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ELLIOT

15^c



NOVEMBER

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

HELEN
CALICOTT

Can people really appreciate the Costlier Tobaccos in Camels?

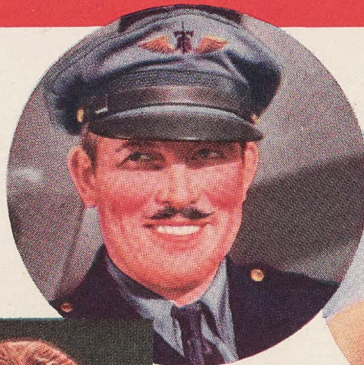


ANSWER:

Camels are the Largest-Selling Cigarette in America

Camel pays millions more for finer tobaccos—so smokers may enjoy them with increasing pleasure

CAMELS bring a new thrill to smoking. If you are not a Camel smoker, why not try the cigarette which has brought more pleasure to more people than any other? Turn to Camels. Put them to the *severest* test—smoke them *steadily*. For then the true nature of a cigarette is revealed. Find out for yourself how true it is that there's no substitute for *costlier tobaccos*.



TEXAS RANCHER (above), Fred McDaniel, says: "I never saw the beat of Camels for genuine tastiness. Me and Camels have been getting along fine for 15 years."

PRIVATE SECRETARY, Rosamond Morse (right): "Camels make even a hurry-up lunch seem pleasant. They help my digestion run more smoothly."



SOCIETY AVIATRIX, Mrs. J. W. Rockefeller, Jr. (left): "I prefer Camels for steady smoking. I smoke as many as I please—they never get on my nerves. Camels are so mild—so gentle to my throat."

COL. ROSCOE TURNER (above): "I smoke Camels all I want. What I especially like about Camels is this: After a tiring flight, I smoke a Camel. It sure tastes good! And I get a quick, pleasant 'lift.'"

RALPH GULDAHL, (above) Golf Champion: "Camels are different from other cigarettes. Playing against a star field, my nerves run the gauntlet. That's one reason I prefer Camels. They don't frazzle my nerves."

THE CAMEL CARAVAN now on the air with a full-hour show!

"Jack Oakie College" and Benny Goodman's "Swing School"! Sixty fast minutes of fun! Every Tuesday night at 9:30 pm E.S.T., 8:30 pm C.S.T., 7:30 pm M.S.T., 6:30 pm P.S.T., WABC-CBS.



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A MATCHLESS BLEND of finer, More Expensive Tobaccos, Turkish and Domestic

The Poets' Corner

THE MIDNIGHT CHOIR

*The thrill of the starless jungle haunts
Hangs in the tomcat's dismal taunts,
As he wails at the close of day.
And the burden of his nightly song
Is the tale of the feline's fancied wrongs,
As he ranges the alleyway.*

*The alleycats and the persian ones
Hold rendezvous when the day is done;
They sing to unwilling human ears
Their song of a million hates, and years
Since the young and erring race of Man
Adopted the cat when the world began.*

*They hop and prance to their devil chants;
They wake the weary world:
Their strong lungs pant as they yowl and rant;
Their blues they loudly skirl.*

*They are on the prowl; with a guttural growl
They circle the garbage cans:
And their long tails drag on the alley flags
As they weave their demon dance.*

*The eyes of their souls are like bright green coals
As from fence to fence they flit:
They are forms of jet, as they pirouette,
And hunch their backs, and spit.*

*Their outstretched paws with their curving claws
Swing in a phosphored arc:
And their whiskers wave as they loudly rave
Their choral in the dark.*

*They howl and fume; and the fearsome gloom
Is rasped with their discontent:
And louder and higher wails their midnight choir
Till the quivering dark is spent.*

*Then, when the moon has slunk to the west
And the stars are dim in the east,
Then the tomcats creep to their lairs and sleep;
To wake as civilized beasts.*

*Then in the morn the fiend will be
Preened, and sleek of fur;
And with cattish grace he will lick his face,
And sit on the rug, and purr.*

—Norman Wilson.

The Better Things

November 23-30 — Exhibition of paintings by artists of St. Louis and vicinity, including two by Eliot's Associate Editor Martyl Schweig, at the Art Museum.

November 23—Jacquelin Ambler in a gallery talk on Architecture at the Art Museum, 2:30 p. m. (ELIOT heartily recommends such talks whenever you can tear yourself away from your study for a few hours—free and within walking distance of the campus).

November 24—St. Louis Grand Opera Company presents Giovanni Martinelli and Bruna Castagna in *Carmen* at the Municipal Auditorium.

November 26-27 — The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra will feature Scipione Guidi and Max Steindel.

November 27—Jessie B. Chamberlain in another of her gallery talks at the Art Museum, 3:30 p. m.

November 30—Jacquelin Ambler will lecture on *Prints* at the Art Museum, 2:30 p. m.

December 1—St. Louis Grand Opera Company presents Kirsten Flagstad and Paul Althouse in *Tristan and Isolde*.

December 2-15—The Little Theatre of St. Louis, Union and Enright Avenues, will present *Excursion*. (Washington University Thyrsus' director, Professor Carson, is president of the Little Theatre; performances at the Theatre, as out-of-town students may not know, are of a very high caliber, and the Theatre is near the campus).

December 3-4—The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra will feature Ephraim Zimbalist.

December 4—Jessie B. Chamberlain in another of her gallery talks at the Art Museum, 3:30 p. m.

December 6—St. Louis Grand Opera Company presents *Lohengrin*, starring Maria Jeritza and Eyvind Laholm.

December 6-12 — Fredric March and Florence Eldridge in *Your Obedient Husband* at the American.

December 7—The Civic Music League presents Elizabeth Rethberg and Ezio Pinza at the Municipal Auditorium.

December 7—Jacquelin Ambler will talk on *Art in the Theatre* at the Art Museum, 2:30 p. m.

December 9-11—The Campus "Y" will present its International Bazaar.

December 9 and 11—Thyrsus will present *Kind Lady* under the direction of Associate Director Alfred O. Wilkinson, Brown Hall Theatre.

December 11—Jessie B. Chamberlain in a gallery talk at the Art Museum, 3:30 p. m.

December 12—*Tonight at Eight-thirty* at the American.

December 14—Jacquelin Ambler in a gallery talk on *Mural Painting* at the Art Museum, 2:30 p. m.

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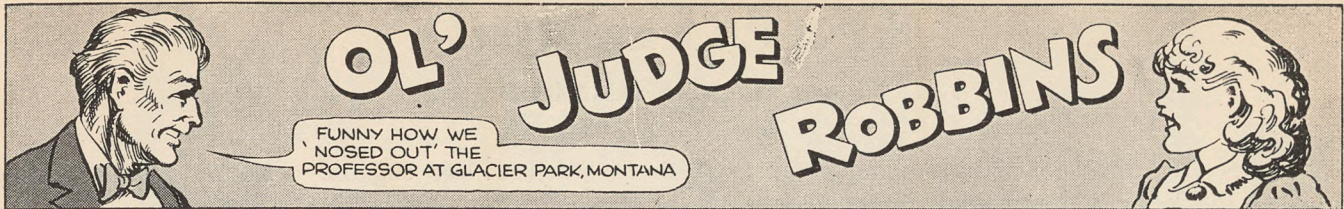
eliot

The Better Things	Page
The Poets' Corner	Page
WAYNE ARNOLD—Near-Tragedy	Page 4
BUTLER BUSHYHEAD—Remarkable Men.....	Page 5
Between Belles	Page 6
Eliot's Sixteen Freshman Queens.....	Pages 8 and 9
JEANNE BRIGHAM—Co-ed Corner	Page 10
BILL LEUE—The Night That Was Different.....	Page 12
L. W. TRIEFENBACH—Holiday	Page 14
SAM MURPHY—The Anatomy of Love	Page 15
The Towers and the Town	Page 16

Cover by **Helene Callicotte**

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OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



FUNNY HOW WE 'NOSED OUT' THE PROFESSOR AT GLACIER PARK, MONTANA

AT MANY GLACIER HOTEL, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, MONT.



WELL, I SWAN, CHUBBINS! PROFESSOR RANDALL IS STOPPING HERE. LET'S LOOK HIM UP

PROFESSOR RANDALL IS OUT STUDYING GRINNELL GLACIER. HE'LL BE HARD TO FIND, SIR


WELL, WE'LL TRY, ANYHOW. THANKS



PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

PHEW! I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP OUR SEARCH, CHUBBINS

DADDY, THAT SMOKE SMELLS GOOD LIKE YOUR PRINCE ALBERT!



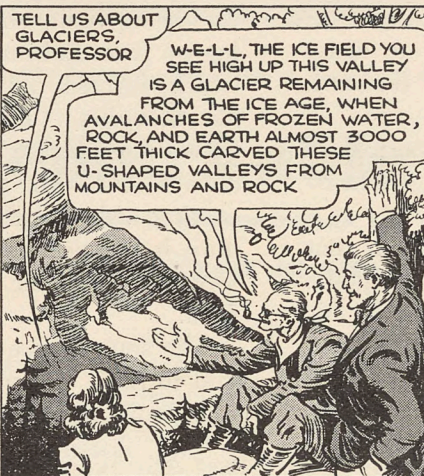
THAT WAS A GOOD HUNCH, CHUBBINS - IT'S THE OLD PROFESSOR HIMSELF SMOKING P. A. AS USUAL

JUMPING JEHOSSOPHAT! JUDGE ROBBINS AND CHUBBINS! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM - THE MOON?



TELL US ABOUT GLACIERS, PROFESSOR

W-E-L-L, THE ICE FIELD YOU SEE HIGH UP THIS VALLEY IS A GLACIER REMAINING FROM THE ICE AGE, WHEN AVALANCHES OF FROZEN WATER, ROCK, AND EARTH ALMOST 3000 FEET THICK CARVED THESE U-SHAPED VALLEYS FROM MOUNTAINS AND ROCK



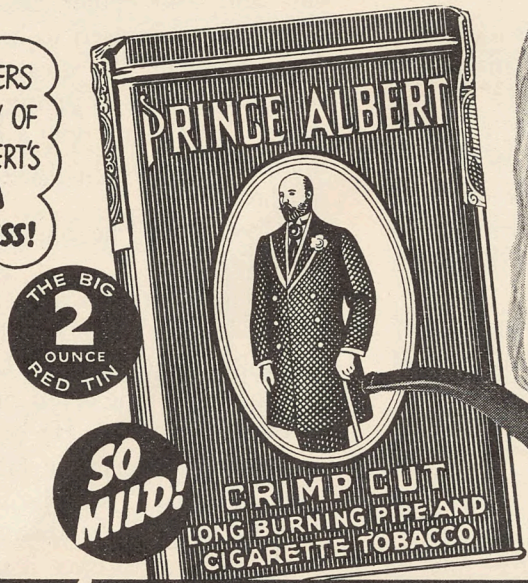
PROFESSOR, I THINK YOU ENJOY GEOLOGY AS MUCH AS YOU DO PRINCE ALBERT

WELL, JUDGE, PRINCE ALBERT GOES ANY PLACE THAT I GO. IT'S GOT THE MELLOWNESS AND GOOD FULL BODY TO KEEP A MAN CONTENTED NO MATTER WHAT HE'S DOING



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

WHEREVER PIPE-SMOKERS GATHER THERE'S PLENTY OF TALK ABOUT PRINCE ALBERT'S **EXTRA MILDNESS!**

PRINCE ALBERT

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

SO MILD!

CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

TRY P. A. ON THIS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

ALSO TRY ROLLING YOUR OWN WITH P. A.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Near-Tragedy

by WAYNE ARNOLD

AS she walked toward the dining-room from the lobby she saw him, already seated at their table for two. She stopped in the half-concealment of a large sculptured centaur and looked for a quiet instant at her loved one.

