1948

The Voice of the Phi Sigma -- 1948 --

Phi Sigma

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THE VOICE OF PHI SIGMA
THE VOICE OF PHI SIGMA

1948 EDITION

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Music:
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Entertainment:
(Mrs. E.E.) Ruth Crandell

Fashions:
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Finance and Business:
Mr. Earl Meyer

Education:
Mr. Walter S. Pope

And: Roy R. Barr
The Phi Sigma Society was founded in Chicago some seventy years ago by a small group of young men, self-designated as "Lovers of Wisdom" - the English translation of the Greek words for which the letters "Phi Sigma" are symbols. One program adopted by this early group has been followed through the years. It is known as "The Voice", and is now one of the traditions of our Society. For the benefit of some of our newer members, I might add that while traditional in name, the Voice program has never followed a fixed pattern. It is flexible, and the form it takes is left to the conscience of each editor, whose job it is to select the pattern and then draft other members to do the actual work. I have followed this established practice, leaving the real effort to my well chosen associate editors.

The past seventy years have seen many changes in the Chicago area (and the rest of the world); and it always amazes me to realize how few changes have occurred during the same period of time in the essential character and purpose of Phi Sigma. It might be interesting if we could turn a combined radio and television dial and tune in on typical Phi Sigma meetings which have been held since 1878, and then turn the same dial to other stations which would give us a panoramic view of what has taken place outside of our Society's circle during those same years.
We could view scenes from many wars. We would see changes in architecture, in means of travel, in science, education, business, finance, fashions, and entertainment too. We would see the early railroads, with gas illuminated and crudely heated cars. We would see the horse-less carriage and its development into the modern automobile. We would see crude experiments which paved the way for modern conveniences now accepted as essential to our every-day life. We might also get a glimpse, now and then, of things we have forgotten, or, perhaps, never knew - some of which might be preferable to current substitutes.

But, why reflect upon the impossible? Unfortunately (or fortunately) science has not yet advanced (or degenerated) to a point where it permits us to tune in on the past and spy upon those who came before us. However, perhaps we can draw upon our memories (if we are old enough) with the help of the research contributed by our associate editors and create a mental picture of how times have changed - for better or for worse - during the years while Phi Sigma members have loved, and struggled to gain, wisdom.

Music has its charms. It helps people to express themselves. Even those who are unable to produce music enjoy hearing it and dancing to it. Popular tunes are created by each generation. Some survive, while others are discarded
much as women's fashions. Some think that these popular tunes express many of the sentiments, habits and ways of life of each era. At least, they offer a means of introduction; so, I will ask our Maestro of Song to turn the dial for a medley of tunes echoing through the past years.

-MR. JAMES BURNETT-
At this point, I am wondering whether I made a mistake in not confining this program to music. We each think of a favorite tune, and would like to hear it played in the Burnett style. Still, an evening of song would not give us the well balanced vision of the past that we are seeking, and there are other things to consider. Now that we have a pretty good idea of how our earlier members sounded when they expressed themselves in song, I think we would like a glimpse of how they dressed and looked. Is the "New Look" really new, or has it been borrowed from the past? We have a fashion expert who may be able to answer our question.

-(Mrs. Donald S.) PEGGY FUNK-
I was assigned the task of discussing fashions for the past seventy years in about five minutes in a humorous vein. I'll have to confess, I didn't resort to the library for my information so this is far from an academic paper. I lay awake a few nights worrying about it and remembered back as far as possible. The humor lies in the fact that I was asked to write it in the first place.

After much thought, I definitely decided that about all the designers do is change their minds about which parts of our anatomies should be exposed, covered up, enlarged, enhanced, diminished or camouflaged -- but after all, we do get variety.

We women are not the only ones led on to buy new clothes because of a lot of rash promises. Just the other day I saw a full page picture of a young, tall, handsome man wearing a brown striped suit and the ad was worded thusly -- "This is the famous suit that makes you look taller, fuller chested and slimmer at the hips. It is truly a gentleman's suit of clothes that definitely improves the appearance of every man who wears it."

Isn't that silly -- why didn't they photograph a man wearing that suit who really needed all those things done for him. That's about like a Lane Bryant ad showing a dress, which can be had in sizes from 40 to 54, on a size 12 model.

