

Washington University in St. Louis

Washington University Open Scholarship

Eliot

University Archives

10-1938

Washington University Eliot

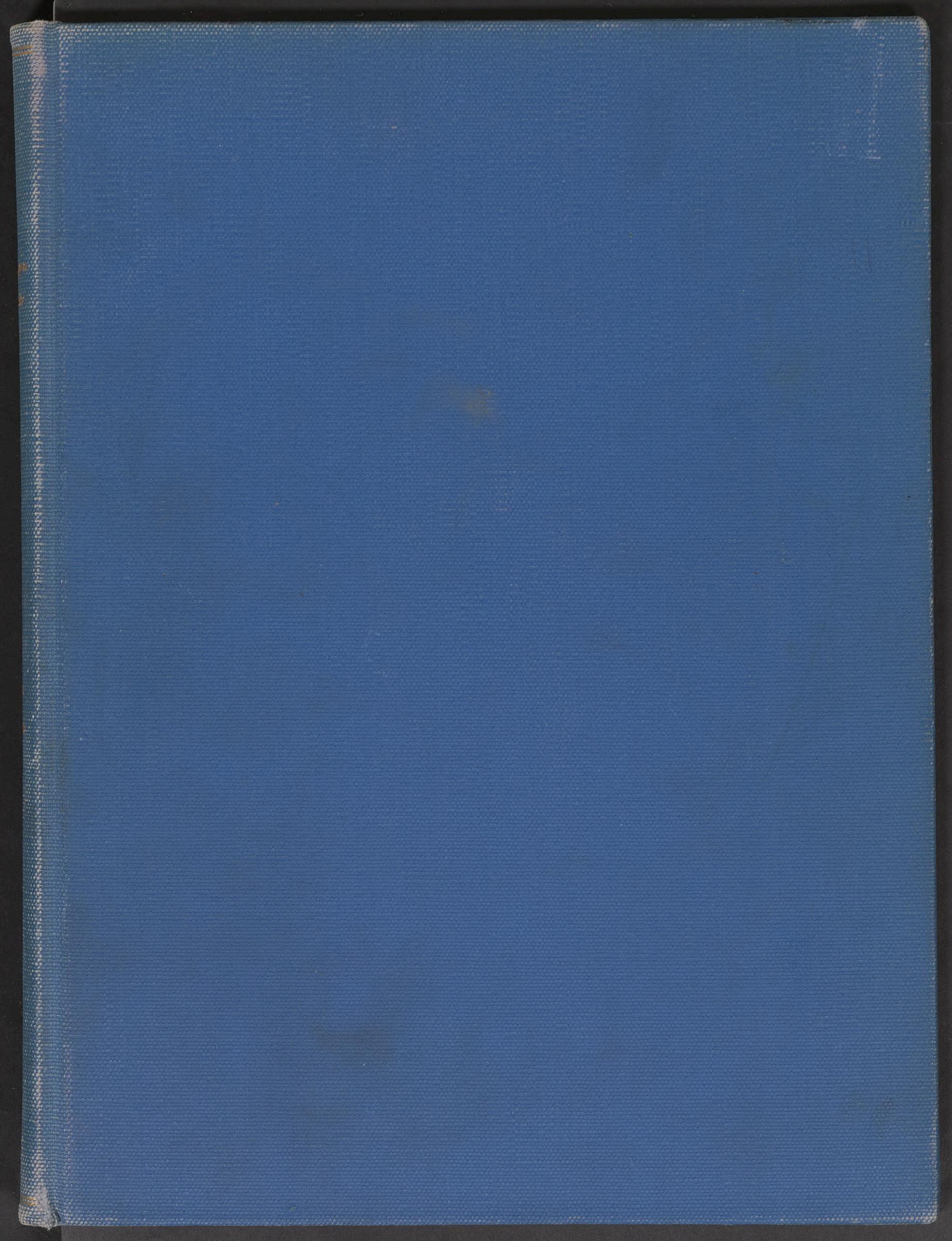
Washington University Eliot, St. Louis, Missouri

Follow this and additional works at: <https://openscholarship.wustl.edu/eliot>

Recommended Citation

Washington University Eliot, St. Louis, Missouri, "Washington University Eliot" (October 1938). *Eliot*. 40. <https://openscholarship.wustl.edu/eliot/40>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the University Archives at Washington University Open Scholarship. It has been accepted for inclusion in Eliot by an authorized administrator of Washington University Open Scholarship. For more information, please contact digital@wumail.wustl.edu.



