the Carpenter Gallery's feeble French section like a shot of pre-war Scotch. Besides the Manet, rated as fine as the *Dejeuner Sur l'Herbe* in the Louvre, Collector Stearns' loan contained an as-

* Attendance figures so far this year: 12.
† Says Stearns, "I am what you might call a realist."



THAYER SCHOOL TRIAL-AND-ERROR BRIDGE-BUILDING CLASS
The bridge cost \$40.85.

*"A Little Bit of Old
New York"*

JOE KING'S

Rathskeller

(The Old G. A.)

17th Street and 3d Ave.
NEW YORK

Phone GRamercy 5-7623

Joe King Jack Lichtenberg

TIME MARCHES ON ..

(So does the Touraine Tradition)

Innovations in appointments and facilities now rank Boston's famed Hotel Touraine among the most modern in this country. Yet the traditional hospitality of this "Breezy Corner" hostelry remains intact.

Fine restaurants, bars and

cocktail lounges afford gracious wining and dining. Rooms are spacious, comfortable. Rates are moderate.

And the Touraine's convenience to shops, theaters and the business district is a "plus" not to be overlooked.

HOTEL TOURAINE

BOSTON
MASSACHUSETTS



for

THE FINEST AND QUICKEST SERVICE

MOBILGAS

at the sign of the flying red horse

MOBILWAX

THOMPSON'S FRIENDLY SERVICE

At the corner of S. Park and Lebanon Sts.

sortment of top-flight Renoirs, Degas and Corots, two Courbets, a superb Fantin-Latour, and some little-known works by such 19th Century painters as Eugene Delacroix and Jacques-Louis David. That John Stearns' "loan" might be a permanent one, was excitedly conceded last week in museum circles.

But whether the Carpenter Gallery would ever get any more such John Stearns "loans" was doubtful. Reason: Of Collector Stearns' 100 paintings, some 55 of them are by contemporary artists. The Carpenter Gallery hangs only artists who have been dead 20 years. "You don't suppose," snorted Stearns, "that I would give my collection of Picasso's, for instance, so they could bury them in the cellar until 20 years after Picasso dies?"

Zany Zappert

Rarely outside of Greenwich Village is an art critic so stimulating to his followers as to get himself burned in effigy. Last week Paul T. Zappert, art critic for the *Daily Dartmouth*, very nearly achieved that distinction as the climax of a long and rather seedy career.

When Critic Zappert came to the *Dartmouth* in 1943, his qualifications consisted of kinship to the editor and a fresh, boyish point of view. To these gifts 4 years in the harness have added a dogmatic frame of mind. Mr. Zappert soothes the suburbs but sometimes puzzles the intelligentsia by his propensity toward classifying all art in terms of beauty v. modernism.

Valentines Were Not In Order. At Hanover's lethargic Art Gallery, juvenile howls go up chubby Mr. Zappert's faint vocabulary ("charming, divine, exquisite"), his poetic prose: "In our ears

the monsoon roars and quietude knows us not. Out of chaos do we come and into chaos do we go . . . Thus speaks the modernist—he who has lost faith in the good, the fine, the absolute." But dissent remained private until, fortnight ago, Critic Zappert dismissed the watercolors in the Hanover Inn Gift Shop by L. K. Neidlinger as of "comic valentine inducement."

Last week a Montmartre-ish mob of about 20 gay alumni rallied to support their fellow alumnus, gathered on the campus around a huge stuffed dummy in rompers, brassiere, and an ancient, plumed hat. Young George F. Barr, president of the undergraduate council, (see *Local*) ran over to plead with the rowdy alumni to disperse, and so did middleman Neidlinger. But suddenly two ringleaders in purple hoods hoisted the effigy to their shoulders, roared "Let's go!" About half the crowd followed, chanting lugubriously, bearing signs which read: CHILDISH HYSTERIA IS NOT ART CRITICISM; SEND ZAPPERT TO ART SCHOOL; ZAPPERT IS A PREMATURE ADOLESCENT.

On the steps of Robinson Hall, intrepid police-chief Ferguson stopped the procession, made it turn about before the effigy could be burned under Critic Zappert's window. Content, the doddering marchers found a trash barrel and ceremoniously stuffed him in. From conventional Critic Zappert there was no comment.

King of the Beasts

Sculptor Thurston Lonchamps is no charmer. In Concord, N.H., where he has lived for 34 years, monument-maker Lonchamps' elemental stone-cutting has regularly shocked the prissy, amused the cynical, enraged the glamorous, and made news for the press. Last week it all hap-

pened again when his most recent work, a three-ton figure in pink alabaster entitled *Henry A.*, was exhibited at the Art Museum in Boston. In general bulk and demeanor *Henry A.* resembled a remarkably upright gorilla with his fists at his chest and his face uplifted manlike toward the sky. The conception was obvious and the execution concise.

Art critics who also have political sentiments of their own paid *Henry A.* respect, "A piece of gigantic vulgarity, absurd exaggeration and capitalistic banality," said *Pravda*. "A figure more powerful than the most powerful animal, a being that is lord of all creation up to but not including mankind," sneered the conservative *Hanover Gazette*. "A petty calumny, a cheap, prejudiced, partisan expression," yelped the insignificant Dartmouth satelite of an insignificant national third party. Said scrubby-haired sculptor Longchamps, king of the Primitive sculpture movement: "I saw *Henry A.* as the searching, mysterious primitive man. I saw him as the fount of low-salaried mankind."

Advertising Art

Aristocratic men of distinction, jet-propelled planes, and haggard housewives, rather than toothsome girlish smiles will sell this year's quota of cigarettes, soap, and soap to the U. S. public. Last week the most important barometer of U. S. advertising art indicated that the long reign of the mammiferous mannikin, the adman's most unflinching little helper, was temporarily (only temporarily) on the decline. That barometer was the annual meeting of Dartmouth's Psychology Department Committee on Formulating Advertising Trends and What To Do About Them. The Committee has for years been slyly collecting ads from prominent magazines and the walls of students' rooms, where the predicted decline has not yet begun to show. Also, little known to most people, the Committee has engineered many of the none-too-brilliant polls that have persistently appeared in the poll-crazy, authority conscious *Daily Dartmouth*.

☛ Sophisticated ladies and gentlemen are featured. The Committee suspects (to the surprise of no one) a sub-conscious complex or identification with financial symbols.

☛ Color photography, once thought to spell the doom of hand-painted illustrations, is coming to a photo-finish with its rival.

☛ The humorous cartoon ad ("Quick, Henry, the Flit!"), reached its peak in the middle '30's; is now hitting a new and highly pungent low.

☛ The biggest trend of all, much to the chagrin of distillers, is toward domestic tranquility and sobriety. Big industrial advertisers, having nothing to sell, are specializing in dignified, institutional anti-labor ads.



CONNECTICUT RIVER BRIDGE
A different kind of truss.

Know-how...not say so...
makes **Old Gold**
“the Treasure
of them All”



PEOPLE

In Hanover, **Robert Hunter** (*Gone With The Women*) **Jones Jr.** and able lecturer **Harry W. Colmery Jr.** were introduced to each other, and quickly showed U.N. bow. "You will never know how much that book meant to us," said Colmery, speaking for the Middle West. "Mr. Colmery, I hope the Westerners will send out here more people like you," said novelist Jones, "with the power to speak the truth."

Poet **Tom H. Vance** moved to a hotel, leaving behind his wife **Sylvia**, who had spent most of her time for the past month making pan cakes for **Tom Braden**, the man next door. Commented T. H. (author of *The Waste Waste*), bitterly, "One learns something old every day."

Picked up at the Bursar's office, by lackadaisical Dartmouth Player **Rick Kelly**, who had taken two ¼ years getting around to the errand: \$200,000 contract with MGM being held for him there. "It's an exhausting trip into Parkhurst," he explained, "and I was so tired."

While English show girl **Stephanie Primrose** was away from home, someone got into her rambling Victorian country place, snatched a police whistle that Dartmouth students had given her for use in just such an emergency. Next day London bobbies quizzed visiting Dartmouth-student **Dan W. Schasten**.

Honeymooning in Boston, **Lana Turner Topping** almost apologetically explained to press-agent E. Alan Houseman about her obviously smashed romance with Bill ("Mr. Smooth") Dunford: "How can I say that I'm sorry—after all, I am married to Bobbie." That was why she hadn't sent him a wedding invitation—"That would be bad taste."

Raymond Moore Akana, Dartmouth Indian, discovered that he was one of nation's Ten Most Eligible Bachelors, according to a light-headed poll of Colby Junior College girls. The girls selected The Fish because he had "the best Ha-

waiian Hula" in the U.S.

Norwood T. Smith's little-publicized wife **Betty**, a honey-bunette, turned up in her evening clothes in a vanishing-cream ad, testifying: "Before I go to the Nugget—always a 1-minute Mask . . . students say my skin looks finer-textured—it always feels wonderful! Smoother all over!"