In wondering how fully I should go into all this, I decided that all of us are more or less familiar with the fashions from 1870 to about 1900 because for some reason or other we all have a garment or two up in our attics or have seen some of them worn at various occasions. These clothes had many points in their favor -
They were pretty, romantic, becoming and a definite boon to the fabric companies and the family dressmaker but I would say rather cumbersome, confining and impractical. Heaven forbid that the designers carry our new look that far. Our pace is too fast for the burden.

The early 1900 fashions are not familiar to me but something I read recently seems to tell the story pretty well -- I quote "In reviewing Maurice Evan's superlative production of Shaw's Man and Superman, the New Yorker critic describes the costumes as making every lady as graceful and sexless as a yacht and every gentleman a dream of double breasted chivalry. That was 1904 or thereabouts. But for the last word in grotesque fashions, we give you 1913, the day of the hobble skirt, the soaring feather, the model T Ford and Mack Sennett bathing costumes. They say that at college reunions when the girls pull out old dresses of their day and parade in them, 1913 always gets the prize".

We are now getting into my remembering days -- high buttoned shoes, huge flowered, feathered and beribboned hats, shirtwaists and skirts and camisoles and petticoats stand out in my mind. Shirtwaists and skirts were almost a uniform, which brings back a photograph taken on one of my grandmother and grandfather's wedding anniversaries. It looked as though their family was comprised of a set of triplets, twins and an odd man. Three of my aunts had arrived wearing identical canary-yellow blouses and another aunt and my mother wore dark plaid taffeta blouses. Nothing could be done about it so the picture was taken and we have laughed about it many times. This was also the period of the fantastic hairdresses with "rats" and silk stockings
rolled up in the hair to suggest voluminous tresses. I saw a re-vival of the camisoles and petticoats at Fields the other day priced at about $50.00 for the set. For an additional coat, long panties that ended below the knee could be had. This strikes me as a funny twist and shows how completely our ideas change, because these quaint garments by their very elaborate nature must have served psychologically to heighten male curiosity in their efforts to hide so carefully what we women have made such efforts to disclose.

My next recollection is about 1925 or so when a girl was a mere blub with legs and a coal scuttle hat -- no waistline, no bosom, no crowning glory. Do you recall those hemlines -- knees, knees, knees, -- exposed either all the way around, one side or the other or from the front. I was extremely curious to see what the movie "Good News", which was supposed to take place in about 1927, would do with those ugly fashions. I found that the skirts were short and the waistlines were down around the hips but the natural figures were much in evidence and it was a great improvement. Just imagine doing the Charleston or the Varsity Drag in our "new look."

If by any chance you have noticed the dress I'm wearing and have wondered why it is so tight, I'd like to tell you that it dates back 15 years to about 1933. I've had to lose a few pounds so that I could get into it. As you can see, it is not much different from our new styles. It even has a cape and the straight, long skirt which are so good right now. But such narrow shoulders and no shoulder pads!

Our next period started in the late 30's and lasted until last year -- those wonderful years when we could wear a suit that was six, eight, ten years old and not look dated. Those clothes were simple, straight-lined, tailored, with beautiful square shoulders
and natural waistlines. The skirts were definitely too short though. A truer statement than the one that "the knee is the ugliest joint in the human body" was never made.

Well here we are now -- plenty of beautiful materials -- too many women content to wear their old clothes -- so what is done. We are told that in order to have that more ladylike look, we must empty our closets and start over and really, hasn't it been fun. I strongly suspect that the manufacturers of women's ready-to-wear are not entirely thinking of our welfare. Lots of the fashions are pretty extreme but anything seems to be right as long as it's long. The big full skirt caught on quickly and holds its popularity. It may be worn with a soft shouldered blouse or a short tight jacket. It has its alternative in the long beltless overblouse with a flat pleated skirt that gives you the long slim line American women have always loved. Also long and slim -- the princess silhouette, the sheath dress (similar to the 1933 model I'm wearing) and the long circular skirt that falls slimly over the hip line. Many of the clothes are radically styled but why not -- off with the old and on with the new. We don't have to really worry about the plunging necklines and bustles with potted flowering plants growing in them. Such things are not usually worn -- just photographed and talked about.