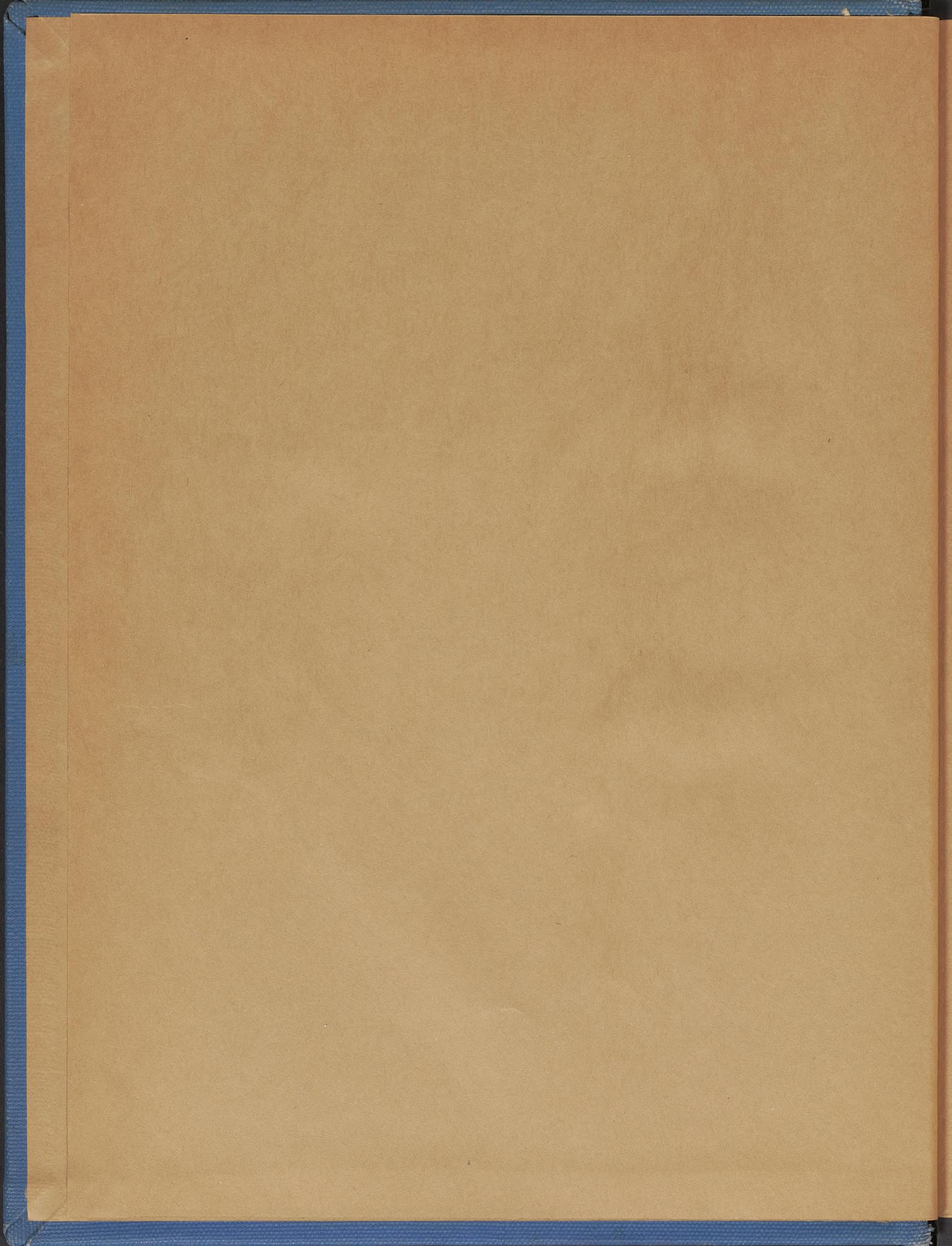
Library of

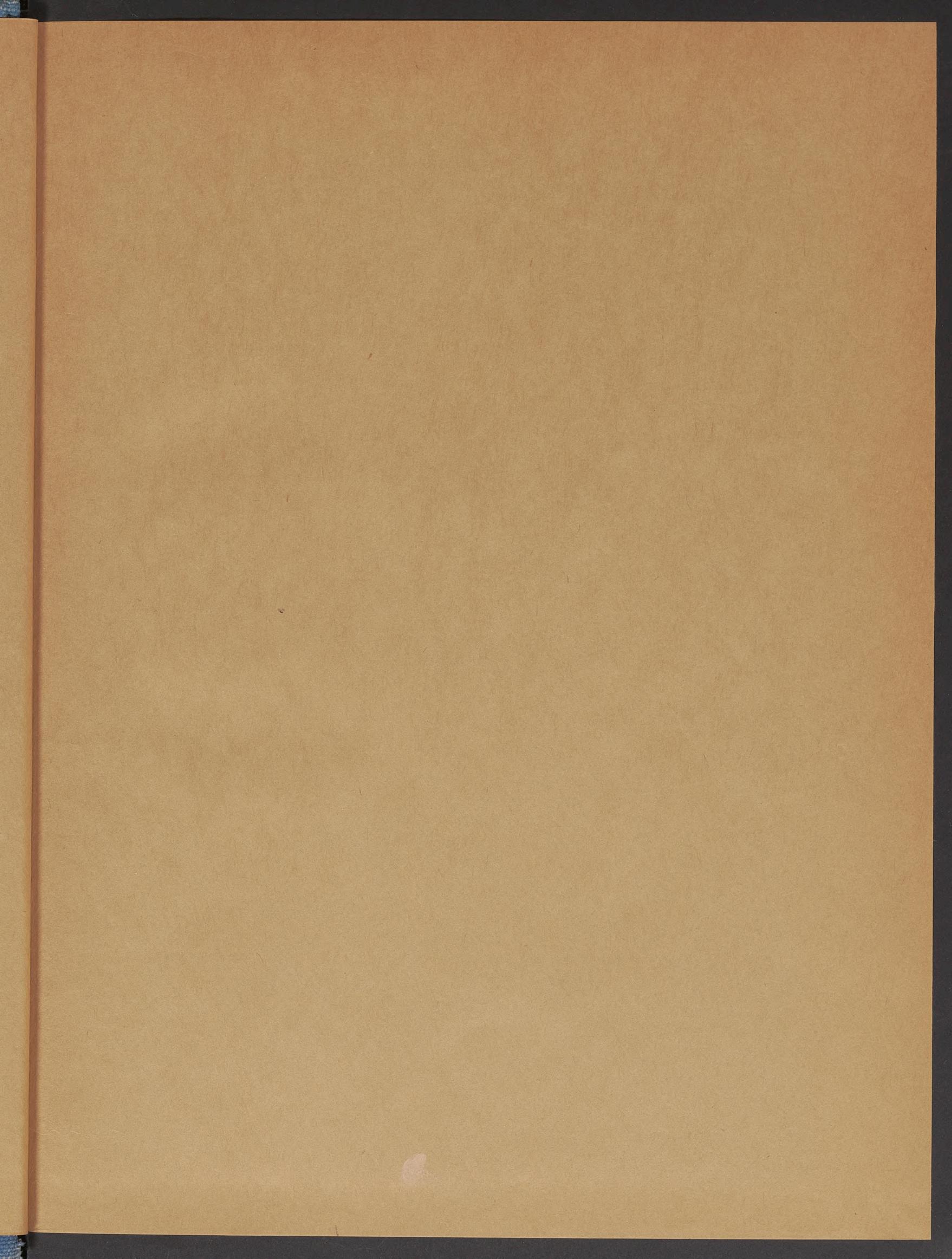


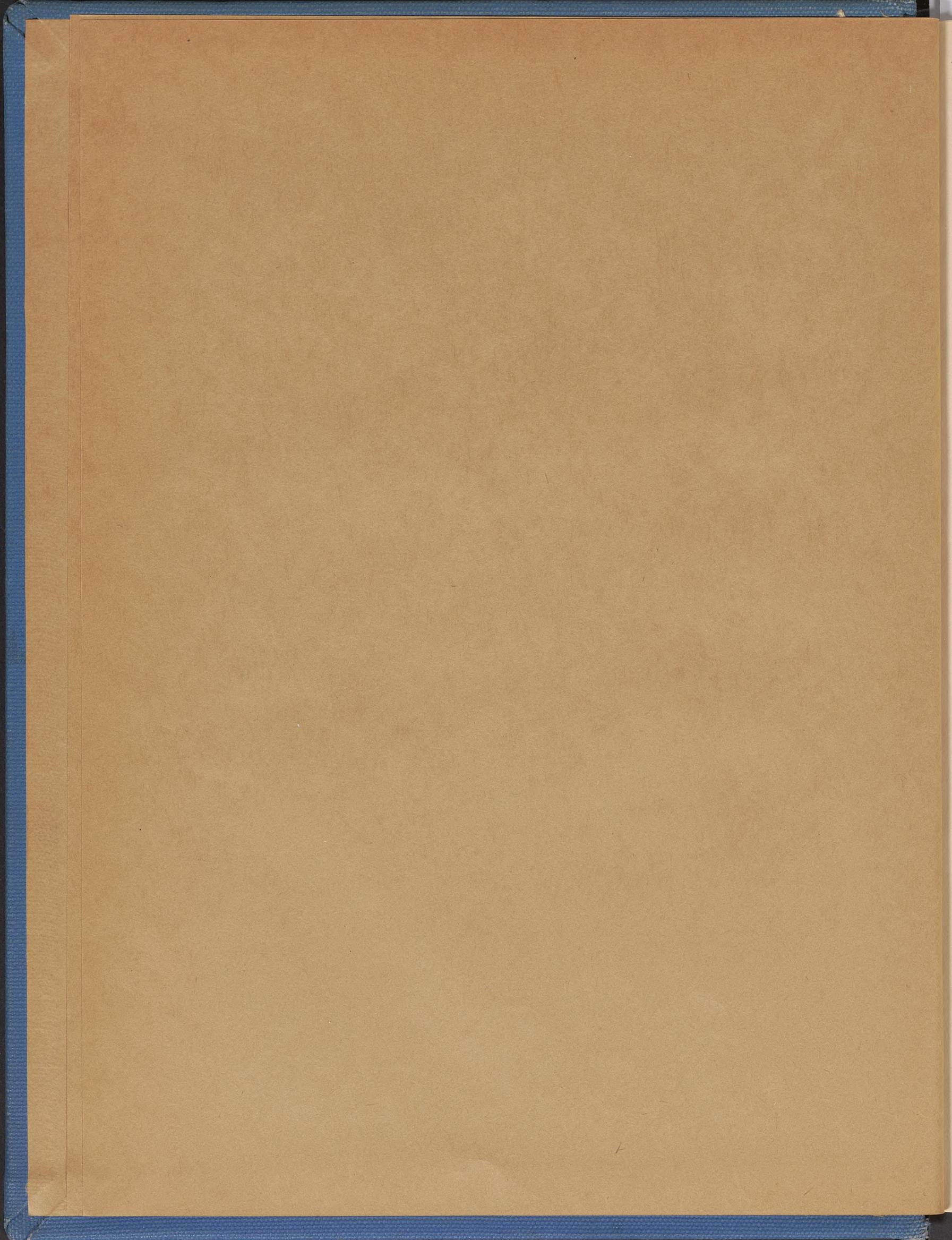
Washington University



DO NOT TAKE FROM LIBRARY







Eliot

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
DANA AND CAROL LINDENBACH LIBRARY
1938



V. 6 #1



FRESHMAN

ISSUE

OCT.

1938



"Star" AUCTIONEER FOR 16 YEARS

BILL CURRIN, Like Most of the Other Independent Tobacco Experts, Smokes Luckies

Mr. Smoker: You say most of these tobacco experts smoke Luckies?

Mr. Lucky Strike: Yes, 2 to 1 over all other brands combined. Sworn records prove it.

Mr. Smoker: How many of these experts work for you?

Mr. L. S.: Not one! They're all *independent* tobacco men. Auctioneers; buyers, warehousemen.

Mr. Smoker: Are these men the best judges of tobacco?

Mr. L. S.: You bet they are! Just for example, there's Bill Currin. He's been an auctioneer for 16 years, and has sold millions of pounds of tobacco.

Mr. Smoker: And Currin smokes Luckies?

Mr. L. S.: Yes—and has for 15 years. Not only for their fine tobacco, but because of the "Toasting" process.

Mr. Smoker: What does that do?

Mr. L. S.: It takes out certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco—makes Luckies a light smoke, easy on the throat.

Mr. Smoker: That sounds good to me. I'll try them.

EASY ON YOUR THROAT— BECAUSE "IT'S TOASTED"

Sworn Records Show That—

**WITH MEN WHO KNOW
TOBACCO BEST—
IT'S LUCKIES
2 TO 1**

Copyright 1938, The American Tobacco Company



WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:
Bill Currin—Auctioneer—has
smoked Luckies for 15 years

A FRESHMAN TOLD ME SO

Interviews with nervous neophytes not yet contaminated by a college education.

by the Hilltop Institute of Student Opinion

Directors: BUDKE, LEWIS, LAMPERT and NEUWOEHNER

WITH "buttoning," Frosh family meetings, and mixers, the Freshmen have been as rushed as millionaire debs these past few days. But we have managed to lasso a few of the more unsuspecting souls with the aid of the ever-watchful Vigilance Committee. Here is what they think about things and stuff:

1. Why do you like Freshman rules?
2. What is your opinion of W. U. (women, men)?
3. What is your opinion of apple polishing?
4. What do you hope to achieve at Washington University?
5. Who thinks he's the biggest BMOG on the campus?
6. What is your definition of a Washington University professor?

LEO MILLER: 1. All right, if the upper-classmen don't get too smart about it. 2. I haven't been here long enough to get a proper survey. 3. If you can get by with it, all right. 4. I want to learn something and then get a good job when I get out. 5. Lover Murphy. 6. An old guy with fuzzy hair.

JERRY HUGHES, an enlightened freshman from the wheat fields of Kansas: 1. O.K. if the upper-classmen don't take advantage of us. 2. Big improvement over high school and from what I've heard they are 100% better than last year's crop. 3. If you do it carefully so that no one notices it's more than helpful. 4. B.M.W.W. (Big Man With Women) 5. Carl Barker. 6. I've only seen one so far—he was an eccentric old coot with his hat brim turned down.

DON LEEKER: 1. Develops school spirit. 2. Very nice, so far. 3. I don't like it. 4. To see if dees guys can teach me sump-in! 5. I haven't met any. 6. Dull, uninteresting—kinda dead from the neck up.

DICK HILLGERS 1. The buttoning isn't nice in front

of girls and I can't jelly on the Quad on account of those rules. The rest of the rules are O.K. 2. 5% are all right. 3. Not very high. 4. To be popular and to make new friends. 5. Bob Rinehardt. 6. A bore.

DON PETERSON: 1. You get acquainted with upper-classmen who make you do what they want. 2. I think they are O.K. The standard is much higher than I expected. 3. I don't believe in it—I'm not so good at it. 4. To learn how to get along socially besides learning how to study. 5. Sam Murphy. 6. One who likes to talk just to hear himself talk.

WALLACE McLEAN: 1. It brings spirit back to the Freshman Class. 2. Real girls. 3. It's a great thing if you're being polished. (?) 4. A diploma. 5. One-eye Leyhe. 6. One that has earned a degree.

JIM VON BRUNN: 1. It gives spirit to the whole school. 2. Plenty smooth. 3. He who can polish the apple should do it—not everybody can. 4. My share of whatever is offered. 5. President Samuel Murphy. 6. One who strives to teach the younger generation.

BOB CHAPMAN: 1. I kinda like 'em, they get you acquainted with other people. 2. O.K. 3. I don't like it—if its what I think it is. 4. Diploma 5. Murphy. 6. More friendly than I expected.

CHARLES JOHNSON: 1. They give the freshmen a common enemy. It keeps upper-classmen from taking freshmen women to football games. 2. All right. 3. All right if you can get by with it. 4. A good time with some education. 5. John Paulas. 6. I'm afraid to talk.

WALTER SMITH: 1. They give school spirit. 2. Very nice. 3. I don't like it. 4. Good sound education—and fun in activities. 5. The guy who played Roosevelt. 6. An instructor.

MAX BARBER: 1. It brings spirit back. 2. I haven't formed an opinion yet. 3. O.K. when not over-

(Continued on page 18)



Eliot

EDITOR
Aaron Hotchner '40

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
Louise Lampert '39

BUSINESS MANAGER
Carroll Donohue '39

MAKEUP:—

Louis Gottschalk, Hi Neuwoehner.

EDITORIAL STAFF:—

Walter Mead, Mary Wilson, Louis Triefenbach, Marjorie Sebastian, Sam Murphy, Juanita Hunsaker, George C. Smith, Joe Edlin, Dolly Pitts, John Lewis, Sally Alexander, Betty Budke, Bob Skinner, Jeanette Weiner, Jack Cable.

ART STAFF:—

Carroll Cartwright, Helen Callicotte, Hiram Neuwoehner, Phil Willmarth, Jim von Brunn.

PHOTOGRAPHIC STAFF:—

Dave Boyd, Jules Schweig, Albert Haines, George Weber.

CIRCULATION MANAGERS:—

Sally Alexander, Ernest Fisher, Betty Budke.

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1938

HILLTOP INSTITUTE—A Freshman Told Me So.....	Page 1
BETTY BUDKE—The Music Goes 'Round.....	Page 5
The Towers and the Town.....	Page 6
BOB SKINNER—I Wanna Be Queen.....	Page 7
LOUISE LAMPERT—Blind Date.....	Page 8
B.M.O.C.— B.W.O.C. Directory	Page 9
AARON HOTCHNER—The Saga of Bill Moore.....	Page 10
Between Belles	Page 11
Frosh Shots	Pages 12 and 13
Freshman Quiz	Page 14
Do You Want to be an Actor?.....	Page 16
SMITH and CABLE—Greek Letters.....	Page 17

Cover by Jim von Brunn

Washington University Eliot, Skinker and Lindell, St. Louis, Mo. Vol. 6, No. 1, October, 1938. Price \$1.00 a year, 15c a copy. The Eliot is published monthly except in June, July, August and September. Entered as second-class matter, under Act of March 3, 1879, at the Post Office, St. Louis, Mo.

National Advertising: Associated Students Advertising Bureau
Ken Davey—Director

Material must not be reprinted without permission

Turning to Old Gold



In the Autumn
When most foliage
Turns to old gold—
That's just Nature.
But when a tobacco leaf,
After many months
Of *Extra Aging*
And *Mellowing*
Becomes Old Gold . . .
Man! that's Distinction.
About the highest honor a
Tobacco leaf
Can attain!

FRESHNESS INSURED . . .
by extra Cellophane wrapper,
opening at bottom of pack.



Copyright, 1938.
by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tuesday and Thursday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor . . . Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds

**"SHURE AND HIS
PIPE DISTURBED
TH' PEACE!"**



"MARRY ME, MARY?" But before she could answer, Frank's gooey-smelling pipe floored her. She just couldn't stand that strong, rancid tobacco. But Murphy saved the day!



"FAITH AND BEDAD! Clean that pipe and fill up with my Sir Walter—the most fragrant blend of extra-mild burleys ever put in a 2-ounce tin!" So he did, and she said "yes."

**SWITCH TO THE BRAND
OF GRAND AROMA**



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 orchestra. Every Wednesday night, coast-to-coast, NBC Red Network.

THE MONTH'S BEST

(From the hundreds of college humor magazines throughout the country, Eliot selects the best quips of the month.)

One stormy evening in Harlem, two mahoganies were settling a dispute. For awhile there was no sound but heavy breathing and the swish-swish of razors. Finally, one of the gentlemen made a lunge at the other.

"Ha, ha, you missed!" cried the lungee gleefully.

"Oh year?" replied the other. "Just try turning your head."—*Red Cat.*

Is that Rudy Vallee or do we need a new needle?—*Lampoon.*

Judge: "Who was driving when you collided with that car?"

Drunk, triumphantly: "No one—we were all in the back seat."—*Varieties.*

"Mmmm, but that popcorn has a heavenly smell!" she exclaimed as they drove past the stand.

"Hasn't it?" he agreed. "I'll drive a little closer."—*Log.*

"Waiter, this plate evidently wasn't dried after it was washed."

