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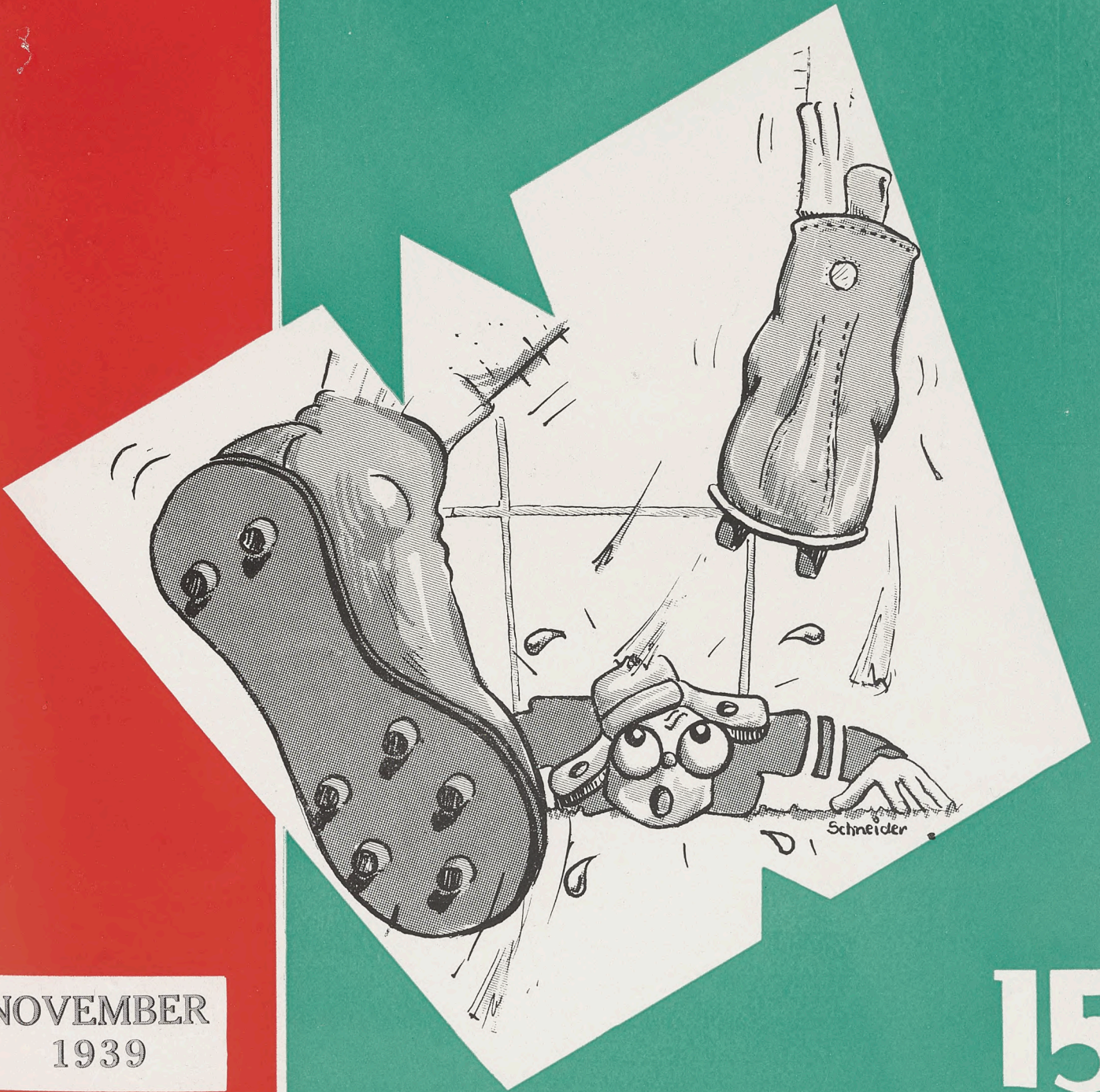
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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

Eliot



NOVEMBER
1939

15¢

Football Issue

... featuring Jimmy Conzelman

Freshman Queen Candidates

Famous Yachtsman calls Camels — "The best cigarette buy" "THEY BURN LONGER, COOLER, AND THAT'S IMPORTANT"

SAYS JOHN S. DICKERSON, JR.



Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

NATURALLY, a cigarette noted for its generous content of better tobacco gives you better cigarette value, doesn't it? Especially when that same brand smokes longer, slower—gives *more* smoking—than the average of all the other 15 brands compared in laboratory tests! Yes, there is such a cigarette. Its name is Camel. Full details are told at right—the results of recent searching tests by impartial scientists. These tests confirm what many smokers have long observed for themselves.

For instance, "Jack" Dickerson (*above, left*), prominent in yachting circles of the Eastern seaboard, says: "Yacht racing is one hobby of mine and you might call Camel cigarettes another. I turned to Camels because they burn longer, smoke milder. They go farther—give extra smoking and always have a fresh, appealing flavor." Camels are mellow, fragrant with the aroma of choice tobaccos in a matchless blend. Turn to Camels, the cigarette of costlier tobaccos, for more pleasure, more smoking.

Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—*slower than any of them*—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK



Cigarettes were compared recently...sixteen of the largest-selling brands...under the searching tests of impartial laboratory scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

- 1 Camels were found to contain *more tobacco by weight* than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.
- 2 Camels burned *slower* than any other brand tested—25% slower than the average time of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 extra smokes per pack!
- 3 In the same tests, *Camels held their ash far longer* than the average time for all the other brands.

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF...
MORE PUFFS PER PACK!
PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR
BEST CIGARETTE BUY

Camels — Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos



Eliot's

SEVENTEEN FRESHMAN QUEENS



Seventeen of the many charming freshmen girls have been nominated by their sororities for the title of FRESHMAN POPULARITY QUEEN. Their pictures are on pages 10-11. If your girl is among them you should feel complimented; the other boys have discovered her. If she's not, pat yourself on the back for keeping her under cover and try to keep up the good work —yeah, just try!



Sometime early in December there will be an election in which the male undergrads of Washington U. will select their Queen, and HER MAJESTY and her four maids of honor will be presented in the December *ELIOT*.

—*The Editor*



WE HAVE WITH US

BILL McDADE: in his four years at Washington, has made every play he ever tried out for and has tried out for every Thyrsus play but one. He once had a part in a Quad Club show—until the dean interfered. Bill is Thyrsus stage manager and has done work for the Civic theater. He designed the sets for "Chico" and "Death-house" this fall. Most of Bill's writing is also connected with dramatics. He has done two one-act plays. One of these "Voodoo" will be given later this year. He composed a short skit for the Y puppets for the last 13 carnival, and is a member of the Y cabinet.

JUANITA HUNSAKER: is a member of Mortar board, vice-president of Phi Mu, and feature editor of *Student Life*. Her ambition is to write the Great American Novel. She has written three Eliot reviews. The first one was so bitter *Student Life* wouldn't even print it. The next was impartial and last month. . . Well we can't say very much about that.

WE now pause to run an ad (consult us for rates.) Juanita's chief loves are her kittens, for whom she has just given a coming out party, which some of our staff attended. The mother is a black persian. The kittens are assorted. They are five weeks old, all girls, and eligible for adoption.

HELEN HEWITT: a premed major in English is on her way to be a psychiatrist. Far be it from us to whisper "Apple-polishing," but her preoccupation with Thyrsus as a source of campus talent might be explained by the fact she's in this year's English XVI class. Helen writes editorials for *Student Life*, plays hockey, is a counselor for Sebago Club, and has contributed to *Eliot* several times before. Do you remember the newspaper scene in last year's Quad Show? Helen painted the flats, which were still dripping when the curtain opened for the first night audience. When it comes to criticism, Helen is a gentleman and a scholar. She says: "I think this year's *Eliot* is much improved. I'm all for it."

JIM VON BRUNN: is an S.A.E. We forgot to mention this last month, and as Jim is one of our most dependable illustrators, we are letting him dictate a correction. Besides being the kind of an artist who can turn out two excellent drawings in five minutes between classes (Remember last year's "Bushy Bird"?) Jim writes, acts for Thyrsus, and has made the Dean's probation list.

JIMMY CONZELMAN: When St. Louisians get together they can talk about the Muny Opera or V.P. When Washingtonians get together, there's always Jim Conzelman. Goodness only knows what our No. 1 campus character hasn't done. His career as a professional athlete, vaudeville player, newspaper editor, columnist, song writer, orchestra organizer, artist's model, humorist, and coach is famed. He is better known on the campus than the old *Student Life*-Eliot feud and is busier than we are the day before deadline, so we really appreciate his contribution.

OUR SEVENTEEN POPULARITY CANDIDATES:

EUNICE HADDAWAY: (5'-7", 128 lbs., dark brown hair, grey-green eyes) Kappa, sells ELIOTS, likes Washington twice as well as she hoped she would, thinks W.U. men are lots of fun, and wants to be like Marky Parman. The campus men she admires most are Jack Warner, Carl Barker, and Bill Record. Her ambitions are to be well-known and well-liked.

HARRIET LLOYD: (5'-3½", 109 lbs., green eyes and blond hair) Theta, likes the Woman's building and ALL the people. The things she likes least are rainy days and history quizz days. The campus celebrities she admires most are: Marky Parman, Sally Alexander, Mary Ramsay, Desmond Lee, Bud Harvey and Dick Compton.

