

Apes

Gordon Strauss' *Aping our Elders* carries a title that might head this entire section—more broadly, the name is synonymous of college. Editor of the *News-Bearcat* and one of the *Times-Star* Strausses, the political commentator might well stay within his news-realm and not dabble with intrigue and vote-machinery—but a willing writer is a willing writer, what with the deflated erg of college energy. From the vantage point of a strong fraternity sans "combine" affiliation, the dean of active Betas views the panorama of politics and the pending prospects with prophetic pertinence to all questions. (The *Aping* blurb came to paper in March.) Gordon Strauss is a swivel-chair radical—radical or not, we may be certain of the swivel-chair. He stands unique in one thing; though he was graduated from Walnut Hills Classical High School, he never joined the Mummies Guild. He joined Sigma Sigma instead and there his acting has been of a such and such character. His favorite saying is "I'll do business with the Deltas if the Deltas do business with me." An avid propensity for the fine arts accounts for the fact that only four out of the fifty-odd issues of the *News* carried those editorial-cartoons. Strauss is an ardent dry. He always has been dry. That's why he never stops drinking.

Enough Sanity

Gillies Werner insists that he is an artist. The critics met his efforts with a cold brow-lift and a sniff, the dogs! He sallied forth one day with *Narcissus of the Backwoods* and set a pace and spirit in the *Sanity Fair* office such as once prompted Gluyas Williams (then at Yale) to tell Robert Benchley (then at Yale) to stick to writing. The young man's versatility has led him to the posts of number 22 in the Fresh Paint chorus and sports reporter for a semi-weekly hereabouts. His passion for color had to be squelched as this section of the *Annual* is made to harmonize, not with the rest of the book, but with the *Cincinnatian* staff, chief of which is "Colorless" Robert Marshall Galbraith. The matter of subject material has always troubled Werner. He wanted, in his youth to draw R.O.T.C. officers—brass buttons, bibs, and all—but they weren't particularly quick on the draw themselves. Soon after, he got drunk once and entered into a thoroughly Bohemian life. Taking the art-aptitude test that Miss Alma Knauber of the Household Wrecking School was circulating, he won the highest honors. So you can never be sure about those tests. To fully cover his life, interests, accomplishments, it needs must only be said Werner's a Delt.

SANITY FAIR

THE SATIRICAL REVIEW OF COLLEGE LIFE

MEL BERNSTEIN, EDITOR

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IN THE NEXT ISSUE

For our salary we should put out another issue? And in it you would find reports of a music-comedy script finished a month before premiere, a co-op with a job, a pioneering spirit, a sensible student-auditor, modest R.O.T.C. brass-hats.

The staff—both of them—will possibly own a private copy of *Vanity Fair*.

Subscribers are notified that changes of address are no fault of ours.

Published because Editor-in-chief Robert Galbraith refused to make-up any more pages himself. And all the rest of the tripe that our Blighted States government insists we print here about how often the staff assembles for beer and banter, and all the places—with such nice names—where our copyright ain't no good, and that our offices are not on the Boston Post Road and never will be.

BY VOLUME 3.2 BORROW A COPY KEEP IT A YEAR

Pity the Critic

It amuses Dan Tobin no end to have Robert Ames compare the *Calamity Comrade* with the venerable *Silver Sabre* and *Wonderful Me*. It irks George Kramer end over end that Ames even saw the musical comedy in which he collaborated with Tobin, George Kaufmann, and Morry Riskin. With a rigid tenacity Critic Ames has stuck to his guns—in fact, he is stuck with them—on the delicate matter of hurting the thin-skinned showmen of the campus who can't take it. He moves about the school, a symbol of Beta Theta Pi's good taste as well as that clan's editorial interests in the *News*. His studies as an English major in the Liberal Arts College have done little to hinder his journalistic career—in fact, many hold that he has none. On the *News* he has taken the place of the able William Groppenbacher—*Sanity Fair* dolls him up in the weighty aegis of George Jean Nathan. But did we have any choice? We have Ames' word for it that he has seen every Fresh Paint show since the company was solvent. That's lots. His conception of the Theatre as an art is something nebulous and he is sorrily uncertain about lots of phases. But then, the boy's thinking, anyway. The critic's biggest job is separating the *junk* from the *good*, quoth Tobin. Ames thinks the local producers have opened the door to the *good*—to throw it out. But then, the boy's taking a beating from argumentive dramatists. The tenacity of the young commentator is astounding—no one has ever straddled a fence so long. And Edith Rummel was in the Painterette chorus, which Ames touted last spring. But then, the boys will be boys.

Interest

Dear Sir: Feature sections in year-books never have been of particular interest to the student—or to anyone, for that matter. There is no reason on earth why you can't catch the spirit of college thought and instill it into your division. Say something that will interest us all. What are those things that are the talk of the campus, the thought of the student, the things that make college life college life.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Jean Phares

Miss Phares:

Sex.

The Editor.