"Whaddya mean, wasn't dried? That's your soup."—*Punch Bowl.*

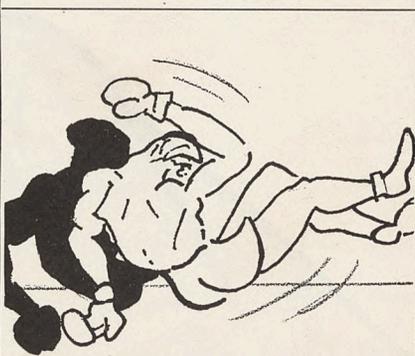
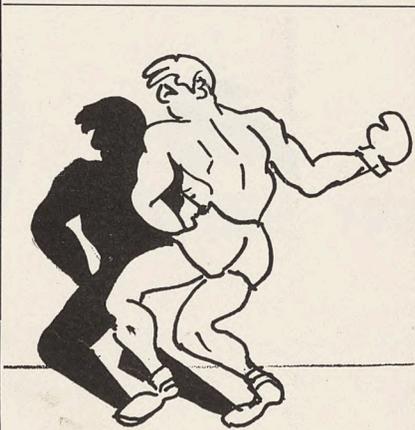
A big buck Indian had just bought a ham sandwich at a lunch counter and was peering between the slices of bread. "Ugh," he asked, "you slice 'em ham?"

"Yes," replied the clerk, "I sliced the ham."

"Ugh," replied the Indian, "you damn near miss 'em."—*Awgwan.*

"Darling, you have so many other attributes, but are you domestically inclined? I mean can you cook?"

"No, dear; I can't even bake an egg."—*Punch Bowl.*



THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND

by BETTY BUDKE

THE JITTERBUGS are in the gulley, shouting their floy-floys and strutting the Lambeth Walk—and so here's a brand new assortment of records for the jitterbug appetite.

With football season in full sway, nothing could be more timely than recordings of some of the better known college songs by orchestras popular with college students. The famous Notre Dame VICTORY MARCH, as arranged and played by Larry Clinton, with Southern California's FIGHT ON recorded on the other side, will make a valuable permanent addition to the Victor catalog.

Five of the Big Ten Universities are represented on a Sammy Kaye, Victor double—INDIANA, PURDUE, WISCONSIN, MINNESOTA, and IOWA. This is different from the Clinton record in that the tunes are given a sweet instead of a swing interpretation.

Another Sammy Kaye record gives you the remaining five of the Big Ten—MICHIGAN, OHIO STATE, CHICAGO, NORTHWESTERN, and ILLINOIS. On this record the Glee Club from the Sammy Kaye Orchestra sings two numbers, ACROSS THE FIELD, and GO U NORTHWESTERN. Victor.

Newman and Coots' smooth ballad, SUMMER SOUVENIRS, cleverly recorded by Larry Clinton for Victor, makes an attractive vehicle for the voice of Beatrice Wain. On the other side is an original Larry Clinton rhythm tune with accent on the fine arrangement.

Henry King has recorded, THIS MAY BE THE NIGHT and I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A DREAM for Decca. They are both played in a

smooth, slow tempo and make appealing dance numbers.

YA GOT ME and THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE YOUR ARMS by Reichner and Boland, are from the fifty-first annual U. of Pennsylvania Mask and Wig Production. Tommy Dorsey plays the first one at a medium fast swing tempo while the second moves a little more slowly. Edythe Wright, singer, and Yank Lawson, new, hot cornet player, share the honors. Victor.

HEART AND SOUL, a smooth tune by Frank Loesser and Hoagy Carmichael, is from the new Paramount film, "A Star is Born"—featuring Larry Clinton and his orchestra. With this, DODGING THE DEAN, an original, is recorded at a medium swing tempo. Victor.

A pair of new ditties written by J. C. Johnson and our very own "Fats" Waller, HOLD MY HAND and INSIDE (this heart of mine), are recorded by Mr. Waller's full orchestra. The first swings out at a medium tempo with some swell guitar, piano, and tenor sax work in addition to the Waller vocal. INSIDE is a medium slow swing tune with a good piano introduction and a well scored ensemble chorus.

Kay Kyser and his vocalized song titles take the limelight on a Brunswick record with STOP BEATIN' 'ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH and SO HELP ME. Kay is at his best here with a clever novelty tune and the English ballad which is catching on quickly.

Skinnay Ennis and his orchestra record two songs from the First National film, "Garden of the Moon"—THE GIRL FRIEND OF THE WHIRLING DERVISH and the title tune. Mr. Ennis, for some time featured vocalist and drummer with Hal Kemp, recently organized his own orchestra on the west coast. His first Victor record is a honey and is heartily recommended for your dancing pleasure.

The new Astaire-Rogers film, "Carefree" furnishes the tunes for a Ray Noble double—CHANGE

(Continued on page 23)

Latest
Victor
HITS




"As
You
Like
It"

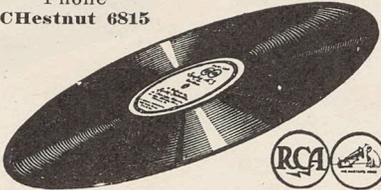
7716
FORSYTHE

CAbany 3161

EVERYTHING
IN
RECORDS

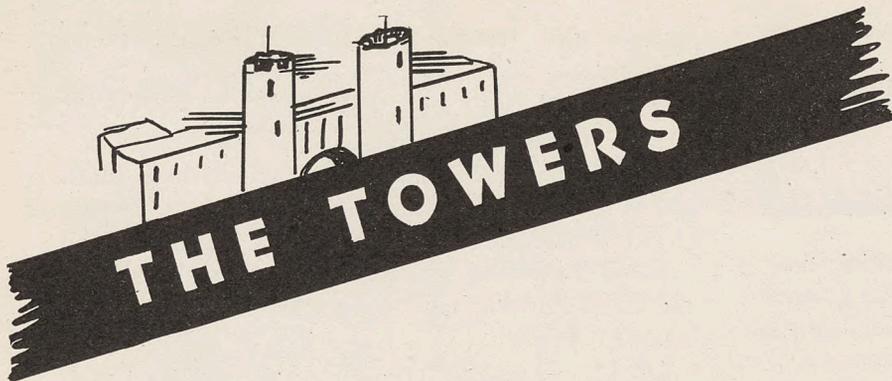
AEOLIAN for service
complete stocks
VICTOR RECORDS
Bluebird Records

Phone
CHestnut 6815




We are doing every-
thing to make our
record department
the best in this city
—best in point of
service and unsur-
passed in complete-
ness of stocks • We
have all the newest
hits!

AEOLIAN COMPANY OF MISSOURI
1004 OLIVE STREET



No Trucking

We read about the war in China and the trouble in Europe but we don't let it bother us a great deal—it is only when outside affairs effect us directly that we sit up and take notice.

Now take that New York trucking strike, for example. We probably would have never given a second thought to it were it not for the fact that one morning we received a very polite postal card informing us that the covers for the October *Eliot* had been indefinitely delayed due to the fact that there were no trucks available in New York.

What a pretty kettle of fish that was—here we had a magazine all printed and ready but no cover. At the last minute a couple of the boys in New York relented and our outer wrapper came through.

But from now on we're going to watch foreign news much more carefully—if we see an item: "Turkey Abolishes Harems," we're going to read it carefully—there's no telling how it might affect us.

Staff Stuff

Hiram Neuwoehner is a swell guy, and talented, too, but since he has been put on the staff it has led to no end of difficulty. For example, we were supposed to have a staff meeting the other day, and several members were rather late in arriving; Hiram was one of them.

Finally the phone rang and a voice on the other end said: "Hold the meeting for us, Chief—as soon as we get Hi we'll be right over!"

Law Lore

This story has grown whiskers

over the summer but it's so good we'll pass it along anyway.

Prof. Cullen was conducting his law course in property, one warm, drowsy afternoon, and the students were as drowsy as the afternoon. After a long dissertation on the rights of a gratuitous bailee, Prof. Cullen propounded a very involved question which had to do with the subject he had been lecturing on. He then called on Hal Hamilton for the answer.

"Huh?" blurted Hamilton, startled into consciousness.

"What is the answer to my question?" pursued Cullen.

"I pass," replied Hamilton with a wave of his hand.

"I'm not so sure you will," came the rejoinder.

Ad Lib

We are very sympathetic with the trials and tribulations which must beset these fellows who have to write all the ads in the newspapers. It's hard to meet the word limit and still be literary.

But the *Post* reached a new low the other night when they printed an ad which went something like this:

"Wanted musicians to form new college orchestra. Leave name and instrument in Post-Dispatch Box 215."

All we have to say is that piano player is going to have one helluva time.

Youth Engulfed

It's time that we injected a serious editorial note into the proceedings; we must rise as one and attack a problem which threatens to engulf modern youth.

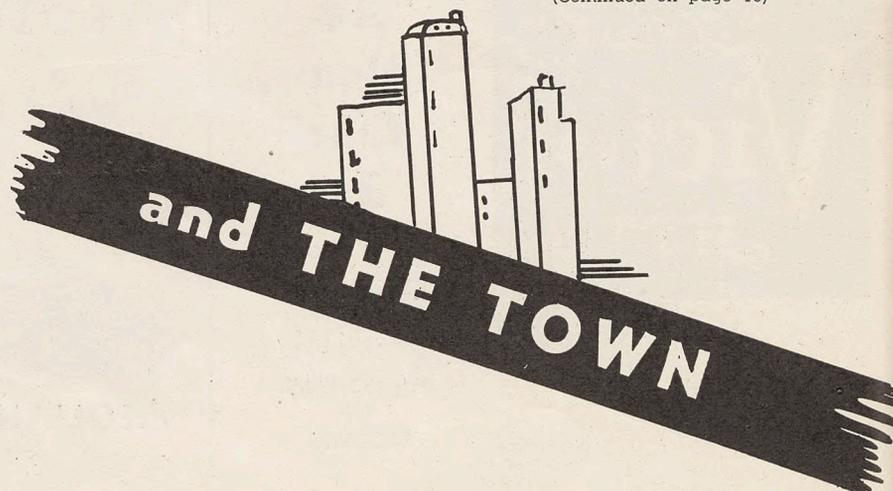
There was a contest at the freshman mixer to determine which freshman danced the most dances. When the time came for counting the lists it was apparent that the longest lists were handed in by Phi Delt and S.A.E. freshmen.

But then the trouble began—each accused the other of cheating and the debate waxed long and furious. It is here that we inject the note. What will the younger generation come to if we disillusion them at the start, making them fight and struggle for their right to the "most dances with freshmen girls" crown?

Yes sir, we must rise as one, for a Phi Delt freshman was awarded the prize by the slim margin of 17 dances; but just think how that poor, defeated S.A.E. frosh must feel, crushed and torn internally, snatched from the pedestal of fame by 17 dances—probably destined to spend the rest of his college days in oblivion.

There's no doubt about it—modern youth is being engulfed.

(Continued on page 18)



FREE! A box of Life Savers

to

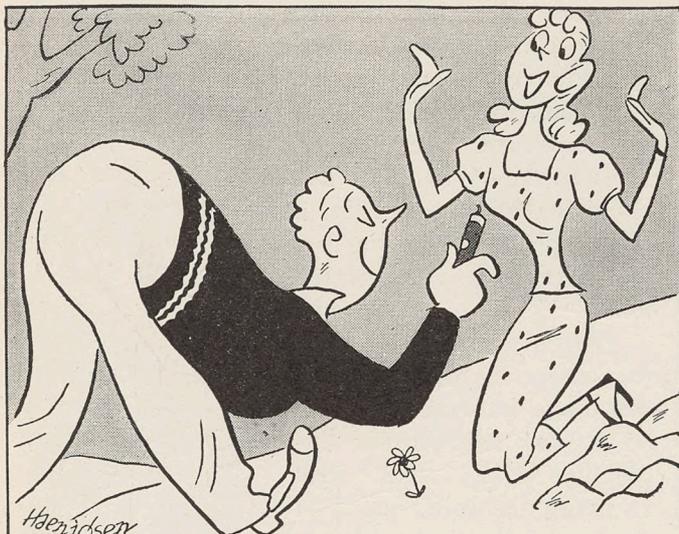
Bob Reinhardt

for the following joke:

Mountaineer: "Doc, I want you to look at my son-in-law!"

Doctor: "Shame on you. Shooting at your son-in-law!"

Mountaineer: "My gosh, Doc, he wasn't my son-in-law when I shot him."



"My gal is fickle," says Sophomore Joe,
 "What flavor she'll like I never know,
 "So when I buy those swell Life Savers,
 "I play it safe and get Five Flavors*."
 (*Five delicious fruit flavors in one package.)



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 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 Life 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.

I WANNA BE QUEEN!

WITH thoughts of freshman girls turning to Queenship and all its trimmings, we thought it would be interesting to get a few pre-election statements as to why and how the average frosh co-ed is going to try to capture the first crown of the season.

Miss Kappa pledge had a plan developed whereby she hoped, if nominated, to carry on her campaign. She said that it would be managed by a boy, whom she has not yet selected. Men, here's your chance! Call at the *Eliot* office and the name, address, and telephone number of this fair damsel will be furnished you, whereupon you may confer with her concerning an audition and perhaps receive the highly lucrative position of campaign manager for a girl who may become Queen.

