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Binding



Goldsborough

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NOVEMBER 1945

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FIFTEEN CENTS

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STIX, BAER & FULLER

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Among Those Present

Helen McGavran, our associate editor, activity gal and all "A" student, takes time off to tell you about Homecoming and Harry Lazarus—two timely subjects. You'll run into Helen one day, or she'll run into you while madly dashing from one activity to another.

Frances Richardson neatly fits the label "five feet two and eyes of blue." Her short story, "Dilemma" is best described by the title of Will Christopher's Quad Show hit—"Will She Will or Will She Won't."

Anita Heinrichsmeyer, Literary Editor, officially welcomes veterans to the campus for ELIOT. That is just like Anita, always combining business with pleasure. By rolling surgical bandages, taking Red Cross nutrition and canteen courses and cooperating with the Red Cross program, Anita did her

part to bring these same veterans back home.

Don K. Schleiffarth and *Joe L. Oppenheimer*, sports editors, mark the return of sports to the campus by returning sports to the pages of ELIOT. Don takes an active part in athletics, having been on the baseball team for two years, and the water polo team last year, while Joe sticks mainly to the writing angle.

Lester J. Dacksel, by working in a railroad yard, received first-hand information for his short story, "Part-Time Job." Lester, an army veteran, gained a foothold in the writing profession by writing for pulp magazines. A story of his about the South Pacific was recently published in "Daredevil Aces," adventure magazine.

(Continued on page 21)

Why wait for Christmas? Treat yourself to a

Botany Wool Robe

\$12.50

Why not get one of these maroon or navy all wool robes for yourself and enjoy it now? They're swell for late bull sessions, midnight cramming (of knowledge or loot from an ice-box raid), and every leisure moment around the clock.

Main Floor

Boyd's
OLIVE AT SIXTH (1)



ELIOT

NOVEMBER, 1945

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Harry Lazarus . . . air cadet from February 1943 to February 1944 . . . a walking answer to the question, "Can veterans adjust to campus life?" . . . in proof of which statement, please note the following list . . .

President, Junior Class, W.U., 1944; President, Zeta Beta Tau; Co-Chairman, Student Senate, 1945; Business Manager, Quad Show; Thurtene; Omicron Delta Kappa; ROTC Band; Veterans' Organization; Freshman Orientation; Student Relations; . . . we quit.

Twenty-two years old . . . senior electrical engineer . . . likes: any kind of music, women . . . dislikes: English, languages and history . . . shows characteristic reaction to year of khaki by wearing bright, *bright* ties . . . green on cerise for example . . .

His advice to future presidents of the junior class . . . "Carry smelling salts to Junior Prom." . . . the voice of experience . . . last year he had to practically carry Mickey Stead to her coronation . . . Well . . . one could do worse . . .

COVER

The new cover of ELIOT was designed by Harold Poth, Art Editor. A junior in the art school, Harold is headed for a career in industrial design.

June Goldsborough, also a junior in the art school, did the caricature of Harry Lazarus.

STAFF

OLIVE WALKER, <i>Editor</i>	BEVERLY LUEDERS, <i>Fashion Editor</i>
DOROTHY GASKILL, <i>Asst. Editor</i>	ANN HEINRICHSMEYER, <i>Poetry and Humor Editor</i>
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JEAN ZILLMAN, <i>Asst. Feature Editor</i>	CHARLES KELLY, <i>Photographer</i>
DON SCHLEIFFARTH, <i>Sports Editor</i>	
JOE L. OPPENHEIMER, <i>Asst. Sports Editor</i>	

FACULTY ADVISERS

FORREST T. CAMPBELL, *Literary* JAMES BLAIR, *Art*

Photographs

Page 1	Charles Kelly
Page 5	Walter Shillinger
Page 10	Walter Shillinger
Page 11 (Brake and Shockmiller)	Walter Shillinger
Page 11 (Stan London)	Courtesy <i>Student Life</i>

Editor's Comment

Whither the Tide?

■ Young America has wakened from the debacle of war to a terrific headache. It stands on the threshold of a new and glorious age but the social ills of the world, manifested both at home and abroad, destroy its ability to appreciate and enjoy the new era.

"Something must be done!" we cry. But what? Shall it be the aspirin of return to "the good old days," plenty of everything (if you have the cash), private industry unleashed and uncurbed, industrial tycoons doling out the meager bit that keeps the body alive but kills the spirit, narrow-minded political hacks infesting the halls of government—the same old painkiller Mom and Pop and the grandparents ran for? Or are we going to get down to business and find out what is causing the headache and eliminate the cause at its source?

The bursting of the atom bomb at Hiroshima and Nagasaki did more than end the war. It was the signal for the bursting of the bonds of dictatorship and oppression all over the world. The recent upheavals in Argentina, Venezuela, Spain, and Indo-China are indicative of this world-wide unrest. The touchy European situation makes us pause to think. Our own domestic troubles demand our attention. Is it any wonder our temples throb? But with so much to be done, where shall we begin and what can we do?

This thing of world peace is tremendous. So big, we can't encompass it all. It'll be easy to say, "It's too big. What can one man or a small group of men do?" But you *can* do something and I can do something and we can begin at home. We can take an active part in community government, we can familiarize ourselves with the records of the men and women who are up for election to office. We can accept our individual responsibilities to make America and the world a fine decent place to live.

We have another chance, one more reprieve before the abyss of total destruction. And don't think that that "can't happen here." Get a few of the rats like Hitler and Mussolini to tossing atom bombs around and, Brother, you and I just "ain't gonna be."



Too long have the people of America side-stepped their responsibilities in good government by glibly saying, "All politicians are just a bunch of gangsters with silk hats, and I'll not soil my hands. My reputation would be ruined by their frameups and smear campaigns if I opposed them." If they are "gangsters in silk hats," it is the fault of the American people for its stupidity and indifference at the polls. And as part of the American people, *we* ourselves must see that the election slates in our own communities are made up of honest, capable people—ourselves included, if necessary—and we must see that that slate is elected. The right to vote is the one bulwark against the totalitarianism we have seen destroying the rest of the world. As long as we have the right to elect our spokesmen and as long as we exercise it diligently and intelligently, you and I don't have to worry about dictatorship or oppression of any kind. We can be sure that what we believe is right and true will be carried out.

Yes, young America has a headache and a big responsibility in attaining world peace and bettering our own country, but we can do it; and it begins with you and me—right at home in Podunk Center.

If You Build a Better Mousetrap

■ The long dreamed of Student Union Building is now coming into the realm of fact rather than fiction. The first contribution was made sometime last week by an anonymous but charitable soul.

It all began when we looked in the big box in the Q-X marked "*Eliot* Contributions." The box was intended for *literary* contributions, but upon turning it upside down, a shiny new dime clattered to the floor as the day's "contribution."

Upon casting about for a project worthy of this noble act of charity, the first consideration was a mouse trap; but ELIOT's staff, with *Student Life's* recent editorial in mind, decided to invest the magnanimous gift in something of more lasting value—the proposed Student Union Building Fund.

P. S. Just received eight cents more via "the box."

Before and After

by Anita Heinrichsmeyer



Robert W. Krueger, ex-Naval Air Corps, now enrolled in the School of Engineering is typical of the hundreds of veterans at W. U. this fall. Still in uniform, he now devotes his study to the pursuits of peace rather than to death and destruction.



Professor S. C. Gribble giving advice to veteran Stanley Baldwin, freshman in the School of Engineering, while two other returning veterans wait their turn.

■ Perhaps no item of news was more joyously received by the some two thousand lonely co-eds of Washington U. than the one stating that more than four hundred veterans were enrolled here this year. Obviously we cannot tell you how nice it is for the returned service man to be here—from *his* point of view. But as far as we are concerned, it is very, very nice.