The man she was to marry! He really hadn't looks—that she was ready to admit, although his chin was straight and his hair a strange coppery gold. "But he's wonderful, wonderful," she cried to herself, watching his little movements, his dear movements. As she stood, silently, a great feeling of peace and happiness was born within her.

It was so pleasant after the endless round of teas and showers to stand quietly and think of her great love, especially when her lover was no near. She was almost reluctant to go to him, so complete was her happiness, but she could see him looking anxiously at the doorway. She couldn't bear to cause him even a moment's pain. She stepped forward, eyes shining, heart throbbing.

As soon as he saw her he arose and came to her. "Darling," he said, "I was worried." And his heart was in his eyes.

She knew as they walked across the room that they made, as had already been said in the papers, a splendid couple. As he held her chair he let his hands rest on her shoulders for a second and looking down at them, at his long, slender hands, strong and capable like Jeff himself, she could not help crying to herself, "I'm so glad it's he."

"Darling," he said, (he said it very often), and took her hand across the table.

"Jeff," she reproached him, "everyone is looking."

"Do you realize, Janet, my dear, that this is our first luncheon alone since our engagement?"

"Our very first. How do you feel about it, Jeff?"

"Words are inadequate, darling. Much calmer than before. Now that the engagement's out and everything, I feel myself going back to normal. Except of course, in my love for you. That will always be above normal."

And they were smiling idiotically at each other when the waiter brought the menu. Noticing his knowing smile, she occupied herself with her mirror.

What would she have? "Why, just what you are having, darling," and the waiter left.

"Hungry, dear?"

"Starved, after all that shopping. Aren't you?"

"I'm content just to sit and look at you. You're lovely, you know."

"So I've been told."

"Janet! Your boast is too true for me to joke about. But, darling, you'll never love anyone but me. I couldn't bear it."

"Well... But suppose someone very charming came along—"

"Janet!" The note of torment in his voice sent a little quiver up her spine. It was a thrill to be able to inspire suffering. But she said sincerely, softly, "I love you, Jeff. Nothing can ever change my love for you."

"When you say thing like that—"

"No, Jeff, not here, not now... what did you order for me?"

She found that she was to have clear soup, steak and mushrooms, french-fried potatoes, brussels sprouts, tomato salad, apple pie and coffee. It made her feel stuffed to think of it; she had really wanted only coffee and salad.

He was whispering to her about the house that was being built, about the best man who was coming up from Baltimore, about a hundred little things which formed only a pleasant accompaniment to her thoughts. "This," she thought, "is real love. Something glorious, something imperishable. I shall always love him, and he me." His voice was becoming ardent and he slid his foot under the table until it touched hers. Then suddenly he moved his foot away and she saw the waiter coming with the food.

The soup before her, she feigned enthusiasm and said to him, "Shame you're not hungry, dear. This soup looks delicious."

"My, doesn't it?" he answered, looking it over carefully. He picked up his soup spoon, looked at her, and said rather absent-mindedly, "Darling;" then devoted himself to his soup. She watched him for a moment. "It must be very good soup," she reflected. "He is enjoying it so much, poor hungry dear." But she ate only a bit of hers before she lost interest and waited patiently until he had completely finished his.

"Good soup," he commented, looking around for the waiter.

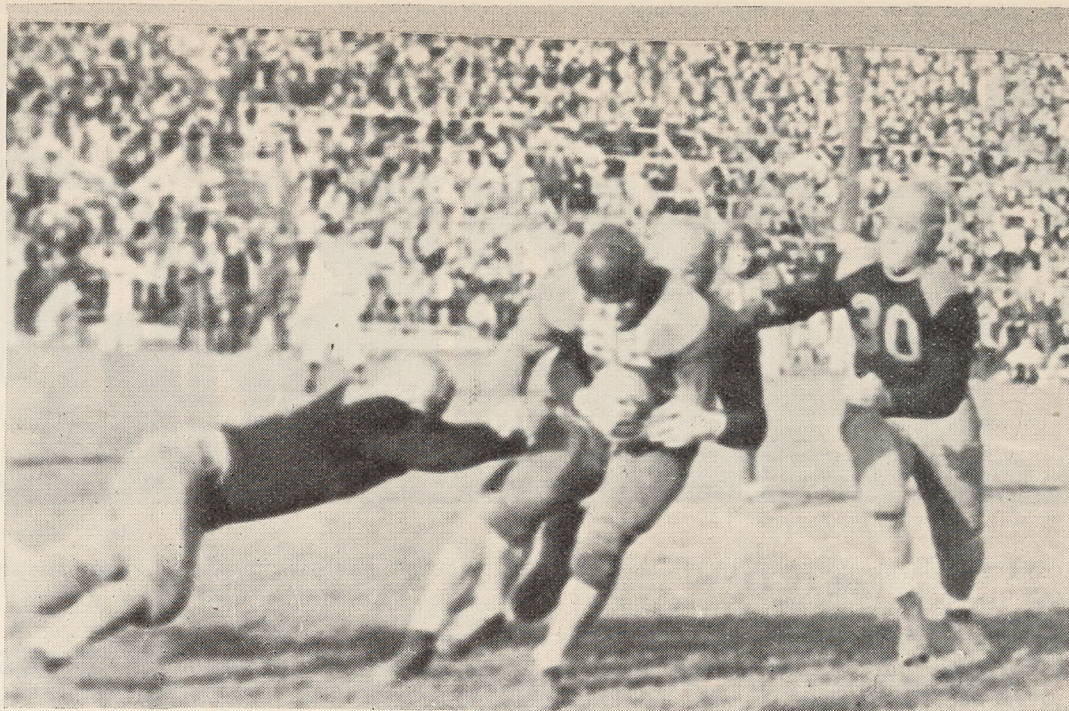
When the steak was brought it seemed gigantic.

"Bride-to-be smothered under beef-steak," she said good-naturedly. He laughed half-heartedly and with only one side of his mouth—he was tasting one of the mushrooms. He began his steak.

"Well, he's certainly falling to," she thought, almost annoyed. "Just the way they do in the army. 'Fall to, men!' If he always reacts that way to beef-steak I'll have to have it often after we're married. I suppose all of our sons—" She stopped and blushed. She felt impelled to say something daring and original.

"Darling," she said.

(Continued on page 22)



This shot by our Sports Photographer, Gerhart Suppiger, shows Bukant, Minkey and Maginn all hot on the trail of Boston U.'s Famiglietti.

Remarkable Men

Inside dope on the varsity as it makes ready for its greatest traditional battle

by BUTLER BUSHYHEAD

AT ABOUT three o'clock in the afternoon the gymnasium next to Francis Field is a picture of quiet, shaded serenity. The leaves drop silently from the trees that shade the long narrow walk leading to the Quadrangle. Occasionally an intramural athlete or an off-campus visitor passes through the front door of the gray stone building. But, generally speaking, the old gym rests in the mid-afternoon atmosphere, even as you and I.

Inside the scene is much the same. A few conversations here and there, the clack of a secretary's typewriter or footsteps on the wooden staircase. In the training room, however, the wheels are turning a bit faster. One or two of the coaches are talking with Doc Heideman, the team doctor. In another part of the room Trainer "Ike" Hill is adjusting a heat lamp. Joe Bukant is sleeping on one of the training tables. There is an air of expectancy and preparation—practice starts in an hour.

One by one the players begin to arrive. Almost before you realize it the training room is bustling with activity. Coach Conzelman is talking a little faster. Coaches Loeb and Kopczak are rushing about. "Ike" and his assistants are hurriedly wrapping ankles and taping fingers. The players are either waiting to be doctored or getting dressed. Most of them are standing around with only a supporter on. They laugh, they heckle "Ike," they curse each other

in friendly banter. Yet for all their exuberance there is a feeling of seriousness and of common purpose about them. Perhaps it is because they are so big, physically, but you can tell at once that they aren't going out to pass a Merit Badge test or duck for apples.

As they file out to the football field and begin to handle the football they change from a mass of big boys to individuals. The backs are usually faster, they catch the ball more gracefully, and they seem to have more agility than the linemen. You can't say why, exactly, but you just know that certain ones belong on the first team. For the first half hour they warm up, passing, punting, blocking and taking setting-up exercises. Messrs. Conzelman, Loeb, and Kopczak stand on the sidelines watching the men with critical eyes and commenting gravely among themselves. Then the teams line up and run through their signals in preparation for scrimmage. For two hours they eat the dirt and think nothing but football. None of the regulars loaf; in fact, only a few of the substitutes even look uninterested. But you hardly blame them if they do—the late afternoon air is cold and biting and their bones are stiff from the long sessions of standing and watching. Coach Conzelman nervously watches the play, alternately talking to the players, the spectators, and himself.

(Continued on page 21)



ALDEN SETTLE

THE room is dark; not a sound is heard, Madam Hotcha, Wellston's leading medium, sits peering into her shiny crystal. She is communing with the spirits. The Editor waits, anxiously, pad and pencil in hand. Suddenly the distant flapping of wings is heard. Now it grows louder, and an angelic presence is sensed within the room. Saint Anastasia has come to make her earthly visit.

Auntie: Well, Jack, I see you are waiting for me.

Editor: Yes, Auntie, how's tricks.

Au: OK. But there aren't enough of 'em. I was just taken in a bridge game with St. Peter, St. Paul, and Doorkeeper Gabriel.

Ed: Too, Bad! But let's get down to business.

Au: Things have been mighty sprightly Jack, and in my quaint if slightly ghostly manner, I've managed to pick up a few really choice morsels. One of my best recent snoops occurred at Vandevort's dainty little "Perfume Bar." "Lochinvar" Lehye and "Cuddles" Yore were sitting on those cute little stools, while a sophisticated sales girl explained to them the intricacies of "light" and "heavy" scents. Fred and Dick said that after the first few whiffs all the odors smelled alike. But the salesgirl finally told them that the choice should depend upon the "lady's" personality. The "lady," Louise Kraus, was no end pleased and surprised on her birthday when Fred presented her with a bottle of "Gardenia de Tahiti." Stu Hines and "Cheese" Van Cleave have composed a song about Bob "Sugar" Davis, that is definitely a dinger and very fitting. It's entitled "I'm a Quad Shop Cutie." Davis's law school buddies are planning big things for "Sugar Boy" as this issue goes to press in their attempt to make their hero Kampus King. The boys have a brass band and speeches lined up and have announced a policy of taking dates to class each day so that the girls may become intimately familiar with the middle-law pride. And speaking of "Smoothie" Van Cleave, I've noticed that he is impressed with the charms of Kay Davis. Something that really puzzles me, Jack, is this Eicher-Ozment-Gaines business. Who can figure it out anyway?

Ed: We'll leave it to you. You certainly are the same old Auntie, in spirit if not in flesh! Well, what now?

Au: Jack, have you noticed how consistently the campus smoothies are jelling now? You know that Gold-Diggers' Ball is coming up early in December, and the gals are already choosing their dates. Rumor hath it for instance, that June Pentland has asked King-Kandidate Yore; Sally Alexander is dragging Des Lee; Shotts Widen has asked Bud Capps; Freddie the Leyhe will be with his Louise; "Giggles" Huber towing "Big Gun" Sido; Dottie Krieger staggung it.

Ed: That is news! What else do you know?

Au: Jack Maginn is in love for the umpteenth time. This time he has branched out from Medart's to Belleville. Jack's more or less routine comment was, "This is the real thing." Bob Reinhardt and Kay Galle still seem to be spending a lot of time in each other's company. Bob, however, is also seeing a great deal of Louise Kraus, which more or less complicates things.

Ed: Got any long distance affairs, Auntie?

