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The

ELIOT



Washington University • St. Louis, Missouri

SPRING
ISSUE
1941

15¢



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than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent laboratory tests of the smoke itself

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But that's only the start of the story! Camel brings you the extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor, and extra smoking of slower-burning costlier tobaccos. Get Camels your very next pack. Why not get a carton—for economy and convenience?

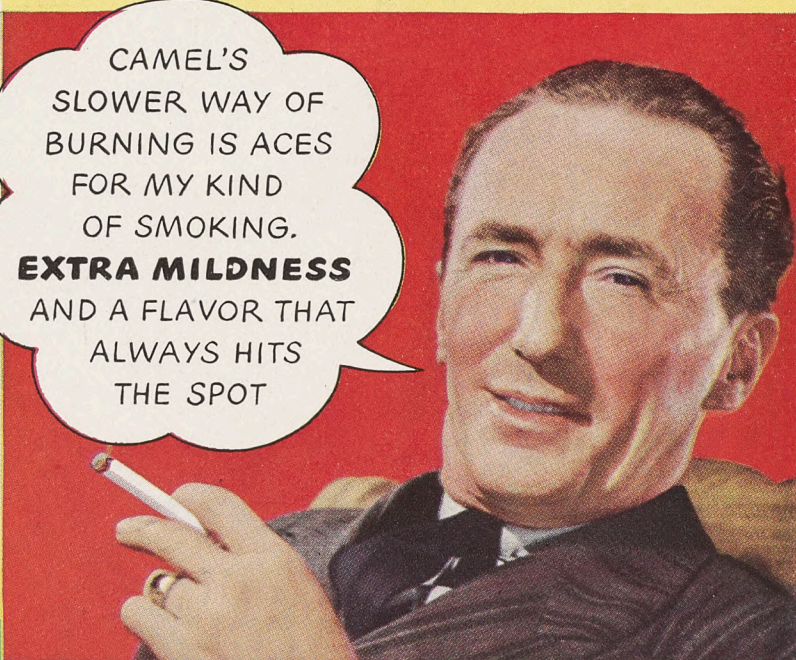
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

THE
SMOKE'S
THE
THING!



HOT AFTER HISTORY! It's Donahue of Pathé who follows the news the world over with camera . . . with Camels! He's off again for more exclusive pictures. Below, you see how Bob Donahue gets exclusive “extras” in his smoking. He smokes Camels, of course. Only Camels give you those “extras” of slower-burning costlier tobaccos.

CAMEL'S
SLOWER WAY OF
BURNING IS ACES
FOR MY KIND
OF SMOKING.
EXTRA MILDNESS
AND A FLAVOR THAT
ALWAYS HITS
THE SPOT



“I’LL TELL YOU,” said Bob when he got his picture *taken* (above), “I smoke a good bit in my job. And my cigarette has to be more than mild—it has to be *extra* mild. Camel is the one brand I’ve found that gives me extra mildness and at the same time a flavor that doesn’t go flat on my taste.”

Make Camels your next cigarette purchase. Enjoy that Camel flavor with extra mildness and extra freedom from nicotine in the smoke.

By burning 25% slower than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

CAMEL—THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE



Ethel Voges ... Jan Hansen ... and Harriet Lloyd
sampling cokes' in COTTONS by BERNARD at
GARLAND'S in St. Louis

SOME PIPE TOBACCOS ARE LIKE BLIND-DATES!

MAN, ESPECIALLY the pipe-smoking kind, is the eternal optimist. With each new brand—he expects the pipe tobacco of his dreams. Yet after each fresh disappointment, he returns anew to the search.

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WE THINK EDGEWORTH will bring you the same pleasure—and we'd like a chance to prove it.

WE WANT TO send you a generous sample of **EDGEWORTH** Ready-Rubbed—America's Finest Pipe Tobacco. And here's a double guarantee to go with it. First, **EDGEWORTH** is blended of the finest, costliest leaf grown. And, second, **EDGEWORTH** is specially blended to a young man's taste—

ACCEPT THIS GENEROUS SAMPLE

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203 So. 22nd St., Richmond, Virginia
Please send me, at your expense, a generous sample of **EDGEWORTH** Ready-Rubbed—America's Finest Pipe Tobacco.

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(Please print your name and address clearly)

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Tom couldn't reach the initial sack
With marvelous, matchless Mae,
Until he gave her a succulent pack
Of Life Savers every day.



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath after eating, drinking, or smoking.

The ELIOT

SPRING ISSUE 1941

EDITOR

Courtney Heineman

MANAGING EDITOR

Wini Bryan

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS—Nancy Roeder, Fred Giessow, Alan Green, Bill Herbert, Robert Heitner, Betty Rasbach, Anne Purnell, Mary Alice Topping, Mary Betty Maxwell, Bunnie Wiechert, John Gaines.

BUSINESS MANAGER—Ed. Rhodes.

FICTION EDITOR—Dave Hughes.

FEATURE EDITOR—Newton Gorman.

CIRCULATION MANAGER—

Marguerite Wiederholdt.

ASST. CIRCULATION MGR.—Audrey Dunn.

PHOTOGRAPHY—Bill Dee.

ART STAFF—Allan Koken, George Owen.

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SPRING TRA LA

Spring, the glorious season for the poem lovers, nature lovers, and just lovers, is upon us once again! Yes, we are blessed at this time by that wonderful period of the year when on the Quadrange we notice the tiny buds peeping out of their little whatever's and the students on campus creeping out like refugees from their winter homes in the Quad Shop.

In the springtime the Quad is indeed a sight to behold. The ground is covered with beautiful new grass and ornamental Quad-sitters, usually separated into pairs and engaged in various ways—conversing, holding hands, studying, holding hands, dreaming, or holding hands. The balmy spring air has a delicious fresh taste, the clouds are soft and white, and the lazy scene is completed by the excited twittering overhead of a newly-pinned pair of robins.

Different thoughts come to different people with the arrival of spring. Men of the freshman class think of the approaching examinations, sophomore men of the coming vacation with fishing and everything, juniors of their tragic love affairs, and seniors of their draft numbers. Women of all classes have but one dominant thought—to annex somebody's pin. But by the glint in their eyes ye shall know them, and Washington boys with no entangling alliances are noted for their cautious behavior.

Spring fever, typical of the season, is one of the most dangerous and most common diseases known to man. The mortality rate with regard to passing or flunking is alarming, and medical students have exhausted their efforts in an attempt to curb the standing up form of sleeping sickness. Away from the subject of the sprawling mass of humanity on the Quad for a moment, our attention is attracted to the vigorous activities out on Francis Field in the form of baseball and track teams, which are almost synonyms of spring. The startling antics of jumping over things, chasing a ball, and running places are amazing phenomena unexplainable in sleepy weather. "It's not amoozin', it's confoozin'."

Spring on the campus is not the only kind of thought that enters the heads of enterprising undergraduates. All of us can see ourselves in a canoe out in a star-lit night and thinking things that would have made grandmother get out and swim home. And we can vision ourselves at the Chase, Jefferson, and Meadowbrook on successive evenings. On the wings of a spring dream we can also see the Browns winning the World Series and the Lone Ranger being bit by Silver.

By now the reader should be duly impressed that Spring is one of the most delightful things that the Post-Dispatch's weather-bird has ever invented. It offers delights to the soul that the inner man never realized he could experience; it cleanses the spirit by the realization that spring is the beginning of life, and it puts you wise to the fact that the babe across the aisle in History isn't rolling her eyes at you to practice for the marble season.

Spring has been expressed in terms far more uplifting than in this humble space and the activities on the Quad described in a much more exciting manner, but there has been a purpose here in picturing Spring as an entertainment that we can all enjoy. For as Shakespeare has Lady Macbuff say, "Spring only comes once, so do all the pitching you can, kid."—J.G.



THIS WAY OUT

an alphabetical listing of places to go

Dinner, Supper and Dancing

Candlelight House—7800 Clayton Rd.

If you like to see and be seen, here's just the place, for you'll find everyone from the boy who sits next to you in History to the most recent Campus queen. Dancing is hazardous, but the food is good.

Chase Club—Hotel Chase (RO 2500)

The Chase Club is featuring Mitchell Ayres and his fashions in music. For the place to go, this night club still holds its place as tops. You'll pay for everything you get but there's good entertainment, delicious food and usually a well-known orchestra.

Le Chateau—Clayton Road

Le Chateau plans to open its summer terrace on May 30, and there will be an orchestra every night except Mondays. The food is good, prices moderate, and there is an added attraction of glass tables so you can see your date's legs all evening.

Club Continental—Jefferson Hotel (MA 4600)

Yes, Tony Dipardo's orchestra is still there. You won't find a college crowd here but if you like to meet your parents when you're out on dates we would suggest the Club Continental.

Crystal Terrace—Park Plaza (FO 3300)

Good food, entertainment, and dancing under mirrors to the strains of Joe Winter's orchestra. If you're going by yourself, be well-heeled. If you have a date, you'd better arrange those little financial details before you get there.

Marine Room—Hotel Claridge (CE 7900)

You'll only be able to go here on Saturday nights for the rest of the season, but you'll be studying Friday anyway. Ben Moss, South African accordion and piano player, and Phyllis Walter, singer. Not many people from the Alma Mater.

Mural Room—DeBaliviere and Waterman (RO 4665)

You haven't lived if you haven't been here. Everyone is going or has gone already. Very attractive and prices are reasonable for a place of this type.