JIMMIE OTTO: (5'-1", 110 lbs., blue eyes and blond hair) Theta, didn't like Freshman rules and thought the court was "silly." Her pet hates are droops and milk. She thinks ELIOT ought to have more gossip and jokes and wants to be like Mary Ramsay. The BMOG who win her vote are Forrest McGrath and Bruce Higginbotham.

JANE ANDREWS: (5'-1", 118 lbs., blue-eyed blond Pi Phi, likes good-natured people and Saturday. Her greatest ambition is to make her grades, and her pet peeves are blind dates, and the lack of school spirit. Her campus heroes are: Bruce Higginbotham and Fred Leyhe.

NORMA ENANDER: (5'-6", 120 lbs., chartreuse eyes, blond hair.) Tri Delt, likes dark nail polish for dress, and dirty saddles for campus wear. Although she's from Chicago, she thinks Washington is better than Northwestern because people are so friendly here. Norma declares Dick Compton is really nice, and she admires Desmond Lee and Lloyd Harris.

MARIE HEINRICHSMEYER: (5'-5", 110 lbs., hazel eyes, blond hair) Tri Delt, loves sport clothes, horseback riding, dancing, and Washington. Her ambition is to get into Quad Show's dancing chorus and to meet

lots of boys who are good dancers with loads of pep. Marie loyally proclaims: "I'm so glad I didn't go away to school!"

JO ANN TENNER: (5'-2½", 110 lbs., blue eyes and blond-brown hair.) Zeta Tau Alpha, is the girl for you if you go for a southern accent. Jo Ann came up here from Nashville because of our art school, but she's planning to stay because she likes the people here. When we play Vanderbilt next year she will absolutely root for Washington. Jo Ann admires Marky Parman and all boys.

PERRY PIKE: (5'-3", 120 lbs., green eyes and red hair) Zeta Tau Alpha, doesn't think ELIOT comes out often enough, and her ambition is to be our editor. Her pet hates are: the sidewalks along fraternity row. She finds boys are much more helpful than girls, and divides her admiration between Thyrsus, Fernandez, and Dotty Behrens.

VALERIE HORAN: (5'-7", 120 lbs., blue-eyed brunette) Alpha Chi, has found her ideal man who's tall, dark, and handsome. However, she will consider rivals. Her favorite dates are spent dancing and talking. Valerie wants our campus walks paved so she won't turn her ankles. Otherwise, she's "Pretty well satisfied."

MARGUERITE WIEDERHOLDT: (5'-4", 110 lbs., dark-eyed brunette) Pi Phi, is happy when she's with the right man, and has found one or two here at Washington who can fill the bill. She admires men with a sense of humor and dislikes hockey, labs, and Ridgeley.

GLORIA SPRICK: (5'-3", 115 lbs., blue-eyed blond) Delta Gamma, loves fraternity and sorority life, hates exams, and wants to be like Marky Parman. She's very generous with her admiration for campus men. Dick Compton, Jack Warner, Bud Schwenk, Bob Alexander, and Moose Nelson each get a share.

RUTH BRENNER: (5'-2½", 110 lbs., blue eyes and brown hair) Delta Gamma, loves Washington social life and wants to meet boys with lots of pep. Her favorite date is a

dance, and she wishes there weren't any Tuesdays because Tuesdays are lab days. Her greatest ambition is to make her grades and she too wants to be like Marky Parman.

BETTY PETERSON: (5'-3", 117 lbs., blue eyes and light blond hair.) Phi Mu, writes for *STUDENT LIFE* and wants to be a journalist. Betty asserts: "I've met better boys on other campuses. I like the younger teachers better."

In spite of this she confesses admiration for Frank Grindler and Bud Schwenk. Her ambition is to write like Juanita Hunsaker.

BETTY ANN OHLWEILER: (5'-2", 117 lbs., blue eyes and blond hair) Phi Mu, loves Washington's social life, wants to design dresses, and to be as charming as Sally Alexander and Sophie May McCallum. She admires most Dick Compton and Bud Schwenk.

BEE WALDECK: (5'-7", 137 lbs., green eyes and dark hair) Alpha Chi, hopes to be in Quad Show's singing chorus, and admires the Quad Show lead, Marquita Moll, more than any girl on the campus. Bee feels Washington should give voice lessons for credit, and complains: "The boys should be taller. They are pretty good though."

JANE MYERS: (5', 103 lbs., dark brown eyes and blond hair) Gamma Phi, would like to be like Peggy Brereton, and to abolish all labs. Her ideal man need not be either very tall or especially handsome, but he must be good-natured. Jane loves red and likes our ELIOT stories but thinks we should carry more gossip. Her twin ambitions are to make her grades and be popular.

PATTY MAY: (5'-4", 110 lbs., green eyes and amber hair) Alpha Xi Delta, wants to try a little bit of everything while she's here, because "You never can tell!" She prefers boys who are "lots of fun and practically crazy," and she wouldn't like to be pinned to anyone. Patty doesn't care for lecture classes and considers our professors "pretty screwy." (She means this as a compliment.)

Eliot

November 1939

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Publicity by Stentor

National Advertising: Associated Students Advertising Bureau

Ken Davey—Director

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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY ELIOT

SKINKER and LINDELL

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Price \$1.00 a year; 15¢ a copy
The ELIOT is published monthly
except in June, July, August,
and September.

Vol. 7, No. 2, November, 1939
Entered as second-class matter,
under Act of March 3, 1879, at
the Post Office, St. Louis, Mo.

RULES FOR STUDY FOR COEDS

Compiled by CORDELIA SEE

1. Put it off as long as you can. You're more apt to remember something skimmed thru the night before the test, than things you read carefully six weeks ago.
2. Study in a pleasant atmosphere where there are some interesting distractions—as the Eliot-Hatchet office. If you pick too quiet a place you might not enjoy your studying, and so you would be inclined to give it up too soon.
3. Get boys to help you. Even if their suggestions don't appeal to you, you will be encouraged to think about the subject and might get some ideas of your own.
4. Have dates on school nights. You are more apt to get your work done if you expect a good time.
5. Flirt with your professors. After all, they grade your papers.
6. Don't get too interested in any course. You might neglect your other work.
7. Be sure your clothes are becoming and your hair doesn't look as if you had just been swimming. Then you can concentrate on your studying, and won't have to keep turning your best side to the most attractive incomers.
8. If an assignment takes longer than you think it should, let it go. No one else will have finished it either.
9. Don't read over your class notes every day. If you do, the material may bore you when you review it for a test.
10. Stop for a coke or a walk every half hour or so. This will give you fresh energy and at least help to keep you awake.
11. If there's a big dance the night before something is due, go ahead and have a good time. The rest of the class will be there too.
12. Study in bed. You'll be comfortable, and if you fall asleep—well, after all your health is more important than your lessons.

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 ——— AFTER
 or ANY OLD TIME

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COLLEGIAN'S SPARE-TIME CALENDAR

Week of November 27—Katharine Cornell and Francis Lederer in *No Time for Comedy* at the American Theater.

November 28 to December 1—Bob Millar's Orchestra at the Chase Club, featuring the famous dance team of Volae and Younda.

December 1-2—The Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra with the guest artist, Willard McGregor, Pianist.

December 1-23—Dick Jergen at the Chase Club.

December 1—Jimmy Garrigan at the Continental Room in the Jefferson Hotel.

December 8—Professor Davis Edward of the University of Chicago will read *The Family Reunion* by T. S. Elliott at the Statler.

December 8—Commander Edward Ellsburg will deliver an illustrated lecture entitled *Submarines, Death Traps or Warships* at the Principia.

December 8-9—The Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra with Gladys Swarthout as concert artist.

December 9—*Ah! Wilderness* at the Little Theater on Union.

December 9—Professor Edwards of Chicago will give a reading of *My Heart in The Highland*, by Willard L. Sarolyan.

December 12-13—George Fielding Eliot will present a lecture on defense, *The Ramparts We Watch*, under the auspices of the Washington University Association at Soldan High School.

December 15-16—The Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra will present a request program.

December 23-24—The Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra with the guest artists, Ray Hev, Pianist; Scipione Guidi, Violinist, and Max Steindel, Cellist.

Christmas Week—*Abe Lincoln in Illinois* with Raymond Massey at the American Theater.

December 29-30—The Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra will be conducted by Charles Munch in his first American appearance.

The Casa Loma has booked for indefinite dates the following orchestras:

Scat Davis and orchestra
 Ted Fiorito
 Orrin Tucker

The Continental Room at the Jefferson has booked Jimmy Jay's Orchestra for an indefinite date.

JAM and JIVE

by DAVID HARVEY COHEN

In the April, 1936 issue of HARPERS there appeared a scholarly and really technical exposition of swing, entitled, "HOT MUSIC." This treatise packed plenty of punch and was top drawer for information. The article was signed, "Reed Dickerson." Now the thing which makes this article especially important to us,—aside from its intrinsic worth,—is the fact that the man who wrote it is now on the Washington University Faculty instructing embryonic lawyers.