Miss prospective Theta, another politician, said she had heard it whispered among the upperclassmen that the sorority which works the hardest, and which has the biggest name on the campus, will surely win the honor for its candidate. In other words, that the election is machine-ridden—it's a lie, and we don't know who's at the head of the machine.

One girl, a Tri Delt pledge, had quite a novel idea: she said she was going to join the *Eliot* staff and polish the apple with Hotchner. (*That's the best idea of them all, so far.—Ed.*)

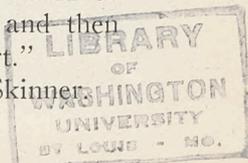
Mademoiselle-le-plus-belle-des-Gamma-Phi's said she didn't know what it is, but she'd like to be it. She is known in intellectual circles as the Beautiful-But-Dumb type. The last we saw of her she was headed off to find a sorority sister for an explanation, and at the same time she was telling everyone she met that an *Eliot* reporter had just told her she was to be Freshman Popularity Queen, and "Gee, kid, isn't it swell?"

The *Eliot* Coronation of this year, therefore, will be a fascinatin' thing. Think of it—a galaxy of glorious girls, and out of them steps one—the most popular lady in the Freshman class, a girl who will be crowned in the most glamorous ceremony of the year, the first Official Coronation of the Popularity Queen.

P.S.: Just as we were on our way with this to see the Chief, two Pi Phi pledges came up, all in a hurry, exclaiming, "Oh, Mr. *Eliot* man, we'd like to tell you about our wonderful idea for Freshman Popularity Queen. You see, we've both decided that we two are the best-looking girls on the campus, but we can't decide which of us is better-looking. Now we wonder if we can't run as one girl, and when we win, as we surely will, we'll be the first Double-Queen in *Eliot's* history. We thought it would be such an easy way to solve the problem, and then neither of us would have her feelings hurt."

You figure it out.

—Bob Skinner



BLIND DATE

by LOUISE LAMPERT



DORIS bounded out of bed at the first faint tingle of her alarm clock. There was no loitering between intimate sheets, no sneaked snuggle into the puffy pillow after the last raucous whirr of Big Ben had been silenced. Doris was much too excited to lie abed this morning; tonight she was going to her sorority pledge dance, an event to which she had been looking forward with great anticipation for months before her registration as a freshman at

Washington University.

She hummed happily as she donned her sweater and skirt and soiled saddle oxfords and combed back her "personality" curl, her imagination had carried her several miles away to the Congress Towers where she saw herself gliding gracefully around the mirrored ballroom with a partner as polished and smooth as the floor beneath her dancing pumps. It was only when she heard an insistent honking of an automobile horn outside her door that she abruptly climaxed her daydreaming and dashed down the front steps, her notebook in hand.

In the car Doris continued her interrupted thoughts of the approaching dance. She recalled silently how she had begged the sorority social chairman to get her a blind date with a BMOC, for Doris wished, more than anything else in the world, to have a date with a prominent campus man. She had read countless magazine stories about campus smoothies ever since her dancing school days; but she had never had a college man "hold her close while they danced divinely." Her many high school beaux were as ordinary as cigarettes and as mild. They were "sweet" and good pals, and had mastered every dance from the waltz to the Lambeth Walk without a mis-step, but as sophisticated smoothies, they had three strikes against them. Tommy Gordon, favorite of Doris' high school following was typical. Red-haired and freckled, the broad-shouldered half-back was as unromantic as an old shoe and as comfortable. His puppy-like friendliness had won Doris' heart in spite of herself, and Tommy was an ever-welcome visitor at Doris' home.

But Doris' time had at first been filled with shopping for a "rushing" wardrobe, and later with endless dashing from party to party and incessant chatter of "what sorority to pledge"—not much time to see Tommy. But in spite of Doris' recent negligence, Tommy felt confident that since he had pledged a powerful fraternity he would be able to continue

their former friendship; Tommy had a stag bid to the pledge dance.

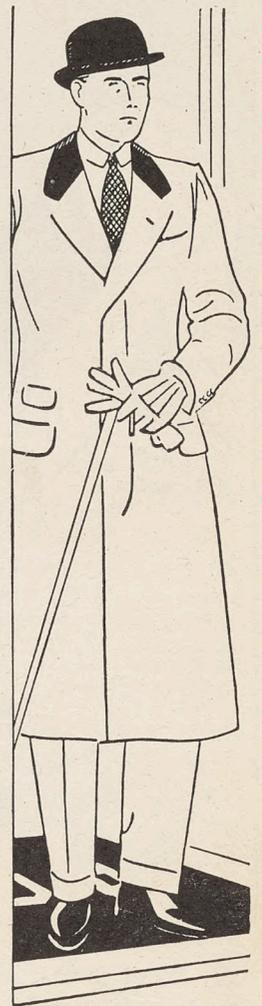
He would not have been so anxious to go to the dance if he had been able to read Doris' mind as she sat in Geology class that morning. The wisdom of her professor was clothed in a rhythmical aura of swing music and in place of the lecturer's face she saw a tall and handsome BMOC, her escort for the pledge dance. At the first sound of the bell announcing the close of her 11:30 class, Doris dashed from the room and hurried to the beauty shop for a wave and manicure. She emerged an hour later with her ash blond curls arranged in a new "up" hairdo giving her a smart and sophisticated look.

That afternoon she tried to concentrate on her English theme but could think of no logical reasons for "increasing school spirit" with so many absorbing plans of the formal floating restlessly in her brain. Dinner ticked by laboriously with Doris too worried about her "formal" figure to indulge in any of her favorite foods.

She was as meticulous as a watch-maker in dressing and removed her new formal from the closet with owl-like dignity. The large hooped skirt tucked among yards of turquoise flounces harmonized demurely with her piled-up curls, and Doris wriggled with delight when she saw the final effect of the costume in her full-length mirror. After one last up-twist of her eyelashes, she sank into her boudoir chair to await "Walter's" arrival; she had concluded upon a staircase entrance as the most effective.

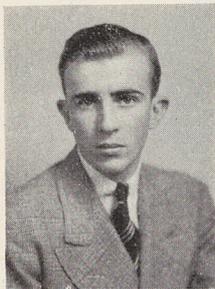
Although she expected Walter to be fashionably late, she became more and more perturbed as the hands of the clock swung far past nine. When at last she heard him greeting her parents below, she became suddenly panicky—what if he wasn't the Adonis she had promised herself he would be? What if he were short and plump with squashy hands?

(Continued on page 24)



B. M. O. C. - B. W. O. C. DIRECTORY

For the benefit of freshmen who want to meet campus big shots in a hurry.



PHIL WILLMARTH, editor of the campus headache, *Student Life*. If you want juicy assignments, Phil is the guy to get in good with. Slight of build with thinning brown hair, Phil has a good eye for humor and women.



DOROTHY MOORE, president of W. S. G. A., women's governing body. Dorothy is by far top activity lady on the campus and is a leader in several honorary organizations. Those freshman girls who would like to reach the top in a hurry should emulate Dorothy.

BOB BYARS, editor-in-chief of our dear sister publication, *Hatchet*. Bob is a thoroughly likeable, impartial fellow who will find plenty of work for anyone who wants to get on the yearbook staff.



KAY GALLE, Quad Club singing star and vice-president of the organization. Kay is easy on the eyes and ears and besides working like the dickens for the club for the past few years, Her Blondness has found time to be *Hatchet* Maid.

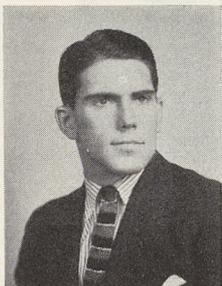


AARON HOTCHNER, editor of that unexcelled publication, *Eliot*. "Hotch" is on the look out for new talent, especially good feature writers. One of the top men in campus ddramatics, "Hotch" is president of the National Collegiate Players, dramatic honorary, to which freshmen might plan to aspire.

BETTY BUDKE, member of the Advisory Committee to the Freshman Court and also executioner for the girls. It is Betty's position as executioner that the women ought to be most interested in for it ain't no fun going to school without makeup. Betty was an engine maid.



DICK YORE, football star and president of Thurtene, Junior honorary. Yore is first string full back who is getting carrying assignments for the first time this year. Dick is well-liked both on the gridiron and around campus.



ELAINE FOERSTER, a young lady with a real variety of activities in back of her name. Mortar Board, Ternion, W. S. G. A., *Student Life*, Elaine is a very valuable person for any freshman to know.



RALPH BRADSHAW, president of Quadrangle Club, musical comedy organization. All the aspiring dancers and nightingales will want to meet this young man who knows quite a lot about Quad Club production.

DOLLY PITTS, ace high in campus dramatic work. Dolly is both a Thyrsus and Quad Club star and has taken over most of the comedy roles for the past two years. Along with Maggie Simpson and Ruth Finke, Dolly is a member of the popular campus trio, The Co-Eds.



SAM MURPHY, president of Student Council, student governing organization. Sam has all kinds of new ideas for bettering the campus and will need a lot of help if he intends to carry out half the planks in the platform which he outlined last spring.



SALLY ALEXANDER, an ex-Eliot freshman queen, an honorary colonel of the R. O. T. C., and an up-and-coming activity woman. Sally has been dubbed the "personality kid," etc. and will prove most interesting to the freshmen men who are looking for rah-rah college life.

THE SAGA OF BILL MOORE

A great American epic dealing with unbelievable tales about an unbelievable young man

by AARON HOTCHNER

IF YOU'LL think back you'll recall that you've heard an awful lot of tall stuff about Lincoln, Washington, Franklin, Babe Ruth, Ginger Rogers and a bunch of other celebs who have struck the public's fancy from time to time. The Gettysburg yarn and that ancient one about the cherry tree have been handed down for so long that today they are as sacred to the average American as the W. P. A.

Those of you who knew Bill Moore '37, realized at once that he was no Lincoln or Washington—not even another Babe Ruth—but you were almost positive that he belonged among the great. The adventures of the mighty Aenid pale beside the tales which are related concerning the Great Moore—tales which are destined to take their places alongside Gettysburg and the cherry tree.

It was a fine moonlight night in the spring of '36 when four or five forms stealthily emerged from the confines of the *Student Life* office. The hands on the clock pointed to the astonishing hour of 2:30 a.m. and within the *S.L.* office there had been long hours of planning and fervent debate. But now the hour had come to strike. Dissension disappeared. The four or five forms proceeded quietly, in single file, across the Eads lawn, down the library steps, across the moonlit quadrangle, and to the entrance of Brooking's archway where they stopped and peered skyward. The first of the four or five forms, a tall, blondish silhouette, raised his hand, spoke a few whispered words, and then the forms scattered, two remaining at the entrance while the others followed the blondish silhouette.

The forms hurried to a stout rain pipe, and with a half stifled cry of delight the blondish silhouette began shinnying up the side of Brookings. The other forms shinnied after him. It was but a matter of seconds until the forms reached the top, and then proceeding cautiously along the sloping roof, they made their way to the base of the flag pole. There the tall, blond form halted, drew from his pocket a large piece of cloth which he ran to the top of the pole. From another pocket he withdrew a small can, pried off the lid, placed it back in his pocket. One of the forms handed him a long knife which he placed between his teeth, and with a wave of his hand he was off, shinnying up the flag pole for all he was worth. Once at the top, he quickly cut down the ropes, and again taking the can from his pocket, he began rubbing a substance over the pole as he slowly descended. It required only

a few minutes to thoroughly cover the pole, and with a weird cry the blondish silhouette darted across the roof, shinnied down the pipe, and disappeared into the night, the forms after him.

The following day the downtown newspapers carried a news story which bore the headline: COMMUNIST FLAG FLOWN FROM BROOKING'S TOWER. The story went on to say that the flag was lowered with the greatest of difficulty because the ropes were cut and the pole greased. *Student Life* also carried the story which was the talk of the campus for several weeks. Bill Moore had struck.



Bill Moore

It was not a very long while later that Moore engineered another feat of equal brilliance. The night school classes on the second floor of Brookings had been droning along at the usual clip; the bell rang and the professors dismissed classes. The awakened students bounded to the doors, joyfully turned the knobs and pulled—they pulled again, and again, and again. Now even the thickest of the night schoolers knew that when you turn a knob and pull, things are supposed to happen. The door should swing open, a rush of stale air from the corridor should greet you—but not tonight—the doors just wouldn't budge. Discarding the theory that the confusion was caused by warpage, the professors nonchalantly waddled up to the portals, inserted their keys into the keyholes, and turned—and turned, and turned. But nothing happened. The doors had not been locked.