Steeplechase—Hotel Chase

If your feet hurt and you want to sit down don't try the Steeplechase on Saturday nights because you won't get a chance. There is standing room only. Any other night it's good and we approve.

Town Hall—Clayton and Big Bend

It's the spot for informal college get-togethers and the upstairs is equally popular. We'd rather confine it to lunches, but it's a good place to go after movies if you're hard put to it.

Walnut Room—Gatesworth Hotel

Judging from the crowds, people seem to like it. Wear a coat, preferably a loose one, because you'll be racing people for a table if you get here after nine-thirty.

Zodiac—Hotel Chase

Well, here we are back at the Chase again, this time in their new star-lit roof. The ceiling really rolls back and there you are under the stars. Very romantic but a little on the crowded side.

" . . . and Grill"

Busch's Grove—9160 Clayton Road

If you like to sit in little log cabins on warm summer evenings this is just the place for you. Quite cozy with good food and drinks and a lot of old traditions thrown in. (not the food.)

Coal Hole—Coronado Hotel

A very smooth gathering spot and informal. Traveling men, and older people find this a pleasant place to relax.

Culpepper's—4665 Maryland

Good drinks, a pleasant atmosphere, and plenty of sophistication are the main attractions of Culpepper's. The debutantes have all migrated to Florida so maybe you will be able to find a table in some corner.

Forest Park—Forest Park Hotel

Plenty of activity and a lot of fun. Everybody here just bubbles with energy and if you're not too sleepy this is just the place.

Graham's Grill—Central and Forsythe

Most of us seem to be sticking to the old fort, even though Roy has opened a new place on Manchester and Berry. Maybe it's because we're used to it. If you can stand the many colored cocktail shaker which can make you deathly ill if you stare at it long enough we suggest Graham's for a good convivial gathering.

Huffnagel's—4967 Delmar

You won't see many college people here, but if you want to spend a long evening you'll find this a very pleasant and inexpensive spot.

Max Weber's—Big Bend and University Car Loop

Max Weber has done just about everything for the students, and it's about time we did something for him. You can't go wrong here. There's good food at inexpensive prices and you'll probably see a lot of people from the campus.

Meadowbrook—Ashby Road and Canter Way

The universal summer night spot for Washington University students will open on May 23 with Ted Weem's orchestra. Plenty of pseudo sophistication and high prices.

Piccadilly—Hotel Melbourne

You'll find this just the place for a drink or two if you're down Grand Avenue way. There's an electric organ that won't disturb you, and the songs are well sung.

Ramelkamp's—7817 Clayton Rd.

When "you lift a glass" here it has milk in it. The atmosphere's nice, and there is a juke-box for dancing.

Richmond—7014 Clayton

The Sigma Chis discovered this hole in the wall, and if you're with a good crowd you'll have fun. You have to make your own entertainment though because the Richmond has very little to offer.

Vescovos—Skinker and Delmar

Well, Vescies is back again and students are all rallying to support their old favorite. If you like shiny walls and good food, and no privacy, go here. Frankly we preferred the beery, smoky atmosphere of the old Vescies.



MIL KRISMAN'S 10-Piece ORCHESTRA

playing every Saturday Night at

CASTILLA RESTAURANT

1115 WASHINGTON AVE.

75c Minimum

Open for other engagements

Call PArkview 5622

THE TOWERS and THE TOWN

Oh Boy, Spring

April showers bring May flowers, and we love them every one. You can bet your boots that we'll be proud to say it's too warm, especially after last winter, the grayest and dreariest we can remember. We feel so wonderful that we're almost eager to see the May fete. Bring out that Maypole and give us some room; spring is here.

Bunny

And was the Easter Bunny good to you? Easter was such a fine day for that old parade that we were tempted to walk a bit. Of course, we didn't feel the old Easter thrill, the exhilaration of hunting to hell and gone for eggs, and the old wonderment at the Easter bunny stealing the chicken's stuff. We could never really believe that Easter Bunny business, though. They could feed us Santa Claus and the stork, but the bunny was something else again. Santa Claus working all year, or the stork making chartered trips we could conceive, but to our way of thinking, the bunny was much too frivolous to get all his work done. How about the Easter Kangaroo?

The Count

Encouraged by the appearance of Count Basie and five of his men under the auspices of the Department of Anthropology and Sociology, we have an educational plan that should revolutionize the university. We realize that all lectures aren't on jazz, and therefore could not be illustrated as easily as Dr. Slotkin's, but there are possibilities. Ever think about mood music? It could do wonders for botany. In our mind's eye, there's a picture of Basie and a small, select group, sitting somewhere near the projector during a botany lecture, playing soft, dreamy blues as we watch the delicate romance between

a little pollen grain and some big, blonde, ovulate cone. You couldn't keep us away. Turn on the projector and give us a little boogie-woogie, Count.

On Target

Boy, oh boy, have you seen our R. O. T. C. in action? We ran into an exhibition by a gun crew just the other day. Swarms of the soldiers were clambering about on the gun in front of the observatory, and about the gun was all the paraphernalia that we have seen pictured as going with an anti-aircraft gun, not during the last ten years however. We're sorry to say that things seemed rather confused and one of the officers in charge was giving instructions from a textbook. Their target seemed ill-chosen, the south flagpole on Brookings, topped by the American flag. Don't fret about it; it was as safe as though it reposed in a bank vault. The shells being used were dummies, and anyway, we have a sneaking suspicion that even if they had been real the flagpole and flag would have remained unscathed. What's more, the gun, seemingly of world-war vintage, would undoubtedly have crumbled to bits under the pressure of the explosion of a shell. We suppose that practice helps, but we couldn't help thinking that if a plane had been attacking the school the pilot would have had to ram his plane on the gun to get hurt.

All The Dirt

A friend of ours who works for a vacuum cleaner company tipped us off about their morning sales meetings. The story is that all the salesmen gather at the office every morning for a community sing, using songs revamped for commercial purposes. Try these on your mandolin.

To the tune of "The Caissons Go Rolling Along."

All the dirt,
All the grit
Hoover gets it every bit,
For it beats as it sweeps as it
cleans.

Tune, "Anchors Aweigh."

Stand by that door and knock.

See her or him.

Just try out standing them

And it will get you in, in, in, in.

These are only snatches of course, but you can get the idea. We suppose the theory is that it puts them in the mood to get out and sell like crazy. We don't doubt it a bit. Nothing like a good laugh to start the day off right.

The Time Has Come

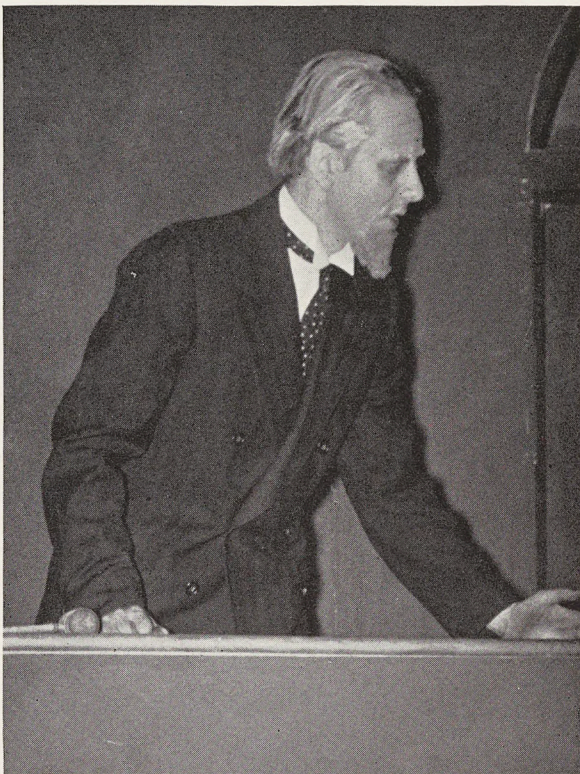
This is our last issue as editor. We are sorry to go. Eliot has caused us a lot of trouble and a lot of work; we do not regret it. Eliot has helped us a lot. Our greatest hope is that perhaps we have done something for Eliot. Our relations with Eliot are closed now. To all those who helped us, thanks.

Rally Intime

On the day before the Student Senate elections we were advised that there was to be an election rally in front of the library. We ran up there like a cat goes for cheese. Things looked pretty much the way they always do in front of the library until a part of the band arrived, grouped themselves in a Salvation Army circle and blew. People looked around, but nobody came to listen. The band stopped for a moment, and the drummer turned to a buddy: "We're driving them away," he said. At any rate, the rally died an early death, joining the great group of Washington rallies that have died prematurely, in the flower of their impotence.

D R A M A

RICE WAS TIMELY



Mr. Fick as Judge Slatarski

IT IS unfortunate that whatever timeliness Elmer Rice's melodramatic anti-Nazi Judgment Day might have had last Saturday night was completely counteracted by the cheery little reception given it by the Thyrsus audience. Saturday night ticket buyers, as happy a group of people as you have ever seen, had come to be amused by "Aunt Martha's Eldest" playing a gray-haired old man and not even a number of good performances and two very effective scenes could stop them. The production was not bad at all; at any rate it deserved a much better reception than it got.

Judgment Day, discounting a long first act, has a very entertaining anti-Nazi thesis. It takes a lot of pistol shots, an idiot, and a silver-foxed trollop to make the Nazis interesting but you certainly cannot blame Elmer Rice for over-reaching himself to get color for his show, now that we have seen to what trouble Hitler has gone to get color for his. However, some of Rice's more blatant devices to gain color are damned annoying. For example, the end of scene two in Act two when one of the guards is caught in the courtroom (as he deserved to be) giving a secret message to the defendants.