We pried into his past and found that he attended Williams College in Massachusetts. He got his law degree from Harvard and, just a few weeks ago, received a master's degree from Columbia. While he was at Williams he played trumpet and led a combination known as the Williams PURPLE KNIGHTS. The story of their progress is a varied one. In 1928, the PURPLE KNIGHTS played back and forth across the Atlantic on one of those boats. On one of the return trips, Bud Freeman, who now has his own SUMMA CUM LAUDE orchestra was a member of the band. The next year, 1929, the KNIGHTS played Cape Cod. But, all the while they were in college, the band played house parties and proms in the East. In 1931, Victor made a recording of the band playing Dinah (22625) which is now out of print, and therefore is somewhat of a collector's item. While at Harvard, he was a member of the Pierian Sodality of 1808 which, in spite of its name, is a symphony orchestra. Today, his active participation in musical efforts has come to the point where he merely plays for his own enjoyment, at home and in a faculty orchestra which is under the direction of Norman Falkenheimer.

They began swinging the classics several years ago—then they found out how swell the old folk songs sounded. This year they did Tschaikowsky, Ravel and Gilbert and Sullivan up in modern packages—but the coming season presents the ultimate; now you can say you've heard everything. In a few weeks the Center Theater in New York is to present a swing version of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" to be known as "Swingin' the Dream." In this latest rape on the old masters, the Mendelssohn score is to be renovated and brought up to date by Benny Goodman who will probably put in some of his own numbers and may even play a role. The costumes and scenery for this production were done by Mickey Mouse's poppa, Walt Disney. And whom do you think is to be the Queen of the Fairies? Maxine Sullivan, the girl who started the whole furore by swinging Scotch ballads is to play the part of Titania while Louis Armstrong is to play Bottom.

Benny Goodman's sextet is going to be featured in the show and will probably alternate with Bud Freeman's Summa Cum Laude orchestra which has just finished an engagement at Nick's in New York. Lionel Hampton pre-

sents an amazing piano performance in "12 Street Rag" (Victor 26362). He uses his forefingers on the piano in the same way as mallets would be used on a vibraphone—the result is nothing short of amazing because with his ability he can do as much with two fingers as many do with ten. The reverse, "AIN'T CHA COMIN' HOME" is played on the vibraharp. His band accompanies him on both sides.

Last month we were feeling pretty sorry for Bunny Berigan—he seemed to be having much more than his share of grief and woe what with financial difficulties and, so we heard, his band's mass desertion. Well, it seems this was wasted sympathy because Bunny Berigan isn't the least bit downcast. The money troubles don't seem to bother him and now he says the men didn't walk out but that he made the changes, himself, to better the band.

Quite a few people would like to know the real reason Lennie Hayton replaced Artie Shaw on his Tuesday night cigarette show. Shaw's manager said he was tired and needed a rest—but it might have been because the advertising agency which had charge of the show got peeved because Shaw took a couple of nasty digs at his fans—(e.g. he called the jitterbugs, "MORONS").

Watch LIFE MAGAZINE for spreads on Glenn Miller and Larry Clinton.

An album which should prove interesting to those who are interested in the music of George Gershwin is being made ready by the LIBERTY MUSIC SHOP of New York. It will contain mostly unpublished works and will present Lee Wiley in the vocals.

Louise Tobin, who is leaving Benny Goodman, for maternal reasons, is to be replaced by Mildred Bailey on the radio. Mildred may also join Goodman's band as featured vocalist in personal appearances.

Peter I. Tschaikowsky comes through again for the modern song writer. His latest comes from MELODIE and is called HERE COMES THE NIGHT. The lyrics for this were written by Frank Loesser. This is not the only one, however. LET ME DREAM is another adaptation, which is being published by the Modern Music Co. A few records of interest:

BODY AND SOUL and DIXIELAND DETOUR—Jimmy Dorsey presents Bob Eberle on the entire side, singing Johnny Green's hit from "Three's a Crowd." The reverse, however, is more suited to Dorsey style. (Decca 2735).

LADY BE GOOD and I SURRENDER, DEAR—An Artie Shaw effort which is made outstanding by the Surrender side which marks a new high for Shaw—his clarinetting is superior to anything he has done for a long time. This is a record which should live for a long time as a representation of the best in modern scoring and performance. (Bluebird 10340)

BOUNCING BUOYANCY and A LONELY CO-ED—Duke Ellington being typically Ellington. Very bouncy with a good trumpet and a good sax team at the finale. Ivy Anderson vocals the other side in a slower tempo. (Columbia 35240).

NIGHT GLOW and STOMP IT OFF—Tommy Dorsey does better on this disc than he and his band have done for a long time. Jimmy Lunceford's STOMP is well treated with John Mince on clarinet, Yank Lawson, Trumpet, and Irv Rusin, tenor, doing fine solo work. Tommy Dorsey does his best horn work on Night Glow which makes this record altogether superb.

I GOTTA RIGHT TO SING THE BLUES and SWEET AND SLOW—Ginny Simms and her orchestra doing two songs which seem just suited to her type of singing. Both are blue and slow—done up well. (Vocalion 5117)

MANY DREAMS AGO and IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE—Artie Shaw's orchestra. Helen Forest vocals on DREAMS which is a smoothly played, neatly arranged version of a tune which is headed for the top of the hit parade. Tony Pastor does the vocal on the other side, but the tune is not nearly so good. (Bluebird B-10446).

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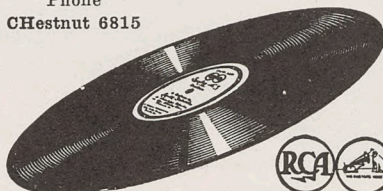
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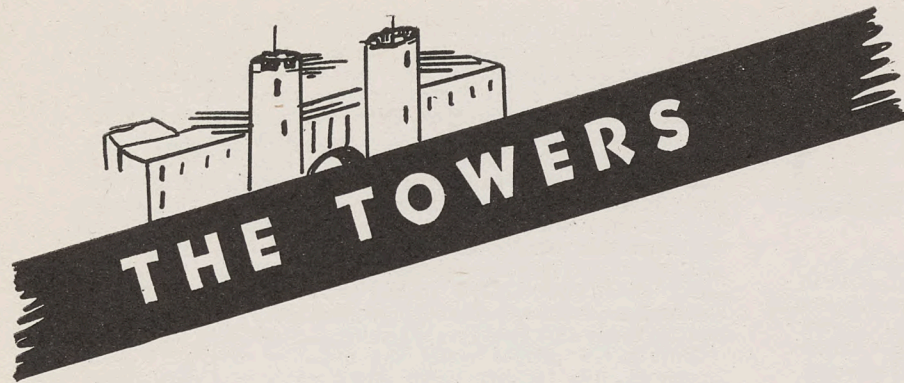
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Homecoming Queen

Peggy Lou Baker was Homecoming Queen, and according to all the advance publicity in *STUDENT LIFE*, she was to reign over all the Homecoming activities. Among other things, we read that she was to be the honored guest of the alumni at their dinner Friday evening, that she was to speak at the Pep Rally and between halves at the Freshman Game, and that she was to have a military escort as she went from place to place. And we were told that Her Highness would sit in a private box at the games, which, incidentally, were being played in her honor.

Friday night, when Her Highness arrived at the gates of Francis Field and was about to make her Royal Entrance, she was stopped by an upstart gate keeper who demanded that she produce her activity book. Now, Queen Peggy didn't have an activity book. She had spent that whole afternoon before the game in meticulously dressing herself and in carefully memorizing her speeches, so that she wouldn't disappoint her subjects; and, of course, she hadn't had time to think about an activity book. But the upstart gate keeper insisted on seeing her book before he would let her pass, and Queen Peggy, realizing that stamping her Privileged Foot would be of little avail, asked him meekly, "Well, what do I have to do?"

When she said this, the upstart gate keeper called over an official from the Board of Student Finances. This official produced a little card and made the Queen sign it, and then, with a leer on his face, he said, "You'll have to pay me fifty cents; . . . but, if you show me your activity

book sometime next week, I'll give part of it back to you."

Without a murmur, Queen Peggy gave her money to this officious person; and without further loss of dignity, she walked to her Private Box and, between halves of the game, made a speech that was joyfully received by all her people.

Editor's Note. . . . This may sound pretty bad to some of you, but in a school, where nearly every other girl is a queen, there can be no discrimination.

New Excuse

Ever since the beginning of schools, there have been students who have come late to class; and ever since the beginning of schools, students have been giving essentially the same excuses for coming late. But the other day, we discovered a new one.

It seems that a young fellow was ten minutes late getting to one of Dr. Zemple's statistics classes. After the period was over, he hunted up Dr. Zemple's assistant for he didn't want to be marked absent.

He told the assistant that he was awfully sorry to be late, but that on the way to school he had met Dean Loeb, also walking to school, and the Dean had started a conversation with him. Then he went on to say that the Dean was walking very slowly and that although he knew what time it was getting to be, he felt that he couldn't do Dean Loeb the discourtesy of running away from him. So—

Sticky Fingerprints

Fingerprinting no longer strikes terror into the heart of the ruthless criminal; nay, even the baby blue coat of the Missouri State Highway

Patrol causes him not to quake and shiver in his boots; indeed, he flaunts his boldness whilst in the very presence of the long arm of the law. Witness the following, found on a bulletin board at the north end of Brookings:

"LOST. Green Shaeffer's pen; Loaned to someone at fingerprint station in Quad Shop last Friday."