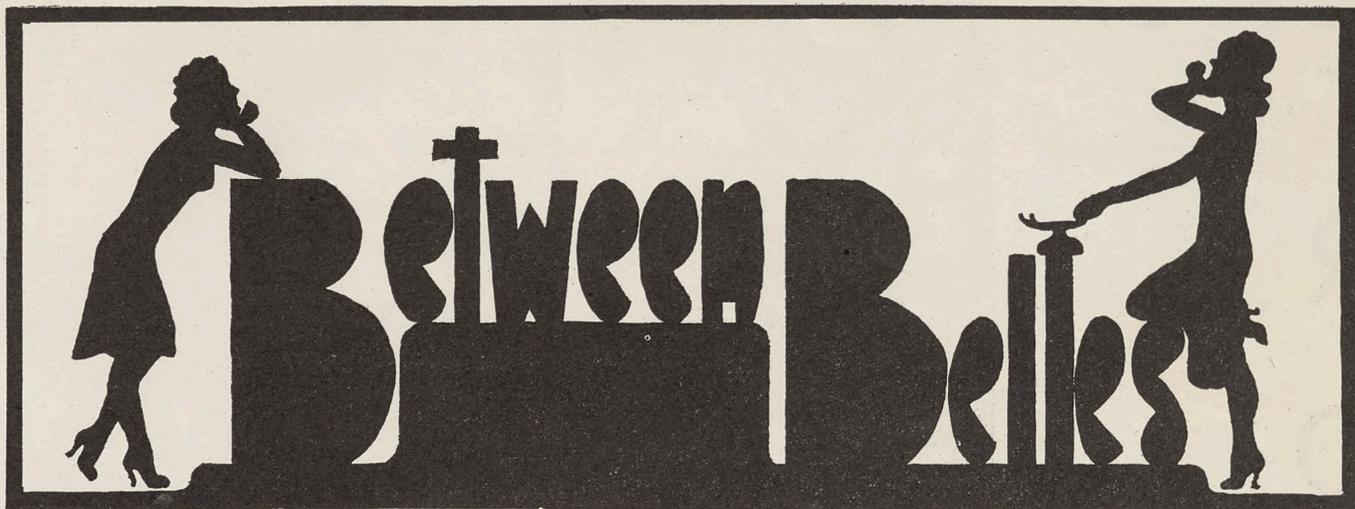
Slowly, very slowly, the professors and students realized what had happened—they were prisoners. They shouted from the windows for help but passing students looked upon the situation as a couple of psychology classes gone berserk. Feeling like so many sailors entombed in a sunken submarine, they settled down to await their fate.

Later, much later, the night watchman, making his rounds, found three doors on the second floor of Brookings wired together. With the aid of a wire clipper and two other watchmen the wire was finally cut loose and the students set free.

The next day's headlines read: NIGHT SCHOOL STUDENTS WIRED IN CLASS.

Thus was Bill Moore's life filled with one adventure after another. His every action was designed toward one

(Continued on page 23)



ETHEL JANE ELLIS has Al Von Hoffman's Sigma Nu pin. Al's theory is that the first eight or nine years are the hardest; and his advice to lovelorn laddies is to keep trying until the dam damsel (and I don't stutter) weakens. "It wasn't so hard!" screamed Von Hoffman, as he fell off the soap box . . . THE BOSS has a new-old car that turned his few remaining hairs a deep henna when the carburetor gave out. Our Aaron realized with a mad gleam in his good eye that the parts had gone out some fifty years ago . . . "Cuddles" Leyhe, more cuddly than ever is once more on the sorority lists of eligible men to take their pink and palpitating pledges to the first dances now that he and school marm Kraus have turned frigid . . . Bob Reinhardt and Katheran Galle of the Quad Show Reinhardts and Galles came to the parting of the paths.

"Gypsy Rose" Holtgrewe is taking Bill Hunker to the Queen's Supper . . . Peggy Woodlock vibrates from the Shyster's School of Yearning to the Sig Chi House . . . Betty (ex-Frosh Pop Queen) Pepoon still has Leo Dusard's Sig Alph pin. Although Leo is taking a flying course in distant parts, Betty is making a brave attempt to be nonchalant about the whole thing . . . "Fellas" Thompson jittering at the Goodman concert and shaking entire row of seats—I might even say a whole section.

In spite of certain discouraging comments from a certain aggravating aggregation, Agnes Jane Gilliam is being seen more and more with Jack O'Toole . . . Bud Harvey and Marian Thoms re-igniting a high school spark . . . Dick Yore putting the Rock of Gibraltar to shame by his steadfastness to Ginger "Rowdy" Rasbach . . . Alice Loyd and Jitterbug Bastman still too too . . . Hatchetface—I mean Hatchetman Berry, who takes part of his *Hatchet* staff too seriously, had two accidents in as many days. Berry is the one, if you'll remember, who brags about his driving. It's getting to a point where they are offering him a special flat rate.

Alexander has finally broken up, this time definitely, with Bud Capps and is on her own (not that she wasn't always) . . . Capps is consoling himself with M. L. Conrades who is back for a P.G. course just to be near him—it must be his magnetic personality . . . Jean MacGregor, "Kappa Kutie," has evidently decided on John Murphy . . . Kay Davis is going her own quiet way and spending exciting Saturday nights writing long confiding letters to Harry Henry at Harvard. Confidentially the reason that Kay came back was to make the time go more quickly . . . Dotty Krieger has given the Pi K A pin back again although she still sees its owner . . . Kay "best-dressed" Hampton, who worried this column no end last year with her change after a seven year courtship with Phi Delt Byron Herbert to Bud Barbee of the same fold, has tired of the sword and shield and almost decided on a Westminster Beta pin.

Bud "Casanova" Bohn and Handsome Jan Hanson are reconciled (That means going together again) this writer will take odds on how long it will last . . . Mary (Theta) Wilson is still Pickering's pick . . . Marky Parman is going with ex-king Ozment and Tommy (from all appearances) may part with his pretty pin. Again, Marky? . . . Shirley Conrad took special exercises at Battlecreek all summer—literally got in shape for school . . . Carolyn Harrison, Theta transfer from Nebraska U., wears a pin and CAME TO SCHOOL TO STUDY . . . Maria Quillian and Bruce Higginbotham has gone phfft, the thing was wavering before school closed and melted entirely during the three month heat wave.

Joan Ball had a date with Contest-Winner Wally McLean. Wally came in, sat down, made himself comfortable for a nice evening's argument; there were words and more words till both were in a white heat (if you can imagine the little Ball in a White

(Continued on page 19)

F R O S H O T S



1. Hello Washington! Boy, is this collitch life the stuff. (Note the **Eliot** in the young lady's arm—she's starting off to college on the right foot.)
 2. Gosh, Elmer, I don't know which end's up. 3. This young fellow has a brand new pledge button but he's deserted already—he won't smile so broadly when he sees that registration line. 4. The line.
 5. Pink cards, blue cards, white cards, playing cards. 6. More cards.
 7. A real action shot. It never looks like this when you try to sign up.
 8. It must be a sad story according to Mary Alt's face. 9. Sally Alexander turns on her Hatchet sales appeal. 10. Oh—oh, it's starting—Button, button!
 11. Gee, it's fun being a freshman. 12. Rip 'em up, tear 'em up, give 'em hell, Bears—hotcha!
 13. After they go through four years of this they step into the bread line. 14. Autumnal calm—not a fresh-

man in sight. 15. Hazing—"Hey, frosh, button! What's your name and phone number?" 16. Two quiet souls who will never be called before the court for jellying. 17. "Now listen, kid, you take phiz-ed and you won't regret it—I have a tumbling class called 'Groner's Groaners' that's a gym dandy." 18. That for you and your old camera. 19. Byars and the inevitable Gloria looking smug over early Hatchet subscription returns. 21. Just seenery. 22. Get out from under that cap, Budke, we know you. 23. Vanderbilt kicks out of danger. 24. The Mixer—high-light of Freshman Week. 25. Oh, gool! 26. Getting signatures for the "Guy who Danced the Most" prize. The girl in the foreground who is pulling her hair is probably not accustomed to being a wallflower yet

—fo
 28.
 Bya
 thin
 600
 Bud
 righ
 it's
 crow
 scor
 and



Photos by Al Haines, George Weber, Jules Schweig, Tony Wagenfuehr

me and
before
and you
' that's
ars and
tion re-
ke, we
—high-
for the
who is
ver yet

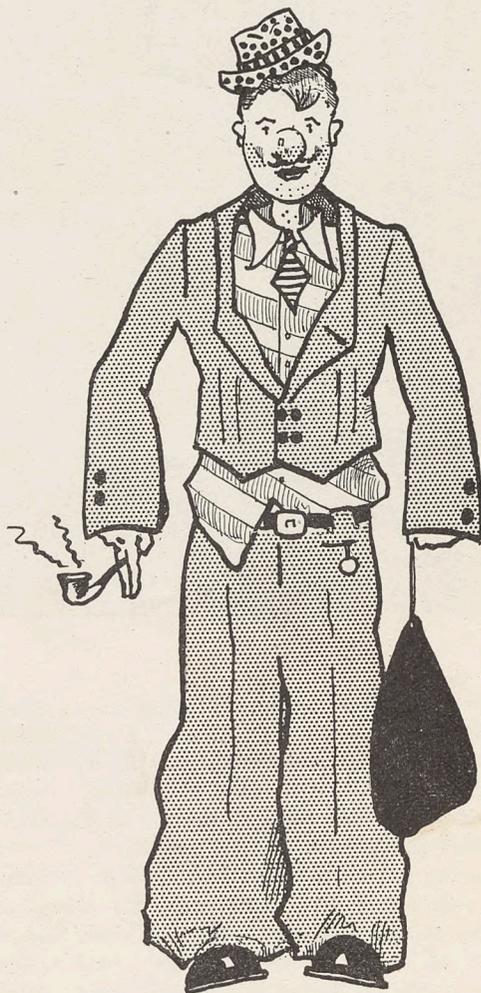
—four years at W.U. will take care of that. 27. Milling on the Quad. 28. Hatchet razzle-dazzle salesmanship—some thought at first it was Byars. 29. The last day, last hour of registration—Mary Alt still selling things. 30. Back to the Mixer—Hotchner going nuts trying to make 600 freshmen line up, change partners, and start dancing. 31. But there's Budke playing the part of match-maker. 32. You see that guy on the right with the freshman cap and the freshman grin—that's no freshman it's Ferring and one good reason why Frosh Mixers are always so crowded. 33. Just legs. 34. Ah, tranquillity! 35. Still trying hard to score against Vanderbilt. 36. The Bears wake up, fill the air with passes, and trounce Drake, 25-13. 37. It's Alexander getting a cooking recipe

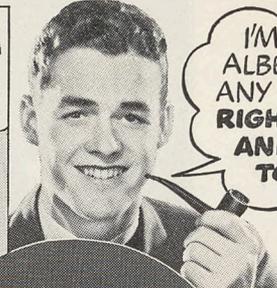
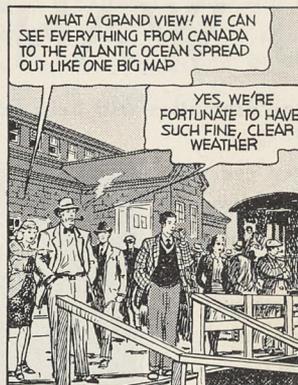
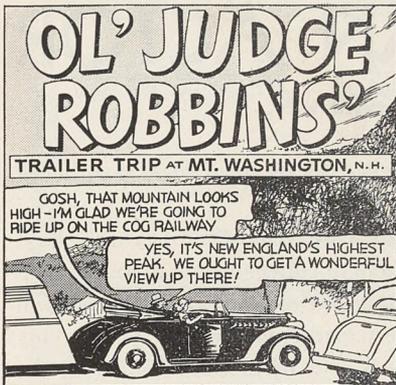
or something from Ohle who looks like a freshman without that cap. 38. Still mixing. 39. It's over now—if I make myself pretty maybe I'll get a ride home. 40. Those seniors want us to walk clear across the Quad to button—nuts! 41. Mauling in miniature. 42. Hey! That's no way to start the year—drawing pictures of teacher—shame! 43. Buschmen. Those fumes which we have learned to love so well will begin pouring forth again. 44. The Court meets. Chief Justice and his cohorts try one frosh after another, sentence them, and turn them over to Wright— 45. Who winds up— 46. And lets them have it! 47. Getting to the seat of the trouble. 48. Wright tires, Murphy takes over. 49. Murphy tires, Hotchner takes over. 50. "Dear Alma Mater, Thy name is sweet to me..."

FRESHMAN QUIZ

Here's a good way to check up on your I. Q.—If you get a rating of 10 or under you're a dope—you probably are anyway.