Francis James Bealey landed in Hanover on business, was ready with a little arrival speech that rustled with seals and parchment. "I keenly desire," he told reporter, **Earle Putnam**, "to stimulate greater American interest in the Wallace Club."

Donald Thorning Wood, shrewd moving economist, countered smoothly against baffling-questioner **William K. Blodgett** (no relation to text book economist Blodgett). Said Wood: "Sorry, I don't know that, but I'll look it up." True to his word, Wood abruptly dismissed class and stalked to the library.

Royal Tea

Exiled royalty meeting to endorse **John Sloan Dickey** presidency (see NATION-AL) fell into a nasty pit of protocol. Rapiertwit **Dmitri Baron von Mohenschildt** made it clear at the opening that he intended to serve the tea—or else. Fluttered **Stephen Johann Margraf von Schlossmaker** nervously, "Well, well." Snapped **Louis Paul de Benezet**, **Baron Falstaff of Cheapside**, 37th Earl of Oxford: "Stephen goes in for deep subjects." Sniggered **Andrew John Graf Pelenyi** uncasily, "I thought . . . perhaps . . . that I might serve." Countered **George Zakharieff Gospodin Dimitroff** (no relation to Stalin's Bulgarian stooge Dimitroff): "You would! . . . You Magyars!" Peace-lovers **Eugen Herzog von Rosenstock-Huessy** and **Ramon Guthrie**, product of the Paris Commune, exited into the kitchen close on the heels of the French maid. Result: through a sulking silence Mrs. Dickey served tea.



GERMAN-PROF. SCHLOSSMAKER
For Stephen, tea.

Meanwhile Parlor-Pink Lemonaders at the left side of the campus were confronted with almost the same problem in reverse. **Abraham Shalo** flatly refused to serve the lemonade until the whole "party" had arrived. Muttered host & wit **Marvin Cline**, grinding his cigarette in a silver tray: "I'd better put him out before he makes an ash of himself." **Elihu Bon Klein**, newly recruited, laughed forcedly but appreciatively. Late arrivals **John Henry**, **Frank Brady** and **Frank Gilroy** (rhymes with Kilroy—the man who is always there), somewhat astounded by the chaos, retired to the second floor linen closet with lifted eyebrows and brandy. Results: postponement until party-line leader Guthrie could be located.

Hirsuted ex-JACKO Adman **Lawrence W. Bellows** boasted a new adornment subsequent to his new occupation—a scraggly, struggling, blonde mustache destined to appear with him on the first night of "The Male Animal."

"The life story of Gale Seaver Felton," reported Gossip Columnist **Dan Featherston**, "may be a new biographical film." From Felton cohort, **Edward Albert Taber, Jr.**, came: "Have the censors seen it yet." From biographer **Alan Parsons** came: "Damn you, Taber." From Hollywood Producer **James Reynolds Morse** came: "\$250,000 for script sight unseen." Outcome: Boston warned cancellation of all Morse productions if film is produced.

In sunny Miami Beach ageing (near 80) **Bernarr Macfadden** of "keep fit" fame married 42 year old Mrs. **Jonie Lee**, grandmother and ardent admirer of his physique.

While carrot juice and champagne was served at the reception, the newly-wed Macfaddens tried to forget an unfortunate moment in the ceremony when an erratic woman, usually followed by a goat, demanded that the wedding be halted because she opposed tobacco.



SOLDIER-PROF. BRADEN AND FRIEND
For Tom, pancakes.

RADIO

Shade Shades Welles

The WDBS Workshop had come of age at last, and many listeners thought that it was about time. The successes of recent weeks, however, had not yet wiped the lines of that horrible March 24 from the brow of blonde, genial ex-Station Manager Robert Shade, although fears around the station of an FCC investigation had largely abated. But script writers and producers were now subject to severe censorship.

It had all started at 9:30 PM on March 24, when the usual "Workshop" broadcast seemed to have been replaced by a record show. Then, in best Orson Welles tradition, "news commentator" John Simpson broke in with a terse bulletin that Portland, Maine had just been devastated by an air attack, and all air reservists were ordered to report to their stations immediately. Panic, floods of phone calls, and general chaos followed. The first "bulletin" was followed by a message from "the Secretary of Interior," stating that many other cities had been destroyed and that the enemy was attacking in force. In downtown drugstores, small crowds reminiscent of December 7, 1941 gathered. The end of the program revealed it for the tactless trick it was, revealed the artifice to those timorous souls who hadn't waited to jump to the conclusion that this was it. The scene shifted from lurid descriptions of death from the air to a student's room, with a pointless conversation about stupidity of the broadcast, with one of the students voicing the title of the script, "It couldn't happen here." From the end of the broadcast on through the rest of the evening, WDBS had to reassure its listeners that it was all a fake, followed the next day with a public apology. Some reactions to the fiasco:

¶ One air corps reservist threatened to punch an important WDBS official on the nose, for a joke that was "far from funny."

¶ A freshman resident of Topliff said he thought "it was a pretty impressive bit of dramatics," and he'd "enjoyed the whole thing immensely."

¶ *The Manchester Union* stated, in a scathing editorial, "A performance thoroughly childish . . . and, in these times, in the worst of taste."

¶ An unnamed WDBS production man, "We've never put on such a rotten show . . ."

¶ JACKO forgave WDBS; continued to listen to WCBS.

Ivy Net

This spring, an Ivy League Network, dream of Princeton's WPRU for many years, was an accomplished fact at last. Brought about largely through the efforts of Dartmouth's Bob Shade, who was appointed first director, the network plans to begin carrying major intercollegiate

sports events in the near future, with several football games already on next fall's schedule.

Last month, Princeton's Grenville Garside who had sparked publicity for the hook-up, resigned. Said Garside: "There're too many gears around . . . and their failure to mesh properly is fouling things up. I'm getting out."

Let Stan Do It

WDBS's disc-jockey request shows are by far the most popular thing wafted onto the Hanover air waves by the new, powerful 2.5 watt transmitter. Mainstays of the partially commercialized evening shows have been versatile Dick Hollands, silky-voiced Bob Baum, and crisp, efficient Gene Wilkin (who also directed the WDBS news staff with near-Prussian precision).

Listeners have given a variety of reasons for their choices, and occasionally their comments, through accident or connivance of "Red" and the engineering staff, get put on the air. Student wives are important sources of phone calls, stating that music helps with their dish-washing, ironing, and what not. Recently, a South Fayer spouse asked for a certain record which, she stated, was the only thing which would put baby to sleep. The record: Stan Kenton's *Artistry Jumps*.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, May 24. All times are E.D.T. subject to change.

Jam For Breakfast. (Daily: 7:30 AM). Supposed to wake you up; not recommended for those with 8 o'clock classes.

640 Club, with Doug Burch (Monday through Friday, usually 7:00 PM). At times Doug digs up interesting bits of wax; he could be putting his very real talents to better use.

AP News (Nightly, weekday nights at 7:55, 10:25, 12 midnight). When news is adhered to, the high spot of the evening.

Symphonic Hour (8:00 PM weekday nights). Excellent; accompanied by critiques occasionally boring, sometimes discriminating.

News Commentary (9:00 PM Mondays) Dan Featherston comes through with a generally penetrating job.

The D.O.C. Reports (9:30-9:45 PM Tuesdays) Better switch to another station; this generally gets "NR" (not rated) on the precise marking scale which WDBS uses to rate itself.

Styles In Music (10:00 PM daily) Straight disc-jockey stuff.

Music Til Midnight (11:00 PM daily) The disc-jockey request show at its best. Particularly outstanding performances by Dick Hollands, Mr. and Mrs. Don Hyatt. Excellent entertainment.

Intellectual type



...or deadhead



...they're all
crazy about
the food and
service at the

INDIAN BOWL

The Market Was Strong

Jazz is a big business. Conservative estimates have placed the number of record companies issuing jazz record at two or three dozen: these firms are fighting for a growing market. The European market is expanding even more rapidly, where English and French and other buyers are asserting a strong desire for America's most unique product. In fact, the foreign market looked stronger than the domestic as of this month.

They Showed France. From an inauspicious start in New Orleans at the turn of the century the raucous art had hit the big time in France, England, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and had been misappropriated by Soviet bigwigs for propaganda purposes Europeans had gotten their first taste of jazz in 1917, when Will Marion Cook's orchestra toured England and the Continent. The novelty caught on slowly but surely. In the early '30s Trumpeter Louis Armstrong took a band over, wowed the folks and came back fairly brimming with enthusiasm. Many other jazzmen have followed in Satchmo's footsteps, providing solid food for keen European appetites.

