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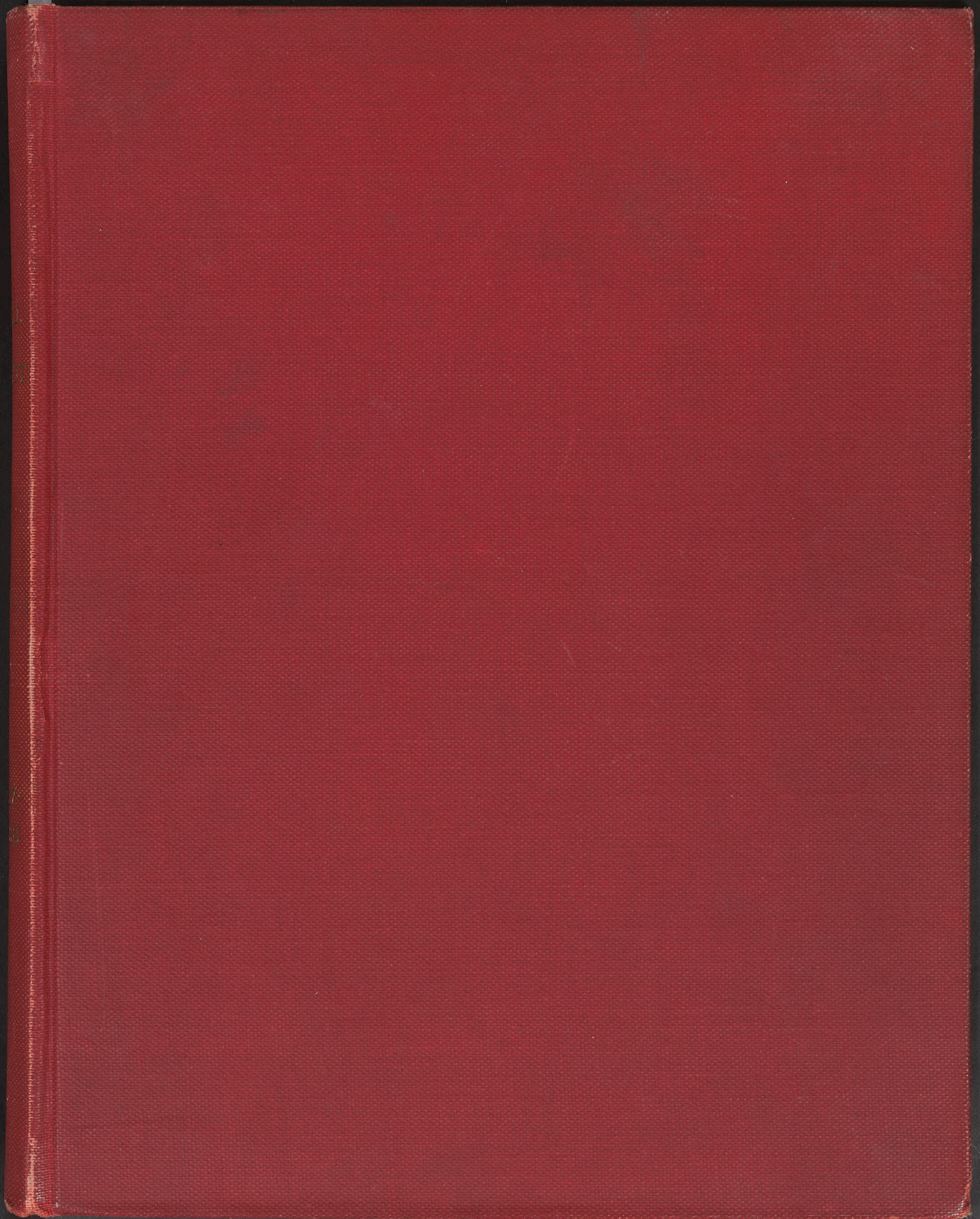
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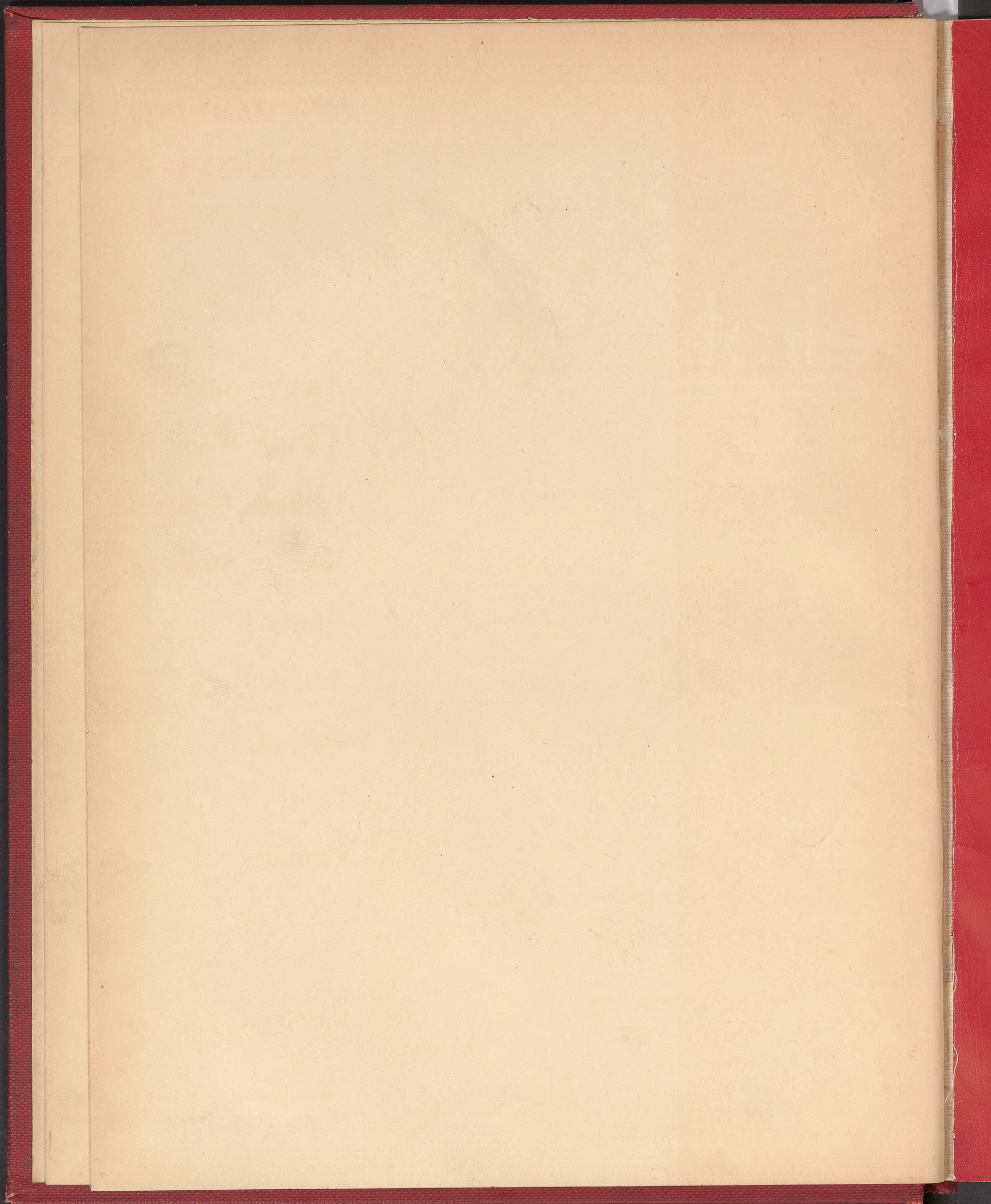
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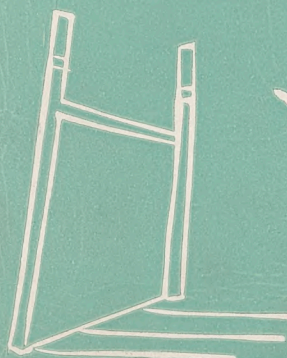


F.A. Wagenfuehr
Bookbinding Co.
St. Louis, Mo.





eliot



featuring
**FRESHMAN
SURVEY**

•

Aunty's Gossip
A Rush Week Epic
Campus Comment
How to Study
Honor Roll
Articles
Fiction
Poetry
Humor

•

Washington University
ST. LOUIS

Volume 6, No. 1
October, 1937 **15c**

Her Singing Coach Advised A Light Smoke

CAROLE LOMBARD* PREFERS LUCKIES BECAUSE THEY'RE EASIER ON HER THROAT

"WHEN I had to sing in a recent picture," says Carole Lombard, "I considered giving up smoking. But my voice teacher said I needn't if I'd select a light smoke—Luckies.

"I soon found that even when singing and acting 12 hours a day, I can smoke as many Luckies as I like . . . without the slightest throat irritation."

The reason Luckies are easy on Miss Lombard's throat is because the process "It's Toasted" takes out 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 have all other cigarettes combined.

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

***Star of the new Paramount
production "True Confession"**

A Light Smoke

EASY ON YOUR THROAT—"IT'S TOASTED"

Copyright 1937 The American Tobacco Company



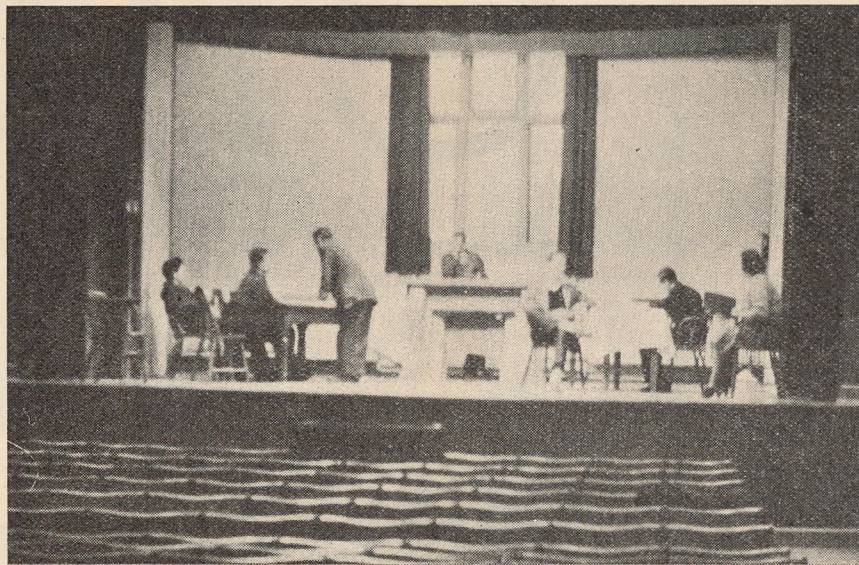
WITH TOBACCO EXPERTS...
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST

It's Luckies 2 to 1

THYRSUS PREPARES

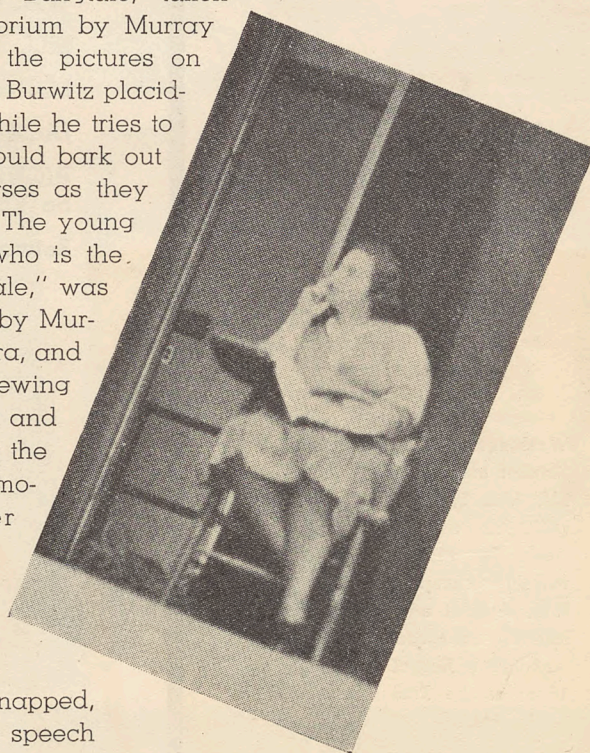
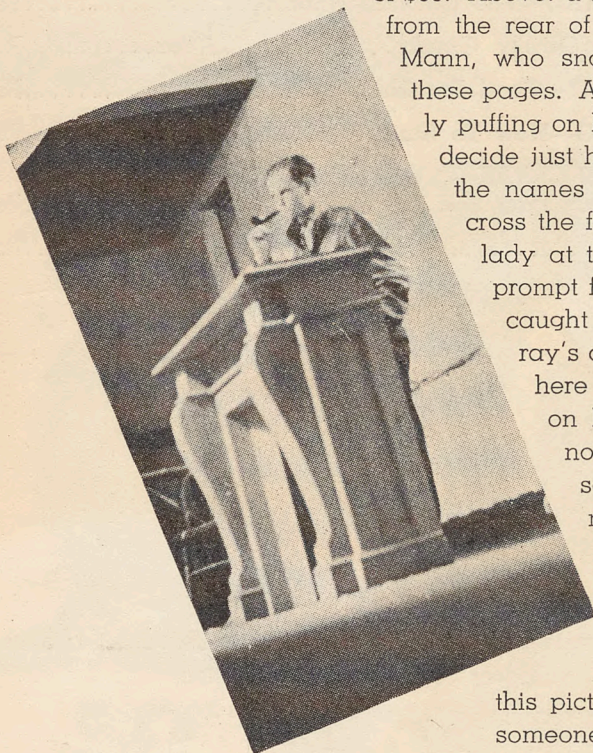
for

ENGLISH XVI



Last Friday Eliot stepped into Brown Aud and took some shots of two of the three English XVI plays now in production. These plays, which were written by students, will be presented on November 12th and 13th, and the winning play will receive the Wilson Award of \$50. Above: a scene from "Bangtale," taken

from the rear of the auditorium by Murray Mann, who snapped all the pictures on these pages. At left: Bob Burwitz placidly puffing on his pipe while he tries to decide just how he should bark out the names of the horses as they cross the finish line. The young lady at the right, who is the prompt for "Bangtale," was caught off guard by Murray's alert camera, and here she is chewing on her pencil and not watching the script. A moment after



this picture was snapped, someone forgot a speech and poor little promptress got in dutch because she wasn't ready with the line.

(Continued on page 4)

eliot


Jack PickeringEditor
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Aaron Hotchner.....
Managing Editor
Gerald Conlin..Exchange Editor
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Cartwright, Alden Settle, Perry
Paul

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Cover by **Martyl Schweig**


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OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

AT PIKE'S PEAK



THE GARDEN OF THE GODS! WHY, DADDY, IT'S AS PRETTY AS - AS A PICTURE POSTCARD



IT'S JUST ONE OF THE MANY GRAND THINGS TO BE SEEN IN THIS PIKE'S PEAK REGION, CHUBBINS

O-O-OH- THIS BALANCED ROCK GIVES ME A SCARY FEELING

WELL, IT'S BEEN STANDING HERE A LONG TIME - I DON'T THINK IT WILL FALL TODAY



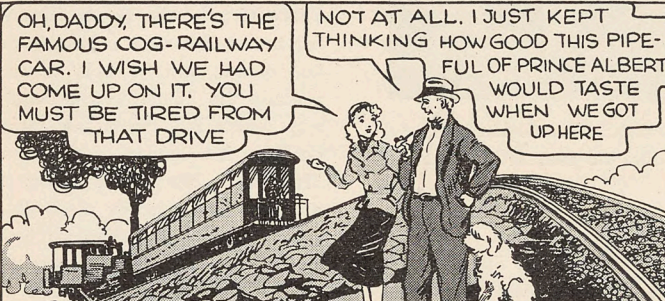
WHOEVER LIVED IN THOSE QUEER CLIFF HOUSES?

A STRANGE LOST RACE KNOWN AS THE 'LITTLE PEOPLE.' WE DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY CAME FROM OR WHERE THEY WENT. AND JUST THINK, THESE DWELLINGS WERE ACTUALLY MOVED HERE INTACT FROM THEIR ANCIENT SITE



OH, DADDY, THERE'S THE FAMOUS COG-RAILWAY CAR. I WISH WE HAD COME UP ON IT. YOU MUST BE TIRED FROM THAT DRIVE

NOT AT ALL. I JUST KEPT THINKING HOW GOOD THIS PIPEFUL OF PRINCE ALBERT WOULD TASTE WHEN WE GOT UP HERE

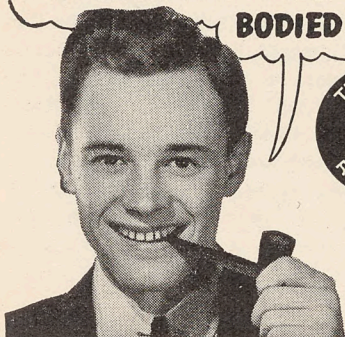


NOW FOR A MILD, MELLOW SMOKE. YOU KNOW, CHUBBINS, THE LONGER A MAN GOES WITHOUT PRINCE ALBERT, THE MORE HE APPRECIATES HOW GOOD IT IS. IT ALWAYS SMOKES SO COOL, WITHOUT A BIT OF 'TONGUE-BITE'!



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

THE GREAT THING ABOUT PRINCE ALBERT IS THAT SUCH A MILD TOBACCO CAN BE SO RICH AND FULL-BODIED!



THE BIG
2
OUNCE
RED TIN



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.

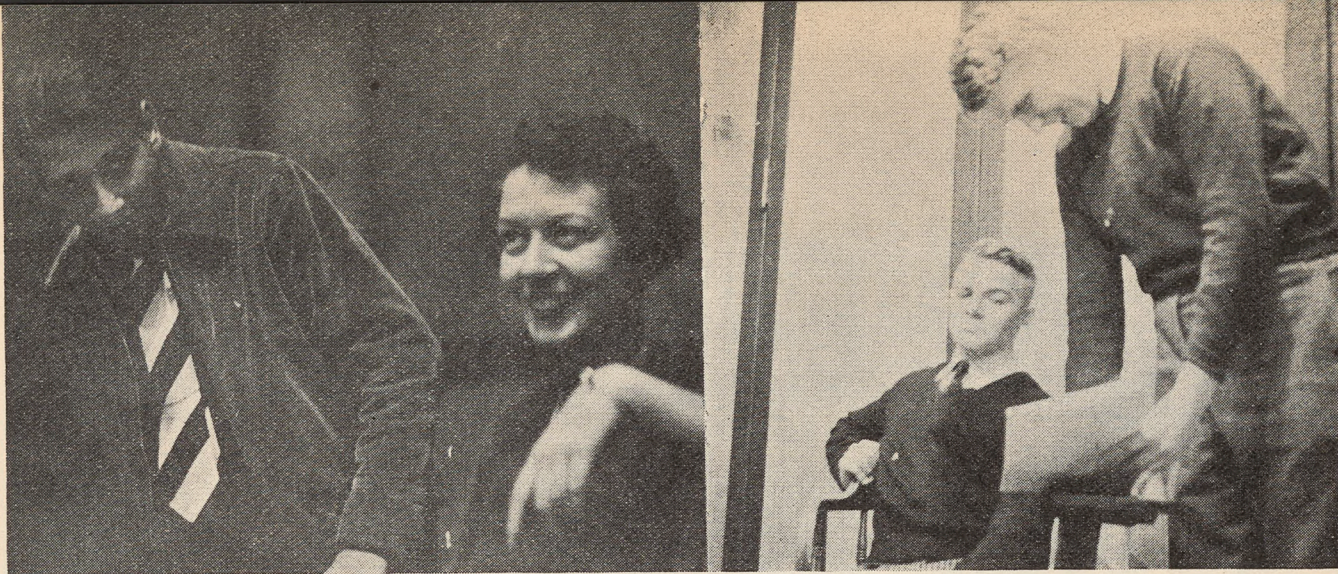
ALSO TRY ROLLING YOUR OWN WITH P. A.

50

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

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



At your left, ladies and gents, you see Dolly Pitts getting a big kick out of Joe Rose who plays the idiotic Harold in "Who's Aunt Tillie?" When the author wrote in the script that Harold should have a "deep, throaty gurgle" he never dreamed that Joe could produce a gurgle of such perfection. On the other side of the page is that English XVI veteran, Ralph Cook, who is caught in the act of trying to convince Dick Compton that a story in the magazine is very funny. Dick's face explains his reaction. Cook made his debut in English XVI when he depicted "Fuzzy" in "Greek Meets Greek." Last year he appeared as "Stoop" in Arleen Thyson's play, and now Aaron Hotchner has written the part of "Puffy" for him in "Who's Aunt Tillie?"



Above: Toby (Dolly Pitts) anointing Dinkle (Dakin Williams) with a glass of ice water while the rest of the cast of "Who's Aunt Tillie?" looks on.

Below: The organizing and directing force of English XVI, Prof. W. G. B. Carson, caught in a characteristic pose while directing "Bangtale."



"First Edition," written by Wayne Arnold, is a satire on the writing of long novels. In these days of "Anthony Adverse" and "Gone With The Wind" Waynes subject can be deemed very timely. "First Edition" concerns the literary doings of one Mrs. Weatherby, a society satellite who has suddenly decided to become a famous authoress for the sake of posterity. And so, in pursuit of her great literary ambition, Mrs. Weatherby composes a voluminous novel which she calls, "Patterned Are the Leaves." Her writing, however, is done in "collaboration" with her secretary, who in reality writes the book for her, and when Mrs. Weatherby takes her book to be published she discovers that her secretary is also having a short novel published. The two women meet in the office of the publisher and there is a merry time had by all while the authoresses, Mr. Weatherby, and the secretary's sweetheart try to get things straightened out.

THYRSUS PREPARES
for ENGLISH XVI
(Continued from page 1)

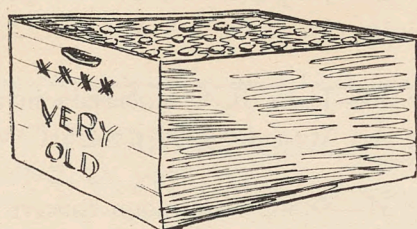
Those of you who bet on Chanting in the fifth race at Fairmount last month, will be able to appreciate the human interest comedy which Bill Moors has woven into his bookie shop play, "Bangtale." The action concerns a small town grocery clerk Art, by name, who "pinches" money from the boss's cash drawer to put on the ponies. Art has a pretty good "system", and all the form sharks usually follow his leads, but on this particular day Art blows his roll (which as usual, he has stolen) on a very long shot. His boss turns up with a policeman, however, and there ensues a very funny scene while Art's race is being described by the bookie.

Aaron Hotchner's contribution to the English XVI program is a farce which finds its setting right at home—Washington University. "Hotch" has used his Eliot experience as a background for "Who's Aunt Tillie?" which shows how the young man, Buzz, who writes the campus gossip column, can get into a mess of trouble when people attempt to find out who Aunt Tillie is.

How Freshmen Feel About Things and Stuff

Fundamental social attitudes are revealed in answers to a questionnaire scientifically designed

by **THE HILLTOP INSTITUTE OF STUDENT OPINION**
(Hotchner, Thompson, and Pickering, Directors)



Presenting—JOHN BARLEYCORN

The following questions were asked of a group of twenty freshmen picked at random—no, random's not on the map of the campus. If you are a freshman (and, for your sake, Heaven forbid it) and were slighted, please write out *your* answers to the questions and send them to STUDENT LIFE who will scoop the October, 1938, ELIOT by running them anonymously next September under the heading "How 1938 Freshmen Feel About Things and Stuff."