Rice's plot balances good against evil in the trial of two innocents, Lydia Kuman and George Khitov versus an unmoral totalitarian state. Happily for the fictional

innocents everything turns out well in the end. The great fault of the play lies in the completely biased presentation of the totalitarian side of the question. I believe that democratic principles are firmly enough entrenched intellectually to outlast a more complete survey of totalitarian principles. Mr. Rice shows us the Nazis only as bad boys who should be dealt with by being put to bed without supper, but later events have shown that, while they are bad boys, they don't seem to need any food or sleep.

Valerie Brinkman, Henry Fick and Louis Schram ran pretty well neck and neck for the acting award with Miss Brinkman, who has become one fine comedienne, copping the decision by the length and breadth of a very red gown. Valerie Brinkman's performances have improved with every Thyrsus show she has been in. It was nice for all concerned that her last appearance ended with a burst of fine acting.

Henry Fick, and who can tell if this is his last Thyrsus appearance, did excellently with Count Slatarski, the lone dissenter. His speech for justice and moral responsibility was a high spot in the show. Schram, as a "liquor footing" hunk of flotsam, was perfect.

Of the four remaining justices I thought the two contrasting parts taken by Gil Hogan and Dave Hennigan to be the most effectively acted. Sisk and Foote were just okie dokie.

Courtney Heineman and Morris Yaffe were the best among the four lawyers. Heineman did very well with the stupid, mean Dr. Bathory; and Yaffe did excellently as a representative of our degenerate democracy.

The defendants were uniformly well played by Sanford Snyderman, Leonard Fagin and Betty Morse. Betty Morse had her part well under control at all times while Snyderman appeared forced in some scenes. Fagin, as Kurt Schneider was an excellent viper.

Also appearing with credit were Annabelle Palkes, Anita Barken, and John Weber as three of the witnesses and Bob Hufstot who, having been granted a special dispensation by his very stern family, appeared on the Thyrsus stage for the first time in his four years at school. I was glad to see that he got to wear a pistol, which, as long as two tommy guns would obviously have been incongruous, probably made him as happy as he could be.

Mr. Wilkinson designed a fine looking set and, as director effectively coincided the movements of his twenty-eight charges. That was no easy job considering the size of the Thyrsus stage.

—E. C. S., Jr.

THE MEEK SHALL . . .

By CHUCK LYON

AS THE cold wings of darkness slid over the hungry peaks he crept quietly back to the "place." Its grey walls were crumbling peacefully beneath the struggling undergrowth which swarmed over them. Here and there a clear bit of wall shot up free of the greenness, and bathed itself in the last rays of sunlight, as though fearful of the cold night. It was indeed a place apart, and no man came near it.

No man that is, except he whose home it was. Even home with all its bounteous goodness is not enough to name what it was to him. It was God, mother, father, life, protection, in short, everything in the world. The spirit who dwelled in the "place" was a kindly wonderful spirit. He kept out the whole host of evil things that tried to come in and harm little Sin-Yan. Sometimes even, he would come and talk to Sin-Yan, in the darkness, after he had gone to sleep. He would show him wonderful things, too, enormous mountainsides covered with wild rice, and little glades where the cold winds did not reach, and where there were nests of eggs under every bank. Always when Sin-Yan awoke after seeing these beautiful things it seemed as though he would be content just to lie in the shadowy darkness of the "Place" and think of them forever, but soon his stomach would hurt and hurt until he would have to go out into the cold and find something to eat.

Until Sin-Yan had found the "Place" he had always been afraid. Always he had shivered in an unfriendly cave, shaking as the cries of evil spirits rang in the dark forest, or the footsteps of a leopard crackled nearby. After he was driven out of the village there were many times when his stomach was empty and when he was afraid, so that soon he was always afraid. The sudden descent of a squirrel would send him running for several minutes, or the cry of a tragopan make his breath stop in tight agony.

Like most of the hill tribes, his village drove out any insane or deficient children. It was not deliberate cruelty, but a necessity forced by the hard nature of life in the cold hills. Thus it was that Sin-Yan was driven out. He could never remember to watch the goats to see that they did not stray into the deadly meadows of aconite. Nor could he even stay and tend the fire; always he wandered off, searching for birds' nests or the beautiful feathers dropped by pheasants. Often he would forget which

hut was his father's, and stand wailing in the muddy path until someone came for him.

For long weeks after he was beaten from the village he found only a few eggs and was always close to death at night, but gradually he found other things he could eat. There was wild rice, and tender seedlings, and sometimes even nuts. He found caves to sleep in, and by piling them full of ferns managed to keep from freezing. Once he had slept in a cave all night and in the morning found a king cobra in the back of it half blind and vicious in his partly shed skin. And again a leopard had dropped on his shoulder clawing and tearing until he had leaped screaming into the stream on whose bank he had been standing. He nearly drowned but was finally able to crawl out far downstream, blue with cold and weak from loss of blood.

It was while he was recovering from the attack of the leopard that he found the "Place." He had often seen its walls gleaming in the sun high on the hill, but typical of the indifference which years of inbreeding had brought to his tribe, he had never troubled to climb up. Then one day while his arm was still painfully healing he saw a beautiful impeyan go down near the ruin. On reaching the top of the hill he had immediately forgotten the bird, in his wonderment. The size and strength of the walls awed him but he was not afraid. He remembered none of the tales of evil told in the village about the "Place," and it seemed very wonderful. It was not as though it were

made by man, for no man could lift these enormous stones. And the animals and birds of stone. One but the spirits, the "nats," could make anything so beautiful. He wandered all over the vast pile, examining it carefully. Everywhere inside the wall there were terraces with small, strange looking trees and plants on them. And birds! Sin-Yan had never seen so many nests. Here and there were cells in the walls, and in one of these Sin-Yan made his new home. The first thing he did was collect some of the eggs and lay them out on the ledge before his cell as an offering to the kind "spirit."

Every day he found new evidences of the kindness of the "spirit." There were strange fruits on the little trees that he learned to eat from watching the baboons. And every day too, he put out things for the "spirit." Sometimes it would be beautiful birds feathers, or even pretty



stones he found by the stream. On the mornings after the "spirit" had come to visit him he would spend many hours searching for things to put out for him. Even in the times of much snow he was grateful to the "spirit," for there was a round stone which fitted the entrance to his cell as though it was made for it to keep the cold out. Often he would climb high up on the wall and look out over the valley. He could see the village far below, and beyond this valley another and another, and mountains whose walls rose high in the air and always had clouds sitting on them.

But now something was wrong. As he crept through the piles of broken masonry in the deepening dark, he was afraid again. Men had come to the "Place." Not such men as he was, but strange men with strange voices and strange clothes. They had climbed over the stones of the "Place" and struck them with weapons. Sin-Yan had lain hidden and watched them, trembling with fear. He was afraid of the man, and afraid that they might hurt the "spirit." He would be angry that so many men had come to his "Place" and struck the stones. He crawled into his cell and tried to sleep, but always he awoke, trembling. Finally he did fall asleep, and the "spirit" came to him as it had before, but the "spirit" too was afraid. Sin-Yan wept.

In the morning he was still weeping. His sorrow at seeing the wonderful "spirit" unhappy was such that he was unable to eat. He put out some fruit for him and sat looking sadly out over the valley. Then he heard the loud voices of the men coming up the hillside again. Suddenly he knew he must try to save the happiness of the "spirit" he loved so much. He stood up and moved slowly toward the bath he knew the men would come up. He was only fifteen, but his brow was as furrowed as the rocks he climbed over. He stood trembling in the path until suddenly the men appeared. They approached him slowly, and when one of them touched him he fell to the ground shaking with fright. The yards of tatters which were all that remained of his clothes shivered and danced all in a heap. Then they lifted him up and spoke to him and gave him something to eat. Their voices were not so loud now, and they did not harm him. Their food was strange but very good, and soon he was not so afraid.

After many days he saw that the white men were not destroying the stones, but merely making signs over them. One of them also, was always looking for birds' nests, just as Sin-Yan did. After quietly watching him for a long time Sin-Yan brought him some birds' eggs. This made the man so happy that he jumped up and down. Then he made many motions and showed Sin-Yan many nests. Sin-Yan brought him the nest. This made the man much happier, and he gave Sin-Yan a round shined thing with a man's face on it. It was more beautiful than anything he had ever seen. He knew at once that this man must be the "spirit" of the "Place." Indeed, he was even more wonderful than he had been when he came to Sin-Yan in the night, for he made smoke come out of his mouth and nose. Every day then, Sin-Yan went into the forest with him, and showed him

all the nice things he knew. He showed him where the mating ground of the pheasants was, and for hours they lay in the dense undergrowth watching the birds dancing and feeding. Sin-Yan showed the man where the leopards drank in the stream, and he killed one of them with a great noise. Sometimes too, he would kill birds with the noise, and the whole forest would tremble.