In Back Seats. During World War II jazz was a black-market item. Jam sessions were held in musty Paris basements; recordings were made on portable machines in automobiles; the machinations of the Hitler regime made it unhealthy to own *Schallplatten*. But doughty Europeans, who had seen this sort of thing before, kept right on playing their precious records and jamming when they could. Reports from GIs as to the state of jazz left little doubt that Europe had done what America could not—give jazz an even break.

They Showed France Something New. Postwar conditions to the contrary, jazz was flourishing early this spring, when the first International Jazz Festival was held in Nice. The Riviera throbbled to the torrid rhythms of bands from Holland, France, Belgium and the United States. One of the American jazzmen, Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong, was visibly impressed by the efforts of a group of young French musicians. The group, headed by clarinetist Claude Luter, said Louis, "sounded real fine. Those cats sounded just like Joe Oliver's band back in the Twenties . . . I'd put them up against any band back home . . ." These Frenchmen had listened for years to French reissues of American jazz records, especially those of King Oliver. They had learned their lesson well. Using the same instrumentation as the legendary Oliver group (two cornets, clarinet, trombone, rhythm), they made a strong bid for world fame.

Just a Trickle. The record situation in America was both good and bad last week. While Petrillo showed signs of loosening his stranglehold on the recording industry, the return to the studios had not yet begun. Collectors, still optimistic

despite many hard blows from money-grabbing commercial companies which catered to the worst public taste in music found anywhere in the world, were still hoping for reissues of the jazz classics which were selling so widely in other countries. A trickle of re-pressings from the monster files of Columbia and Victor added fuel to their hopes, but the flame was in danger of going out. The big companies, it was obvious, were going to have nothing to do with jazz. Their main line was popular trash, gooey ballads calculated to salve care-plagued American hearts.

There Was Still Some Hope. Cynical to the core about the big companies, jazz fans turned more eagerly than ever to the output of the small companies Acknowledged masters of the field, Commodore, Blue Note and Disc were selling more than ever. Their policy to record the best in jazz, regardless of style, sent their sales booming. Unpleasant with the trend away from the roots of the art, Jazz Pedant Rudi Blesh founded, in late 1946, Circle Sound, Inc., for the purpose of documenting the best in Afro-American music and jazz. When interviewed, Blesh was non-committal about his company's success, but there was a gleam in his eye.

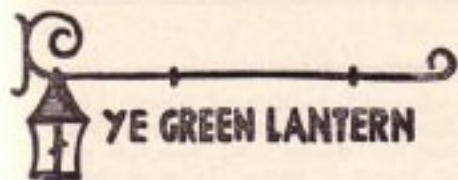
Dinner Music Was Needed. Is it possible for an intelligent man and a dull man to be brothers? This is the question that formed on the lips of astounded jazz fans as they left Child's Restaurant near the Paramount Theater. Reason: Music there was furnished by the De Paris Brothers' Orchestra. Jazz-hungry college boys dragged their sleek dates in on the

pretense of getting a bite after the theater, but their ulterior motives became evident as they took tables next to the bandstand. Brother Wilbur, the trombonist and brighter of the two, glowed with pride when he recognized the avid countenances of young *aficionados*. Bending over to a more sleek than usual Vassar girl, he queried, "Are you an old time jazz fan, or have you been recently converted?" When brother Sidney the trumpeter, was asked who his clarinetist was (it was Veteran Performer Buster "Bill" Bailey, who was immortalized in the famous *Bill Bailey Won't You Please Come Home?*), he grunted: "Du-u-u-uh—I dunno." Spectators who knew their psychology nodded wisely. They had found out at last which of the famous De Paris Brothers knew which end was up. "Bottoms up" said Wilbur downing his 241st shot of gin.

Prime mover among jazz columnists, retiring, little-beard of Lennie Schwartz ("You never heard of me") was plugging a clarinetist. His choice: young "Peanuts" Hucko, dazzling blacksticker at Eddie "Bowties" Condon's plush Greenwich Village club. Wise heads nodded, as though they had agreed all along. The point was that they hadn't. Lennie's word was law, ever since the July day back in 1895 when he told Barber-Cornetist Buddy Bolden: "Swing it, man. You'd have something there if you'd just swing it." And swing it Bolden did, to the secret joy of Schwartz, whose genius made him the inventor of jazz. With the publication of this article modest Lennie gains the fame he deserved. Wise heads, nodding, agreed.



JAZZBO'S AT EDDIE'S
Bolden swung it.



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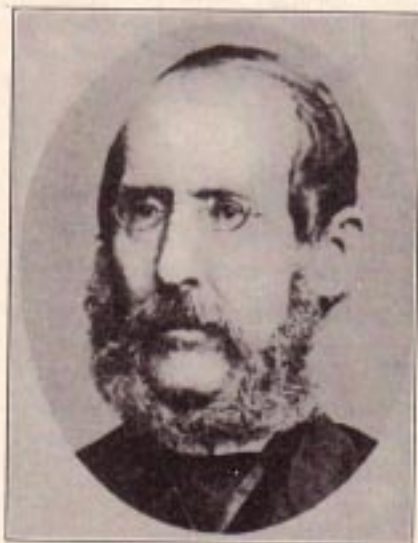
Dartmouth's not so little (8 by 11) little magazine, the *Quarterly*, had finished one year, had started a second. Reception was still mixed.

Founded by four sophomores headed by sober, feet-on-the-ground William J. McMorrow, the magazine did not start with great pretensions. An obviously non-profit venture, first issues sold on novelty, little else.

Operating from subterranean apartments in Smith Hall, at end of year's operation the staff had branched out as far as Wheeler and North Fayer. Indications were that spread would continue as far as possible, with ultimate goal an office in the Robinson Hall cellars with such established journals as the *Daily Dartmouth* and *Green Book*.

Content had been varied. Contributions were accepted from faculty members and interested intelligentsia, as well as students; results were as varied as the writers. Typography was uniformly poor, covers were stolid, format uninteresting. But hopefully sold as "the best in Hanover writing," magazine continued to be bought by those who hopefully considered themselves the best of Hanover writers.

With four issues behind him, Editor McMorrow stepped down in favor of dapper, cosmopolitan David Howland Bergamini, a fellow English Honors man,



EDITOR BERGAMINI
No aesthete, he.

Relieved of the load, sighed McMorrow: "I never thought the damn thing would last this long."

New responsibility wasn't all tea and crumpets for Bergamini, either. Faced with increasing deficits, he appealed to the Undergraduate Council (see LOCAL) for support, submitted to virtual censorship.

Critical comment on McMorrow's editorial policy had noted rigidity, lack of

imagination. Hastening to make amends, the new editor included dirty jokes rape and murder stories as selling points.

Non-subscribers still remained to be convinced.

DPRA'S Bones Rise Again

Ever since the financial failure of the *Dartmouth Pictorial* (1946), publications have been legitimate sore spots with college officials. The trend toward control had at last found a talking point, a point which gained emphasis as the "Quarterly" and station WDBS between them piled up debts of \$7 thousand.

The administration-offered answer: a revival of the *Dartmouth Periodical* and Radio Association, still on the books but actually a defunct organization. If revived, DPRA would:

☛ Have "authority to protect the interests of existing publications . . . without jeopardizing the 'freedom of the press' by making . . . censorship of copy an indirect power of the agency . . ."

☛ Have powers of recommendation in the Undergraduate Council (see LOCAL) as to whether a new publication would serve a purpose useful to the college as a whole.

☛ At the same time reduce present publications membership of five on the Council to two men, headed by Editor-in-chief of the "Dartmouth."

☛ Concensus of opinion among directors of solvent organizations (*Aegis*, *JACKO*): "Nuts."

Anything for a Laugh

*We are the humor men
We are the ha ha men
Smieking together
Packing packed with puns. Tee hee!
Our dull vices, when
We all bull together
Are dilute and vacuous
As etoianshrilla
Or copy that we've rescued
From our waste baskets.*

So the words went, and to the music danced the majority of American college humor publications. In their seventh annual poll, the American College Humor Analysts Inc. reported interesting opinions on the period from March, 1947.

Quality Was Scarce. Ivy League magazines again led the field of quality publications. Honors went to Yale's "Record" for best typography, best national parody (*The Daily News*, 1947); Princeton's "Tiger" for effective advertising; Dartmouth's *JACKO* for biggest issue (*Carnival*, 1948), best international parody (*Pravda*, 1947), best allround sustained effort. Even Harvard's "Lampoon," though dismissed with the term "peachiest," was far ahead of most.

Co-ed colleges accounted for poorest material polled, relying for readership on beauty and popularity contests, fraternity and soroty news, jokes from Eastern magazines.

Quantity Indifferent. Western schools continued in the multi-thousand circulation brackets, far outstripping their poorer Eastern brothers. Selling to student bodies of ten thousand or more, receipts were high, salaries low thanks to rigid college control. Unfortunately, said the ACHA, quality and quantity had little correlation.



DAILY DARTMOUTH OFFICE
"Founded in 1839 . . ."