As for the answers of the twenty guinea pigs (no offense, kids) listed below, we were pleased to note that several of the unspoiled dears had not made the acquaintance of John Barleycorn (or perhaps they knew him only by one of his more specific names, as "Tom Collins," "Demon Rum," "hogwash"). Their ingenious ideas about getting unstuck, becoming B.M.O.C.'s etc. were also quayte chahming—quayte chahming.

Somehow the word "fiendsbelcher" crept in where the editor meant to say "censored." This unpleasant word does not refer of course, to any person.

1. If you want to be a B. M. (or W.) O. C. (big man or woman on the campus) how do you expect to go about it?
2. Who, in your opinion, acts like the biggest shot on the campus?
3. How would you go about making the acquaintance of some attractive member of the opposite sex whom you see from time to time on the campus?
4. (a) What is your honest opinion of Washington University social life?
(b) Do you think that the girls (boys) are really smooth?
(c) Do you think that John Barleycorn plays too big a part in the social life?
5. How would you go about getting unstuck at a dance?

JANE ALLEN.

1. Try to make some good grades, get around to good dances and frat houses. Be in activities and stuff. Not have a frat pin.
2. Jack Intrater.
3. Get Alexander to introduce me.
4. (a) Too much stress on it.
(b) Hmmm! They're okay. I like 'em all. Variety is the spice.
(c) I don't know John Barleycorn, but I'll get Alexander to introduce me to him and have her tell me if he's the kind of guy I ought to know 'cause if Alexander knows him he's worth cultivating.
5. Smile at my date, then point at the lemon and shake my head.

MARJORIE SEBASTIAN.

1. Get to know people. You can't be someone unless you know people.
2. Jane Chivvis.
3. No technique—trust to luck for introduction.
4. (a) Can't tell yet.
(b) Boys are boys and no different here than anywhere else.
(c) It might.
5. Give a sort of heart-sick, helpless look.

DON MARLIN.

1. I don't care to be.
2. Bill Seeger.
3. I'd get an introduction from Don Stricklin 'cause he claims if he doesn't know 'em they're not worth knowing.
4. (a) It's limited to certain individuals in certain groups.
(b) They're either crude or smart.
(c) Quite a few students couldn't get along without him.

PAT KELLY.

1. Get in all the activities and be prominent in all the stuff. Be social, and friendly to everyone.
2. Fiendsbelcher.
3. Be introduced to him, *or* trip him, beg his pardon, and start up a conversation.
4. (a) Fine, better than I had expected. What I

(Continued on page 19)

The Poets' Corner

SONG FOR REGISTRATION

*Registration comes but twice a year
And when it does, be of good cheer,
For every time it comes—why then,
That's once it won't be back again.*

SONG FOR FROSH

*Oh freshman year! O new deal year!
Not causing fear for freshie dear.
No sin to gambol on the sod,
No crime to jelly on the quad,
No rule to wear those silly caps
And keep moustaches off their maps.
And they don't even have to bellow
School songs and cheers or say "O hello—
Sir." Gone the cruel old Soph Wall;
No core black and blue at all.
So what a happy year they'll live—
But all their joys will be negative.
(What is worse
Than rotten verse?)*

J. M. P.

FRATERNITY ROW

We've heard the Freshman girls gossiping about their blind dates, and we have felt our blood chill more than once at hearing one of the more outstanding men-on-campus referred to as a Sigma Delt or a Theta Nu. So we decided that something should be done about it. Thus this little gem was created. Co-eds will find it useful for figuring out where they had lunch with "that cute senior." Here goes!

*From east to west as we pass by,
The first is BETA THETA PI.
Beyond the second (TEKE to you)
Looms first K. A., then SIGMA NU.
Beyond these towers SIGMA CHI
And then the house of THETA XI.
PHI DELTA THETA next is passed
Then S. A. E., not least, but last.*

Jean MacGregor.

TREACHERY

*"Forever," she had said and stood
Facing the future with steadiness,
Confident and glad;
All had seemed a challenge to succeed
In the new game with him.*

*"Forever," life mocked back at her
And flung its blackest mud,
Weighing her down and him;
The thrill then somehow disappeared
And drudgery was not a pleasant thing.*

J. N. T.

The Better Things

October 7-31—Loan exhibition of *Prints by Classical Painter-Gravers* at the Art Museum.

October 24-31—*Yes, My Darling Daughter* at the American.

October 26—Jacquelin Ambler in a gallery talk on *Art in America* at the Art Museum, 2:30 p. m.

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

October 31—Sunday afternoon concert by Fritz Kreisler—his only St. Louis appearance this season. 3:00 p. m. at the Auditorium.

November 2—Jacquelin Ambler continues her series of gallery talks on *Art in America* at the Art Museum, 2:30 p. m.

November 5—The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra's fifty-eighth season opens with a Friday afternoon concert under the baton of Vladimir Golschmann, who is returning for his seventh consecutive season.

November 6—Jessie B. Chamberlain in another of her series of Saturday afternoon gallery talks at the Art Museum, 3:30 p. m.

November 9—Jacquelin Ambler continues her talks at the Art Museum, 2:30 p. m.

November 12-13—Thyrsus, Washington University Dramatic Society, presents the three best one-act plays written in Professor Carson's English XVI course last year. The place: Brown Hall Student Theatre. Curtain: 8:15.

November 13—Jessie B. Chamberlain in another gallery talk at the Art Museum, 3:30 p. m.

November 14—Sergei Rachmaninoff in a Sunday afternoon concert—his only one in St. Louis this season. 3:00 p. m. at the Auditorium.

November 16—Jacquelin Ambler continues her talks at the Art Museum, 2:30 p. m.

November 17—Jooss European Ballet, 8:30 p. m. at the Auditorium.

FREE! A box of Life Savers

to the
Student Life Staff
for the headline:

**75 PER CENT OF W. U.
STUDENTS ARE MEN**
(Before their mothers, too)

RAWTHER BREATH-TAKING, EH. WOT?

WANT SOMETHING REALLY BREATH-TAKING? WRAP YOUR LIPS AROUND ONE OF THESE SWELL PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS!

MORAL
Everybody's breath offends sometimes...let PEP-O-MINT save yours after eating, smoking and drinking

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.

"DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR, GENTLEMEN?"



...then he switched to the brand of grand aroma

THE glassy-eyed students can't listen to *reasoning* until their prof will listen to reason about his *pipe*! In plain English, professor—it smells bad! Why not give your briar a good cleaning? Then switch to a milder, more fragrant tobacco. Try Sir Walter Raleigh. It's blended of mellow, slow-burning burleys grown in the famous Blue Grass country. Fifteen cents buys *two full ounces*... and a hearty vote of approval from pipe-wise students. Try a tin and see.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

15¢ AND WORTH IT!

SHOONING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES

UNION MADE

"Sooner or Later Your Favorite Tobacco"

PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his Famous Orchestra NBC Blue Network, every Friday 10:00 P. M., E. S. T.



THE TOWERS

Warning to Restaurateurs

The folly of having a plate glass window of two sections in one's restaurant is illustrated all too clearly by a window on Euclid Avenue. Said window at one time bore proudly in gold letters, across both sections, the worthy name of the establishment. Some neighborhood Skippy, however, having demolished one section, it was replaced by an equally clear and sparkling, but *letterless*, piece of windowglass.

The result is harrowing. Read as an imperative, the window's present legend might well destroy a strong man's appetite. It shouts: EUC IN LUNCH!

The South Side of the Park

The extreme south side of Forest Park has a spirit all its own, a curious mixture of wide-openness (with its myriad parking lots, its broad stretches of avenue and express highway, its excavated old flying field); of almost-quaintness (picnic parties on yellow street cars, tree-shaded greenhouses, park benches, all appearing quite anachronistic in their surroundings); of ultra-modernity (with its fantastic Arena, its Walsh Stadium light towers, its sodium-vapor-lighted super-highway, its crowds of loudly dressed and shrill-voiced Highlanders).

Because of its complexity this south-park spirit seemed to us inexpressible until one day we ventured into an underpass. New as it was, young American ingenuity had discovered that lipstick would "take" upon its lavatory-like white

tile, and the walls were covered with scrawled initials and obscenities. Amid the weeds, there was, however, one flower which, in our mind, does actually express the south-park spirit. An earnest appeal, it read:

Come lets enjoy
Vitaly everything
Lets answer, not delay

and, a little below, the inevitable reply:

O. K. Toots.

What's in a Name?

A laugh, pretty often, we'd say. There is for example the title which a roadside lunchroom patronized by our advisor, Dr. Stout, this summer, chose to give its bill of fare—"Suggestive Lunches."

And then there is the conversation which Wayne Arnold happened to overhear this summer, "My dear, have you heard about the new Shakespeare series on the radio. It's simply *per-fect*! Last week it was Burgess Meredith in *Hamlet*, and this week its something just as thrilling—*Faust*, I believe."

There was also our favorite billboard, in northwestern New Jersey. The product it advertised has a name worth repeating coupled with an original slogan, to wit, "More milk, and a better cow left, G. L. F. Milk Maker."

After the Ball Was Over

Bill Recker finally got his invitation to the V.P. Ball after it had been sitting in Lee Hall Commons for a week waiting for him. He walked out of the Commons singing, "I've got an invitation to a

dance, but I don't think I'll go..." It was the morning after the Ball.

Gloomy Saturday Night

We wish they wouldn't start selling Sunday morning papers just about the time we college students and other 'round-towners are starting out to Saturday night dances and other gay affairs. For some reason hearing that "Sunday morning Post and Globe" usually makes our over-sensitive conscious start working, and we begin to feel that we should be climbing out of our Saturday night bath about that time, all ready to put on a flannel night-shirt, say our prayers, and get a good night's sleep before Sunday school. Other evenings when we're feeling very hard and worldly, the mournful cry only makes us angry that we're starting out to gather rosebuds so late and are seizing our day when it's darn near gone.

The cry does not affect all people the same way it does us, however. Jean Dicks, for example, says that it gives her the eerie feeling that the future is successfully encroaching upon the present. Another friend says the cry makes him so gosh darn gloomy that he has to get tight in self-defense—not because he likes the stuff.

To Err Is Humorous

Several of our friends helped in the mammoth task of grading, checking, and scoring the freshman psychological exams. This task is performed in a serious, careful, scientific, and impersonal way. Workers make an effort to remember no names, scores, or answers. Yet two answers have stuck in the minds of the workers for their sheer ingenuity and appropriateness. Fortunately, or otherwise if you will, no one remembers who gave them.

The test posed the following problems: "(An eight-letter word) are little brown and yellow spots on the skin of some persons. Something you drink is a (an eight-letter word)." Suggestions for the first blank included, "jaundice," "pimples." For the second, only one is worth mentioning, "highball."

Eliot Points with Pride . . .

. . . to its Associate Editor, Martyl Schweig, who spent most of another summer proving that there is enough interesting subject-matter in the American Middle West to satisfy completely the best of artists. For Martyl is one of the best of artists, having had several paintings in the annual St. Louis Shows at the Art Museum, and having held, last year, a "one-man" exhibition at the Junior League. Besides this, Martyl tells us that she does lithographs for which she has a *market*—a paying one, we mean—and this fact is quite impressive to us.

The particular part of the Midwest in which Martyl does her summer work is Ste. Genevieve and vicinity. Fred Conway of the Art School faculty and Vera Flinn, lecturer on public school art in University College, also painted in that section last summer. Martyl's subjects are such things as historical buildings, Missouri mules, and different phases of the lime industry which she says is quite large down there and very picturesque. The lime-workers, who live in their own distinctive settlements, are also interesting subjects, according to Martyl. Our advice is to watch ELIOT's column, "The Better Things," for news of 1937-38 exhibitions by Martyl.