Sin-Yan had never been so happy, for the spirit was always kind to him. Even when he forgot, as he often did, the spirit was patient and waited till Sin-Yan could remember. He did not like Sin-Yan to eat the eggs they found, but gave him lovely things instead, which he liked even better. The love that Sin-Yan had for the spirit had now grown so much that it seemed one little boy could not hold it all. His tiny pinched face grew a little rounder, and his flat mongoloid nose seemed always turned up in a grin. His white teeth were always flashing and he was as different from the frightened moron who had been driven from his village, as he was from the villagers themselves. The dull ox-like passivity of these Kachin natives was the result of the terrific struggle to live which they were always waging. Merely to exist was a fiber-straining fight. The preoccupation which Sin-Yan had shown for beauty; the forgetfulness of the task at hand, had made them drive him out, and yet it was this that set him apart from them.

The walls of the "Place" seemed as warm as did Sin-Yan. There was a warmth that had never been there before. The coming of the "spirit" had not lessened Sin-Yan's love of the "Place," for they were one and the same. It merely gave him the opportunity of seeing the "spirit" oftener and giving him the offerings in person.

One morning as the first pink was creeping down into the valley Sin-Yan and the "spirit" set out to hunt a snow leopard. They descended into the next valley to the north and then started up the other side. As they climbed up and up, the trees grew thinner, and there were patches of snow. Then as they reached the haunch of the hill the steep, snow-laden slopes of the peak rose over them. On they climbed, searching for tracks. At midday they came across a peculiar track like four fingers thrust in the snow. This they followed for a considerable time, intrigued by the queer little prints, and the fact that the tracks were six or eight feet apart. The sun was beating down in a dazzling glare, and the softened crust of the snow made it difficult to travel on. Little Sin-Yan was transported with joy when they paused to eat lunch for he and the "spirit" both shared the contents of the sack which he had been given to carry. On they went, and suddenly, they heard the harsh screaming of an eagle. Rounding a sharp ledge they saw a magnificent red-crested eagle attacking a little animal. It was no more than two feet high and had a heavy coat of tan and white hair. As the eagle swooped the animal would rear back and slash with its fore feet and the pearly little tusks that grew from its upper jaw. Sin-Yan was motionless with excitement, but the "spirit" drooped to one knee and smote down the eagle with the great noise. The little brown and white beast whirled and in great

leaps made off up the slope. At the fourth jump he paused to look back. Again the thunder spoke, and the deer, for that is what he was, rolled almost to their feet. It was a musk deer, and its feet with the overgrown dew-claws had made the four-fingered tracks they had been following. Sin-Yan could not get enough of looking at the beautiful little deer, and so with the "spirit," though not as much from the beauty of the animal as from the fact that it was one of the rarest deer in the world.

After their joy had exhausted itself they shouldered the trophies, Sin-Yan the deer, and the "spirit" the eagle. As the sun was now in the decline they started back on their own tracks. They had gone no more than a hundred yards when they came to a place where there were other tracks besides their own. Something had been following them. The large cat-like tracks were those of a leopard. Sin-Yan's heart caught in his throat for a minute, and then he remembered that nothing could harm him while he was with the "spirit." They followed the cat's track over the ridge. It led out onto a precipitously steep slope of snow. The "spirit" started slowly out on it. Sin-Yan followed. The sun was now a small glowing ball over the peaks to the west. All the heat had left it and now the world seemed to be slowly congealing. The half melted crust of the snow was freezing into a solid treacherous sheet of ice. Sweat poured into Sin-Yan's eyes as he inched along the frozen cat tracks after the "spirit." He wanted the spirit to help him, for he was afraid. He looked down. The bank dropped down sharply for about a hundred yards, then dropped off into nothing in a sheer descent of three or four hundred feet. He stopped, petrified with fear, and gazed pleadingly at the back of the "spirit." Suddenly he saw the back foot of the "spirit" slip out of the frozen paw print. The "spirit" fell, throwing his weight against the incline, and clawed at the ice as it slipped under him. He spread-eagled as he slid trying to slow his descent, but he only revolved slowly as he slid faster and faster. Then as abruptly as a stone thrown in a deep pool, he was gone over the lip. First there was a black wheel moving swiftly down the slope, and then there was not. There was nothing, no sound, no death wail, nothing.

Then a sound did come. A sound so high that it tore even the eardrums of the snow leopard, whose flight had taken him far, far up the slope. The cry broke and came down the scale, it whined and screamed, it babbled and shrieked. It came from Sin-Yan. His eyes glared at the dying sun and sparkled red as a mad dog's. For three days that shriek rang on the snowy slopes and in the forest above the village. On the night of the third day it stopped suddenly, and the wind moved in the trees, like a spent breath.

JOKES!

Two Englishmen were running for an air-raid shelter when suddenly one of them stopped, turned to his friend. "Oh I say, give me a scare, will you. I've got the hiccups."

Beta: Can you read my mind?

Pi Phi: Yes.

Beta: Go ahead.

Pi Phi: No, you go ahead!

—Frivol.

In Boccaccio, it's frankness;

In Rabelais, it's life;

In a professor, it's clever,

And in a college comic, it's smutty.

And then there is the one about the two dwarfs who went into a funeral parlor and asked for two short biers."

—Drexerd.

He—Have you an hour to spare?

She—Yes.

He—Then how about just one little kiss?

—Drexerd.

"Hear about the fellow who invented a device for looking thru a brick wall?"

"No! What does he call it?"

"A window."

—Frivol.

Student (in bookstore): "How much is this paper?"

Clerk: "Seventy-five cents a ream."

Student: "It sure is!"

—Yellow Jacket.

It seems a general and a colonel were walking down the street and as they passed private after private, the colonel would return their salute and then mutter, "The same to you."

"Why," said the general, "why do you salute and then say, 'The same to you?'"

"I used to be a private myself once," said the colonel, "I know what they're thinking."

—Exchange.

R.O.T.C. Rookie—What does it mean here by "Seasoned troops," Major Cochran?

Major Cochran—Mustard by the officers and peppered by the enemy.

Sweet Young Thing: "Dammit!"

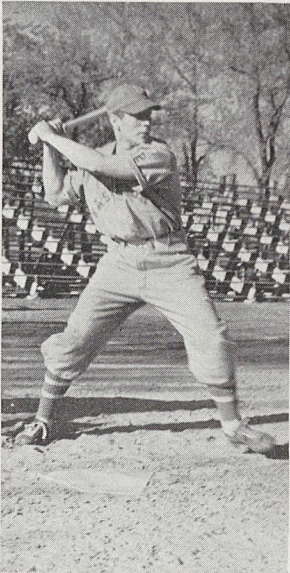
Nice Old Lady: "My word."

S.Y.T.: "Pardon me, I didn't realize I was plagiarizing."

—Rebel.

S P O R T S

THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME



Clarence Turley,
Washington's Bat Man

IT WAS SPRING, so the poets said, so the baseball prophets dusted off the records of the preceding year and began to take a flying guess at the outcome of the major league pennant races for 1941. The poets stuck with the birds and the bees, as before, but the baseball prophets announced firmly that it was a year of the Indians, Yankees, Reds, Cardinals, and Dodgers.

Reports to the contrary notwithstanding, the fancy of many young men in the U.S.A. turn not to love but to predicting of the outcome of the two major league baseball races. From the erudite John Kieran, baseball expert who wows 'em on Information Please, to the lowly Gus Vandigglo, who writes a sport column for the Pocatello Bugle, every employed or self-styled baseball expert takes a crack at forecasting the baseball winners. Therefore we present this department's 1941 analysis of the situation not so much the featuring but as the honoring of an institution.

National League

Brooklyn
St. Louis
Cincinnati
Pittsburgh
Chicago
New York
Boston
Philadelphia

American League

New York
Cleveland
Detroit
Boston
St. Louis
Chicago
Philadelphia
Washington

Those fireworks you heard coming out of the South the past few months weren't perpetrated by A. Hitler; it's just the rearming of the New York Yankees, defeated in their quest for a fifth straight pennant last year but coming back this time fast. The blue ribbon kids for the Gotham entry this spring are Phil Rizzuto and Jerry Priddy, shortstop and second baseman, respectively, just up from the Yanks' Kansas City farm. With a successful performance from these two and improved pitching the Yanks are in.

Closest competition to the Yankees will probably be furnished by the Cleveland Indians, much-publicized "cry baby" team of 1940. Cleveland has the best pitcher in baseball in Bob Feller, the best infield (Trosky, Mack, Boudreau, and Keltner), and some latent hitting power which is about due to show. The Indians won't be bothered this year by Ossie Vitt, their firebrand 1940 manager who "got on their nerves," or at least, enough so to cause dissension on a club that lost the flag in the last few games only.

In the National League it looks like Ford Frick, loop prexy, and at least seven club owners are going to be the winners for 1941. I refer to the matter of gate receipts which are uniformly popular the circuit over. The race will be tighter than a fat man's garter on a hot day, with an accompanying tune on the turnstiles. Joe Cash, it will be remembered, is the most sought-after player in either league.

The three teams with the best chances are Bill McKechnie's World Champion Cincinnati Reds, the Brooklyn Dodgers, guided by the enterprising Larry MacPhail, the young business manager with the Midas-like touch, and the St. Louis Cardinals. Cincinnati has the best pitching staff in baseball and is sound if not brilliant on its supporting cast. Much hinges on the work of Bucky Walters and Paul Derringer, the Reds' two great hurling stars.

Color abounds in Brooklyn where MacPhail and Leo Durocher, aggressive Dodger manager, have rounded up a club that looks like the class of the league. The Dodgers have a fine infield, capable pitching, and improved spirit with the acquisition of Joe Medwick and Mickey Owen from the Cardinals. Medwick is a talented young man who, when willing, can make his bat speak a big piece in those close ball games. Owen, a catcher, may spark the Flatbushers to the flag with his wild, colorful technique.