Pulitzer Baby?

Opinion ran high among heelers of the Dartmouth "Dartmouth" that they deserved a first Pulitzer Prize. Judges were silent.

Founded in 1839 by Daniel Webster, the paper had off & on meant all things to all people. Since efforts of similar calibre and antiquity had dropped dead, the "Dartmouth" found itself printing the oldest college news in America.

Pride in the newspaper's motto: "All the College Notices Fit to Print" was a fair indication of what readers expected. Though written and produced by students technically amateur work was even under low intercollegiate par.

As a new directorate seized the limp reins this spring, they took stock of where they were. When reached, their more or less formal conclusions seemed a masterpiece of understatement.

General News Poor. Hanover, New Hampshire seemed to be the dullest beat on earth. There certainly wasn't enough news to support a daily paper. Reporters were discouraged to find that stories didn't walk into the "Dartmouth" offices;

instead, they had to cover regular beats, looking for news. Faced with this alternative, few did.

As a result, year's best stories were muffed or missed completely. Interfraternity battles were unreported. News of dormitory riots spread by word of mouth, not through the paper. Saturday, day of major news breaks, was ignored entirely.

What few stories were written hinged on official college releases, reports of committee meetings, interviews with college officials. Publicity bureau of the college, not trusting the paper's erratic circulation, always made sure by printing up all notices, distributing them to dormitories. Interviews with college and local officials seldom brought reader-interest, almost never contained news. What was left was news of the committees (see LOCAL).

One saving factor: the "Dartmouth" had a lease on an AP wire, a teletype shared with station WDBS. Last minute holes in the front page were filled with stories ripped from the ticker, inserted unedited and as they came off the wire. Chosen for size, not content, these stories, too, were frequently dull.

Editorial Policy Undetermined. Following the party line had never made for consistency. As soon as past editors Samuels and Gerber had written some particularly scathing report on a local situation, administration policy had shifted, leaving them high&dry. New officers of the paper were faced with the same situation, could duck it by having irresponsible freshmen write editorials as often as possible.

Advertising Unlimited. Only bright outlook was in advertising, generally mediocre in college publications. The "Dartmouth" owned exclusive reprint rights on all official college notices, and though they were printed gratis, yet much space could be filled. While commercial advertising was practically non-existent, college notices were required reading for all subscribers, easy to write, and gave the paper what little professional look it had.

For the Future: New boss Stearns was ready with a blueprint for the next year. Though personnel problems meant that reporting would remain at its present low, he had a deal on the fire with the AP to send more news over the teletype, thus improving the front page and enabling close competition with the paper's arch rival, the *Hanover Gazette*.

Sports would continue to be the paper's main contribution to the journalistic field, with intermural items gradually enveloping the editorial page until that, too, was a sports page. In this masterly way, both editorial and sports problems would be solved at once, editors could sit back and take it easy.

College notices would continue to get their big play, with the added feature of pinups in more desirable ads. Quipped newsmen Stearns: "We'll change our motto to 'All the College Notices Period.'"

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*Also for regular patrons.

14 meals \$10.00 or 21 meals \$11.50;
on a weekly basis.

No Laughing Matter

The Tom Dent Ball-Boys, collegiate lacrosse men, are so good that they spend most of their time playing for laughs. Up to last week they had won six games this season and lost none. Usually they so far outclassed their opposition that spectators seldom glanced at the scoreboard. They paid to see the famed Ball-Boys do their tricks (rolling their sticks across their opponents' cheek bones, dispatching a goalie with a rapier-like thrust against his spinal column with the short end of the stick). The team's star: Robert "Frenchy" Funkhouser, whose fluent command of the language derives his nickname, has inspired teammate Norman ("Boheme") McCulloch, Jr. to compare his agility to an apache from La Rive Gauche. "Frenchy" handles a lacrosse stick the way most people handle a toothpick. The problem was to find a good enough team to make Funkhouser & Co. settle down to serious lacrosse.

Last week they found one—the Pennsylvania Quakers, one of the best lacrosse teams in the country. A crowd of 129 jammed into Memorial Stadium to see the fun. At halftime, the Stickmen were trailing 21-2, and blamed it on being "tensed up", as Jawe ("Jake") Balatow remarked; they had played five games in five weeks and they were a little tired. Dumpy, little Bob Merriam and Bill ("Min") Scott weren't having much luck, even with the aid of three broken sticks. But in the third quarter, Don ("Skip") Scully and his mates began to loosen up.

Only once did the Dentmen try any of their tricks. Al Bagni rolled the ball between a Pennsylvania player's legs to Scott, who snatched up the ball, whirled and scored a goal. Ken ("Seabreeze") Sutherland, his teammate, had to be carried off the field when he collapsed from sheer excitement.

With 90 seconds to play, Walt Fisher was put out on fouls. The score was tied at 24 all and the crowd held its breath as the Ball-Boys weaved nearer and nearer the goal. Just before the whistle ended the game, the ball was flipped to dead-eye Hammy "Eggs" Gates, who was in the clear. Hammy didn't miss. Score: Tom Dent's Ball-Boys 25, Pennsylvania Quakers 24. Had they tried, the Dartmouth B-B's couldn't have written the script better.

Golfdom Cum Laude

In the Hanover Open, the steadiest wrists in golfdom get shaking. The biggest and most elusive prize in golf has a scholastic value of only one "B" to the winner (peanuts in most collegiate competition), but the prestige easily adds up to another "B" or "C" depending upon a professor's enthusiasm.

In various stages of flightiness 52 of Dartmouth's best golfers teed off last week on Hanover's tricky country club course. The old hands had brought along some liquid companionship for locker-room nerves. The newer school of par-smashers caught the taut feeling too, though most of them didn't smoke, much less drink Sea Breezes. The standard cure was a phenobarbital; in advanced stages a shot of morphine.

At the end of the regulation 72-holes, three early finishers sweated it out in the locker-room, tied up at 264. One was swarthy Bob Hebard, who would have won had he not been robbed by the rule book (it cost him a stroke when his girl friend accidentally kicked his ball.) His toughest competitor all winter, Scot ("Shucks") Probasco, the lanky boy with the disarming smile, had also looked like a winner, storming up the fairway to the last two holes. Then his putter went cold; he missed a two-footer on the last green.



COACH TOM DENT
Some skulls were split.

That finished him. He reached for the morphine.

Next day the three survivors—Hebard, Bill Tarlow, an unexpected contender, and Dick Leggat—played a tight-lipped extra 18 holes, and ended up still tied. They teed off again and it was still touch and go. Frederick ("Ditmis") Remsen, previously eliminated commented: I wonder where they got the Benzedrine." On the 103rd hole, willowy, wiry Hebard got hot, began shooting birdies. Not even a thunderstorm just before the finish could cool him. The 108-hole totals: Hebard 418, Tarlow and Leggat 419.

If Bob Hebard, who had never won a major tournament, loses everytime he plays until June, he will still be the Hanover golf champion.

To Be or Not

Little Paul Campbell had finally proved that he is the best tennis player around. It was suspiciously close for the first weeks of their intra-varsity matches, with Paul winning one afternoon and Army Kramer (no relation to Jake Kramer) winning the next (Jack Koeniger, a stubborn, intense, young man was drawn into these fluctuating matches off and on, but four a.m. walks with his young son finally broke up the triangle.) People began to talk. Then Kramer's big service began to fade.

If Campbell played deep on Kramer's serve, he could put so much angle and spin on the ball that his opponent landed against the fence trying to get his racket on it. If Kramer played in close, Paul blasted it straight down the middle. Usually Campbell won his service in jig time, and then began a long drawn-out battle to crack his opponent's serve. Just as often, however, Kramer slammed back



GREEN STICKERS IN ACTION
For Dartmouth, a great team.

Campbell's seemingly irretrievable smashes. Last week on the Varsity Courts the real test came. Seventy-nine jurors, including "Red" Hoehn, Park Taylor, Trudy Kramer (Army's pert, smiling wife) and Tom Ringe watched little Paul Campbell tear into Kramer. The match



DARTMOUTH TRACKSTER
Walt was swift

lasted four hours and only four spectators saw Campbell take match point in the semi-darkness. Score: overwhelmingly Campbell: 6-0, 17-15, 0-6, 13-15, 20-18.

Said one old tennis star: "I've been watching these matches, and I'm convinced that Campbell can win any match he damn pleases." Izzy Stahl, who once swore that Kramer could trample over any local player, admits that he has changed his mind: "Until now I never saw Paul play his best . . . Paul is a great arteesian." But newcomer Burt Rodman thinks that Kramer could have come out on top.

At week's end, at any rate, Campbell had the commercial side in his favor. He had given his endorsement to Dartmouth Dining Association, Dartmouth Co-op Tennis Socks, Dartmouth Human Rights Society. A day later he bought back his Dartmouth Dining Association endorsement. His comment: "'Red' said it affected my tennis."

