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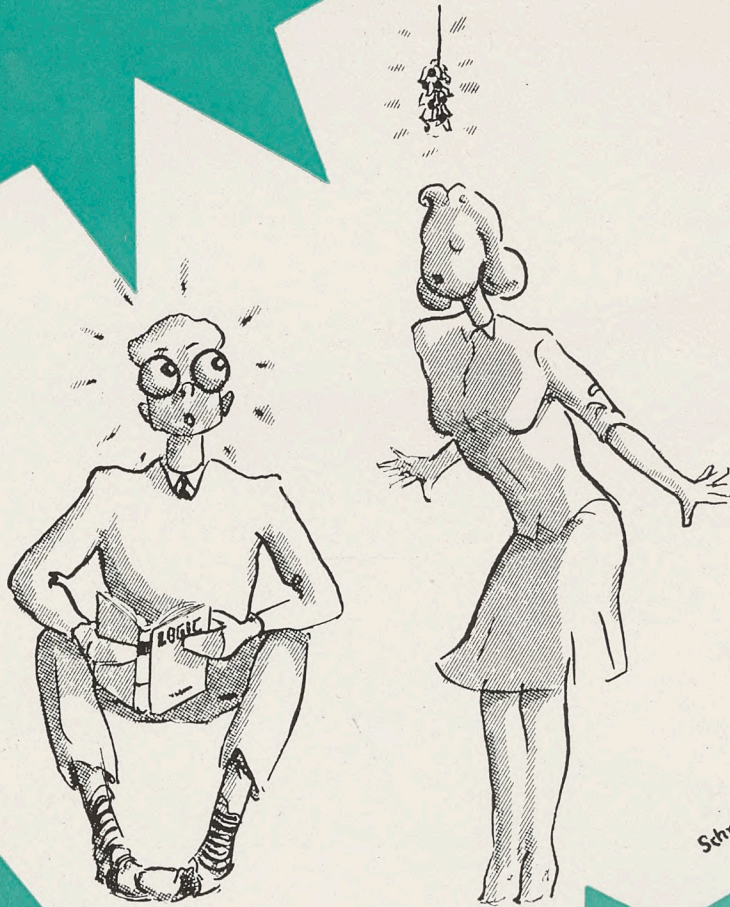
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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

Eliot



DECEMBER
1939

15¢

Christmas Issue

featuring

George Smith Cordelia See Bill McDade
and THE POPULARITY QUEEN

Big Hatchet Shake-Up

*TO HELL WITH PRECEDENT
THINGS ARE GONNA BE DIFFERENT*

Our Motto:

“Every Girl A Queen By June”



A full page to every student with more than one activity.

Only freshmen to have individual pictures.

A NEW picture of the Chancellor.

Parking lot action shots.



Book will be out before Sept. 1st.



HERE'S WHY MARIA WAS MAD AT HIS BRIAR!



HAVE A HEART on your husband, ma'am—don't bawl him out for smoking. After all, it isn't his *pipe* that smells bad, it's that hot-and-heavy *tobacco* he always buys.



NO MORE FIGHTS. Some friend switched him to Sir Walter—two ounces of cool-smokin' burley—so mild it *never* bites the tongue—and a wife-winner for *aroma!*

New!
**CELLOPHANE
TAPE** around lid
seals flavor in . . .
brings you tobacco
100% factory-fresh!

**UNION
MADE**

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

TUNE IN—Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House," Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.

WE HAVE WITH US . . .

SUSAN MASON: tells us her greatest ambition is to "get on Eliot." Her very first attempt, a freshman theme on the Quad Shop, has made our center spread. So, Sue certainly ought to be happy, and she is: "I think Washington is marvelous. It's just perfect! I expected to hate it, but it's the most wonderful place I've ever been."

SALLY ALEXANDER: has tried almost everything that can be tried at Washington and has done well at it all. She has been freshman popularity queen, honorary Captain of battery C., an ideal coed, a best-dressed coed, a daisy chain-er, and Hatchet queen. Sally works too. She's on the Y cabinet, is co-chairman of Freshman Orientation Commission, presides over Pi Phi, and is beginning on her fourth Quad Show. Sally earned her way into Press Club by writing for Hatchet, Student Life, and Eliot. She likes Washington as well as we like her, and insists she doesn't do very much.

RANNY LORCH: Our business manager, struggled with Hatchet's finances last year, and was assistant Eliot ad getter the year before that. After four years in business school and on ASAB, Ranny's ambition is still to get into an advertising agency.

Besides such practical activities, he has appeared in every Quad Show, sung for Glee Club, and served on countless committees.

Ranny declares his job is most enjoyable, but he thinks we ought to be more like Dirge.

GEORGE SMITH—author of "Satan Claus," regularly contributed stories last year. This year, however, he is a graduate student in

economics, and that seems to have some effect on his literary output; so we consider ourselves lucky whenever we are able to get a story from him.

George says, "I am really having a good time this year. I am vice-president of my fraternity, Kappa Alpha, and associate editor of Eliot, its equivalent. It's a wonderful life I lead. All honor and no work."

But of course George really works hard for both Eliot and K.A.

GEORGE SCHNEIDER—who, in addition to his cover this month, gives us an illustration, his first. It is for George Smith's story "Satan Claus," and we think he deserves a lot of credit for making it fit so completely into the unusual mood of Smith's story.

Phil Wilmarth, last year's Student Life editor remarked the other day that Schneider's covers alone were worth the price of the magazine.

RUTH SHERMAN—author of the short, short "Glamor Girl," makes her first appearance in Eliot this month. Her "quickie" turned up in Dr. Webster's advanced writing class, and we grabbed it for Eliot almost before Dr. Webster had finished reading it.

Ruth very modestly wouldn't tell us anything about herself but we do know that she is writing regularly and you will probably see more of her stuff in future Eliots.

MARTHA PAGE—has the distinction of having sold more of the first two issues of Eliot than any other girl. She can sell Eliots to practically anybody, and does. One of her customers is the negro porter at No. 3 Fraternity Row.

A STATEMENT OF ELIOT'S EDITORIAL POLICY — 1939-40

Eliot is the magazine of Washington University and not the magazine of some special group in the University. It is a magazine of general college interest and has no desire to become merely a comic or an undergraduate gossip column or a fraternity and sorority journal or even a purely literary magazine. It desires, rather, to become a medium for the expression of all those things in Washington U. which are, or which should be, of interest to the majority of the students, faculty, and friends of the University.

Eliot

December 1939

STAFF:

EDITOR.....Jack Cable
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....George Smith
MANAGING EDITOR.....Cordelia See
ART EDITORS.....Bob Gamm, Geo. Schneider
BUSINESS MANAGER.....Randolph Lorch
EXCHANGES.....Edith Marsalek
TYPIST.....Dorothy Schneider
COPY READER.....Al Rosenfeld

EDITORIAL STAFF:—Sally Alexander, Dave Cohen,
Mary Wilson, Sid Goldberg, Victor Ellman,
Helen Hewitt, Sue Mason, Peggy Woodlock.

ART STAFF:—Floyd Garlock, Frank Hoffelt, Peggy
Wood, Jim von Brunn, Nancy Holmes.

PUBLICITY AND ADVERTISING:—Ralph Neuhoff.

CIRCULATION:—Peggy Woodlock, Sally Alexander.
Betty Kentzler, Jane Allen.

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GLAMOR GIRL

by RUTH SHERMAN

AS CAREFULLY as she could, she brushed her long, curling lashes with mascara, muttered a "Darn!" as it smeared a bit. She rouged her cheeks with even round strokes, accenting their natural pinkness.

Carefully—oh, very carefully—she took the lipstick and daintily pursed her lips so that she could red- den them more easily. Powder next—a dull, dark shade of face powder to add to her glamor. For today she must look her very best.

Today she must stand out as an exotic, a lovely crea- ture. A girl whom all would envy and admire. For she was entertaining at tea. The very first tea over which she alone would preside, and she wanted them to mur- mur and whisper at her loveliness.

She gave a last-minute, satisfied look at herself in the dressing table mirror. Her fair hair brushed smoothly down to her shoulders and then curled, her blue eyes made mysterious by a touch of eye-shadow and mascara, her full mouth a rich red.