1. The Freshman mixer was:
 - a. a mint julep.
 - b. 99.4% pure.
 - c. lousy.
 - d. a spoon.
 - e. a naval engagement.
 - f. just another damn dance.
2. W.G.B.C. is:
 - a. a radio station.
 - b. the women's governing association.
 - c. a committee for Federal relief.
 - d. Washington's Gorgeous Beautiful Co-eds.
 - e. nothing but letters.
 - f. I'll bite.
 - g. an obscure Thespian.
3. I think the *Eliot* is:
 - a. the quartet from "Rigoletto."
 - b. colossal.
 - c. stupendous.
 - d. ravishing.
4. Washington's outstanding football player is:
 - a. Charlie McCarthy.
 - b. George B. Throop.
 - c. Professor McKenzie.
 - d. Dean X. Starbird.
 - e. Dick Yore.
5. The best swing band is:
 - a. the quartet from "Rigoletto."
 - b. the Jolly Irishmen.
 - c. the Palmer House String Ensemble.
 - d. Ku Klux Klan.
6. My favorite comic strip character is:
 - a. McMasters.
 - b. Hitler.
 - c. Sally Rand.
 - d. Hitler.
 - e. J. J. Frogfuzz.
 - f. Hitler.
 - g. Prof. McClure.
 - h. Hitler
7. My favorite course is:
 - a. Fizz-ed.
 - b. who cares.
 - c. Glen Echo.
 - d. chicken soup.
 - e. boring as Hell.
8. The Quad Shop Cutie is:
 - a. Jimmie Ritterskamp.
 - b. Mrs. Young.
 - c. Olive Depelheuer.
 - d. bow-legged.
 - e. Falter McWart.
8. Hatchet is:
 - a. a weapon.
 - b. a gyp.
 - c. mostly paper.
 - d. an album of familiar verse.
 - e. much verse.
 - f. heavy.
9. The worst thing about Washington is:
 - a. the football team.
 - b. *Student Life*.
 - c. the football team.
 - d. *Student Life*.
 - e. "buttoning."





I'M TELLING YOU PRINCE ALBERT PUTS NEW JOY IN ANY PIPE. IT CAKES THE PIPE RIGHT, SMOKES EXTRA RICH AND MELLOW. THERE'S NO TONGUE-BITE EITHER!

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



SO MILD!

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

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

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. 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.



"O. K., now, Ali, let's give it to him!"

DO YOU WANT TO BE AN ACTOR

College dramatics will help you a lot if you go about it in the right way.

AT ONE TIME or another every normal young soul gets bitten by "the bug"; a sudden urge to be a Barrymore or sing like Dorothy Lamour will make a person forget such sordid things as accounting and medicine. The number of college students who turn out for campus dramatics has grown larger every year; the tinsel of Broadway and Hollywood has a real fascination.

But despite the fact that students will turn out in large numbers for Thyrsus and Quad Club productions, very few of them ever plan their dramatic training—that is, very few students realize that there is more to the acting profession than merely standing on a stage and speaking lines the way the director wants them spoken.

When Herman Waldman was rehearsing for the "Three Shylocks," which was given last spring, he spent just as much time working on his make-up as he did on his lines and action. Waldman had learned the principles of applying make-up from Herr Goering who was in charge of that division of the Thyrsus work shop; but now Waldman had to invent make-ups which would best portray the characters which he was depicting. Pictured above is the make-up Waldman used to portray the Burbage version of Shylock; those who saw the performance agreed that the make-up was as remarkable as the acting itself.

The summer before last, Aaron Hotchner was performing with two other fellows under the title of "The Stork Brothers." On one occasion the boys were billed by Loew's State to give a preview imitation of the Marx Bros. who were coming in "A Day at the Races." Hotchner, who does a remarkable imitation of Harpo, had had little make-up experience and was forced to hire someone to apply the grease paint. Since then, Hotchner has spent some time in learning the art of make-up.

Anyone who plans to dabble in amateur or professional theatricals will soon realize the necessity of being able to apply grease paint.

Equally as important is experience in direction. Only then can the actor appreciate movement and proportion on the stage. Most inexperienced thespians feel that they are the only persons on the stage and no one else matters, when as a matter of fact, good plays are almost



Waldman makes up for Burbage's Shylock

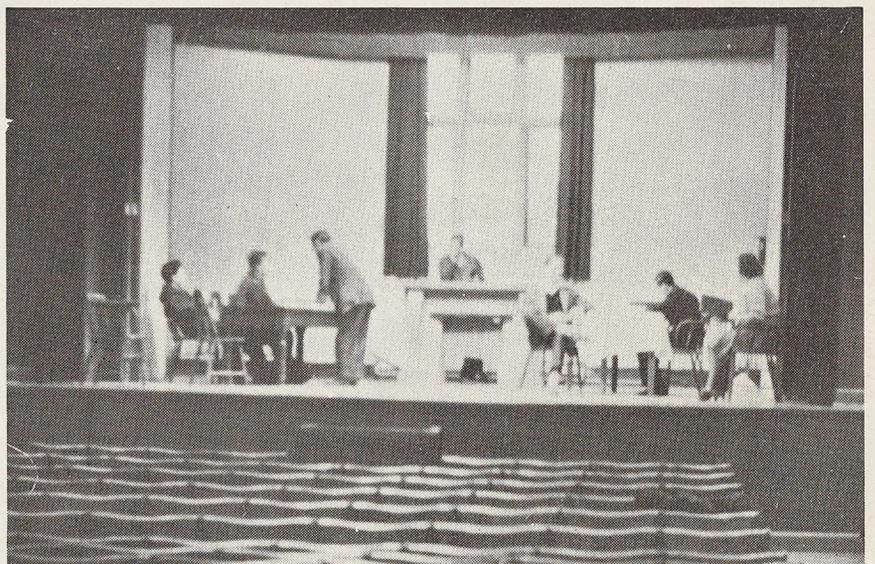
always the result of good team work by the cast.

How often have you heard the high school or college prima donna scream about getting notices and pictures in the papers? What that young lady needs is a little conditioning in the publicity department of some production—then she'll realize why there are not more notices and pictures.

About twenty years ago there was founded in the United States an organization which is now known as the National Collegiate Players. It was not just another college honorary for the requirements for membership were designed for the express purpose of raising the level of college dramatics. Since its founding a lot of now important theatrical people have passed through its ranks—Frederick March is one of its most distinguished members. Today it is recognized as an organization of importance and prestige for in order to be considered for membership it is necessary that the applicant garner a total of twenty points which must be scattered over such fields of dramatic activity as direction, acting, writing, managing stage or production, doing scenery and lighting effects, attending to properties, applying make-up, doing publicity work, and prompting. The organization is in reality the result of an effort to try to encourage young actors and actresses to prepare themselves fully for the stage, screen and radio.

At Washington under the auspices of Thyrsus there has been developed a campus workshop which offers courses

(Continued on page 24)



Good plays require good teamwork

GREEK LETTERS

by

SMITH and CABLE

We Pan-hel out of 'em.

HEREWITH we introduce to an eagerly awaiting public a column which we hope will be a long-lived one, and we cherish hopes that we personally may be as long-lived although there is some room for doubt in both cases, particularly the latter. But here goes:

Rush Week is over, and the Sig Chi's are *still* acting like gentlemen!!! Seems impossible but they surrendered October 1 to the Pi Phi's for their Pledge Dance. Wonder how many bids find their way into the Sig Chi house?

One day not long ago a strange freshman spent several hours wandering about the SAE house. After several hours, the actives finally asked him what in the name of all Heaven he was doing there. "Why," he announced, "I'm an SAE pledge!" The actives were a bit startled at this, but they did their best to rectify it, so he is now officially pledged. We hope the rest of the chapter gets around to meeting him sometime.

A story comes to us from an unreliable source about an incident which befell the Kappas, who, incidentally, have emerged with an elegant pledge crop. The night of pledging, one of the sweet young things who had accepted a bid failed to show up. It was discovered later that she went to the Pi Phi pledging by mistake, and was pledged. Looks like a good system the Pi Phi's have there, whatever it is.

It's common knowledge that the Thetas won the intersorority sing last year by a swell rendering of "Theta Made a Lady Out of Me," most of which went so fast that nobody knew just what it was all about, but which pleased the judges immensely. Those Thetas always could talk fast and much. But anyway, in the course of an investigation this department carried on last summer, with three Thetas from Virginia and Texas as guinea-pigs, it was discovered that not one of them had ever heard of the song—just looked blank and said "Hunh?" when we questioned them about it.

Someone tells us we lost the Vanderbilt game. If we did, it was all the fault of the SAE's. Something like seven of the visiting strong-men were

brothers of theirs, and the local boys didn't so much as invite them over the night before the game, much less do their patriotic duty and take them out on a party. If they had, the score might have been different.

We have just gotten hold of some very depressing information. There are 48 members of the Beta chapter, and only six chairs in the house. That probably explains why they haven't returned the small armchair with the yellow upholstery that they borrowed (?) from their neighbors up the row.

Please, God, make something happen in the sorority rooms so we'll have something to write about.

One afternoon this department wandered into the Theta Xi House grubbing for information. Joe Kelly was the only one awake:

Us: "Joe, if you don't tell us something about the Theta Xi's, we'll have to go dirt-digging ourselves, and Lord knows what we'll find out then."

Joe Kelly: "That's all right. We never will have the best reputation on the campus, so we might as well have the worst!"

Fraternities have been known to put certain members in the closet during Rush Week, but the Sig Chi's merely hung George Kletzker's crutches in a tree in the front yard.—Incidentally, George owes his injuries to a stampede of rushees trying to escape from the Sig Chi house...

The horrible truth is out. The east wall of the Teke house is about to collapse! We heard about it from a rushee. He had narrowed his choice of fraternities down to the Tekes and Betas. When he told the Betas this, they were horrified, and told him that when that east wall collapsed, he'd be glad he was a Beta and wouldn't have to spend the rest of his life paying for it. On his next date with the Tekes, he sneaked away from the mob and did a little exploring, pounding the east wall here and there, and finding nothing wrong with it. He was mad at the Betas, and told them so, but they fixed everything up. "Of course you couldn't find anything wrong," they said after some thought. "It's termites, that's what. Millions of 'em! Got the foundations riddled like cork!"

The Gamma Phi's thought their new Venetian blinds were pretty good until they found that they couldn't lean out the windows and talk to the boys in the parking lot below any more. Looks like curtains for the Gamma Phi's!

(Continued on page 24)

A FRESHMAN TOLD ME SO

(Continued from page 1)

- done. 4. Education. 5. Sam Murphy. 6. I refuse to commit myself due to future obligations.
- BILL BURRELL: 1. I don't like them. 2. Pretty cute. 3. I don't think much of it. 4. I don't know. 5. Are there any? 6. Indefinable.
- DORIS MAY BLANTON: 1. Fine—if they don't last too long. 2. Kinda bashful. 3. Depends on how hard a course is. 4. Education—socially and scholastically. 5. Samuel Murphy. 6. Gosh, I could never define one!
- FLORENCE DOOLEY: 1. Good idea—kinda hard on the freshmen, though. 2. Some are cute; some are droops. 3. I think it's low. 4. Expect to make grades and have a good time. 5. I haven't met him yet. 6. A great, big bore.
- NANCY ROEDER: 1. All right—if taken in right spirit. 2. Ones I've met were grand. 3. I don't do it. 4. Get degree and after that...? 5. Sam Murphy. 6. Just a high school teacher grown up.
- MARIAN WILLIAMS: 1. Encourages college spirit. 2. So far—favorable. 3. Never been much for it myself. 4. For fun—but won't try to flunk. 5. Aaron Hotchner—by all means. 6. A rather nice intelligent man who sits and talks to you for an hour.
- DEAN MAIZE: 1. Because it promotes school spirit. 2. Haven't seen enough of them to tell and I don't expect I ever will, but what I've seen are O.K. 3. You mean suction? 4. Hope to have a swell time—but I'll make my grades if I have to sit home Saturday night to do it—I'll probably have to anyway. 5. Why, nobody acts like a big shot—I don't think there are any. 6. A half-baked guy that you have to get in good with right at the start.
- AUDREY RIECKERS: 1. Good. Gives Frosh chance to know each other. 2. Good looking. Like clothes they wear too. 3. No. no no no no. We call it "kissing." 4. Hope to get connections—might pick up some worth while information on the way. 5. The one with the red hair. 6. Men that teach you something.
- JACQUELINE DAVIS: 1. I've heard they bolster school spirit. 2. Above average. It's a large school. 3. Doesn't do much good. 4. Four, good, all-around college years. 5. Murphy—of course. 6. A high school teacher with 8 more years of experience.
- BARBARA MILLER: 1. Promotes school spirit. 2. Swell. Especially ones from Webster. 3. Don't think it's so good. 4. Everyone wants an education. I like a good time too. 5. Imagine you all feel that way. 6. I don't know.
- DORIS HARTMANN: 1. Adds to spirit of things—makes you look forward to being an upper-classman. 2. Haven't met many—but they have possi-

bilities. 3. Nice work if you can get it. But I always do it the hard way. 4. I came here to get an education. But I don't walk around with my nose in the air. 5. Sam Murphy—the lover. 6. Persons who are supposed to teach you something.