And ELIOT's figurative chest

swells when its figurative finger points to Aaron Hotchner, its versatile Managing Director, who is not only the writer of one of the English XVI plays, but is also the holder of a leading part in another of these productions. Aaron has not, however, stepped into the limelight from a summer of oblivion, for, almost as soon as vacation started, Aaron became one of "The Three Stork Brothers." In case you do not know of this trio, its first engagement was at Loew's State imitating The Three Marx Brothers—in the lobby, out in front of the theatre, in the aisles, in a box with the spotlight on them—during the week previous to a showing of a Marx Brothers film. After the Loew's engagement, the "Storks" worked on a 'summer garden circuit,' bringing joy to the hearts of countless thousands in and around St. Louis—or something," as Aaron put it. Aaron wrote much of the Storks' patter. The highspot in the Storks' career was reached when Bobbie Meeker offered them an audition. But the realization that such work would start after registration prompted them to turn down the opportunity.

October Court of Honor

1. CHARLIE QUINN AND THE OTHER FOOTBALL MANAGERS because they worked very hard and yet, so far as we can tell, don't have their pictures or even their

names in the football program. In the Army-Navy game program the senior football manager has a *full-page* individual picture—but then he has a beautiful uniform. And at Washington and Lee, we're told, to be football manager is to be one of the three biggest men on the campus.

2. STERLING TREMAYNE, SAM MURPHY, and their fellow-workers in the freshman men's orientation program. The program this year seems to be both sensible and successful.

3. PROFESSOR CARSON for originating, RALPH COOK for organizing, and BOB TODD for financing this year's Thyrsus Workshop. Professor Carson got the idea of the Workshop a long time ago. Ralph Cook is the Thyrsus member who has been put in charge of it for this year. Bob Todd, business manager of Thyrsus, has been running the season-ticket campaign which will provide the funds for all of the dramatic society's activities.

Announcement

If you came to an ELIOT meeting and yet you do not see your name on the staff page, it is because we list only contributors. Anyone connected with the University is invited to contribute.

Moreover, several new editorships and managerships will be created within several months for those who have worked hard.



Foot-Notes From Co-ed Corner . . .

by JEANNE BRIGHAM

*from the completely classic
Spectator tie to the daringly
frivolous evening slipper*



Whether it's your first glimpse of the team in action, one of those first quizzical moments in that Greek lecture, a stolen hour for the "jelly" date, or the thrill of your first sorority dance, you will want the trim sure footedness that only Co-ed Corner can give you. From their beautiful new location on 905 Locust, Swopes not only promise to satisfy these wants but promise also to smooth out that well-known dent in the allowance.

prices from \$6.00 — \$7.75

CO-ED CORNER . . . Main Floor

SVOPE SHOE CO. 905 LOCUST

SO YOU'RE SENDING YOUR SON TO COLLEGE?

(Continued from page 16)

morning. Almost every day, as might well be expected, the center of interest is the food. The fare which is consumed with hearty and healthy enthusiasm, is subject to ridicule and comparison with inch-thick tender steaks smothered in mushrooms, French pastry of the most delicate texture, and champagne quaffed from the proverbial slipper. Suffice it to say that these desultory comparisons are quite insincere. Joe and his brethren consume huge quantities of roast beef, plain bread and butter; drink gallons of coffee from heavy porcelain cups—and like it.

During the afternoon anything can, and does, happen. Bridge, baseball, golf, swimming, track, fencing, or wrestling are often the means of whiling away an afternoon.

Dinner is merely a repetition of the noon meal, though usually eaten with more formality. The house-mother is present and the meal is never officially over until the fraternity song has been sung. Then, still singing, everyone follows the house-mother upstairs to sit and talk. After a little while the boys drift off to do a variety of things, some to study, some to write letters, some to go downtown to a movie, and some to stay and play bridge. Joe usually plays bridge until about ten o'clock. Then for an hour or so he studies *industriously* after which time he and some of his 'brethren' go to the corner restaurant for a sandwich or a glass of beer. About 12:30 Joe winds his clock, sets the alarm for eight o'clock, and sinks into bed with, "What a terrible grind."

So Joe spends one of his days at college and so, probably, will your son spend one or all of his. He will acquire more expensive and cultured traits of living with stress placed on the 'expensive' part. At the end of four years he will have received a small amount of knowledge above that which he obtained in high school, a degree, and little else.

So you're sending your son to college!

Pipe Smokers, please accept this generous free offer



We'll gladly send you at our expense, a full day's supply of this tobacco, which most men claim to be the finest blend they've ever tried

Dear Sir:

Probably, like most pipe smokers, you are constantly on the lookout for a finer tobacco than any you have ever smoked.

We believe we have achieved such a winning blend in Briggs Pipe Mixture and most of those who try it agree with us.

But we don't ask you to accept their verdict. We don't ask you to spend a cent. Instead, we offer you free a full day's supply of this unique tobacco and ask of you only the simple favor of trying it at our expense.

We believe in the short space of 1 smoking day you will become a Briggs fan. We believe you will readily see that Briggs surpasses other pipe-tobaccos in these 4 ways.

In 4 Ways Superior

There is nothing unusual about these 4 claims we make for Briggs. The difference is, smokers tell us, they are *true*. Most men who try Briggs find in it these 4 advantages:

1. More delightful in flavor. 2. Cooler burn-

ing (mellowed 4 full years). 3. Utterly *biteless* to tongue and throat. 4. Keeps pipe cleaner and sweeter.

Now Mail the Coupon

Won't you give us a fair chance to prove our case for Briggs? Remember it is at our expense, it costs you nothing. And this *free* full day test of Briggs may easily introduce you to the pipe tobacco you have always sought. The coupon is for your convenience. Won't you fill it in now, please, before you forget?

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The Cocktail Hour

by WALTER W. MEAD



"WHAT'S your drink now, dear?"

"Same old thing, Randy." And to the smiling Filipino, "Manhattan."

"Make mine a Scotch and seltzer." Randolph Polk dug into a coat pocket and came up with a pack of cigarettes. Mildred Anne McCutcheon accepted one.

"It's been a long time, Mil. Haven't really seen you since spring vacation. Have a good time abroad?"

"Oh, pretty good. Mrs. Foster was awfully strict and I never want to see another Museum. But let's not talk about that, Randy."

Randy looked dejectedly at his fingers, toying with a book of matches. His nails, Mildred noticed, were none too clean.

"Well, how does it look, Mil . . . I mean, are the folks still down on me?"

"Oh, Randy, they're not exactly down on you . . . It's just that . . ."

"They just don't want me around. I know I'm not the best catch of the season, but hell . . ."

The boy came back with the drinks. Randy went after his like a farm hand dipping into a bucket of cold water. Mildred glanced at the circles under his eyes. She'd been hearing stories . . .

"Daddy just thought we were getting too serious, Randy. That's why they sent me to Ivy Hall. They don't really think you're so bad."

"Then you mean that that affair at the club last year . . . That was just a convenient excuse to get me out of the way."

"Well . . . I guess, in a way. Of course you were pretty bad, Randy." She tried hard not to smile. "Pushing old Mrs. Kuppelheimer in the swimming pool . . . And of course there were other things, too. But you know how it is."

"I think so, Milly. Guess I am pretty rough around the edges. Not much at all this social stuff. Matter of fact I haven't even got a job."

"But Randy, you've only been out of school a couple of months. None of your friends are really eligible . . ."

"So they're selling you out to the highest bidder. Hell, Milly. Half those deb men are bald-headed. Old bald-headed bores, that's what they are. Step right up, gentlemen. Splendid bargain. Miss Mildred Ann McCutcheon, debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Armitage McCutcheon. Going cheap."

"Randy, Randy. Not so loud. People are staring at us."

"Let 'em stare. Some day . . . Oh hell, if I could only get out of this damned Middle Western mud flat with all its Kuppelheimers and McCutcheons and . . ."

"Randy, if you can't act like a gentleman, I'll go home in a cab."

* * * *

Half an hour later Miss Barbara Banff Twigg-miller and her escort Mr. Hazelton Pierce Attlebury, were somewhat surprised to notice Mr. Randolph Polk slumped over a table in Dudenhoffer's Tap Room with his head in his hands.

"Drunk again," sighed Mr. Attlebury. "And in the middle of the afternoon."

* * * *

One brisk morning toward the end of the week Randy bumped into a very smooth young man coming out of the University Club.

"Oh. Hi, Bill."

"Why, hello, Randy." It was his old class-mate, Bill Wexton. Understand you got yourself fixed up in New York?"

"Well, it's just an opening, Bill. Clerical job in the mail room. That's what it amounts to."

"Fine firm though, Randy. Biggest advertising people in the country. And I always thought you had what it takes."

"Everything but the stomach ulcers, Bill."

Bill laughed. "Well, from what I've been hearing, Randy, it won't be long. When you leaving?"

"Tomorrow noon."

"Tomorrow noon? Well I'll be damned. Say . . . Coming out to the Club tonight? Milly's big night, you know . . ."

"That's a brutal thing to ask a friend, Bill. You know what old W. A. thinks of little Randy."

"Hell, Randy, why don't you crash. I think it's a lousy trick anyway. You've only been going with the girl for five years and you don't even get a bid to her coming-out party." Bill flicked a cigarette butt into the gutter and looked at his shoes. "And if you're leaving town anyway . . . There must be *some* people you'd like to insult."

Randy stared past Bill and a slow smile crept over his face.

* * * *

Miss Mildred Anne McCutcheon glanced doubtfully at the fearful array of overstuffed dowagers and portly gentlemen that made up the receiving line.

"Will you excuse me just for a second?" And then, in a secluded corner near the doorway. "What in the world is it, Jimmy?"

"I don't like to drag you away like this, Mil, but Randy's up in the locker room raising all kinds of hell. Never saw him drink with so damned much determination. Just got in the shower with all his clothes on . . ."

(Continued on page 20)

The Grizzly Greeks

by BILL LEUE

I.

Epsilon Upsilon Omicron,
Ancient Order
Renowned in song and story
For its mighty men—
Heavy drinkers,
Smooth dressers,
Imperious lordly chaps
Who held many things in
 deep contempt,
Including knowledge
And all inferior beings;
For like modern initiates
Into the Mysteries of Eleusis,
Famed of Ancient Greece,
They were the Lords of the World
And immortality was for them alone.

II.

Oh quiver
Quiver, little freshman
And thank the gods that be
Old E. U. O. is in its grave
And cannot prey on thee,
Now you may walk in peace
Amid our Gothic splendor,
Protected by the kindly deans,
The Y. M. C. A.,
And such.
But once was campus feared,
Dim frontier—beyond the law
Which governs proletariat;
Once wild anarchy did reign,
And each feudal fraternity
Robbed and sacked and burned,
While deans and doctors of all degrees
And e'en the local gendarmerie
Cowered in their lairs and feared
These bands of predatory youth.

III.

Then it was that E. U. O.
Was dreaded of the dread,
Ruthless seducer of innocent frosh,
School of Sadistic Practice,
Department of Debauchery,
Forum of Foppishness,
Seminar in Snobbery,
Lab in Libations,
Class in Conceit—
It gave its members all
That lent distinction to noble Greek.

IV.

And, indeed, all the world
Did know an E. U. O.



DRAWN BY MARTYL

Half way down the block:
The checkered coat, the rakish hat,
The emanation of alcohol—
But more:
That weary worldly look,
That obscene eye which defiled all
With cold unblinking stare,
Sagging jowls and curling lip,
Cynical and cruel;
Depressing wrecks of misled youths,
They mocked our highest hopes,
Confirmed disteleology,
Silently shrieked that in all the world
There is nothing fair and good.

V.

Rumors, awful rumors,
Fearfully whispered, only half believed;

Tales that taxed credulity,
Made moral man scream, "No!"
Were told in secret bull sessions
About the E. U. O.'s.
One of these comes down to us,
Shivering through the years;
A legend, a myth, embellished in the telling?
Perhaps.
Or true account of grim-faced facts
E'en softened by narrators
Who gagged on atrocities
And feared horror, e'en in the telling.

VI.

The tale concerns the tragedy
Of a freshman named Horace Addleby,
Bright-eyed pink-faced youth,
Fresh from Christian Endeavor,
Pure, naive,
Eager youth,
Going to college to learn all there is
And reform the world.
But alas for poor Horace,
The E. U. O.'s got his name
(By beating up the registrar
And stealing the freshman list).
Late one night
Three sinister gentlemen staggered through his door,
Held a flashlight in his face,
Erased the three best dates on his rush card,
And filled in E. U. O.