Au: "Flash" Fargher picked out a ravishing blonde by the name of Violet (her pop is a brother SAE), while he was life-guarding at Norwood this summer. Violet left for Denison U., with promises to write, and then finally Jack received from her a card bearing many sweet nothings—and a picture of the local Beta house. Believe it or not! Charles Ahner travels to Illinois U. every week-end and to see Virginia Coughlin. Greg Burdick deserts our fair city every Friday to truck down to Mexico, Mo. Norma Belle and her pupils are coming along just fine, thank you.

Ed: Anything on the newcomers, Auntie?

Au: Ollie Hickel, Sig Alph transfer from W. and L., was confident that he wouldn't "get serious about anyone at Washington!" But, Jack, you should see the way he looks at Lila Chipman on their frequent evenings together. The fickle Ferring is interested in Betty Steinmeyer, but then so are Jimmy Ingham, Dick Gruner, Wenzel Smith, and others. In Jane

FREE! A box of Life Savers

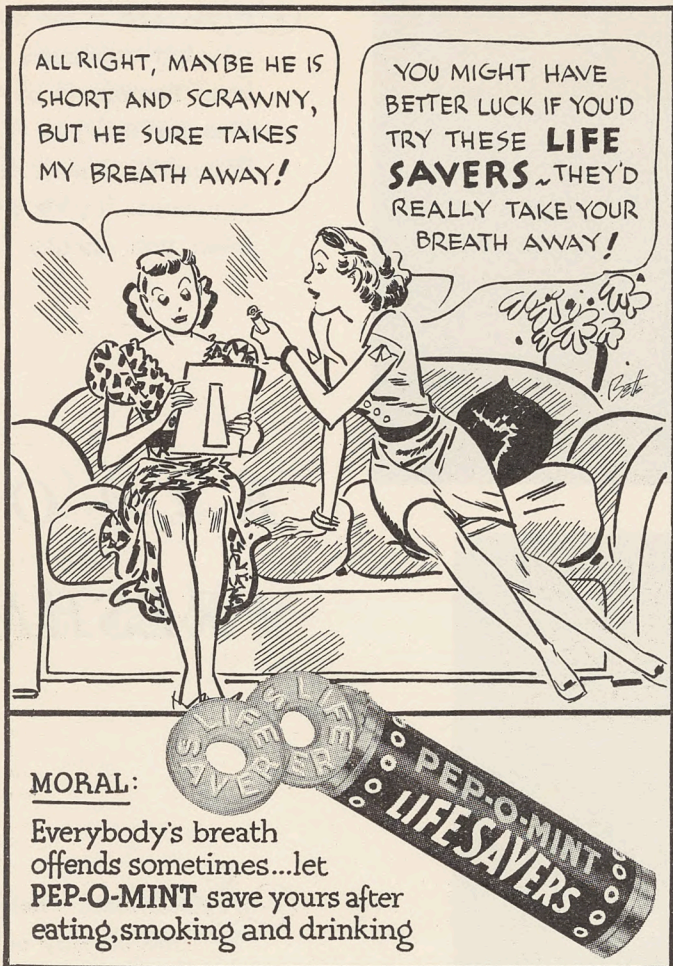
to

Jack Michener

for the following gag:

Engineer: Keep your trap shut, you big cheese.

Lawyer: Are you man or mouse?



What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Live Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the Editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

LYRIC

*Can it be again
ever as it was—
wind of morning beating
up among the stars,*

*Stormy branches tossing
petals through the door,
petals softly scattered
down the polished floor,*

*Morning blown as brittle
thin as any glass,
lovers having known
ecstasy at last;*

*Can it ever be
as it was before—
sudden wine of morning
spilt upon the floor?
—Thomas Lanier Williams.*

ODYSSEY

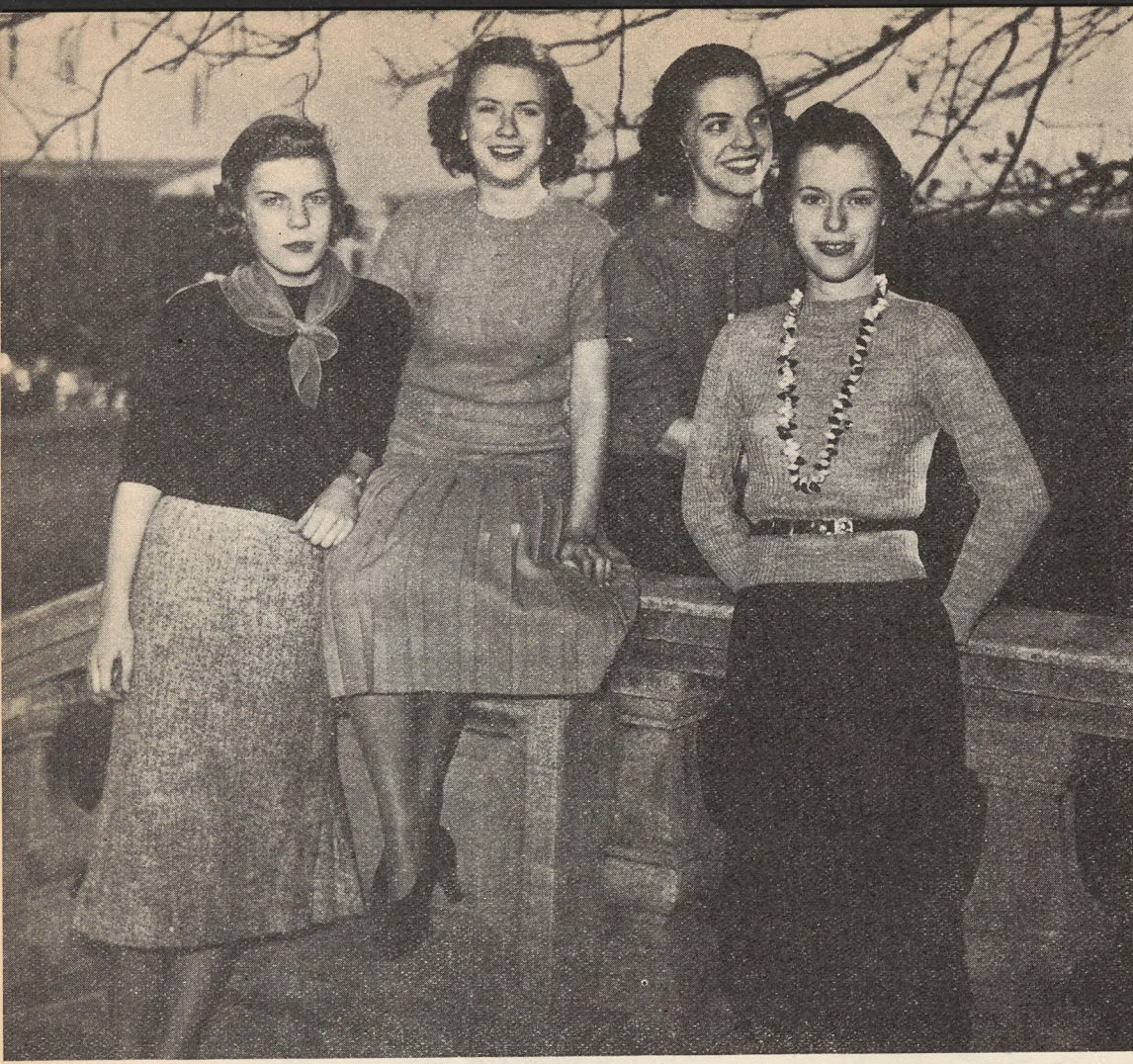
*It seemed infinity to him
With eagles crying in the dawn:
Importunately then he dreamed
Of lands forever leading on!*

*A boundless continent was this,
The early morning of the mind—
But evening heard a serpent hiss
Or moth wings fluttering the blind,*

*And presently the pilgrim turned
Exhausted toward the nearest gate
And as a final lesson learned
That even Death could make him wait!
—Thomas Lanier Williams.*

THE QUEST

*It is warm in my room
and the silence pounds at my eardrums.
Why must my brain, like a gray shuttlecock,
go on and on with this
constant weaving and interweaving
of dreary thoughts?
The silence pounds and thoughts
click away and away, incessantly recurring.
Oh, to some way still this restless cell-matter
that allows the body no repose!
Madness brings relief from
the watchful tyranny of consciousness,
but how does one seek madness?
—Robert T. Queen.*



MARTHA GILDEHAUS
MARIA QUILLIAN
BETTY PEPOON
FAYRE ERMES

SIXTEEN of the many; the
ing freshman giv
been nominated by the course
ities for the title of Eng he
Popularity Queen. Here keep
nominees. If your girl is h, ju
them you should feel

ELIOT FRESHMAN U



LORIME McGRATH
RUTH WELTGE
JANE ALLEN
BETTY GRAHAM

SOMETIME between their m
and the day of the group
ber issue of Eliot there s dov
an election in which the her
undergrads of Washing

EDITH MARSALEK
RUTH ATKINS
BETTY STEINMEYER
ESTHER LACKMANN



manned; the other boys have
n girl covered her. If she's not,
y the yourself on the back for
of Fng her under cover and
Here keep up the good work
girl h, just try!
feel

DIXTEEN QUEENS

tween
of the
here
ch th
shing
eir ruthless way, will cut
group of girls on these
s down to five—the Queen
her five maids-of-honor.

PAT KELLY
DOROTHEA BUMANN
GINA LYNOTT
JEAN JOHNSON





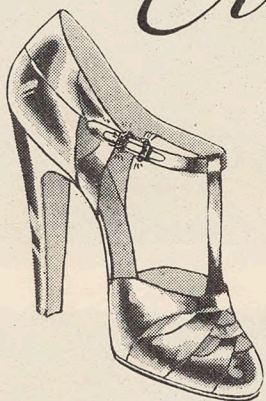
*You'll
Keep the
Stag Line
Dizzy when
You Have*

Evening Sandals

from SWOPES

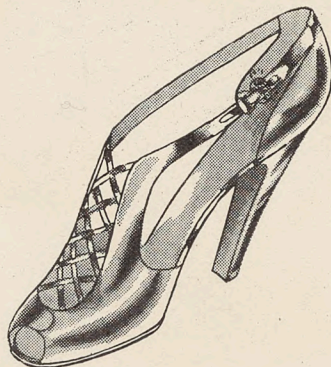
**Foot-Notes from Co-ed
Corner**

by Jeanne Brigham



*for Sophisticated
Swing*

*Above . . .
Silver kid sandal smartly
cut out on vamp*
\$8.75



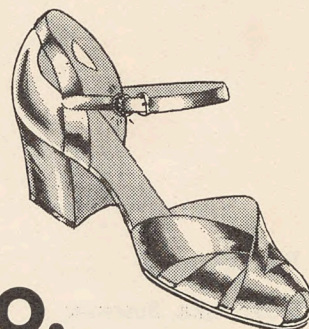
*for Smart
Stepping*

*Left . . .
Lattice front open toe
sandal in gold or silver
kid*
\$9.75

*for Tantalizing
Truckin'*

*Right . . .
Evening flat in silver
kid, with open toe*
\$6.75

*Many other clever creations for
glamorous evenings, from \$6.75*



SWOPE SHOE CO.

New Location 905 Locust

THIS CRYPTIC BONE

In this small shell
Were heaven and hell.
Wisdom was sown
And beauty known
Between these slender
Walls of bone.

Here was the tender
Song of rain:
Mountain and plain
Were imaged here,
And here was heard
As evening fell
Ringing of bell
Or singing bird.

Here at cock's crow
The morning-hearted
Armed, and toward
Frontiers departed.

Here was defeat,
And here the sweet
Garlands of bay
Were tucked away.

Here laughed the boy
Or mused the sage:
Here was much joy
And grief and rage.

Here April's green
Was praised: once seen,
The glittering sword,
And here, once stored,
The desperate tear.