An Element of Truth

The other evening down at Vescies, we ran across the most miserable looking junior we ever hope to see. He was sitting alone in a booth with a row of empty glasses on the table in front of him; and, if any man ever needed a friend, he was the one.

We dropped down beside him and tried our best to cheer him up. We assumed at first that he was having woman worries, but we were wrong there. The trouble seemed to be that he, a junior, had just flunked the mid-semester in his one freshman course.

When he started to talk about this course, we wanted to go because shop is definitely not in our line, at least not when we are at Vescies. But we didn't have the heart to leave a fellow human being in such misery. So we settled back and listened to his tale of woe.

The drift of it was that classes are all right. You go through your freshman year somehow, hitting the books fairly industriously; and, as you advance, the work gets easier. Habits of study enter, and the like, and all the refinements of the Freshman Bible; and, as a sophomore, you may very possibly say to yourself, "I've acquired a pretty good system, and now I'm going to capitalize on it."

Well, you do just that. You let the weight of a slightly better written paper carry you through the voids of lack of information, for you have come to realize that the profs. are so deeply grateful for little things like un-split infinitives and words correctly spelled that they will sometimes let the tripe you have conjured up on the spur of the moment pass for fact. Also there gets to be a sort of understanding between professor and student, and the prestige of being an advanced student often carries you through.

But then, when you, as a junior, enter a freshman course, everything goes wrong. On the examinations, you write those beautiful sentences of drivel with the un-split infinitives, and you turn in your paper fairly well satisfied with what you have done.

However, long before your paper comes back, the general opinion of your first year class mates that quantity counts more than un-split infinitives and beautiful phrases begins to worry you. You are puzzled by the fact that often two blue books full of words are likely to get an "A", whereas, one blue book doesn't usually get over a low "B". Therefore, you conclude that a lot of padding is necessary and resolve in the next quiz to say nothing in a phrase that you could say in a sentence or a paragraph. Furthermore, you resolve to become elementary again and prat in simple terms so the markers will be able to understand you. You will, as one instructor suggested, pretend that they know nothing about the

subject and write with that assumption in mind.

As the junior babbled on woefully, we yawned and got up to leave.

He was saying something or other to the effect that when a junior went into a freshman course, he had to start living again, like a throw back in an old environment, and sort of lose sight of all the comfortable tricks he had learned and begin once again to split the infinitive.

But by this time, we were getting awfully bored, and before he had finished talking, we bid him good bye, more than a little disgusted with the way he had rationalized his lack of preparation. However, as we walked back to the campus, we realized there were elements of truth in what he had said.

Here's Hoping

The advance publicity man for the Hamlet production at the American tentatively promised Washington University students tickets on the ground floor for less than half the usual price. He came through, and, we understand, some two hundred tickets were sold.

This should indicate to the American that there is a definite student body wanting good seats and willing to pay more than the peanut gallery tariff.

We all appreciate the concessions in price which the American made us on "Hamlet," and hope that we will receive this favor again.

Of Idle Interest

We walked into the office of a prominent faculty member just a few days after the first of last month. He

was sitting at his desk busily writing checks to all the local trades people—the butcher, the baker, the druggist, etc.; and, as he worked, we noticed that he was unconsciously whistling, "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

ELIOT Girl Makes Good

Almost continuously, someone is raising that old question, "Is serious work on a school activity really worth while?" Well, to one girl, at least, it was. Six years ago Martyl Schweig became art editor of ELIOT. Six weeks ago she was informed that she had won honorable mention in the Post Office Department's 48 STATES MURAL COMPETITION, which, incidentally, was the largest national mural competition ever held in the United States; over 1400 top artists from all over the country were entered.

Her winning honorable mention means that she will be given the job of decorating a post office of the same size and general plan as the new University City Post Office, which is quite a feather in the cap of a girl just two years out of college.

While at Washington, Martyl was art editor of ELIOT for three years and associate editor for one. During that time, she did everything from designing covers to cutting linoleum blocks, and now she says, "Looking back on those four years I spent working for ELIOT, I realize that I learned more about what people like and don't like in art than I'd ever learned before or since."

Perhaps then, ELIOT has really had something to do with her recent success.

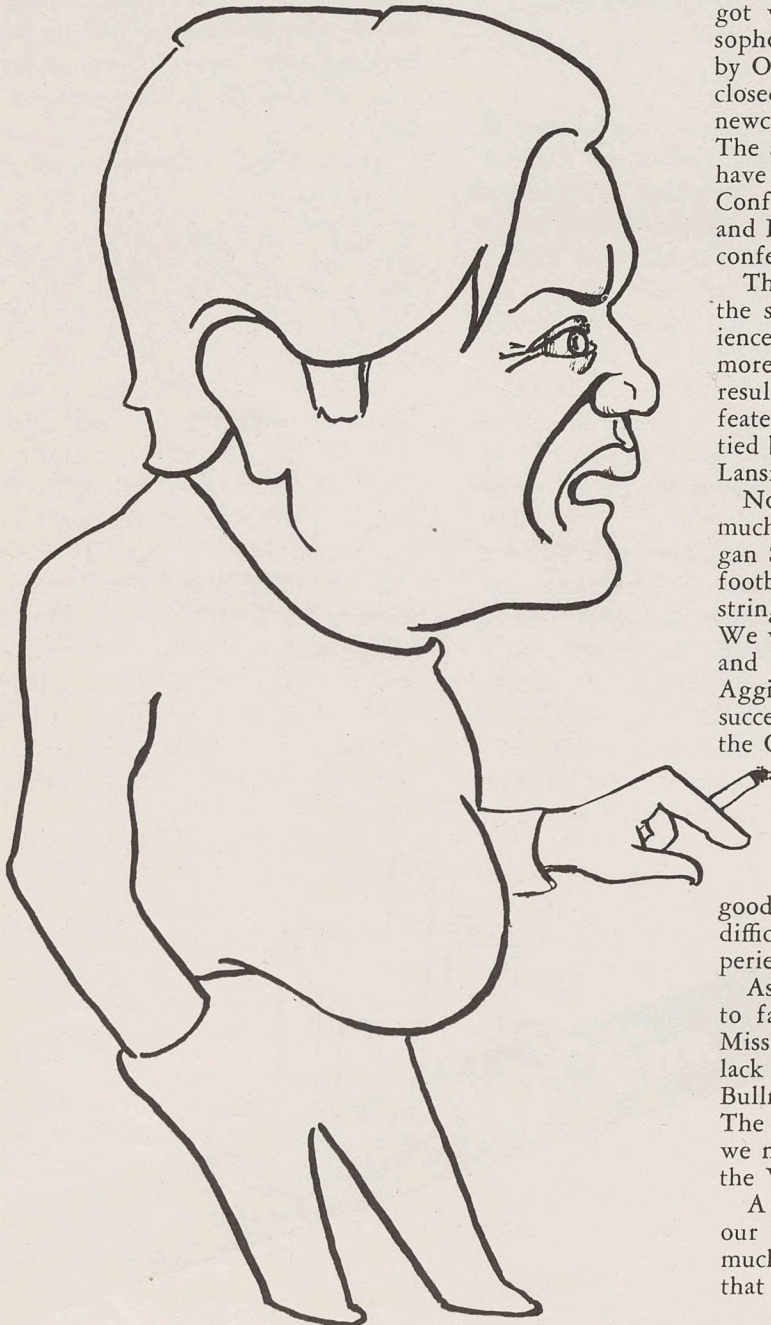


OUR TEAM SET-UP

by COACH JIMMY CONZELMAN

WE WERE confronted at the beginning of the season with an unusual problem in Washington University football. Of the thirty-seven men eligible for intercollegiate competition, twenty-one were sophomores. I don't suppose that a Bear squad ever before had that many first year men. When the first two games were lost by 9-7 and 26-20 scores, the consensus was that Washington had a much over-publicized eleven. Considering the number of new men, that was true. But the fans forgot that there were certain definite handicaps in developing a team that included so many inexperienced men. I'd like to list some of these problems:

1. The difficulty in picking out early in the season the best team from a new squad of sophomores.
2. The impossibility of co-ordinating team play until the first team is selected.
3. The necessarily rudimentary offense that comes



—Caricature by George Schneider.

with a young, inexperienced squad in the earlier stages of the season.

4. The elementary defense of an inexperienced team that makes it unable to cope with the "long gainer" and frequently unsound types of play that the opposition can get away with in the early games but which would be unsuccessful later in the season.

5. The pointing for the first games by opposing teams and the tendency of your own team to regard it as a practice or preliminary game and not as a major objective of the season.

There have been records of many football teams to support this opinion during the present season. Northwestern University is an excellent example. Up at Evanston, Illinois, Coach Lynn Waldorf was touted to lead one of the finest squads into the Big Ten race that had ever graced a Northwestern field. What the experts forgot was that Waldorf would be forced to use three sophomores in his starting lineup. The crushing defeat by Oklahoma, 23-0, in the first game of the season disclosed the difficulty of matching a team sprinkled with newcomers against the seasoned, veteran Sooner eleven. The subsequent results of Northwestern's gridiron wars have substantiated this. Instead of leading the Big Ten Conference Northwestern was defeated by Ohio State and Purdue, and by Notre Dame and Oklahoma in non-conference games.