To aid and encourage participation in campus life, and to help veterans feel that Washington U. is really their school, the campus and Veteran's Bureau have gone all out to back up their welcome with a plan of activities designed for veterans. Under the guidance of Prof. Gribble, veterans' adviser and with the help of George Murray, President of the Veteran's Association, Washington plans to give its student veterans the best that college life has to offer.

Refresher classes will begin in November and December. For those veterans not having a full high-school diploma, tutorial work

will aid in catching up on subjects preparatory for college. Some veterans will be taking background subjects along with full college courses. The engineering and business schools are offering specialized work towards two year associate certificates. Other courses will be given, according to the individual needs of those not interested in a degree of any sort. Washington U's curriculum is being adjusted to meet the veteran's needs insofar as possible.

Equally important are activities. To the Veteran's Association, the activity organizations on campus extend a blanket invitation. Veterans are invited to compete with the fraternities for grabbing top honors in all Intra-mural Sports this year. And all other organizations are eager to have once again that long-absent, mature, masculine touch, which can do much towards sending Washington U. along the road to regaining pre-war position and prestige.

(Continued on page 17)



■ The door opened, and a small dark girl appeared in the narrow hallway. She wore a pale green suit and white linen blouse, which even in the dim light emphasized the darkness of her short, neatly brushed hair, and the clearness of her white skin. She picked up the two letters lying on the hall table, and hurried into her room.

In the new light, the young girl bloomed into a sparkling personality with a small, perfectly formed face, and a lithe figure which could easily accentuate any dressmaker's product. Dancing brown eyes looked down on a tiny, turned-up nose and a round rosy mouth. But even the illuminating light

could not capture the inner vitality and devilishness which were so completely a part of this girl, Kathleen Travis.

Kathy anxiously examined the two letters and saw the writer of one to be Daniel Gaines, Seaman 2nd class, and the other Master Sergeant Tom Stevens of the Army Air Corps.

From the nearby mantel, their portraits gazed upon her, one, Tom, a handsome lad with a strong, lean countenance and a mass of shining yellow hair, and the other youthful, boyish Danny, with a crooked onesided grin and unruly, dark wavy hair, tucked not so securely under a white navy hat.

Dilemma

by **Frances Richardson**

Illustrated by **Sally Bromberg**

Kathy knew that the time was approaching when she would have to decide which of the two likenesses was the most dear to her and should guide the rest of her life. The realization dawned that the letters she held in her hand might reveal to her the answer. Each of them could personify its writer and his thoughts and actions. They could decide which of the two men who loved her, she truly loved.

As Kathy began to open Tom's letter, she thought of this tall, striking blond who had been elected president of her graduating class because of the respect and esteem all had felt for him. True, his father was owner of the town's largest manufacturing industry, but he had stood out above his classmates for his strength of will and his ability to accomplish whatever goal he had proposed. His life had been built on concentration of purpose and seriousness of mind. Kathy's thoughts reminded her of her contradictory ways. This had been the only reason for dissension between the two. Tom had never joined in her frivolity but had constantly attempted to change her. He had molded the sort of person he desired, not the one she truly was, and at times her youthful heart longed for the freedom of her own will.

Perhaps this curbing was best for her, but she could not forget the sharp resentment she had felt at times when he had corrected her, or when he had thought her gaiety ridiculous. But his kindness and generosity had overshadowed this. For with Tom, she had walked on clouds, high above the others around her. At their school banquet, she had been seated at the head of the table beside the president. She had been envied by the other girls, because she had seen so many so-called expensive "places of the moment." With his money and his father's position, Tom had given her every desire.

If only that one obstacle had not reappeared, bringing with it doubt and ambiguity. For Kathy's vitality and bubbling fountain of gaiety and happiness often rebelled against the serious mind and grave disposition Tom expected her to have. She had often

wondered whether Tom's way of living would be best for her. For throughout their life together, he would be her guidance, but she knew that life certainly ought to have a portion of the security Tom offered. She could not recall how many nights she had lain awake, dreaming of her future as the wife of Tom Stevens. She had pictured her flowing white wedding dress, the numerous bridesmaids, and the people waiting to see her, the bride of such a prominent man. With this enchanting picture before her, she lowered her eyes to the paper in her hand.

"My dear Kathy,

The time seems to pass so slowly here at camp and I think of you often, and the many things we did together. Especially last night, while on watch, little things came back into my memory, things you did because you thought they would please me. I remembered the night of our prom, when you wore that year-old blue formal, and not your new white one—because I had asked you. I was so proud of you, looking cool and quiet, for that is the way I like you, my dear, and I can only say that all my love and thanks are yours for trying to be that way when you are with me.

Do you know, looking back, it seems strange that we two paired off, doesn't it? But on the other hand, maybe that's what brought us together. Perhaps your too vivacious enthusiasm needed to be calmed, and I do believe that you began to realize, when I asked you to marry me, just why I did that, didn't you? You found that school days can be filled with fun and excitement, but that life itself brings complications. Kathy, I'm so glad you finally understood that, and I'm thankful I realized it too, for I could never have received my stripes if I hadn't.

Well, my dear, I will continue to think of you constantly, and will hopefully await your answer.

All my love, Tom"

Kathy studied the words carefully, for every one was a true representation of Tom's guiding ways. She had almost formed the

(Continued on page 22)

H O M E C O M I N G



Pre-Game Parade

Homecoming is a ball game, a dance, a bonfire, and a queen. It is a re-visiting of their alma mater, and a reliving of their university experience for graduates. It is open house, and cheering, and excitement. This year, homecoming is all this, and more. This year it is an indication of Washington's return to normal, college life. How well it succeeds will mark the degree of our success in making this transition.

For each of us, undergrads and alums alike, this Homecoming is going to be a special landmark.—And it's going to be fun.

So . . . we'll see you all at the homecoming activities listed below:

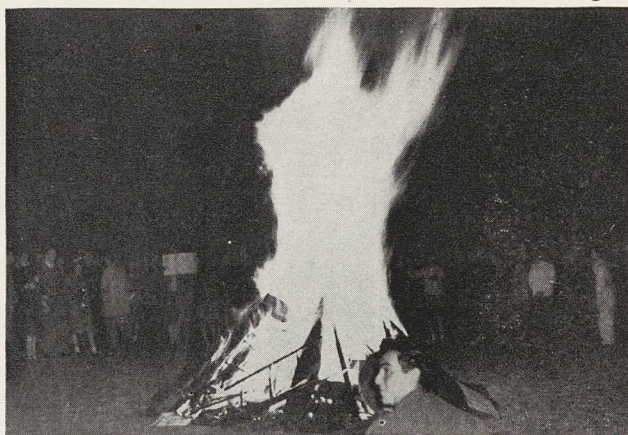
Friday, November 9th

8:00 a. m.—

Department of Education Breakfast at Stix-Baer-Fuller, 75c a plate. Reservations in advance from Dr. Frank L. Wright, 201 Eads Hall.

6:30 p. m.—

Alumni-Faculty-Student Buffet Supper at Candlelight House. \$1.50 a plate. Reservations must be made in advance in Alumni Office, 228 Brookings Hall.



Bonfire Rally—The Ole School Spirit!!

7:30 p. m.—

Bonfire and Rally north of Field House.

8:15 p. m.—

Basketball Game in Field House.

Saturday, November 10th

11:00 a. m.—

Alumnae-Student Hockey Game.

1:00 p. m.—

Law Alumni Luncheon honoring Dean Wayne Townsend in January Hall Library.

2:00 p. m.—

Final in Intramural Touch Football.

3:00 p. m.—

Sophomore-Freshman Tug of War.

4:00 p. m.—

Reception in Women's Building. Open house at Sorority Rooms.

6:00 p. m.—

Open House at Fraternities.