Consider the hat styles that have been the vogue for the past few years. Their design really shows imagination or something. They seriously consider such motifs as inkwells waste baskets, cutlery, vegetables and flowers shooting off at the oddest angles. This is a far cry from the complete
flower gardens our mothers knew, that would have proven wonderful jungle background for movie shots in miniature. However uncomplimentary the remarks have been concerning these admittedly silly creations, they have indicated the urge to depart from the conventional and to contribute something fresh and novel. It has always been woman's everlasting desire to startle or coyly draw attention. Men still think the only truly smart hats are those with little or no trim but have smart cut and are rather severe.

I've come to the conclusion that instead of condemning our fashion designers, we ought to appreciate them. Have you ever stopped to think how much their creations do for us? Probably if we were frank to admit it, our chief concern with style is that it will not ultimately fail to please the eye and give us that lift that we feel with each new outfit. Oh, we women know how much the men like to joke and laugh about the way we concern ourselves with this subject but can you imagine their disappointment if it were otherwise?
We hear; we see; and are charmed by the past. But, how did our earlier members live in "Ye Olden Times"? How were they educated? (We know that they were.) Did they have schools; and, if so, what were they like? Who could describe this better than an educator?

- Mr. Walter S. Pope-
SEVENTY YEARS IN EDUCATION

When Roy Barr asked me to cover the past seven decades of educational development in America in a paper to be read in ten minutes, I asked him whether the result was to be serious or humorous. He quickly replied, "Humorous, of course."

But, really brothers and sisters, you little realize how serious school in the 1870s was. Those were the days when lessons were memorized, later to be written word for word or vocalized, verbatim, from the front of the room if you did not want to be chastized in the rear of (we'll skip it.)

The Civil War, (war between the states to you confederates from south of Roosevelt Road), taught the United States that it was high time to organize, supervise, humanize, socialize, and vitalize the schools from the cradle to the grave or someone would rise up behind an iron curtain and communize the whole blamed shebang thus destroying free enterprise and rendering nugatory all efforts to industrialize, capitalize, mechanize, and commercialize the thinking of a people who believed so thoroughly in a system of government, business, and society our forefathers died to democratize.

When you analyze the problem facing our distinguished grand-parents, you discover that there were no tax supported high schools in the United States. Academies appeared about 1750 to supplement the Latin grammar schools. In the academy, boys and girls could study bookkeeping, surveying, navigation, and the fine arts, as well as the traditional language, mathematics, history, and music which made the backbone of the Latin grammar school curriculum.

After 1880 the academy began to disappear rapidly, the public high school taking its place, often absorbing its students, equipment, and buildings.
Public high schools developed as a direct consequence of the establishment of a graded system in the elementary schools, based upon the model of the Prussian VolksSchule fixing the terminal point of elementary education at the end of eight years of schooling. Prior to this introduction of the graded system anyone could attend the common school until he became 21 years of age or until he felt he could no longer profit by school attendance. It is thus easy to see that the public high school became a necessity to supply a need no longer met by the common school.

In 1872 the school authorities of Kalamazoo, Michigan, levied a tax for the purpose of maintaining a high school. The legality of the levy was questioned in the courts, and the case was carried to the Supreme Court of Michigan. The decision was favorable to the school trustees and became famous as a milestone in the development of the high school throughout the country. Specifically, the objection of the taxpayers of Kalamazoo was directed at use of public money to teach foreign languages.

The U. S. Office of Education provides us with the following secondary enrollment figures:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Enrollment</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1890</td>
<td>357,800</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1900</td>
<td>695,900</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1910</td>
<td>1,111,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1920</td>
<td>2,490,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1930</td>
<td>3,800,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1936</td>
<td>6,425,000</td>
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In 1939 it was estimated that 70% of the total population between 14 and 17 years of age were actually enrolled in high schools.

This makes it evident that high school students are not a select group, and the curriculum offered them, as well as the methods of instruction must be planned and selected to meet a wide variation in interests and capabilities.
Anticipating this problem after the first World War the testing movement swept over the country. Educators soon became convinced that about 30% of the high school freshmen could not profit by study of the traditional high school offerings. In schools of education mental measurement became the most important activity. All manner of tests resulting in quotients appeared. Publishing houses commercialized on the movement, produced scales and examinations which could be easily scored and the results of which could be compared with national norms, etc. Still about 30% of our high school students do not succeed in school even though, through the separation of weak pupils from the strong and offerings of easier materials to the low sections, everybody graduates.