She walked towards the door, turning her head so that she could still see in the mirror the curve of her grace- ful throat, the set of her head, the way the high-heeled slippers clicked on the floor, and the way her dress trailed in a wide swirling circle. She felt queenly.

Oh, how the girls would gasp when they saw her! With superb coolness and dignity she would walk among them, and how they would envy her dress, her bearing, the very glamor of her.

Suddenly the door opened, and her mother came in.

"Patsy Gibbs! Wash that make-up right off your face. Take off that old dress of mine and those high-heeled shoes. The girls are waiting downstairs for you to play with them, and you're up here dressing up like your big sister instead of a little girl."

BEFORE or ———
————— AFTER

or ANY OLD TIME

enjoy

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and try our Home-made Pies

HULL - DOBBS

Fine Foods

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OPEN 24 HOURS

COLLEGIAN'S SPARE-TIME CALENDAR

December 20 for an indefinite date:—Jimmie Gerrigan at the Club Continental in the Jefferson Hotel.

December 22-23—Ray Lew, pianist; Scipione Guidi, violinist; Max Steindel, cellist, as guest artists with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra.

Week beginning December 25—Raymond Massey in *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* at the American Theatre.

December 22 for an indefinite date—Jo Richman and his orchestra at the Chase Club.

December 27—Princeton Triangle Club at the Municipal Auditorium.

December 29-30—Charles Munch, guest conductor, in his American debut, with the Saint Louis Sym- phony Orchestra.

Week beginning December 31—William Gaxton, Victor Moore, and Sophie Tucker in Cole Porter's hit, *Leave It to Me*, at the American Theatre.

January 5, 6, 7—Ballet Russe at the Municipal Audi- torium.

January 9-10—Sidney N. Shurcliff, 'Ski' *America First*, an illustrated lecture given under the auspices of the Washington University Association at Soldan High School.

January 12-13—Raya Garbousova, cellist, a guest artist with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra.

January 12—The Westminster Choir at the Principia.

Week starting January 15—*Spring Time for Henry*, with Edward Everet Horton, at the American Theatre.

METAMORPHOSIS

by JEAN MAC GREGOR

Beauty
So-called transient thing
I know to be eternal.
Great men
Have mourned her passing
But I know that she still lives
And will, forever.
What matter that she change her dwelling-place
From old to young through generations down?
What matter that the ones who loved her best
Now rest in death, unthinking and unfeeling?
I know
I know she lives.
Do I not see her every day
In fragrant asters
And in the smoke burning leaves;
In swaying trees with barren branches
And in the wind that blows them; in a thousand
Little joys that make each day?
When I shall lie
Forgotten,
A lifeless thing, companion to the earth,
Living hearts will find their joy in beauty I no longer see.

JAM and JIVE

by DAVID HARVEY COHEN

IT'S NEARLY Christmas now; and, if you've done all your shopping, you, of course, haven't a worry in the world. But if you haven't taken care of a lot of things that you should have, and if you're not worried; well, you certainly ought to be! However, if you still have to buy a gift for someone who has a record player, you really have no problem at all. Just give records.

Tastes in music vary, but you'll probably be safe if you give anything like the four INDIAN LOVE LYRICS which Nelson Eddy does so well with orchestral background supplied by Nathaniel Finston (Columbia set X-150). Or LILY PONS IN SONG, a collection of the most successful songs of her repertoire. The accompaniment is by her husband, Andre Kostelanetz, and his orchestra. All of these discs aren't of the same high quality, but, nevertheless, they represent some of her best work so far. (Victor set M-499).

Don't forget the DECCA CALYPSO records as a possibility for someone who wants something new and different. It's hard to understand these records the first time you hear them because they're done in West Indian dialect. The Lion, King Radio, Jack Sneed and his Sneezers are a few of the names of the boys who do the recording, and you shouldn't have any difficulty in making your selections because the people who sell records are anxious to help.

The biggest surprise of the last few months came when Artie Shaw, after acting like a spoiled child for so long, left the music business and went to Mexico City for a rest. The boys in his band decided to incorporate, and the band is now on a co-operative basis. At first, Tony Pastor, vocalist and tenor sax man, was going to act as front but instead decided to go out and start his own band when he and the boys couldn't agree on what his share of the income was to be. George Auld, also a tenor sax man, who gained fame playing with Bunny Berigan a couple of years ago, was elected to front for the boys. This band still ought to be terrific.

The newest records on the market are those carrying the labels, VARSITY and ROYALE. Technically they're swell. Some of the orchestras to record for them include

Johnny Green, Jan Garber, Dick Himber, Will Osburn, and Van Alexander. Glenn Miller will probably record for them just as soon as a few little matters such as whether he is supposed to work for RCC or U.S. Record Corporation are settled. It seems that he signed a contract with Eli Oberstein, who used to be Victor recording manager, but who is now head of U.S. Record Corp. Glenn thought he was going to work for Victor and so did Victor, but it appears that Oberstein thinks differently.

Johnny Messner, recording for VARSITY, revived an old tune on the "Astor" disc. It has already sold about 100,000 copies and will probably reach the 250,000 mark. Be sure not to miss adding this record to your collection.

Alec Templeton does a piano solo of Cole Porter's NIGHT AND DAY for VICTOR. His musical caricatures continue to be most enjoyable—in particular, THREE LITTLE FISHES, on which disc he mimics Dr. Walter Damosch giving one of his music appreciation broadcasts.

The old pastime of switching has been going on in the orchestral world and this time it was the girl singers who made the changes. We just found out that it's not so easy for a band to get a new girl singer. First, they have to find out what key she sings in and to see whether she fits their arrangements—otherwise the necessary changes are too expensive. The key business is why, sometime, a singer will sound well with one outfit and not with another.

George Auld and Benny Goodman just exchanged their singers—Helen Forrest went from Auld to Goodman and Kay Foster went to Auld. Tommy Dorsey now has Anita Boyer instead of Edythe Wright and Hal Kemp is looking for someone to take Nan Wynn's place. Woody Herman now has Carol Gay instead of Mary Ann McCall who went to Charlie Barnet. Judy Ellington who used to be with Charlie Barnet is now with Larry Taylor.

SMALL JIVE . . . On a recent guest appearance, Eddie Duchin says his whistling on the recording of OH WHAT YOU SAID from THREE AFTER THREE was purely accidental. He thought they were only rehearsing. . . . Jack Leonard is back with Tommy Dorsey after a short absence. . . . Our recommendation for your miss list is a thing called PIGGY WIGGY WOO. . . . Victor Young is converting his score for GULLIVER'S TRAVELS into a symphony suite of four movements. . . . Kay Kyser's new picture presents 1940's novelty hit, THE LITTLE RED FOX. . . . Benny Goodman leaves the cast of "Swingin' the Dream" at the end of six weeks as agreed even though the show keeps running.

For those last minute gifts . . .

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AEOLIAN for service

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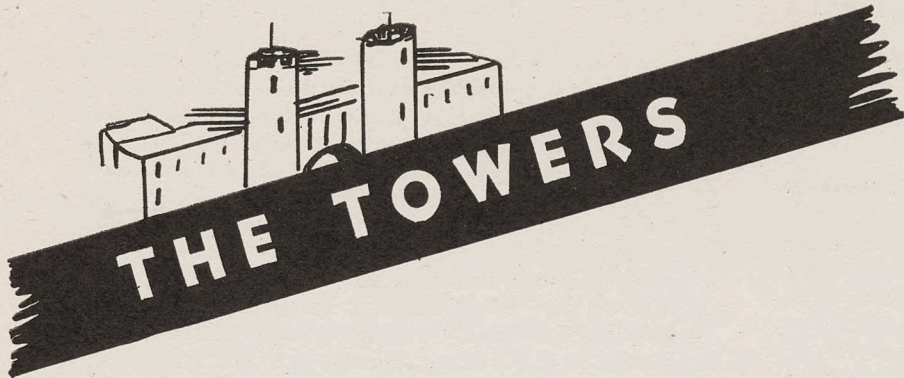
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The ELIOT Queen

Elsewhere in this magazine, we have had the great pleasure of presenting this year's Freshman Popularity Queen, Miss Harriett Lloyd, and her four maids of honor.