9:00 p. m.—

Homecoming Dance and Coronation of the Queen in the Field House.

Sunday, November 11th

11:00 a. m.—

Armistice Day Service, Graham Memorial Chapel, Rev. Frank C. Tucker, District Superintendent, Methodist Church.

Convenient

for All



by **Mildred Mosescu**

Illustrated by **Willis Peterson**

■ "Call for Pvt. Winters."

Yes sir—Telephone? . . . From Whom? . . . Well I'll see . . . Hello, who? . . . I don't know you . . . Yes, I know Mark Warden . . . Meet you? . . . Where? Okay . . . At 3938 Walnut Ave., at seven sharp . . . be seeing you then."

"Got a pass and got a date. It feels good to be actually going to Maxwell City. This ten spot ought to do easily. I hope Mark's taste in women hasn't changed."

"This street was sure hard to find, but at last this is the 3900th block of Walnut Ave. There doesn't seem to be a 3938, only a tree. What's next?"

Disgust covered his face. Suddenly a beautiful female voice called "Joe Winters?" He turned and his stare slowly turned to a smile as she told him she was Mark's friend. Then she went on to explain her plans for the evening, inexpensive and convenient for him.

"Dinner at LaSalle. The food is simply delicious there . . . Here we are, only a few steps . . . Oh, I hate to rush but I have an appointment at 8:00 o'clock and it is 7:15 now, so let's eat a little faster . . . Where? . . . Only to Professor White's house. It's only a twenty minute ride. Let's take a taxi, then we can make it in ten minutes . . . I have to discuss a few matters with him concerning my trip to Washington, D. C. When? . . . This evening, didn't I tell you . . . Yes, I have a ticket for the twelve o'clock train . . . I know you won't mind . . . my suitcase? . . . Oh, we'll have time for me to pick it up at my apartment."

"I'll only be a few minutes. You can wait in the taxicab . . . Here, I am . . . Late? . . . But the professor is so careful in his directions. He wants to be sure I know what he wants me to find out. I'm so tired. Let's stop at Delacorti's for a drink. Their Manhattans are superb. You don't drink . . . Well it's very mild . . . Yes, you can let the cab go, I'll order while you settle the bill. My, it's nice already."

"This Manhattan is refreshing. Join me in another . . . No? . . . I hope you don't mind if I do. The orchestra here is very good. You must come here sometime to enjoy it . . . We must be on our way, now . . . To my apartment . . . the traffic is so slow, shall we take a cab? . . . You're a dear."

"Home at last. Oh, I forgot my key. I hate to ask you but will you please climb

(Continued on page 20)

Peacetime Basketball Returns to



Coach Bob Kinnan pictured during a practice.

■ Return of peace-time basketball competition is in store for Bear fans this semester. The Washington University quintet will again play in Missouri Valley competition after a three-year war blackout. Other members of the circuit this fall are: Drake, Oklahoma A & M, Tulsa, and St. Louis U. Games with Missouri University have already been arranged, and prospects are good for encounters with Purdue, Arkansas, Wyoming, DePauw, Illinois, Indiana, and Texas Christian.

Practice started early in October and about 35 prospects responded to Coach Kinnan's call. The squad was cut to its present size about two weeks ago.

Former Big Ten Star Named Coach

BOB KINNAN, director of athletics, will coach the 1945 edition of the Bears. Kinnan, who returned to the Hilltop from active naval service September 1, originally came to Washington in October, 1940, assuming his

present position in January, 1942. Before joining the coaching staff here, he achieved a spectacular record as coach at the Muscatine, Iowa, High School.

Kinnan can boast not only of his coaching record, but also of his playing career at the University of Iowa. Besides starring on the varsity football team at the school and twice being named to Big Ten Conference squads, he received the distinction of being on the All-American basketball team in his senior year. His record at Washington is also one of which he can be proud, his 1942 quintet finishing in a tie for second in Missouri Valley competition.

Returning Veteran Cagers

WARREN SHOCKMILLER, engineering student, is the only player on the present team to have played under Kinnan's previous supervision. Warren was a member of the '42 Bears. He returns after 11 months' overseas service as Pilot of a B-17. Flying 27 sorties in the European Theater, he was awarded the Air Medal, the Distinguished Flying Cross, and three battle stars.

STAN LONDON, star of Washington U.'s quintet two years ago, returns to the Bears after spending a year at DePauw University in the V-12 program. While stationed at DePauw, Stan was elected captain of this cage team and was their high scorer. Bear fans will remember his clever passing and ball handling as well as his uncanny shooting ability. Stan is now a Navy student in the medical school, and although he finds it difficult to attend practice regularly, he will be a major factor in the Bruins' campaign this year.

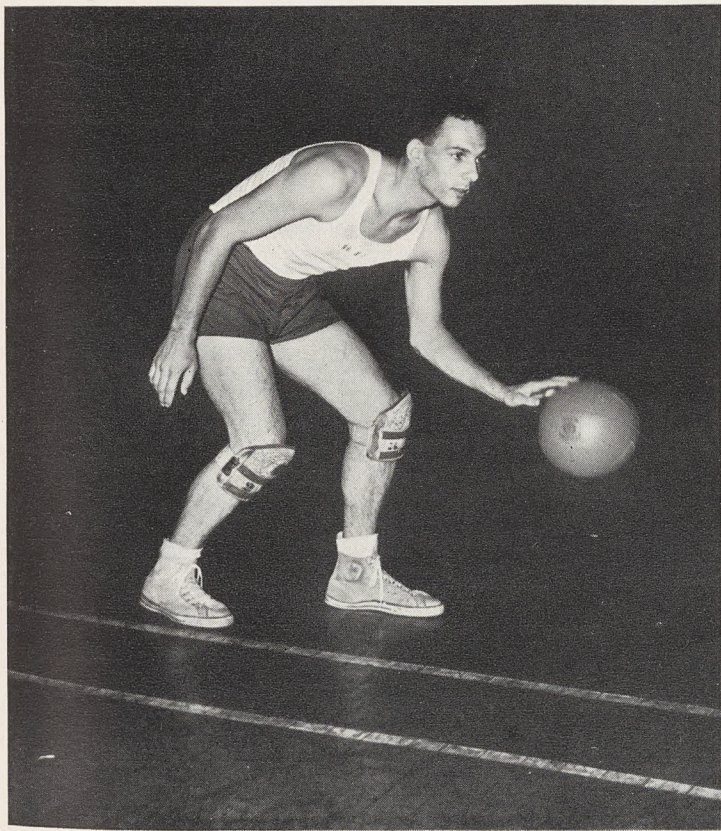
Another returning member of the '43-'44 team after a year's layoff is KEITH BRAKE. Keith was one of the high scorers two years ago and distinguished himself by his flashy playing. He and London were teammates, and like Stan, Brake attends medical school. One of his pet plays is to dribble the ball between the opposing players' legs, a feat which he has accomplished many times during past seasons. London and Brake, the backbone of the '43-'44 team, will again be integral cogs in the Bears' machine.

