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Washington University

# Eliot



**All-Girl Issue**  
• 1940 •

**15¢**

*In this Issue . . .*

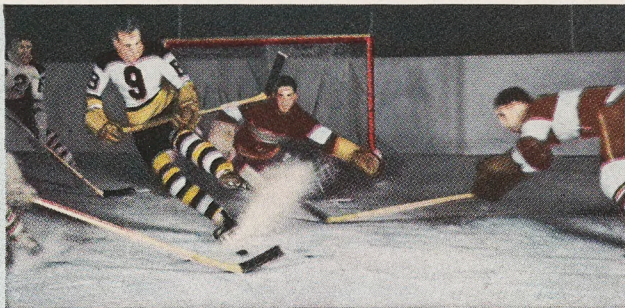
**Quad Show**

**Men's Fashions**  
**Brohna Altman**

**Women's Fashions**  
**Dolly Pitts**



HERE'S  
ROY CONACHER  
(No. 9),  
HIGH-SCORING  
FORWARD OF THE  
BOSTON BRUINS,  
WORLD  
CHAMPIONS  
of '39...



**IN THIS ACTION SHOT** he's come in like a bullet from an express rifle...he takes a pass. But the opposition's defense stops him—this time.



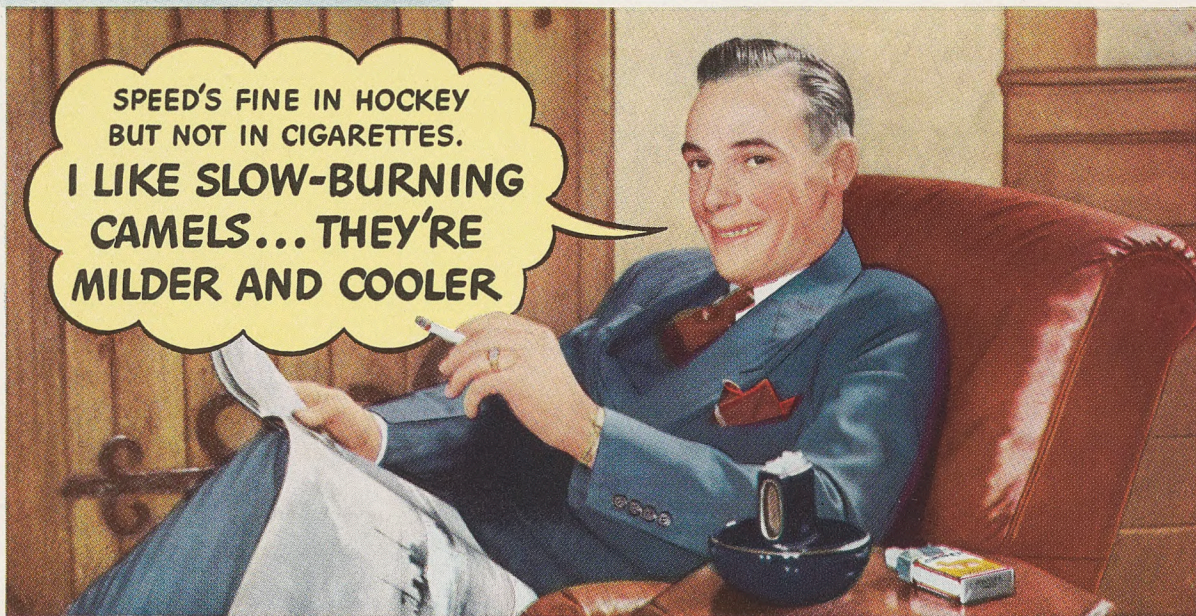
**HE'S AWAY!** He burns up the ice—a spectacular solo dash...nimble he dodges the defense...draws out the goalie and scores.



**AGAIN** a furious flash of speed...a split-second of stick magic...and the puck shoots home for the goal that wins the match.

## His hockey's fast and hot!

BUT HE SMOKES A SLOW-BURNING  
CIGARETTE FOR MORE MILDNESS, COOLNESS,  
AND FLAVOR



**SPEED'S FINE IN HOCKEY  
BUT NOT IN CIGARETTES.  
I LIKE SLOW-BURNING  
CAMELS... THEY'RE  
MILDER AND COOLER**

When it's easy-chair time after the hockey match, you'll find Roy Conacher of the Bruins enjoying a milder, cooler, more fragrant, and flavorful cigarette... Camels, of course.

"SPEED'S fine in hockey but not in cigarettes"—Roy, how right you are!

Research men may use fancier language—but they say exactly the same thing about cigarettes.

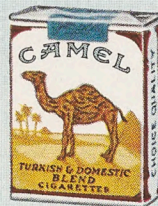
Scientists know that nothing destroys a cigarette's delicate elements of fragrance and flavor so mercilessly as—*excess heat*. And cigarettes that burn fast also burn *hot*. Your own taste tells you that.

Slow-burning cigarettes *don't* burn

away these precious natural elements of flavor and fragrance. They're milder, mellower, and—naturally—cooler!

And the *slowest-burning* cigarette of the 16 largest-selling brands tested was *Camel*...they burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 others. (See panel at right.) Why not enjoy Camel's extra mildness, coolness, fragrance, and flavor? And extra smoking equal to 5 extra smokes per pack. (Again, eyes right!)

In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to



**5  
EXTRA  
SMOKES  
PER PACK!**

FOR MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND FLAVOR

**CAMELS** SLOW-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



# Eliot

presents

## An All-Girl Revue

directed by

Cordelia See

Box Office: **Peggy Woodlock** Holding the Book: **Jack Cable** Front Curtain: **Peggy Wood**

**Production:** Sally Alexander, Jean MacGregor, Dorothy Ginsburg, Jo Ellen Kidd, Libby Goetsch.

**Technical staff:** Jean Verbarg, Emily Cronheim.

**Stage settings:** Martha Zollman, Peggy Wood, Betty Ruth Dortch, Pat Moran, Alice Louise Stanley, Shirley Copeland.

**Public relations:** Sally Alexander, Peggy Steinmeyer, Marjorie McSweeney, Shirley Ferguson, Audrey Jordan, Eleanor Abbott, Jean Richardson, Harriet Lloyd, Ann Purnell, Eunice Haddaway, Jane Sackett, Betty Kentzler, Jane Allen.

**Stagehands:** Ranny Lorch, Bill Nebe, Harold Goldberg, Ralph Neuhoff.

|   |         |
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Ken Davey—Director

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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY ELIOT

SKINKER and LINDELL

ST. LOUIS, MO.

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and September.

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# THE TOWERS...

## Hodge-podge

One drink calls for another. The taste of power we've had in editing *Eliot* has gone to our heads. It's a very pleasant exciting feeling and leads us to contemplate the intoxication of real power. Now if we were running Washington U.

To begin with, of course, we'd do away with cobblestone walks so that our shoes could be worn more than twice before looking shabby. With the same end in view, we absolutely would build that long-dreamed-of path from the women's building down fraternity row.

We'd create a new Student Council and give it far-reaching authority in the belief that this would attract outstanding representatives to it and intensify student interest.

We'd raise the standards and requirements of most of the departmental honoraries so that being invited to join would be an honor, and their force might at least compare with such student controlled groups as Ternion or O.D.K.

We would at least seriously consider inaugurating an athletic department and degree in physical education. Professors certainly should not pass students who have not absorbed their courses. Washington should not lower the standards of its academic degrees, but why shouldn't boys who lack intellectual interests be allowed to concentrate on training which will fit them for athletic careers?

We would like to carry this specialization over into the field of liberal arts too. A broad general background to a certain extent may help create a wide cultural outlook. But taking courses for which you have a violent aversion may lead to prejudices, not understanding. Certainly we quickly forget the specific knowl-

edge in courses we take against our wills. Closely interrelated courses result in multiplied satisfactions and knowledge. It's hard to see why we should be limited to six credit courses in such broad departments as, for example, English.

## Faculty Relations

Visiting the offices of professors is a trying task at best, but when instructors forget the rules of good ol' Southern hospitality and omit a tooth-paste grin at the first timid knock at the door, well—it's really



too much. At least that's Bee Waldeck's opinion. When she poked her head in the door of the joint offices of Professors Smith and Brown of the French Department searching for the elusive Professor Smith, she found the room deserted except for one Professor Brown. Nothing daunted, she asked sweetly, "Is Professor Smith here?" The man behind the desk evidently thought the obvious answer of "No" too simple even for Freshman consumption, for he replied, "Well, he isn't under the desk!" Bee is not the one to take a person at his word, so she snuck across the room and peeked under the desk. He was right, no professor!

## Oh, Johnny...

We went hunting around the campus to find a couple of men who bear the same name as "Wee Bonnie Baker's" heart throb, "Johnny," to see what said men think of the song and the singer. Johnny Davis, one of the Duncker dunkers and prominent Moose Club Mooster came out of the business school library to inform us that no one has ever yodeled "Oh, Johnny, oh how you can love!" to him personally. He doesn't know the original Johnny but thinks "the guy sure must have had something on the ball." Davis likes Bonnie Baker's singing, but does not think she's very good-looking, only passable.

On the other hand, Jack Warner thinks the song is "all right," but waxes enthusiastic over shy little Bonnie. He thinks she is "the only one that puts the song over; that she's responsible for bringing it back and will probably revive some more old songs." She and Orrin Tucker are the only ones who do the song justice, according to Warner. When asked if anyone has ever cooed the liquid words of the song into his shell-like ear, Jack answered "not lately!" It seems football is not his only extra-curricular activity.

Since this is supposed to be a women's issue we dug Helen Vickers out of the litter of the *Student Life* office to ask her the same questions. She was writing a glowing tribute to spring for *Hatchet* but paused to reply concisely in her best Southern accent that in her opinion "Oh, Johnny" was a disgrace to the American musical scene and Bonnie Baker was an "insipid little creature." Ah, women!

## Wing Sprouters

Perhaps there's nothing perfect in this world, but some things come very close. Among those that we wouldn't try to improve on are: The *New Yorker*; full-skirted evening dresses; men in tails; pale blue; English 341; Spring; George Schneider's caricatures; rum sherbet; and people who turn in their *Eliot* contributions not more than five days after the deadline.



### Remember Redbook

If you won \$500, what would you do with it? It would be fun just to deposit that much money, and what a spree one could have spending it! The theater tickets and Gone-With-the-Wind evening dresses that would buy! Or we would love a short Caribbean cruise. Perhaps your plans would be more serious.

We become a little practical in considering what we could do with an extra \$250 for Eliot. We'd rather not be very practical, though. Perhaps we could splurge it all on one issue that would have just loads of extra pictures.

Some college student is going to win \$500 in Redbook's contest, and the magazine which submits the prize story will receive \$250. If only one of you would win!