Also dark fear
In this frail cup
Once lifted up
Its monstrous head.

Here was the dread
Moment of death,
The quick-drawn breath,
The bursting vein.

Here was love's pain,
And all the dear
Conceits of verse
Were garnered here.

In this small purse
Once was contained
The universe!

Where has it flown,
The bright unknown
That once explained
This cryptic bone?

* * *

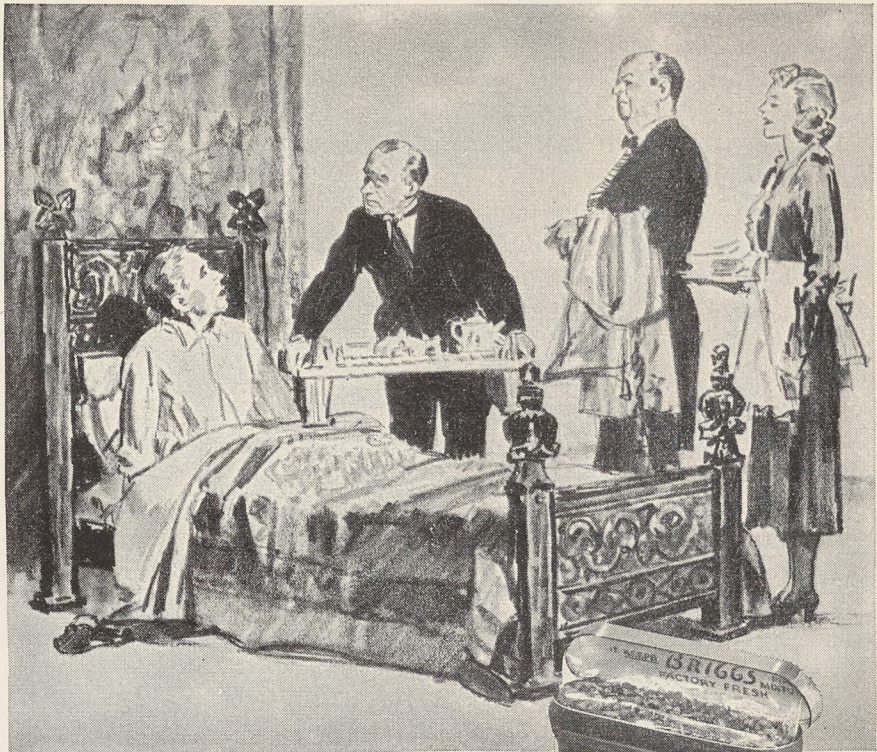
Who shall reply?

* * *

Not I Not I!

Thomas Lanier Williams.

Sleeps 4 Years . . . Wakes Up Rich!



*Drowsing 4 winters and
summers in oaken casks,
BRIGGS waxes wealthy
in mellow pipe charm*

A FOUR-YEAR NAP, with
a wealth at the end! That
would be news, if it happened to
a man. It's twice the news, when
it happens to a tobacco!

That's just what *does* happen
to Briggs. For 4 long years it
rests in oaken casks, accumu-
lating a fortune for your pipe.
Growing rich from a longer siesta
of seasoning than is given to
many blends selling at \$5 to \$10
a pound.

But, then, Briggs is fortunate
to start with. Blended from only



Copyright, 1937, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

the choicest pipe tobaccos that
Nature grows. And of those to-
baccos, only the mildest and
most flavorful leaves.

At 15¢ the tin, richly aged
Briggs costs a few cents more
than ordinary tobaccos. But those
extra pennies are *miracle* pennies
. . . in the extra quality and en-
joyment they put in your pipe!

BRIGGS

THE BITELESS BLEND

When a feller needs a friend

. . . page Briggs

BRIGGS . . . CASK-MELLOWED 4 FULL YEARS

The Night That Was Different

by BILL LEUE

MAY I have a cigarette, Bob?"

Bob put his hand into his left coat pocket, took out a package of cigarettes, turned it upside down and shook it slightly so that several protruded, and held out the package to Jean. She took one.

Then he turned to the front seat and asked, "Cigarette, Dot?"

"Thanks," said Dot and took one.

Bob offered them to Johnny. Johnny took one.

Bob took one himself, struck a match, lit Jean's cigarette, then his own.

Johnny struck a match, lit Dot's cigarette, then his own.

Johnny's keys jingled as he turned on the ignition. The starter barked, the motor turned over, and they rolled down the drive of the Norcrest Country Club and turned toward town.

The ritual of the dance was over. The ritual of going home had started.

Bob leaned back and gazed idly out the window. It had begun to rain. Not a very nice evening, but, oh well, it was all right. That is, nothing disagreeable had happened. It had been like all the other evenings. They had gone to the Phi Sig dance at Norcrest. Bob had danced for a short while with Jean. Then someone had cut in. He had wandered about and chatted with his friends. The usual crowd had been there. He had danced with the usual girls. Then he had discussed Professor Bearhard's last test in Sociology 23 with George Green over a rye and seltzer at the bar. George had agreed that the

test had been even more ambiguous than usual, and that the fourth question had been trivial and silly. At quarter to twelve he had cut in on Jean. At twelve they had got their coats, said goodbye to a lot of people, and left.

How clearly he remembered the evening—or was he mixing it with the dance last week, or the week before? They would have to go to a show next week to be different. Different, huh, there was a ritual for that too. And in philosophy they spoke of a dynamic, changing world. Thank God he had philosophy to satisfy him. Apparent reality was absolutely devoid of interest. It was just

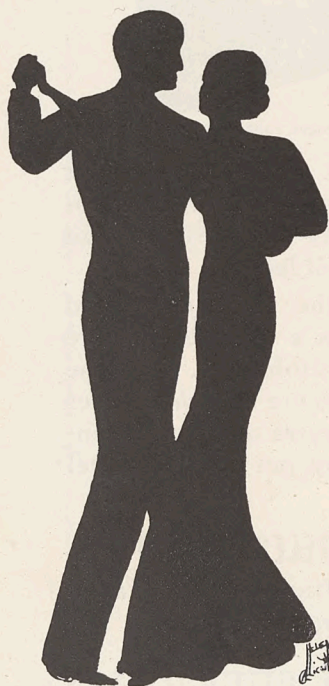
too trite, stagnant, vapid—Oh, Hell! What was wrong with him tonight?

He looked at Jean. She was slumped down in the seat brooding over her cigarette. Could she be thinking the same thing? No, of course not. But then he could never tell about Jean. She had attracted him because she had seemed a bit different. Gosh, that had been a long time ago. Maybe she was different, though. He knew so little about her. He had only been out with her about two hundred times. She had stimulated him at first. She still did, sort of, but their relationship had become so static, so formalized. Maybe he should have treated her as if she were different. He should have tried something drastic to start out with to see if she was really different, but that wasn't in the game. There was something wrong with the rules. They always led to a stalemate.

Suddenly a bright flash of lightning brought Bob out of the darkness of his thoughts. The light played strongly on the faces of his companions. How expressionless they were. Puppets! Had they no feeling, no imagination, no soul, that they could pretend to be enjoying themselves?

Bob rolled the window down a little and tossed his cigarette out. Then, just to do something, he lit another, first offering each of the others one in the prescribed manner and in the prescribed order.

The dry stinging smoke annoyed him. He wished he could smoke his pipe. A pipe was rich and moist and sensuous, not dry and insipid. But it was the conventional thing to smoke these little rolls of doped paper. Gosh, he wished he were in his own room at home, where he could curl up in his big leather chair with his pipe and his books and escape to a better world, a beautiful exciting world, where there was no dullness and dust and afternoon sun on old red brick walls, where the people were more clever and yet kinder and gentler, where things happened, strange exciting things, and people had hearts and souls to feel them and appreciate them. Well, why not? He'd give up this pretense. He'd stay home after this. He'd renounce it all, all his shallow friends who frequented these



(Continued on page 18)

A pack o' pleasure



Chesterfield

CIGA

LIGGETT & MYERS



H o l i d a y

by L. W. TRIEFENBACH

STELLA yawned with as much grace as any debutante is supposed to have. And she felt like a debutante this morning, stretching her arms high into the air and then curling beneath the warm covers again. It was a fine morning, one of peace and quiet. There had been no early rising, no dash through a bath, no hurry to make up her face for the photographer at the Junior League meeting. She had awakened early, gone back to sleep, and now she was ready to celebrate.

Why shouldn't she celebrate? It was a holiday. All her own. Nothing to do but get herself looking her best for the day. Perhaps a cup of coffee and a roll. A very European breakfast, but marvelous for that American figure. Then—

"Clarissa!" She put her feet into feathered mules. "Clarissa!" It was a nice name for a maid. She had always said her maid's name would be Clarissa. Not Fifi, or Maggie, or Dora, or any other stereotyped thing. Clarissa. Only Clarissa didn't answer, but then she never did.

So Stella shrugged her shoulders into a lacy affair, something from the hand of Schiaparelli, no less. Wasn't it last spring she had bought it? When she had met that Spanish count. Hadn't he been fun, always bowing from the waist and clicking his heels? The Spanish are so gallant about the niceties of living. He had told her she didn't need Schiaparelli creations to make her devastating. Maybe not, but they helped. She looked at herself as she passed the mirror on her way to the bath. No wonder the Spaniard had been so desperately in love with her! But only one of many. The Russian on the boat, the attaché at the British Embassy, that tennis champion—she couldn't even remember them all!

No hot water. Well, old houses are notorious for their lack of it. She was used to the sting of cold water. It put sparkle in her eyes, too, gave them that luminous attraction men were always complimenting her on. Brr! but it was hard on the nerves, that cold shock. But only for the first few minutes. Better now to get warm in the pile of a huge towel, orchid colored and faintly perfumed. Let's see should it be the new Drum Beat or the Coronation scent? So many details to remember about life—what wine to order with turtle soup, how many cards to leave after a visit, how to greet the reception line—

Chocolates! She found the box on the window seat. Maybe one? She nibbled at it as she gazed out of the window. What a lovely view. Long, smooth rolls of lawn, Italian marble fountains, formal gardens in the French style, and carefully tended yews, the pride of the estate.

She took another chocolate. Two wouldn't be too many, and what were expensively fitted girdles for if they couldn't take two chocolates in their stride?

Now there wouldn't have to be any breakfast. Clarissa would be saved the trouble of bringing in a tray. She worked the poor girl hard enough as it was, trying to dress for luncheons, for teas, for coming-out parties. It must be awful to have to wait on young women who have nothing to do but give orders. Half the world doesn't know—

Stella sat down before the dressing table and fingered a brilliantly colored bottle decorated with gold filigree work and simulated stones. She held it under her nose and turned from one side to another as she surveyed her face at various angles. The left was good, when that strand of hair was in place; the right even better, maybe because the hair there hadn't suffered during the night. And the front view, ah! here was something to look at. She leaned her chin on her cupped hands to study her face more closely. Small, perfect features that were a girl's right in the world. And those two freckles on her cheek gave her that DuBarry look.

Maybe she needed a facial. Clarissa— No, she would do it herself. It would be fun. She dipped carefully rounded, lightly tinted nails into the cream and began daubing it on her skin. How luxurious it felt! She slathered more on. Not a bad taste. She arched it around her eyebrows— Oh, how stupid! she hadn't put a net over her head to keep the hair off her face.

When the curls had been captured under the matching brown web, she continued the facial. It was so soothing, so restful. Now she'd read a book while the cream was soaking in. "Floating out the impurities" was the professional term, she believed. What was there to read? Something light to get her in the proper state of mind to enjoy the day later on. More for relaxation than for edification. Rest was important with all the rushing around she had been doing lately.