nto Campus

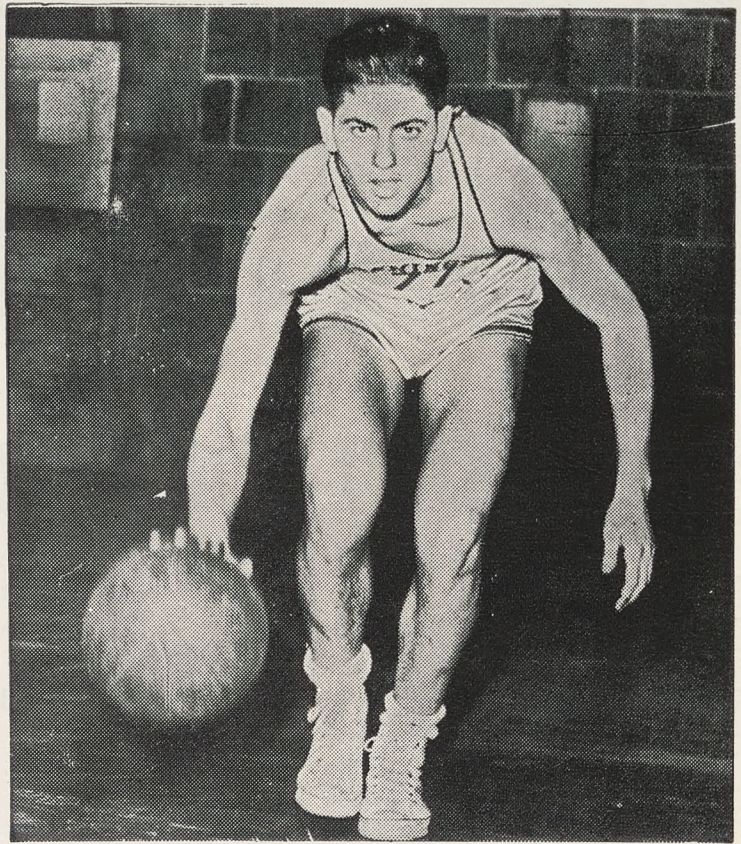
by **Don K. Schleiffarth**
and **Joe L. Oppenheimer**

Intra-Mural Sports **Hit New High**

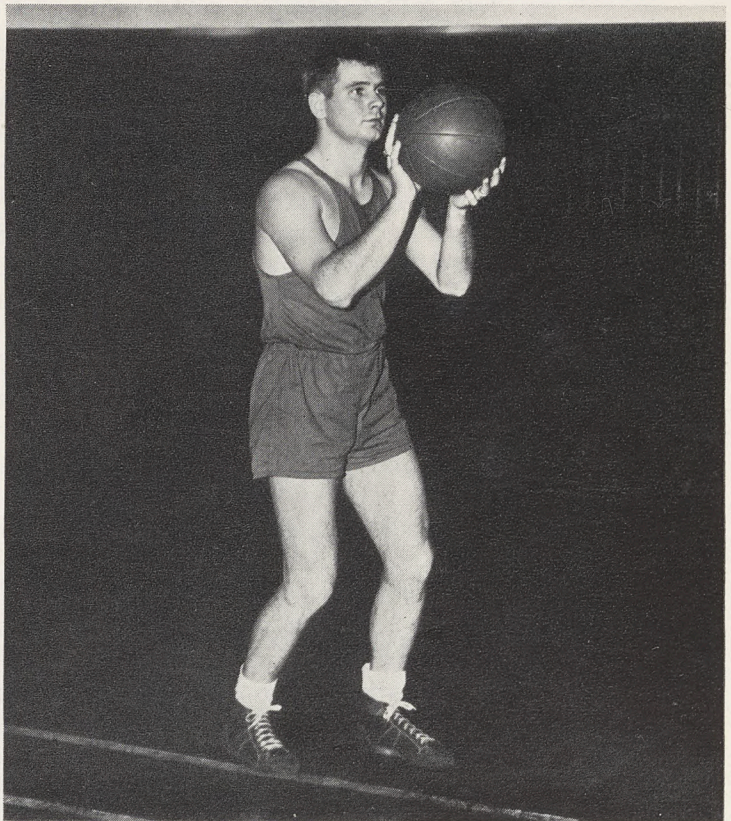
■ Peace-time intra-mural football is on a larger scale this fall than ever before. Fifteen teams have entered, forming two leagues. Plans have been formulated for the winners in each league to meet for the championship during the Homecoming week-end. Competition got underway October 15th, with Sigma Chi's and Phi Delt's, Pi Lambs and Betas being favorites in their respective circuits. Jim Schulenburg, Ray Cahill, and Gordon Heuser are the student committee working with Artie Eilers, director of intra-murals.



Keith Brake, guard, whose return to the Hilltop this fall will strengthen the team's defense.



Stan London, forward, who is expected to be a major factor in the Bears' offensive this year.



Warren Shockmiller, discharged flyer, prepares to shoot a basket.



PART-TIME JOB

By **LESTER J. DACKSEL**
Illustrated by **Harold Poth**

■ Big Ed was a good man. He was the kind of a man you like to have around. He stood over six feet with weight in proportion. When you were with him you felt at ease right away. Maybe it was the way he could crack obscene jokes and keep a straight face. Or, perhaps, it was his friendly, even temper. It's pretty amazing when you think of a man working forty years as a railroad switchman and still holding on to his sanity.

I used to watch him out on the loading platform. He would signal to the engineer for a switch of boxcars on track six. Ten minutes later they would be in on eleven. He would take his cigar from his brown teeth and announce cheerfully that the son of a bitch was drunk and that I should run down to the saloon and get him a quarter's worth of Peter Hauptman's.

Big Ed and I had some good times together at the yards. We both worked the same night shift, and ate lunch together around nine-thirty in the yardmaster's office. That is, nine-thirty to ten was the official lunch hour. Generally, we ate lunch on the job, and spent the half hour shooting the bull.

He could tell some pretty good tales, too. When he was drunk, the yarns were sad and meditative, and when he was sober, they would be delightfully obscene. Either way, though, they made good stories.

One evening when he was about half and half he told me one that I've never been able to forget.

"Bill was his name—Bill Corocan," he began.

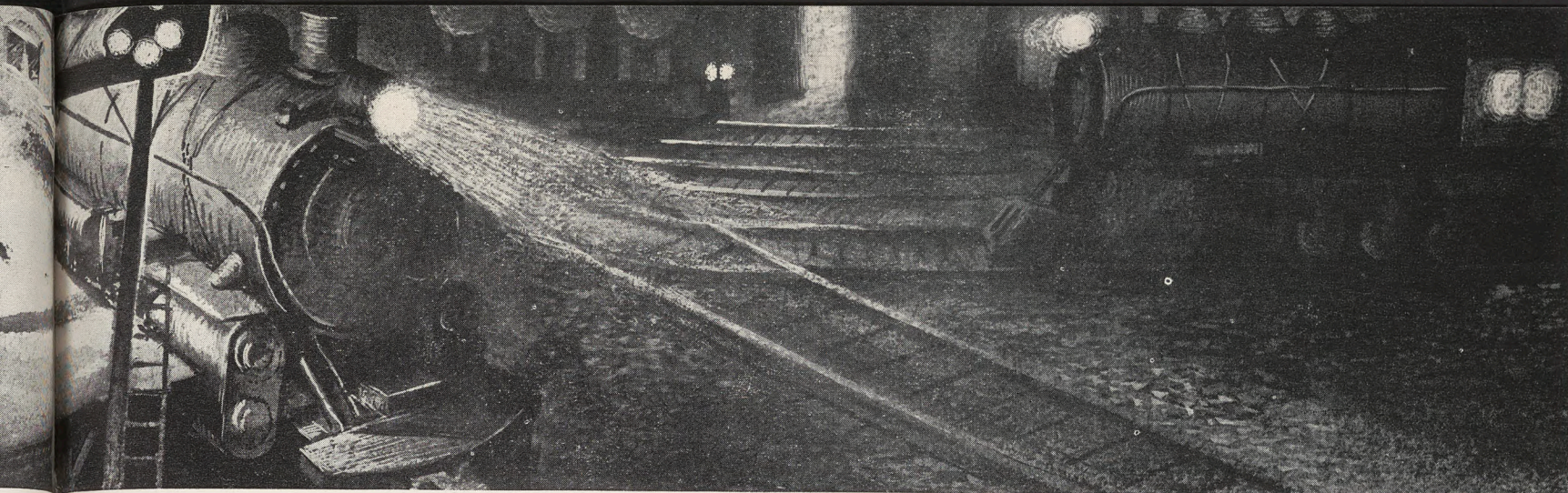
"Now this kid started things out right," he continued. "When he went to high school he used to study late like Billy-be-damned. I know that for a fact. Why, I remember late at night I used to get up to go to the bathroom, and I'd see the lights on in his room across the street. Sometimes two or three in the morning, and he'd still be at it.