For years now people have been wondering why the St. Louis Cards, powerful, fast, and aggressive, haven't been able to win. In the past four years they have started very slow and just barely missed the pennant when a sensational September drive fell short. The Birds have a better defensive setup now with rookies Walker Cooper, a catcher, Frank Crespi, second-sacker, and veteran shortstop Martin Marion watching things down the middle. You can't deny, either, a punch that places hitters like Brown, Moore, Mize, Slaughter, and Cooper in succession.



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CHESTERFIELD

IN A DAY'S WORK

By COURTNEY HEINEMAN

"LADY," he said, "we got orders to stick to. I can't let you off in the middle of the block." He waited until her foot was off the bottom step, and then pulled on the wheel to maneuver the bus from the curb and out into the stream of traffic once more.

"Always they want to get out in the middle of the block," he said over his shoulder to the man sitting just behind him. "I tell 'em fifty times if I tell 'em once I can't do it, but always they ask. Jesus, a guy gets fed with . . ." He leaned his head out the window of the long bus and pounded on the horn.

"Hey, move that thing up so it'll hit the trip." He pulled his head in. "The dumb siberians never go up far enough to hit the trip, and then they wonder why the light doesn't change. Jesus, the drivers in this city aren't worth the cars they drive in."

The buzzer sounded and he jammed on the brakes and pulled in at the first bus-stop. There was a woman standing at the exit in the middle of the bus, but she didn't get out when the doors opened. She looked out at the sidewalk. "Oh," she said. She raised her voice. "I want Hanley, please."

The driver sighed once more, pulled on the wheel, flicked the lever that closed the rear doors. "They can't even ring the buzzer at the right time," he muttered. "I got a schedule to make." He frowned, deepening the furrows on his forehead that two hours of driving during the rush had made. His eyes were tired. His cap was pushed back a little over his thinning hair.

He stopped the bus. "Here's Hanley, lady." He watched in the mirror until her foot was off the step, then pulled around the corner two blocks to the end of his run. Waiting until the two remaining passengers had gotten off he got out the front door, kicked the outside lever that closed it, and, changer in hand, walked into the drugstore.

"Hello, Bud." He set his changer on the counter and looked up at the electric clock in the back. "Boy am I on time."

"Hello, Red." The boy behind the counter put down his paper and walked over. "You hit it right on the dot. How was your run?"

"Terrible. Ran into all kind of traffic. Had to slip it up to damn near fifty goin' out Lindell." He pulled out a cigarette, lit it, inhaled deeply, enjoying it as only those who don't get a cigarette often enjoy one. He laughed. "Scared the hell out of one old lady. She was holdin' on to her seat like she thought I was gonna take off. I damn near laughed lookin' in the mirror." He smiled and took another drag on his cigarette. "Maybe she'll report you." The clerk clicked a couple of dimes out of Red's changer, and then slipped them back into the dime barrel.

Red backed away from the counter and continued talking as a man got some cigars. "Hell, they've got reports comin' in all the time." He brushed some ashes off his dark gray driver's jacket. "They know we got to hurry to keep on schedule. He glanced at his watch, checked it with the clock on the wall, and replaced it in his pocket. "Be seein' you, Bud."

"Yeah, Red."

He walked out the door of the drugstore and up to his bus. There were three girls standing outside. He paused for a moment, took two or three deep drags on his cigarette then tossed it away. "Wait a second," he said to the girls, and went around to the front of the bus, looked at his sign and driver number, went around the side to look at a tire, and then returned to the door. He leaned down to pull a lever; the doors opened and he got on, followed by the three passengers.

They all had passes. Red glanced at them and then nodded. "Okay, okay." He hooked the changer on the little tray in front of him, put his watch on the tray and pulled out his run-sheet. Where it said, 'Left Western Terminus,' he put, "5:10." He closed the door and started the bus on its downtown trip.

He had eight minutes to make it from the stop on Hanley to Clayton Road and Skinker. It's a cinch, he thought. He knew that there wouldn't be many people going downtown at this time of evening. Just a few maids perhaps. He made one stop on Hanley, for a colored boy.

"Does this go all the way down to Taylor?" he asked.

"Straight through." Red waited for the tinkle of the dime in the fare-box. It didn't come. When he reached the stop sign at Clayton and Hanley he turned to the colored boy, seated on one of the long seats in the front of the bus. "Fare, please." Red flipped the little lever that sent the money through the register.

"Yeah. Almost forgot." The colored boy came forward, slipped in his dime and retreated to the back of the bus.

Forgot, thought Red. Oh sure, he forgot. They always forget. Dirty black siberians try to get through without paying, and then they take up all the seats. Forgot, hell. A horn honked, and Red looked up to see that the light had changed. He swung the bus around the corner and started down Clayton Road.

He looked at his watch. Three minutes gone. Better go a little faster, he thought. He pressed harder on the accelerator, but noticed that there was somebody waiting at the next stop. He slowed down, stopped, opened the door. The waiting man turned his back, shook his head. Red closed the door, jammed the bus into second. Waiting for a service car, he thought.

He had to stop again at the next bus-stop. A woman got on, put in her dime. "Will you call Euclid?"

"Yeah." Red was busy trying to steer the bus once more into the stream of traffic. "Please don't forget." She hesitated a moment and then sat down on the long seat behind him.

He reached Big Bend without another stop. The sign was with him and he roared on through. There were some people waiting at the stop just past the sign. He pulled to the right to pick up the passengers, and a horn honked loud and long. Red didn't veer from his course, but when he stopped at the bus-stop he turned around in his seat to see, forced to the curb in back of him, the car that had tried to pass him on the right.

"He shoulda known it's illegal to pass on the right," he said just loud enough for the first few passengers to hear. A new arrival handed him a half dollar. He tossed it on the tray in front of him heard its silver ring, and exchanged it for five dimes.

He had quite a few passengers now. He looked in the mirror. Ten or twelve. He stopped at the Forest Park line to pick up another.

"Hello, Jim." Red nodded as the man flashed a pass.

"Hello, Red. How goes it?" The man took the seat just behind him.

"Okay. The drivers are bad as always. This city has the worst drivers I ever seen. You don't see no driving like this in Detroit." Red stopped talking to swing the big bus around the corner and up to the stop-sign on Skinker. He looked at his watch again. 5:18.

"I'm right on the dot," he said. He took his run-sheet from the tray, put down the time, looking up to see if the light had changed. He put the sheet down and glanced in the mirror, then turned around to speak to a man in the middle of the bus. "Can you read?" He pointed to the sign stuck on a window. "Health and decency require no smoking," he said loudly. "Have consideration for your fellow passengers"

"The smoker blushed a little. "I was about to get off."

"Wait until you get off. We can't have none of that." The cars around the bus honked. The sign had changed. Red started the bus on its way down Skinker, then turned his head slightly to talk to his friend.

"They know it's against rules to smoke. Hell, they could be arrested."

"Have we reached Euclid?" It was the woman again.

"No, lady, I'll call it. We aren't near it yet." He stopped for another passenger. "Always they ask five times before you're near it," he said as he clicked five dimes out of his changer. "I'd call it. They don't have to keep all the time askin'."

"Yeah," Jim agreed. "People are awful dumb sometimes." He leaned toward Red, trying to think of something to say. "Got your draft number yet, Red?"

"Naw, I'm over age. Besides, I've had enough war. See?" He turned his head to show a thin scar under one eye. "Shrapnel." He said it carelessly, as though he were saying, "Ten cents, please."

"I'll be damned." Jim looked closely at the scar. "Yeah. You really got it didn't you?"

"Yeah. But I'd do it again if the country was bein' threatened. As a matter of fact . . ." He pulled out a button on the dashboard, and the huge windshield wipers began to sweep away the drops of rain on the windshield. It was raining slightly, just a drizzle. As a matter of fact, I just wrote to the war department and said I'd be willing to serve if I could be a lieutenant. See I was a sergeant, and I wouldn't go back in as a private. Too old anyway. But I could do 'em a lot of good trainin' draftees. Hell, it'd be better than drivin' this thing." He looked around guiltily after he had said his last sentence. "It ain't so bad, though," he added.

"I got a pretty low number." Jim reached in his pocket and pulled out his card. "Three thousand, fifty-seven. They're goin' through 'em awful fast. That ain't as



low as it used to be." He replaced the card. "I wouldn't mind so much havin' to go, though. It isn't as though I were makin' a lot of money." He laughed. "Hell, thirty dollars a month and room and board ain't so bad." He peered through the space cleared by the windshield wiper. "Next stop, Red." He got up and stood by the front door.

"Yeah." Red slowed the bus down. "It won't be so bad. Help lots of guys without jobs." He flicked the door-opener. "So long, Jim. Good luck."

"So long, Red. Maybe I'll see you when you're a lieutenant." They both laughed, and Jim swung down the steps and into the rain.

Lucky bastard, Red thought. I wish I was young enough to go. Hell, that'd be a dream compared to this. He reached over to twirl the crank on the fare-box. He ran down Waterman past DeBaliviere with the sign. At Clara he stopped to pick up two small boys. One deposited a dime, the other a nickel.

"Hey," Red called. The boys came to the front of the bus. "You," he nodded at the boy who had dropped the nickle. "How old are you?"

"I'm just eleven." The boy looked scared.