VII.

Came Rush Week
With its scurry,
Senseless rush, and hurly-burly,
Open season on tender frosh.

(Continued on page 20)

Food For Thought

Students who expect to have dates this year should know about this modern trend

by LOUISE LAMPERT

YOU can always tell the difference between a university student and a normal human being—the normal human being eats to live and the university student lives to eat. For eating is the essence of university life, and hunger burns eternal in every savant's breast.

Sad as it may seem, the proverbial "pursuit of happiness," to the modern college miss, is merely the daily dash from an 11:30 class to the nearest hamburger haven, and the romantic melody "So Rare" means no more to the hunger-harrowed college male than the uncooked state of a T-bone steak. For both male and female truth seekers are obsessed by an all-student hunger, which we shall call the "college crave" to distinguish it from the sane hunger of the intelligent, non-college citizen. This crave is as constant as a coed's compact, and like many a "hung" fraternity pin, it is ever present, though invisible to the naked eye.

Just as its bearer is peculiarly different from the normal, man-in-the-street, so the college crave is different from the ordinary garden variety of hunger. The college student, for example, seldom craves the "square meal" type of food. No, his gymnastic stomach somersaults only for dozens of food furbelows—cokes and tootsie rolls and mints and potato chips and cookies and caramels and "drumsticks" and other quantity-dangerous delicacies which only an imbecile or a sheepskin chaser would dare to ship down his alimentary canal without first choosing his coffin.

It was indeed a student-wise professor who stated that college coeds are always eating, finishing eating or going to eat. For if you examine the average college woman's day you will find that she spends more time trying to fill the cavity in her stomach than the one in her cranium.

The average upperclass woman, for example, rises at 7:30, dresses, eats her breakfast, consisting of an orange, toast, and coffee, and hurries to her 8:30 class. At 9:30 she feels a slight emptiness in the region of her sweater ribbing, so arms herself with a package of life savers to protect her against the evils of the next lecture. As the lecture becomes more and more stupid, she sucks life savers more and more swiftly until only the tinfoil remains between her and complete boredom. By this time her throat is as dry as the professor's profundities, and her mind wanders from his withered words of wisdom to the coke counter of the Quad Shop.

Realizing that it is futile to try to concentrate on Education in Denmark when her throat is as hot as the *Garrick* stage show, she closes her notebook

and sits on the edge of her chair, poised like a model in a halo hat. As soon as the bell brrrs, she folds up her posture and scoots to the Quad Shop for her mid-morning guzzle, which she climaxes with a drumstick and a cigarette.

A freshman woman's mid-morning munch menu varies somewhat from that of an "all work and no gym" junior; for the freshman woman has her hockey class at the recess hour, and therefore stokes herself in the Women's Building Cafeteria. In spite of her very limited dressing time, she always manages to consume an ice cream cone, a ham sandwich, a bag of peanuts, mints, or a carton of cookies before "falling in" the gym line.

But students who have 11:30 classes are the most stomach-conscious of all college cravers. These students listen diligently to their professor's lecture until about noon, at which hour "hamburger hallucinations" swoop suddenly upon them. The students do not writhe in agony and get blue in the face from these "food fits;" they merely perceive wonderful visions of soft, juicy hamburgers, trimmed with lettuce and mayonnaise and relish, reclining comfortably in soft warm buns, suspended before their eyes. After the hamburgers fade into thin air, fragrant French fries and large cokes floating in finely chipped ice, sway seductively above them.

The professor, not knowing that his students are in seance with their suppressed desires, bellows forth his verities, sending the spirits scampering with his raucous voice.

After the departure of the spirits, the students settle down to following the second hands of their watches. They sit tense and silent, waiting for the signal for escape to tastier territories.

If the professor's droning doesn't cease when the dismissal bell rings, as suddenly as a student's six o'clock alarm, his class gives him that wilting look that big engineers often give to little lawyers. It isn't that the students don't like their professor's personality, or that they aren't interested in making an A in his course, that they look daggers at the bespectacled speaker behind the desk. No, indeed. But the truth-bearer has trespassed into the hamburger hour and must be made to suffer for his sin.

Most professors, fortunately, are aware of the continual state of starvation in which their students exist, and dismiss their classes promptly, thus avoiding the casualties which often result from mob rushes.

Even the coeds who, in the reducing regime of several years ago, were wasp-waisted women with

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How To Study

The irreducible minimum of how-to-study essentials
by Jack Pickering, a greybeard senior of twenty-one

THIS article contains the Seven Commandments of Study. These, neophyte, if you desire to be successful in the busy little world of our university, must be engraven deep upon your hearts, must be branded upon your brain tissue, must loom large on the horizon of your college ambitions. One means, which has been found successful even in the case of those who can't remember to bring their student tax-books on football days, of impressing the commandments upon one's mind is to chant them over several times each day to the tune of Ravel's "Bolero," "Night and Day," or "The Old Sow Song" while paring your corns, while lux-ing your undies, or while fooling around with blackheads and hickies. Each commandment begins "You must have . . ." and there is no reason for repeating that (Heaven knows it's simple enough when compared with the names of all the fraternities and sororities and all the really tough stuff you have to learn in a university). And the things you must have are: "regulation, ventilation, respiration, irrigation, stimulation, recreation, and inspiration."

Now, let's examine just what is meant by each of these terms and find out how to make sure of having it. *Regulation*: this applies particularly to time. But merely to regulate your time isn't enough. You must regulate it properly. And this is the way: (1) You must do your studying at night. Because, if you study in the afternoons you get an unfair advantage over athletes and activity men—which really isn't cricket (or, in athletes' and activity men's parlance, "ain't fair"). And if there is one thing you must learn in college, it is to make all of your actions cricket, whether you like the game or not.

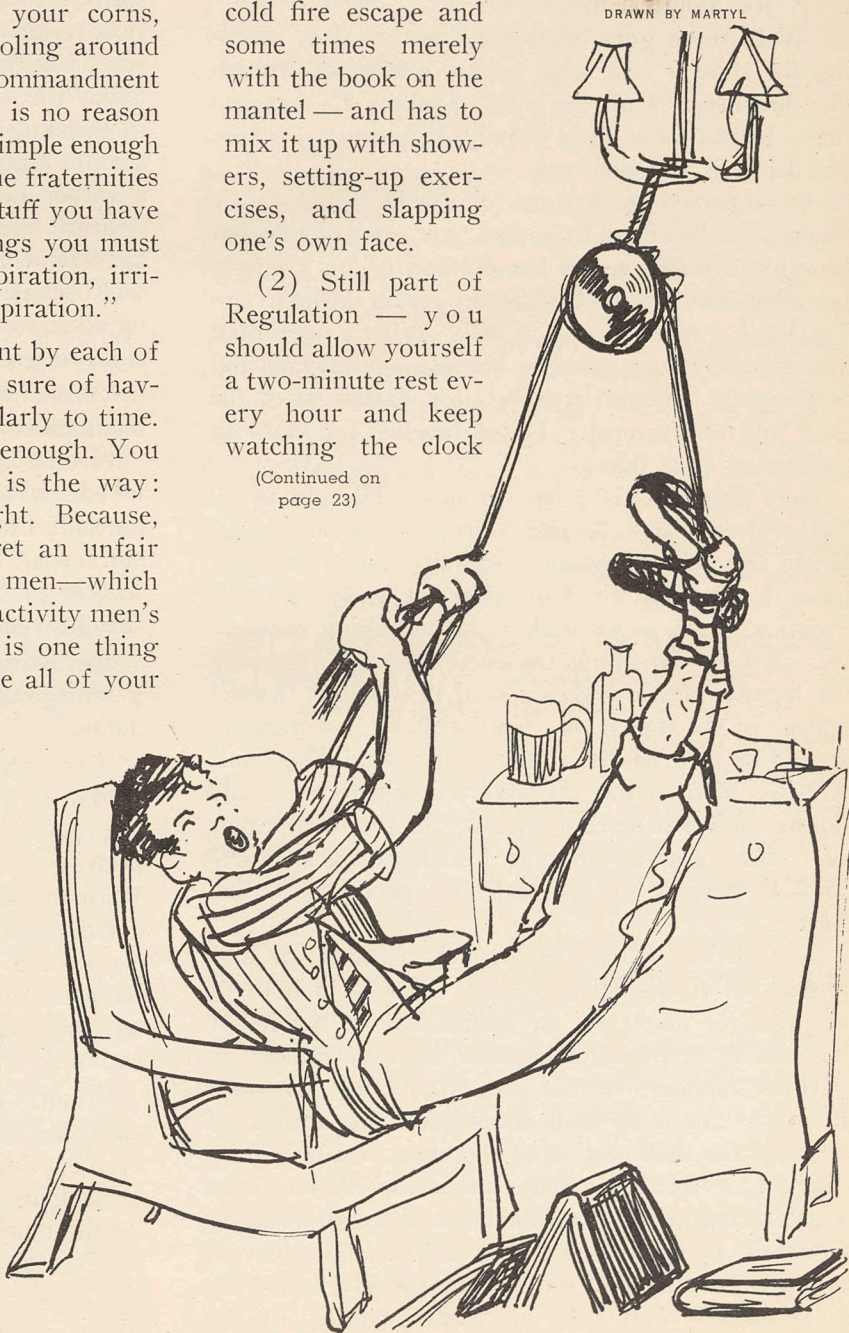
Incidentally, when studying at night, I have found that it is often well to take a short nap right after supper before studying, for eminent authorities (like those men in yeast ads) have said that your mind's no good when your stomach's starting to digest a meal. When it's time to get up from this nap and start studying, you have a hell of a time getting fully awake and have to take cold showers and drink cokes and run around the block, all of which may seem like bad business because of the way it cuts in upon your studying time, but which is really a blessing in false whiskers in that it prevents you from ever becoming a greasy grind.

Of course, some times, after an eve-

ning nap, you just can't get up to prepare your lessons, so you set your alarm clock several hours early for the next morning and roll over and go to sleep again; this is fine, for it gives you a chance to see the sun coming up—really a sight amid the St. Louis smoke; it looks just like the moon and reminds you of beach parties and hayrides with that little blonde or that big football man. Getting up at an ungodly hour is also a potful of fun, even when the sun is entirely obscured, if you're a person who just can't get awake after any amount of sleep and has to do early studying standing up—some times out on the cold fire escape and some times merely with the book on the mantel—and has to mix it up with showers, setting-up exercises, and slapping one's own face.

(2) Still part of Regulation — you should allow yourself a two-minute rest every hour and keep watching the clock

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It became time to get myself some lunch, and I couldn't get my feet down.

So You're Sending Your Son To College?

Of course, Mr. Clark doesn't really know that you are. But if you have a son or ever expect to, his question is aimed at you

by RICHARD ALLEN CLARK

Brrrrr. Brrrrr. Brrrrr. Thrice the alarm, muffled by paper wadded in between the clapper and the bell, disturbs the sleeping figure on the bed. At the beginning of its fourth effort to fulfill its duty a hand reaches out and clumsily shuts it off. A moment of inactivity, then a violent eruption as blankets are kicked away by pajamaed legs.

With a curious combination of a yawn and a shiver as his bare feet make contact with the cold floor, Joe Youth comes to life.

"Well, there goes breakfast," groans Joe, reaching the shower two steps behind one of his fraternity brothers. "Half an hour to take a shower and dress leaves darn little time for getting to class. Breakfast is out definitely."

Accompanied by various splutterings and snorts during his brief cold shower, Joe, in a somewhat tuneful baritone, voices the opinion of his contemporaries in the song "It's nice to get up in the morning, but it's nicer to stay in bed." With a maximum amount of energy spent in bemoaning his fate and a minimum amount dressing, Joe dashes from the door of the fraternity house headed for class in something of a hurry.