"He graduated from the place back in '37, I think it was. Yeah, it was '37. That was the year Millie died. That was my wife, kid.

"Well, as I was saying, he finished up high school. Was damn near first in his class, I understand. That was in June. That summer he was down here working with us. Worked the split shift, and spent the most of his time with us in the yards. We use' ta wonder how he could put in his eight on the tracks, and go to college the next day. But he did it, by God.

"That fall he quit the railroad and went to college full-time. Took up languages, I think. Every summer though, sure as shoot-in', he'd be back at the yards.

"Now, I'm telling you right now that this Corocan kid was well liked. Never cussed nobody, and never got mad. Why, I remember once when a dumb Polack tickled him on the behind with a crowbar, just to try to get him sore. The kid just turned to the Polack and talked to him in his own language, and by God, when he was through,



the Polack looked the color of a box car from Kansas. Just that yella.

"We were all glad when he finished college. Came right down to see us again. Had a cigar for everybody, and that's no bull. And every guy in these gardens was glad to see him get ahead. I remember we finally got him to take a shot of booze for luck. He didn't want to, I don't guess, but he didn't want to hurt our feelings, either.

"After a while he left us, and walked across the yard to the yardmaster's beehive. We waved to him a couple of times and went back to our work. He must have cramped his foot between a rail and its spike, because the next minute we heard him yelling like hell back to us. We turned around and saw him trying to pull loose. Goddamn, but that kid sure fought to get loose. Then we saw a long flying switch come toward him on that track. We hollered to him, and ran at the same time. He fought like a trapped rabbit, but didn't have a chance.

"About a half hour later when the box cars were hoisted, we found parts of him over a half mile of track. He musta been pulled under the boxes for the whole length of track. It was the messiest thing I ever saw in my whole life."

Big Ed stopped and put down his cigar. He looked out of a dirty window in the office for a minute and then back at me.

"You know what that proves, kid?" he asked.

My throat was dry and when I didn't answer immediately he began talking again.

"You know what that proves? It doesn't prove a thing. It doesn't prove one God-damned thing."

It was about a quarter after ten when we left the yardmaster's office. I went back to

the building and Big Ed moved out into the yards. The night was misty, and a big light on the platform shone down on the tracks with cold, watchful brilliance.

I worked feverishly trying to get out the bill of lading reports for the next day. The work was monotonous and I was tired. I looked up absently at the wall and a greasy clock read eleven-thirty. I got up and took a walk down to the platform for some fresh air. Big Ed was hanging on a spring bumper at the end of the platform. He gave me the high sign.

"Hi, kid," he shouted. "How the hell are you?" He took a pint from his pocket. He could hardly stand.

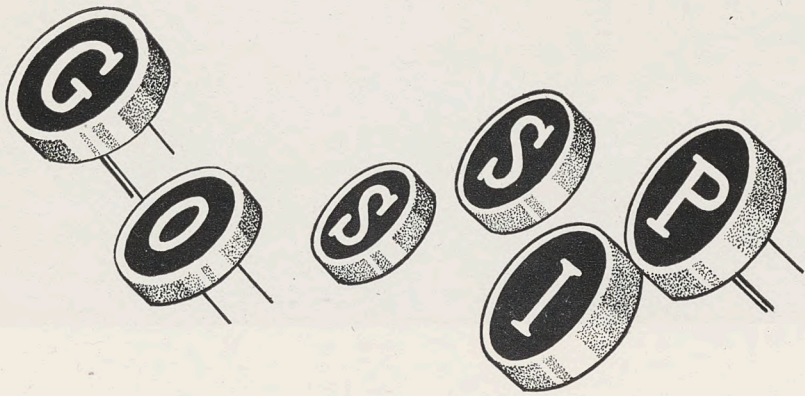
I asked him where he got it and he told me in a roundabout way that he got it from a brakeman.

I took out a cigaret and lit it, and the wet, limpid night air put out the match for me. Down the track from where I was standing I could see a switch of boxes coming in. They were moving with deadly silence.

"Hey, Ed, watch that switch," I yelled. "Hey, Ed! They're coming fast on the fly! Ed, for God's sake!"

The switch hit the bumper with a loud bang and bounded back. He never knew what hit him. He couldn't have. He was literally broken in two.

I ran for the foreman, and he came quickly. Pretty soon a crowd of people were on the loading platform. I stayed for a while and answered a lot of pointless questions. After the ambulance came, the crowd broke up and I left. It was one-thirty, quitting time for me, and I went back to the office. The place was cold and deserted. I picked up my thermos bottle, my trigonometry book, and my straight-edge, and went home.



Phi Delta Theta has established a firm beachhead in the Kappa pledge class with Ruth Busson, Robin Clow, and Marjory Verser sporting the sword and shield. . . . The "Daily Double" for the first two weeks of school was Pi Phi Mary Wiederholt and Sigma Chi Tommy Meyersieck, currently of the Navy. . . . Congratulations to Bea Parsons, Gamma Phi, and Sir Robert Bruce for winning a first prize in the fall horse show. . . . Jean Whitehouse, Delta Gamma, finally admitting that "Oh, Johnny" is her favorite song and proving it by being seen constantly with Sigma Nu, Johnny Hoff. . . . Two hearts that still beat as one: Barbara Taber, Theta, and Bob Covington, Beta, pinned last spring. . . . Bob Jehle, Sigma Chi pledge, seen around town with Shirley Tyer, Delta Gamma pledge. . . . Mariam Lewis keeps her Zeta sisters in suspense listening for wedding bells each time "Brandon" pops in and out. . . . K A brother George Nelson and Sue Fischel, Pi Phi, have pinned their hopes together. . . . We've noticed those Business School "Romeos" are polishing the old apple a bit lately -- hopefully making eyes at new blond statistics lab instructor Pat Flautt. . . . Our vote for the ideal Freshman couple goes to Marie Prange and Ed Lansche. . . . Prospective child-bride is June Gross, Pi Phi pledge who recently announced her engagement to Jim Varley S A E. . . . Kay Shubel, Delta Gamma pledge, getting gray hairs as a result of two of her men being sent to the same Texas Army camp! Ah -- that Army efficiency at work again. . . . Flash! This may start a new trend on campus: Ann Perrine Bauer, Theta, and husband Hank, K A, spending their first year of wedded bliss in school. . . . Still managing to capture that summertime rapture are Dick Gabbert, Beta, and Glo Moncur, Theta; Dick Roth, Beta, and Ginny Rodriguez, Pi Phi pledge; Bill Glastris, Phi Delt, and Nancy Schwarz, Theta. . . . Madelyn Comfort, Delta Gamma, and Bill Herman, Pi K A, looking dejected because so soon Bill will have to devote less time to the D G anchor and more to the Navy's. . . . Johnny Good, Beta, finds Belleville just around the corner from Kirkwood, with Ruth Driemeyer, Kappa, on the other side of the river to greet him. . . . Out of circulation since early this summer is Ruth Lee Reddish, Pi Phi, who announced her engagement to Dave Young July 15. . . . Peggy Echols Ladenburger, Kappa, June graduate and bride, expecting a little legacy come spring. . . . The K A brothers are playing father now, pacing the floor waiting for a Dalmatian pup to be born. It's going to be the K A mascot (or mascotess, as fate will have it). No cigars will be passed out!

Ghastly, Isn't It?