Remember stories must be published to be eligible. If you have written a good story or know anyone who has, please tell us.

### Teaser

We got a poem that wasn't by a girl, and didn't have rhythm, and didn't rhyme. Clearly it wasn't meant for us, but we just couldn't give up this one perfect line:  
"I like girls because they're soft and warm,"

For the rest see Ray Cox.

### Queens and Ads

We are being decommercialized as rapidly as W.S.G.A. and Pan Hel can manage the process. It is amazing how much free work sorority girls have done in order to support school organizations. Perhaps the burden has been too heavy. On the other hand, refusal to participate in advertising campaigns such as the Best-Dressed Co-ed Contest, or to allow queens to be connected with ticket selling as has been the ultimatum laid down to Hatchet, means loss of an important source of revenue for student organizations. Every bit of advertising placed in a student publi-

cation ultimately saves you money. If circulation-increasing schemes are vetoed, then those who do subscribe will have to pay higher prices, or we will have to decrease the quality, or omit many of our extra-curricular activities.

Threats have been made to remove names of Washington U. publications from the Associated Merchandizing Union's approved lists. This probably won't happen; but if it does, the campus will have lost \$3000 a year. Let's co-operate in some way with the merchants who help our finances so much. If we don't want to take part in contests, let's remember them when we want something they sell, and at least look over their supplies.



### Acting Our Age

There's a new face in the Kappa Chapter. Some might say the new dolly isn't quite up to Kappa standards, but the Kappa's think she's beautiful because they decorated her. "She" formerly was just a knot on the balcony outside their room in the Women's building, a smear of lipstick here, a bit of ribbon there,

and "she" was a new woman. She hasn't made her grades yet, but they're going to initiate her anyway.

### Knit Two—Purl Two

We nominate for the most touching story of the month Ginny Ann Cook's tale of the girl who knitted through lecture courses all last semester, making a wonderful birthday sweater for her one true love. Two days after the birthday presentation, there was a quarrel. The boy understood what the month's of labor had meant. He mailed the sweater back—cut up in one inch squares.

### Au revoir

We always did like men. They're mighty nice to have around. Their understanding of cars and math and politics is marvelous to behold. Their approval is something we can't do without. Of course we complain about them. It's because their opinions are so important to us, and because they can do so many things we can't do, that they can be so d—annoying.

An all-girls' magazine is clearly a man's idea. We like to work with men. Girls are good company, but we don't want to take orders from them. We are mildly glad when one of us succeeds, but admiring a man and being proud of his success is our greatest pleasure. Furthermore, (and this is an off-the-record confidence which we shall deny if you quote it later) we really believe men are more capable than women. We may have the native talent, but it simply hasn't been developed.

You asked us to take over. We did, as a favor and because we love anything new. Now, please, please, come back.

---

and **THE TOWN**

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# WOMEN

by RAY COX

**W**OMEN are lousy. You can't believe a word they say.

At the same moment they are in the park with you, swearing by everything in God's great earth that they love you dearly and you alone, they are wondering how they can gracefully, or otherwise, break their next date with you so as to go out with another sucker. Woman is by nature deceitful and untrustworthy—she may try to be square but it is just not in her. Sooner or later the dominating characteristic of treachery that is inherent in her will assert itself—it is absolutely impossible for her to suppress it, if she would want to.

Not only are women poor losers, they are also poor winners. They are naturally catty and whether they win or lose they will seize any opportunity to meow a bit.

God's simple, sweet, understanding and sympathetic, harmless, innocent, noble creatures—this is the personality woman strives to present to man, and all too successfully in most cases, for the poor male usually believes her.

Such is the personality sketch of women that I choose to write instead of the lovely, fragile, dream-like eulogies that are usually turned out in praise of the female. There are no exceptions to this sketch in spite of the fact that a man at one time or another thinks that positively this girl is different. She's not; give her time and she'll prove it.

Schopenhauer in many of his theories may have been wrong but about women he made no mistake—he knew them and hated them in general. He had to be jilted to realize that women are queer, not-to-be-trusted creatures, however, so perhaps he wasn't so bright after all. The sooner a man understands women, the better for him.

(This sketch is absolutely not influenced by personal prejudice—I like women, but flatter myself by believing that I have gained a rare insight into their natures. Perhaps I have a personality which inspires treachery, I don't know. However, as I said, this paper on the personality of women is not colored by my own prejudices—the fact that I have just had a long-standing date broken by a sweet young thing had no influence on the thoughts that went into this sketch.)



# MEN

apologies to Ray Cox

by MARY BETTY MAXWELL

**M**EN ARE snakes in Wolff's clothing. You can't believe a word they say.

At the same moment they are in the park with you, swearing by everything on God's great earth that they love you dearly and you alone, they are wondering how in hell they can gracefully or otherwise break their next date with you, so as to go out with that syrupy little blond three seats down and one over in Soc. class. Man is by nature fickle and untrustworthy—he may try to be square but it's just not in him. Sooner or later the dominating (oh! how they wish) urge to get religion and move to Utah comes upon them and they are off to newer and lusher pastures; they wouldn't be faithful if they could.

Not only are men poor losers, they are also poor winners. They are naturally given to bull sessions, and whether they win or lose they have to talk far, far into the night.

Strong, tender, understanding and sympathetic, gentle, kindly—noblest of God's creatures... this is the personality man strives to present to woman, and all too successfully in most cases, for the poor gal usually believes him.

Such is the personality sketch of man that I choose to write instead of the heroic eulogies of the male customarily turned out. There are no exceptions to this rule in spite of the fact that a woman at one time or another always thinks that positively this lad is different. He's not; give him time and she'll catch him with a forked stick.

Diogenes may have had the wrong slant on many things, such as his choice of a domicile, but when it came to men, he made no mistake. eH knew them, being one himself, and he wouldn't trust a man any farther than he could heave a brick house, and he carried a lantern even far, far into the day. The sooner a woman understands men, the better for her.

(This sketch is absolutely not influenced by personal prejudice... I like men, sometimes, but I flatter myself by believing that I have gained a rare insight into their nature (singular, mind you). Perhaps I have a personality that inspires care-less-ness. I don't know. However, as I said, this paper on the personality of men is not darkened by my own prejudices... the fact that I have worn a trough in front of the mail boxes for the last week waiting for that letter (and he promised an air mail special) from noble, noble man had no influence whatsoever on the thoughts herein contained.)



# FOR MEN ONLY

by DOLLY PITTS

THIS 1940 being Leap Year, I thought it might be enlightening to tell you young men readers how an old beaten-down Senior likes you to behave on a date. I'm sure that my personal slant about this little matter concerns you not at all; so please accept this as just one girl's opinion.

To begin, in my younger days, I insisted on punctuality. I always allowed enough time for dressing and expected my gentleman of the evening to do the same. Now, however, as my life becomes increasingly complicated, it is not unusual for me to get a little mixed up on my timing and be putting one grimy toe into the tub when the door bell rings. And so, I have become more tolerant about this question of punctuality within thirty minutes of the appointed time.

While he is waiting for me, I think any young man is obligated to talk to my dad. Dad has done the courtesy of donning his shoes; so remember he is often quite as uncomfortable as you are. Judiciously avoid, however, the subjects of politics and religion, lest in the course of conversation, you explode one of papa's favorite theories.

I am getting at an age, you know, where girls begin to get that "Little Gray Home in the West" look in their eyes. Men are most suspicious of college Seniors. I have found it necessary to warn my well-meaning father not to be too cordial and by no means to pat the boys on the back and say: "Come back and see us again, Son." I have taken this precaution, and in return, I expect not to be treated like a black widow!

Let's say that we are safely out of the door without the noose slipping on the young man's neck. I expect him to be conversational. He may fall asleep in the evening, but he must start out wide awake. I will never get too blasé not to enjoy being told that I'm looking charming this evening, even if the bags under my eyes are obliterating the rest of my face.

I rather expect to be consulted about the picture we are going to see. I don't insist on the choice of the city's entire theatre bill, but it's nice to be given your pick between the Ritz Brothers and Margaret Sullivan.

Assuming that we are safely seated at the theatre, I like to be helped with my coat. I have been danger-

ously near hanging myself in the sleeves while my friend sat blissfully by picking up the threads of the movie.

There are certain rules, you know, that can be observed even while one is sitting in a theatre. Do not heckle your friend if she cries at the picture. I personally weep copiously when Margaret Sullivan so much as says: "Give me a drink of water." When I am enjoying a picture in this fashion, I wish to be ignored, or, if I have forgotten my handkerchief, quietly supplied as if my tears went with the price of admission.

If the movie is not to the young man's liking, I dislike for him to audibly heckle. He may sleep if he chooses; that is, if he isn't afraid of destroying any illusions that I may have about his sleeping with closed mouth.

I am petty enough to be annoyed if my date, admiring the beauty of one of the "oomph" girls remarks: "Boy, could I go for her!" He may mean it all in fun, but it strikes a sour note with me, and I find myself making mental comparisons of Lana Turner and me. Somehow Lana always comes out ahead.

I am not going to discuss the hand holding situation. That is a rather personal matter, but it can be overviewed, especially from the point of view of those sitting behind you and in warm weather.

After the movie, I rather like to have my mind made up for me about where to go to eat, assuming hopefully that we are going someplace to eat. I am willing to make suggestions,

but I can't possibly X-ray the pocketbook, and I can't very well say: "Well, Buddy, how are you fixed for bucks?" If you young men ask a girl where she would like to eat, you're leading with your collective chins, for she has a perfect right to say: "Let's have a little supper at the Chase and then dance!"

Let's assume that I am a considerate young woman, or else, desperate; so I suggest one of the local hang-outs. At this spot I don't like for my date to perceptibly ogle at the comely waitresses. I say "perceptibly" because I have discovered that he will ogle—my point being that it shouldn't be done perceptibly.

Perhaps we meet several friends who join us at our table. Being a gregarious human being, I like for my



Gosh. It's time to take my bath; he was due here ten minutes ago.

(Continued on next page)



## FOR MEN ONLY

(Continued from preceding page)

escort to ask agreeable people to join us. Some girls might prefer to be alone at a table for two with you, but I guess that I am fundamentally a social creature. Then too, it is interesting to see how he reacts to me when we are in a group. Those who are charmingly personal when we are alone, but who become just as charmingly impersonal in a group, sparkling for the benefit of the other girls, are on my black list. Don't misunderstand. I would dislike for my date to ignore the other people to gaze into my eyes, but, on the other hand, I like for him to draw me into the conversation and ask me to tell one of my stale jokes.

In the course of conversation, nothing would irk me more than for the boys to talk about "Old Times" and the fun the old crowd used to have when my date was seeing a lot of Sally Hi-school. This, I'll admit, is not at all broad-minded, but I've known some potentially

beautiful romances to have been spoiled by this little shortcoming.