Time passed quickly. She noticed the clock vaguely. Here she was still lathered up. Stella removed the remnants of the cream with soft tissues, splashed on astringent, and smiled with delight. A tingling, live complexion seems to tone up the entire body.

Her hair came next. Could she fix it a new way, perhaps a little daring? No, on second thought, she'd better not experiment with Antoine's creation. He might not like it. Hair dressers are so temperamental, especially men. This wave became her very well anyway. Just a light combing. There.

(Continued on page 21)

The Anatomy of Love

Sam wants it understood that this article is not entirely the result of his own experience

by SAM MURPHY

A typical love affair may be divided into three divisions. The first is what is popularly known as "puppy love." The second is assumed to be the real thing and is usually called "true love." The third for want of a better name may be called "return to sanity." Most married people have stagnated in the second stage or are leading humdrum existences in the third stage.

Puppy love is in some ways the best and in some ways the worst stage. At least, it is the most interesting. You see a girl; you get to know her slightly; you are attracted by the way she wears her hair or the peculiar quirk of her eyebrows when she is puzzled; or, disgracefully enough, you notice the lovely curves of her figure. Somehow you keep thinking about her in a casual way. You wonder whether she's really as young as she acts. You doubt it; you feel that she's probably a plenty smart number who just puts on an act to cover up her really acute mental ability. You decide that she acts ingenuous in order not to have to live up to any expectations. In indulging in these speculations you are making your first tactical error. You are venturing unknowingly into that speculative region wherein lies disaster. The moment a boy starts to ask himself even impersonal questions about a girl he has lost a part of his independence.

One thing leads to another. You begin to think about the fellows you've seen her running around with. You wonder how well this one or that one is doing in the league. You can't quite see what so-and-so has, but he certainly does date her a lot. You wonder just how much he means to her. After innumerable sly inquiries you find out that no one has any particular rating with her at the present time. Of course, there was John, but he's gone off to Princeton now, and no one expects a girl to tie herself down for years and years.

You get a date. You have a good time. You find that it's very easy to carry on a conversation with her (a good while later you'll realize that, if you'd let her, she'd do all the talking). Then you get an-



You are exuberant; you are in love with life; you are in love with her . . .

other date with her, probably take her to a hotel dining room. This act is the result of the desire to impress. She's a marvelous dancer; you both like to do the shag, the tango, or anything at all—but you *do* both like to do it.

Now instead of merely thinking about her in a casual and purely speculative way you find that you are including her more and more in your plans and day dreams. You find difficulty in concentrating for any length of time (*except on her*). You wonder what she is doing now; what she is thinking about; whether she is ever troubled with thoughts of you. You are thinking about her almost constantly. When you know she's with someone else, you wonder what time she'll get in, whether everything will be on the up and up, that is purely "pl-

tonic." You begin to realize that you are slipping, that you are getting involved in something, that life has lost its simplicity; you decide that you had better make an effort to extricate yourself from this treacherous quicksand, but you know damn well you're not even going to try.

Through no fault of your own you are having only one or two dates a week with her. You get turned down about three times for every acceptance. This is very irritating; whenever you think about it you get very angry and swear you'll never have another date with her, but maybe five minutes, maybe a day later you call her up and ask her to go to the next football game.

Alternately you're exalted and in despair. You begin to notice how beautiful the autumn leaves are; how fine the smoke of burning leaves makes the air smell. You are exuberant; you are in love with life; you are in love with her; you admit it now. You are also in love with yourself, although you won't admit it. You look at yourself constantly as you imagine yourself to be in her eyes. If she has impressed you as being a nice girl, (as she usually has in these cases) you regard yourself as a bit wild—not really bad, of course. When you're with her,

(Continued on page 23)



November Court of Honor

1. MARTHA ANN SMITH and her committee for helping many a freshman, and upperclassman too, to get "started on the right foot" on the dance floor. Marty Ann is chairman of the Y Committee which sponsors informal dancing lessons every Tuesday and Thursday. She reports that as many as eighty students have joined the classes and that the enrollment is still increasing.

2. REY EILERS because he has worked hard and has received no audible applause for the electrical work he has done for the Thyrsus plays. Without proper lighting, the plays would have been a failure, no matter how well the actors played their parts. If Rey has any valuable helpers, bully for them too, and we'll run their names next time if submitted.

3. Dick Toon who is largely responsible for the electrical effects which contribute so much to the success of the Water Carnival. The success of the Carnival enables the swimming team to take trips and enter into competition against such large universities as Purdue, Kansas, and Indiana. enables the swimming team to take trips and enter into competition against such large universities as Purdue, Kansas, and Indiana.

To Our Admirers

ELIOT is seldom criticized. In fact, during our experience about the only person who has criticized it is our faculty advisor—and he has always been our best friend. Does that last sentence sound paradoxical? Does our whole first paragraph sound conceited?

There is no contradiction nor conceit in our statements when they are thought over. What we want to say is that our magazine has been made fun of by the majority of students, slandered by a few letter-writers, and reviewed by STUDENT LIFE reporters, but never really criticized except by Professors Stout and Jensen, two men who are in large measure responsible for the improvement which we feel has been made in ELIOT.

Concretely: the only mail-criticism of the October issue which we received, that of "Teuton Drip, '40," said, "I can't see how ELIOT can even be called a magazine." Why doesn't he explain? The staff has always felt that ELIOT fits Webster's definition, and if it doesn't, we'd like to know in what respects it varies from it. It said further that "the so-called humorous articles are vastly inferior to those I have read in my little sister's grammar school paper." Not knowing what grammar school little Miss Drip attends, the best thing we could do was read all the grammar school papers we could get our hands on. Our general reaction has been that we were complimented even to be compared to these journals. Their humor has a certain fresh, ingenuous quality which is delightful. But on just which points are we vastly inferior?

The most popular comment on the campus was that the issue was "lousy." Well, perhaps there were a few type lice in it, but even the most up-to-date print shops can't get rid of these little creatures. We think they're sort of cute our-

selves. Incidentally, if any of our critics would like to see these lice in their native habitat, we'll be glad to take them down to our printers. Many students were worried by the fact that one of our articles started on page 16 and ended on page 11. Can't they see that we fixed it that way just "to make little boys and girls ask questions?"

The STUDENT LIFE headline-writer said that the "First issue was half good and half not so good," while the reviewer was a little more generous and gave us an average of .550. The reviewer also said that one article was "the high spot" and another "good for a chuckle." He included, moreover, a rehashing of our table of contents and our pre-publication advertisements, in addition to hints as to the nature of many of our features, presumably for the benefit of those who don't have time to read ELIOT but who like to be able to talk intelligently about its contents at literary salons, etc. He didn't, however, find one specific fault in our magazine.

Dr. Stout, on the other hand, said that one story had good phrasing and characterization but a conventional plot, that most of our survey questions were uninteresting, that the gossip column was "heavy," that one story made an unsuccessful attempt to blend satire and serious fiction—and we love him for it. His is the type of criticism which will make each issue of ELIOT better than the last one. How about some real criticism from the student body?

Eliot Views with Pride

ELIOT's figurative chest swells as it reads in the "Better Things" on the first page of this issue that Associate Editor Martyl is again in the St. Louis Exhibition at the Art Museum—this time with two paintings, when it reflects that it had already sent to the printers Wayne Arnold's first short story to appear in print on the campus before Wayne was awarded the Wilson Prize for his English XVI

play (that's picking 'em, we think), when it tells itself over and over that a play inspired by ELIOT actually made a big hit when presented by Thyrsus (has any other campus publication been the inspiration for art?), and, most of all, when it looks around at its own (and Hatchet's, of course) cosy little office, 17 Brookings Basement.

We and Hatchet, incidentally, are buddies already—what with our planning a joint literary tea (using Hatchet's electric grill), sharing office supplies (we wish that Hatchet had some other color of ink besides red, however), and even sharing photographers (thanks to good old Newt Pfeffer).

Oh, and (what a thing to forget) we really must express our pride in our circulation staff and the little girls who put the pressure on the University's 75% men. Working together beautifully, they sold more October ELIOTS than have ever been sold before.

And we have just enough room before reaching the bursting point for a good-sized portion of pride in the sixteen of last year's twenty freshman popularity queens who are still in school this year. It looks like a new era in which the term "popular but dumb" will no longer be fitting. Let's make it sixteen out of sixteen this year.

Three Gripes

From the toiling W.U. masses there occasionally comes a flicker or so of opinion on some timely campus subject, and ELIOT, forever striving to serve the interests of the stewnts, is always eager to take up the cause.

Gripe No. 1 comes from some sympathetic soul who was very irritated over the conduct of his brother Washingtonians at the recent football tussle with Boston U. At one time during the game, this observer points out, there were three Boston U. players stretched out on the field, and instead of us Washington people acting like very good sports we jumped up and down in glee while the B.U.

boys writhed and moaned in their misery. This, we are told, is a positive affront to all the rules of sportsmanship.

ELIOT clucks her tongue over such a state of affairs. That her otherwise well-behaved little men and women should act like they had been raised in a STUDENT LIFE office is a matter of deep concern. Let's see that it never happens again. It's against STUDENT LIFE's campaign for more school spirit, and heck, kids, we can't let good old STUDENT LIFE down. But, in that St. Louis U. game . . .

Gripe No. 2 is not as serious, perhaps, as the momentous question which we have just considered, but it has merit, nevertheless. It appears that some physically wrecked soul has been attempting since school started to get a little exercise out at the gymnasium. He is not a freshman or sophomore, nor is he a Heavenly-Blest varsity man—but he does want to keep the body physically fit just like the hygiene magazines advise him to do. Imagine his plight, though—the gym classes occupy the handball courts and the gym; the head of the department tells him that no equipment, (basketballs, etc.) can be issued; there is a cooking school in the Field House, and even if there weren't he couldn't play there because they won't give him an old basketball or football.

Only one thing is left for him to do—that is, if he doesn't wish to rot away physically. He can

run around the track. But alas and alack, the Varsity is having a special scrimmage and Conzelman thinks he'll get in the way. It's things like this that drive a guy to pitching pennies.

Gripe No. 3 comes closest to our hearts. On this subject we could wax for hours for it concerns that lovable lollypop of the Law School, Koed-Kisser Davis. No one can dispute the claims which the lawyers went to such trouble to publicize. They worked for weeks, aye, even months to herald the coming of the outstanding first semester event—"Davis Day"—and then what reward did they get? Did the coeds tear apart the Quad in their anxiety to touch the redoubtable Davis' slickened hair, or better still, carry off a fragment of his natty sport coat? The answer is a desolate no. The puzzled lawyers can't figure out why the girls haven't got into the swing of things.

Here, we are told by the "Davis for Campus King" Club, is a chance to do something to help instill spirit around the alma mater. Davis is the prettiest, most logical candidate on the campus. All the other candidates have declined so Davis is also the *only* candidate on the campus. Any girl that doesn't vote for Davis just doesn't rate.

After reviewing the whole matter in our usually impartial manner, we have just one thing to say—it sounds like a lotta propaganda.



THE NIGHT THAT WAS DIFFERENT

(Continued from page 12)

places, even Jean. Yes, even Jean. He couldn't get over the idea that there was something deeper to her but, Hell, he'd never know it. Their relationship had become so stereotyped that nothing could happen. She was lost to him forever. Separated by stern hard barriers of dullness that he had permitted to grow up between them. God, if he could only penetrate that barrier, if only for a moment. But no, it was hopeless. Nothing would happen. Nothing could happen. Everything was set and static and would stay this way till the weary world was worn to finely powdered dust, dry grey dust.

Hmph, it was all very funny and foolish and futile. Well, maybe he could get some feeling out of this ride by thinking of it as the last few moments with her.

He looked at Jean, and again dragged himself from his reverie. He could hardly see her. It was so black that even the headlights were swallowed up. The storm was getting worse. Outside, all was a wildly rushing black mass, and the thunder boomed, and rolled in the depths about them.