A drunk barged down the main stem.
Crash! He ran into a telegraph pole.

"Eshcuse me, sir."

A little further down the street he collided
with a fire plug.

"Eshcuse me, little boy."

Still further down he banged his head into
another pole and fell to the ground stunned
for a moment. Raising himself on one elbow
he was overheard to say, "Well, I guesh I'll
jusht lay here 'til the crowd passes."

Drunk in a telephone booth: "Number,
hell—I want my peanuts."

Mrs. Box: "Yes, our furniture is very
antique. This bed, for instance, goes back to
Louis XIV."

Mrs. Knox: "Oh, well, don't feel so bad;
our whole living room outfit goes back to
Cohen the 30th."

SCHOOL EXAMINATION BONERS

The equator is a menagerie lion running
around the earth.

To keep in good health, inhale and exhale
once a day and do gymastics.

The sacred chickens of the Romans were
the Vestal Virgins.

Esau wrote fables and sold his copyright
for a mess of potash.

Average is a nest. Hens lay on the aver-
age.

The epistles were the wives of the apos-
tles.

To germinate is becoming a naturalized
German.

Invoice: Anglo-Saxon for the conscience.

Edelweiss is a whitish substance made
from the bladders of surgeons.

A mayor is a female horse.

An optimist is a doctor who looks after the
eyes. A pessimist looks after the feet.

A papal bull was a ferocious bull kept by
the Popes to trample on Protestants.

A Protestant is a wicked woman who gets
her living by living an immortal life.

The dome of the Sistine Madonna was
painted by Michael Angelo.

Teacher: "Junior, what is a niche in a
church?"

Junior: "It's just the same as an itch any-
where else, only you can't scratch it in
church."

A small boy wrote the following narrative
about Elijah. "There was a man named
Elijah. He lived in a cave and had some
bears. Some boys tormented him. He said,
'If you keep on throwing stones at me, I'll
turn the bears on you and they'll eat you
up.' And so they did and he did and the
bears did."

Stella: "Molly told me you told her that
secret I told you not to tell her."

Bella: "It's beastly of her to have told you
that. Why, I told her not to!"

Stella: "Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you
she told me. So don't tell her I did."

The train came to a sudden grinding stop.
"What has happened, Conductor?" asked a
nervous, old lady.

"Nothing much, we just ran over a cow."

"Was it on the track?"

"No," replied the disgusted conductor.
"We chased it into the barn."



WHY NO, MISS TRAEGER, I DONT FEEL
RESTRICTED IN THIS CLASS!

Letter Types

By Victor Siegel

Boys in the office remembering you type:

"Hi Joe:

See, we never forget an old office buddy. Second time we've written these last three months. Boy, are we working hard back home. Gosh, they actually put us on a 45 hour week."

Change in physical standards type:

"They rejected me, Joe. Said my vision was bad. What I can't understand is how they got you. Your vision is 20/100. Mine is 20/40. Why don't you ask for a discharge, Joe?"

You gotta talk to the right person type:

"I don't see why you take all that stuff they fling at you, Joe. Why don't you see the commanding general and have that sergeant demoted?"

I don't see why you guys gripe type:

"I don't see what you're kicking about. All the best food goes to the armed forces while we starve back home. Sometimes I wish I were in the army."

University boy back home type:

"Joe, since you left we've been having the time of our lives at the University. There are 100 girls to every fellow and the girls are definitely hard up.

"That's really tough luck, Joe, being stationed in an area where there are so many soldiers in proportion to girls that even the Sea Hag wouldn't be a wall-flower."

Brush-off type:

"I'll always value our friendship very highly, Joe. I think you're a wonderful guy and I'm positive you'll find some wonderful girl soon, Joe. Please try to forget me."

Lonesome sweetie type—Dep't of Ambition:

"All my girl friends' fiancés are getting commissions. The girls actually look

down on me because you're only an enlisted man. Aren't you intelligent enough to get a commission?"

Lonesome sweetie type:—Vicarious Satisfaction Dep't:

"I missed you so much last night. I went out with Ralph Woodall and we stopped on Art Hill. You know our special place in Forest Park. We sat and looked at the stars and I was thinking only of you. Even when Ralph kissed me I made believe it was you—every time."

Lonesome sweetie type—True Love Dep't:

"Oh, honey, I miss you so much. Honey, I keep thinking of you all the time. Honey, I'm sending you some cookies I baked. I hope you like them, honey. Oh, honey, when are you coming home on your next furlough? I love you honey. Bye, honey.

Love and kisses, honey."

Lonesome sweetie type—Flaming Love Dep't:

Editor's Note: It is believed that this letter was so warm it consumed itself by its own heat. At any rate, when the envelope was opened nothing but ashes were found enclosed.

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“Poems Are Made by Fools Like Me”

CHOPIN NOCTURNE

A moon dappled lake
Shining through dusky trees;
The great solitude
Of star-illumined leas;
The call of a night-bird
O'er windswept steeps;
A Polish mother
Crooning her child to sleep;
A flutter of wings
Within green-roofed dovecotes;
A bit of the night
Captured in fragile notes.

—Virginia Lee Wassall

THOUGHTS ON AN AUTUMN DAY

While strolling through the forest with the
breeze,
My soul was cleansed of all its fears.
I saw the leaves fall from the trees,
And asked why God was shedding tears.

—Paula Tabachnik

OCTOBER

Yesterday the clouds hung low
So I could hardly see my hand;
A dampness seemed to cover all.
They brought the news at eventide;
You were safe, they told me then,
The sun's so bright I scarce can see my hand
again.

—Paula Tabachnik

THE UNCERTAIN HOURS

It was midnight and the tranquil moon was
gliding across the clear blue sky,
As I silently watched, thoughts of happy
memories caused me to sigh.
For time was swiftly and surely drawing
nigh,
Perhaps who knows, soon I might die!
My dreaming was shattered by a shrill com-
mand,
Then I knew the time had come; we were
to land.
The stillness of the tropical night was shat-
tered,
The enemy's position had been battered.
All however did not reach shore that fateful
night.
The battle was furious and was soon done,
And we knew we had decisively won.
But victory is costly and it took its toll in
the lives of our men.
Very many had answered the call and would
never fight again.

Soon orders came that we were to leave,
War leaves no time for men to grieve.
Soon we would be at sea again, way out
there,
Headed for—Only God knows where!

Again I looked at the sky,
Those same thoughts caused me to sigh.
Time was swiftly and surely drawing nigh,
Perhaps, who knows, soon I might die!

Raymond Vollmer

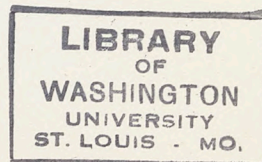
Before and After

(Continued from page 5)

Last year, the veterans' organization, though small, comprised an active part of campus life. This year it will continue its admirable work by steadily expanding to accommodate the influx of new members, which

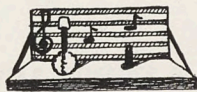
is expected to be considerable. (Cheers from the co-eds.)

Along with our welcome and the expectation of a successful year ahead goes the hope that the veterans of this war will not be the lost generation—but rather, the postponed generation.



Shop Hound

By Beverly Lueders
Illustrated by Florence Rundell



HOME SWEET HOME will be a little closer when you brighten your dorm wall with a "what-not" shelf.

Of fine wood with mahogany or walnut finish; painted green or red. The staff and note design form a charming background for your plants and special trinkets, and the shelf is large enough for a good representation. They call them "Notes from Hollywood" and are found in the California Shop for \$5.50—Scruggs, Sixth Floor.

