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*Smiling*

# Eliot



APRIL 1945

FIFTEEN CENTS



*Dress  
for the men  
in your life*



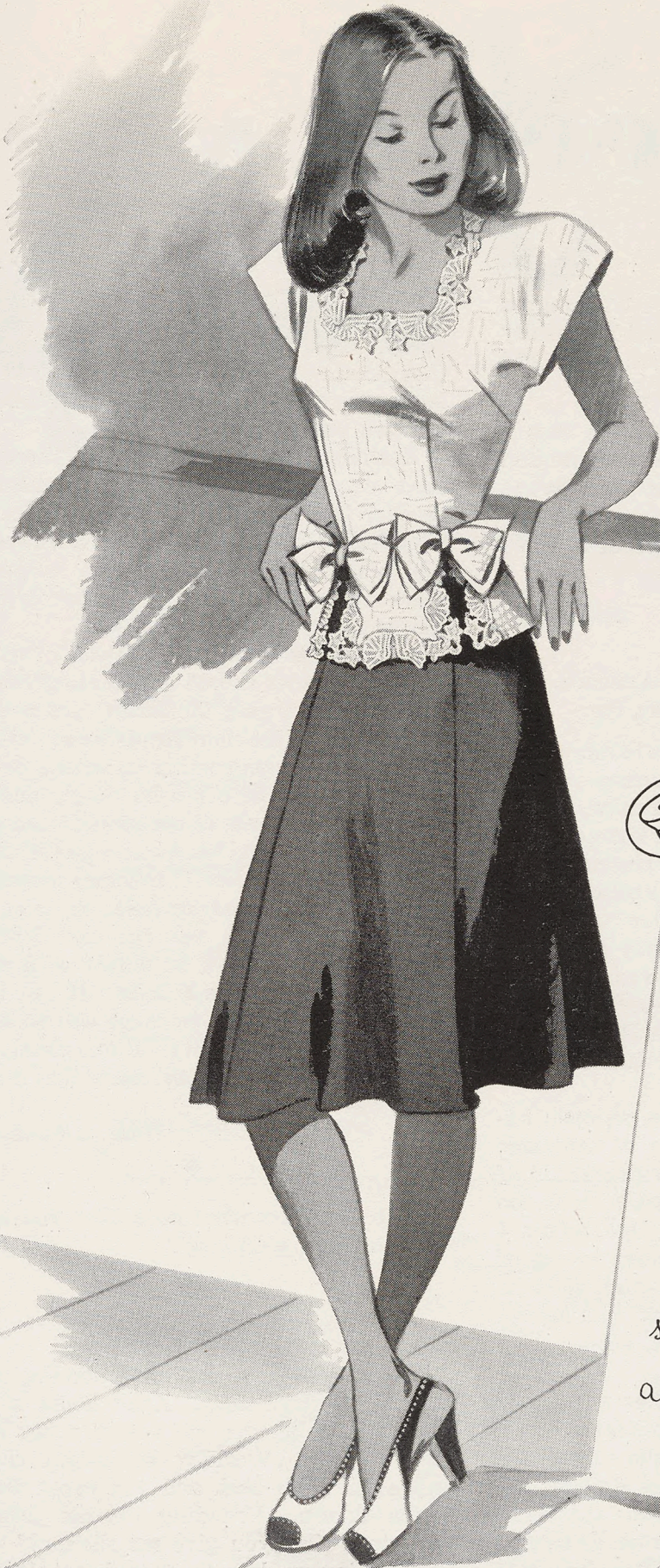
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a "two-piecer"  
of rayon butcher spun  
black/white · grey/white  
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sizes nine to fifteen  
about thirteen dollars

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Sold Exclusively at STIX, BAER & FULLER



■ Attracted by gay, tinny music, voices and laughter, I made my way toward the source. Discovering that I had encountered a carnival, there surged within me the remembrance of other carnivals I had enjoyed as a small boy back home. Only occasionally did one stop in Lebanon, Illinois, but I shall never forget the thrill of spending my few pennies, saved by painstaking thrift for the celebration. The ferris wheel, the hot dogs, the balloon man, and the colorful booths—the wonder and mystery of it all—came back to me as vividly then as it had in my youth.

I hadn't planned to go in; I meant to continue on down the street, to finish my walk and to enjoy the warm fragrant air of an early summer evening. But I could not resist; I had to stop, especially after seeing the man with the derby, the barker in front of the magician's tent.