Since 1900 a strong feeling of civic responsibility for the education of children has swept the land. No one must fail; all can learn; fit the school to the child - not the child to the school. These are some of the slogans. All that is needed is to rationalize, dramatize, synthesize, and teach the child to utilize his skill by holding a job half the day, and he will become a success. With the wide-spread use of radio, motion pictures, projects, dramatization, and canned music, the child is made into an adult long before he has matured physically for adult experiences and responsibilities.

World War II focused the attention of the public upon the woeful lack of mastery of the fundamentals of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Again tests were used to discover what every alert high school teacher knew, namely about 1/3 of the students just do not get what we think they do in high school, are not trained for the necessary mental activities in a democratic society.

What the schools have done is to supply a little knowledge to all
students about a great many things. This superficial understanding has been utilized by business, financial, commercial, and political interests to direct the thinking of the masses through crafty propaganda in newspapers, on the radio, and on the silver screen.

Aware of the lack of education extant in a large sector of adults, movements have been promoted toward providing adult education. Evening schools are growing in number and in enrollment. Courses are offered in almost everything, from animation to barnyard poultry, to the Great Books. Hunger for learning is one of the most promising signs of progress in America. We shall be safe from domination by a minority as long as freedom of thought, freedom of expression, and freedom to study exists.

Possibly the greatest or rather the most significant movement in education since 1900 is the emergence of the junior college, popularly known as the community college. Within the past 25 years it has grown from an insignificant number to over 600 schools, meeting the general requirements of the first two years of college and at the same time serving the local communities in unique fashion.

The first members of Phi Sigma were thoroughly trained in fundamentals of thinking and communication. Present day schools attempt a much wider curriculum, insist on not so thorough mastery. It is questionable whether we have advanced intellectually, but none of us would want to go back to the school of seventy years ago.
Now that we know that our earlier members attended school and acquired an education, we should probably follow up and try to find out how their learning was used in the fields of business and finance. This may sound like a deep, dry subject, but I know we won't find it to be so as presented by our LaSalle Street broker.

-MR. EARL MEYER-
The country's economy 70 years ago and today—When Phi Sigma was founded 70 years ago, the country was emerging from the post-Civil War depression under the Presidency of Rutherford Hayes. He was an Ohio lawyer whose greatest distinction was that he was a president who insisted upon putting campaign promises into action. He naturally was not reelected for being so offensive in a political way. An interesting sidelight to us on Hayes was that he too belonged to a literary club, which organized with Hayes as Captain as a military company in response to President Lincoln's proclamation asking for 75,000 troops. In 1878 Edison was just beginning his experiments with electricity, there were no automobiles, the Bell and Edison telephone installations in Chicago had just started, and there was no ice cream. That was the situation. It aptly shows the lengths to which some people will go and the obstacles they will overcome to start a literary club, walking to meetings, reading papers by gas light, and even having no ice cream at the meetings conclusion to pick them up.

What is more, 50 million people in the nation were getting along in a rather unhappy primitive fashion, without benefit of many modern conveniences. The wholesale price level (1926=100) was 62, the national debt was only $2.5 billion, and the national government was taking in $238,000,000 a year, over half of which was receipts from customs duties. This was $33 million more than the government spent, proving the economic backwardness of the national government in those days.

Today 145 million people, with 70 years more of advancements behind them, are having the devil's own time, with a price level of 166, 2 1/2 times higher since Phi Sigma's birth, a nation-
al debt of $255 billion, a hundred times higher. For last year the $45 billion dollar budget had a $754 million paper surplus and was raised to the extent of 65% from income taxes. Our viewpoint has so changed that last year’s budget surplus, which was about 3 times the 1878 total budget, is considered to show we are about breaking even.

In 1878 farmers were literally wasting their time raising 39¢ corn at the rate of 1.7 billions bushels a year, 92¢ wheat at the rate of 448 million bushels, and 9¢ cotton to the tune of 5.7 million bales. This was really hard work without tractors and other modern labor-saving implements. Last year farmers raised 2.4 billion bushels of $1.50 corn, 1.4 billion bushels of $2.00 wheat, and 11.8 million bales of 35¢ cotton. Note the big increase in production of these important crops. The increase in prices is suspected by many to be due to the increased cost of operating all the labor-saving machinery on the farms.