Gee, it was sort of nice to be snug and dry in here. At least this was different. The storm had no place in their rapid evening. It was awfully refreshing. It aroused feelings, real emotional response. The others in the car seemed a little closer, a little more human, somehow.

Bob suddenly realized that hardly a word had been said. Johnny and Dot usually kept up an incessant prattle about whom they had seen, and the orchestra, and the other standard topics. Could it be that they were impressed by the storm?

As if in answer, Johnny broke the silence.

"Did you see that plaid coat Gus Beeler had on? Man, was it loud."

"Gosh," said Dot, "who was that tall blonde he was with?"

No, the storm hadn't affected Johnny and Dot. How could he have imagined it? The storm was making him too generous. Nothing could make them feel small and alone. It was far too exquisite. They were tough; they were impervious to all. Bob could hardly control his resentment. It was all their fault. They were the sort of people who demanded and liked this sort of life. They set up the meaningless forms and rituals to squeeze all the life out of living. They weren't capable of anything more, and they wouldn't leave life free for others to enjoy.

"Oh, damn," he suddenly blurted out. "What difference does it make?"

"Does what make?" asked Johnny dully.

"Oh, why must you babble about nothing? Who cares whether Gus came in red underwear? But he wouldn't. I'd be all for him if he would, but he's just like the rest of you."

"Well, I like that!" with the proper amount of indignation from Dot.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Bob wearily, falling back in his corner of the car, "guess I'm sort of tired tonight."

"Yeah, saw you brooding in the bar all evenin' " said Johnny, "No wonder people think you're queer."

"I was trying hard to amuse myself," retorted Bob. "Are there even definite locations I must occupy during the evening to be socially acceptable?"

Dot turned around indignantly. "Why don't you crawl off in a hole somewhere, and leave the rest of us to have some fun if we want to?"

"Fun! Oh, well, let's forget it and enjoy the storm. At least, it's free and unhampered. Listen to it exult in its power and freedom. I've always liked storms."

"Oh, yeah," said Johnny, leaning over the wheel and trying to peer through the swirling darkness. "It won't be so swell if we land in the ditch."

"Ah, now that would be a novel situation," said Bob. "I think I might enjoy spending all night in a ditch. Just imagine, we'd have to think of some way to amuse ourselves. There would be no set form for spending an evening in a ditch. We'd be confronted by a new situation in our environment. We'd have to think. Johnny, doesn't that frighten you?"

"You and your nutty ideas," muttered Johnny.

"I suppose you'd enjoy getting killed," said Dot.

Rapid blinding flashes of lightning gave strange glimpses of a distorted world. Crashing explosions of thunder seemed to make the car shudder, and the mad wind and rain tore at their thin protection of metal and glass.

"I don't care, I like it," said Bob. "It's strange and unreal. Makes you feel as if almost anything can happen. Not the safe silly world of the country club. It scares me a little and I like it. The weirdness, the uncertainty. Just us four alone against the whole cosmos gone mad."

"So have you," mumbled Johnny, but his voice was lost in the storm.

There was a sharp crack as the lightning struck a tree up the road. In the flash of light they saw it split and sink slowly to the ground.

"That was damn close," said Johnny.

"Nature sure made short work of that tree," said Bob. "Quite some vigor left in the old girl. She can't be subdued and kept in her place like us poor worms."

Bob's reverie was swallowed by the storm. It was too hard to talk above it. Bob was very lonely. Then he felt a hand touch his. He reached out and took it. Jean! Gosh, she must feel that way, too. Come to think of it, she hadn't said anything in the argument at all. All his old desires and dreams came back. She was different! She thought and felt

(Continued on page 20)

BETWEEN BELLES

(Continued from page 6)

Allen's case it seems to be pretty much of a toss-up between Bud Skinner, Bud Reichardt, and Dick Koken. Jane won't be quoted; she says, "I like 'em all." Ethel Jane Ellis can't seem to be able to decide whether or not to believe Bud Bohn's line. From my vantage point I've observed that the Bob Byars-Gloria Ball duet is still going strong. And Bob Schepman is often seen with Libby Siegmund. Scoop Hundley, the roving slush gatherer, is going to be on the other end of it, this time; he's trying to place the Five Arm Star on Shirley Conrad.

Ed: What about the Kampus King Candidates?

Au: Well, Jack O'Toole has graduated from sweaters to suits and ties since his nomination. Vic Barlow, another candidate, learned a few navy tricks at Kemper Academy; he has one in every port. What would Jessie Buder say if she heard about that affair back home? Markey Parman and Jack Warner were actually having a quarrel the other day. It seems that "Spot" objects to Markey's dating other people (Ranny Lorch and Orley Wilkenning in particular) and Markey objects to sitting at home while he tears around with the fellows.

Ed: A case of mutual objections, eh? Well, at least, that's better than if it were one-sided.

Au: Well, to continue looking into the future, they say that Ruth May Sackman is going to accept the Sig Ep pin of Fred Klinge (Pres. of the Mizzou chapter), on Thanksgiving Day. You know, I really think that for a man of his attributes, Leo Dusard has fewer dates than anyone I ever saw. But when he does have a date it's very likely to be the charming Bee Clark. By the way, Jo Sunkel and Bob Noland were hitched recently. Dottie Dittman and Milton Mills have announced their engagement. Gil Pitcher takes Saturday afternoons off to sit with Betty Graham in the stands. Demi "Don Juan" Martin has been going around proudly showing all comers a telegram from California. The yellow sheet about which he is so elated was signed "Sweet Sue." Miles Cunningham likes the little trucker, Arline Jackson. But he also goes for Special-Maid Davis. Then there's the choice bit about Kappa's Marion Jack, who had to be in just awfully early after a date with Bob White of the Phi Delt clan, for the Oklahoma game. That was all right, but then I noticed that she spent the rest of the evening at a Med School party with Gilbert Graybill, Westminster Phi Delt. What puzzles me is why Late-Date Jack the next day broke her date with Bob for the Phi Delt dance. Helen Stiers must fascinate Bill Jones. He waited around for an hour and a half so that he could be with her for only five minutes.

Ed: Wait till I sharpen my pencil, Auntie, you're going too fast for me.

Au: I always was pretty fast Ed., remember? I've been tuning in every night or so to hear Dan

White, accompanied by his electric guitar, sing "Honeysuckle Rose" to Betty Papoon—via telephone. Dave Ross, the romantic Russian, has established the phenomenal record of keeping a li'l honeybun for more than a month—and come to think of it, the honeybun, Aarolyn Kopelowitz, has stopped flitting around with golfers and shoe kings and seems rather serious too. But then, if that "old friend" from the movies ever hits town, Darling Dave will be off again. I saw George Mueller in the Quad Shoppe giving his picture to Jean Huette. Jane Alger and Jane Hemans received corsages the night of the moot court trial and telegrams during the trial—probably sent by their opponents. At the English XVI plays—"Queenie" Bissell and "Hatchet" Ohle; O Kay Galle and Bill Goessling; Adele Helmkampf and Dick Douglas; Gen Davis and Lou Matthey. It's Bucky Smithers and Margery Dickson every Tuesday for lunch at the Sig Chi House. Triple-Threat Cohen, SAM'S stronghold of energy, is still on the Gold standard. Lolly Stealey and Ed Short have split up. Evan Wright is getting along splendidly with Pi Phi's Peggy Lou. The Gamma Phi's had a "Gil Coughlin Day"—they invaded the Pi K A house and came away bearing pieces of Gil's shirt which he had autographed for them with the greatest of pleasure. Guy Bramon and Norma Ossing are in the throes of a trial separation. "Mayflower" Moldofsky has decided that he'd rather not pay the East St. Louis bridge fare and is now aflame over one of his pledge's sisters. Dolly Pitts, who wowed the English XVI crowd as Toby ten days ago, is kinda interested in Black and Sherwood. Sally Alexander and Bill Seibert are about to patch things up. Mel Goldman luring away Alan Fleishman's off-campus with his new ROTC costume. Newt Pfeffer, Hatchet mogul, claims he has a very "efficient" secretarial staff—hmmm! But then he's still anchored to his off-campus love. My advice to Sam (Little Big Shot) Murphy is to read the first section of his own article in this issue; Sam tries to make himself believe that he is interested in Betty Budke only in a "casual and purely speculative way." Jack Cable was having a wonderful time early last summer going around with Clayton's Patsy Patton. Later in the summer he went to Georgia and decided that there would be no harm done if he went to a few ice-cream socials with a little peach he met down there. This fall he sent a box of her favorite caramels to the little southern gal, now at a girl's boarding school; then (mirabile dictu!) he found that Patsy not only goes to the same school but is Miss Georgia's roommate. Jack rushed out and blew the remainder of his allowance on Patsy's favorite chocolates.

Ed: That's a real yarn, Auntie, but our medium seems about ready to give up the ghost.

Au: Phew! that's a devil of a pun, Jack, to pull on an angel.

THE NIGHT THAT WAS DIFFERENT

(Continued from page 18)

things. If he could only break through and really get to know her. She must be swell really.

He leaned over to whisper in her ear. Perhaps the storm could liberate their personalities. Perhaps this might be his moment—and just when he had given up all hope!

Johnny's strident voice broke in on them above the din.

"Well, where shall we go for a hamburger?"

Oh, God, the awful world of little things had broken in on them again. Couldn't they be alone in chaos? Did there have to be people like Johnny and — of all the mundane things — hamburgers? Bob flung himself back into his corner. It was no use. All hope was gone. Nothing could happen now.

Johnny shouted louder, "Where do you want to go for a hamburger?"

And then the world exploded—vast flaming white emptiness—Johnny's voice repeating over and over, "Where do you want to go for a hamburger, where do you want to go for a hamburger," and then growing fainter and receding into vast hollow depths where it slowly bubbled away.

Then darkness, but not unconsciousness. No, he was painfully aware of being conscious. He seemed to be poised motionless in utter emptiness. Through countless eons he waited, every sense straining to find the faintest glimmer of light, hear the slightest sound, but there was nothing but the passing of endless time. For an eternity he waited, waited. He gave up all hope of anything ever happening. Then after what must have been a couple of billion years he became aware that he was in motion. He was swinging through nothingness in huge spirals. The spirals became smaller and smaller. It made him a little dizzy. Round and round, faster and faster, till he was spinning and whining like a dynamo. Then he hit.

He lay very still and tried to collect his thoughts. What had happened to him? Nothing? Certainly not what he had been experiencing. But that didn't make sense. If he had experienced it, it had happened.

Should he open his eyes? Should he reach out his hand and feel what was about him? He had a strange reluctance to move, an apprehension that to do so would bring even greater confusion to his mind. He felt like an unhatched chick who was a bit afraid to leave the warmth and security of the egg for the strange and hostile world. Oh, but the chick didn't really feel that way. The instinct to return existed only in the psychoanalysts' minds. And why these strange thoughts? Something had happened—or had it? Anyway, he must find out.

He pressed down with the palms of his hands. The stuff he was lying on was soft and yielding. He felt it carefully. It was like grass, only very soft

and smooth. Satin grass, that's what it was like. He took a deep breath and stretched himself luxuriously. He gasped and then sucked in a big gulp of air again. Was it orange and jasmine? No, it was a strange exotic fragrance. The air was moist with it. It was intoxicating, almost unbearably exquisite. He shivered and his head reeled. Where was he? Where was he?

He raised himself on his elbow. For a moment he hesitated; then he opened his eyes.