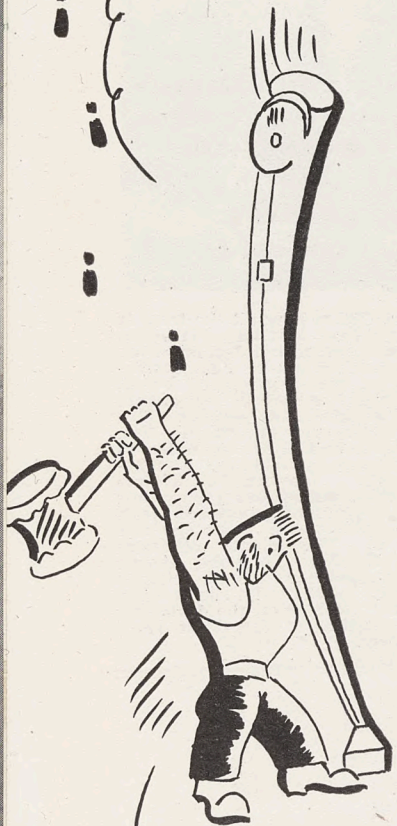
As he shouted the wonders to be envisioned within, his cigar bobbed up and down in his mouth. He was rather stout, with a ruddy, enthusiastic expression on his face. To attract more attention and to emphasize his exclamation, he was making elaborate gestures with his hands.

"Step right up, folks! See the most amaying tricks of the world. Majuska the Mystic will ab-so-loot-ly astou-und you with his gre-at, un-use-ual powers. Step right up, step right up and buy a ticket."

I did. Following the crowd into the already darkened tent, I sat on a squeaky wooden chair with an impossibly straight back. Majuska was an ordinary magician with the usual "amay-zing" tricks. Like the rest of the carnival fans, I did not mind being fooled by the cleverness of Majuska. After seeing rabbits appear from almost everywhere and witnessing a young woman come out alive after being cut in half, I decided to move on to another spot of interest.

It was then that I saw her. She was small, dirty, and had black hair that was divided in the back and braided into two pigtails; she couldn't have been more than eight years old. Her bright dark eyes seemed to miss nothing. All my former ideas about strange happenings and mysterious people connected with wandering carnivals returned. I was fascinated by the supposition that this was a child of an unusual background. Perhaps she was an orphan, a daughter of a sword eater who had killed himself trying to eat too large a meal of this peculiar delicacy. I was about to speak to her, when suddenly, upon her noticing my staring at her, she turned and ran quickly away as if she had just remembered something.

For a while I was so busy trying to win a box of candy by shooting at moving ducks and losing my money by consistently betting on the wrong numbers, that I forgot the strange child. From the top of the ferris wheel, I got a good view of the carnival as a whole. Though it was growing darker, I could still see the brightly colored banners on the tops of the booths; the red, green, blue, and yellow decorations on them; and



# Mystery of It All

MERYL MOEHLMANN

Illustrated by WILLIS PETERSON

the constantly moving, shifting crowd of families, couples, and children.

There! I caught sight of the little girl again as she was playing with a filthy brown and white terrier by the side of one of the carnival wagons. The two were happily scuffling in the dust when a clown came up to them. He was dressed in a red and white suit with big black buttons down the front, and was wearing a tall green hat with a yellow tassel dangling from the top. A pair of startled eyebrows was painted on his whitened face; his mouth was broadened into an ear to ear smile. He hopped about excitedly as he grinningly confronted the two on the ground. I couldn't hear what he was saying to them, and by the time I had moved closer, he was jogging away with the dog tagging along at his heels.

The little girl stood up, shook the dust from her clothes, and went to the fortune teller's tent. "Ah, Carita," began the old gypsy woman who was standing there. So eager was I to discover the identity of the child that I felt no guilt or shame at eavesdropping. A band began to play a little distance from us, and I could hear no more of what the gypsy was telling her. "Carita"—that was a Spanish word meaning "little face"—a fitting name indeed.

Carita smiled and started to move away. I saw the balloon man approaching and asked the child if she would like to have a balloon. She shyly nodded her assent. Carita selected a red balloon as she politely said "Thank you" in a pleasant childish tone. I was encouraged. The gypsy watched me disapprovingly.