When we have had enough of visiting and refreshment, it becomes time to pay the check. A few years ago, I used to become quite disdainful, if the boys tried to do arithmetic. Today I am either more sensible, or the young men do a smoother job of their accounting.

If the evening has been mutually successful, the way home usually takes care of itself. One word of warning—if there is any shred of doubt in your mind about the young lady's reactions, desist! If she wants to lean against the car door, don't pout and pursue the issue.

Assuming that we are still on the way home, I always like to be asked for another date. It's very flattering and a definite assurance that the evening was mutually successful.

Maybe he prefers to wait until we reach my door, or if, in the meantime, he has discovered all these opinions I have about men and dates, perhaps he just waits.

## INTERMISSION

by JEAN MAC GREGOR

BARBARA hummed happily to herself as she re-pinned her corsage before the mirror in the powder room of the club. The gardenias were a little crushed after almost an evening of dancing but they were still beautiful. It was sweet of Joe to have sent such a lovely corsage. Three large waxy gardenias were really perfect with her scarlet chiffon formal. The dance was wonderful, although she had had some misgivings at first. After all, she was a sophomore now and it was only natural that the freshman girls should be most popular at the pledge dance. So far it had been a perfect evening. She had gotten "stuck" only once and then for only two dances with Joe Martin. Joe was her date so she didn't care if he thought she was unpopular. After the second dance she had excused herself to powder her nose. Joe was waiting for her in the hall upstairs. She had better hurry.

Deftly she ran the comb through her hair and then reached into the little sequin evening bag for her compact. She didn't mind being "stuck" with Joe but she was always afraid she might be left dancing too long with one of the smoother boys. Doug Harper for instance. He was a senior this year and president of Lambda Chi. Barbara shared the opinion of her sorority sisters that he was the best looking fellow on the campus and the best dancer as well. Any girl Doug Harper dated was immediately elevated in the eyes of her friends. Barbara had never dated Doug; she had never had the chance. She had only danced with him twice before tonight. Often at sorority dances there are so many stags that even smoothies like Doug can risk cutting any girl once. But this evening, she counted on her fingers, Doug Harper had cut her four times. Four times! The second time she had thought perhaps he had made a mistake. He might have forgotten that he had already danced

with her once. But the third time and the fourth she knew were not an accident. It could only mean that he liked her. The next time he cut they had spent the intermission together. He was quite perfect then. They had had a coke while they talked about Artie Shaw and chocolate eclairs and, most of all, about the Lambda Chi's. She found herself liking him, not because he was Doug Harper and the president of Lambda Chi, but because he was fun. He had teased her about being on the shelf now that she was a sophomore. When the music started again and they walked back on the floor, Barbara introduced him to her pledge daughter. Alice was awfully sweet but not the sort of girl that would get around very well.

Heavens! The music had stopped. Hurriedly she outlined her lips with Flaming Rose. She would hurry upstairs and perhaps she could introduce Alice to a few more people during the intermission. She wanted her pledge daughter to meet a lot of people.

A last look in the full length mirror. All the girls were coming down to freshen up during the intermission. She smiled at her reflection. Maybe, just maybe, Doug would ask her to the Lambda Chi dance. If he only would!

At the foot of the stairs she met Alice. A perfectly radiant Alice.

"Barbara," she whispered excitedly, "I'm having the most marvelous time! And I'm going to the Lambda Chi dance. With Doug Harper! Isn't that wonderful?"

With that she hurried past. Barbara stood still for a moment. Wonderful? It was wonderful for Alice. She was glad Alice was going. But, with Doug. Well, nobody must ever know that she had even hoped. Smiling, she started slowly up the steps. Joe was there waiting for her.





HAVE A  
NICE TIME, DEAR

By

BROHNA ALTMAN

Illustrated by MARTHA ZOLLMAN

NAOMI raised a penciled eyebrow at herself. She drew up her shoulders and looked at the sepian reflection which shone back so regally. She looked awfully good tonight and that was luck. The Harvest Moon semi-finals at the Savoy were the most important of all social occasions in Harlem. She preened a few more minutes till someone came in, then quickly retreated to a shaky wicker chair in the corner and industriously began to inspect a snag in her stocking. This old gal was too plain to be important, or worth much tip. She didn't even look in a mirror.

The woman left and Naomi immediately slumped in the chair sprawled her legs, and folded her arms on her stomach. Jesus, what a job. By the time she spent the full evening working, she smelled like a mixture of Lifebuoy Soap and carbolic acid. And as if the smell

wasn't bad enough, the women who came in were worse. She glared at the pink and black tiles, the crystal mirrors in the washroom, hating them, too. The real rush didn't start until after eleven and then it jumped. Some nights she didn't mind so much because tips came easy but to work like a dog for four hours and then only make a sawbuck! That louse of a headwaiter kept sixty per cent of her tips anyway, but hell, she still made about seventeen a week—and, the job had prestige. You had to be a bright-skin to work in a place like the River Club.

Three screaming children dragging ermine around their shoes breezed in. Naomi jumped up, grinning, and hurried to the mirror. She pulled out inadequate gold chairs and hovered around, doing nothing with

(Continued on page 19)



# MEN'S FASHIONS

## WHAT GIRLS WISH MEN WOULD WEAR

**M**EN DRESS to please women—or so our faculty advisor, Mr. Campbell assures us. If that's the case, there should be an immediate raid on the shops for white shirts, conservative tweeds, and soft sweaters—for these are Washington girls' favorite styles. In a poll of fifty co-eds, every voter declared her preference for solid colored shirts and forty-eight insisted that white is the best bet of all.

Don't dress formally around school, but please be neat. Girls love your custom of wearing sweaters and emphasize their decided preference for sport clothes. Boxy top coats, pork pie hats, and cashmere sweaters were fondly mentioned, but the girls really went wild when it came to tweeds. Thirty-five declared this their favorite color for men's suits, although such a name is not officially recognized in the rainbow. Navy blue was the only serious rival. Twenty listed this in either first or second place. Girls are more consistent than their reputations, for these choices led the field for school, for dates, and the list under "What do you like best?"

You are practically perfect when it comes to dressing for dates. Two-thirds of the voters couldn't even suggest any improvement. Bow ties were the only pet hate with a significant vote. Other aversions included: loud tweeds, colored shirts,

high collars, long coats, and wearing school clothes. You are considered almost divine when strictly formal, and several girls regretted that you don't plan more dress-up occasions.

The remarks the girls made about Washington men's appearance at school surely cannot apply to any of you who are so style conscious as to be reading this. "Sloppy" was as popular a word here as tweeds were in the list of favorites. Sloppy clothes, sweaters, shoes, and shaves were mentioned over and over again. Again there were warnings against loud tweeds and overly picturesque color combinations. Sweat shirts, leather jackets, and dirty saddle shoes were recommended for oblivion. (Yet look at our own feet!)

If you would like a few concrete examples of just what these girls prefer, look at the list of Best Dressed Men.

### BEST DRESSED MEN:

1. Ed Sherwood
2. Bruce Higginbotham
3. Wenzel Smith

### RUNNERS UP

Ed Corvey  
Roy Wisnand  
Jack Reynolds  
Jack Warner  
Wesley Gallagher  
John Stoecker  
Don Kilker  
Henry Fick

## THE WAY TO A GIRL'S HEART

by DORIS GATES and PATTY LOU HALL

**I**F MEN only knew it, a "clothes line" is one of the best and by far the most subtle because it is very definitely an expression of personality without being as obvious and, in some instances, as obnoxious as the more frequently used ones.

There should be a distinction between campus and evening dress. Anyone who wears the same for both is overdoing it. For campus wear, the more casual and informal the attire, the better. We like plain Brooks sweaters and slacks, worn with or without ties. Sport coats are nice but may involve too much expense to be practical for school wear. One could afford to wear them for informal dates, however. The desirability of loud checks and plaids is questionable. Among other disadvantages, they are impractical. There are some attractive ones, but for boys inexperienced in selecting combinations, the plain or tweed slacks are safest.

For more formal occasions such as parties and dances, dark business suits are preferable. With these, one should wear dark socks, white shirts, and perhaps a bright tie to lighten the atmosphere.

We might take this opportunity to comment on the length of trousers. We certainly don't recommend that boys turn Joe College completely on this score, but with such attractive argyles on the market it would seem logical to make the most of them. Just remember it's the socks and not the ankles that we're interested in. We might even set an arbitrary boundary below the ankles but above the shoe top.

Ties are an essential accessory and yet their choice depends so very much upon the type of person. We suggest no ties with sweaters but this is entirely optional. With coats a tie should be worn, unquestionably. The new knit ties or plaid wool ones look best with sport coats. These help to brighten up the sombre dark business suit. As a suitable background for "Loud" ties, you should wear neutrally shaded shirts; light rather than dark ones. In shirts of Oxford material the blues and greens have a slight grayish cast which enables one to use

them as a background for most any color. This is not true of plain green or blue broadcloth. Conservative stripes are also attractive.

There are shoes adaptable to campus wear and tear, such as brown leather with crepe soles or saddle shoes; those for dress should be of different type, always with leather soles. We wish to make one comment in regard to saddles. To begin with, their popularity is fading, but if you want to carry on please attempt to keep them decently clean. They are really better for spring and summer wear than for winter. Suede shoes are "out" regardless of the occasion.

The best type of hat is a purely individual question, so one can't safely generalize. We like the modified pork pie crown (meaning a square sort of crown), which is in general use. Some boys wear wide brims well; others the narrow ones. By all means the brim should be flat; none of this curving and dipping. It's too distracting if nothing else.

The smartest and most practical type of topcoat is a swagger camels hair of neutral shade, (not necessarily biege). In sport or suit coats, belted and tucked backs are passé. Preferably, the backs are perfectly straight, with a slit in the middle being the only alternative.

Neatness is a factor of utmost importance and underlies everything we have said. One can get by with most anything if he is neat. This is especially true when applied to creases. Full skirts for women are among the top favorites but let's restrict this to women and have bigger and better creases (vertical, not horizontal) in men's slacks and coats!

The money element is another thing to be carefully considered. The principal thing to be remembered in this regard is to plan carefully and give the "deal" a little thought. Let's see a few more "clothes conscious" men around Washington U. Perhaps such criticism as this isn't justifiable, but it is leap year. We're just trying to help you out!



**Here's a TIP-OFF to you Coeds who like your boy friends neat but not gaudy—**

**SEND 'EM TO WOLFF'S**

After reading the galley proof of men's fashions... "What Girls Wish Men Would Wear" appearing on page 8 of this issue, we wish to advise all worried coeds that your boy friends will dress exactly as you desire him if you send him... or better still, bring him... to Wolff's for his on-or-off-campus clothes.