Results of other matches:

Grant Tinker took Bob Jordan in straight sets. Bill ("Double Time") Dey took Pete Irving after a grueling match of 7-5, 6-0, 0-6, 6-0. The match between Sam B. Vitt and Dave Kurr was called because of darkness, both players leaving the court without looking at the other; their score, two sets apiece: 14-16, 16-14, 14-16, 16-14.

Winning Ways

The College of Dartmouth's newest candidate for "world's fastest human" was just beginning to warm up last week. Unlike the sprinter Bill Spoor, who is chunky, 23-year-old Walt Newman is tall (6 ft.) and frail (122¼ lbs.). In Dartmouth's Stadium, against a brisk

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breeze, Newman sped the 100 yards in 9.7 (three-tenths of a second off the world's record.)

Later in the day, he did better. His 20.7 time in the 220 was a new track record. But Coach Noyes, one of the many U. S. Coaches for the Olympics, barely heard the announcement. He was behind a stack of sawdust bags being sick, as he is after every Newman race. "It's a damn hard day's work," he said.

Other winning performances last week: ¶ Don ("Maj") Callahan belatedly received the Dickey Cup for the most improved player in the Twilight League this year. A technicality involving his Marine standing, which had to go through Washington, held up the presentation.

¶ George Chester Carpenter, III; crowned National Intercollegiate Sharp Shooter, received a silver bullet for his 199 hits out of a possible 200.

Mayhem, Limited

Because it forbids such professional monkeyshines as sadistic holds and Prometheus agonies, intercollegiate wrestling is generally considered about as dull as sport can get. Not so in the little town of Hanover, New Hampshire, home of wrestling conscious Dartmouth. Last week 73 Hanoverians—town and gown alike—trekked three blocks to the Memorial Gymnasium to see Dartmouth's wrestlers compete in the Eastern Hanover Intra-squad Championships.

The trip had its reward. Taking two firsts, lanky Fred Klett became a winner for two years straight (his victories came from Pat Dolan and Hank Barnes). The Green's outstanding performances came from Fritz ("Pluke") McTarnahan who almost lost his boat when he slipped, but recovered to capture the 121-lb. class crown, and Pete Larson, who pinned his man in the 111-lb. finals with a half nelson and a body press.

During the tournament, two spectators tried to tear each other apart, but within fifteen minutes were taken under control through the combined efforts of the wres-

ting team. They had become embroiled over the rulings governing wrestling — which place collegiate wrestling within carefully prescribed limits. Some tabooed item; bending opponents' fingers, holding his nose, concealing a razor, gouging his lips, strangling him, or in anyway causing him unnecessary pain and inconvenience. Nevertheless, the Green wrestlers and the spectators (wrestler Randy Gilmore reluctantly admitted) succeeded in getting tangled up.

Row, Row, Row.

Since February Dartmouth's eight-oar crew had practised in a creek-sized river at Hanover called the Connecticut. The river, only 247 miles long, wandered around many bends and under numerous bridges. Dartmouth's crew banked around the turns, used more rudder than oars to miss the cows and other debris brought down by the premature spring thaw, and seemed to have become a crack outfit. On the broad Hudson at the Poughkeepsie intercollegiate regatta last week, the Green crew proved it.

Dartmouth was caught napping at the start, got off last: It took a quarter mile at 34 strokes a minute to work into second place. Then pace-making California faltered, and Dartmouth took the lead. The Green's third varsity Pete ("Stroke") Nottage on the bank cheered so loudly that a blood vessel burst in his throat. Half a mile from the finish, Otto Schumacher's crew began their sprint. Dartmouth's coxswain, Jack Gannon, called for a rise in beat. It went up to 34, to 36. For the last 20 strokes, Dartmouth hit a brisk 42 beat. They were less than half a boat length ahead at the finish when Coxswain Gannon gave "Easy all" to his crew and got set for the traditional fate of all victorious coxswains, a ducking by his mates. Ben Maeck at bow, and Jim Crawford in the number two spot, hoisted Gannon bodily, while teammates Rahr and Timmerman (both of intercollegiate fame) lent their effort in ducking them all.



GREEN SAILS THE BLUE
The crew was all wet.

RELIGION

No Sweetness No Light

Poised for a leap into a new era in its history, the little-known and less understood Dartmouth Christian Union is shedding its old skin and flexing its muscles for the Right Moment. Nominated recently by COSO and hired by the College Trustees, balding, prominent-nosed, ex-Marine Chaplain George Kalbfleisch began in mid-winter to whip the Dartmouth Christian boys into shape for an all-out engagement against innocuous and ineffective campus religious performance on the one hand, and a deadening campus secularism on the other. Says the new Graduate Secretary, an adequate religious program, instead of dissipating our campus religious problems into sweetness and light, will uncover them and deal energetically and forcefully with them.

Convinced that a man's faith is an activity driving him relentlessly to one decision after another about the world he lives in, and that the borders of a college campus do not contain the student's world, the DCU maps its campus and world strategy with its ex-Army, extrovert, ex-President Louis Springsteen; its ex-Army, cool and quiet, ex-Secretary Loomis Dana; the Faculty advisor, grey, lanky, boom-voiced Skipper Chamberlin; and a cabinet of engineering students, pre-thees, Phi Bet aspirants, fraternity men, athletes; all normal, healthy students.

The New Era is opening under the aegis of long-legged and serious-minded President Edward MacBurney, and Secretary Harold Stahmer, a freshman of New York City inter-faith experience and expert on the rifle range. Agreed that the Right Moment for the take off comes with the 1948-49 school year, the Union has not been seated idly on its haunches. Dimpled and trigger-tempered Worship Commission Chairman James G. Birney has directed a six-weeks lecture series on World religions attracting an average attendance of a hundred-fifty students who came to see how others sought and found an answer to their own most basic human problems. Faculty lecturers involved themselves almost too convincingly in the intricacies of Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Judaism, Oriental faiths, Pagan beliefs, and the matter of why one ought to examine world religions at all. That there may have been converts is neither denied nor affirmed by DCUmen, but the outcome seems to have been a greater appreciation for the significance of all religions, more profound understanding and strengthening for each student's faith. In any event, Birney's commission finds no dearth of students still willing to lead in Rollins Chapel services Thursdays at ten.

National Service Continues. Major activities of the Union continue to be in the field of social service for campus, community, nation, and world. A used text book exchange directed by MacBurney and associates saves the student pocket hundreds of dollars each year. Thou-

sands of used books are brought to the Union offices and sold for whatever value the owner claims. The Union makes no profit, the seller receives more than he would from a sidewalk book dealer, the buyer gets a bigger bargain. Being groomed for the big job is courageous and disarming William Leffler, newcomer to the Cabinet.

Frequent contact with other college campuses and the Student Christian Movement of New England is maintained by way of a half dozen conferences each year. Untiring worker and with a mind

New Hampshire local minister points to a needy farmer, is turning the job over to John Gammie who has found new calls for the Social Service Commission. The commission now undertakes to serve the local Hanover hospital and the Veteran's Hospital at White River Junction. For entertainment the DCUmen will arrange concerts by the College Glee Club and the College Band, and will uncover individual talent, while commission members will run errands, supply magazines, and meet other needs for the patients.

Far Afield. The Union has made personal contact with destitute Europeans and rather than spread its relief measures thin, applies them heavily to a few peo-



DCU CONFERENCE
Early every Monday morning.

of his own, pre-the John Gammie, one of the newest associates of the DCU directed, with the assistance of James D. Vail, statistician extraordinary, a meeting of Christian Associations of the upper Connecticut valley colleges in conference on the Dartmouth campus. Leaders from these colleges met for two days of training with graduate leaders of the SCM. DCU Membership on conference and work-trip weekends skyrockets in direct ratio with the numbers and beauty of coed delegates, and when advance notice of feminine prospective conferees is released from DCU archives, membership rolls must be closed forthwith.

Beyond campus borders, indigent farmers frequently find their winter fire wood cut, broken fences and leaking roofs repaired, fields cleared of boulders by these DCUmen who not infrequently are joined for such weekend work-trips by girls from Middlebury or Colby Junior College. Engineering student and man of profound dry wit, James Davis, having directed the labor battalions wherever a Vermont or

ple whose energies are being given to a democratic European recovery. The deep-felt and personal concern of sandy-haired James D. Vail, a little but mighty man, is infectious. Although only a few days on the job, he had guaranteed out of members' pockets adequate food monthly through next September for four Europeans. Not only food, but clothing, books remaining in book exchange stockpiles, and medicines are being sent to a Bavarian minister broken in health by four years in the anti-Nazi underground and now working with Christian young people of Germany. Another ex-underground worker and two tubercular young women teachers trained by our occupation forces to introduce democratic ABCs into young Nazi minds will receive food and supplies from the DCU. Vail is convinced that dozens of Dartmouth men would welcome an opportunity to feed one man or one family and to take the sting out of the charity through personal and intelligent exchange of correspondence between donor and receiver.