Miss Lloyd and her maids were selected by the men of the campus from a group of seventeen freshmen girls nominated by the various sororities. The election was held Wednesday, December 15 in the Quad Shop.

That afternoon, before even the votes were counted, the Women's Council of W.S.G.A. adopted a resolution to the effect that the election of the Freshman Popularity Queen be discontinued under its present sponsorship and unconditionally suspended for next year.

This body charged excessive electioneering at the polls by the sororities; and, we assume from their desire to change the sponsorship of the contest, failure by Eliot to administer the election properly.

That there was electioneering at the polls by sororities was obvious to any and everyone who happened to be in the Quad Shop that day. But that it was excessive electioneering, or that it was undesirable, or that it had any great effect on the results, is a question for debate.

So far as we have been able to find out, no one has any very clear idea of what excessive electioneering is in this connection. Some people, we have talked with, seem to think that if a sorority girl smiles at a man and begs him to vote for her candidate, it is excessive electioneering. Others more liberal would cry "excessive electioneering" only when a girl throws her arms around a man or promises to buy him a beer or shows him pretty pictures of her

candidate. Frankly we don't know. And the reason for our not knowing, of course, is that no worthy organization, like W.S.G.A., has ever formulated any rules or standards for us to judge by.

The further question presents itself as to whether or not this electioneering was desirable. We happen to think that it was, at least, in so far as it represented group loyalty and the willingness of a whole sorority to work together to secure the election of the candidate or candidates it had nominated. Also we think that this enthusiastic activity around the polls, even though it may have offended certain people, was a good sign in a school where collegiate life is practically non-existent, and therefore most desirable.

The actual effectiveness of all this electioneering has, in our opinion, been much over-rated. Some boys, we are sure, were taken in by the girls' sales talks, as some people are taken in by any political sales talk; but the majority of the boys, we are equally sure, having once been one of them, had made up their minds as to how they wanted to vote long before they ever cast their ballots. It is this group, in the main, that gave Miss Lloyd the marked advantage she had over all the other candidates.

The second and implied charge that Eliot failed in the proper administration of the election does have some basis. We do admit that there were some abuses in the voting; but insist that the dishonesty of the campaigners and voters was not our responsibility. It was our responsibility, however, to take charge of the ballots and to count them, and we guarantee that not only was every

single official ballot counted, but that Miss Harriett Lloyd had considerably more votes than any other candidate.

In conclusion, we object strongly to the hasty action of W.S.G.A. in adopting the above resolution, first because we feel that such drastic action was unnecessary to achieve election reform—Eliot would have and still will be glad to co-operate with W.S.G.A. in working out a better plan for electing the Freshman Popularity Queen; and second, because it constitutes an affront to our Queen.

Executive Session

We always wondered what went on at meetings of the Thyrsus Executive Board, and the other day we found out. A typical scene is something like this:

Boles and Alexander with their feet comfortably propped on a desk, laughing at each other's jokes.

McDade and Wilkinson debating the theoretical values of a teaser.

Karraker placidly watching proceedings—her knitting and gum chewing perfectly synchronized.

Dotty Behrens struggling to get everything anyone says into her notes.

Virginia Morsey and Wes Gallagher disputing whether a cowboy belt is a costume or a property.

Professor Carson beaming over having gotten the group together.

Halley Dicky struggling to unravel the red tape of ticket selling and to balance accounts that don't seem to want to balance.

* * *

Seriously, though Thyrsus has done a grand job this year. Performances have been good, attendance has greatly improved, and the number of hard working Thyrsus members has tremendously increased.

We take our hats off to the organization.

Mr. Bothwell

Myrus isn't the only St. Louis prophet. Wilbur Bothwell, instructor in the economics department, makes predictions too.

Last spring he argued that Germany and Russia would be co-operating this fall. After such a success-

ful foretelling, we couldn't resist getting his opinion of the war now that it has started.

"I THINK THERE IS GOOD REASON TO BELIEVE THAT BEFORE THIS WAR HAS PROGRESSED MUCH FARTHER, YOU WILL FIND ON ONE SIDE: ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY AND PERHAPS, ITALY.

"This is, of course, not a certainty. But, I believe there is a definite possibility that Germany's long run plan has been based on such an alliance, on eventually securing British co-operation.

"For a considerable period, especially after Nazi control, Germany sought co-operation with England. In return for concessions in central and south-east Europe, England would be free in the west and Germany would help preserve the British Empire.

"Mein Kampf shows great respect for the British Empire and that Hitler felt Germany's future lay in the east.

"Failing to get British co-operation, Hitler went ahead, hoping Britain would keep quiet. This seemed to be the Chamberlain policy.

"Then, with Czechoslovakia, Britain became afraid. The government's hand was forced by public opinion. Britain made wholly unwise guarantees, which she couldn't put through without Russian co-operation.

"With British policy becoming more and more aggressive, Germany realized there must be direct threats to England. This, in my opinion, brought the Russian alliance.

"Germany knew Great Britain was much afraid of Russia. In some classes in England, fear of communism dominated all other international considerations.

"If Germany failed in her threat, and England declared war, Germany could let Russia loose—and would be able to hold England and France off by her strong western fortifications.

"Then Germany, by a temporary alliance, could allow Russia to directly threaten British interests, for the purpose of impressing Britain with Germany's importance in protecting the Scandanavian, Baltic, and Balkan states from Russian domination, and

then ask, 'Now will you co-operate?'

"This would be a gamble, but Hitler is not unwilling to take a gamble.

"The Russian threat to the Scandianavian countries is a direct threat to Britain."

Mr. Bothwell declares his theory explains why:

1. There has been no German offensive except on the sea, although a long war is believed to favor the Allies.
2. Italy and Germany seem to be working together as yet, despite Italian hatred of Russia.
3. Italy has come through with the most tangible aid for Finland, and the German Government, at first, made no objection to the planes being flown across Germany to Finland.

Finally Mr. Bothwell declares "It is inconceivable to think Germany wants Russia to control fortified positions on the Baltic which would be a direct threat to Germany.

"Mussolini strongly believes Russia is the real menace. Germany may be directing his attempts to draw Germany and England together."

This is an exciting idea, well supported; and, as Mr. Bothwell insists that he disapproves of predictions, we really appreciate his letting us have this one.

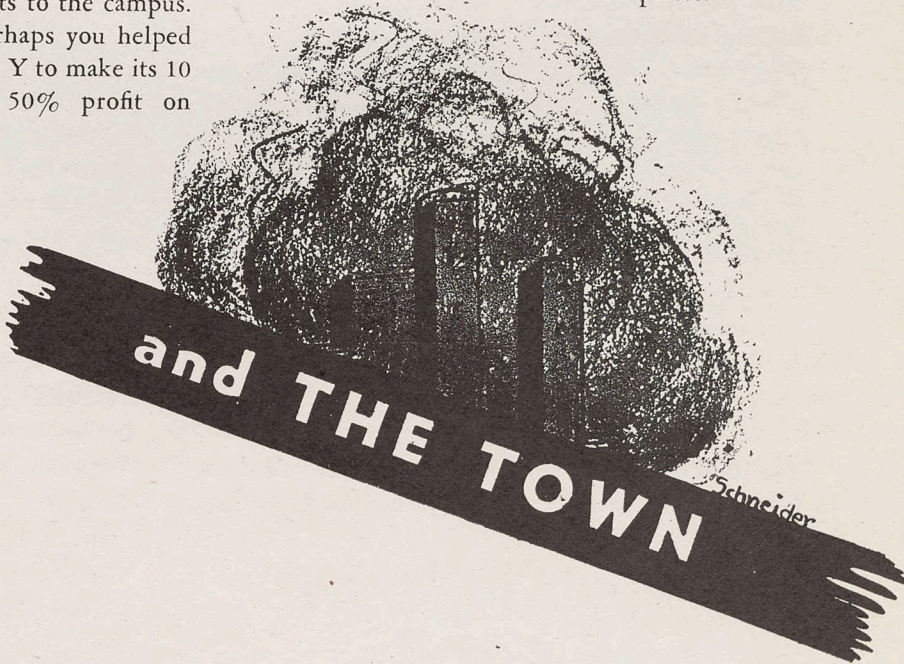
Foreign Goods

The Y's International Bazaar brought some really lovely Christmas gifts to the campus. Perhaps you helped the Y to make its 10 to 50% profit on

some of the items. Do you know what you got with your money? They were probably much more exotic purchases than you thought. We offer below examples from the inventory lists of the importers who supplied the Bazaar:

pouder boxes
Serbian hards (hearts)
box Liquer cohgiac candy
bag Royall Europien candy
pak Troyka ciggarets
braslet
plaqus
lief (leaf) tray
Brige sets
Henkerchiff
Peasely shawls
Swiss henky
chiken on ring
tabel
mach boxes
beautifol desine boxes
wooden Gandelabers
corcks
Ladys blawses
hanging sheleves
bottel tops
pensels
Xrimas Boxes
Buttel tups

Perhaps the most interesting items offered were the "Lenin" hand bags. These came from Hungary—not Russia. One importer mentioned "prises" for the Y—and they were hoping for some kind of an award, but he meant "prices."