*Imported Aberdeen*

**SHETLAND SUITS**

**\$37<sup>50</sup>**

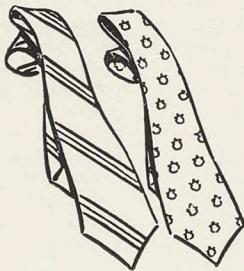
*Tailored by HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX*

We understand you are wild about having your boy friend wear tweeds so we illustrate the favorite of the tweed family... imported Aberdeen shetlands in the model all coeds are wild about... the three-button single-breasted drape model with the smart outside ticket pocket. If you like him as pictured we have the slip-over sweater in matching or contrasting tones.....\$5.



**BROOK TOWNE**  
*Oxford Cloth*  
**SHIRTS**

You like white shirts, too, so have him wear one of these white oxford cloth shirts with the points buttoned down..... **\$2<sup>50</sup>**



*Hand Blocked Silk*  
**FOULARD TIES**

You like him to wear neat hand blocked patterned foulards. We've got 'em..... **\$1<sup>50</sup>**

**"VARSITY CLUB"**  
*Custom Stained*  
**BROGUE OXFORDS**

**\$6<sup>50</sup>**

You don't like saddle oxfords. Here are styles you'll choose at a price he'll choose.



**Sport Coats**  
*from*  
**\$15**

**Sport Slacks**  
*from*  
**\$5**

*See Ed Sherwood, Campus Representative for*

**W O L F F ' S**

SEVENTH ————— AT ————— OLIVE



# WOMEN'S FASHIONS AT WASHINGTON

CAMPUS STYLE PREDICTIONS BASED ON A QUESTIONNAIRE ANSWERED BY SIXTY-FIVE WASHINGTON GIRLS, AND ADVICE FROM TWENTY-EIGHT WASHINGTON MEN

This month's board of masculine advisors on women's fashions:

August Beckemeier  
Bob Brereton  
Robert Leach  
Del Cummins  
Jo Edlin  
Ranny Lorch  
Ted Beckemeier

Cliff Venarde  
Ed Pfeiffer  
Rollo Rohlfing  
Louis Schultz  
Paul Kummer  
Harry Jung  
Ed Sherwood

Dave Leigh  
Jack Cable  
Louis Gottschalk  
Bud Barbee  
Earl Sherry  
Courtney Heineman  
Ray Cox

Al Rosenfeld  
Henry Fick  
Ken Davey  
Frank Grindler  
Harold Rapp  
Bruce Higginbotham  
Wenzel Smith

## WHAT MEN WANT

Red nail polish and low-heeled shoes are, apparently, two things girls hold dearer than any man. At least, they persist in wearing them in spite of innumerable masculine warnings. Our present advisors repeat the age-old stand. Five of them rather like to see us in ankleted comfort. Two played safe by leaving the shoe question up to the girls, but all the rest insist that even on Washington cobblestones we should stick firmly and invariably to stockings.

A dozen Washington girls have written us letters about the charm and perfection of Washington girls, but the men do not seem to consider us quite such paragons. They rebel against some of our other favorite campus customs. For example, according to a survey, over nine-tenths of us prefer sweaters and skirts to any other campus outfit. Yet "long or sloppy sweaters" ran away with the men's votes for our greatest fashion mistakes.

We feel delightfully at ease anywhere without a hat, and perhaps one-third of the men like this whimsical touch or consider it quite all right for informal dates. The others would like to send us back to finish dressing. Even some of those who approve this display of our pretty hair explain that they consent to hatlessness because "it makes necking so much easier" or "then there's no hindrance." We're just warning you.

Our manners came in for a good deal of criticism too, although we tried to keep the questions strictly confined to clothes. We are unduly reserved, conservative, and prissy; but we ought to be more moderate with lipstick and cigarettes. One man will forgive all our sins if we'll just agree to boycott Rohlfing.

## WHAT THEY'LL GET

Four out of five men infinitely prefer feminine fashions to tailored ones and they'll probably get what they want along this line, for Washington girls and current styles also favor femininity. In fact our twin surveys corresponded so closely we shouldn't have much trouble both pleasing and being pleased.

Everyone loves short skirts. Red and green may be our school colors but blue in all its shades is emphatically the universal favorite. Green does come in second with the men, but girls prefer pink or turquoise. Red which reigned in full glory all winter is still high on the masculine list while it has dropped to tenth place with the girls.

Prints have always been the one sure sign of spring, but eighty per cent of Washington girls consider plain shades much smarter. Our fondness for full skirts is still in full swing, so woe unto the designer who tries to sheath us up again. Furthermore, in spite of all that *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar* can say, Washington girls insist they aren't going to appear in bare midriff fashions. Apparently the wedge heels will remain in show windows and advertisements and not do much stumbling over our cobblestones.

We've fallen so much in love with flower hats we may even graciously give in to the men and cover up our heads. We are going to please them by substituting frilly blouses for some of those inevitable sweaters. There will be a great deal of fragile remoteness on formal occasions for four-fifths of us adore covered up evening fashions.

It's clear that we are going to compromise with the boys by giving in to them on all the points on which they agree with us.

# AT LARGE

by LOUISE LEVIS

PERHAPS the war in Europe has made our clothes more practical. This spring you can wear dainty pockets in your afternoon frocks, deep pockets in your tailored suits, inner pockets in your evening skirts. No longer must you rely on your date to take care of your innumerable gadgets. Enormous pockets in your sport jackets will hold your compact, your cash, your cigarettes and matches. This is your year to revel in your independence.

Suits are as good this year as they are practical. Jackets may be longer than usual, but they are not so nipped in at the waist. Or they may be shorter and more boxy. Three-piece suits are fashioned of wools in broad stripes or bold plaids, and plain woolens and tweeds may be had in lovely clear colors to harmonize or to contrast. Show your flair for the artistic by making up exciting combinations from your own wardrobe. Be one of the first to wear the new jacket dress. Any sort of jacket from the classic Eton type to the dashing bolero is fashion news when combined with a dress of matching or contrasting color. Try experimenting with solid color jackets over print dresses. Tiny white prints on colored background are new, and stripes are replacing checks.

If you are worrying about the corseted waistline, don't. Although this figure is still good for those thataway inclined,

you can be just as fashionable, and a great deal more comfortable, by choosing other lines. Most afternoon dresses are unbelted and accented below the hips by pleats, shirring, or large pockets. You can be strikingly military if you wish by wearing epaulets and gold braid on your favorite frock. The military influence is shown also in the extraordinary popularity of gray, khaki, and dull greens.

After sundown comes your opportunity to go feminine. Be as ravishing as *Scarlet O'Hara* in a luxuriously flounced skirt and an off-the-shoulder decolletage. Or be mysterious in a flowing Persian print and a bright turban. You may go daringly South American and wear vivid colors to show off your golden suntan.


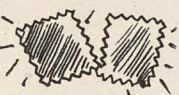





Your informal summer frocks may be as original as your personality. If you wish, you may choose the pinafore dress and be a little girl again. The new slacks, beautifully tailored in linen or flannel, are making a bid for spectator sports popularity. Wear them with matching jackets for that smooth, casual appearance. For active sports you will want a playdress over shorts or culottes. So cleverly are they designed, that you can go direct from the pool to the dance-floor after tying on your matching skirt. Presto-chango! and you are ready to face the most exacting stag-line.



# Sixty-Five Washington Girls Say—

and **KLINE'S** Agrees

The Editors of Eliot conducted a survey of favorite fashions among sixty-five co-eds and twenty-four Washington men . . . the results are below. KLINE'S agrees with everyone on these questions. If you like full skirts—we have them! If you don't like frou-frou blouses—we have smartly tailored styles! We have all the colors, all the materials . . . and in the styles that are fashion heights this Spring!

| FULL SKIRTS   | YES | NO | FAVORITE COLORS:            |    |
|---|-----|----|-----------------------------|----|
|    | 65  | 0  | DRESSES                     |    |
| TOELESS SHOES   |     |    | LIGHT BLUE - - - - -        | 22 |
|    | 59  | 6  | NAVY - - - - -              | 16 |
| BRIGHT COLORS   |     |    | PINK - - - - -              | 14 |
|  | 65  | 0  | TURQUOISE - - - - -         | 10 |
| FROU-FROU BLOUSES   |     |    | GREEN - - - - -             | 8  |
|  | 65  | 0  | YELLOW - - - - -            | 7  |
| WASP WAISTS For Daytime   |     |    | GREY - - - - -              | 6  |
|  | 14  | 51 | COATS                       |    |
| WASP WAISTS For Evening   |     |    | NAVY - - - - -              | 39 |
|  | 53  | 12 | BLACK - - - - -             | 14 |
| COVERED UP FORMALS  |     |    | GREY - - - - -              | 3  |
|  | 50  | 15 | PASTELS - - - - -           | 3  |
| SOUTH AMERICAN FASHIONS   |     |    | RED - - - - -               | 2  |
|  | 35  | 30 | DO YOU PREFER?              |    |
| FLOWER HATS   |     |    | FEMININE FASHIONS - - - - - | 36 |
|  | 65  | 0  | TAILORED FASHIONS - - - - - | 28 |
|   |     |    | DO YOU PREFER MATERIALS?    |    |
|   |     |    | PLAIN - - - - -             | 50 |
|   |     |    | PRINTED - - - - -           | 7  |
|   |     |    | PLAID - - - - -             | 4  |
|   |     |    | STRIPED - - - - -           | 2  |

**TWENTY-FOUR WASHINGTON MEN (NOT KLINE'S) SAY:**

**COLORS:** We like blue, blue, blue! Then we like green and red! We'll take tan, brown and black, but we don't like it much!

**WASP WAISTS:** Thirteen of us like them! Eleven of us don't! Maybe it's the shape of the Gal!

**HATS:** We're about divided—wear 'em or not, Girls! But do wear them when we take you to a hotel or a theatre.

**STOCKINGS:** Thirteen of us say yes, wear stockings. The rest of us say either stockings or anklets. But sheer chiffons do flatter your legs!

**FEMININE VS. TAILORED FASHIONS:** We landslide toward femininity! But it does depend on the occasion.

**CO-ED'S GREAT MISTAKE:** Sloppy sweaters! Sloppy shoes! Honestly, girls, we men will probably like you in whatever you wear . . . but please be neat and trim about it!\*

**SKIRTS:** Too short? NO, NO, NO! Only five of us would like them a little longer—but not too much longer!

**KLINE'S**

606 608 WASHINGTON AVE.  
Through to Sixth St

\* Kline's does not agree here—we like 'em sloppy if you do.