Comprehension came slowly. It was all so new, so strange; there was really no place to start. There was—there was light, and color—yes, hazy pastel shades. The sky, if it was sky, an indescribably delicate orchid. And below, many soft blending colors. The grass, a deep blue, shading into sky-blue foliage of what must be trees. In the distance were splashes of deep orange which resembled gently rolling hills. And yet all these colors were different from any he had ever seen. The illumination didn't seem to come from any source, but was diffused everywhere, and it wasn't nearly as bright as—as on earth, for surely there was no place like this on earth.

He rolled over to take in more of this new world. A violet sea stretched away to joint the orchid sky. The surface of which was perfectly smooth. It glistened and shone with an iridescent light like the polished face of some huge amethyst. Even where the water touched the light green beach there was no sign of a ripple. He became very conscious of the stillness of the place. Not a trace of wind moved the heavy air, no motion, no sound. Like some weird exotic tapestry made by a half-mad artist, this strange world lay in great still folds about him.

It was—it was beautiful, gorgeous, overpowering. God, how different from that other world of grey dark streets and cold white street lamps, of squat red brick houses—of dullness—of—Yes, this would be a better world—that is, when one got used to it. What strange adventures it must hold. What would it be like? It was so confusing, he couldn't even comprehend what he could see now. A symphony of color—and yet everything was subdued and hazy. He felt a little out of place. No, he did not. This was his world, an escape. This is what he had longed for. Oh, but, of course, he was only dreaming. This place was impossible. No, it was not. He was really there. He had been placed there, no matter how, and he was going to enjoy it. He wasn't afraid; he wasn't lonely—only a little overwhelmed and lost.

Well, what should he do first? If something would only happen to give him a cue. He sat still staring out over the violet sea. Then the great stillness was broken abruptly by a little gasp behind him. It was like a shot. He jumped up with a start. He looked. He blinked, rubbed his eyes, and looked again. Framed by the foliage of a sky-blue bush was a very amazed and frightened little face.

(Continued on page 24)

HOLIDAY

(Continued from page 14)

Now for the more serious work of finishing. Just a bit of powder, some scarlet on her lips. No more. Less makeup was more fashionable this season.

Now, about a dress. She had to be dressed perfectly for the occasion. And her accessories must be well-matched. They were the all important item this year. That Fifth Avenue shop had stressed them especially, and contrast was ultra-smart. A dress today that was more feminine. She had been too much in sport clothes these past weeks. Very good for golf and tennis and riding, but not for a holiday. She must do the whole affair up in grand style.

Stella began the important selecting process. Each article had to be considered, matched, replaced, until she had achieved just the right effect. She laid the chosen garments on the bed. Strange, she hadn't heard Clarissa come in. Probably while she was taking her cold plunge. There was faultless serving.

She folded her arms and stood back to gaze critically at the collection. Just one thing more. Perhaps the platinum bracelet with the turquoise stones? or an agate necklace? She knew! the pearl pendant, her graduation gift when she had finished Vassar. Yes, it was what was needed.

Slowly she began to dress, turning before the mirror after each addition to watch herself grow into the vision she had planned to be. It took time, but it was worth the effort. Behold! she was in her glory.

Now for purse, hat, and gloves. Should she risk the silver fox throw? Probably too warm. Yes, too warm. Maybe to throw it nonchalantly over her arm? Well, maybe.

She checked the contents of her purse: compact, the present from Sarah; wonder where she was? Cards, always important. Handkerchiefs, the fine linen ones. Coin purse for tips.

At last she was complete. Wonder what time? Afternoon already! That late! Or that early? For here she was, all dressed, and so early. So awfully early.

Suddenly she flung herself upon the bed and began to cry, shaking with the despair that was within her. All dressed and nothing more to do. A holiday!

Stella spoke weakly, "Oh, God, don't make too many holidays this year. I can't stand them, I can't!"

But it wouldn't be quite so unendurable if she kept her mind on something else. What was her father doing? Probably buying beer with the money she had sent. And her mother— she hoped she had been able to save enough to take the twins to a show. A show! She didn't ever get a chance to see one.

She sat up and looked around at the small, drab room, the one ten cent bottle of perfume on the painted dresser, the small size jar of face cream that

had come from Woolworth's, the view, an "L" track that cast its shadow to the foot of her old brass bedstead.

Stella took a last lingering look in the mirror at her one outfit, her on precious, complete outfit. Then slowly she began to undress.

Holiday.

"Oh, God," she repeated, "don't make too many of them."

REMARKABLE MEN

(Continued from page 5)

Coach Kopczak looms up behind the line—his sharp eye and rough voice keeping tab on every play. On the sidelines you see the same faces every evening. They belong, in general, to students and alumni, a few faculty members, a reporter or two, and an occasional female rooter. At about six o'clock the coaches call a halt, the squad jogs around the field and struggles back to the gym to get dressed.

In the dressing room they seem to forget the strenuous practice they have just been through. Some of the hardest workers don't even look tired. Again they joke and curse one another, not maliciously, but with a good-natured friendliness. Among football players, to imply that someone is of doubtful parentage isn't an insult, but rather an expression of comradeship. There is none of that "do or die for old Siwash" attitude about the players, yet somehow you can't help feeling that they would do just that, whenever necessary. Don't misunderstand me, I have no illusions about football players; they're not idols to be worshiped, but they do work lots harder than most of us in their four years of college. Bear in mind that none of these boys is highly subsidized. They aren't playing for a salary. None of them leads a life of luxury on or off the football field. The majority of them are waiting tables or doing some kind of work after study and football hours. They are at school for an education, and if you think the Washington U. professors show any leniency toward a football player, you're mistaken.

And now we come to the part of this article where there will be some facts, but mostly my personal observations. Some of it you will agree with and some of it you will classify as "the creation of a distorted mind." But take it for what its worth. One way to classify the first team would be as follows:—

JOE BUKANT—The one I'd hate most to meet in a dark alley. Power personified.

LEO SHAKOFSKY—The most erratic man in the backfield. Varies between brilliant and mediocre—plus. But before long he may be varying between brilliant and "truly great."

JACK WARNER—The best punter in the state.

DICK YORE—The most valuable all-around backfield man.

(Continued on next page)

REMARKABLE MEN

(Continued from page 21)

BOB MINKEY—The most finished player on the squad. The best pass receiver, the shiftiest back, the best ball handler, and the smartest player.

BILL SEIBERT—The handsomest Washington U. grid man.

NORM TOMLINSON—One of the best tackles the Bears have ever had. The most likeable man on the squad (maybe that's not fair to the other boys—well, at least, there is none more likeable than Norm).

LIBERO BERTAGNOLLI and GENE BREW—The toughest men on the squad for their weights (or maybe you can omit those last three words).

JACK MAGINN—The practical joker of the squad, but knows his football.

JACK GOULD—The slowest lineman on the first team, but a good man when he gets there.

RUSS MEREDITH—The fastest lineman on the first team.

MILES CUNNINGHAM—The most conscientious player. Should be All-Valley in his senior year.

HAROLD TRACY—The most versatile player (since the injury of Jones Klein).

PAUL LOCKE—The man who redeemed himself in the Tulsa game.

MIKE KLISURICH—The quietest player and the hardest to block.

RALPH MCKELVEY—The hard-luck player and reputedly the best boxer on the team.

Of Conzelman's staff, I would like to say just a few words: Its captain is Frank Kopczak, recently out of Notre Dame. I don't know him very well, but I've watched him at work. He handles the linemen, and believe me he can do it either literally or figuratively. He lectures and conducts the labs in the class on Blocking, and he's a hard taskmaster. By the end of the season if his protegés don't make up the best Washington line that they have had in recent years I'm sadly mistaken.

He has an able assistant in Frank Loeb, the Jack-of-all-trades from Purdue. All Coach Loeb has to do is handle the ends, coach the freshmen, and scout the opponents every week.

He is short and stocky and has the sort of personality that makes him popular with everyone he meets (except perhaps a few of Purdue's late opponents). Both he and Coach Kopczak not only know their stuff, but can demonstrate what they mean as well as talk about it. Incidentally, that isn't my own opinion but the concensus of the squad's opinions.

The third member of the staff is "Ike" Hill, the team trainer. Like most trainers Ike is the mother of all the boys. After men like Messrs. Loeb and Kopczak beat them down, they come to Ike and he rubs, doctors, and wraps them up. They bring everything to him from ingrown toenails to broken legs.

Ike is small and nervous and stutters when he gets excited. He is probably the best-liked man in the athletic department.

When an injury is very serious, the disabled gridman is turned over to the fourth member of the staff, Doc Heideman. He is tall, wears glasses, and oddly enough, looks like a doctor. He attends every practice and every game and is a friend of all the players; there are other men connected with Coach Conzelman's staff, of course, but the four I have named are the men who worry about the team constantly, night and day, during the whole football season.

Now last, but far from least, I would like to pay tribute to the most remarkable Washington footballer of them all—Jimmy Conzelman. I really can't say enough in his praise. There isn't a coach in the country who could or would do what Jim has done for Washington University in the way of giving her a football team. Considering what he has to work with, it's a wonder that there is a team at all. Give him the athletic setup that Minnesota, Pittsburgh, or Louisiana State has, and Washington University would be at the Rose Bowl nine years out of ten. Just to prove my point, let's have a look at the situation. The squad numbers under thirty men, and six or seven of these men—with all due respect to them—would have a hard time making a good high

(Continued on page 23)

NEAR-TRAGEDY

(Continued from page 4)

"Umm humm."

"Jeff! Don't talk with your mouth full!" He took a tremendous swallow.

"Sorry," he said. But he didn't ask her what she had meant to say. He began his brussels sprouts.

She was amazed and rather hurt. "He'd be sorry," she reflected, "if he knew I'd meant to say something about our sons-to-be." And she resolved that her little speech on the future would remain unsaid.

She speared a little mushroom and took a few bites of steak, meanwhile keeping her eyes surreptitiously on his plate, from which were quickly disappearing all traces of steak, potatoes and brussels sprouts. She looked at her own plate and became a little panicky when she observed that it was still full.

"I-I don't like brussels sprouts much, do you?" she asked.

"Good," he mumbled, and again his mouth was full.

"German;" the word came uncalled into her mind, "he eats just like a German." She became angry. "A fat German," she added. She didn't speak while any trace of the steak remained.

When the salad came she was prepared. As he raised his fork she said quickly, "Enjoying your

(Continued on page 24)

THE ANATOMY OF LOVE

(Continued from page 15)

you make subtle attempts at shocking her. Admiring her ostensible puritanism, you try to hide your admiration.

You are in despair when you read about some thirty-year-old minor executive marrying the girl your lab partner went with last year, when you read of the poor prospects in the profession you hope to follow three years from now after you have your degree. You are out of love with yourself when you get a new crop of hickies or pull a lot of dumb stunts.

But finally after the expenditure of much money and time you have eliminated all your rivals except one or two, and they are definitely in the background, she says. She says she goes out with them simply because they take her to interesting places and she's only young once, etc., etc. She tells you that you are really the only "one." (A smart girl can play this about three ways at once, although any further additions are likely to prove fatal). Thus endeth the first stage; you have accomplished what you set out to do.

The second stage is pure love and should not be treated ironically or sarcastically.

The expenditure of money almost invariably decreases when this stage is reached. You no longer feel the need to be generous and imposing. Anyhow you're probably bankrupt by this time. Inversely, the expenditure of time doubles or triples. You are now having three or four parlor dates a week. No one else exists for you. Your only ambition is to love and cherish her, and you manage to live up fairly well to your ambition—particularly at one or two o'clock in the morning. Then you feel that your personalities have become one; you can read her thoughts; you can see her point of view perfectly.

You get so nice that, even in the cold light of day, you can view her old man's bigoted political and religious beliefs with complete tolerance. You play bridge with her sister and her brother-in-law while waiting for mama and papa to go to bed. She invites you to her house for dinner regularly and, in frequent silent comparisons, your own mother's meals take a slap in the face.