My company seemed to please Carita and she did not seem inclined to run off as she had done before. I bought a hot dog for myself and one for my taciturn little friend. As she accepted it, I noticed that she looked thin—not extremely so—but she ate like a hungry puppy. At an adjoining booth we bought some pink cotton candy. Now, surely, was my chance to discover her secret.

I was right. At this moment a nicely dressed, dark-haired woman with a bright smile and a twinkle in her eye bustled up to where we were standing. Seeing Carita, she took her in her arms and said "Oh, Mathilda, my baby—where have you been? I have been looking all over for you. You are so dirty! What have you been doing?"

I opened my mouth to say something, but the woman didn't even notice me, and without waiting for the child to answer, continued, "Come along, dear, you must be hungry. Daddy will be waiting for us. We are late."

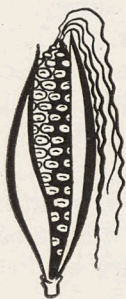
Ha! My mystery child of the carnival, Carita—being rushed off to an impatient papa—Mathilda! Carita, my word! I walked out past the gay, laughing people, beyond the booths with the gayly colored banners, by the barker with the derby, and out into the street. The noise of the carnival gradually faded in the darkening summer evening.



# More Corn or My Friend Arky

By J. S. BIERMAN

■ On every campus there is an Arky. An Arky is a fellow who will try and take your girl away from you with deceitful and cunning lies. If you are going to curse someone out, don't use the mild words that you read in FOREVER AMBER; call the no-good an Arky. In the following paragraphs you will find a description of the original Arky. See if the description doesn't fit an Arky that you know around campus.



In starting off I want to say that I will never hold a grudge against Arky. I will never get that close to him. Arky and I were adolescent playmates. We took Gym together. He was a big boy and neither of us could take him alone. One of our favorite exercises was doing deep knee bends. Arky used to go down so low that when he came up he got deep sea "bends." When everyone else was running a mile, he would walk a mile because he had a pack of camels in his locker (1942). In wrestling he was very good at a body block, since he was such a square fellow. His specialty, however, was tumbling. He liked forward rolls, backward rolls, and when he went to lunch, Ward's rolls.



Arky was not such a brilliant student, but he could talk. He knew how to express himself—especially on tests. That's why we called him "pony express." I never saw much of him on campus. I guess that he must have had private teachers, for he always said he was in a class by himself. German was his specialty, since he was in dutch so much. His attendance was not very regular. He could skip classes very easily, for he knew the ropes. Poly Sci never gave Arky any trouble. I always did say she gave in too easily. Arky was a marvelous artist. He could draw flies very well. On the whole, Arky always had his lessons prepared—by somebody else.



I think that Arky had a persecution com-

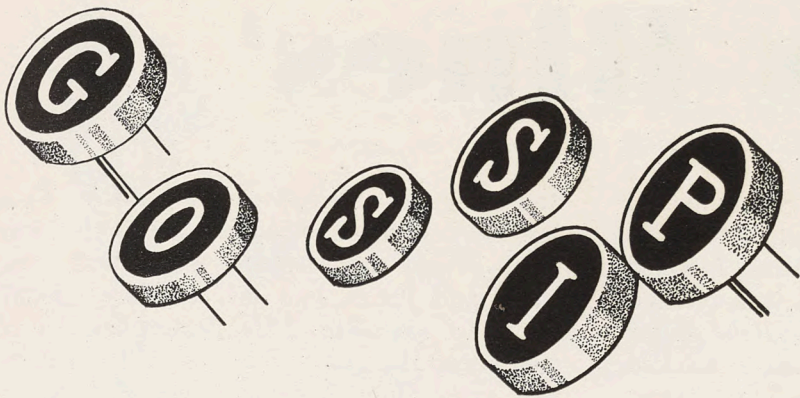
plex about his jokes. The boy thought that someone was tripping them so that they would fall flat. He thought his jokes were sublime. I thought they were sublemon—pretty sour. Everybody, however, agreed that his jokes took after his native state of Oklahoma—pretty dry.

Socially, Arky was all right. He knew how to get along, and sometimes people told him to. I used to call him compass, because he said he went around in the best of circles. He was very polite, offering any lady his seat—his conceit. In a theatre our original Arky had absolutely no manners. In "Stormy Weather," when they were singing "Don't know why there's no sun up in the sky," he got up and yelled "cause its nighttime." Arky's temper was awful sometimes. He got angry very easily—he must have come from IREland. Our hero's hobby was weight-lifting. Hence he was always trying to pick girls up and when he did he got dumbbells.