Joe's first class is a lecture class. He arrives all out of breath at 8:40 just as the professor arrives. With 180 fellow students Joe sits down and prepares to rest for an hour after his early morning exertions. Joe never bothers about taking notes in this class for the simple reason that, in Joe's opinion, the lecturer never makes a statement which doesn't appear in the text book. Furthermore if something should be said which is not readily obtainable, Sue, who sits next to Joe, takes very complete notes and doesn't object if he copies them. So Joe, with a pair of smoked glasses covering his closed eyes, braces himself upright in his seat and proceeds to fall asleep.

At 9:30 the bell and Sue rudely awaken Joe who ambles off to his Spanish class. This is an hour of anguish for poor Joe. It seems that the professor has the exceedingly unpleasant trait of calling on various members of the class to recite. Joe finds this most annoying as it necessitates preparation of a lesson for each session of the class. Of course by diligent observation of the professor's habits over a protracted period Joe is able to tell, with amazing accuracy, just when he will or will not be called on and prepares his assignments accordingly.

Ten-thirty finds Joe's activities governed by the weather. Cold rainy days drive Joe into the shelter-

ing warmth of the library. In this room filled with the murmuring undertone of hundreds of whispers he browses through the lighter periodicals, scans the advertisements in foreign publications with mingled emotions of contempt, wonder, and indulgence, or perhaps by virtue of a conscience or something reads a textbook. Warm sunny days invariably find Joe seated in a comfortable position on the steps fronting the facade of the library or sprawled on the grass of the quadrangle. Out here no "Quiet Please" signs are to be observed. Consequently conversation reigns supreme and Joe will talk with anyone who, like himself, is enjoying the sun. They talk about the weather, sports, campus politics, schools in general, the objectionable rule making it compulsory to attend classes, and, if time permits, end with a rather heated discussion of the present national political situation. If it happens that the participants are friends and fraternity brothers the "bull-session" will become more personal and the blonde that Benny took to the dance the other night will be given a thorough "going over."

"Well," drawls Benny after what seems to be deep meditation "she is—she'll do in the dark I s'pose."

"Don't be silly," cuts in Bob passing judgment in her favor, "just give her half a chance to act normal. I bet all you did was stuff hamburger down her throat, kick her in the shins, spend the evening walkin' on her feet, and you expect her to treat you like Josie did Napoleon."

Joe, being something of a diplomat, merely gives a shrug of his shoulders and mutters, "Oh, I dunno."

Now college boys aren't really as utterly hopeless as they are supposed to be. They gather up bits of information from casual reading, from conversations, and from radio commentators and newspapers. With this knowledge at his command it is no wonder that Joe goes unconcernedly at 11:30 to his last class where topics of the day are discussed and written about. He feels capable of holding up his end of any argument on politics, life, love, liberty, or education providing he doesn't have to be too specific.

"Well!" exclaims Joe as he leaves the class, "I'm sure glad that's over with. And am I hungry! Could even eat dog food."

Back to the fraternity house for lunch he goes. At the lunch table the conversation ranges from the coming dance and the petty tyrannies of the stupid and hypocritical professors to intra-mural sports and idiotic "boners" made by classmates during the

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ALDEN SETTLE

EDITOR'S NOTE: Tragedy has come to the ELIOT. This month's column might well be called "Between Knells, Aunt Anastasia's Amazing, Angelic Anecdotes from Above." For Auntie is dead (Long live Auntie!). It seems that one night last week someone tipped her off that things were happening out on a lonely road in the county. Later, when Auntie failed to turn in her material, a search was instituted by the ELIOT. It was found that she had been horribly murdered by the intended victim of her nosy activities. The revengeful fiend! But even death could not part our faithful old Auntie from the ELIOT. She hounded the staff in their dreams until they agreed to attend a seance. There she let us know that she would continue contributing to the ELIOT—as a ghost writer—as well as to the *Heavenly Discord* of which she is already gossip editor, succeeding Suetonius who had held the position since about 80 A.D.

All expenses which this unprecedented situation involves, such as salaries to mediums for weekly seances, will be borne by the ELIOT in grateful memory of the mature and sympathetic treatment which Auntie gave to this column.

The following is a stenographic transcript of the conversation that took place at a medium's house last Monday night:

Editor: Auntie, Auntie, I'm calling you. Can you hear me?

The voice of Saint Anastasia: Yeeees, yeeees. What is it that thou wantst with me?

Ed: Do you feel that you can carry on, Auntie? (*The sound of wings flapping gleefully is plainly heard in the room.*)

Au: Oh, boy, can I! I was just waiting for you to ask me. I can see everything from up here. This is heaven in more ways than one.

Ed: That's fine. We were afraid we had lost you forever, and now we find you better equipped than before. Nothing can happen without your seeing it, and yet no one can harm you the way that rat did the other night.

Au: Heaven be praised! But what would you like to know, Jack?

Ed: Well, first of all, are the old faithfuls of last year still faithful?

Au: Some of them are, Jack, but some . . . Anyway I'll tell you about those I think would still rather be with each other than with anyone else: John Chapman and Mary Stevens, Aaron Pierson and Virginia Kerwin, Don Bristow and Jean Speakes, Harold McCann and Helen Close, Bill Witler and Elva Hassendeubel, Gil Ramsey and Mary Bert Yost, Jack (Joe E.) Stoddard and Ruth Sherrick, Charlie Mosely and Marg Dempsey (she had his pin all the time she was dating Ozment and Seeger last year—tee, hee), Art Hauser and Dot Krieger, Byron Herbert and Kay Hampton, Rog Hampton and Marian Hempelman (pin affair since middle of summer), Bob Hillman and Sweetheart Herget, Lovick Draper and Joan Stealey, Jack Percy and Betty Bohannon—time out for a glass of nectar.

Ed: That's enough anyway, St. Anastasia; their news value is dead—er, pardon me. I mean—haven't you anything sort of novel?

Au: Sure, how about the way Ginger Rasbach and Dick Yore dated each other this summer? When Dick got back from camp he had to stay away from everyone because of the part he'd played in an epidemic out there. So he and Ginger had telephone dates. He'd phone every day at a certain time, and the two would talk for hours while telephone canvassers, and other folks who wanted to talk to the Yores and Rasbachs, burned.

Ed: Out of sight's not always out of mind, apparently. But tell me about some of the romances that *didn't* survive the hot season.

Au: Most everyone should know about them already. Gene Penney married some fellow and Dot Crosswhite got herself engaged to some guy, leaving two of our old friends—Ed Carson, Sig Nu grad, and Johnny Stiegler, ATO alum—out in the cold.

(Continued on next page)

BETWEEN BELLES

(Continued from page 17)

Ed: Speaking of grads, what's happened to Jack Weaver of Kappa Sig?

Au: Jack's settled down to a life of bankerish respectability (he's actually working in a bank), but he still dates Olive Depelheuer now and then. In between times Ollie dates Bill Seeger (Jack's fraternity brother) and a dark horse Beta, although I've gathered from her chatter that this pair of undergrads will have a hard time beating Ol' Man Weavo's time. You can't tell about Olive though, even from up here.

Ed: You're wonderful, Aunty.

Au: Thanks. By the way, I'll bet the kids on the Hill miss Jelly Beanie Bryan. From where I sit I can see him up at Purdue jellying with his landlady's daughter. Beanie hasn't changed even if he is going to be a big aeronautical engineer. Little Queenie Bissell isn't back either, but I still see her at campus affairs with Art Kruth and Bill Goessling.

Ed: What more have you beheld from your lofty perch, great saint?

Au: Well, I saw Bill Cann pin Jane Wessel, off-campus beauty for whom Jack Maginn has yearned for years. Tough on Jack, but he has been consoling himself with Minnie, Medart's beauteous cashier. Another tough break was Sally Chases's departure for Mizzou. Not tough for Mizzou but for Roy Cosper. Roy just can't make up his mind what girl can console him. I saw Betty Jane Ziock accept Jack Brough's Phi Delt pin, but wasn't surprised.

Ed: What have you seen happen recently?

Au: Well I keep on seeing those brother Sigs, Johnny Vaught and Paul Wilhelm, rushing that Kappa pledge from L'il Rock Ahkansaw, Margaret Erhart. I see Norma (Pudgy) Ossing trying to decide between "Kampus King" Bramon and "Peachy" Ritterskamp. Emma Jostes is in the same kettle of fish trying to eenie, meenie, minie, mo between Ed Keller and Joe Moreland. Bob Diehl did a lot of traveling this summer, most of it in the form of long train rides every week-end so that he could be with Jo Jo Wilson. They filled in the gaps between train rides with lengthy epistles filled with all sorts of romantic tosh. And there have been some matrimonial developments, too: Norm Tomlinson and Billie Gallagher, Virginia Albach and Julian Harvey, June Davis and Harry Hurd...

Ed: Is that all in the way of budding romance?

Au: Heck, no! You must know about that smoothie, Bill Hunker—Bill has been dating Jane Hemans, Pi Phi in the law school, all summer and seems to have it terrifical. Gene Beare, now a Harvard man, is still a big question mark to your Auntie. He's got three of our damsels going around like pinwheels—June Pentland, Eve Bissell, and Kay Galle. One thing seems significant, though—he sent "Life of the Party" Bissell a big box of sweets on

her birthday while all that Galle received on hers was a nice long letter—and not even air mail.

Ed: Any pinnings in the making?

Au: Yeah, man. Unless my gaze into the crystal sphere is wrong Adele Helmkampf and Dick Douglas are just about set. Ethel Jane Ellis had better build up her resistance or she'll be wearing Al Von Hoffman's Sig Nu medallion. Oh, and Jack, I feel so sorry for Don Beisang, K.A.—he has no Mary Wilson (Pi Phi) to be masterful with. Charley "What rhymes with" Leutwiler had his pin on and off Audrey Niehaus but is still very interested in her. Breck Lambert, Sig Alph froshie, seems to have taken a fancy to active Dave Kreb's kid sis, Jane, a Kappa pledge. Old stuff: Bud Capps' and Schotts Widen's affair still just like it was. Dale Stanza helping Ann Blackinton recuperate by dating Franny Willert. Sammy Murphy of the S.A.E. Murphys, in his non-committal way states that Betty Budke and Maria Quillian are tasty looking dishes. Peg Woodlock has just enough fellows on the string to keep up the old bridge club: Lanza and Schleuter of Sig Nu, and Bob White of Phi Delt. Pint-size Jeanne Brigham likes her men with "their shoulders in the clouds"—Johnny Buettner is meeting all requirements right now. Why, of course Aralyn Kopelowitz and Dave Rosinsky (S.A.M.) aren't engaged—how very silly! B. Rich and Betty Neher are narrowing it down to each other. Lauramaequeen Pippin has accepted Dick Horner's Sig pin and remains faithful while Richard is in New York. Lillian Broida finally pinned after a long summer romance with Tabby Gitt, S.A.M., now a real estate mogul. Esther Huber is still very nuts about Jim Sido. (Maybe the sentence should have stopped after the word "nuts.") Charlie Dee, Sig Alph wonder child and bath tub crooner, is taken up with that new, cute Pi Phi pledge, Kay Davis, who is also a singer. Jack Weaver (of the dorms) has established a monopoly over Virginia Hurd, Tri Delt of McMillan. Jimmy Ingham has gotten over Barbara Judd's transfer to Wisconsin and is seeing a lot of Betty Steinmeyer of the new, and Betty Middleton of the old, Kappas. Joe Noskay and Wanda Gottl are straining an ear for those wedding bells. Johnny Russell has been getting the lion's share of Mary Ramsey's attention. Lack Bloom is fascinated by the youthful Edith Marsalek, Kappa pledge. Big Noise Intrater has a new campus interest—demure little Dorothy. Say, Jack, I hear that you're plenty pitty-pat yourself over Theta's petite Mary Wilson—zat right?

Ed: I'd rather talk about the weather. Anything unusual happen on campus lately, Auntie?