WHILE BROWSING AROUND the Notion Department, Main Floor of Famous, we found the solution for that "jammed packed" closet—an Overdoor Hanger. It fits right over the top of the door and is perfect for those extra long robes and formals. Made of metal, it has ample room for five or six heavy garments. A felt covering protects the door from scratches—only 49 cents. Another handy item that has been off our list for some time are those metal skirt and trouser hangers. They are made on the principle of clothes pins and are so convenient that no closet should be without them. They sell for 35 cents or 3 for \$1—Famous, Closet Shop, Main Floor.



FIT TO BE TIED around your waist, around your neck, around your head. A large colorful scarf can answer many accessory problems. A large variety of prints—floral, fruit, clever figures and geometric nonsense, made of crinkle crepe at \$2.98—Scruggs, Main Floor.

IT'S FUN to make a hat! You don't have to be a Paris designer to whip up a dreamy chapeau. Just be inspired by Stix's Millinery Trim Bar on the Third Floor. You can start out with the basic calot, add a few vel-

vet roses and encircle the whole thing with veiling to suit your fancy. The Bar is also stocked with plumes, feathers, jeweled head bands, sequins, hat pins—everything for that certain hat. With this grand selection you can hardly decide what looks best, but the salesgirls are most helpful.



THE LOUDER THE BETTER! Ah, yes, we're speaking of those good-looking socks he's wearing. Gone are the days of khaki and navy blue. Inter-Woven features argyles with stay-up tops in wonderful color combina-

tions. We liked the ones in shades of tan and brown with a scarlet stripe running through the diamonds. These for \$2 at Stix, Main Floor.

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, but not for your favorite Western belt. Stix have them of genuine cowhide leather with saddle stitching and sterling buckle and trim. Made by Hickok in all sizes, \$1.50-\$3.50. We found the girl's version of our ideal belt at Kline's, Main Floor. Nip in your waist with this two inch natural leather belt, fastened by a gold ring. So basic that it peeps up any outfit. Adjustable to your size—\$3.25.



WE ARE SEEING more and more of those gold buttons worn on campus. The government issues them free but they are truly earned by the veterans who wear them. Recognize this button and the man as having served his country! The new thoughts and ideas brought by these ex-servicemen and women can greatly benefit the University. The Veterans' attitude, spirit and cooperation is very commendable—we are proud to have them join the campus parade.

THE NEW YOU--1945

BY BEVERLY LUEDERS

Illustrated by Florence Rundell



fect of front fullness; and outstanding fullness over the hips. Many of these full skirts start four or five inches below the waist, giving a long slim line to the bodice. To achieve this silhouette, designers are using such things as panels of tailor's canvas, paper taffeta lining, shaped padding and boning.



■ The designers have put their T-squares away and are using their compasses to inscribe arc lines of the 1945 silhouette. The new rounded look is very clearly seen in coats. Shoulders are padded and repadded, reaching the widest point three inches below the end of the shoulder. Roundness is emphasized by collar and shoulder yoke treatments. In all the fall coats you'll notice the nipped in waistlines or belted look. This is even true for the popular tunic coat. Often a narrow skirt is worn with the bulky three-quarter coat. Look for boxy jackets with the flare in the back. This year's coat silhouette makes '44 fashions appear skimpy.

With an increasing amount of material available, free-swinging skirts are generally being sponsored by the leading fashion experts. Note the back fullness which swishes as you walk; the dirndl, again making its debut, especially for evening; stomacher ef-

Balenciaga uses his ingenious faille petticoat. Skirts are worn longer for daytime, calf-length or ballerina length for dancing, and the ankle-length is back again with our beloved formals. Tina Leser, the designer, shows the exciting new uneven hemline as

(Continued on page 22)

Convenient for All

(Continued from page 9)

the fire escape? . . . The suitcase, where did I put it? . . . It's on that top shelf. Can you reach it, Joe? Step on this stool . . . Thanks a lot . . . Here, you can look at this magazine while I pack . . . Oh, don't worry, the cab driver understands, he'll wait . . . Ready now, Joe . . . It's only ten, how's that for time? . . . One more stop and then the railroad station. . . . I know you'll enjoy meeting my younger sister. She's a dear. Always sees me off at the station. She would be hurt if I didn't let her come this time. Only eighteen but she acts much older."

"Susan, I want you to meet Pvt. Joe Winters . . . I have to break a date with him in order to go to Washington, but you'll take care of him after I leave. He has a five o'clock pass. Lucky boy."

"There's the station . . . I hate to leave you dears . . . Joe, excuse me. I have to fix up. That will give you time to take care of our



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nice driver. Also will you send this telegram for me. Here's a list of addresses you can reach me by . . . Let's wait here for my train . . . There it comes, goodbye Susan. Goodbye, Joe dear, I'll miss you."

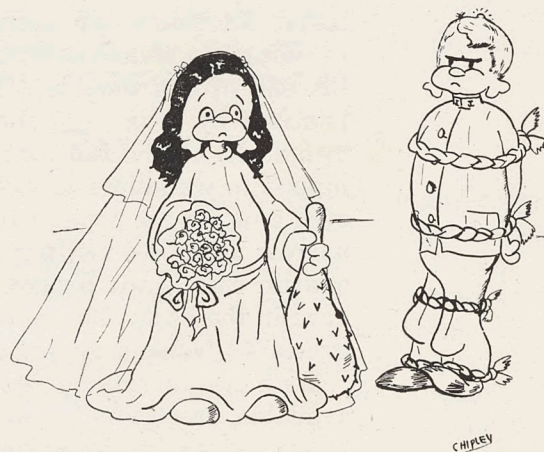
Then she kissed the handsome soldier good-bye, long and steady.

When the train had disappeared from sight, the younger sister turned to the tall soldier and in her sweetest voice said, "Let's go dancing at the Mayfair Hotel, they have a good orchestra."

"How much money have you got?" was the reply.



Her parents are in the iron and steel business. Her mother irons and her father steals.



BUT NORMAN, I'M TIRED OF PLAYING HARD TO GET!

The Finer Things of Life

By Mal Topping



ART

St. Louis Art Museum Exhibits:

November 5: Two by Four Society—Mid-West Museum Association. Print Gallery.

November 10-December 10: Oceanic Art. Gallery P.

November 17-December 17: Fifth Annual Missouri Exhibition.

MUSIC

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra Concerts:

Vladimir Golschmann, Conductor
(All concerts at Kiel Auditorium)

Guest Artists:

November 10-11: Nathan Milstein, Violinist.

November 16-17: Alexander Uninsky, Pianist.

November 24-25: William Kappell, Pianist.

November 30-December 1: Leonard Bernstein, Guest Conductor.

BOOKS

Required Reading:

This is My Beloved: Poems by Walter Benton.

Barefoot Boy With Cheek: College freshman antics by Max Shulman.

RECORDS

Popular:

1. Dave Rose (Victor):
"Nostalgia."
"Sweet Spirit."
2. Tommy Dorsey (Victor):
"Ain't You Glad You're You?"
"A Door Will Open"—Vocals by Stuart Foster and the Sentimentalists.
3. Ella Fitzgerald and Randy Brooks Orchestra (Decca):
"Benny's Coming Home on Saturday."
"Kiss Goodnight."
4. Jimmie Lunceford and the Delta Rhythm Boys (Decca):
"Honeydrinker."
"Baby, Are You Kiddin'?"
5. Woody Herman (Columbia):
"Put That Ring on My Finger."
"Bijou"—vocals by Woody Herman.

6. Frank Sinatra and the Charioteers (Columbia):

"Lilly Belle."

"Don't Forget Tonight Tomorrow."

7. Stan Kenton (Capitol):

"It's Been a Long, Long Time"—vocal by June Christy.

"Don't Let Me Dream"—vocal by Gene Howard.

Classical Shelf:

"Transfigured Night" (Pillar of Fire Ballet) by Schonberg.

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, Vladimir Golschmann, conducting.



Father: "Well, Son, what did you learn in Sunday School today? Anything new?"