**THE TOWERS AND THE TOWN**

(Continued from page 6)

The Birdie

We like to oblige the downtown papers whenever we can. The *Post* had a couple of men on campus taking pictures last week and we helped as much as we could by marshalling the freshmen together and making them do foolish things.

After having helped all morning, we felt we had done our share, but the *Post* photographer was not satisfied.

"What we need now," said he, "is a center shot of the most beautiful girl in the freshman class leaning over the stone rail in front of Brookings."

What an order! For a solid hour we searched for the required beauty, but no luck.

It was Friday so we decided to go to Garavelli's and look over the 300 or so girls who were having lunch there at their sorority tables. From one table to another we went, scanning the green faces for some sign of beauty.

After the rounds had been completed, the photographer shook his head: "It's no use—there's not one beautiful girl in the crowd." So he picked two girls on the basis of "personality faces" or something and let it go at that.

That photographer has been seeing too many movies.

No Boy Scout

The Freshman Vodvil Show was probably the most unprepared thing of its kind ever attempted. But the surprising thing is that outside of Bob Reinhardt, the show actually looked prepared.

But Reinhardt took care of all the unpreparedness: he forgot to bring his banjo, he lost his script for "I'd Rather Be Right," he didn't know the words to "You Go to My Head"—the song which he laughingly sung, he forgot to arrange for a public address microphone for the performance and he nearly forgot to have a piano put on the stage.

Reinhardt, however, is a fellow who is never perturbed—in the midst of all the confusion caused by his forgetting things, he turned to those who were chiding him and explained:

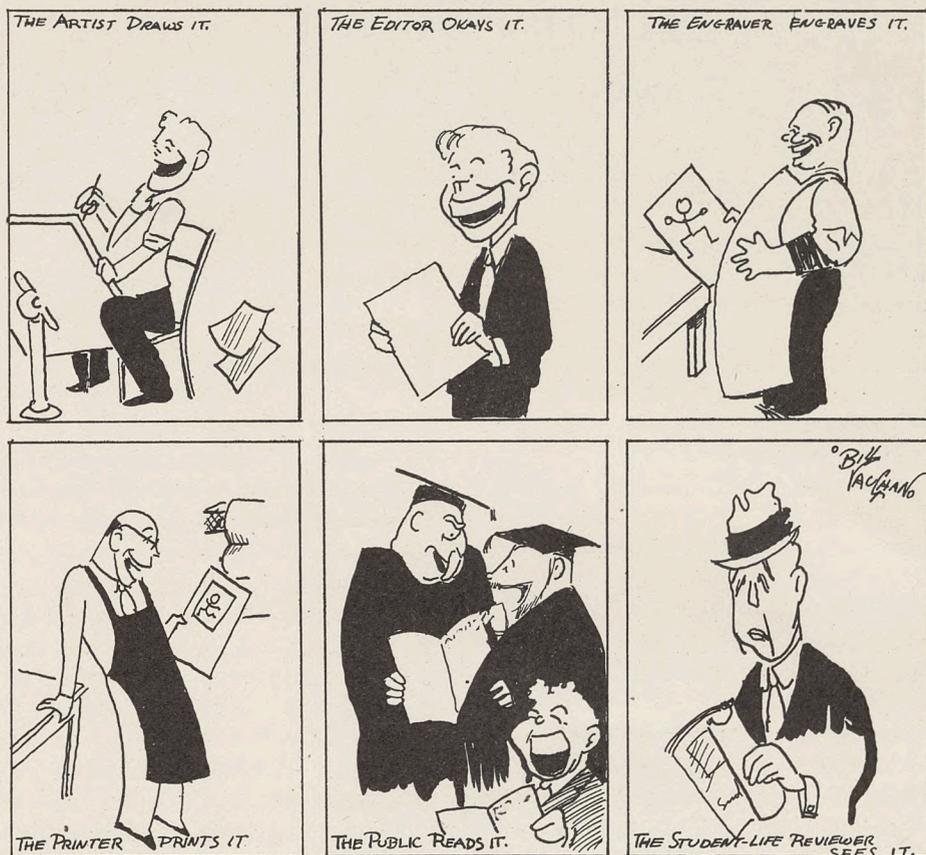
"Well, heck, a fellow can't be *perfect!*"

Jimmy the Monk

This issue sees the birth of a new character: Jimmy the Monk. He will be with us from now on

(Continued on page 23)

THE PROGRESS OF AN ELIOT CARTOON



BETWEEN BELLES

(Continued from page 11)

heat)—Joan excused herself to get her knitting and Wally dashed screaming from the house. P.S. they haven't spoken since... Walter Rholing, now on the football team, is trying to forget (or has forgotten) with Pi Phi's Janie Dierberger (tennis champ) and Kappa's Flo Carson... Incidentally the same Florence Carson has only recently aired a two year romance with Bill Brown of Western.

Speaking of Betas, Howard Kuehner pinned Peggy Lou Baker right after school stopped. That affair will long be cited to stammering freshman as the shining example of whirlwind courtships... Libbey Sigmund who graduated in June is the reason Desmond Lee has that "far away look in his eye"... Hatchetman Byars and Gloria Ball still ho-hum... Nancy Lee Sparks at the Frosh Mixer being rushed by upperclassmen—supposedly on duty as "mixers"... "Goldielocks" Sebastian has been running down to Mizzou between classes... Scarline Depelheuer observing the frosh boys closely to find a suitable jelly companion as soon as the rules are lifted... Dolly Pitts always has a sigh for King Yore...

See you at the home-coming dance,

Kitty.

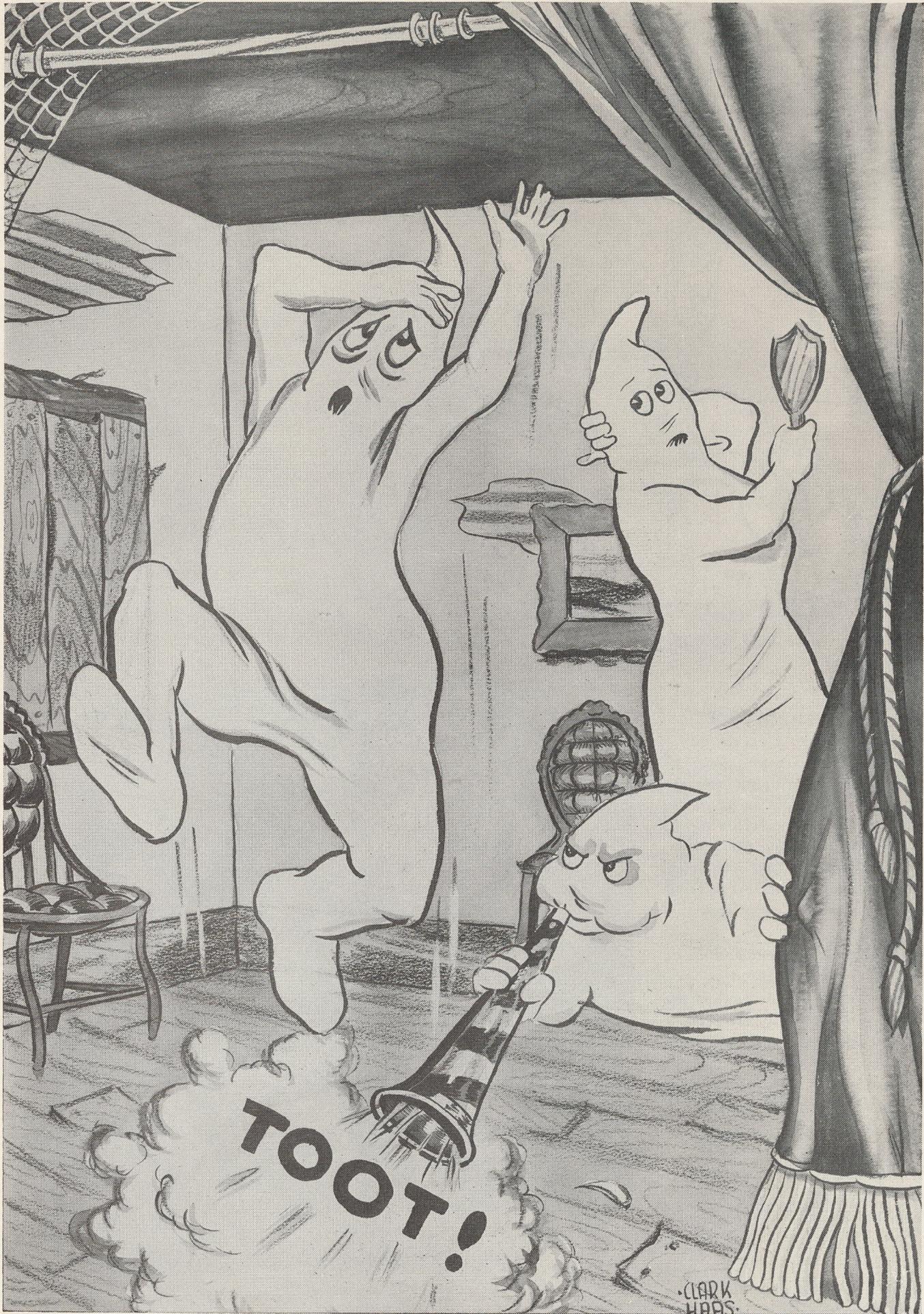


"All those in favor of making Idaho pink on our next map, say Aye!"

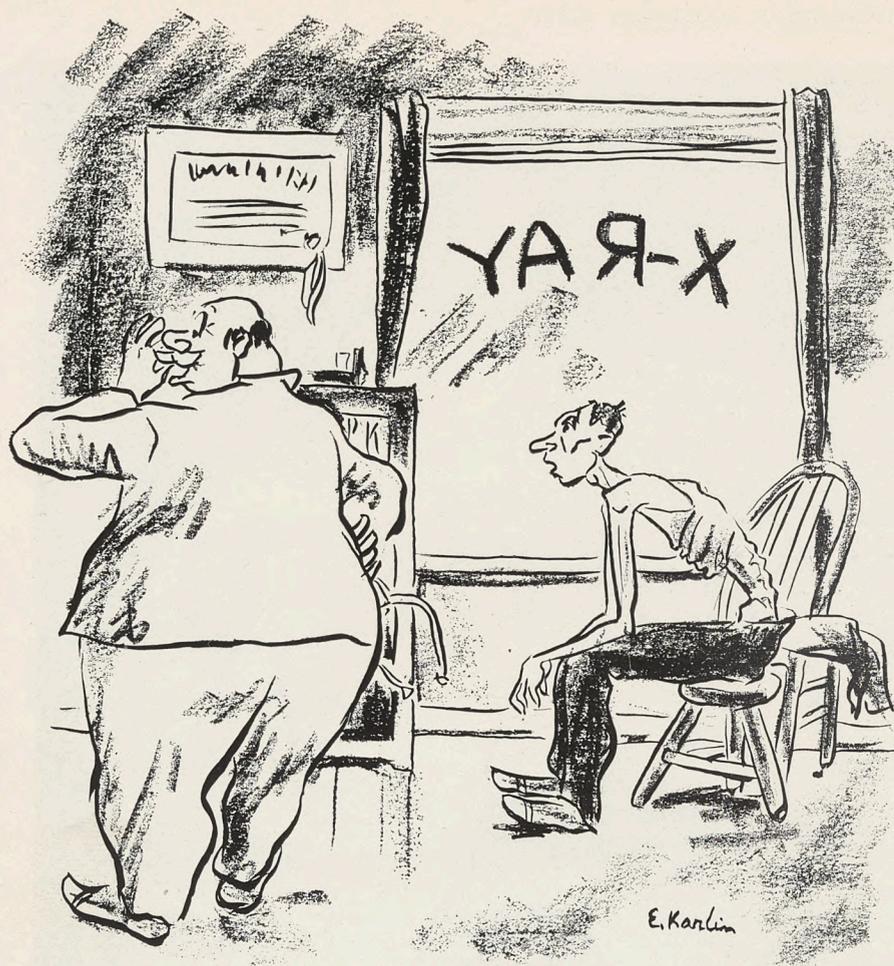
ELIOT Predicts the FIRST SEMESTER'S CALENDAR

« Supplement to Mortar Boards »