"Eleven." Red turned to look at the boy. "What year were you born?"

Red turned the bus around the corner and on to Union. "You'd better put in another nickel," he said, without looking at the boy.

"I haven't got another nickel, mister." The boy was almost crying. The people on the bus were staring at the two boys.

"You're supposed to pay a dime when you're over twelve, kid." Red looked around at him. "Okay, this time," he grumbled. "But don't try it again."

"Okay. Thanks." The two boys scrambled to the back of the bus.

"Hell," Red muttered. "There ain't nobody honest these days." A service-car passed the bus. Boy I wish he'd get picked up, Red thought. Dirty bastards don't run on schedule or anything. Just keep ahead of us all the time. Nothin' but racketeers. He blew his horn at the car poking along in front of him. "He'll make me miss that sign," he said to nobody in particular. "Sunday driver."

He pulled alongside of the car at the stop sign, glared at the driver, then put his time on the run sheet. He maneuvered the bus around the standard in the middle of Kingshighway, stopped on the corner to pick up some passengers. "Euclid," he yelled after he had started the bus again. "Euclid." He repeated his cry, but the buzzer didn't sound.

He stopped the bus at Euclid and turned around. "Here's Euclid, lady. You asked me to call it." Jesus, he thought. They ask me to call and then they're not even ready.

"Oh," she started. "Thank you." She ran to the front of the bus, got slowly down the step.

The rain was heavier now and Red had to take it a little more slowly. The wipers hardly kept the windshield clean and he peered out with his head close to the glass. He stopped at a sign, looked in the mirror.

"Hey, kid, let that alone," he growled at a boy in the back of the bus removing shoe strings from a shoe ad. The boy hesitated a moment and then sat down, abashed. They ought to of known better than to put real shoe-strings in a bus-card, he said to himself. Just give us one more thing to worry about. Sure it's a good advertising scheme. They never think that we got to watch 'em all the time.

He glanced at his watch on the tray in front of him. He was losing time on account of the rain. He speeded up going down the hill to Grand, and then let his motor slow him up to stop at the bus-stop on the other side of the wide street. Suddenly he jammed on his brakes. "Jesus," he gasped. A service car had cut in front of him to get to the bus-stop. Red's bus skidded as he applied the brakes. The front slid toward the middle of the street, the back toward the curb. Effortlessly the bus slid smoothly across Grand broadside, and the back end smashed the service-car from behind.

A woman screamed and a man in the bus said, "The damn fool." Red was shaken. His face was white, and his hands held the wheel tightly.

He turned around and looked back through the bus. "Anybody hurt?"

No one answered, but finally a woman spoke up. "You can be sure I'll report you, driver."

"Lady," a man answered, "If you had been driving we'd of all been killed. It wasn't this guy's fault at all. It was the service-car."

"Any of you hurt?" Red repeated. He opened the front door of the bus and got out. The service-car driver was out, looking at the back of his car.

"What the hell did you think you were doin'?" Red walked up to the driver and tapped him on the shoulder as he bent over his bumper.

The service-car driver looked up. "What the hell you talkin' about?" He kicked the bumper on his car. "Look what you did to my car." He pointed. The back end was smashed; the bumper lay with one end in the street; the rear window was broken; the back end was one big dent.

Red walked to the back of the bus. There was a large dent just in front of the motor grill. He walked back to the service-car driver. "What did you mean cuttin' in front of me? You got yours wise guy."

The service-car driver stood looking mournfully at his car. "You're crazy," he said. "I didn't cut in front of you." He leaned his head forward and the rain ran off of his cap. "You should worry." He walked around to the front of his car, opened the door. "I got to pay for this myself. Son of a bitch." He got in and slammed the door.

Red got back in the bus. He took some slips out of his pocket and handed them to whoever would take one. "Will you sign these please? Give your name and address." Two or three people reluctantly accepted the slips.

The man who had defended Red before said, "I'll take one, driver." Red gratefully handed him the slip. "No sense in you gettin' the blame," the man said. Two or three more people accepted the slips.

Red waited until they were all signed, collected them, and returned to his driver's seat. There was a crowd around the bus and the service-car, and traffic slipped slowly past the front of the bus, jutting into the middle of the street. Red honked his horn, backed the bus to get free of the car, and then swung once more into his route. "Judas priest." Red turned his head slight to the man on the seat behind him. "Did you see what he did. If it hadn't of been rainy it wouldn't have been so bad, but on a day like this." Red stopped to pick up some passengers.

"What happened up there?" A man asked as he got on.

"It wasn't anything." Red made change. "Service car cut in front of me and I skidded." He spoke to the man behind him. "What could I do? Hell, they can't blame it on me."

"Naw," the man agreed. "You can't tell what those service-car drivers are gonna do." He was talking over Red's shoulder. "They're the lousiest drivers in the city."

"Boy you don't get any drivin' like that in Detroit." Red was feeling a little better now. He knew it wasn't his fault. "Well anyway," he said, ending the conversation, "If I had to hit anybody, I'm glad it was a service-car."

He was at the Locust-Olive intersection. He watched the street car light on the wires overhead, started across as it changed to caution. He hurried the bus down Locust. The rain had let up somewhat now and he could see things more easily. He turned on his lights. He didn't have to pick up many passengers. The negro maids were getting off one after another. The buzzer rang almost constantly. "Hell," he said. "I can't make any time when I'm havin' to let people off all the time."

He pulled the bus to a stop at Twelfth. Twelfth was choked with cars, people going home from work. He looked at his watch. "Five minutes late," he sighed. He edged the bus out into the center of the street to make a left turn around the policeman. He went over Twelfth to Washington, turned east on Washington. He looked in the mirror. Only three or four left now. The buzzer sounded and he pulled to a stop at Tenth street. "Tenth," he called. Two people got off.

He let off his remaining passenger at Eighth street, continued down to the bus terminus below Fifth. There were four or five busses stopped. No time for him to wait around. He slowed almost to a stop, tugging on the big wheel to make a U turn.

"What happened to you, Red?" a driver called.

"Hit a service car," he yelled out the window. "That's why I'm late. Boy I pick 'em don't I?"

"Happy huntin'," the driver called.

Red started west. The bus filled rapidly. By the time he reached Seventh street all the seats were filled. He inched along slowly behind the long line of busses. At Ninth street he had to call out, "Stand back in the bus, please. Move back."

Red wasn't feeling too good. He had that feeling in the pit of the stomach that usually accompanies an accident. Anyway, he was eight minutes late. Boy will I get hell, he thought. Between that and the accident things will really be fine. At least two days' suspension. Oh hell, at least two days. Oh well, two days vacation without pay. Not so awful bad.

He stopped at the corner of tenth, opened the door.

"Do you go over Bellevue?" a woman asked. She got up on the step of the bus, blocking the entrance.

"No, lady. You have to get the Lindell-Richmond Heights for that. Step up, please." The woman stood on the step, undecided. "But the last driver told me the next Lindell bus would take me to Bellevue."

"Lady," he snarled, "look for a Lindell-Richmond Heights. This goes to Hanley. Let the people in please." She stepped out, a long line of passengers entered.

"Step back in the bus, please." He got half out of his seat and looked back in the bus. "Will you step farther back, please."

The bus was full now. He closed the doors and waited for the go-ahead from the cop. The woman who wanted to get to Bellevue beat on the door.

"Look for a Richmond-Heights, lady," he yelled. "I got a full bus." Now I can make some time. He went straight through on Washington to Fourteenth, without a stop. With a full bus he wouldn't have to stop for a while. Except to let people out. He turned over fourteenth, stopped at the sign on Locust. He pulled out his run-sheet, marked down his time under 'Arrived Eastern Terminus.'

At fifteenth he had to stop to let two girls off. Y.W. C.A. girls, he thought. At sixteenth he stopped again. Two passengers got on. "Hello, Harry," he greeted one of them.

The man stood beside Red holding on to the pole by the fare box. "How they goin', Red?"

"All right. Had an accident coming down." He stopped the bus, waited to go around a car parked double.

"You did? What happened?" The man braced himself, lowered his brief case to the floor to lean against his knees.

"Skidded into a service-car. It was his fault. He cut in front of me and I couldn't stop. I put on the brakes and she really skidded." He laughed. "We went across Grand headed North."

"You gonna get in trouble?"

"Naw."

"What'll they do?" The man picked up his briefcase, sat down in the seat vacated just behind Red. He looked back in the bus, searching for a friend.

"Give me maybe a three day vacation." Red laughed. "Without pay."

"That's not so bad."

"Aw I don't mind. I never been in an accident before anyway. Three days suspension at the most." He laughed again. "Anyway, I hit a service-car. That's worth a week without pay. I really creamed his rear-end."

"Boy I wish I could hit one sometime." The man laughed. "Boy I'd like to have seen the guy's face."

"He couldn't be sore." The bus was at Grand again, and Red had to stop at the sign. "It was his fault." He jerked a thumb at the opposite corner. "I was comin' down the hill there, and he pulled in front of me right at the bus-stop there. I jammed on my brakes and skidded right into him." He started the bus as the sign changed, stopped on the opposite side of the street to pick up a few wet passengers, hunched in their overcoats on the corner.

"This your last run tonight, Red?" Harry inquired.

"Yep, I'm through at Skinker. Then I go to tell 'em the good news. I'm late, too." He leaned forward and looked at his watch. "Twelve minutes late to be exact." He pressed harder on the accelerator. "Boy, Drex will

really be mad. But hell, this is the first time I ever brought 'er in to 'im late." He stopped talking as he opened the door at Vanderverter, let a man on.