Au: Yes, the Phi Delt frosh who were sent to ring the Victory Bell on the Kappa Sig roof after the William Jewell game were very neatly stranded on the roof by the Kappa Sigs who nailed all the

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HOW FRESHMEN FEEL ABOUT THINGS AND STUFF

(Continued from page 5)

was told about and what I have seen are two different things, although, of course, I haven't seen everything.

- (b) A few.
- (c) Whozat?

5. I'd do something drastic, such as: suggest a stroll and, on it, engage as many stags as possible in conversation, desperately hoping that one of them would come through.

ELMER PEARCY.

1. Get to be as well-known as possible. Get in as many activities as I can comfortably carry. Go to all the sorority dances I can, meet the girls, ask lots of them for dates (ruin my reputation as a connoisseur).
2. Dick Higginbotham.
3. Get an active to introduce me.
4. (a) What social life?
(b) No, positively no!
(c) I haven't met him yet.
5. Dance over to some poor God-forsaken stag, bump into him scientifically, thank the girl for the dance, and walk away (ha! ha!).

BETTY PEPOON.

1. Have two major activities, date "fancies," join a good sorority, study but don't be a stooge.
2. Fiendsbelcher.
3. Have an effusive smile and a dry fountain pen at an opportune time.
4. (a) The school is built around its social life.
(b) A few of them.
(c) No.
5. Flag a sister or throw an appealing glance at a male acquaintance.

MIKE VRANISH.

1. Stand up straight (6'-4").
2. Bill Seeger.
3. Bump into her and start apologizing.
4. (a) Room for improvement and *is improving*.
(b) Definitely NO!!
(c) Definitely NOT!!
5. Manage to be called away on some seemingly urgent business.

MARVIN TANZER.

1. Get my advice from Nate Kohn or Al Fleischer—both B. M. O. C.'s.
2. Meyer L. Goldman.
3. Try to find a mutual acquaintance and let conscience guide me.
4. (a) Pretty good so far.
(b) Smooth enough to make it worth while.
(c) He hasn't so far.
5. Introduce her to a pledge brother and then pardon myself.

JACK HRONEK.

1. Kick the dean in the face.
2. George Mueller.
3. Follow her around until an opportunity presents itself.
4. (a) Oh, it's all right.
(b) Oh, yes.
(c) No, he doesn't.
5. Wave at a friend (bosom).

PHIL MCGRATH.

1. Get into Quad Show.
2. George Mueller.
3. I have a sister.
4. (a) Pretty good, so far.
(b) Yes, indeed.
(c) Yes.
5. Get a frat brother to cut me (I've heard that this is possible).

BETTY STEINMEYER.

1. Be friendly with everyone, smile at them all the time, etc. Join several activities and *stick with them*.
2. Jack Maginn.
3. Maneuver into position somewhere near him when he's alone, drop a big stack of papers and books, and let him do the rest.
4. (a) It's pretty good.
(b) Some are pretty smooth, some are indifferently smooth—(hastily) although I really haven't met them *all* yet.
(c) I don't know him.
5. Is there a way?

OSCAR GLAESSNER.

1. I don't want to be one, but, if I did—mess around a lot, meet people, etc.
2. I don't know enough people.
3. Find out her name from some girl I know, send her a telegram asking her for a date.
4. (a) Too many kids living in town to have any kind of real college life. Fraternities and sororities constitute what there is.
(b) Same as those found in any walk of life in St. Louis except that they are getting a college education.
(c) No.
5. Introduce the girl to someone I know, telling her I wanted to be sure she'd meet the rest of the boys.

ALICE LLOYD.

1. Eat a lot.
2. Fiendsbelcher.
3. I'm embarrassed.
4. (a) Oh, I think it's wonderful.
(b) Well, I can't tell yet. I'll have to meet them

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THE COCKTAIL HOUR

(Continued from page 12)

"Oh, Jimmy, you've got to keep him up there. If Daddy saw him out here he'd . . . oh I don't know what he'd do . . ."

"I'll do my best, Mil. He's got a golf club in . . . one . . . hand . . . and . . . and . . . God Almighty!" Jimmy's mouth dropped open in awe. Milly glanced over her shoulder and her hands rose mechanically to her throat . . .

* * * *

They're still talking about it around town. In fact it's become kind of a legend. The whole thing couldn't have been better-timed. Senator and Mrs. Swedgeworth were just coming in and Mrs. McCutcheon was all in a flutter. And Randy came tumbling down the main stairway, bouncing from step to step . . . cussing vividly all the way . . . and ended up in a miserable puddle right smack in front of the receiving line. Dripping wet, of course, his tie undone, and his shirt front rolled halfway up to his collar. Mrs. McCutcheon made an indescribable gurgling sound and promptly fainted.

Not a word was spoken. Randy just sat there in an ever-widening pool with his hands on his knees. Then he leaned back and laughed like a mad man. He laughed until his whole frame shook and the tears rolled down his wet cheeks. Then he struggled to his feet and steadied himself against the bannister. A rivulet trickling off the end of a coat tail caught his attention. He studied it seriously for a moment, glanced at the row of grim faces before him and burst again into uncontrollable spasms of laughter.

"Laugh! Laugh!" The smile left his lips and he shouted in rising anger. "Laugh, you old hypocrites! This is a comic situation."

"Randy, please." It was Milly. Randy looked at her sheepishly, breathing hard.

"Here! Here! Throw this young ruffian out of here!" Old Mr. McCutcheon was coming to life, but he may as well have been addressing his collection of Chuckchi totem poles.

"It won't be necessary, Mr. McCutcheon." Randy swayed a little, but his voice was soft and sober. "And please, Mrs. Swedgeworth. Stop clucking like an old hen. I know what I'm doing. I'm leaving tomorrow noon and I thought I'd drop in and say good-bye. I know what you all think of me, and I don't much care. I've got some very definite opinions of my own. You're putting a wonderful girl on the auction block like a horse or a piece of furniture. You're trying to make her as coarse and as hard and as artificial as you are. Me. I'm not good enough. I'll grant you that. I'm leaving the whole rotten mess behind me, and you can babble and gossip and sling dirt to your heart's content. But remember this. I've smashed a lot of crockery

in my day . . . messed up more bars than you've ever been to . . . and I've been in some nasty scrapes. But I've never busted anything really beautiful . . . and I've never taken advantage of a girl."

* * * *

Randy took one last look down the gangway and climbed aboard the Pullman. It wasn't a hangover he felt. The Turkish bath had taken care of that . . . sweated out the last drop of his old life. It was a vague emptiness somewhere inside his vest. He thought of the old send-offs when he and the others used to pull out for school . . . Sally was always there throwing kisses to Paul . . . And Betty and Jean and . . . yes . . . Milly. Milly. He'd just have to put her out of his . . .

"Remember me?" It was a very timid and very familiar voice.

"M . . . Milly!"

"That's right, Randy."

"But . . . who . . . what . . ."

"Well, there's no use kidding ourselves, Randy. If last night couldn't do it . . . well, I guess nothing ever can."

"I guess not, Milly. Not even Mrs. Kuppelheimer."

THAT'S ALL

THE GRIZZLY GREEKS

(Continued from page 13)

Armed with double-barreled tongues,
Lurked the Greeks within their blinds,
Snaring fledglings by the hundreds.
Bright September morn
Found Horace happy,
Expectant,
Eager for his college days,
Romantic days,
Filled with memories for future years—
Cultured friends,
Charming ladies,
Books colossal,
Cloistered walks,
Inspiring talks,
Football games,
Alma Mater!
Poor deluded fool.

VIII.

Phi Alpha Phi,
Nice boys all,
Quiet order of no distinction—
No drunks,
No Casanovas;
Even their rushing was highly moral.
They always pledged the preachers' sons
And the boys from Webster Groves.

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HOW FRESHMEN FEEL ABOUT THINGS AND STUFF

(Continued from page 19)

all and find out their character. That is, if they've got anything to counter-act their looks.

(c) I don't know him, who is he?

5. Well, if my date was looking I'd make him think that I was enjoying the dance just to make him jealous. And if he thought I was having too good a time with this fellow I was stuck with, he'd probably come over and cut.

JOE EDLIN.

1. I'd pick a specialized activity, preferably ELIOT (unsolicited). I'd let my grades go to hell 'cause no one sees them anyway. Then I'd find some beautiful girl and cultivate her so that when the boys saw her walking down the quad they'd all say in a chorus—"There's Edlin's woman!"
2. Aaron Hotchner. (*For this Edlin was duly taken care of in the next pledge line.*)
3. Heck, that's easy. I'd walk up to her and say, "Look at the airplane!" Then I'd trip her while she was gawking, pick up her handkerchief, which she drops, bow from the waist, remove my fedora, and say, in very dulcet tones, "Did you drop this?"
4. (a) It's the nuts.
(b) A little more so than sandpaper.
(c) Not enough of John Barleycorn.
5. I don't dance with those kind of women.

HENRY STEALEY.

1. Make myself known in activities and get in as many as possible.
2. Gil Lutz.
3. Get Lutz to introduce me.
4. (a) Aw, heck.
(b) Aw, heck.
(c) Aw, heck.

BOB SCOTT.

1. Make acquaintance of everyone I can—girls included, of course. Get a blister on my hand from shaking hands with people.
2. Pete Mara.
3. Go look in Bob Diehl's little book.
4. (a) Too clannish, too many small groups, and the fraternities themselves are too small and too cliquish. I'd prefer more group social life.
(b) God, no! There are only about five girls in the whole freshman class worth looking at.
(c) Quite a bit.

DOTTY SCHUYLER.

1. Speak to everybody; specialize in not more than two activities in order not to scatter my effort;

model myself after some of the girls that are B. W. O. C.'s.

2. Some of the football players. Just because they have big broad shoulders and a letter they think they are the whole show.
3. You can always bump into him by accident or be in the library near him and be puzzled about something.
4. (a) I think it's wonderful.
(b) There are some awful droopy ones, but there are some pretty smooth ones too.
(c) Surprised at lack of him so far.
5. I don't go to dances at which I think I'll be stuck.

MADALYN RUDOLPH.

1. Be friendly with everyone I'd ever met. Give anyone help that asked. Keep grades up and put me over with the teachers. Be a good listener.
2. Don Weber.
3. Find out what frat he's in and then get one of his frat brothers to introduce me.
4. (a) It's swell.
(b) Quite a few are.
(c) He might.
5. Make up an excuse for wanting to speak to my date.

HORTENSE HOLTGREWE.

1. Be a good sport and study people you go out with and learn to make them like you.
2. Fiendsbelcher.
3. I'd go to my pledge mother and find out about him—'cause from afar he may look all right, but I want to know what he's really like.
4. (a) Social life okay, but there's too much of it.
(b) All the boys are very nice, and all this stuff about college men being so wild is a lot of bunk. They're not as fast as the boys in high school were.
(c) You need pull by all means.
5. I'd motion to my date or make up an excuse to walk off the dance floor and then lose the guy I'm stuck with.

GENE SEEGRIVE.

1. I'd spend all my time working up a technique so that I can get good results. Where there's a will there's a way, I hope, I hope, I hope.
2. Fiendsbelcher.
3. I'd call him up on the phone and then I'd say, "This is Gene Seegrive calling, telephone number is CA 0987, live at 4567 Pineway, 5'-4", weight 110—have I the wrong number?"
4. (a) For us keeds, it's okay.
(b) I won't tell you and have everybody hating me for the next four years. For publication: I think they're wonderful.
(c) In some instances.
5. I'd just beckon.

THE GRIZZLY GREEKS

(Continued from page 20)

Phi Phi was for Horace,
 Meant for Horace, made for Horace,
 And Horace sensed it well.
 They bid him on first date,
 And he was overjoyed,
 But rush rules said
 "Attend all dates."
 So Horace, law abiding,
 Entered grim portals of E. U. O.

IX.

Into the gaudy splendor of this mansion
 Innocently tripped our Horace,
 Met the Brethren
 Who greeted him with raised eyebrows
 And whiskey breaths,
 Enticed him into game of craps,
 Offered scotch and seltzer.
 They gathered round and stared at him
 And whispered one to another.
 Indeed, he was something new
 To these inhuman monsters.
 Oh vile villains
 Possessed of sadistic humor
 Decided Horace would be fun,
 And in secret council plotted his capture,
 Marked him for E. U. O.