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GUEST SPEAKERS
Hope for Human Rights . . . and JACKO Dog.

Quietly and without ostentation, DCU-men leave the campus early every Sunday morning to preach in Vermont and New Hampshire churches too small to engage or regularly support a minister, and should there be, an honorarium, it finds its way to the relief cause. This deputation enterprise, steered by slim track man Russell Blackwood, is being inherited by mountainous and practical-minded Richard Trump.

As stealthily as these men leave the campus on Sunday morning while others sleep off their Saturday, quietly and efficiently there works a Ladies Auxiliary of the DCU — instructor's and professors' wives—preparing and presiding at Union teas and conference dinners. Quietly too, the DCU with all its activities already engaged or projected, bids for the support and respect of Dartmouth men of all religious, racial, and creedal origins.

Human Rights Society

Doldrums and High Winds. To the farscoring eyes of Howard Glickstein, the righteousness of the Dartmouth College campus is appalling. Appalled Glickstein thought the time had long since come for doing something about this. In a statement recently he said:

"The first thing that struck me is that Dartmouth is the only college campus in the East that does not have a society for the preservation of human rights. In fact the average Dartmouth man knows less about the problems facing America today on the Negro, Jewish, and other minority problems than he does about Russian Communism."

To what does Glickstein attribute this lack of knowledge? Partly to the "comparative prosperity" of the men, and partly to the general doldrums which "attacks" the Dartmouth man on any subject not included under the general heading of either studies or weekends.

He was reminded of the "prodigious

activity" on other campuses around the country. "All that business and efficiency in organizing human rights societies and activities served, I am sure, as a cushion against the hard impact of the living conscience."

What is the solution? Glickstein thought he had found it. "At least it is worth a flier." With the co-operation of the American Institute for Democracy, Inc., he founded last month The Dartmouth Human Rights Society. Its aims: ". . . to promote fellowship and understanding." Its program: a series of speakers and discussion groups which will acquaint the members with the problems of minorities in the United States and Europe.

There Ought to be a Law. At the first meeting, speaker Prof. Robert Carr of the Government Department and executive secretary of President Truman's late Civil Rights Committee thought a solution had been found for the U. S. in general. If the proposed program drawn up by the committee were adopted *in toto*, it would give guts to the solution. Private action by private individuals had gone about as far as they could go, he said. Like the situation at Dartmouth, the time had long since come and gone.

Enforcement? That would be a difficult problem, Prof Carr admitted. He conceded that like Nelson, the government would require every man to do his duty. Without the personal aid of every individual, the laws might turn out to be just another prohibition-like farce.

Of the speech Glickstein said, "We in America are getting off too easily, much too easily. It is necessary for us to drop the romantic view that everything will work itself out of its own accord. So far as I can ascertain, the paradigm of most American speakers today is: 'Let me suggest that you try to be good.' Carr was right, we need the law, and we need it today."

EDUCATION

What Was the Issue?

Other liberal arts colleges had their heads in the clouds as far as modern life's problems were concerned, but Dartmouth's bright, young president John Sloan Dickey thought he had found the answer this month. Dartmouth's "Great Issues" course for Seniors had stirred up interest throughout the country and seemed destined to become a regular part of the college curriculum.

Hoping to inspire the present Dartmouth generation to be more than the successful businessmen their fathers were, ex-Dept. of State Dickey had lured to Hanover an imposing list of guest speakers. Archibald MacLeish in his keynote address had defined the Great Issue: "Make Democracy work in America."*

Appearing in order in following weeks with ramifications and often con-

¶ Fashion plate statesman Dean Acheson: *An institutionalized presidency is needed. The President has too much to do.*

¶ Thomas Braden, Dartmouth preceptor: *Free enterprise is not liberalism.* (Shining liberal Braden recently quit the Hanover plain for the more liberal atmosphere of New York's Museum of Modern Art.)

¶ Radcliffe prexy Jordan (no relation to Jazzdom's rebop-blowing Louis): *Tolerance began in the days of good queen Bess.*

¶ Richman Nelson Rockefeller: *The people should take a part in public planning.* Dartmouthman Rockefeller was the only one to call Dartmouth's Dickey "Jack."

¶ Macyman Beardsley Ruml: *Government has responsibility for individual security.* Trustee Ruml is prexy Dickey's boss, made good speech not withstanding.

Varied Opinion

"G.I.," as the administration calls the



GREAT ISSUES

Seniors were glad it was over.

flicting ideas of what the whole thing was about were:

¶ Traveling-Congressman Christian Herter: *ERP is the thing.*

¶ Lewis Mumford: *We have a form of Fascism in America.*

¶ Weaklink Edward Condon: *Science started as a glorious philosophy.***

¶ Princeton prof Jacob Viner: *The single power veto of the U.N. means reality.*

¶ Canadian U.N.-man and former hockey coach Lester Pearson: *One must not be quoted out of context.*

¶ Author-lawyer-public servant Thomas Finletter: *Federated World government is the only answer to our problems.*

¶ Former New Jersey Tel. & Telman Chester Barnard: *It takes both sides to make an international agreement.*

* "So that's what he was talking about," had murmured Intramural head Phil Segal on reading a resume.

** Scientist-martyr Condon hit the headlines soon after his Dartmouth lecture and is still popping up in them from time to time.

course, had produced a wide variety of opinion: Sportswriter Bill Schulting, "It stinks." A-student Tom Ruby, "Love that gut." By means of trick questions on examinations* and term papers graded by pulling "C's" and "D's" out of a hat, Dickey had managed to keep grades low and competition keen. Bitterest of all were graduate school students who had to take course as sixth major, still got higher marks.

As scholastic year closed "Grey Tissues," as most students called the course, was more of a success than a failure, more entertainment than an education. Last week John Sloan Dickey was preparing next year's marquee of coming attractions. Seniors were glad it was all over.

* (sample: "Eve Curie, daughter of Marie Curie, recently arrived in this country. True or False?" Answer: Marie's other daughter, Irene, had recently arrived.)

Portrait of an Indian that knows what's what...



...has his loincloths cleaned and pressed at

COLLEGE  CLEANERS

Cyclo Cleaning Process



Yes!

Our quick, dependable service is really something to

Whistle At!

Bring your car in to us today and whistle for yourself!

Certified

KAISER-FRASER
SALES AND REPAIRS

**INN
GARAGE**

HANOVER, N. H.

Not Enough

If a man is frustrated enough, strange things begin to happen to his manners, his emotions, and even his mind. Since 1775 a controlled experiment in frustration has been carried out on generations of undergraduates at small, green Dartmouth College in Hanover, New Hampshire. In the current *Alumni Magazine*, last year's results are reported by most recent researchers (Drs.* Dickey, Neidlinger, Morse).

Students were bolstered against frustration by normal activity in the summer months before the experiments began. Then for nine months they were cooped in sex-less Hanover, (hours away from civilization and ideal for the purposes of the test).

Although they knew that nobody would try to shove them aside, this year the eager men began to take great care to guard their places in the Nugget movie line. They showed a strongly possessive attitude toward intimate pictures of girls, hiding them in closets and under mattresses. The men were "cultured and refined," the researchers reported, but soon they unashamedly ripped choice pictures from "Life" and similar girlie magazines. As they got more & more frustrated, sex became the chief subject of their conversation and their daydreams. They became fond of poring over sex books and pornography albums.

The men grew increasingly irritable and spoke less & less. Finally they grew too bored to bother with brushing their teeth, combing their hair. Many grew beards. Their interest in study collapsed completely, but they felt strong group spirit and pity for the sex-starved throughout the world.

For some men the strain was too great:

* Ph.D.'s; not to be confused with M.D.'s

they cheated by going on trips to White River, Vermont; some even ranging as far as New London, N. H.†

After nine months of frustration, the 830 men remaining in good standing needed two years to catch up. During the first three months of rehabilitation they generally recuperated in bed, showing little tendency to arise, even for food. As the effects of starvation wore off, each man tried to forget the horrors of the past, began to worry how to avoid similar deprivation in the future.

Price

Hanover soil has never been productive of much beyond a good rock crop, but now officials at the Mary Hitchcock Hospital thought they saw a year round possibility. As quietly as possible, the feelers went out for blood.

First to feel the needle were students hard up for cash. Paying roughly \$20 a pound for ordinary red blood, receipts were soon booming. Many men hitherto wasting their time in college began to take an active interest in blood-letting.

Labor costs were kept at a minimum, with all tapping done by medical students who paid for the chance to bleed fellow-students. As living costs continued their steady spiral, cash began to disappear from the Hanover tills, neat ampules of serum took its place. Business and professional men alike seemed to have found a new basic currency.