Arky's room was a mess. He never cleaned it. Pools of blood, which he had sweated studying, were congealing. Pennies lying about were screaming with pain from being pinched so much. Although Arky is the tightest person I know, I think that he has a screw loose some place. I used to feel sorry for him, though. He always had a tough time with his finances. He used to stand in the corner, because the ends met there. His room was cluttered up with books, but Arky's literature must have been very fragile, for he always mentioned "cracking" books before tests.

The above description should be enough to picture an Arky for the average person. But the inquisitive reader will want to know a little bit more about an Arky's big idiot-syncretasies. I hope that the following miscellaneous list will suffice for a description.

*(Continued on page 16)*



Sue Ramsey, Theta, and Bill Milks, Beta--pinned a year April Fools' Day. Hmmm! . . . You should have been at the Sigma Chi's first singing practice when Big Ed Lansche was declared chaf and separated from the wheat . . . 24 hours was all the Air Corps could spare Lt. Bill Alcher so he could see Bev Burton, Pi Phi. That's life! . . . Rumor has it Lois Lubbenhausen Gamma Phi, and Wally Waterman, Theta Xi, are steadying . . . Quad show kiddies had to have their little fling every night after the SHOW.

Meredith Pemberton, Pi Phi, and Midshipman Bob Sauer announced March 24 they'd take the fatal step May 26 when he gets his commission. Helping tie the final knot will be bridesmaids Shirley Pemberton Rumer, Nell Anderson, Dotty Gaskill, Pat Jaquith, Mickey Kruth, and Bob's sister Betty . . . Contrary to last month's rumor, Dave Barnes, Sigma Chi, and Kathy Colburn, Kappa, want it known they will get pinned when they want to . . . June Humrichouse, Theta and Ed Wood, Beta at Washington U. Med School vowed "for better or for worse" March 17.

Nancy Davis, Phi Mu, seen slipping off her shoes to count, as the number of missions of a certain B-29 piles higher . . . Marian Meyer, Delta Gamma, stumping the experts with the periodic appearance and disappearance of that Theta Xi pin . . . Betty Gauss, Pi Phi, and Cligg Zell, Beta! B -- Bwang! . . . Pat Collition, Tri Delta, and Bob Whiteman, Sigma Chi, cutting classes to see each other after a lonesome Easter vacation . . . Ceil Ramsey, Theta, riding on an eight-day pink cloud with Beta, Navy med-student, Bob Buck, at the wheel.

Neil Buckles, Roland Tait, and Bill Cox, Theta Xi's, feeling the hot breath of the draft board . . . The Ann Thompson, Kappa, and George Morgan, SAE, combination is becoming a habit . . . Phi Mu, Dorothy Mueller's TKE, Bill Wallingford, writes from Great Lakes that his new Easter suit was blue. He decided on the color because "That's what all the other fellas were wearing" . . . Pidgeon, Pi Phi, got some ducks. Guess who from? None other than Covington, Beta, while he was imbued with the Easter spirit.



# St. Louis Blues

■ It was my first night in St. Louis. I wanted to like the city. Standing before the wide doors of the Greyhound Station, I looked up at the clear, clean sky and was pleased by its similarity to the sky I had lived under a thousand miles away. The stars blinked playfully and the moon grinned greetings. Then, an open newspaper carried by the wind struck me in the face. My eyes ceased their rapt worship of the heavens, and I scanned the streets. Papers, dirt and cigarette butts covered the pavement and collected in mounds at doorways. Empty garbage cans, ugly and battered, stretched in ragged lines before unpainted buildings. On a high wooden box, partially covered with the evening's newspapers, sat two stout, heavily-roused women. A lurching Negro stepped into the road and automobile brakes screamed as he fell awkwardly into a puddle of mud and water. The two stout women laughed. St. Louis is a city of shabby men and unswept streets. I walked, saddened, towards the busier section of the city.