X.

This sealed his doom.
 For all do know the E. U. O.'s.
 Always got their man.
 Into upstairs chamber dark
 Ushered they poor Horace,
 Sat him down in spotlight beam,
 And glared at him from shadows.
 Demon voice from darkness spoke,
 Calm and cold like fate,
 "Addleby, we offer you
 The bid of E. U. O."
 Silence, silence,
 Deep and heavy—
 Then from below
 Voices lifted in that classic ballad,
 "The Slut of E. U. O."

XI.

Horace shivered,
 Shook with fear;
 His throat was thick and dry.
 "Th-thank you fellows,"
 He sputtered in sheer panic,
 "B-b-b-but I've already decided
 To go Phi Alpha Phi."
 Grim laughter,

Then that awful voice,
 "I fear
 You do not quite un der stand.
 We are informing you.
 You're going E. U. O.!"
 Timid was our Horace
 But staunch and straight and true.
 His promise he had given.
 He could tell right from wrong.
 So firm he held,
 Firm—to the last,
 'Gainst tortures cunning and cruel:
 The rubber hose, the iron boot,
 Burning sticks 'neath fingernails,
 Castor oil, and ipecac,
 And more beyond description.
 Still he moaned,
 "I'm going Phi Alpha Phi."

XII.

At last said voice,
 "Take him to the library;
 Show him our complete file of *Gay Parce*;
 And leave him there to think.
 He still may see the light."
 In the dark he waited,
 Waited,
 Hour after hour,
 Wishing he had skipped this date
 For the Phi Phi ice cream party,
 And that he'd never never
 Heard of E. U. O.
 Fifteen days sans food or drink
 They kept him prisoner.
 The dean was told that he was sick
 And would register a little late.
 They forged a letter to his folks
 Saying all was well.
 And college was just "peachy."
 But to the Phis Phis they answered only,
 "He's gone E. U. O."

XIII.

Every day
 For fifteen days
 They grilled him,
 But he only whispered—ever fainter,
 "I'm going Phi Alpha Phi."
 On the fifteenth day
 They came as usual
 And asked once more his choice.
 They strained their ears but heard no reply
 For the boy was dead—
 Safe from E. U. O.
 And still clutched in his withered hand
 They found a scribbled note
 Which read,
 "I'm going Phi Alpha Phi."

HOW TO STUDY

(Continued from page 15)

and thinking how nice that rest's going to be and figuring how far away it is; this will make it easier to get used to your job after you get through school and have a two-week vacation every fifty-two weeks. (The two-minute rest is not quite parallel with the vacation, of course, in that you don't have the wife and kiddies with you, but you can make up for this by playing with little brother or the neighbor's brat during your rest period and perhaps getting hit in the eye with a damp lollypop.)

(3) You should do a lot of outside work in the form of jobs, extra-curricular activities, hobbies, music practice, etc. on the theory that the more you do, the more you do well, because you budget your time. For example, during the last final period I was lifeguarding ten hours a day, doing part-time stenographic work, and getting out a magazine. I didn't shave for a week, missed two whole nights of sleep, and was finally persuaded to eat some caffeine tablets (two days later the psychology department reported that some students at another university had gone blind from eating such tablets). I was sort of "yaaa" for a few days, but think of the excitement I had, and—I made the best grades I have made in college.

As for *Ventilation*, this is particularly fascinating if you study in a fraternity-house or other small room where you have to play the sirocco of an overly-large radiator against a vicious Siberian cross-draft; you feel like old man Aeolus himself (a feeling conducive to the study of the classics or meteorology). And it's worth an hour a day to figure out some way not to get a cold while you study; I've had more stuffed heads from cramming than from standing in the rain with no hat for the duration of a football game. If you are interested in fine points, it is good fun to study in a sunporch where you can pull the southeast window down two inches from the top, push the southwest one up an inch, etc.; or to try to maintain a constant temperature and relative humidity with a lot of gadgets; or merely to try to keep some of the St. Louis smoke and dust out with wet cloths and filters. At any rate, you must do something about ventilation if you want to be considered anything but a dilettante university student, and whatever you do, you're sure to take away at least an hour from your greasy grinding. (In fairness, I must warn you that one of my friends knocked a screen out of a third-story window while trying to put up a sulphur-fume-eliminator—his silver fountain pen was always getting black and depressing him to the extent that he couldn't study. Anyway, said screen having landed upon the head of a passer-by, my friend was confronted with a fat damage suit. Another friend, a girl, got the habit of opening her window from the top, and the resultant window-shade flapping made

her the way people in coffee-nerves ads look. Her family is still trying to decide whether to put in Venetian blinds or to put her in a public institution. In short, *Ventilation* has its dangers, but this merely adds to the thrill).

Normal *Respiration*, needless to say, goes right along in spite of you, even when you're studying, if you have breathable air. And you have far more than just breathable air if you followed my tips under *Ventilation*. But it seems to me that, in addition to ordinary, normal, everyday, humdrum breathing, one needs a few minutes of good, deep, physical culture breathing every so often during an evening of study. Such breathing is best done before an open window, chest bared to the elements. Take my advice, however, and don't choose a window which looks into one of your neighbor's. A friend of mine with a huge hairy chest was doing his deep breathing one night when all of a sudden the window shade across the alley zipped down and he heard a woman scream. It happens that this woman was a little silly and kept peeking around the edges of the shade, really quite thrilled by the whole thing; but if she'd been one of the cop-calling type, my pal would have had some explaining to do.

There is just one tip I can give you in regard to your normal breathing as you sit and study. That is: loose, comfortable clothing helps a lot. Such clothing also adds "atmosphere," which I might say, if I stooped to puns, has some connection with *Respiration*; anyhow, atmosphere in the sense of appropriate costumes has been shown in scientific tests to have a great effect on study. "Kleider machen Leute," the Germans say. I myself have found that I can study, say English literature, with a maximum of appreciation if I am attired in an old English wool sweater and am wearing a monocle.

Irrigation must be both internal and external. Ice water, cokes, root beer, coffee, and so on take care of the first phase nicely. Soap and water and perhaps *eau de cologne* and rubbing alcohol take care of the second. And the only possible danger is that you may overdo your irrigating. Don't for instance, become what many a college student is, a "handowashomaniac." For the benefit of the uninitiated, that is a person who can't touch anything without feeling that his hands have become defiled. He always wraps a towel around the hand with which he turns on the faucet to wash the other hand. If he washes in a public washroom he will stand around for fifteen minutes waiting for someone to open the door so that he can leave without touching the knob.

Stimulation is akin to *Irrigation* in that many things which stimulate (as you freshmen probably don't know) come out of bottles; others come from the old man's tobacco jar, the phonograph, and the radio. For to study properly, you must drink, you must smoke a pipe (if you can; I always get dizzy and have to lie down for fifteen minutes), and you

HOW TO STUDY

(Continued from page 23)

must have music. Who, for example, could study German without *Bier oder Schnapps, und Wagner—und vielleicht eine Meerschaum Pfeife?* When I say you must drink, I do not mean, of course, that you must become intoxicated—although your parents may get the wrong idea. So, if they come in and find you drinking a scotch and seltzer, just say breezily, "The school doc prescribed it for my cold." Of course, there are likely to be incidents. Take the case of a friend of mine: he had a bottle of seltzer in his desk; he came home one evening to find that it had exploded in there, without making any marks on the outside; his mother, president of the local W. C. T. U., had been home all day; but she said nothing; had she heard it?—he couldn't ask her; could she have guessed the meaning of the noise?

Blood is necessary to stimulate the brain to work well. A woman scientist has advised, therefore, that studying be done with the feet higher than the head. Always more than ready to follow the advice of a woman, I have a pulley-wheel suspended from the ceiling of my room and, over this, a rope, one end of which I tie around my ankles when I study and the other end of which I tie to my chair after I have pulled my ankles up above my head. My system has always been 100% except for one detail which I shall let you in on, in case you want to copy the system. That detail, which has since been remedied, was the rope. It was originally a cheap, thick, easily-frayed sort of thing. And one Sunday when my whole family had gone off to the country for the day and I was home alone to get some cramming done, the rope got caught in the pulley wheel. It became time to get myself some lunch, and I couldn't get my feet down. No knife was in reach. When the family returned, ten o'clock that night, I was muttering evil words.

In connection with *Recreation*, the best thing I can throw down to you is the old saw, "All work and no play makes Jack a Phi Bete." And it has been shown that Phi Betes aren't making any more money ten (or is it fifteen or twenty?) years after graduation anyway. So why waste your youth with all work? Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, *carpe diem*; listen to Jack Benny, read Photoplay, drop paper bags full of water out of the window onto pedestrians' heads, go to a cinema.

For *Inspiration* I have tried successfully pictures of great men, music, poetry, sunsets—visible from my window, statistics about the better chances of a college graduate. And then there was the girl in the bathtub. Some will say she doesn't belong in a college magazine at all; some will call her the product of my lascivious college student's imagination. But *there she was* every evening between eight and nine when I glanced out of the window of one

of the rooms in which I have studied—emphatically not the product of my brain cells. And she worried me too until I realized her full significance. Until I realized that she was a reminder—a reminder that life is not all books and facts and figures; and a symbol—a symbol of the reality for which my studying is only a preparation; and a shining example (shining with soap and water, it is true, and with light reflected from the porcelain tub—but nonetheless shining)—an example of the beauty that is occasionally produced by this perplexing biological phenomenon known as human life. Glanced at with her full significance in my mind, she was no longer a worry to me, but rather an inspiration. And I have found that every college boy has his "girl in the tub," whether she be an actual bathing girl, the woman who takes sunbaths on the balcony, a sorority house dorm, or only a drawing by Petty.

That is, all college boys except a lucky few—those that are in love; they don't seem to want a "girl in the tub." Their inspiration is supplied by large photographs inscribed "To the sweetest boy in the world—" or "With all my love—", by 'phone conversations, letters from the home town, gardenias brown with age. And if they don't moon over these things too much, they seem to be the best off. A girl in the mind is worth two in the tub.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

(Continued from page 14)

washboard vertebrae, have sacrificed their svelte lines to chili-mac and cheese pie; even the husky coeds who used to worry because they wore their food too obviously, have stopped reducing and confess that they would rather avoid the scales than the steak. For the eating era has come upon the college campus and the only way to a modern student's mind is through his stomach.

BETWEEN BELLES

(Continued from page 18)

exits shut. When the rest of the Phi Delt boys came to the rescue from below the crafty Kap Sigs dosed them with buckets of water. Threats of violence meant nothing to the aquatic Kap Sigs. The whole thing ended with the Phi Delt boys crawling to another section of the roof and escaping down the drain.

Ed: I'll be darned. Only a spook like you could have got all the details on a fracas like that, Auntie.

Au: Oh, it's really nothing, Jack. Say, I've a swell idea—why don't you become a spook too?

Ed: But why should I do that, Auntie?

Au: 'Cause when I'd send you my gossip, you could print that it was sent from ghost to ghost.

Ed: Stick to the gossip, Auntie, stick to the gossip.

Twenty-Two of the Freshman Popularity Queens

The first year girls are all queens to us (empresses if they sell a lot of Eliots), but the November issue will contain the pictures of 22 of the queens whose sorority sisters have singled them out for the distinction of appearing in our magazine.

A chance for engineers and other non-jellies to know 22 attractive girls, anyway. Just find out her name in Eliot, cut her at the next dance, and say, "Didn't you go to U. City High?" or "Didn't I meet you in Far Rockaway?"

Whoever you are, you'll enjoy St. Anastasia's gossip, stories, articles, cartoons, pictures, in the November Eliot — on sale by all the nicer girls.

*The Three Musketeers
of Smoking Pleasure*

...refreshing **MILDNESS**
TASTE that smokers like
Chesterfields **SATISFY**



Chesterfield