THE BRITISH—THEY ARE CLEVER

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE INTERNATIONAL DEBATERS IN WHICH OUR MANAGING EDITOR MEETS HER WATERLOO

by CORDELIA SEE

THE BRITISH came. They conquered the campus and us. We staged a raid on the international debaters, as Aaron Hotchner was campus detouring them between the Women's building and Brown.

"Oh, I say there, this is topping!"

"Really you know, it's jolly to have you here."

"How long will you be with us?"

"Tell me, how do you like dear old England?"

"What would you say of conditions in America since the war?"

"What do you think of our English men?"

With typical British reticence, they cross examined us so fast we didn't even have a chance to become very certain which debater was which.

Victor Parkinson, (the handsome Australian who proved so chivalrous at the debate that he gave up his right to a rebuttal in order to get started on a date with Dolly Pitts) finally took pity on us:

"You see, every American reporter asks us;

"First—'What do you think of America?"

"And then—'How are conditions in England?"

"Not the college journalists, of course. They concentrate on our opinions of American women."

We decline to admit that we would have asked such questions—though it is remotely possible.

As we were scrambling for a pencil, George Bean, the tall fascinating Londoner interposed:

"And why is it that not more than 1% of American journalists know shorthand?"

"Yes," Victor echoed, "you either have to watch them scrawl the whole thing down in longhand, or you might as well resign yourself to a few surprises in tomorrow's paper."

"Get your pencil ready and we'll think of something for ELIOT." George rescued us from our blushing, and started off very seriously:

"The campus is impressive because of your large modern buildings. If you don't fool yourselves that you've got tradition, the best thing to do is what you're doing. Take the best of the modern.

"We think sororities and fraternities are a great idea. In fact we'd like to take a few sororities back to England with us."

Victor: "Wouldn't you like some raving about St. Louis? I'm an authority. I've been here two days now."

George: "Yes, he's been enjoying St. Louis while I've been out in Wahoo. You know the song: 'Wahoo, Wahoo, Wahoo!' Well Wahoo is about 30 miles north or east or south or west of Omaha. I went out there because I always have to give Vic 48 hours head start."

Victor: "Sure, he mows 'em down."

Us: Ohhh, you learned that over here?"

Victor: "Goodness no! Didn't you know American missionaries come over to teach us slang?"

George: "And speaking of missionaries, the thing we miss most over here is tea. And as for what we get most of over here, it's tea."

Victor: "I say, that's rather clever. We miss tea most and we get tea most!"

George: "Our biggest surprise is that Americans never stop talking."

Victor: "Also the food is so different."

George: "Yes, everywhere you go they serve water. If you take one sip, they fall all over themselves getting you some more."

Victor: "When you go into a restaurant and order **HOT** coffee, the first thing you get is **ICE** water!"

(This may not be so amusing to those of you who haven't been to England. But, water is something the British bathe in and make tea out of. There is no such thing as "drinking water.")

George: "And you're decidedly old-fashioned socially."

Victor: "We gave up chaperoning long ago!"

"But really the nicest thing we've found over here is your American hospitality."

George: "Either that or caramel ice-cream."

Victor: "We do like your streamlined trains. Of course, they really are superb."

George: "And your streamlined hostesses!"

"Oh, I say, lean closer. Is that Coty in your hair? No! Chanel No. 5! How outrageous for me to have slipped up! Blame it on my cold. I've had a hell of a cold since Sunday night."

(We thought he was rather remarkable as it was. That perfume was left over from Saturday night.)

Victor: "Would you like some tea?"

George: "Naturally not. Coca Cola is their national drink, but it's not a drink, it's a habit."

Victor: "Yes, odd a whole people would take to one drink like that."



Pat Parris

The Eliot Queen

Miss Harriett Lloyd voted
the most popular freshman coed by
the men of Washington University

And Her Maids

(IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER)

Miss Jane Andrews
Miss Eunice Haddaway

Miss Jane Meyers
Miss Gloria Sprick

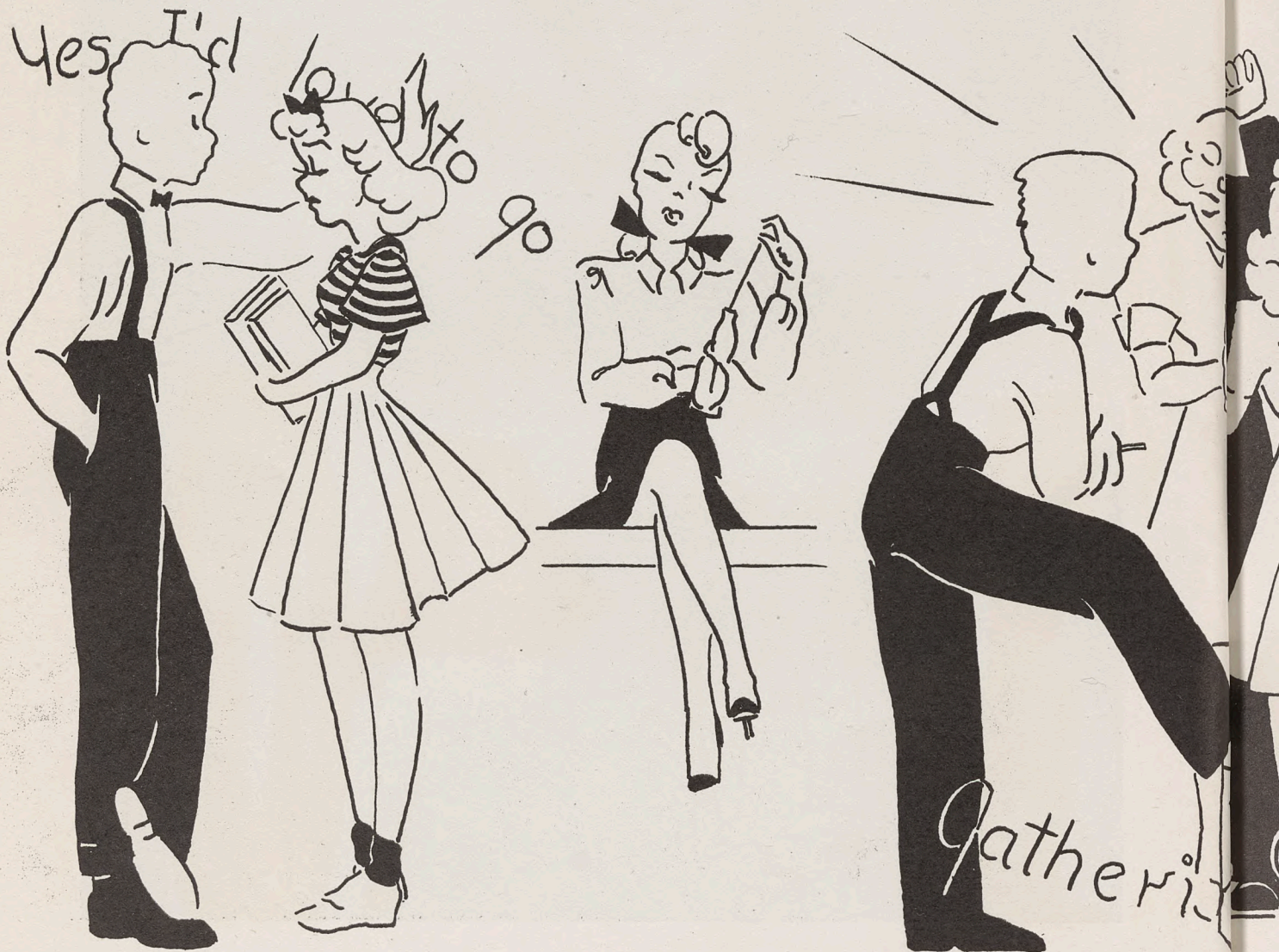
THE Q

by SUE MASON

WHEN YOU first come to Washington, you probably think the Quad Shop isn't much, tucked off in the basement of Brookings the way it is. But after you have been in school awhile, the place begins to work its spell upon you. Shove your way into it, battle through its blue fog of cigarette smoke, wade through the piles of old newspapers and straws that litter its floor, sit down, carefully avoiding old coke bottles, and you

would have been easier if she had merely entered Wig University's Quad Shop. For here one may observe human nature as nowhere else.