The normally strong Michigan State squad faced much the same problem. The team generally was less experienced than in previous years, and sophomores had a more prominent position in major games than usual. The results of the season to date show Michigan State defeated by Michigan, Marquette, Purdue, Santa Clara and tied by Indiana, all in all, a disappointing record for the Lansing, Michigan, institution.

Now at Washington University, the inexperience was much more acute than at either Northwestern or Michigan State. I do not recall a single instance in St. Louis football history where eight sophomores played first string positions in the important games on the schedule. We were beaten and made to look bad in the Maryville and Washburn games by plays that Drake, Oklahoma Aggies, and Washington & Lee were unable to execute successfully against us. The experience gained through the October games stopped these opponents from making sustained drive for scores.

Washington & Lee, Oklahoma Aggies, and Drake had decidedly more deception in their running attacks than either of our first two opponents. They were better, bigger teams with good records. Nevertheless, the Bears had much less difficulty in playing a creditable game against them. Experience was the reason.

As this is written we still have Rolla and St. Louis U to face. The Bears have gained a top position in the Missouri Valley Conference race. Rolla, of course, will lack the weight of the Washington team, but Coach Bullman has a fast set of backs that may cause us trouble. The St. Louis University battle is always a toss-up and we need a victory over the Billikens to finish ahead in the Valley championship.

A conference title would be an excellent impetus to our 1940 hopes. Those sophomores who came in for so much criticism during the earlier games would realize that they can play even-up football with our Valley op-

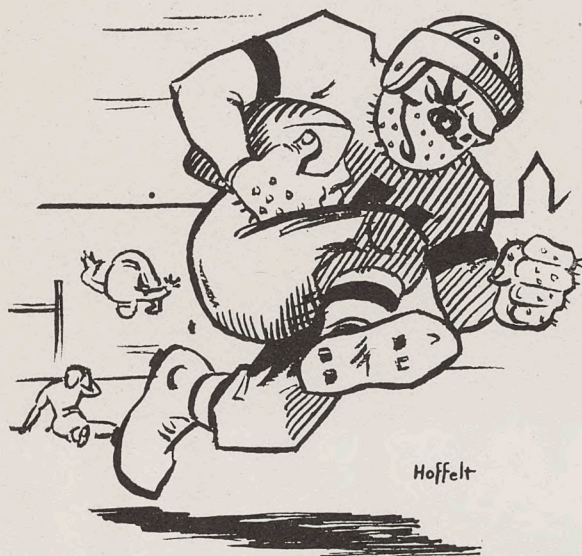
(Continued on page 18)

"TANKS," SAYS BUTCH MCGURK

by BILL McDADE

Illustrated by FRANK HOFFELT

IT WAS Thanksgiving Day in the Peoria City Jail and No. 999854 felt, as he sat in his cozy little cell and listened to his radio, that he had a lot to be thankful for. He was the only prisoner in the whole jail who



had a radio in his cell, and also he was the only one with a "Beauty-Rest" mattress. Indeed, No. 999854 was no ordinary prisoner, no sir, not by a long shot. You see, No. 999854 wasn't really No. 999854 at all, he was J. Willoughby McGurk, father of Butch McGurk, the great all-penitentiary halfback and captain of the State Pen. team, and today he was listening to a broadcast of the big Thanksgiving Day game between State Pen. and San Blentin.

The announcer's voice came over the radio, "Well, it's almost over, folks, and what a game it has been. Butch McGurk has made all six touchdowns for State Pen. and he's dropping back to try for the extra point on that last one he just made.—The ball is snapped back and Butch gets off a bee-utiful kick that sails right through the center of the goal posts and there goes the gun ending the game. State wins 42 to 20 in a bee-utiful football game. Boy! How that Butch McGurk can play! It's no wonder he's been All-pentitinary back for three years.—And now, a word from our sponsors. Have you ever used a Little Wonder Hack-Saw? It rips through steel like magic and...." J. Willoughby switched off the radio, his happiness almost complete. He only thought of Butch and wished he could be with him.

About this time, Butch was getting ready to take a shower. He was very happy, too, but he couldn't help remembering how close he had come to missing the game. "Geez," thought Butch, "dat woulda been a stinker, havin' to miss de game."

It had all started way back in the days when Butch had played for dear old S. H. C. J. D. (State Home for Correction of Juvenile Delinquents). He had been so good that, when the scouts from State Pen. saw him play there in the last year of his sentence, they offered him a scholarship, that is, providing he would hold up a bank or something like that as soon as he got out of dear old S. H. C. J. D.

Now Butch liked football a lot and so, he decided to get that scholarship or die trying. As a matter of fact, he did almost die trying because, when he got out of the "Home," he tried to hold up a bank single-handed and got shot right in the— Well anyway, Butch had to stand up for a good part of his trial and so, it didn't hurt too much. Besides, it was worth it to Butch because the judge gave him a nine year scholarship to State Pen.

This made our hero very, very happy, although he would have liked the senten—I mean scholarship, to have been a little longer. However, as Butch said once, when in a philosophical mood, "Geez fellows, it woulda been a lot longer, but den, it wuz only a one-horse bank." So it was, then, that Butch McGurk had come to State.

For four years Butch played good, hard football for his new Alma Mater and for three years he was named all-penitentiary halfback. Then, just after the start of his fifth season, the good news had come that they were to play the big San Blentin team, Champions of the Southwest, in the Rock Bowl game on Thanksgiving Day.



All the boys were pretty excited about the coming game and had even made bets through friends on the outside. Everything was swell. The star of the San Blentin team had tried to escape the week before and was

(Continued on page 18)

Jane Andrews
Eunice Haddaway
Jimmy Otto
Marquerite Wiederholdt



WHIC



Harriet Lloyd
Patty May
Gloria Sprick
Perry Pike
Ruth Brenner

Drawings by Peggy Wood

E

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Norma Enander
Betty Ann Ohlweiler
Betty Peterson
Marie Heinrichsmeyer

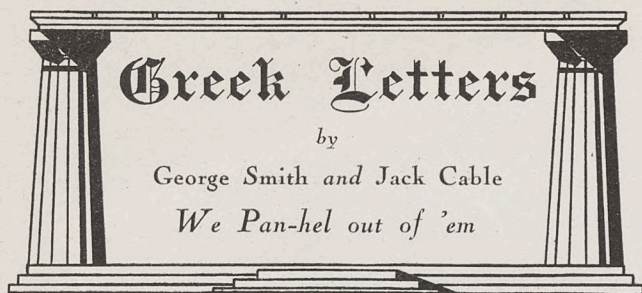


ZONE?



Jo Ann Temmer
Valerie Horan
Jane Meyers
Bee Waldeck

en



FELINE FELLOWS FOLLOW FEMALE FOOTSTEPS

HOMEcoming departed leaving, as usual, nothing behind it but the customary trail of broken hopes and a further strain on the none-too-strong bonds of good will between the various brotherhoods. Among other things, a Theta Xi skulked up last week and told us that the Sigma Nu's had bought their display from a sign company. He knew because it was delivered at the Beta House by mistake. More thorough investigation, however, showed that actually it was the S.A.E.'s lumber that was delivered; so we can only conclude that Theta Xi's, the cats, aren't particularly fond of the Sigma Nus. Anyway the Betas didn't keep the lumber, which is at least one sign of hope in a world of shame and further proof that the Betas have reformed.

There are other gloomy signs of the times, though. For instance, the Pi Phi went to town on the sales of the October ELIOT. This was nice, except that it was due mostly to the fact that certain Pi Phis were in charge of sales; and that certain Pi Phi pledges got fifteen copies apiece; while certain other sorority pledges only got five or ten; which is, after all, one way to win the cup. Of course, most of the Pi Phi pledges arrived earlier than the others, but that seems like a more or less Hitlerian justification for the whole thing.

One of our agents was interviewing a prominent Sig Chi by the name of Bud Ferring. Bud's most lucid opinion was: "The Sig Chis are nothing but a bunch of drips. All they do is play bridge."

We wonder if the Phi Delt's all know each other by now. Two weeks ago they didn't. Three of their pledges were standing in front of the geology building, and one

of them asked: "What's the name of that lab instructor who's in our fraternity...?" One of the others thought hard for a few minutes, then brightening cheerfully, he said, "Oh, you mean Ohle!"

After the Theta pledge dance, the girls and their dates all gathered 'round in a great big circle to sing. But they couldn't seem to get together on the songs. One group of girls tried "Theta Made a Lady Out of Me," while another made a feeble attempt at "Theta Lips."

The Pi Phi guest later explained to us that this is what factions do to a sorority.

The KA's have made a noble effort to promote interfraternity peace by having some of the other fraternities over for smokers. However, relations became even more strained several Monday evenings ago. Authentic reports are that three Sigma Nus passed out after smoking the K.A. cigars. Well, anyway, it looked like a good idea, at the time.

A strange government runs the Teke House. The inner autocracy consists of three alumni, one a prominent faculty member. Every Monday, they sit alone and plot the next Monday's decrees. For instance:

Prominent Faculty Alumnus: Our meals here have been very poor lately. I think we need a new cook.

Second Alumnus: I concur in that opinion.

P. F. A.: I make a motion that we hire a new cook.

2nd A.: I second that motion.

P.F.A.: There being no discussion all those in favor say aye.

All three: Aye!