Phi Sigmites who had money to invest in the old days received a 6% return on the best bonds available. As there was no income tax, they kept all the interest earned and, in general, it bought three times as much of anything then as it would today. Today, he receives a gross return of 3%, Uncle Sam takes from 20% to 85% if its a taxable bond, and what’s left from a $1,000 investment will about pay the plumber $10 or $50 for a minor repair job once a year.

The more venturesome members of our society might have taken a flier in Pullman-Palace Car Stock, then about $100 per share, or Douglas Axe Company at 115, or Metropolitan Railway of
Boston (horse drawn) at 51, or Chicago Gas Light and Coke Co. around 150. His Pullman venture would have been all right down to today, airplanes and automobiles notwithstanding, having paid $554 in cash dividends, 120% in stock dividends, and now selling around $50 per share. Progress and change shortly put the horse-cars out of business, as the first cable car ran down State Street 4 years after Phi Sigma's founding and 8 years later came the electric car. The axe business has largely gone with the pioneers. The invention of electricity hasn't bothered the Chicago Gas Light Company very much, which still is very much in business as the Peoples Gas Light & Coke Co.

The general background of that period around 1878 was, that the railroads were in their second great expansion period, John D. Rockefeller and Henry Flagler and his boys had pretty well taken over the entire oil business in the country, and the investigations were just beginning, the cotton mills were booming and one of the largest industries, the old frontier was disappearing rapidly, and the Midwest was beginning to develop industrially.

And here we are-70 years later—-with the airlines rather than the railroads in their second great expansion period trying to make 67 ton planes operate profitably, Rockefeller's erstwhile Standard oil companies busily preparing to make oil out of coal, we have new international frontiers to replace our own, and we are now projected into a position of world leadership and what may prove to be the greatest test of the worth of our past 70 years of advancements. I wonder what the Voice will be saying 70 years from now.
I was right! The Meyer version of finance is a very fascinating subject. But, now to turn to the lighter side of our historical background. All work and no play makes one dull. Since Phi Sigma members have never been dull, what did they do for entertainment and amusement? We have a member who is well qualified to answer this in her own inimitable way.

-(Mrs. Burton C.) RUTH CRANDALL-
The Voice

Entertainment—Television

There are several more colorful names handy in blueprint form such as "Television Rebellion"—or "Frou Frou and the Future of Television"—or "Caution Television Ahead"—but for pure simplicity I am going to title this piece "Television—Take It From Here".

Now that the first reckless Crocus of Spring has nosed its way up through the lawn I am going to make a prediction. Does anybody here object if I make a prediction? Sometimes I feel that my predictions may be a straw to show the direction the wind is blowing away from. In fact, I'm actually thinking about opening a little shop and doing business as a sort of fortune teller in reverse. So just to stimulate trade and start the ball rolling, here goes my first prediction.

1948 is going to go down in history as television year. Oh maybe, there will be a few other minor events such as electing a Republican president or both Chicago baseball teams finishing last in their respective leagues—but mostly it will be remembered as the year when television finally caught on after two false starts. And it is going to make a tremendous impact on our society. Any instrument that brings into your living room a moving picture of a football game—symphony orchestra, a Memorial Day parade, a Tarhumba lesson, or how to make a popover is going to affect your way of living considerably.

Unless the Chicago Tribune published a special edition for me alone, which would have been adorable of them but rather imprudent, some of you, while pursuing a runover of last Sunday's Trib, must have seen the 36 page two section supplement on Television. The headline of this supplement read "WGN-TV starts Telecasting tomorrow." Fortunately within the year there will be six other Chicago
stations. Fortunately, I say, because if we had to depend on the Tribune station WGN-TV, it wouldn't be long before we would be lead to believe that the international crisis with the gravest repercussions would occur when the European boxers were leading the Chicago team 3 to 2 in the Golden Gloves. Of course, the Tribune gives fairly adequate coverage of news—but they tell me the Munich crisis barely made the sheet because of an all star game. Personally I am going to get very tired of telecasts showing Curly Brooks with his left arm around Gov. Green—-extending his right hand across the Pacific to you know who.

Figures, which I am making up as I go along, state that one out of every 24 1/2 homes will have a television set in 1948. It hardly seems possible doesn't it? Personally it's that one half of a home that bothers me. I can't imagine putting out a sizable bale of scratch for a television set when you have your house only half built. "C'est la maladie du temps" the sickness of the times---N'est pas?" Like the song "Manana" why complete the other half on such a sunny day.