Here one may see the jitterbug, recklessly squandering money on the nickelodeon and beating out time on the much beaten floor. One may also observe the Coke Fi with a coke in one hand and a cigarette in the other.



will feel the atmosphere of the place around you like a cloak.

Once I knew a lady who wanted to write a Great American Novel. To do this, she reasoned, it would be necessary for her to have a vast and superior knowledge of human nature; so one day she gathered up paper and pencil and betook herself to the Union Station, where she sat and watched the passing crowds until nightfall.

That lady's fate is unimportant—as a matter of fact, her novel is still unwritten—but the point is this: Her task of observation

practically motionless for hours—especially when the abs—crowded and you would like very much to have his ch hold may marvel too at the Quad Shop Student, who, stratio oblivious to the din of the mob around him, tries val furti write a theme that was due weeks ago. And there aamp —many of them. the p

Besides being a veritable gallery of human nature, its of Shop is in its own way educational. It affords one agens c tunity to absorb all the latest gossip, merely by listerhe U

SHOP

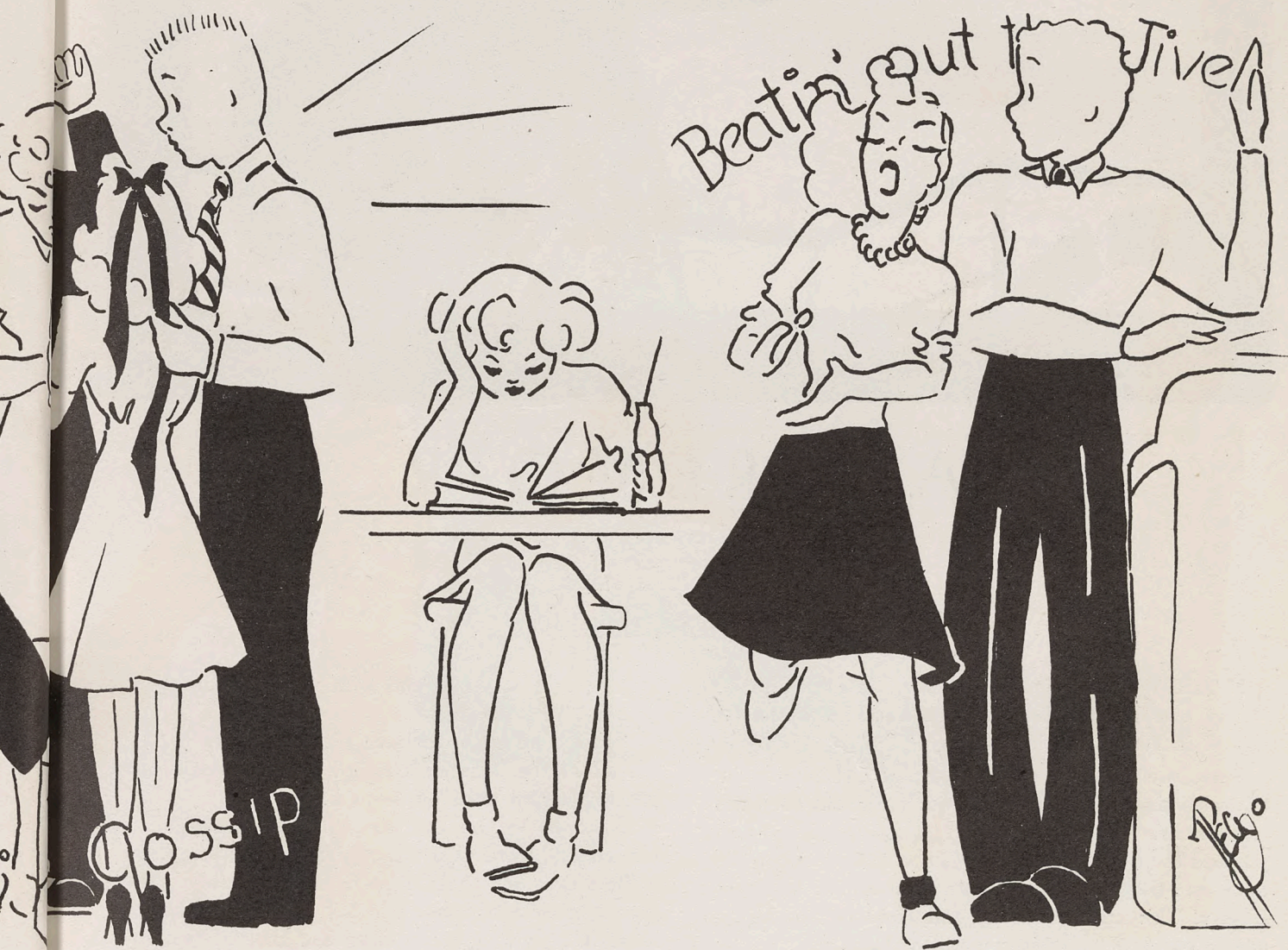
Drawing by PEGGY WOOD

red Wig little—just enough to keep the ball rolling. And observe here the various campus leaders and observe the qualities which made them what they are today; and someone may even be inspired by rubbing shoulders with these campus big shots.

I am not exaggerating when I say that the Quad Shop is the students' little sanctuary. In the classrooms, in the halls,

To all you people who sneer at the Quad Shop, I say, "What would the campus be without it?" Can you honestly imagine such a place? Can you see the bewildered students as they try to decide where to meet their friends, buy a chocolate bar, hear all the latest jokes, or simply spend a pleasant hour while cutting a class?

No, I say, let the Quad Shop receive its full share of glory.



in the labs—yes, even in the Women's Building, where Dean holds sway—the campus belongs to the faculty and the administration. But here, save for an occasional professor seen surreptitiously in the background, the students rule supreme and are unhampered. Here they are free to discuss in any way they wish the problems of campus life:—the rather doubtful influence of the cafeteria hash, Professor X's Monday grouches, the rumors of other matters, large and small, that arise out of the University.

It is part of Washington University, like the Victory Bell, the 8:30-12:30-3:30 parking-lot jams, the wild dash from Physical Education to your next class, and the Library, where you mean to study but somehow never do. Like all these institutions, the Quad Shop has its drawbacks, but with all its faults, I love it still. May it remain at least four more years so that I, for one, can sit firmly entrenched behind my row of coke bottles and watch the Washington world go by.



AU REVOIR

A True Story

by CORDELIA SEE

Illustrated by FRANK HOFFELT

IN THE WARM, windy darkness of an early September evening, the little French liner *DeGrasse* anchored in New York harbor.

Tomorrow's dirty gray shoreline was a twinkling rim of welcoming lights. The sky was clear and countless stars shone. They were lovely! Yet everyone aboard watched the lights, not the stars. Somewhere, far to the left, were the gleams from the crown of our Statue of Liberty. This meant America and freedom and happiness, a haven of peace in a world of fear.