- September 19**—prominent students deliver inspirational talks to frosh mass-meeting. Nineteen freshmen visit University health office.
- September 29**—Student Life carries 400 words comparing enrollment with last year's.
- September 30**—seasonable temperatures predicted for October. Maybe rain.
- October 1**—Bears win their annual football game.
- October 2**—successful football season predicted.
- October 5**—proning on Quad.
- October 6**—more proning on Quad.
- October 10**—elections start. Noticable increase in loitering near Archway.
- October 12**—fencing team starts agitating for funds to carry on with.
- October 15**—football team loses.
- October 20**—Student Life prints gaga about proning.
- October 22**—a student organization keeps appointment with photographer for Hatchet picture. Ken Davey attributes it to the fine spirit and moral of his staff.
- October 22**—football team loses.
- October 24**—organization head admits misunderstanding as to date for Hatchet picture.
- October 29**—football team loses. Telegrams pour in congratulating the team on losing only one game.
- November 1**—seasonable temperatures probable for November. Perhaps precipitation.
- November**—Ternion on sale. Student Life reporters intend to buy one for the office.
- November 4**—football team goes into a slump.
- November 5**—somebody holds banquet.
- November 10**—Pan-Hel, in response to urgent pressure and pleadings from the student body, decides to give a really big dance featuring the New York Philharmonic playing ragtime. Tax: \$53.50.
- November 14**—Bookstore announces blanket decrease of 10%. School in hubbub.
- November 15**—hubbub changes into furore. Bookstore salesladies wild.
- November 16**—all a mistake. It was a 10% increase.
- November 17**—students settle down. Student Life publishes editorial about fatality.
- November 20**—freshman tries to trade milk bottles for candy at bookstore. Saleslady still so flustered she accepts bottles.
- November 21**—many students have dates.
- November 28**—supersalesmanship triumphs. Two men in same fraternity buy Eliots. Suicide pact.
- November 30**—reporters still intending to get Ternion for Student Life office.
- November 31**—ain't no such day.
- December 1**—seasonable temperatures probable December. Some snow—maybe.
- December 2**—watchman puts sticker on car.
- December 3**—heavy rain washes sticker off car.
- December 4**—student returns and gets car. Mystery—where has student been?
- December 5**—only about ten or fifteen more shopping days until Christmas.
- December 6**—assistant business managers (7) for Eliot selected.
- December 11**—Eliot circulation drops 18%.
- December 12**—successful basketball season predicted by coach and Student Life sports-writer.
- December 13**—still a number of shopping days until Christmas.
- December 14**—new Ternion in Student Life office—left there by mistake by professor who called to give the editor a dressing-down.
- December 15**—Ternion disappears.
- December 19**—strong Bear quintet loses third game of season.
- December 20**—Engineering School professor invents something or other.
- December 21**—professors urge students to utilize holidays to catch up on work.
- December 22**—Christmas holidays start. Heluva good time anticipated by heluva lot of students. Professors start ten-day bridge session.
- January 1**—most of students arise early afternoon. Go back to bed. Seasonable temperatures probable for January. Maybe sleet.
- January 3**—holidays over. Heluva rotten time had by heluva lot of students.
- January 4**—watchman puts sticker on car.
- January 5**—snow obscures sticker.
- January 6**—student returns and gets car. Won't start because some pedicular person has drained all the alky.
- January 21**—students start boning for finals.
- January 22**—finals start! Predominant sign in the heavens is Taurus the bull.



"Junior, you'll be the death of your father yet!"



"Never mind, the X-ray, nurse, just get me my glasses."

"Here, let me show you how to handle the stick. Back like that, see? Gosh, if this thing had double control, I'd take you up for a lesson right now. Ever been up before?"

"Well, only as a passenger—"

"Yes, to be sure. Seems I get all the green hands to teach, but never mind that, my boy. My students have to sweat, see? But when I get through with them, they're not flying through roofs and killing passengers."

"Yes, sir, that's what my boss was telling me. He said after a little training with you, I could take over the deluxe model. The one that carries twenty people, you know, express type."

"That's quite a bit of responsibility for a young lad like you to handle. I'll give you a thorough grounding, and your nerve will take you the rest of the way. I tell you in this game you've got to have the stuff in you. One accident and some of 'em never want to get off Mother Earth again. That's why I feel kind of proud of my record—going around for the last fifteen years as a factory demonstrator, and never cracked up an elevator yet!"

A SCIENTIFIC REPORT

Dr. A. Z. Iceheart who has just returned home after flying over the North Pole during his latest Arctic expedition, sent in the following report of his scientific findings.

The expedition, besides consuming at least one column on every front page in the country every day, discovered that:

Water freezes at a temperature of 32 degrees above zero.

Eskimos are apathetic toward the invention of the electric refrigerator.

Palm beach suits are out of place on an Arctic expedition.

You can get static on your radio even in the Arctic Circle.

Three deuces beat two aces all over the world.

That the Eskimos don't eat Eskimo pies.

That cold beans don't taste good.

That there isn't any pole at the North Pole.

That it's darn cold up there.



"You just sink into our chairs!"

THE SAGA OF BILL MOORE

(Continued from page 10)

end—furnishing copy for *Student Life* which, he felt, needed feature material. Whenever the boys found themselves short of copy, Moore would strike again and often a story would be sent down to the printers although it was not going to occur until the next day.

On one such day about 11:30, the most crowded period in the library, Moore and company quietly entered Ridgley and took seats at various corners of the room. There was a mysterious bulge in each of the boys' pockets. After about ten minutes of intense interest in a particular encyclopedia, Moore hit the glass lamp shade with his pencil, causing a bell-like sound which rang through the library. The flaps of the pockets which contained the bulges were held back and very quietly there emerged four large white rats which in a very short while turned the library into something like a Father Divine spiritual rally. Table tops were cluttered with females who watched anxiously while custodians crawled on hands and knees trying to catch the rodents.

Twenty minutes after the incident *Student Life* papers appeared on the campus telling all about four white rats, taken from the psychology rat room, which were let loose in the library. That's snappy news coverage for you.

Moore was not only ace prankster of the campus but he was also an ace newspaper columnist. His column, *Typhoon*, was the only one of its kind; nothing quite like it has been put on paper since Gutenberg. Probably the parts of his columns which are most remembered are the terse little sayings which inevitably appeared at the end of each selection. Moore wrote:

"Tomkins was seen to stir nervously once or twice and finally vanished slowly up through the ceiling amid a cloud of weird greenish fumes."

"Smith then entered, eating a large banana, and dragging his mother behind him."

"Watkins reported that he listened several times and was finally rewarded with the faint cry of the Chac Chac bird which flieth backward, not caring where it goeth but only desiring to see where it hath been."

Yes, sir, his columns have never been duplicated. They were as unusual as Moore himself. Moore would wear white shoes all year round, often tramping through the snow in shoes without soles; he always carried an enormous red comb with which he continually combed his unruly blond locks; he practiced pitching pennies for months and then took the boys in the *S.L.* office for all they were worth; he was the guiding light of the 1937 April Fool

issue, the most sensational publication of its kind ever to appear on campus.

Only once was Willie ever frustrated. He had drawn up minute plans for chaining a calf in the middle of the quad and he and his henchmen set out to execute the plan. Everyone knew exactly what he was to do and Moore knew exactly where the calf could be found—it was one he had seen the year before on a particular pasture not far from the city. Moore had dreams of a calf's mooing during philosophy lecture, and of mighty smiths trying to break the chains of iron which he had in the back of his flivver.

But when Willie and cohorts got to the pasture, no calf was to be found. Moore was sure this was the pasture. For a while the fellows sat and pondered, but soon came the realization—in one year's time the calf had grown into a big cow.

There's no doubt about it—Moore will just have to take his place beside Lincoln, Washington, Babe Ruth, and Ginger Rogers.



THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND

(Continued from page 5)

PARTNERS and I USED TO BE COLOR BLIND. Noble is not at his best although the tunes are swell for dancing. Brunswick.

THE BLUES IN YOUR FLAT, and THE BLUES IN MY FLAT—are two original versions of the blues composed by B. Goodman's vibraphone player, Lionel Hampton. Both numbers are played by the Quartet in the slow four-four tempo so characteristic of this type of music. The outstanding feature of the second number is that it includes a vocal by the composer.



THE TOWERS AND THE TOWN

(Continued from page 18)

as our mascot and re-write man. To him has fallen the important task of editing the gossip for next month, and what with going to school and belonging to a fraternity he is going to be a pretty busy fellow.

But Jimmy is very conscientious and we have a lot of confidence in his work. Many persons have been very anxious to find out what fraternity Jimmy belongs to. We should think that would be very simple to discover.

Next Monday night when the pledges are all lined up, just look down the line—we're sure you'll find Jimmy no matter what fraternity you're in.

DO YOU WANT TO BE AN ACTOR?

(Continued from page 16)

and instruction in many lines of dramatic endeavor. Those who take full advantage of the opportunities which the workshop affords will find themselves much better equipped for dramatic work and at the same time fulfilling the strict qualifications of National Collegiate Players, an organization which is recognized throughout the United States as a reward given to well-rounded actors and actresses.



BLIND DATE

(Continued from page 8)

—she finally had to resort to her powderpuff for reassurance.

As if in a trance she moved down the stairs and into the library where she was introduced to Walter, as handsome a BMOC as ever menaced a coed's heart. Fashionably groomed in tailor-made tux, he seemed to have stepped straight from a page of the October *Esquire*. He took Doris' arm carefully and led her to a grey convertible, the answer to any female's prayer. All the way to the hotel he talked effortlessly upon subjects which interested Doris who sat silent as a sphinx in obvious admiration. Bursting with pride she entered the ballroom with the handsome Walter. The orchestra was playing "You Go To My Head" and she inwardly promised herself an evening of "heaven" in the arms of a college Astaire.

But before she had taken a dozen steps with her partner she felt her hopes crumple like a piece of cellophane and her heart turn into a lump of lead. Walter, the BMOC, the smoothie, the tall, the handsome, floundered on the dance floor like a fish out of water. All his subtle conversation, his intimate flattery could not cover up the sorry spectacle which he produced, jerking like a box car to the orchestra's romantic strains. Doris gritted her teeth and gulped hard to keep back the tears which were closing in on her eyes with alarming rapidity. She tried to smile feebly as the song ended and relax a moment before they began zig-zagging drunkenly across the floor at the speed of a Lincoln Zephyr to the next waltz-time tune. It required all of Doris' facial fortitude to endure such torture with a benevolent expression on her face for she knew that no stag would "cut" such an abominable dancer as she appeared to be following Walter's terrifying gait. She felt like a swimmer going down for the third time, an amateur singer who had received the "gong" on the second note, a senior who had flunked a course.

Just when she was certain she could stand the strain no longer, she heard a gruff voice over her shoulder and there stood Tommy grinning "break it up," to Walter. Good old Tommy! Doris grinned

back weakly and whizzed into Tommy's arms before Walter had time to blink.

Gliding easily with Tommy's sure and rhythmical steps, Doris felt the flood break and tears of happiness and joy streamed down her face. She brushed them away quickly before Tommy noticed and blew her nose violently. Tommy looked down at her tenderly, "I say, Dorry, you must take care of that cold. I think it'd be a wise thing if you'd let me take you home early tonight—that is, unless you'd like to stay and dance with that young man of yours!"



GREEK LETTERS

(Continued from page 17)

The SAE's evidently don't appreciate "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi." The other day an SAE alum was seen trying to sell the Sig Chi's an out-of-tune piano.

And then there's the story about the Phi Delt convention... (!!!)



A little Sigma Chi whispered to us about the rushee who stumbled over from the Phi Delt house at 2 a.m. and said, "Boys, I was on the Phi Delt bandwagon, but I saw the light and gave my seat to an old lady!"



And at one of the Pi Phi Rush Parties, a car drove up to deposit a rushee. She had no sooner entered the house than her younger sister jumped from the car (which was still there, but we wouldn't know why) and dashed up to the receiving line, where she pump-handled every arm, saying, "I did so want the experience and reaction of going through a sorority receiving line. And thanks awfully!" The rushee went Kappa, anyway.



If you're an ordinary person, you've probably heard the rumor that the KA's are going to lose their house. If you're an ex-rushee, you've certainly heard it.



Well, the time has come to start thinking about another Panhel dance. As everyone knows, the first semester dance last year was a miserable flop. The explanation for that is simple. It wasn't big enough. This year we are going to advocate an improvement—something really big; say, Benny Goodman leading the New York Philharmonic in a swing arrangement of Goetterdaemmerung, with Paul Whiteman to play Chinese ballads in the intermissions. And tax Hell out of the fraternities!



If you know anything good about yourself or anything bad about anybody else, let us know about it by dropping a note in the ELIOT post office box.