In short, you are in a state of heavenly bliss, marred only by the fact that you necessarily sleep through all your classes to catch up on your sleep for the next evening. Of course, you don't have time to prepare any assignments, but you tell yourself that you are tasting real life, and rationalization soon conquers conscience.

How long this period will go on it is impossible to say. If it hits you late enough; if you are able by hook or by crook to make it financially, it will probably end in marriage. I sincerely hope that, if the second stage does include those embarrassing moments at the altar, you never arrive at the third

stage. The third stage plus marriage equals true hell, or, at least, alimony.

The third stage begins very insidiously; it is a slow death (it may seem more like a rebirth when you look back on it many years afterwards). You do like little sister Mary a lot, but you wish she



The expenditure of money almost invariably decreases in the second stage.

wouldn't go to sleep in the big chair in the front room and just kind of doze there until about one o'clock in the morning. You think the old man's fine, but you do think he puts it a little strong when he intimates that all Republicans are ward-healers

(Continued on page 24)

REMARKABLE MEN

(Continued from page 22)

school team. That leaves about two full teams, and I feel safe in saying that only fifteen to nineteen of the twenty-two are first string players. Combine this fact with poor alumni support (on the whole—there are shining exceptions) and a shortage of money in the athletic department and you have what Coach Conzelman is faced with. Yet he sticks to it.

I recall him one afternoon just after he had become the father of a baby boy. His wife was seriously ill in the hospital. Washington was playing Army in three days. Warner, his outstanding punter, was injured. Jim had a newspaper article to get out, several letters to dictate. Football practice started in an hour. People were dropping in to see him every fifteen minutes. Yet he was taking care of everything, thinking of two things at once, working and worrying at the same time. The ordinary man would have given up in despair. I could go on for pages writing about Coach Conzelman, especially about his interesting life, but I'll conclude by saying just this, and you can check it for yourself if you won't take my word: everything he has ever done has been done well. Truly, he is a remarkable man.

THE ANATOMY OF LOVE

(Continued from page 23)

and crooks, especially if your entire ancestry has been closely affiliated with the Republican party.

You never used to go to your own church, much less anyone else's. But recently every other Saturday night, you have been going with her to her church, which is probably utterly different from any vague recollection you have of your own. As you sit in this strange, stuffy church, you wonder what the hell it's all about. Occasionally you kid her about her outdated religious beliefs. You are certain now that little sister Mary, when you come right down to it, is just a brat, and you wonder how you could have ever thought otherwise. You jestingly make some rather pointed remark to this effect. Arguments follow. You begin to realize that she isn't quite as intelligent as she had appeared to be. The process of disillusionment has set in, or, as a cynic would say, you are slowly and painfully regaining your sanity. At any rate it is the beginning of the end of "true love."

NEAR-TRAGEDY

(Continued from page 22)

food, dear?" but when he answered, "So-so," she was angrier than ever. She would, she decided, give him one more chance. She hit her hand, as if by accident, upon the edge of the table.

"Oh," she said, "I've hurt my hand." And she extended it across the table for his solicitudes and caresses. He stopped eating (Thank God for that!) and looked down at her hand, then at the fork he was still holding. It took him but a second to choose.

"Poor hand," he sympathized, "Jeff feel so bad," but even as he spoke his fork was carrying a load of tomato to his mouth.

She placed her hands in her lap and leaned back in her chair. Her world was swaying before her. She could see the shining walls of her dream palace falling into dust. "So this is the way it's going to end. I'm going to leave him at the lunch table! Leave him to die of indigestion perhaps. My lover, my darling is nothing but a pig. A pig! It's too bad they don't have troughs at the Plaza.

"Perhaps it's better though to find out now. What if I'd married him! There's a thought for you. Can you imagine yourself watching him go through this three times a day? Not like your pre-engagement days when he was too love-stricken to eat, now that he's back to normal. Three times a day watching him shovel food into that bottomless pit he calls a stomach.

"Our future sons—oh, I'm so disillusioned I could cry—but I'm thankful too to be saved from bearing a brood of little greedy-guts eating everything in sight. Oh, I am thankful."

"Ah, the dessert," he was saying. And so it was, an immense cornerstone of pie.

She was calmer now, "I will wait until he is finished and then I will take off his ring and place it on the table and say, 'It's been nice to know you, Mr. Jeffries,' and when he looked surprised I won't say anything; I'll just look at his plate and go. I would take off the ring now but I'm afraid it would upset him and he wouldn't be able to choke down that pie which he is masticating so thoroughly." She heard her watch ticking off the seconds, noticed the funny hat of a woman who had just entered the dining-room. "Queer," she thought, "the things one notices at a tragic moment. Queer."

He was worrying a bit of crust around his plate now. "The moment is approaching, it is coming—deep breath, Janet, steady now." She removed her ring.

He laid down his fork, "Well," he sighed, then smiled.

"Oh, his smile, his heavenly smile. What might have been, what might have been!"

"Why, you've taken your ring off. What's the matter darling, is it too tight?"

"No"—she could not bring herself to say more.

"Then put it back on, sweetheart. I don't want you to ever be without it. I want it to be part of you just as I want to be." And he smiled again, this time a tender, wistful smile

When he had replaced the ring and she was waiting for him to get his coat she looked back at their table, now rapidly assuming in her mind the aspect of an altar of sacrifice. As she looked another couple came forward to be seated. She watched them settle in their chairs, noticed their absorption in each other. The man's foot slid over and touched the girl's. The waiter was hovering in the background. She felt very wise.

THE NIGHT THAT WAS DIFFERENT

(Continued from page 20)

"Jean!"

"Bob!"

Bob ran forward and took both her hands. She was real.

"Jean, I, oh gosh, I'm glad to see you," he stammered.

They stared at each other a moment and then both laughed heartily, realizing how ridiculous and inadequate his greeting had been.

"I hardly expected to run into you here either, Bob. By the way, where are we?"

"I haven't the faintest. I'm so confused I can't even think about it. I feel like a fish out of water."

"Gee, Bob, I never dreamed of a place like this, or am I dreaming?"

"Maybe we're dead," said Bob casually.

"Why, yes, didn't something happen? Where were we before?—I can't seem to pull things together somehow."

(CONTINUED IN DECEMBER ISSUE)

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A King, Four Jacks, A Queen, and A Joker

will have been pulled from the deck
by various Hilltop students before
the next Eliot appears.

THE KING AND THE JACKS will be dealt out at the Second Annual Gold-diggers Ball, Field House, Saturday night, December 4, Art Kruth's band, \$1 stag (doe would be more appropriate) or drag. All co-eds will have a chance to choose the five cards from about twenty candidates, but only ticket-buyers will name the Kampus King. Come on girls, a chance for each one of you to make a financial sacrifice for your Prince Charming.

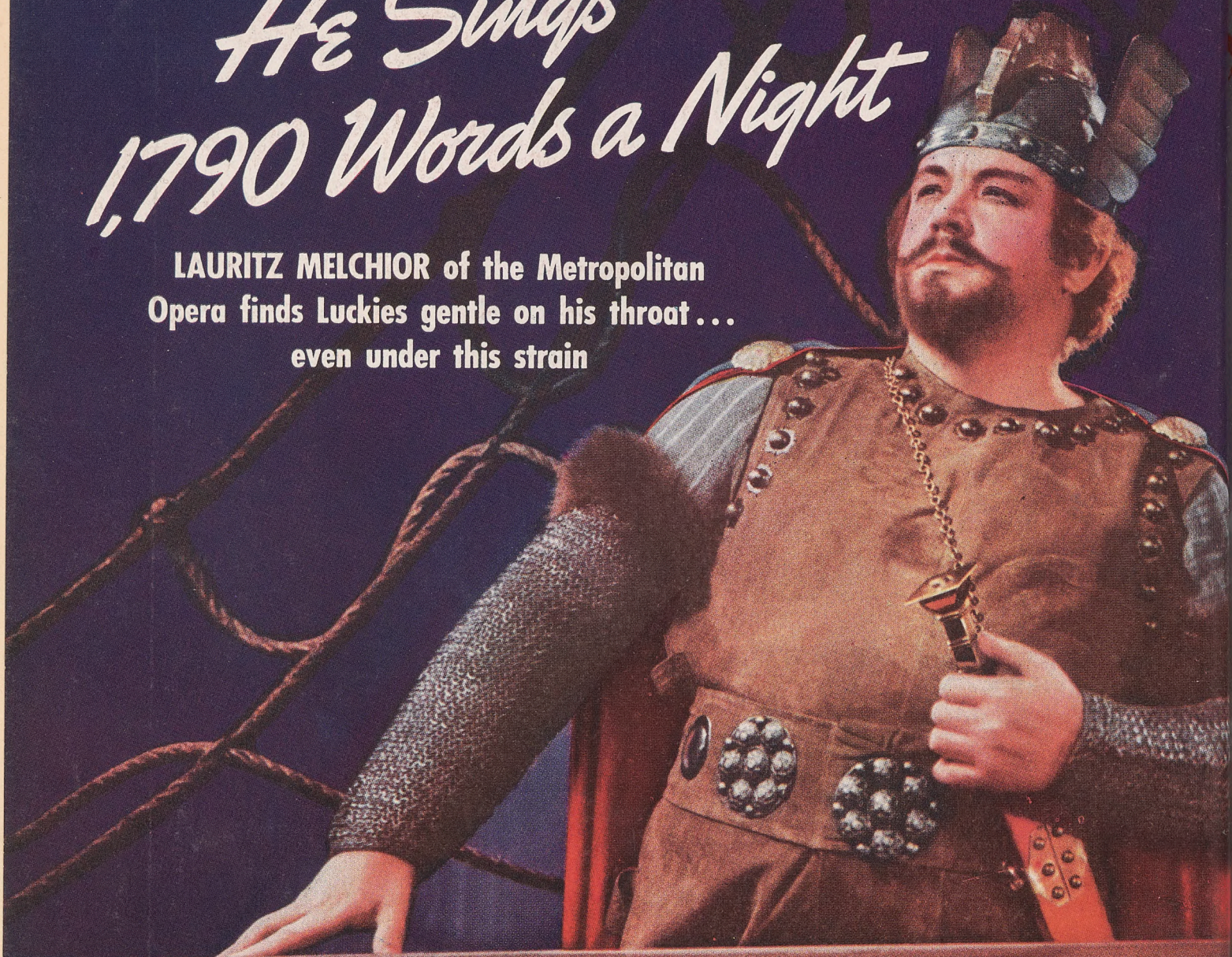
THE JOKER is our undignified term for the best female impersonator in the W. U. fraternity houses. He will be selected by the audience and crowned "Kampus Kutie" at the swimming team's Fifth Annual Water Carnival, December 1 and 2.

THE QUEEN, of course, is none other than **Eliot's** own Freshman Popularity Queen whose portrait will appear in the Christmas issue.



He Sings 1,790 Words a Night

LAURITZ MELCHIOR of the Metropolitan
Opera finds Luckies gentle on his throat...
even under this strain



Lauritz Melchior is known as the greatest Wagnerian tenor in the world. His roles... such as "Tristan"... are among the most difficult—and hence the most throat-taxing—in opera. So it means a lot to every smoker when Mr. Melchior says: "I prefer Luckies for the sake of my throat."

Luckies are the one and only cigarette that employs the "Toasting" process, the special process that removes certain throat irritants found

in *all* tobacco—even the finest.

And Luckies *do* use the finest tobacco. Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen, etc.—Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as all other cigarettes combined.

In the impartial, honest judgment of those who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco... who know tobacco best... it's Luckies—2 to 1.

WITH TOBACCO EXPERTS...
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST

It's Luckies
2 to 1



Luckies—A Light Smoke

EASY ON YOUR THROAT—"IT'S TOASTED"