# THE QUAD

by BETTY MOLINE

The big brawny brute is Ken Davey  
Who drives Madam Pitts most crazy  
He throws her around  
'Til she sees upside down  
And everything gets dim and hazy.

Here's Harlem, yassuh, truck on down  
Our colored gals sure go to town  
Their shaggin' and Prancin'  
Is that kind of dancin'  
Which makes W.U. chaperones frown.

It's another year other  
Another Quad it  
It's the gals of no ma  
You'll find they neat.  
Just take a look will  
The femme fatale  
And when the hands a  
We bet you'll more.



The onlookers that we detect there  
Serve never to help only hector  
Advice rents the air  
As they tear out their hair  
Each one a potential director.

Sweet melodies soar pure and fair  
We predict a new Hit Parade air  
Many tonsils are trilling  
To make the show thrilling  
But you'll see, of course, you'll be there.

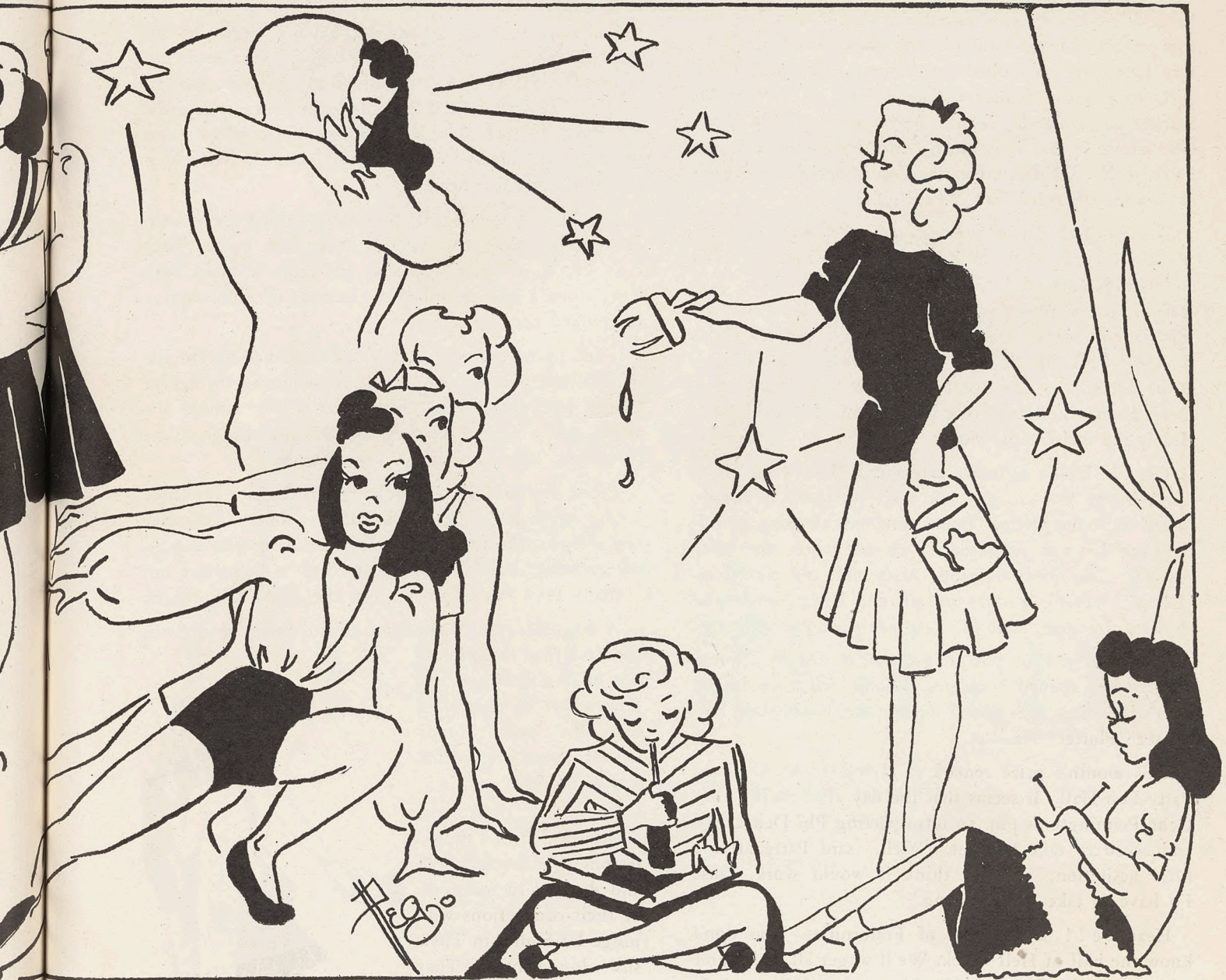


# CLUB SHOW

Drawings by PEGGY WOOD

What fun this rehearsing must be  
 If it's all like the clinch that we see  
 With nothing to do  
 But learn to pitch woo  
 It's like Gable and Vivien Leigh!

The cute little gal dripping paint  
 Works hard and without a complaint  
 With strokes left and right  
 She paints all that's in sight  
 Then millions of things more that ain't.



The classy chorines are quite snazzy  
 Their costumes are peppy and dazzy  
 They give all for Quad Club  
 And apply Minit Rub  
 The show must go on and be jazzy.

There's no time to sip at a coke  
 To gossip or hear a new joke  
 For Confucius say  
 "He who dallies all day  
 Will sure make the Quad Show go broke."



## CELEBRATION

(Continued from page 10)

lively. Might be a good party after all. The bell when she rang it couldn't be heard, so she tried the door. It was unlocked. Loud voices and music rushed out to meet her. Almost eagerly Ruth slammed the door, and hurried up the dimly lit stairs.

These stairs certainly were different from Mrs. Duncan's. But now why should she think of that. Funny that they hadn't seemed nearly so steep nor so narrow a couple of weeks ago. She heard Lillian's voice laughing above the others. Poor kid, having to live in a place like this. Pretty nice of her to give the party just for her.

"Hi, Gang," said Ruth. Greetings were flung at her from all directions.

"Hi Ya, Ruthie."

"Hey, you're late. Where ya been?"

"Hi, Kid, come join the party."

Almost miraculously her hat and coat disappeared and someone shoved a drink into her hand. It was good to be with the old gang after all.

"Well, I must confess. I stopped in to tell Harry hello, and he insisted on treating me."

Jim came over to her and started questioning her about her new job. Little fat greasy Jim. Lord, how could Lou stand a husband like that? No wonder she was always flirting around. However, Jim was pretty nice. Better than none at all, maybe.

Someone started playing the piano. "Say, Jim, who's that guy? I've never seen him before."

"Who, him?" Jim waved a thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the piano.

"Yeah. He sure can play."

"I don't know. Some guy named Carl. Lou picked up

at Harry's and brought along." His voice gave no hint of his feelings.

Hmm. Not bad. She didn't much blame Lou. Ruth strolled over to the piano. "Say, how about playing my favorite piece since I'm supposed to be guest of honor, more or less?"

"O.K. What'll it be?" He continued to play as he spoke. She named the piece, and then sat down beside him. When he had finished it, his fingers skipped up the keys in a kind of half run and into another tune. Ruth marveled at the flexibility of his hands. If he had noticed that she was sitting beside him, he made no sign of it. How dull.

"Say, Paderwski, let's you and me go fix us a little drink, huh?"

He stopped playing as unexpectedly as he had begun. "Suits me." Immediately someone started to play the vic. In the kitchen they could hear it as loudly as in the living room.

"You may not realize it but I'm honoring you with this drink," said Ruth.

"How so?"

"I'm running on a quota, and I really should save this one till a little later, or I'll use them up too fast. This is my—umm, let me see?" Count now, she mustn't lose track, even though one drink more or less wouldn't make any difference. It was just the principle of the thing. She counted back. "This is my sixth."

"You really shouldn't have a quota at a time like this. How can you celebrate if you have to stop and count each one?"

"I know, but if I don't count, I'm liable to have no reason to celebrate. I have to be able to get back to Mrs. Duncan's in fit condition.

(Continued on page 18)

## A Man You Ought to Know

by Cox and Schneider



Geo. Schneider

AARON HOTCHNER

Hotchner's the name, I run the Law School.  
I love to write lines for the fellows to drool;  
In my spare time I dash off plays,  
Act in some too when I get the craze.

I contribute to the Quarterly of January Hall,  
And also write skits for the Lawyers' Day brawl;  
I made Thurtene, O.D.K. as well,  
I edited Eliot — I've worked like hell!

Now after giving Quad Show my very best  
I just want to take a much-needed rest.

—Ray Cox





### A Young Man's Fancy

THE TOUCH of spring has brought down the tops on innumerable convertibles, and given rise to lots of embryo romances. We cite, as an example, the case of Carabelle Murtfeldt and Bob Leach (Quad Show) whom we saw strolling about hand in hand on St. Patrick's day, in the midst of all those birds and bees. From Carabelle's whistling and Bob's humming there emerged a little tune called "Fight Night," which, like Mr. Leach, attained eminence in Quad Show. It seems that Bob and Carey and "Fight Night" had been to the park, the Art Museum that is, to see the Picasso exhibit. Nothing like a little culture.

That same day we breezed by Valerie Brinkman walking arm in arm along Lindell with Gilbert Lutz. A nice warm Saint Patrick's day seems to inject everybody with a little pre-spring romance.

Jellying has been on the increase lately with regulars and newcomers alike giving their all. Prominent among the regulars are Peg. J. Stoecker and Ed Buford. On those rare occasions when Ed attends class, much against his will, he grabs Peggy by the hair and drawls with all his southern charm, "Come on, gal, let's go to college." . . . Peggy loves it.

Then there's Peggy's Beta brother, John, who, under the spell of Spring and Virginia Ann Cook, is running David Cohen a bit of competition. The competition to which we refer is for Dave's newly acquired title (Yes, we bestowed it), of "Supreme High Master of Continuous and Perpetual Jellying, and Matters Directly or Indirectly pertaining to Said Art."

### Sig Amours

Mary Betty Maxwell, Hatchet Queen candidate, may be seen almost any time, "doin' the Quad Shop" with Joe Steinle of the Sig Chi lodge. . . Harry Davis, newly elected prexy of aforementioned lodge is causing his gal June March no end of worry. She's afraid his new position will invest him with a little glamour, and all the campus cats will get wind of it. Jane, unlike the well-known March, goes out like a lion and comes in like a lamb. Harry's story has it that she's always a lamb.

The jarring note in this Springtime epic of hearts and flowers came to us when Margot Parman gave back the badge to Jack Warner. We hated to put this in, but we knew you'd all be wondering. The happy feature of this item is Markey's statement that they will keep on dating each other exclusively, anyway. Well why did you give back the pin then? That makes two times you've done it. Have a beer and make up your mind.