Only ones feeling the strain at last count seemed to be students who were slowly being bled dry to meet expenses. The face of the college had changed from a lusty red to an anemic yellow. Said a typical student, wan, listless Laurence Bellows, "It gets habit-forming after a while—I spent all Green Key bleeding for my date."

† Home of Colby Junior College (see Foreign)



YOUNG, NEIDLINGER, BENNETT
... in the interests of science ...

BUSINESS & FINANCE

WALL STREET

What Price Prices?

The Alumni Fund is, to a large extent, invested in AT&T stock. At first glance this would seem reasonable and good. However, last week embarrassing questions were raised. Outraged Alumni at a mass meeting in the swank, palatial, NAMish Dartmouth Club of New York (see page six), protested that a proposal to use certain of this stock in the long-anticipated Hopkins Memorial would be catastrophic.

Why? The reasons given were manifest, pointed out the Chairman (name undisclosed to the public, but rumored to be highly placed in international finance).

"First," he said, "when were these stocks purchased? In 1931, when one dollar was worth one hundred cents. (Hear! Hear!) The proposed Memorial will cost \$4 million. These figures, I would like to point out, are very deceptive. Last week's official Treasury report valued the dollar at fourteen cents. Thus, in 1931 each dollar would purchase 7.6 as much as it now will. The significance of this is that the Hopkins Memorial will cost \$30.4 million. Gentlemen, recall that the Baker Library cost \$3.5 million, including books. (Here several sentences were lost in the tumult greeting this announcement) . . . yet the actual value of this project will be only \$2.8 million. Now gentlemen, I ask you, are we going to sit back and see a building erected at a cost of nearly fifteen times its normal value? (Loud cries of NO! and NEVER!) Consider our position if the value of the dollar should rise!"

The meeting broke up within a few minutes, the younger members (none un-



WELL KNOWN ALUMNI
Students Were Speechless

der forty-five) making a hypothetical genuflection in the direction of Hanover. Within an hour from that time Wall Street was seething.

Not since '29. Winthrop Aldrich (not to be confused with the Boston Aldriches or Winthrop's), prominent member was heard to make the statement that "I haven't seen such a disorganized Exchange since the worst day of '29."* The inverted Bull Market, coupled with the geometrically decreasing spiral of interest raises, due to the discussion at the DCNYClub that morning showed evidences of imminent collapse. AT & T dropped fourteen points in the first hour, at days end stood at its lowest since 1936 (67.834), when the renomination of Roosevelt had caused a heavy recession.

Repercussions were felt next day in Hanover, when students staged a protest meeting (see LOCAL) demanding the lynching of Architect C. R. Larson, and bread instead of Memorials. At weeks end the situation had not eased, and it was hinted darkly from the office of Policyman Neidlinger that heads would soon be rolling. In any case, many rested uneasily on their pillows.

THE ECONOMY

Parkhurst

The Administration, getting wind some months ago of a proposed raise in GIBenefits, went into closed session for purpose of discovering a means of appropriating this

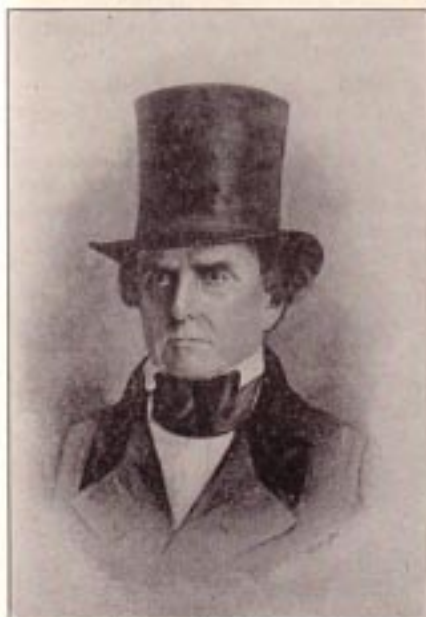
* Trustman Aldrich, in 1929, had lost his shirt, was staked for a come-back by The Society for the Preservation of Fine Distinguished Old Colonial, and Especially Massachusetts Names.

windfall to their own use. Shortly after the official passage of the amendment, students were gratified to learn that their wallets would not be overburdened with this new load of excess and inflation causing cash. Tuition was raised \$50 per year, while rooms went up from \$20 to \$30 per year. Since the total raise equals about \$90 the students will only have to search for a place to throw the remaining \$20. This will prove a real aid, and has caused much joy to local restaurateurs (see below), who think that this may tend to keep local prices up. Only real consolation to the whole thing was that by next fall it was expected that only two men would be required to live in the two-man rooms. Rumors were widespread, nevertheless, that college enrollment for the coming year would be down drastically throughout the nation, and especially at Dartmouth.

The Bubble Burst

Main Street was gloomy. The rush of hungry students at mealtimes had dwindled to a few hardened anti-Thayerites. It seemed that the boom was over. Restaurateurs collected in forlorn knots around their now-only-normally stuffed cash registers. The armoured car service, recently doing a gold-rush business in carrying the take to the banks, had announced suspension of operations in the greater Hanover area.

Emergency meetings of the Chamber of Commerce, headed by dynamic alumnus restaurateur Dave Heald had been unable to come to any decision to meet the crisis. Local magnate John Plane (rhymes with "see Annie") threw out the



UNKNOWN ALUMNUS
Students had a name for him.



FOR THE
FINEST IN
FICTION
AND
NON-FICTION

- Newspapers
- Magazines
- School Supplies



• FOR YEARS

• DELIGHTED

• DARTMOUTH MEN HAVE

• DEALT AT

• **DARTMOUTH BOOKSTORE**

A. D. Storrs, Prop.

Phone 29-W

Open All Year



10 Miles North of Dartmouth College on Route 10

Joseph A. Land, Prop.

Telephone: Lyme 64

hint that this might be the start of a buyers' strike, and demanded that immediate steps be taken. After hours of heated debate, the members mournfully wended their ways to their places of business. So far only the restaurants had been seriously affected, but there was gloomy foreboding among other prominent merchants, who saw in it a disastrous loss, if their high-priced stocks had to be sold below cost. Yet there was a general feeling that this might ultimately be necessary. Temporary relief came with the college announcement of new tuition and room rents (see Parkhurst), but at the end of the week the fear had again settled down on the business districts.

What was the cause? A perfectly simple, but at the same time difficult-to-remedy one. The Dartmouth Dining Association (DDA) had announced its intention to start a new, low-cost meal ticket system in February. Then it had been laughed to scorn, but with the passing of time it was seen that the system would work.

Questioned as to her motives, Mrs. Hayward, much-maligned director of DDA, said: "I had long been considering the high cost of living to which students in Hanover were subjected. I made extensive personal . . . investigations of the systems in use at other colleges. Despite the fact that they often had as many as six thousand to feed, whereas our top hope was five hundred, I came to the conclusion that if students could buy a weekly meal ticket for \$11.50, the saving would be tremendous to the individual student. Naturally the system would only work if it attracted large numbers. I am not trying to hurt anyone else's business, since I understand their high costs (this with tongue in cheek), but I do have the welfare of the students at heart. It shocked me to find that food costs were as much as \$20 per week when the local restaurants were used."

Comments from the viftlers themselves were, somewhat vituperous. Examples:

☞ "Our trade has dipped 30% . . . when ham costs 88 to 90 cents a pound."

☞ "We've lost 25-35 percent of our customers . . . I wonder how far the school would get if it went into the clothing business?"

☞ "Dropped 15-20 percent. I hope this Thayer deal doesn't last because we've given students jobs and we don't want to have to bounce them."

☞ "We haven't lost out too much . . . I don't think the Thayer arrangement can continue without a subsidy from the college."

Facts seemed to belie the last statement. Four hundred tickets were sold the first week, and since then it has been closer to eight hundred every week. Further, Thayer was not operating at a loss. Bulk-buying had proved that the system was working admirably. The student seemed to be getting a break.

ADVERTISING

The Dilemma

Hanoverian publications were faced with a dilemma. Since restarting publication after the war they had had a large problem on their hands. Printing and stock costs had risen 40-80 per cent. If advertising rates had gone up correspondingly, costs to advertisers would have been prohibitive. The *Dartmouth* and *JACKO* had struggled through the first year, were well through their second. There had been mortalities, however. The *Pic* had made one grand fling, failed and folded. The post-war baby—the tony, arty, and crafty *Quarterly*, had, after one year's struggle, been forced to appeal for aid. The Undergraduate Council had taken it under its fatherly protection—hope of survival was running high.

Basic trouble was with national advertisers. Hotels and night clubs in Boston and New York—pre-war mainstays of the *JACKO*—were doing such a roaring business that they felt no need of appealing to the college trade. Their college advertising was confined mainly to special occasions such as Carnival and widely-circulated parody issues. The once steady stream of issue by issue ads had not yet reappeared.