P. F. A.: We will hire a new cook.

This has been a purely hypothetical case—we wouldn't dare mention the real issue—but it is thus that the Tekes manage their own affairs.

Repercussions and rumors are still vibrating from that sorority Rush Week. Authoritative sources report that Dean Starbird seriously considered unpledging all the pledges, but was dissuaded by someone. The latest rumor is that she has given up in disgust, and that there will be no rules at all next September. If so, they'd better change the name to "Hell Week."



He Wasn't There Again Today.

PHOEBE AND FOOTBALL

by JUANITA HUNSAKER

Illustrated by PEGGY WOOD

PHOEBE walked along in the dust kicked up by Winifred's spectator pumps, thinking how nice it had been of Frank and Winifred to get her a date with a real B. M. O. C. She could have managed a date for herself, of course, but it wouldn't have been with a B. M. O. C., who looked like Robert Taylor.

As she walked along, toward her first football game, she thought that this was certainly the most thrilling day of her life. Only,—there was something wrong. She wished the three of them, Frank and Winifred and the B. M. O. C., wouldn't grin at each other and snicker every time she spoke. It made her awfully uncomfortable.

A breeze ruffled the taffy curls under her cute little hat, and she shivered. She knew she should have read more of what the encyclopedia had to say about football.

As they walked past the bleachers, she was conscious of the crowd. There were more people than she'd ever seen at the Cataract County Fair, where she had been Cotton Queen last fall, she sank back

into the frothy ruffle about her neck. She knew now how her amoeba must have felt when she looked at it under the microscope.

The B. M. O. C. dragged her to a seat on the forty yard line, and Phoebe was busy explaining to him that her name didn't have an "I" on the end of it, that it was just plain "P-h-o-e-b-e," when one of the teams came onto the field. The boys wore green pants and yellow jerseys, and there were eleven of them, just as the encyclopedia had said there would be. Phoebe folded her hands in her lap. This was simple. No one would guess she'd learned her football from a book.

A player turned around to look up at the stands. Phoebe gasped. He was wonderful. He carried his hel-

met, and he had brown, curly hair and strong, even features. He was the tallest man she had ever seen outside a circus, and his number was 36.

While she was still admiring him, the crowd bellowed and whistled again, and there were eleven more men on the field. These wore flashy red and gold suits, but

Phoebe didn't like them. She was confused by all the men on the field. She didn't know which team was which and she didn't dare ask her B. M. O. C. date for fear he'd laugh at her. So she tried to reason it out. She wrinkled her pert little nose in order to think better, and the situation immediately cleared. She had it. Her school colors were green and red and the red and gold costumes were awfully loud; therefore the green and yellow men must be her team.

When play started, Phoebe's eyes became saucers of orange-pekoe tea, and her eyebrows were broken exclamation points above them. The encyclopedia hadn't told how men moved like lightning across the turf. It had-

n't suggested that great bodies went hurtling over the field, or that men threw themselves on each other with such force that the hard-packed mud flew up around them where they fell. It hadn't mentioned any of these things, or the way the crowd cheered. Phoebe felt pretty excited herself, though she didn't know quite how to begin cheering. But she saw that she'd better catch on quick, or every one would know she was green.

"Wa-a-a-shington!"

The cheerleaders coaxed a growl out of the crowd.

"Fight, Bears, Fight!"

It rolled out savagely.

"Rip 'em up,—"



"Give them Hades, Beahs!"

(Continued on next page)

PHOEBE AND FOOTBALL

(Continued from preceding page)

Phoebe thought everyone in the world must be cheering. She sensed Winifred looking at her.

"Tear 'em up,—"

She took a deep breath.

"Give 'em Hell, Bears!"

Five seconds quiet, and then—

"Give them Hades, Beahs!"

It was a solo wail, which unravelled at the end like an old sweater. The crowd roared with laughter. The B. M. O. C. covered his eyes in a tragic gesture, and Winifred trying to speak calmly, said, "I thought you told me you'd been to football games before."

"Oh, I have. Lots."

And the Cataract County Cotton Queen dismissed the subject with an airy gesture. She knew she was being scorned, but she didn't care. Her number 36 was cavorting around, and she couldn't help thinking how gorgeous he'd be in a military uniform.

She turned to her escort.

"I think 36 is sort of nice, don't you?"

The youth threw up his hands.

"Number 36! Why, that guy's not even in the game. He won't be on the field today. He's just a second rate sub."

Phoebe bit her lip. These Northerners were terrible. Her date was noisy and unkind. And he was jealous. Shame on him! Talking that way about 36, his own school mate! She was willing to bet that the people in the stands on the other side weren't like that. Someone had told her it was a Southern school, and she knew that they would at least be loyal to their own team. They were always loyal in the South.

When she looked down on the field again, she saw her hero with the ball. Suddenly, every nerve in her body was tingling with excitement. She felt now that she knew what football was about! Her number 36 was tearing toward the west goal, hugging the ball to him. He sidestepped a guard who lay in wait; he brushed off a bloodthirsty tackle; he wriggled; he twisted; he pushed and he shoved; and he was almost there. Phoebe stood up and screeched.

"Come on, you 36! Come on y'all! Come on! Don't let 'em get yo— Run! Pick up youah feet. Run!— Oh, run."

And he was over.

She sank into her seat, panting and laughing, and started to tell the world in general that she'd never had such fun in all her life. But then she noticed that the people around her were coldly silent. Winifred, Frank, and the B. M. O. C. stared straight ahead. Finally a pocket-flask voice yelled from above.

"Why don't you go over to the other side, Sister, where you belong?"

Winifred looked straight ahead and spoke tightly out of the side of her mouth.

"You know of course, that you were cheering for the wrong team."

"Was I?"

It was a tiny voice that answered.

Phoebe thought frantically. She couldn't let them think she was a traitor. That was worse than being a horse-thief. So she said.

"I'm sorry. It was on account of—Number 36. He's a friend of mine. I know him."

Winifred widened her eyes. Frank whistled. The B. M. O. C. looked at Phoebe for a minute and then, winking at Frank and Winifred, said, "Well, Phoebe, after the game, we'll have to drop around to the gym and let you see your old pal."

* * *

Phoebe struggled all the way from the stands to the gym, trying to convince her date and the other couple that "Numbah 36" would really be much too tired to see her and talk over old times. But history repeated itself, and the South lost again. Phoebe was outnumbered. She soon found herself on the gym steps. She couldn't possibly run away now—not with three pairs of hands to stop her. So she huddled miserably in her ruffles, while someone went to tell 36 that he was wanted outside.

When she heard his footsteps in the hall, she felt dizzy. And when she saw him open the door and step out, she grew faint. He was a little short of seven feet, had a hard, tight mouth, and his brown eyes were very direct. Through her haze, Phoebe thought even Frank seemed impressed with the giant. She felt herself being shoved toward him.

"There's a friend of yours out here," Frank was saying nervously, as he came up with the big football player. "She seemed particularly anxious to see you before you went back down South."

"The orange pekoe splashed over the sides, and Phoebe wept. "You've never seen me in all your life," she sobbed. "And I've never seen you. And I've never been to a football game before." She raised her chin out of the ruffles. "This is supposed to be a joke, I guess,— on me. You just—Oh, forget it."

She turned and started to run down the steps, but a big hand grabbed her arm and pulled her back. She raised her head and looked up into Number 36's eyes. One of them was winking at her.

"Honey Chile," he was crooning. "is that anyway to treat old Jeff McGee who's been pinin' for yo ever since y'all left home and came up North to school. Is it?"

He pulled her closer, while Frank and Winifred and the B. M. O. C. stared.

"What's your name?" he whispered.

"Phoebe," she answered out of the fog.

"An' listen here, Phoebe lamb," he went on, "what makes you say you don't know me and I don't know you. I swanee! Somebody ought to spank you."

The fog began to have wonderful lights in it. The boy took her by the shoulders and shook her playfully.

"Will you please tell me, darlin', what you mean by playing practical jokes on these people? I know they're

(Continued on page 18)



OUR GLEAMING eye and gossip-greedy ear have unearthed many things unfit for publication this month, and OH BOY, was it fun! Also we managed to get a few good items by the censor, but that wasn't quite so much fun.

• •

For once we are able to trace back to its source one of those things that everybody (?) is saying. . . . It seems that several days ago Jimmy Ritterskamp, Quad Shop magnet, whispered to a well-known-about-campus wench that he had a T.L. for her. The "wench" blushing replied that she really wasn't prepared for this, but someone had said, etc. . . .

Jimmy, after watching her squirm, said in that soft, slow purring voice of his, "Seven-up likes you. . . . Ha, ha."

• •

Ray Cox, rising young poet on the Student Life staff, turned in the following masterpiece:—

Little Jack Warner

Sat in a corner,

Thinking, of course, of Parman

"Snap out of it, Jack,"

Was Conzelman's crack

"Or the bench you'll find yourself warm'n'."

• •

There is a new and exclusive club on the campus. Its name is the Moose Club, and from all reports it is certainly a live organization. The members are Alex Ham, Ray Cox, Bruce Thalheimer, Don Spilker, and Lou Ettman. The pledges include such characters as Jack White, Hank Stealy, and Jack Davis, and they call themselves the Moosters.