### Consistency

Ham Robinson, who has switched from Kappa freshie Betty Thompson to Kappa freshie Eunice Haddaway, seems to feel duty bound to be consistent, if not with the girl herself, at least with the sorority and class. What more could one ask?

### Another Local Boy Makes Good

From Hollywood comes the news that Lennie Hoffman's brother, George, who was on the hill for a semester, has signed a long term contract with Warner Brothers.

### Short and Snappy

The rumor that Virginia Woas was going steady was true, but only temporarily. Two days showed no go. They decided it would be better "just friends." It looks like an all-time record for short romances; just turn your back and its gone.

Kenny Leutwiler and Marian Endres are coming to be a pretty regular sight at the night spots and the numerous school dances. . . A flash of a Beta bracelet from Doreen Dunwoody gives a hint of an off-campus Beta. On-campus Beta Alexander is wistfully fingering his badge between cokes and ciggies with Marguerite Wiederholt. But he's taking a heck of a long time for a Beta.

The shine has scarcely worn off that Shirley Jones, Del Cummins twosome. . . Buzz Withington's Sigma Chi cross recently went to the dorm on Eloise Engle. . . Quite a sensation resulted the other night from Marion Underwood's entrance behind four gardenias. Read Boles was the donor, and the recipient of numerous cat-calls from the Phi Delt.

(Continued on page 19)



**SMOKY JOE  
HAD THE DAMSEL  
IN DISTRESS!**



"GIDDYAP, NAPOLEON! Looks like this Romeo is trying his darndest to smoke us out. Phew! His tobacco smells like the backfire from Pa's flivver!" Just then



UP RIDES A RANGER, sniffs the pipe, says to clean it and refill with *mild* Sir Walter, a burley blend famous for aroma. It worked! Joe won her back!



**New!**  
**CELLOPHANE  
TAPE** around lid  
seals flavor in . . .  
brings you tobacco  
100% factory-fresh!

**UNION  
MADE**

**IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS**

TUNE IN—Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House." Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.



Because Drusilla's breath was horrid  
Men wouldn't even kiss her forehead.  
But Pep-O-Mints so turned the tide  
She gets more kisses than a bride.



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

**FREE! A BOX OF LIFE SAVERS  
FOR THE BEST WISCRACK!**

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.

THIS MONTH'S PRIZE

to

**Prof. McClure**

for the following remark.

"Have you heard of the professor who dreamed he fell asleep in class and awoke to discover he had."



# JAM and JIVE

OR

## DO YA WANNA JUMP, CHILLUN?

by JANE BURWELL

**H**EP! HEP! Deboodeleedodelee—hey, wait a minute; that's first semester stuff. The *Jumpin' Jive* and *In The Mood* have taken their respective places among the swing classics of the ages, and the new year has brought forth many a swingaroo to vie in quality with them.

This month the nominations for screwball numbers go to *I Shoulda Stood In Bed*, recorded by Joe Sudy, and *Your Feet Too Big*, recorded by screwball Fats Waller. Other nominations gladly accepted by the department—just hand 'em in, chillun! And now for the torridist rhythm numbers that have been heard lately; here are a few favorites:

- Decca 2922—*Evil Blues*  
    *Jive At Five* . . . . . Count Basie
- Decca 2961—*Cherokee*  
    *Man And His Drums* . . . . . Jimmy Dorsey
- Bluebird B-10501—*No, Mama, No!*  
    *Goody Goodbye* . . . . . The Smoothies
- Bluebird B-10561—*Ooh! What You Said*  
    *I Beg Your Pardon* . . . . . Glenn Miller
- Bluebird B-8201—*Mushmouth Shuffle*  
    *Blue Blood Blues* . . . . . Jelly-Roll Morton
- Vocalion 5207—*Think Of Me Little Daddy*  
    *Belgian Stomp* . . . . . Jimmie Lunceford

In the sweet, slow, but sultry department *INDIAN SUMMER*, recorded by Glenn Miller and sung by Ray Eberle, is still tops. Ray also vocals Mr. Miller's recording of *On A Little Street In Singapore* and *This Changing World*. And all of Artie Shaw's fans are blessing him for recording *All In Fun* and *All The Things You Are* before he quit the business; he also did *Do I Love You* and *When Love Beckoned*, both sung by Helen Forrest. The currently popular *AT THE BALALAIKA* has been waxed by Abe Lyman, much to the satisfaction of its many, many fans.

In a department all by itself is that instigator of the latest national pun craze; *CONFUCIUS SAY*. Any way, Blue Barron has made a recording of it; so has Hal Kemp, so choose up sides!

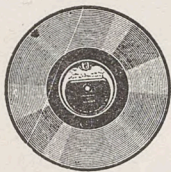
### ODDS 'N ENDS

Benny Goodman shows a new and supersmooth style in his arrangement of *BOY MEETS HORN*, which features Chris Griffin on the trumpet. . . . Nomination for total abolition, *The Little Red Fox*. . . . Bea Wain is recording now for Victor, and it's about time, for some of us think she has been hiding on the Hit Parade long enough. . . . For Alec Templeton fans; his latest is *Mendelssohn Mows 'Em Down* and *Phonograph Record, Player Piano, and Carmen Lombardo* (Victor). . . . Have you heard Ella Fitzgerald's vocal of Artie Shaw's composition *MOONRAY*? A top song and a top singer. . . . Two gooders are *After All* and *Vagabond Dreams* as per Gene Krupa; and did you know that the name of his theme song is just his name spelled backward? What next! . . . Ya can't write one of these here colliums without mentioning Bonnie (Oh, Johnny) Baker, so we'll say that we're proud of her quick recovery from her recent illness, and that we hope she keeps on wowing all the lads (Which it's certain she'll do). . . . Art Kassel has finally recorded his theme, *HELL'S BELLS*—clevah title, eh wot? . . . For entertaining reading, try *Downbeat*, which counts the swing pulse of the nation, and satisfies that undercurrent of curiosity about bands and band leaders.

### HEAR YE, O LONG-HAIRED ONES!

We're being serious now, honestly, because you should know about Victor's latest releases in the classical field. Lauritz Melchior sings (in the German) *Siegmund's Spring Song* from the first act of Wagner's opera *Die Walkuere*; and the *Forging Song* from the first act of Wagner's *Siegfried*. These arias are done with the Philadelphia Orchestra, with Eugene Ormandy conducting. John Barbirolli has recorded *Praeludium* and *Berceuse* by Jarnefelt; and those who like Negro spirituals should be sure to hear Marian Anderson's recording of *Deep River*, one side, and *Dere's No Hidin' Place Down Dere* and *Every Time I Feel De Spirit*, on the other. Miss Anderson's rendition of *Deep River* is unforgettable. The spirituals are arranged by Lawrence Brown, and done with Kosti Vehenan at the piano. All the above are ten-inch records.

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WE THINK it's not too good an idea to have an all-hen issue. No sense in making it too obvious how important men are. Still, there is always the chance that we'll show 'em we don't need 'em at all—which, we might add, isn't so good either. No sense in hurting their feelings—and yet we can't let them get too cocky—so there we are—left in our usual utter confusion.

Such a short time has elapsed since the last issue (hardly long enough for a Beta to put out his pin), but with the aid of our unerring nose for news we have gathered some choice tid-bits and a few good-sized bites. Earlma Andrews, pledge of the "mighty" K.A.T.'s, is proudly displaying on her blouse, the Sigma Nu emblem formerly the property of one Jim Cisco of Mizzu. Earlma has had it since June 25th, but was underwearing it until just after the Christmas holidays. We are a bit late, of course, but people just don't confide in us!

Another late item is the one regarding the recent pinning of Patty Lou Hall by Beta Gene Pennington.

Heard recently on the Quad: Quoth a freshman, "Why the heck did I have to fall for a Sig Chi? No future in it! Now if he were a Beta, at least I'd have a pin!"

Lennie Hoffman is maintaining his usual aloofness to the wiles of even the most sizzling sophomore. His well-known cynicism is what gets 'em. It's not that your charms are waning, gals...Lennie's real reason is lil' off-campus cookie, Fay Mittendorf, who has been monopolizing Lennie's time, not to mention his pin, for the last eight months or so.

The romance of Pi Phi's Elsa Lungstras and Beta president Ed Corvey came to a climax a couple of weeks ago when Ed shyly jerked off his pin and Elsa bashfully grabbed it. A beautiful romance, and in the right style too. Ed has finally gotten over his unfortunate romance which culminated last May. At that time Ed fastened his pin to his sweater with a look of such ferocity that you couldn't but believe he was repeating over and over to himself, "Never, no never again!" or words to that effect. But "Bunny," as Ed has been called in his heyday, couldn't stay cynical. The first time he set eyes on La Lungstras his over-sized Beta badge began to wobble

uncertainly on his manly chest...The affair between Virginia Woas and Jack Conzelman grows more and more serious. Jack has our Ginny on a cigarette allowance now, so they can save money.

Rumor hath it that Clark Garrison is waiting only for initiation until he can give his prospective Beta pin to Gloria Sprick. (This is getting boring, don't you think? Or have you got one?)

Beta John Stoecker has been doing the night spots with Mary Averill of the Quad Show Singing Chorus. John came to rehearsal one night and Mary's sweet young voice jumped from soprano down to bass and back up to alto.

Bob Judd, Phi Delt glamor-boy has finally given up in despair. (no, not because of Marlyn, 'though that helped.) He tried Pre-dent, Pre-law, Pre-business, etc., just couldn't decide which he liked best, so he up and quit school.

Marquita Moll achieves that dreamy look in sentimental scenes of "Down in Front" by thinking of her off-campus flame. Dottie Krieger, also of Quad Show, has difficulty keeping her eyes up front while Harold Rapp (whose pin she possesses) is quietly sorting music in the back.

Nan Timmerman swears she won't take Jim Gilbert's Beta pin for at least a month after initiation...Quote: "I don't think it would be fair, and besides everyone would think it was terrible if another one went out!" Now, Nan, if you are really in love, don't let heaven or gossip columns stand in your way. We promise not to say too much.

Tom Stauffer, new High Priest at the Phi Delt Temple of Higher Yearning, is doing a bit of said yearning for lovely Mary Eicher...Reed (D.D.) Boles blushing denies any grounds for his nickname. The boys at the house call him "debutantes' delight."

Funniest sight of the month is watching Dick Root trying to cut down to two steaks.

Dick says he is getting a bit on the broad side.

Patricia Page, new this semester, is decidedly on the all-right! side according to several masculine reports.

(Continued on page 21)



## HAVE A NICE TIME, DEAR!

(Continued from page 7)

gusto. Naomi knew all the girls and thought they were pretty cute but not as cute as she could be in their clothes.