Hard liquor companies, crying for someplace to spend their advertising dollars, dared not advertise in college mags nor on radio broadcasts, for fear of lobbies in Washington. If this fear should ever be dispelled, college publications would never again be in danger of going in the red. In the meanwhile, both parties could only sit back and weep in their beer.

As a result, publications had to fall back more and more on local merchants. In a small town such as Hanover this was fine for the first year. Since 1942 these merchants had had no real advertising outlets to the students. However, with rising costs they tightened up considerably on the spree they had been having. More and more cancelled contracts calling for large scale programs.

What To Do? The second year, consequently, was much tougher than the first. The *Quarterly*, whose prime lack was a guaranteed and steady circulation, was hardest hit of all. *JACKO* and the *Dartmouth* continued publication, but with much greater strain. *JACKO* had the advantage of readers who did not stop with classifieds and notices, but the *Dartmouth* had the advantage of more frequent publication and much lower rates.

A gleam of hope came last week, when it was seen that nationals were tending to loosen up a bit. New York hotels were again in the college field, close to the city, but it was hoped that they might reach Hanover by fall. Men's products seemed to be awakening to the fact that the college market was an ideal place to form buying habits. Business managers and editors were tensely awaiting next fall, when their final survival would be decided.

Willis Way

FLOWERS
SMELL!
(Pretty)

Complete Service in Food and Flowers

CALL 710

MOHAWK
ENGRAVING
COMPANY
INCORPORATED



DESIGNING
AND ILLUSTRATING
LINE AND HALFTONE
ENGRAVING

GREENFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

CINEMA

SEE
THE
ENTIRELY

NEW

Lincoln—Mercury

Cars at

**VERMONT GATEWAY
AUTO COMPANY, Inc.**

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VERMONT

Phone: 480-488-489

The New Pictures

Scudda-Hoo, Scudda-Hay (20th Century) is rural to an extreme, in strong contrast to recent releases such as "Naked City." Direction is by incisive F. Hugh Herbert, fast on the way up after the high BORating of "Sitting Pretty." Its subject is a kid with a pair of mules, its implications far reaching.

Farm boy Lon McCallister is hard up for cash, hard up for loving, until the mules come into his life. Then they give him the word on how to win money and June Haver, worthy objectives in any league.



McCALLISTER'S MULEMAN
... declining Truman...

After advance notices, most Hollywood papers and clip sheets gave the film "family" rating, meaning that it was judged suitable for young and old alike. This week a howl of protest rose from the New York offices of the "Taft for the 20s Club."

Mincing no words, a press release by Peter Roosevelt got to the bottom of the mess in short order. Said Roosevelt: "Scudda-Hoo, Scudda-Hay" is an old muledriver's cry, but shouldn't distract anyone from the movie's dastardly implications by this token fact. In this film the men at 20th Century have produced another propaganda film to bolster the rapidly declining Truman regime.

"Never since the days of That Man in the White House have motion pictures been used so amorally. Putting political diatribes in movies is comparable to putting poison in babes' milk; infection is almost unavoidable. This lesson, first learned by A. Hitler in 1933, is being applied again."

Hollywood, of course, denied this slap, but the nation wasn't too sure. In the words of sincere, non-partisan Bob Taft, "Watch those Missouri mules."



"He wouldn't let me chew Dentyne Gum in the office so I got an outside job."



"I walked out for the right to enjoy all the swellest-tasting Dentyne Chewing Gum I want, and I've been walking on clouds ever since! Boy, what a flavor! And Dentyne helps keep my teeth white, too!"

Dentyne Gum — Made Only By Adams

EASY MONEY

If your letters home read like this: "Dear Folks, Guess what I need most?" then perhaps we can ease the parental burden. Pepsi-Cola Co. will cheerfully send you a dollar... or even fifteen for gags you send in and we print.

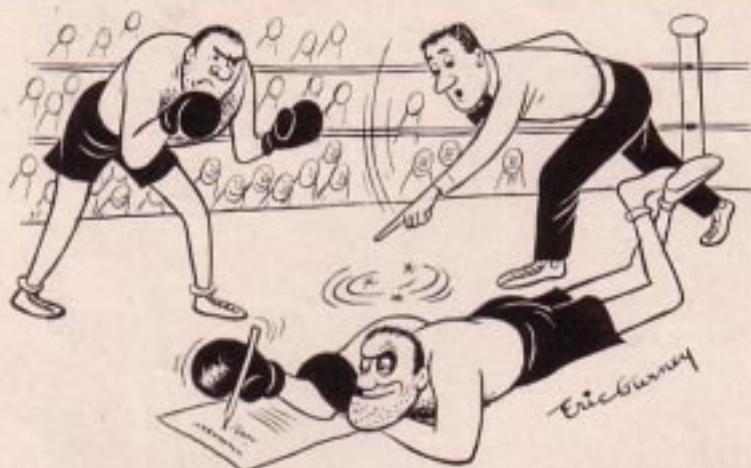
Merely mark your attempts with your name, address, school and class and mail to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y.



DEPARTMENT

All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print. As you might imagine, we'll be quite mad if you mention Pepsi-Cola in your gags. (Simply mad about it.) Remember, though, you don't have to enclose a feather to tickle our risibilities. Just make us laugh—if you can. We'll send you a rejection slip... if you can't.

GET FUNNY...WIN MONEY...WRITE A TITLE



"... well, as long as I'm down here I'll fill out my entry blank for the Pepsi-Cola 'Treasure Top' Contests."

Got a good line for this gag? Send it in! \$5 each for any we buy (Don't worry about the caption that's already there—that's just our subtle way of reminding you about Pepsi's terrific \$200,725 "Treasure Top" Contests. Latch onto entry blanks at your Pepsi-Cola dealer's today!) Or send in your own cartoon idea. \$10 for just the idea—\$15 if you draw it... if we buy it.

January winners: \$15.00 to Philip Gips of the Bronx, N. Y., and to Rosemary Miller of Mary Washington College. \$5 each to Jerry H. O'Neil of Washington University, Jack Murks of Columbus, Ohio, and C. A. Schmeyer of New York City.

HE-SHE GAGS

You, too, can write jokes about people. These guys did and we sent them three bucks each for their wit. To wit: Joe Murray of Univ. of Iowa, Bob Prado of the Univ. of Texas, King MacLellan of Rutgers Univ., and Ray Lauer of Cicero, Illinois.

She: Thanks for the kiss.
He: The pressure was all mine.

He: Yoo-hoo!
She: Shut up, you wolf!
He: Pepsi-Cola?
She: Yoo-hoo!!

She: What's the best type of investment?
He: Air mail stamps.
She: Why air mail stamps?
He: They're bound to go up.

She: If you kiss me, I'll call a member of my family.
He: (Kisses her).
She: (sighing) Brother!

Can you do better? We hope so. And we're ready to pay for it. \$3 is waiting. Try and get it!

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra \$100.00

DAFFY DEFINITIONS



\$1 apiece is shamefully sent to C. R. Meissner, Jr. of Lehigh Univ., Bernard H. Hymel of Stanford Univ., T. M. Guy of Davidson College, and Irving B. Spiedman of C. C. N. Y. In fact we're almost sorry we did it.

Atlas—a geography book with muscle.
Spot—what Pepsi-Cola hits the.
Paradox—two ducks.
Laugh—a smile that bursts.

Hurry and coin a phrase... you might face some coin. If that isn't easy money, we don't know what is.

LITTLE MORON CORNER



"Yuk, yuk, yuk!" we said when we read this. And promptly peeled off two crisp leaves of cabbage (\$2) for June Armstrong, of the University of Illinois:

"How do you like my new dress?" asked the little moron's girl friend on the night of the Junior prom. "See, it has that new look—with six flounces on the skirt."

"Dumuh," replied our little hero, "that ain't so great. Pepsi-Cola's got twelve flounces!"

Do you know any little morons? If so, follow them, send us their funny utterances and we'll send you \$2, too. Nothing personal, of course.

TED WILLIAMS
BOSTON RED SOX

STAN MUSIAL
ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

BOSTON BRAVE'S
BOB ELLIOTT
VOTED MOST VALUABLE PLAYER
IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

CHAMPION N. Y. YANKEE'S
JOE DIMAGGIO
VOTED MOST VALUABLE PLAYER
IN THE AMERICAN LEAGUE



**THE
BASEBALL MAN'S
CIGARETTE**

*When you change to Chesterfield
THE FIRST THING YOU WILL
NOTICE IS THEIR MILDNESS
that's because of their Right Combination
World's Best Tobaccos —*

**ALWAYS Milder
BETTER TASTING
COOLER SMOKING**

BUCKY HARRIS
MANAGER OF
WORLD'S CHAMPION
NEW YORK YANKEES



**EWELL
BLACKWELL**
CINCINNATI REDS



ALWAYS BUY CHESTERFIELD

They Satisfy