Upstairs in Cabin class, tired U.S. vacationers wandered about, ignoring the games and the concert planned for their last night out. They debated the problem "to declare or not to declare," discussed the packing yet to be done, and congratulated themselves on having left Europe in time.

"It's nice to be an American."

"Thank God we're home."

"There isn't much duty on champagne."

"The office has gotten on much too well without me."

"I'll be in St. Louis and with you, dear, in about a month."

"I think we ought to leave a call for seven."

And so the Americans talked, danced, drank good-bye toasts, and went off to pack.

Down below, on the deck, in the moonlight, the tourists and third class passengers were gathered.

Here everyone spoke French. Most of these passengers were delegates to a Catholic Youth Congress. Excited and gayly expectant, they had cheered the whole ship, all the way over, by their eagerness for their first glimpse of America. And now they were here!

The moon lay, a path of silver and turquoise, over the dark velvet sea.

Huddled on the deck were nuns in their breeze blown veils; black-bonneted French grandmothers; a few German refugees (though most of these were on the lower, third class deck); the college orchestra, which for once was not pounding out jitter; a few romantic American girls who had come down from Cabin; and the two

(Continued on page 20)

SATAN CLAUS

by GEORGE C. SMITH

Illustrated by GEORGE SCHNEIDER

SATAN was comparatively unnoticed as he walked down the busy street, brushing against the hurrying mobs of people. He felt warm and happy inside, for it was Christmas Eve, in the period of good cheer which the Lord had designated. Even Satan, you see, could feel happy—in fact, he was usually one of the most gleeful devils you could imagine. So he smiled as he saw all the red, beaming faces of the Christmas shoppers. Through his mind was running his favorite proverb—"The higher—they ride, the harder they fall" and he was thinking how nice it was to have such a complete philosophy of life. It was infallible. He never tired, for instance, of seeing the expressions on the faces of little children as he took their candy canes away from them.

So it was his annual custom to spend the Christmas shopping season in the pleasant pastime of journeying about the city, tripping tired men overloaded with bundles, mixing packages in delivery trucks, untying knots in important pieces of string, stalling elevators between the fourth and fifth floors, jamming umbrellas in the works of escalators, dropping lead slugs into Salvation Army tambourines, stealing Christmas seals, and the like. He had been doing this for many years. I don't doubt that you, yourself, have run into some of his devilment at one time or another—perhaps when the printer sent out the Christmas cards with your initials backwards last year; you never know.

I don't have to say that there had been a lot of complaints about this sort of thing. And it was inevitable that the Lord should get wind of it sooner or later, what with an ever-increasing chorus of "Good God! Why does this have to happen to me?" from harrassed parents every Christmas Eve when the department store delivered a kitchen stove instead of Junior's new bicycle. So the Lord called in St. Peter and started to say, "Go ye unto earth, etc.", only the Lord didn't really talk that way except in front of company. What he did say was, "Pete, this guy Satan's been raising Hell on earth every Christmas for years. It's time he was stopped!

Take a few of the boys with you, and GIT HIM!"

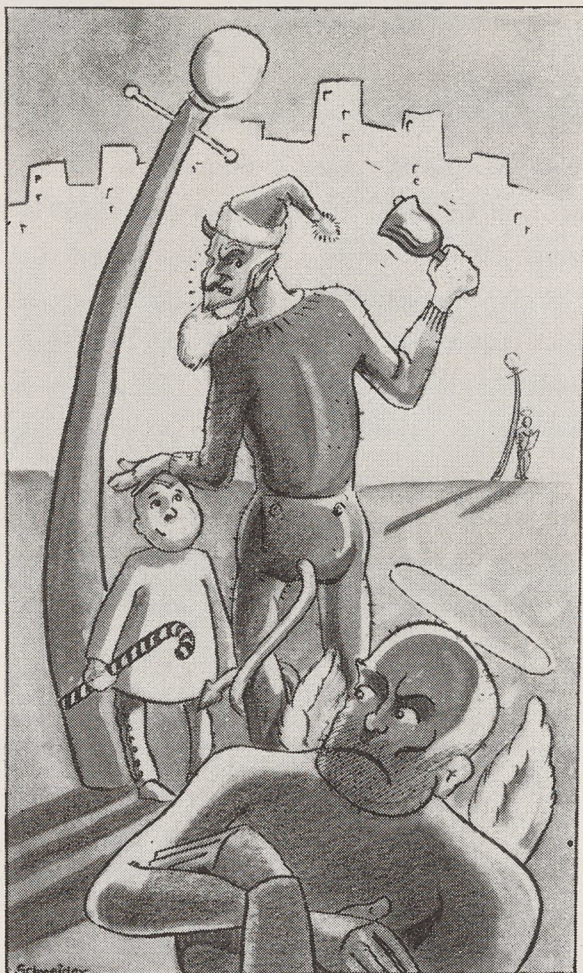
And so it happened that Satan, walking down the street on this fine December day, stopped short in the act of sticking a pin into an overburdened fat lady. In a doorway down the block, he saw two burly figures, with a radiance about them that seemed faintly familiar. In another doorway were two more. Satan had had

experience with those figures before. He began to wish, suddenly, that he'd brought some of his own mob with him—at least a bodyguard or two.

Suddenly panic-stricken, Satan started to run the other way. He came to a corner and stopped. Down the streets in every direction were more figures standing in doorways or leaning on lamp-posts, reading newspapers or just meditating, and all apparently oblivious to the world. But Satan knew—there was that unearthly glow about them. He started to curse himself for being a fool, but it sounded funny telling himself to go to Hell when his biggest wish was that he could.

Satan was too foxy to lose his senses long, though. On the corner was one of those little tripods with a pot hanging on it, and alongside of it were a red cap and a white beard, and a bell, with a neatly lettered sign saying, "Out to lunch." Satan tore off the business suit he was wearing, and standing there in his red underwear, put on the cap and the beard, and began to toll the bell as mournfully as he could, although it had an irritatingly gay tinkle. The whole business was irritating. Satan knew he had to play the part of Santa Claus well, or St. Peter's mob would be sure to spot him; and he also knew that Santa Clauses were always good. So for once, much as it hurt, Satan was good.

Fuming inside, he patted little boys on the head, and kissed babies, getting his whiskers all sticky with assorted flavors of candy canes. One lady came up, wheeling a baby carriage. Certainly, said Satan with a weak smile; he'd just love to mind the little darling while she went shopping. So he stood ringing the bell with one hand and rolling the baby carriage to and fro with



Fuming inside, he patted little boys on the head....

(Continued on page 20)

SOCIETY NOTE

BOB KING A CHARMING BRIDEGROOM OF NANCY DIX

MR. ROBERT KING, charming and promising young business man and handsome son of Mr. and Mrs. King, became the bridegroom of Miss Nancy Dix yesterday at 5 o'clock. The ceremony was performed in the living room of the King home before an improvised altar of chrysanthemums, marigolds, and other autumn flowers.

* * *

As the groom strode stately to the altar on the arm of his father, he was the cynosure of all attention. He was charmingly attired in a three-piece suit, consisting of coat, vest, and pants. The coat of dark material was draped under his arms and fell in classic lines... a pretty story current among the guests was that the coat was the same one that had been worn by his father and his grandfather and his great grandfather before him on their wedding days... The vest was sleeveless and met in front where it was buttoned. It was gracefully fashioned with pockets and was drawn in sharply at the waist. The back was held together with a strap and

buckle... The only ornament worn by the groom, a large Ingersol watch of bright polished metal, was suspended from the upper left pocket of his coat and flashed in the artificial light, giving just that slight touch of brilliance which was needed to set off a costume already in perfect taste and harmony.

The groom's pants were of dark worsted and were suspended from the waist and fell in a straight line almost to the floor. The severe simplicity of the garment was relieved by the right pantlet which was caught up about four inches from the floor by a Paris garter, worn underneath, revealing just an artistic glimpse of dark blue silk hosiery, above a pair of black leather shoes, laced with strings of the same color... The effect was rather chic... Mr. King's neck was encircled with a collar around which a cravat of mauve hue was loosely knotted... As he stood at the altar a hush of admiration at the complete and wonderful harmony of his raiment enveloped the guests... Mr. King did not wear a hat.