"Naomi, how have you been?" the red head purred. "Won't you ever lose that simply divine figure?"

Naomi smiled all over herself. "Honey, I don't see how you'd even notice it with the build on you. I bet you set those white boys crazy."

The girl laughed, pleased, and winked at Naomi in the mirror.

Another girl said, "Naomi, we're coming down to Harlem late tonight. We're going to the Harvest Moon contest at the Savoy. You'd better win for us."

"I'll sure try, Miss Jenny. And you all root for me and my partner."

They swept out after leaving about three dollars on the dressing table. Naomi liked the young ones better than the older women.

A few more people came in; they rushed around, getting lipstick-frustration. Naomi got pretty busy handing out towels and brushing people and helping them into coats. Tips were only fair. Naomi knew which ones to fuss over, and which ones to call by name. As if being well-known around Johns made them celebrities.

About eleven fifteen, Mrs. Oscar Moody came in being gracious as all hell, just as she felt the wife of a famous composer should. Naomi went to her immediately and took her wraps. She hated the cat. The woman always and invariably sat down, turned to Naomi, and said, "My dear, having a pleasant evening, I hope?" After showing that she was nice even to what she privately called "niggers," she ran the girl ragged. She was good for a big tip but Naomi hated her anyway. The snob, who did she think she was doing favors? Naomi was no small-time nigger. She had a position.

"Very nice, ma'am. You look lovely tonight. Always do. I always tell my folks about you."

Mrs. Moody nodded graciously. She lapped it up. She dropped some money in Naomi's pocket and, strolled out.

Naomi went over to the tin locker in the corner and opening it, put her tips in the purse hidden under her clothes. She ran an affectionate tan hand over the red velvet dress hanging there. Boy, her hair was set, her nails were painted, she was all set to go, looking like a million dollars.

Things quieted down a bit so she got out a gray rag and pushed it over the wash basins. What a mess these feds made; you'd think they weren't used to modern plumbing.

The ending of the floor show brought in a stream of patrons. Naomi traveled in four directions at a time; she was so rushed. Money collected again; she kept her eyes open to that. Some of them would sort of sneak out, thinking she wasn't looking. Some would say, "Oh, you needn't brush me," when Naomi hovered over them.

She wouldn't touch these again even if they dropped dead on the spot.

Mrs. Moody came in again, her arm around a forty-ish, withered, would-be Shirley Temple.

She hailed Naomi. "I want you to help Mrs. Johnson, she's a little friend of mine."

Naomi exhibited her teeth and curtsied.

"Naomi is a dear, Marion. Just a dear."

"Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Johnson. You look awful sweet tonight." She hovered over them looking solicitous.

"Have a pleasant evening, my dear," called back Mrs. Moody as she ushered out the little friend. Naomi had to grind her teeth to keep from spitting after them.

The doors swung continuously, admitting dozens of women. Some sagged the minute they got in the room, sinking into chairs as though too tired to struggle back to their parties. Some smiled determinedly and kept up a loud and cheerful chatter the whole time. Naomi thought, wordlessly, that the worse the time they were having outside, the gushier they got with her. Her smile grew more fixed with each friendly remark. But she flattered them all with, "You sure looks fine tonight. That darlin' dress!"

It grew late and she became more and more impatient to leave. She envisioned herself whirling around the floor at the Savoy, looking prettier than anyone there, the envy of all as she danced her way to the final contest. She was perfectly confident of winning tonight. She was the best dancer she knew. And she knew most of the folks in Harlem. She wished every one would leave extra early. A raid or a fire or something. She wanted to get into that red dress and do some primping of her own.

Twelve-thirty saw Mrs. Moody back again. Her black pompadour had changed from a patrician crown to a wistful bundle. Her eyes were like boiled eggs. Naomi hoped she was having a lousy time keeping up with that run-around husband of hers. Naomi'd like to have a nickel for every broad he played with after school.

Mrs. Moody dropped dully into a chair. Naomi asked, "Feeling bad, honey, can I get you something?"

Mrs. Moody froze indignantly to her chair.

"It's a lovely party, Naomi," she grated. "Hope you've been having a pleasant evening too." Each word was an insult. Naomi knew that if she were the richest woman in Harlem she'd never talk like that to a girl working for her.

It was almost one o'clock and Naomi started clearing up the mess around the tables and sweeping the floor. The crowd began thinning out.

At last the room was empty. Naomi heaved a deep sigh and flopped into a chair. Man oh man, was she whipped! After a minute she got up and, crossing to the tin locker, took out the red dress, silver shoes, and a tan tweed coat. She slipped off her black dress and little white apron and pulled the red velvet over her head, wriggling and squirming till it fitted smoothly.

(Continued on page 22)



# WHAT KIND OF A MAN ARE YOU?

ANSWER EACH QUESTION "YES" OR "NO." WHEN YOU HAVE COMPLETED THE ENTIRE QUIZ TURN TO PAGE 23 TO LEARN YOUR CHANCES OF SUCCESS IN LIFE AND LOVE!

## I

1. Do you have sex appeal?
2. Do you think a girl can enjoy a date when you have no money to spend?
3. Would you make a date with a girl who is taller than you?
4. Would you make a date with a girl who makes better grades than you do?
5. Do you think brains count for more than clothes in a man?
6. If a girl is pinned to another man, would you ask her for a date?

## II

1. Do you like for girls to wear low-heeled shoes?
2. Do you think Dutch Treat dates would be O.K. occasionally?
3. Do you think a girl ought to ask you to take her somewhere, (not her own party)?
4. Do you think the way you are dressed already is good enough for most dates?
5. Do you think the way to a man's heart is through his stomach?
6. Do you think it is possible to be happily married to any one of a number of girls?

## III

1. Should a girl "go steady" when marriage is remote or uncertain?

2. Do you think the custom of sending flowers when you take a girl to a dance is a foolish extravagance?
3. Would you refuse to make dates with a girl who refused to kiss you?
4. Do you forget to phone when you are going to be late?
5. Do you fail to bring your date where she will see other boys she will know?
6. If a man is tired, should a girl understand and offer to break the date?

## IV

1. Do you like to dance?
2. Do you mention it when a girl wears a new dress?
3. Are most men at W. U. interesting in one way or another?
4. Do strangers tell you the story of their lives?
5. Do you like to go out in a new crowd?
6. Can you always think of something to say?

## V

1. Do you usually disapprove of mid-week dates?
2. Do you expect to make a big success?
3. Do you know where your money goes?
4. By and large, do you think most professors at W. U. know their stuff?
5. Do you try to control your temper?
6. Do you finish most things you start?

### Our Professors Say

We have to be careful what professors we bring to Washington, because we have free speech here.

• •

I'd like being a teacher if you just didn't have to bother with the students.

• •

It must have been a dishonest election. Mary Ann didn't win and she goes with the editor.

• •

She's a pretty fast girl if she goes with Ted. He's one of the wildest boys I've ever dated.



Dear Eliot—

Do gentlemen really prefer blondes.

•

Of course, dear, that's why there are so many popular brunettes at Washington.

• •

I guess I didn't make much of an impression after all. He just ends with "Love."

• •

The boy she has is quite all right—  
She sees him every day,  
But she persists in bragging of  
The one that got away.



## BETWEEN BELLES

(Continued from page 18)

In fact, that's the only thing we did get out of the so-called "gossip box."

Betty Webb, of K.K.G., quit school just before finals. Her mother confidentially murmured that lil' Bet was too much in love to study, or even to think about anything else... H'lo Gabby...

Dolly Pitts and Ed Sherwood are a couple of old, old faithfuls who never give us any trouble. They rarely give us any copy either... there is such a thing as getting along too well!

Zeta Tau Alpha announces the pinning of its president, Mary Celia Thompson, to Harry Dickman, Sigma Phi Epsilon, who graduated last year.

Something a little bit different is the Sigma Nu pin that Betty Hopkins proudly displayed for the first time on St. Valentine's Day. With it came all the affections of Bob Turner. All of which is very nice since Bob's sister and his avowed love are sister Kappas.



## NOTES FROM MY NOTEBOOK

OR

### WHAT CAN A POOR GIRL BELIEVE?

by JULIA RICHARDSON

**Psychology:** A scientist cannot believe in religion unless he keeps his beliefs in logic-tight compartments, never allowing them to conflict.

**Philosophy:** There should be no conflict between science and religion. The religious function in no way involves questions of science.

**Economics:** The consumer is at the mercy of advertising with its half-truths, pseudo-information and trade names and slogans coined only to stimulate sales.

**Advertising Fundamentals:** Advertising has educated the consumer regarding new products, lowering the price by increasing the demand, thereby raising the standard of living.

**English:** Francis Bacon was the greatest philosopher England ever produced.

**Philosophy:** Bacon has written no philosophical works. His contribution to philosophy was in lending his name and the facility of his pen to propaganda in favor of inductive method of reasoning.

**Political Science:** The Sherman Anti-Trust Act and the Clayton Act were passed by the government to prevent monopoly.

**Economics:** The monopolist controls only supply—he cannot control demand. It is impossible to have a monopoly control in a market as extensive as ours.

## LAMENT

I was a naive freshman when I came to Washington. I suffered great illusions of how life had just begun. I pledged the best sorority—or so the sisters said, They had a pull with all the profs and tests I should not dread.

The men I'd meet on campus would be future presidents I'd have the stag line stymied at all the school events.

And then I was a sophomore and in my sophomore slump

My conquests while a freshman thought me now a chump.

They clamored 'round the new girls with heads puffed up like tents—

For who'd dare suppress the ego of the future presidents? The profs were hard to handle so I polished like the rest But though I smiled and gooded at them my grades were not the best.

Yes, then I was a junior—but my folks still wonder why Though my father was a Phi Bet I just managed to get by.

With men I was discouraged so I picked out a career— Of course it first occurred to me at Vescies drinking beer. I'd be a great Jane Arden—or a Florence Nightingale For men were scarce at Washington as at a bargain sale.

And now I am a senior with one more term to go Just one more set of finals and I'll end four years of woe. Oh yes—about my stag line—it has definitely thinned out;

But there is dear old Freddie whom I'm still luke warm about.

He isn't very handsome: he looks quite like a jeep But since they say it's leap year—I guess a girl must leap.

—Maizie

(For those who are looking for the brighter side of life may we add that after a good night's sleep Maizie decided to take a post-graduate course while Freddie busied himself working up to the presidency of Blatz, Blitzkrieg and Gerk Pin Co.)



Subtle invitation to the Y's Sadie Hawkins Dance.



## HAVE A NICE TIME, DEAR!

(Continued from page 19)

She strutted before the mirror, admiring her shape in the tight dress. Plenty cute. She spread out all her make-up and began to cover her smallish brown face with a pink paste, then dusted it with a pinkish powder. This would look swell under the Savoy's lights. Lipstick, eye goo, and the job was finished. She admired the smooth reflection.