After the Creighton game, the Meese (no doubt the plural of Moose) went out to celebrate. They began their activities at the Forest Park Hotel, where they coerced the pianist, Martin Hess, into playing that well-known and much loved air THE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY-IN SAINT LOUIS ALMA MATER over and over while they joined in with slightly ROOT-BEER thickened voices. Every so often Ham, feeling his SCHOOL SPIRIT, would get up and lead a rousing cheer, and then the boys would be off again. Some of the ordinary people in the Forest Park made audible and

not too complimentary remarks about this amazing show of that old Wash. U. spirit, but that didn't seem to bother Ham and the boys. They went on, and on, and on.

The party (pardon us, Moose Meeting) broke up with a split six for Watkins the waiter, and EVERYBODY was happy. . . . with the possible exception of the manager.

• •

Then there's the case, and we do mean case of Bob Godwin of the Theta Xi Lodge and little Pi Phi Patton. Such devotion we hain't seen in a long time.

• •

K. A.'s Wally Klose bet Charlie Duke, also of the Kappa Alpha League, that he couldn't pick up Janet Sapper, Delta Gamma pledge De Luxe, and carry her across the Quad.

Charlie, always one to take a bet, bared his teeth in an eager sneer; and pounding himself lustily on the chest, he strutted back and forth declaring, "I don't bear the proud name of Duke for notting." Then without a moment's warning he swooped down upon the startled Sapper, lifted her bodily in his mighty arms, and ran with her across the campus.

About half way to the parking lot, Charlie stopped and looked down at Janet. She was all waving arms and kicking legs, and she was screaming between giggles and gasps that her "petticoat" was showing. Well, Charlie didn't mind that; and when he got her quieted down, he said, "Now, Janet, are we going to do this the hard way? It will be much easier for both of us, and also much nicer, if you'll just put your arms around my neck. . . . Please."

But Janet said no, and with emphasis.

Whereupon the Duke, having convinced Wally and the gathered multitude of his great strength and daring, placed Janet on the grass with a noticeable lack of ceremony.

• •

Ed Corvey, distinguished prexy of Beta, is a-steppin' out on Horty with Mrs. Sippe's lil gal Jo. . . .

• •

Apologies to Edith Marsalek: . . . Ever since the last issue of ELIOT, Edie has gone around prominently displaying her tiny Eleven pin. She protests that she and

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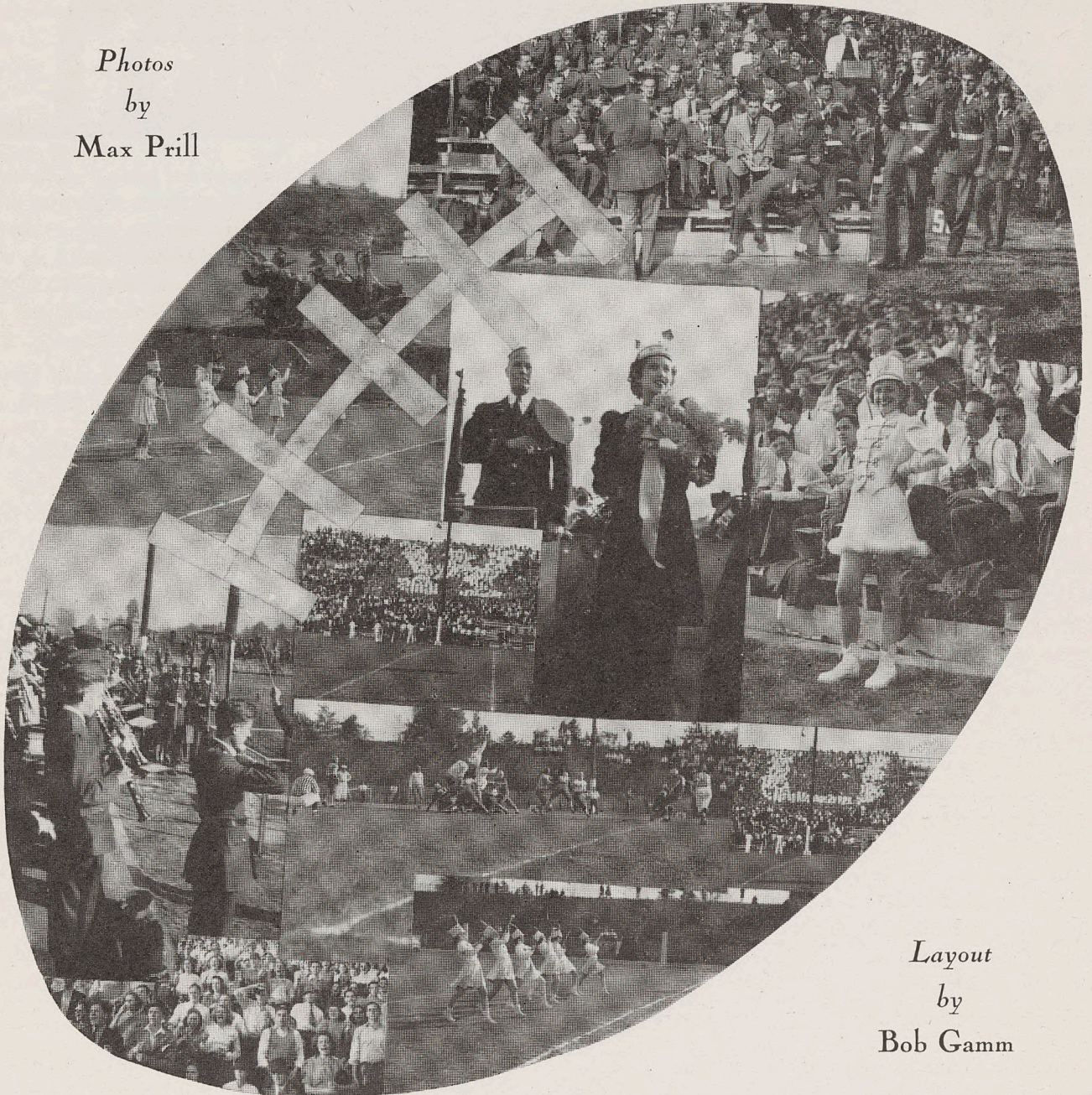
BETWEEN BELLES

(Continued from preceding page)

Evan Wright, who left this temple of learning last year, were both omitted from the list of ELEVEN members in the October "Between Belles." Again, so sorry, Edie.

The Eleven Club, by the way, celebrated its first anniversary on the 20th of this month at Sally Alexander's, where it got its illustrious start.

Photos
by
Max Prill



Layout
by
Bob Gamm

One Shelton Voges, known to his friends as "Varsity," once again offers us amusement.

"Varsity," as the gals will tell you, is always on the look-out for new talent, and last Hallowe'en he had a date with little freshman Jimmy Otto. Jimmy, jumping up and down until the coupe careened wildly and chortling with pure and ecstatic joy as she anticipated an evening of good clean fun, whispered gurglingly to this effect:

"I have to be home by 9:30."

Everybody laughed and thought what a cute child she was—

She wasn't kidding.

Everybody laughed...but "Varsity."

And Jimmy lisped a hurt and offended good-night on her door-step at 9:20....

Later that night, the same crowd, struggling along

without J. O., made the rounds. They left wide-eyed waiters and wide spread waste in their wake, as they traipsed from place to place. Along toward the better part of the evening, they left the Steeple-Chase and invaded the Chase Club with a lusty rendition of the Beta "People-people" song as only the Phis can render it. Then they went over to the Club Cadillac, but we'd better stop here.

(Continued on page 18)

LOCAL TALENT

HELEN HEWITT GOES SLEUTHING

TODAY we are in the market for a Kiddie Detective outfit. For several weeks, we have been out trying to get information on creative campus activities, and finding next to nothing, we have come to the conclusion that to get anything good requires a lot of super deluxe sleuthing. In fact, unless one has been through a rigorous course with J. Edgar Hoover and is steeped in the lore of A. Conan Doyle, it is practically a useless effort.

We asked numerous students if they knew anything about any sort of real creative work being done around campus, but none of them were able to give us much help. So we went off in a corner and sat down to cogitate. We asked ourselves this question: "If we had an original literary idea, what would be likely to happen to it? Would it end up in some editor's wastebasket, or in some professor's desk? Or would it be forgotten by us in lieu of some examination? Or would it perhaps be developed and in some way given to the campus to enjoy? If the latter happened to be the case, we further asked, who would be most likely to know about it?" This question naturally suggested to us certain members of the English department.

The first person of this ilk we accosted as he was striding briskly between Eads and Brookings. He remarked abstractly, while scratching his head, that years ago Ed Mead had done something and, of course Josephine Johnson, but—

The next fount of information was in a hurry. "Busiest time of year," he muttered. "Come back again soon." His tone suggested "soon—in May," and without loss of time, we went along on our way, leaving him to his worries.

Another campus character admitted having heard—nothing definite you understand—that at one time over KWK original plays were put on by Washington U. students. "Don't know exactly what's happening now," he said, "but you might find out something about the English 16 plays."

English 16 is a drama writing course, supposed to be a cinch, but those things vary from year to year. Anyway, we asked this same person what he knew about the English 16 plays. He didn't know much but said, "they ought to be good. Then as an after thought he remarked that 'Chico' was without doubt a winner."

"Chico" was written by Harry Gibbs, who also acted in the production. He had the lead and our informant's bet was that "Chico" would win the Wilson prize of fifty bucks and Harry Gibbs would win the actor's prize, making that gentleman's cash earnings for the evening sixty-five dollars and no hundreds.