PAI PARRIS

P H O T O G R A P H E R

PARKVIEW 1513 • 8007 FORSYTHE • CLAYTON



THE ELIOT BOX failed us this month, and all because you, dear readers, were too lazy, or too modest, or too something to put any gossip in it. But, even so, we managed to accumulate some good items. You know, those independent investigators of ours are all right.

* * *

"When a man bites a dog, that's news." And when a woman bites a man that's... well maybe we'd better not say. Anyway, at the Kappa Alpha Breakfast Dance, Janet Sapper bit Jack White. We don't know the occasion for this, but we do know that Jack wasn't seriously injured, Janet, however, looked a little sick afterwards, but rumor has it that she has improved a great deal in the last few weeks.

• •

Newest spark of romance on the campus is that a flamin' between Margaret Allen (Paducah) and Ed Wright of the Theta Xi Lodge. It was quite evident the night of the Military Ball. In Vescies afterwards, Paducah was scintillating, as only a Southern gal can be scintillating. She gleefully flitted from booth to booth, and Ed followed her—with his eyes.

The same dance brought out unforeseen ingenuity on the part of one "Varsity" Voges (see previous issue)—who, being a Scotchman at heart, and a little bit broke, to boot—breezed into the Ball with lil freshman Helen Hensley languorously draped over one arm. He announced—over his shoulder to the dumbfounded doorman—that this was Major Hensley's daughter... which was true. But even Major's daughters' dates are supposed to buy tickets Shelton.

• •

The Military Ball was, by the way, for the first time in many a long year, a truly gala event. Orchids—well, flags—to Major Cochrane.

• •

The other stag at the Military Ball informs us that the stag line (himself and friend) really rushed Mary

Ann Farthingham, who, they tell us, is a Roosevelt High lassie and a potential Washington U. queen.

• •

The Gold Diggers' Ball brought to light the gals' true choices. Dottie Usher drug Joe Shirtz... Margery Penny, Bill Hanker... and, of course, Parman, the KING. But the climax came when Jehle took Dick Root home and asked if she could kiss him goodnight. Dick shyly refused, and putting a finger to his mouth, whispered "Shhhhh! Mother might hear!"

• •

A riotous crowd met in Vescie's both before and after the dance. The corsages were elaborate and numerous (which is more than the gals could say for the Military Ball) and the boys coyly submitted to the gals' solicitous attentions. Afterwards, a crowd kept po' Emil up until the wee small hours... but left him placated when one of the gals lovingly lisped "Oh, Emil" to the tune of "Oh, Johnny" into his one good ear.

• •

The reason for the sparkle in Jan Hansen's long-dim eyes these days is one John (Bud) Bohn—just graduated from flying school.

• •

Jane Ann Morris, who recently came to the parting of the paths with Andy Carver, liked the personal touch Kruth put in his music when he played "Last Night." We thought there was real significance in the looks they exchanged.

• •

Peggy "Pincushion" Baker is officially back in the Beta fold with the pin of Willard Stamm—another whirlwind romance. Peggy haunted the hospital with a worried look in her eyes when Bill was on the operating table... He had his tonsils out.

• •

The new combination of freshman Bob (I'm not from Arkansas, and that's not funny) Burns, and Marcia Toensfeldt has surprised us. We wonder what happened to the gal back home, whose picture Bob used to whip

(Continued on next page)

BETWEEN BELLES

(Continued from preceding page)

out with a flashing smile and sigh of content, knowing she was far away from the well-known wolves of Sigma Chi.

Also...regularly seen at the Sig Chi house is the team of Jane Andrews and Halley Dickie...Ken Marshall of the dental school is spending more and more time on the hill because of a well-known glamor coed...And lil Betty Stevens thinks up-and-coming Major Shaw is absolutely the stuff.

Ex-King Compton has been strutting like a little over-stuffed peacock ever since "Rusty" (as she was known at MacMurray) was made Colonel. Dickie's face put the spotlight to shame as he benevolently beamed on everyone at the Ball.

Jane Bonnell's still turning a refrigerator shoulder on Johnny Logan, and, every now and then, is seen with her famed and handsome mystery man.

The Moose Club hasn't been functioning lately. They tell us school has been interfering.

Last Saturday a gaudy yellow Dodge with the name, "Jimmy Lynch and his Death Dodgers" painted on it drew up in front of McMillan Hall, and much to our surprise a Washington U. Delta Gamma, Ruth Armstrong, stepped out.

Speaking of the Phi Delt—the high-school romance of Jack Peat and Alice Louise Oliver is standing up pretty well under the strain

of new faces, etc. Alice never calls Jack anything but "Petey-Pie", and he pretends to be embarrassed as she tenderly murmurs this endearment.

Her little nick-name for Neil Humphreville, by the way, is "Hump-Hump". Isn't that cunning?

Johnny Lewis declares he would like to be a girl for just a little while. He says, "I have a hunch that they think, but if only I could be sure!"

Betty Kentzler, the Kappa junior, is a-datin' up with Evan Wright of track fame...Another Kappa, Marian Williams, has been bitten by the love-bug and has even gone so far as to announce it in the paper, and we don't mean Student Life.

Then there's the break that Peggy Woodlock made in Vescie's the other night, Peggy, hastily tried to cover up the slip, only made it worse. Peggy didn't blush...but Harry Frick did.

We have heard that one professor's secretary gave a manicure to football player Bud Schwenk.

When she got his nails all neatly filed, she found there wasn't any nail polish around, so in the emergency she decided mimeograph correction fluid would do instead. This is a quick drying fluid that looks like a mixture of cream and mercurichrome. The effect was—well, ask Bud Schwenk.

Probably the fastest of recent romances—and a fitting one with which to close our column until next month—is that between June Main and Bob Johnson. June took Bob's pin after—hold your breaths, gals—six, 6 dates—WOWIE! After the sixth Bob's lil Sigma Nu star—with a point for each date and one for the middle—was laid in June's trembling palm. Ah, love!

Overheard at the American Bar Association meeting:

"The law business is terrible in St. Louis, I think I'll take all my witnesses and move out of town."

The Eliot

GLAMOR GIRL

WILL BE SIMPLY THIS:

THE GIRL WHO SELLS THE MOST
JANUARY **ELIOTS**. SHE WILL BE
GIVEN A GLAMOROUS EVENING
ON **ELIOT** THAT WILL INCLUDE

DINNER

SHOW

and DANCING

HER ESCORT WILL BE CHOSEN BY
HER FROM THE LIST OF TWENTY
PROMINENT AND SOCIALLY ACCEP-
TABLE CAMPUS MEN WHOSE NAMES
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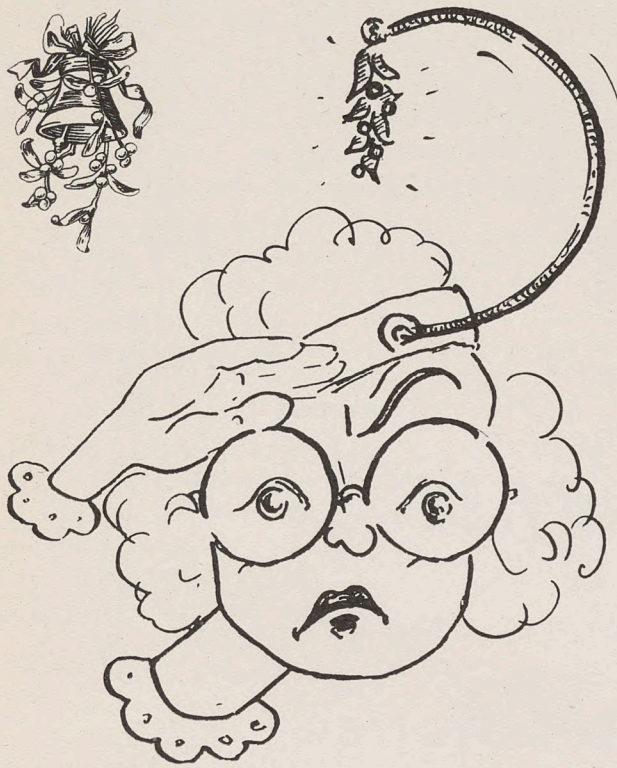
ink



by Jim von Brunn

MISS SHRIVER'S PRIDE AND JOY

CLIPPED HUMOR!