Young Hopeful: "Sure, Daddy. I learned all about a cross-eyed bear. His name was 'Gladly.' We sang a song about him. 'Gladly the Cross I'd Bear.'"



Among Those Present

(Continued from page 2)

Mildred Mosescu, freshman in the Liberal Arts School, is the author of "Convenient for All," a short story appearing in this issue. And she tells us that the plot is based on actual experience . . . which seems quite possible to us after reading the story!

An authority on the finer things of life, *Mal Topping*, junior, Liberal Arts, gives you a few pointers on the current "unmissables."

Paula Tabachnick, winsome coed and sophomore in the School of Liberal Arts, lends her delicate imagery to the November poetry page with "October" and "Thought on an Autumn Day."

Also among the ELIOT bards this month is *Raymond Vollmer*, returned veteran whose "The Uncertain Hours" portrays the long anxious days and nights on the battlefield and the thoughts of a man who knows death may strike at any moment.

(Continued on page 23)

The New You--1945

(Continued from page 19)

the back or side of the gown gracefully flows into new lengths.

Sleeves hold the limelight in fashion this season. Balloon sleeves, large enough for two, use the deep armhole. Watch for leg-of-mutton sleeves, highly puffed ones, fullness below the elbow with a tight wristband, the "Papillon sleeve" which is soft and looks like a cape. The Dolman sleeve is having a revival this season; manufacturers have adapted their "winged sleeve" from this to achieve ease in line.

Rounded in at the waist, no matter how much fullness above or below. The doll waist is emphasized with midriffs, corselets, cummerbunds, sashes and belts of all variety. These not only give us the diminuendo waistline, but add changeable and colorful accessories. The waist silhouette repeats itself in our wide turned-up collar. The high "jewelry" neckline is the thing with dog collars, chokers, golden chains adding glitter to the costume.

The entire New Look is curved and rounded and applies to your coiffure and hat as well. Accent the shape of your head—pull your hair smooth with George Washington tradition, brush it high in a Grecian bun on top, or braid it into a coronet crown. The fashion hats of the season are made for such hairstyles as these. Fur "wig caps" snugly fit the head like a helmet. To keep pace with the exaggerated coat silhouette, hats have naturally grown larger and taller. They, too, have bulk in the rounded motive. Of course, we aren't responsible for what goes on top of the silhouette hat—anything can happen.

The silhouette continues right down to your feet. The shoe comfort of which you dream are soft leather boots and can be dated back to the Indians for origin. For more dressy occasions, platform soles are hitting a new high.

Yes, we have the bulky look, but it is handled in such a way that there is perfectly smooth balance from head to toe. Freak accidents don't just happen in the fashion world to launch a new silhouette. They are motivated by a definite trend and every part of the costume must follow this trend so that the result is coherence and comfort—THE NEW YOU — 1945.

Dilemma

(Continued from page 7)

conclusion that Tom was her choice, when she remembered the other letter which had to be read before she could justly reach her decision.

Feeling that she should be fair to both, Kathy dropped Tom's letter and proceeded to open Danny's — Danny, the carefree and light-hearted youth, who had meant so much to her girlhood gaiety. She recalled how easily he had been one of the most popular seniors, although he had had little money to spend, and had been forced to work behind his father's counter after school in order to obtain his necessary spending money. Looking back, Kathy knew she had never experienced so much real enjoyment with anyone, as she had with Danny. She wondered if perhaps its cause had been their similarity. They could work and play hand in hand because they agreed on so many subjects. With him, there was no need for her to act or pretend. She was just herself and that was the way he liked her.

The enjoyment she had first shared with Danny had been one of friendship and comradeship. But never could Kathy forget when both had begun to realize that this comradeship was growing into something deeper. It started to become plain in simple instances, when their laughing eyes met solemnly for long moments, or when one merely touched the other's hand. Yes, Kathy knew that dear, smiling Danny represented everything romantic and gay in her youthful life, but she could not yet determine how much of this gaiety ought to make up her future. Should it be guided by a firmer hand? She began to read.

"Dearest Kathy,

What a day of celebrating some of us have had here aboard ship. This morning we saw a little action when our yellow-faced friends tried to "give us the works." But those little five-footers can't even hit a ship anymore, so when all but two of their twenty planes were downed, we decided that it was time for a spree. One of our quartermasters took out a captured treasure taken from one of the islands. Guess what it was?—a bundle of grass skirts, all signed, sealed, and made to

order for our party. I guess they were more becoming on the islanders, but they surely did come in handy aboard ship. There was an old guitar in one of the bunks and it was overhauled for the affair. Just watching all the fun, I couldn't help wishing that you could have been here to see it, for you were always my picture of life and love, Kathy. Always stay that way for me. You could find enjoyment in doing little things, like just making popcorn or listening to records. I guess a sailor learns here in the Navy with miles of water between him and home, that it's just the little things like these that really make life worth living. We've got five old scratched records, and a fella who breaks one would rather meet a Jap than one of the crew. It doesn't seem to matter that they were made a couple of years ago. All I know is that it sounds like music from heaven, and one of them especially brings you nearer to me. Remember "Happy in Love?" I suppose I like that one the best, because it seems to describe us so perfectly. We found that loving is happiness, and that happiness is enjoying life. That has always been our way, and let us hope it will be for the rest of our lives.

They are beginning to send down signals to secure the lights so I'll have to end this letter for now, but remember, it's never good-bye in my thoughts.

My love,
Danny"

A faint smile spread over Kathy's face as she finished the last lines. Yes, that was Danny, facing danger constantly but writing only the light airy incidents that had happened to him. He could laugh in the face of trouble, be gay when even in the next moment life itself might be snatched away.

And yet was his way the right one? Did she need Tom and all that he stood for? Could she give up her cherished visions of comfort and the steadfastness he provided? Or, on the other hand, was life really living, that is as Danny said, a joy of living, having the pleasures of life in all their splendor and beauty, and meeting its problems with a smile of courage?

She pondered over the question before her. To which boy must she write? Which should she tell that there was no image but his in

her heart. Kathy glanced for the last time at the two letters, and suddenly the young face lighted with a glow of satisfaction, unhampered by doubt or obscurity. She arose, seated herself at the nearby table, and looked at just one of the pictures. Kathy had decided. She took paper and pen and after a short pause, began to write:

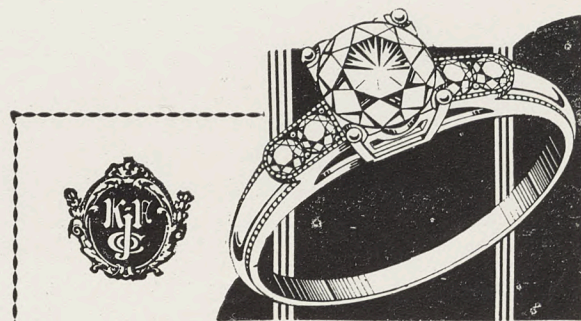
"Dear Danny," _____

Among Those Present

(Continued from page 21)

Beverly Lueders, fashion editor, is well qualified for the post. A candidate for Beaux Arts Queen last year, Beverly practices what she preaches, with commendable results. Her fashion article in this issue tells you all sorts of things you didn't know about yourself—"The New You—1945."

Virginia Lee Wassell, whose poem "Chopin Nocturne" appears in this issue, has received much recognition for her poetry, which she started writing in high school. By the way, "Chopin Nocturne" is pre-"A Song to Remember."



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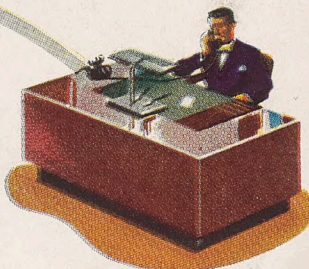


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