As she reached for her coat Mrs. Moody returned. Naomi was disgusted. She wished she'd left a minute before so she didn't have to help the dame be sick all over the place.

Mrs. Moody moaned, "Naomi, I'm afraid I don't feel so well. Ate something wrong, I suppose." Her voice ran down as she rushed to the basin.

Naomi put her hand under the chalky forehead.

Mrs. Moody straightened up slowly, dazed, and allowed Naomi to help her into a chair.

"Here, honey, take this." Naomi handed her an Alka-Seltzer. "Is there anything else I can do to make you feel better?" Agonizedly she felt the minutes ticking away.

Slowly, slowly, Mrs. Moody gathered up her face, and made for the door. Turning she said, "I'll see you soon again, Naomi. Have a pleasant evening." The door shut and Naomi threw the nearest dirty towel at it. She snatched up her things and ran out the servants' door.

Naomi almost ran to the subway station. She was out on the town and the evening wasn't too far gone. The next day was Sunday — plenty time to sleep. The Lennox Avenue train came thundering into the station; she got on, made for a seat, and then closed her eyes. Saturday night is a long night and she had to get some rest. But how could she rest? She could almost hear the music; the shouts of the crowd crashed in her chest. Twelve minutes, twelve stops, and there was Lennox Avenue station. She rushed off the train and up into the air. From the side-walk she could see the glitter of the Savoy sign a block away. She almost ran. She couldn't be late! The music reached out into the street, snatched her, whirled her into the entrance and up the stairs to the ball-room.

A bunch of sharps all leaning around the ticket booth yelled at her. Naomi was a belle. She hollered greetings to all. "Hello there, boys, you all lookin' mighty smooth tonight."

One Jackson said, "Your pahtneh been waitin' for you a half a hour. He say you set to win."

"That's right, we are goin' to win!"

She tore on in and made for the ladies' room where she could check and hide the tan coat. The little waiting maid knew her, of course, but just through serving her. Naomi here was a lot. A popular girl. And in society too.

"Hello, Miss Naomi, my you looks fine in that red!"

"This is from Saks-Fifth Avenue." Naomi dipped and exhibited the label of Mrs. Moody's last year's dress.

Naomi looked long at herself in this mirror, making faces, seeking the most flattering expression. She thought sophistication would be pretty good tonight. She got up, and fishing in her bag, brought out twenty cents which she put in little Sylvia's hand.

"Wish me luck, Sylvia. I want that prize tonight!" Sylvia smiled adoration and fluttered visibly.

"Hope you win, Miss Naomi. I rootin' for you."

Naomi swooped to the door, then turned and said in a voice suddenly dripping with culture, "Thank you dear, and I hope you have a pleasant evening too."

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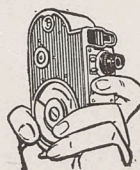
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# ANSWERS

## I

If you answered 4 or more questions "Yes"

You have social assurance, an attribute necessary in dealing with people, especially in executive or selling positions (also dates).

If you answered 4 or more questions "No"

A scientist or technical expert does not require this type of assurance, although if you cultivate it, you'll have more fun.

## II

If you answered 4 or more questions "Yes"

You are practical. Your attitude toward life is sensible. You are not apt to be disillusioned.

If you answered 4 or more questions "No"

You are romantic and chivalrous. You may be disappointed at times but you have the traits girls like most.

## III

If you answered 4 or more questions "Yes"

You are selfish. Well, some girls like 'em that way.

If you answered 4 or more questions "No"

You are unselfish. You deserve and probably will get a girl to look out for you.

## IV

If you answered 4 or more questions "Yes"

You are socially gifted and should always be able to get any girl you want, though maybe you can't keep all you want.

If you answered 4 or more questions "No"

You probably enjoy books more than people. You'd be more fun on a date than a dance.

## V

If you answered 4 or more questions "Yes"

We guarantee your success. Check them off,—ambition, faith in yourself, financial responsibility, respect for superiors, self control and tenacity of purpose.

If you answered 4 or more questions "No"

Better cultivate the attributes you lack.



Dear Eliot,

If a girl who sits in seat number 000 in your Poli'si' class saw just the word "Dance" suspended in space, what would she think? Probably it would first occur to her that "There's a screw loose somewhere!" and she wouldn't be far wrong. For present purposes, however, this reaction will be ignored. Her next thoughts would normally be "Dance—oh joy—music—men—"

If an even more fortunate girl saw, "Washington Merry-Go-Round Dance" suspended in space, what thoughts would ensue in her titanic cerebellum? Without a doubt, "Publicity Again." For present and also other purposes, this too will be ignored. Then her reverie would go like this, "That's not only a dance,

it's two hours of heaven on earth—oh, joy of joys—music divine—wonderful men—enough cutting—perfect dancers—every single Wednesday from four to five-thirty—marvelous—"

Well, almost. The Merry-Go-Round dances sponsored by the Freshman Commission are not too dull and may be just the thing while you are waiting for a ride home, celebrating after a test, or just wasting time. You don't really have to have any excuse, or a date, or even money. Drop in the cellar sometime for a dance and a drink (soft).

Jacqueline Davis.

(Continued on next page)



## IN THE WAKE

(Continued from preceding page)

Dear Eliot:

So you think you're new with your All-Girl Issue?

The "Battle of the Sexes" each Tuesday night on KSD has nothing on the weekly battle between the Tuesday (masculine) and Friday (feminine) issues of *Student Life*. The friendly competition between Managing Editors "Rosie" Rosenfeld and "Bunny" Betts is heightened by the fact that Bunny's staff, with the exception of a few minor positions, is composed entirely of girls. These campus Jane Ardens take pride in the fact that there have been two special six-page Friday issues since September as well as more issues published on that day than on Tuesdays. Could it be that the women have more to say? Or is it because they like to do a little extra work in order to prove to the boys that they can edit a paper with as much enthusiasm as the masculine staff and with fewer curse words?

Wednesday finds the all-girl staff ready for work. It's three o'clock each Wednesday before the office wakes up. Both telephones begin to ring, and the long struggle to accumulate the necessary 8000 words for the next Friday's issue begins in earnest. Reporters straggle in until forty-five of the fifty staff writers cram the office to the doors. One yells for the glue, one for the dictionary, one for the scissors, and, as still others demand something with which to type their stories, six lawyers rise from the six typewriters reserved exclusively for the use of *Student Life*.

The ad bureau puts through a call to say that the advertising schedule will be late as usual, but the voice warns, "Count on at least 250 inches, and don't be surprised if you get 300!" Since there are only 602 column inches of space in *Student Life*, the editors resign themselves to the fact that the issue will once more resemble a mail order catalogue.

Copy now comes in faster than the desk staff can handle it. In the front office, reporters continue to come in and go out, while the phones constantly jingle. Editor John Lewis breezes in to announce that the editorials will be ready about eight o'clock...and breezes out to an ODK meeting.

By four o'clock the copy basket is full and the office almost empty. By six o'clock belated stragglers in Eads see three girls, Katharine, Louise, and Bunny, contentedly crunching french fries and eating hot fudge sundaes with spoons made from part of a paper cup. One or two big stories usually come in late and are written up; the headlines are finished and the copy counted. As their final task, the girls outline a make-up schedule for Bob Aubuchon and Bess Moore to follow on Thursday. This done, they dial GARfield 2511 and, when told that it is nine o'clock, powder their respective noses, add a final dash of lipstick, and so good-night.

Virginia Betts and Louise French.

★

Dear Eliot:

I protest. Against what? Against the whole set of mores which surround our Leap Year tradition. Why should we enlightened twentieth century women be given the right to take the initial step in this most important matter in our lives only one year out of every four? Things may work out very well for the Co-eds of the class of 1940, what with graduation and Leap

Year coming simultaneously. But what of our poor convention-bound sister students who are to be turned out into the cold, cruel world next year and the next and the next?

Yes, I protest that Leap Year is an anachronism: a hang-over from those days when the nice girl was expected to do no more than blush and smile and say: "Oh, dear, this is so sudden!"

And speaking of protests, I think something should be said in behalf of the men. What sort of justice is it which requires a man either to say "yes" to a proposal of marriage or buy her a dress. How would we feel, if, in all those other years, we should be forced to choose between the acceptance of what might seem to us an undesirable suitor, and the purchase of, let us say, "that dream of a dress suit" he has always wanted?

Incidentally, there's a point of Leap Year etiquette that has been puzzling me. Does the responsibility of a ring accompany the privilege of choosing one's future bridegroom? And after the strains of Wagner and Mendelssohn have died away, who's to be head of this Leap Year household?

Sincerely, Zada Sparkman.

★

Dear Editors:

Coats take an awful beating at Washington. Why not a few hangers here and there?

Julia Richardson.

★

Dear Eliot:

For sometime I have been watching and waiting for a chance to attack the male element of this campus. Month after month I have seen them strutting up and down in all their splendor, and finally I have come to a conclusion. The men of Washington University had better change their attitude, pronto.

Do our university men appreciate the beauty of our co-eds? The answer is no. When I was a senior at high school, I recall many a time when a Washington woman killer told me about all the "gooney gals" on the hill. That was all I heard from those stupid students. "The women are terrible." My opinion

along with other ladies is quite the opposite. There are too many good-looking girls and too few good-looking boys. A boy coming from another college would go "hog-wild" if he saw as many beautiful "babes" in one spot as there are at Washington.

Besides being horrible looking monsters, the males on our campus are very boring. Because they pay the bill, the boys think it is the duty of their date to entertain them while they slouch back in their chairs and guzzle beer. The picture that comes to my mind is a surly creature having the form of a man yet might be mistaken for a mouse. Before him sits a gorgeous woman oozing with personality. She entertains him, for there is no one better to entertain, and during the whole evening his attitude is that of boredom. What a fine character these Washington co-eds must have to tolerate such insolence! Yet, what else can they do? Pins have already decreased the already small per cent of "handsome Harrys."

The sad part about the whole situation is that these so-called men of dear old Alma Mater think they really are the terrors. Such conceit hath no man ever known. Fellows, get wise to yourself. Take a good look at some of the "fems" around you. Aren't they lovely! Change that attitude and change it quick.

(Editor's note: We have been requested to withhold this name. Its author is one of the prettiest blonds of one of our very top sororities.)

★

Dear Eliot:

Why do we have to pay a \$5.10 activity fee second semester? The first semester it's for football, but now where or where does my \$5.10 go?

Are some as yet unknown players being secretly clothed and fattened in preparation for next year?

Sincerely yours, Jane March.





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Sophomore Delta Gamma

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**Virginia McFarland**, Delta Gamma

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