The new passenger was small, and his face had just the suggestion of a beard on it, maybe three days' growth. He looked as though he hadn't really washed or shaved for two or three days. His clothes were shabby, spotted here and there. His hat still retained its shape, but there was a hole in it right at the peak in front. He stood in the front of the bus holding a pole.

Red looked around at him. "Let's have your dime, please."

The man ignored him, looked out the front of the bus at the street. Red started the bus, finished shifting, and again turned to the shabby man. "Fares, please," he said. A little louder this time.

The man made no move at first, then turned his back to Red, looked out the side of the bus.

"Mister," Red said, "Will you put your dime in the box?" He stopped at Taylor, turned to the man, "Pay or get off, buddy."

The man looked at Red without saying anything. Red caught the odor of alcohol. Finally the man walked forward. "What?" he said blankly.

"Pay your fare." Red was getting mad. He was losing more time having to fool around with this guy.

The man looked over Red's head, out the window. "What for?" He was holding fast to the pole just in back of the driver's seat.

"Pay your dime or get off, buddy." Red started to get out of his seat. "I haven't got any time to fool around."

"Okay, okay." The man got slowly down the step, on to the curb. Red closed the door as the man began to yell. "All right you lousy, dirty son of a bitch. You dirty bas . . ."

Red turned to Harry as he strained the bus in second gear. "If it isn't one thing it's another. Boy, everything's happened to me today." He concentrated on his driving now. The street was slippery, and he had to stop often to let off passengers. When he reached Kingshighway he turned again.

"I don't like to be a heel," he said, "but what can you do about a guy like that?" Red flicked the catch under the fare box, deposited the handful of dimes and nickels in his changer. "Gets drunk and then tries to bluff a ride. He'll pull the same thing on the next bus that comes along. Hell, you can't do anything but put 'em off."

The light changed and he crossed Kingshighway, stopped at the bus-stop on the other side. A girl got on. "Hello, Red."

"Hello, Tish." Red smiled up at her. "Got on your Sunday clothes, eh?"

She showed him her pass and sat down across the aisle from him, by the front door. "Sure," she giggled. "Got to dress up sometime. Haven't seen you for a long time, Red."

"Naw. You been leavin' earlier or later, one or the other."

"I been gettin' off earlier. How have you been?"

He looked over at her and grinned. "Oh fine. Had an accident today."

"You did?" She leaned forward. "What happened?"

"Skidded into a service-car." He was rather proud of it now. He spoke lightly, with just the proper amount of understatement. Knocked the devil out of his car."

"You gonna get in trouble?"

"Who, me?" He looked over at her in mock surprise.

She giggled. "Yes you. Who'd you think I was talkin' too, your steerin' wheel?"

"Me get in trouble?" He winked at her. "All I got to do is go to the president and say, 'Look, L.J. I hit a service-car today. It wasn't my fault though. So what are you gonna do about it?' 'Care,' he'll say. 'For you, Red, I'll forget about it. Why you did a service to the company hitting a service-car.'" He looked over at her and laughed.

She laughed too. "Like fun you will. You and your presidents. He wouldn't even know you from Adam."

"That's what you think." Red was going out Waterman, now, going as fast as the slippery streets permitted. He glanced at his watch. "I've picked up five minutes on my time. What do you thing about that, Babe?" He winked at her.

"Don't you Babe me," she frowned in mock anger. "I ain't your babe."

"I'd be willin', Babe." He took the rest of the money from the fare box, slipped it into his changer. He reached forward on the tray, picked up his watch and his pencil, slipped them into his pocket. He was almost to Skinker. He let off another passenger, then covered the remaining block to Skinker.

When he got there he stopped the bus, collected his personal equipment. He took his changer, his lunch box, with its transfers and passes and shoppers' tickets, his coat, and his run-sheet. "Hello, Drex," he said as he got off.

Drex handed Red his driver number, which he had replaced on the front of the bus with his own. "Where the hell were you? I been freezin' here."

"Had a little accident." Red stood on the curb now, talking to Drex who was settling himself in the driver's seat.

"Yeah? What didja do?" He hung his changer on the tray.

"Hit a service-car. Knocked the hell out of him." Red set his paraphernalia on the ground, slipped on his overcoat.

"Service-car! Nice goin'. Couldn't a done better myself. So long." He shut the door, turned the bus south on Skinker.

"So long." Red stood looking after him for a moment. It was cold, and dark. He started toward the drug-store up the street. "Oh hell," he said out loud. "What's two days."

POPULARITY POLL

MOST OF THE BEST

Remember in the last issue of Eliot we said that we were going to conduct a popularity poll? Well any how, whether or not you remember it, we conducted one. This old paragrapher has been snooping around the campus getting the opinion of everybody from the BMOC's to the meek little Engineers who hang out in the Alcove or Drawing Lab. The survey not only included the fraternities and sororities but many independents as well.

— BOYS —

BEST ALL-AROUND

1. Hank Nelson, Sig Chi
2. Jack Brereton, Phi Delt
3. Ed Rhodes, Phi Delt

MOST HAPPY-GO-LUCKY

1. Hardy Glenn, Sig Nu; Rex Carruthers, Beta
2. Harry Cheshire, Sig Chi
3. Johnny Weber, SAE

BEST LINE

1. Fred Clauser, SAE
2. Jack Meletio, Phi Delt
3. Chuck Lyon, Phi Delt

BEST PHYSIQUE

1. Bud Schwenk, Sig Nu
2. Wally MacLean, Phi Delt
3. Dutch Lutz, K.A.

BEST PERSONALITY

1. Hank Nelson, Sig Chi
2. Jack Meletio, Phi Delt
3. Guy Callaway, Phi Delt, Bob Eldredge

BEST LOOKING

1. Johnny Weber, SAE
2. Forrest Stone, Sig Chi; Wally MacLean, Phi Delt
3. Roy Whisnand, Beta; Cal East, Phi Delt

BEST SENSE OF HUMOR

1. Chuck Lyon, Phi Delt
2. Jack Brereton, Phi Delt
3. Bob O'Connell, SAE; Charlie Duke, Theta Xi

BEST DANCER

1. Fred Clauser, SAE
2. George Owen, Phi Delt
3. Dave Cohen, Pi Lam

BEST APPLE POLISHER

1. Wes Gallagher, SAE
2. Richardson Usher

MOST NAIVE

1. Jack Cotter, Beta
2. Bill Cartwright, SAE
3. Henry Niedringhaus, Beta
(usually answered "there ain't none.")

MOST SOPHISTICATED

1. Chuck Stewart, Phi Delt
2. Courtney Heineman
3. Dave Cohen, Pi Lam

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

1. Hank Nelson, Sig Chi
2. Courtney Heineman
3. Wes Gallagher, SAE

MOST FAITHFUL

1. Peyton Gaunt, Beta
2. Bob Sunkel, Sig Nu
3. John Reiner, Sig Chi

BEST JELLIER

1. Gene Pennington, Beta
2. Chuck Lyon, Phi Delt
3. Bill Pickering

BEST ATHLETE

1. Dutch Lutz, K.A. (unanimous)

— GIRLS —

BEST ALL-AROUND

1. Harriet Lloyd, Theta
2. Marjorie Johanning, Theta
3. Alice Jane Love, Pi Phi

MOST HAPPY-GO-LUCKY

1. Mary Alice Topping, Theta
2. Doris Hartmann, D.G.
3. Jerry Forrestal, Theta

MOST ATTRACTIVE

1. Jerry Forrestal, Theta
2. Marjorie Johanning, Theta; Harriet Lloyd, Theta
3. Dot Tracey, Pi Phi

FIRST TO BE MARRIED

1. Margie Johnson, Theta
2. Kay Ruester, Gamma Phi
3. Dot Tracey, Pi Phi

BEST DRESSED

1. Doris Hartmann, D.G.
2. Ann Page Sullivan, Kappa
3. Catie Sparks, Theta

BEST LIPS

1. Maribeth Greene, Kappa
2. Frances Jo Ross, Gamma Phi
3. Marianna Taussig, Theta

BEST EYES

1. Rosalie Kincaid, Theta
2. Betty Thompson, Kappa
3. May Ruester, Gamma Phi

BEST FIGURE

1. Helen Wallis, D.G.
2. Frances Jo Ross, Gamma Phi
3. Jean Joseph

BEST APPLE POLISHER

1. Betty Rasbach, Pi Phi
2. Rosalie Kincaid, Theta
3. Pat Wolf, Kappa; Catie Sparks, Theta

BEST PERSONALITY

1. Bettie Stupp, D.G.
2. Naomi Zwilling
3. May Ruester, Gamma Phi; Marjorie Johanning, Theta

PEPPIEST

1. Alice Jane Love, Pi Phi
2. Jerry Forrestal, Theta
3. Mary Maack, Theta

MOST NAIVE

1. Zaida Radcliffe, Gamma Phi
2. Pat Wolf, Kappa
3. Betty Sprague, Kappa; Mittie Sloan, D.G.

MOST GULLIBLE

1. Mary Ann Fotheringham, Gamma Phi
2. Ann Purnell, Pi Phi; Nancy Roeder, Kappa
3. Pat Wolf, Kappa

MOST SOPHISTICATED

1. Marjorie Kammerer, Pi Phi
2. Marjorie Johanning, Theta
3. Betty Sprague, Kappa

BEST SENSE OF HUMOR

1. Zaida Radcliffe, Gamma Phi; Posy Oswald, Gamma Phi
2. Maribeth Greene, Kappa
3. Bettie Stupp, D.G.

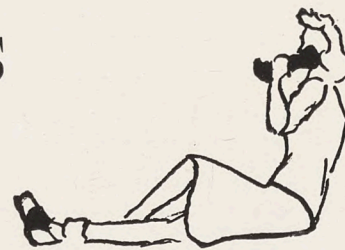
—N.G.