Fortunately, I have no figures on "Television" the monthly journal published by the Best Publishing Co. of Philadelphia. In all probability I am its only reader, a rather creepy feeling, akin to discovering that one is the only passenger on an airliner. Perhaps sleepy is more exact than creepy for the next thing I knew after struggling through the March issue of "Television" the sunlight was streaming in and it was Thursday.

At this point I want to interject a bulletin. The Crandells do not possess a television set. This will come as a blow to those of you who were planning on buying a cheap box of candy to bring over to our house to watch a few hours of television. Of course, anybody who
who really knows my husband will know that he'll want a set with a large screen that serves hot buttered popcorn with ice cold coca cola. What he'll get is a set with a 3 inch screen plus a pecha little magnifying glass. He thinks nothing could be finer than spending the entire day in front of a television set. How he plans on fulfilling the ordinary obligations of every day life—getting to his office, charming his secretary, and regimenting his children remains one of those mysteries of science—like the common cold.

I shall never forget the first time I encountered television. I don't recall what the set was wearing, but I had on a fruit of the loom print dress. This historical memo brings to mind the fact that the new look should be a great boon to television—if—what with material coming off the top and going on the bottom. If they could only capitalize on this feature as it's done in the movies, where it's a rigid convention of B pictures that the heroes shoulders and the heroines bosom should constantly threaten to burst their bonds, a possibility which keeps the audience in a state of tense expectancy. Unfortunately, recent tests reveal that the wisp of chiffon which stands between the producer and the Federal Communications Commission has the tensile strenght of drop-forged steel. In regard to the new look I want to quote from my favorite target the Chicago Tribune March 28. In the rotogravuer section it had this to say of a picture labeled "Fashions Overseas" Christian Dior, the incorrigable innovator of Paris, introduces this extreme novelty in his new "Flash silhouette" and calls it "Zig Zag" It has a daringly open corsage and is designed in green faille a material with an individual life of its own."

I hope this last phrase of Mr. Dior's is purely figurative;
offhand the thought of clothes leading an existence independent of their owner is a little disconcerting. How are you going to remain cool and poised on that future day when you demand hotly of your husband, "where is that girdle of mine I threw on the chair last night?" Only to get the answer, "Oh it went up to Oconomowoc for the weekend with my pants—they'll be back Tuesday morning."

Softly lighted havens where our tired husbands retire of an evening to revive their spirits are not without their problems, too.

On the night of a major boxing bout, many haggard landlords complain, the choice locations along the bar, comparable to ringside pews are invariably filled by shameless squatters who go the full distance on a single dime flagon of nut brown ale. Indifferent to all cries of "Down in front," their presence often leads to better fights than the one on the screen.

Eventually necessity may require dividing the space into zones, as the threats do. The more remote seats, corresponding to the gallery, could be allotted to the beer drinkers, the balcony to gin fanciers and the front section to the men of distinction. Of course for members of the carriage trade, sampling a magnum of champagne, something akin to the diamond horseshoe of the Metropolitan opera house would be required.

Certainly this scheme offers enchanting possibilities but there is in it, just the same, an acceptance of the class system particularly undesirable in an election year. Foreign visitors have often commented on it. Gruchenstahl in his exhaustive "Praxis der Vorstellung der Fliegenben Pickturen" observes "Die Geruch von Larven Spritz ist gefährlich-horst?"

While you're mulling that over I will turn the set on and let you take a peek at me on a recent morning when I was doing some exercises as per the directions of a telecast health instructor.
"Put the hands under the buttocks he commanded (a rather direct approach on such short acquaintance,"I must say") and raise both legs slowly in the air. I was just becoming proficient in this feat when I looked up to find the Lambrect Creamery man peering at me through the window. He had the look of a man watching a human whom he was sure was a manic-depressive in the downhill phase. I believe I would have fallen in a faint but for the fact I was already lying down. The color suffused my face, entered the auricle, shot up the escalator, and issued forth from the ladies wear section into the house-wears dept. It was tough and go with me for 48 hrs. Soon the crisis was past and then came days of convalescence with my Cocker Spaniel bounding beside me on the lawn and tugging at my parasol. Good old Pitch I'd like to take this opportunity to thank him for his unsparring devotion. For it was upon Pitch that the burden fell of dressing the children and eating my oatmeal, without which I would have recovered in half the time. This whole scene was worthy of Tolstoy (not Leo Tolstoy) but Charlie Tolstoy a friend of my husbands.