Schneider

Merry Christmas—Hell

Coed—"Aren't we beneath the mistletoe?"

Law Stude—"Facts admitted but find no cause for action."

—Exchange.

Those were happy days when only one man in Europe thought he was Napoleon.

—Rensselaer Pup.

ROUGH TRANSLATION

Harvard Man: "Who knocked on my door just now?"

Janitor: "It was me."

H. M. (to second H. M.): "What is he trying to say?"

—Jack-o'-Lantern.

Definition of HELP:

God helps those who help themselves, but God help those who get caught helping themselves.

—University News.

A New England epitaph reads: "Here lies an atheist. All dressed up and no place to go."

—Log.

"What an unusual pair of socks you have on—one red and another green."

"Yes, I have another pair just like them at home."

—Awgwan.

An old darky got up one night at a revival meeting and said:

"Brudders an' sisters, you knows an' I knows dat I ain't been what I oughter been. Ise robbed hen-roosts and stole haugs, an' tole lies, an' got drunk, a' slashed folks wi' mah razor, an' shot craps, an' cussed an' swor; but I thank the Lord der's one thing I ain't nebbber done; I ain't nebbber lost mah religion."

—Exchange.

Small boy (to stranger passing by street corner): "Did you lose a dollar bill?"

Man: "Why-er-yes, I did. Have you found it?"

Small boy: "No, I just wanted to check up on how many were lost this morning. Yours makes the ninety-sixth."

—Bison.

"Lesh go home now, Joe."

"Naw, I'm afraid t' go home, mother'll shmell m' breath."

"Hol' y'r breath."

"Can't, shtoo strong."

—Drexard.

"Why does Geraldine let all the boys kiss her?"

"She once slapped a lad who was chewing tobacco."

—Drexard.

Santa Claus is the only one who can run around with a bag all night and not get talked about.

—Drexard.



OH JOHNNIE!

THE CLOTHES CLOSET

A GIRL WRITES ABOUT MEN'S FASHIONS

MEN CAN no longer point accusing finger at women for the supposedly feminine prerogative of changing their mind. They can no longer smile pityingly as women worry about the length of their skirts for fashion decrees that even that last stronghold of conservatism — tails — shall change.

These new fashion details are particularly relevant because of Christmas week, when even the college hey-hey blossoms out in a white bow tie and trousers that actually cover his ankles.

One of the newest revelations about formal wear for men this Christmas week is the black satin shawl collar of the tail coat. Incidentally it is the first time this item has been shown for full evening dress since before the War. Some other details are the two stud open front dress shirt: the high, wide wing collar with broad tabs; and the white butterfly tie which is a shade shorter than the wing collar.

Even more significant details are: the white linen waistcoat with roll collar and black buttons, small white pearl shirt studs, tail coat buttons of checkered silk, and a false cuff at the sleeve with plenty of white linen cuff showing.

For those of you who might wonder about the correctness of slight details as to length, here is the absolute ultimatum. The tails should extend a fraction of an inch below the bend of the knee in back, and the front of the tailcoat should come below the natural waistline, so that no part of the waist-coat extends below it. And always wear your watch fob on the left side. This facilitates getting at it with your right hand.

For pure solid comfort, or at least as much as possible, your patent leather shoes should be dress brogues. These, punched across the instep and around the side of the shoe, are the most comfortable evening shoes worn.

Vital statistics as to what the average college girl prefers to see her man in:

Tweed suits with that wonderful casual touch—pin stripes are too dressy.

Camel's hair sweaters for all the impromptu affairs. Blue or rust sweaters.

Gaberdine raincoats with a real full back.

Heavy brown antiqued brogues with plaid Argyle socks.

Boys without hats rather than with hats.

Bright colored scarfs with topcoat.

Double-breasted instead of single-breasted suits.

—PEGGY WOODLOCK.

Roberts

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SATAN CLAUS

(Continued from page 13)

the other. The brat persisted in crying, and Satan spent all the money in the pot buying candy and rattles for it, murmuring "itchy-kitchy-koo" through clenched teeth.

Another little brat dragged his mother up by the hand. "Izzat Sanny Claws?" he said. "Certainly, dear," said mama. "Just tell him what you want for Christmas, and he'll give it to you." "I wanna Nelectric Train," said the brat. "Well, you little darling," said Satan, barely able to force the words out, "I'll see that you get one tomorrow." "Waaaaaaaah!" said the brat, whose judgment of human nature wasn't so bad, being a product of youthful innocence, "I don't believe it! I want it now." Satan, reassuring himself that the figures were still in the doorways, contained himself, and pulled a tenspot from his coat, which was hanging on the tripod. "Here, Madam, take him away and buy him a train!" The brat gurgled, and the lady said, "Why, I think you're the kindest man I've ever seen." And she walked away, leaving Satan, his dignity wounded mortally, with tears of rage in his eyes, and bitter words struggling to escape from his throat.

Satan deserves the credit of having played the part well. Most people never even noticed him. He looked just like any other corner Santa Claus to them. Only a few, troubled with guilty consciences, thought they saw a tail tucked between his legs, and a horn projecting rakishly from one side of the red cap; and to certain others, the little pot hanging on the tripod seemed vaguely like a cauldron on a trident. But all these hurried on down the street, with a slight shudder.

The real Santa Claus came back from lunch, but he didn't cause much trouble. He was one of those with a guilty conscience, because he had spent a very un-Santa-Claus-like lunch hour in the corner saloon; and when he saw Satan standing there, Van Dyke beard and all, ringing his bell, he turned tail and dashed back into the saloon for solace, as fast as he could get there.

Late in the afternoon, the figures were still there. Satan went almost insane, as he thought of all the nasty tricks that were going undone. Christmas Eve was drawing to a close; he could never hope to catch up in his work now. Meanwhile, as Christmas approached, the faces around him grew happier and happier, and money jingled into the pot in steadily increasing streams. He kissed more babies, and he wrapped packages for elderly gentlemen; where he should have been tripping people, he had to help them get up. Satan began to realize what Hell must be like.

Night came on, and he grew more and more miserable, while the general public rejoiced more and more. He also got cold, standing there in just his red underwear, for he wasn't exactly used to low temperatures. So, cold and shivering, and thoroughly unhappy, he waited, a pathetic figure, ringing a gay little bell. Finally, midnight arrived, and the church bells tolled out

joyously. Christmas had arrived. And in a split second the figures disappeared from the doorways, feeling that they had done a good job.

Satan took one look, and then set out for Hell at a lightning pace. Back in the peace and warmth of his own private cauldron, he meditated bitterly on fate. It was absolutely the most unhappy Christmas he had ever spent.

But nobody else felt that way.



AU REVOIR

(Continued from page 12)

hundred French students who had come 3000 miles for a religious conference.

Softly this whole group sang. Hour after hour they sang and watched in fascination the lights along the shore. Now and then couples slipped away in the darkness for a tense, clinging kiss, and an eager: "You won't forget to write."

Shyly, an Italian boy, who waltzed beautifully but couldn't manage English, slipped a folded note to an American school girl. Silently a witty Parisian bent over, tucked his monogrammed cigarette case into his partner's clenched hand, and kissed her fingers over it. At one side a boy knelt, sobbing, and a troubled girl softly stroked his hair.

Tomorrow in the warm sunlight there would be no tears or singing. Good-byes would be shrieked over the thud of rolling trunks. A little tug would come out to pull the ship in close to the wonderful land of opportunity. Officials would come aboard to check over passports. The Americans would rush down the gangplank into the hugs of waiting friends. Even the German refugees would be welcomed.

But, the two hundred French boys, who had shouted all the way over in their joy at the adventure of going to America, knew they would not land. Tomorrow officials would refuse their passports. France had cabled that she needed them. They must go back to WAR.

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The **CHOKES** *on*
You! Heh, Heh, Heh,
That's an old Gag



There is no joke about the January issue of
ELIOT . . . But it will be the last
Bright Spot before Finals.

*Wishing you
more pleasure*



Always welcome... CHRISTMAS CHESTERFIELDS IN ATTRACTIVE GIFT CARTONS