BETWEEN BELLES

TAKE A NUMBER



In between sitting on the quad and in classes, figure these out.

1. Mary Garland Maack is usually seen with a. any Beta b. Clark Garrison c. John Shiell.
2. Rex Carruthers is seen with a. Alice Jane in the morning b. Alice Jane at noon c. Alice Jane at night. (monotonous, ain't it?)
3. Sam Murphy and Barbara Chivvis are a. a song and dance team b. brother and sister c. terribly fond of each other.
4. Why doesn't someone ever a. buy an Eliot b. see Bill Nebe without one of the Kammerers c. set the clock on Brookings.
5. Marjorie Johanning and Forrest Stone are a. fighting b. not fighting c. seen together.
6. Peyton Gaunt a. sits with Doris in the Women's building b. sits with Doris outside of the Women's building (depending on the weather) c. walks Doris to her classes.
7. Gerry Bailey talks to Dotty Royse on the telephone every night for a. thirty minutes b. forty minutes c. fifty minutes.
8. Who invited Major Shaw to the Police Circus a. policeman b. a girl in his Spanish class c. a monkey.
9. Where is Ed Berkenmier's pin a. ? b. ? c. ? (ask the girl who has it).

Quick, Doctor, there's an epidemic of spring fever around . . . Maybe that accounts for all the pins that have gone out lately.

Jack Roehlk, S.A.E., to Rosalie Kincaid, Theta

Sam Haley, Sigma Chi, to Jean Joseph

Bob Mason, Phi Delt, to Suzonne Buckner, Gamma Phi

Jack Cole, Beta, to Mary Eicher, Theta

Dick Stoughton, T.K.E., to Betty Ann George, Gamma Phi

Wes Gallager, S.A.E., to Margaret Horsting, Theta

What's the matter with the gals on campus (don't answer that one) that the boys have been giving out their pins to outsiders.

Bill Brandenburger, Phi Delt, to Dixie Wilson of Belleville

Bill Dee, Pi K.A., to Mary Bert Yost.

Question of the month. Who was the cocky young lad that called Betty Thompson up at the Phi Delt dinner dance just to inform her that the Flyers had won the hockey game?

Patty Wolf hit a new high over the Easter Vacation . . .

five dates . . . five different boys . . . five different fraternities . . . We certainly do admire the pan-hellenic spirit there.

Sue Broeder seems to be twoing it these days with Bill Wagoner, an off-campus Romeo . . . We're still wondering what has become of "Appie" and "Epee"?

Comes spring and out goes Joe Steinle's pin (what again??) to Laurie Karsch, Gamma Phi.

The screams heard in the Theta room during a Monday meeting not long ago were only indications that they had just received two boxes of candy;;; the celebration of two new pinnings. Burt Smith, Phi Delt, and Janet Schiller; Louis Rossiter, Beta, and Ann White. And that was the fifth week in a row that the Theta's had received candy.

Twoing it on Campus these days.

Alex Hamm and Jane Ellis

Sandy Tuthill and Janet Spratt

Jack Hunstein and Naomi Zwilling

Jim Callaway and Patty Mansfield

John Murphy and Jim Von Brunn

Allen Lindow and the girls

Why do people keep asking Betty Stevens how "Henny Penny" is and just where did Cliff Venarde pick up that name?

And then there's the story of Hank Fick and Posey Oswald who batted off to Chicago for a party week-end. Posey, however, is supposed to have that gleam in her eyes for Rudy Dallmeyer, the IDLE, of the airlines.

A fine romance like that of John Spafford's and Rody Pistor's deserves a whole paragraph—but we can't think of a thing more to say.

It seems that nick-names are coming back again . . . at least to the Phi Delt chapter . . . Peatie-Pie (Jack Peat) and Hump-Hump (Neil Humphreville) of last years crop have given way to "Woodriver" Mathey and "Legal Eagle" All Lee who, incidently is trying to loop-hole a certain brother's ex-pin.

Gene Pennington, alias Bill Edwards (our boy from Alton) takes his pre-med course seriously and has already picked out his own special nurse at Barnes. "She's taking occupational therapy" we quote, "and pretty adept at it too." Take it easy, Gene.

We just can't resist mentioning Johnny Weber's happy Easter . . . what with all the hard boiled eggs . . . and Army besides.

Gruesome George of the Beta lodge now has as his theme song "There'll be some changes made." for it seems that slicker Burton is now a'courting lil Pi Phi Marion Grimm.

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Carter Ellis' now long past effort at mass dating for the Miami Triad . . . but it's too good to forget. It is rumored that Carter left in a hurry for Utah, where they regard such things in a more sympathetic light, and that the five almost dates he left behind him are just waiting for him to show his face again . . .

The De Pauw chapter of Phi Kappa Psi has been doing missionary work in the wilds outside the Woman's Building recently. Easter Vacation week saw Estelle Frauenfelder out with him every noon.

Drury King and Peg Stoecker have our nomination for the "couple seen most together" this month. They have now reached the stage of window-shopping.

What is the attraction that Parks Air College seems to have on the Washington coeds lately? Both Jean Hausman and Shirlee Jones have fallen under the spell. Shirlee, however, came out from under the spell long enough to take a week-end trip up to Grinnell College to see George. Quad Show is over but Tracy and Rapp are still flitting around together on the campus.

Budding Campus Romances (in all stages)

Lou Ellen Barr and Burke Stoute Dick Antrim and Martha Page Jean Wenzlick and Paul Fullerton Harry Steinmeyer and Olivia Zeller And then there's the story of "He's tall, he's handsome, he's dark, he drives a black Packard convertible with red leather upholstery . . . but, you're right . . . He's not on this campus . . . sorry girls . . .

Well this is getting boring . . . so until next month, be careful, and don't let the love bug get you . . .

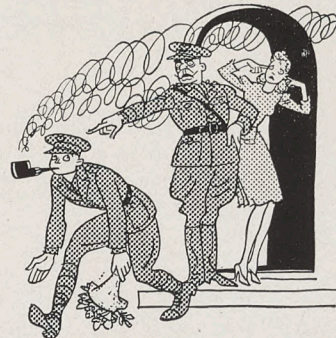


Here's to men!
God bless 'em,
If you like 'em,
You love 'em.
If you love 'em,
You let 'em,
If you let 'em
You love 'em.
Here's to men!
God bless 'em!

—Awwgan



PRIVATE KELLY'S PIPE WAS SMELLY—
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JOKES!

Five gallons of gas and a quart of gin,
And all they found
Was a mess of tin. —Calif. Tech.

One Co-ed: "Why don't you wear that lovely lingerie you got for Christmas?"

Second Same: "Oh, I'm saving that for a windy day."
—Frivol

The burlesque queen woke up the morning after the raid to find herself fully clothed.

Expecting the worst, she screamed, "My God! I've been draped!"

"What is a snuff manufacturer?"

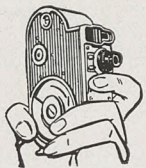
"A man who goes around putting his business in other people's noses."

"What a splendid fit," said the tailor as he carried the epileptic out of his shop.

He: "Sweetheart, I'd go through anything for you!"
She: "Let's start on your bank account."
—Exchange.

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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 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.

WINNING JOKE FOR APRIL

"What the deuce are you doing down there in the cellar?" asked the puzzled rooster.

"Well, if it's any of your business," replied the hen, "I'm laying in a supply of coal."

BILL CASSILLY

A lunatic was trying to knock a nail into a wall, but he had the head of the nail against the wood and was hammering the point.

At length, he threw down the nail in disgust and said: "Bah! Idiots! They gave me a nail with the head on the wrong end."

Another inmate of the asylum who had been watching, began to laugh. "It's you that's the idiot," he said, as he jerked his thumb toward the opposite wall. "Nail was made for the other side of the room."

Bellhop: "Call for Mr. Popkanskovitch! Call for Mr. Popkanskovich!"

Mr. Popkanskovich: "Vat's de initial, please?"

Three deaf Englishmen were riding through England on a train. As they came to a town, one said, "Ah, this is Wembley."

"No," said the second, "this is Thursday."

Said the third, "So am I. Let's get off and have a Scotch and soda."

He: Since I met you I can't eat, I can't sleep, I can't drink."

She (shyly): "Why not?"

He: "I'm broke."

Home without parents is what is commonly known as a good place to have a cheap date.



EDITORIAL POLICY

1940-1941



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

—*The Staff*





***"THIS LIGHTER LEAF
IS Milder, MISS..."***

"... it costs more, too—but Luckies pay the price!" says Joe Cuthrell, tobacco auctioneer

"THERE'S no two ways about it—the lighter, milder tobacco comes high, and Luckies pay the price to get it. That's why most auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—fellows like me, who actually see the sales—smoke Luckies as a matter of course!"

In buying tobacco, you get what you pay for. And independent tobacco experts tell you that Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder leaf. So why not decide to smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke? Next time, ask for Lucky Strike.

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