Stirred by the fact that we had actually stumbled on something pretty definite in the way of campus creative activity, we broke our Saturday dates and went to the

Thysrus English 16 performance that night. Before the plays started, we went back stage, meeting no resistance in doing so, only unfeigned surprise that anyone should want to. With the kind but skeptical assistance of the production manager, Mr. Alexander, one of those people with a Derby hat, we made our way into the inner sanctum, a general utility room, which reminded us of a bomb-proof cellar. This place was full of people, looking as if they were waiting for a bomb, and a lot of old junk apparently waiting for nothing.

Mr. Gibbs (Fuzzy, if you know him) appeared, tall, dark, and—He told us quite glibly about how "Chico" was born. He had evidently been through the whole story several times before because he had it down to such a fine point. He didn't however talk about himself entirely. He told us something about the other plays, and then launched into a tribute to Bill McDade, who in his opinion is one of the most loyal members Thysrus has ever produced. It seems that Bill had to give up his part in "Death House," one of the other plays, but that night he got up out of bed, and weak and sick though he was, attended the performance.

When the others in the bomb-proof cellar began to agitate about doors being closed and quiet being maintained, we took that as a gentle hint. Bidding Mr. Gibbs a precipitous leave, we rushed back to see the plays.

The first play "Grandmawin" had better be passed over in tactful silence. As someone in the audience whispered when the play was over, "Guess the author thought he was getting at some big social point, but I don't get it." Even so, had the acting been good "Grandmawin" might not have been very hard to sit through.

The second play, "Death House" was by Margaret Smith. We sat near Miss Smith, and her poise and easy exchange of remarks during the first and third plays were admirable. But, while her play was being put on, she left.

We thought "Death House" well acted, except for the lawyer and the priest, and well written. Though had the play been ours for two minutes, we would have cut out part of that monologue Crawler carried on with God and the sunbeams. It hit our stomach the wrong way. But maybe that was just us.

"Chico" was good. Having seen Mr. Gibbs only a few minutes before, and bearing in mind the gay predictions, we watched the performance with a chummy feeling. Still, we had to admit that "Death House" was better.

When it was announced that "Death House" had received the prize, one of Miss Smith's friends grabbed her shoulder, "Kid," she gasped, "You really won." Her tone was one of complete amazement, and we thought it was most unflattering. However, after receiving fifty

BETWEEN BELLES

(Continued from page 16)

K. K. G.'s gorgeous gal Georgi, we are told, had a birthday not so very long ago, and Bob Edridge, red-haired Beta Pledge, gave her the nicest present. They were both in front of Wilson when young Robert planted on her cheek a quick, impulsive kiss.

It has taken Page Lloyd, of the Lynchberg, Virginia Lloyds, to break down the resistance of one of Washington's more eligible bachelors. Bradshaw, what in the devil happened?

The Quad Show biggies are reviving that nasty old habit of biting their nails and all because of Helen Hensley. . . . Well, who wouldn't bite their nails because of Helen Hensley. . . . Anyway, Helen, it seems, has all the Quad Show requirements, except possibly that of grades. . . . and that's why they are worrying.

And so on this we sign off for another dreary month. . . . If you find out anything good drop us a line in our little box in YE OLDE QUAD SHOPPEE.

OUR TEAM SET-UP

(Continued from page 8)

ponents, and could start the next season with determination and a better knowledge of what it's all about. While eleven men graduate from the varsity squad, there are eleven freshmen coming up to take their places. Prospects look better for next year if the scholastic scythe doesn't bear down too heavily.

Still, let's play these games next year before we chalk them up as victories. With the distribution of good football men around the country there is no such thing as a set-up.

PHOEBE AND FOOTBALL

(Continued from page 14)

Northerners and unmannerly as Hell, but still we don't have to be rude to them,—I hope."

He looked straight at the group on the steps, and Frank and the B. M. O. C. crumpled like crisp bacon.

"Come on," he said to Phoebe, "let's go some place and eat. Remember the flap jacks, my mammy used to make?"

"TANKS," SAYS BUTCH MCGURK

(Continued from page 9)

shot in the leg, so that, with Butch playing, it was a cinch for State Pen.

Then came disaster,—On the day before the big game, Butch and some of the boys were taking a light workout up in the quarry when a guard blew his whistle, lined them up, and announced that the Governor had granted a pardon to all prisoners with good records and

that, due to the crowded condition of the prison, those pardoned would have to leave that night.

Well, this just left Butch too weak for words; everything he had to live for was swept away before his very eyes. Here he was going to be put out of his home on the night before Thanksgiving and, worst of all, he would have to miss the big game. It was too much; Butch just wanted to sit right down and cry, but he didn't. Butch was a strong man and so he pulled himself together and began to try to think of some way to get out of having to leave that night.

He turned to Petey the Dip, who was working next to him, and asked, "Hey Petey, what's de best way to get a bad record quick?" Petey thought a minute, then, "Yuh might try sluggin' de warden."

"Naw, dat won't woik, Petey. Dey'd put me in solitary and I still couldn't play in dat game tomorrow."

"Yeah, dat's right."

"It's gotta be somethin' else."

"How about trippin' one of de guards?"

"Dat's swell," answered Butch and immediately proceeded to trip a passing guard. The guard got to his feet angrily, but, when he saw it was Butch who had tripped him, he just laughed and slapped Butch on the back, "Ha, ha, always jokin', always playin' tricks aren't ya, Butch? By the way, I had five bucks on that game you won last Saturday. Nice goin' fellow." He laughed again and went on, leaving poor Butch all in a dither.

"What am I gonna do now?" he asked Petey mournfully.

"Don't worry, I got it."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Yuh see dat guard over dere?"

"Uh huh. What about 'im?"

"Well, he's plenty tough, see. Now if you wuz to hit him wid one of dese rocks—"

"I get ya," said Butch, and picked up a rock the size of a baseball. "Watch dis." He let fly with the rock and caught the guard right in the middle of his back, knocking him flat on his face. The guard picked himself up slowly and then came running over to where Butch was standing with Petey and some other prisoners.

"Who done it? Who threwed that rock?" he roared. Butch stepped forward, "I done it. So what?" The guard looked at him, unbelieving. "Butch," he said, his voice filled with admiration, "that's the finest thing I've ever seen any prisoner do; taking the rap for someone else. I'm not gonna let ya do it. Why, you're goin' free to-night."

"But I tell ya, I—"

"It's no use, Butch. I'll find out who done it, anyway." He turned to the other convicts and growled, "Come on you guys. Get goin'." And he led them off to solitary, leaving Butch standing there, bewildered by his bad luck.

Butch was about to give up, when he noticed a little Geology professor going about the quarry looking for fossils. This gave him an idea. He waited until the

(Continued on page 20)

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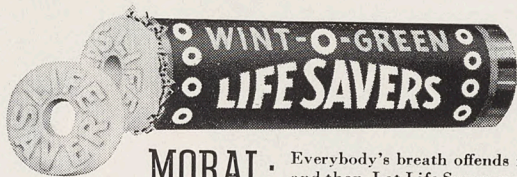


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• • •

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

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LOCAL TALENT

(Continued from page 17)

dollars, Miss Smith could probably overlook such a smattering. We assume she did.

Now that the English 16 plays are over, we shall have to look to new horizons in our tracking proclivities. The other writing classes haven't as yet done anything particularly important. So the Quad Show by Aaron Hotchner is about the only thing in sight. Unless, and we hope there is, someone on the campus hiding his LIGHT under a bushel.

• • •

"TANKS," SAYS BUTCH MCGURK

(Continued from page 18)

The little man got over to the edge of a ditch that ran through the quarry, and then, sneaked up behind him. This time he waited until he was certain a guard was looking and shoved the professor into the ditch.

"Dat'll do it," he thought, and was really happy when three guards came running up and grabbed him. "We hate to do it, Butch," one of them said, "but we'll have to take ya to the warden."

"Oh no you don't," came an excited voice from the ditch, "oh no you don't." It was the professor. He climbed out of the ditch, smiling broadly and clutching a large rock tightly in his hand. "Don't you see?" he shouted. "I've found it, I've found it at last."

"Found what, perfessor?" asked a guard.

"The fossil, you fool. The fossil I've been looking for all my life. I found it in that ditch, and let me tell you if you send that man to the warden I'll have you dismissed. Now, leave him alone."

The guards mumbled an "O.K. perfessor" and let Butch, now completely befuddled. He received the professors thanks in a daze, and watched the little man leave, gazing fondly at his fossil.

Now Butch had taken a lot, but this was the last straw. It certainly looked as though he would have to leave that night. This thought left him so weak and dazed that he just gave up and went back to a dark corner of the quarry and sat down. Immediately there was a tremendous explosion and a big section of the wall around the quarry shot skyward. Butch had sat on the plunger that exploded the charge of dynamite under the wall. Prisoners and guards were running all over the place, someone was shooting, sirens were going, but Butch didn't know exactly what had happened until he found himself in the warden's office, accused of aiding and abetting a wholesale escape. When they told him this meant another year to his sentence and that he couldn't go free that night, Butch passed out and didn't come to 'til an hour before game time the next day. But then Thanksgiving really came to Butch McGurk.

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