Now that I'm back in focus perhaps you're wondering how they are going to handle advertising on television. I hope the following short is no sample. The scene is a doctors reception room. the characters: a patient and a doctor who, when he isn't philandering the nurse, spends his spare time substituting amber electric bulbs for ordinary bulbs in his waiting room to depress the patients.

Patient "Dr. I have a stuffy uncomfortable sensation all the time."

Dr. "That's the way a cold usually starts, take 15 Bromo Quinine tablets 40 times a day or forty of them fifteen times a day."

Patient "But Dr. it's not my nose or throat, it's in the small of my back."

Dr. Of course—that's where it's localized. Take a tonic. I
forget the name of it, but your friendly neighborhood druggist will know. It's $30 a bottle."

Patient "Will I feel better after I take it?"

Dr. "I'm a physician not an astrologer. If you want a horoscope, there's a gypsy tea room at 1530 N. Dearborn."

In conclusion, I want to present a short one-act play that you might encounter on an evening television program. Needless to say, the characters and events depicted herein are purely imaginary—and I am the perfect wife who acts like Myrna Loy and looks like Betty Grable. For your entertainment I attempted to engage some top-flight actors and actresses, but because of the meagerness of the Phi Sigma funds at my disposal I was forced to fall back on that small familiar group of summer stock players who have been idle for the past seven months, namely Robert Irvinsky, C. Willard Stanislawski, Louise Leadtski and one new ingenue Miss Downey Couch. Please, I must ask your indulgence of this brave little group, since the men after months of idleness are gaunt from lack of caviar and the women are desperately hoarding their last precious drops of Channel # 5.

The scene opens with our favorites staring ruefully at the Irvinski mansion (a magnificent rambling structure of beaverboard complete with honest stone fireplaces—-as distinguished I presume from dishonest stone fireplaces) or rather the remains of the mansion in as much, the entire left wing has just burned down.

"I could swear an aunt of mine was staying in that wing" Irvinski says suddenly.

Stanislawski stirs the ashes with his cane and uncovers a pair of knitting needles and a half charred corset.

"No, it must have been the other wing," dismissed Irvinski with as neat a brushoff of circumstantial evidence as you can get for your
money today. "I'll have a new wing sent out from Sears to-morrow. How about a spot of whiskey and soda?"

Whereupon Irviniski brings in a spot of whiskey on a piece of cardboard which Stanislawski and Laadtski examine with interest.

"Soda?" asks Irviniski. Stanislawski takes it to please him for Irviniski's cellar is reputedly excellent. A second later he wishes he had drank the cellar instead, baking soda being so repetitious.

"You drank that like a little soldier" compliments Irviniski.

Stanislawski remarks that he has never drank a little soldier. You can see now that the soda was beginning to tell on him.

"But as I was saying--I was going through some of my great grandfather's things the other day" continued Irviniski.

"What things" demands Stanislawski.

"His bones if you must know" Irviniski says coldly. "You know GreX grandfather died under strange circumstances. He opened a vein in his bath."

"I never knew baths had veins "protests Stanislawski.

"I never knew his great grandfather had a bath" began Laadtski. With a shout Irviniski threw himself at Miss Laadtski, and this was the signal for Stanislawski to throw himself on Couch. The ensuing Events are a bit kaleidoscopic but the outcome of the game is as follows.

Chicago White Sox 4 Bloomer Girls 3—with Laadtski substituting in the fifth for Couch who was disabled by flying antipasto.

Frankly I think it's time to turn the television set off and put the children to bed. A horrible premonition seizes me that if some of you don't hustle these stock players over to the North Western Station they'll be too late to catch the last milk train for Lake Geneva.
AND SO ENDS the 1948 edition of "THE VOICE OF PHI SIGMA". I am deeply indebted to the five associate editors who have so successfully dug into the past, unfolding its secrets for us. Even without the magic dial we have had an intimate glimpse of the past seventy years; and I am still amazed that our Society has been able to remain as it has for seven decades while the outside world has run its dizzy course. I mentioned only five of the six associate editors who have made contributions to this edition of the VOICE. Last, but not least, I am grateful to (Mrs James D.) Eloise Burnett for creating the cover for these pages.

-FINIS-