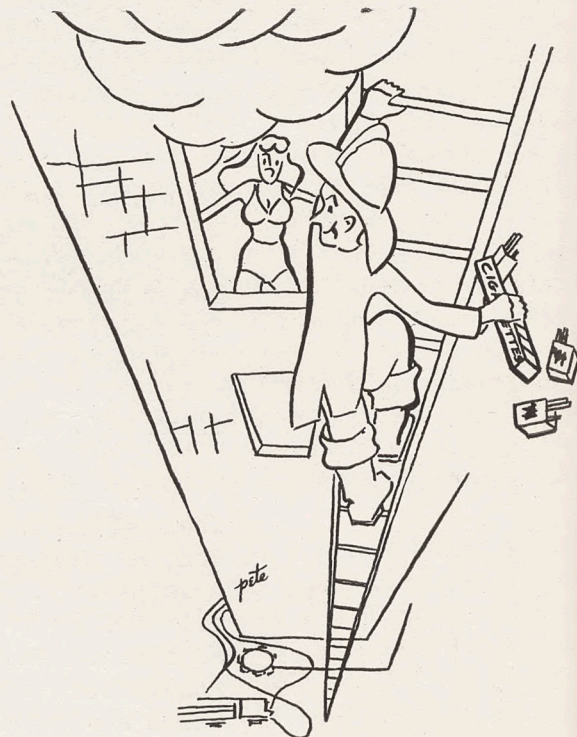
Pushing, rushing crowds elbowed into trolley cars and movie houses. Brightly dressed, pale-faced girls sauntered past lonely soldiers and giggled invitations. The street lights shone weakly through a halo of soot and insects. I entered a hotel lobby and rented a room. An ancient elevator rocked and groaned as it carried me upward. The room was colored the faded green of dried, dead leaves. A writing desk leaned unsteadily against a corner wall. Through the thin doors came the sounds of mingled gruff and shrill voices and uncontrolled radios. I thought of rooms decorated with fireplaces and books and deep blue upholstered chairs. St. Louis is a city of worn rugs and broken furniture.

Ignoring the decrepit elevator, I felt my way down the warped stairway of the hotel. A frightened rat leaped from a shadowed corner and squeaked into its hiding place. I opened a door leading to the outside and the air seemed painfully stagnant. The rear exit I had used faced a gloomy alley. Grey clothes hung in still disorder across stretched lines. On all sides the high buildings towered, ugly

and irregular and oppressingly filthy. From the lower broken windows arose the dank smell of old concrete and wet bricks. Past rains and floods had left clammy, ghostly decay to complete their destruction. I remembered the quiet whispers of the willows that grow along Hudson Lane. St. Louis is a city of huge rats and damp cellars.

Bitter at a civilization that creates sordid living places and beautiful cathedrals, I entered a neon-advertised tavern. Hard-faced girls brought me drinks and their scarlet-tipped fingers clutched for my money. The *music-box* rendered "Pistol Packin' Mama" and the half-drugged patrons swayed in uniform ecstasy. There were no gaily checked napkins and bright eyed waitresses. This wasn't like The White Birch, nestled on Croton's highest hill.

Late that night I settled in my bed and rats and derelict drunks crowded my dreams. The following morning I was overcome by the indefinable urge to complete an unfinished pattern. I deliberately quickened the city's retrogression. Across the lavatory wall I scribbled, "The Hell With St. Louis, 1945."



"Sorry, next trip"



**C** is for Chaos, which reigns supreme in "Charley's Aunt," as a result of an 1890 college Joe's antics. He masquerades as a wealthy widow, whose name, Donna Lucia d'Alvadorez, he cannot even pronounce . . . can you?

**H** is for Heady and Hoff, the juvenile leads, who alternate their moods by appearing moony-eyed from love, and then frustrated from attempting to make a 'lady' out of Charley's would-be aunt.

**A** is for Arnold, Director Wayne Arnold, who, after a few more rehearsals, can qualify for the track hurdles team. He's getting very limber from vaulting over the footlights onto the stage periodically to correct some bits of stage business.

**R** is for Reserved seats, which will be set aside for those who want them for any of the three performances, May 9, 10, or 12. Get yours early, unless you relish perching on the rafters . . .

**L** is for Longevity. This play was first presented over fifty years ago in 1892, before motor-cars, wireless, cinemas, or airplanes were ever heard of. It has never failed to pack in audiences, and this Thyrsus production should be no exception.

**E** is for Effort, especially that of the stage crew and costume committee. Three sets have to be constructed; every afternoon stagehands can be found hammering their thumbs onto flats, or twisting paper roses through trellises. Costumes have been resurrected from old formals, draperies, and dressing-table skirts; straw hats are being snatched from unsuspecting males' closets, and the crowns made more shallow to resemble those of the gay '90's.

**Y** is for "Yes!", which all of the three ingenues eventually say to their suitors before the third act curtain falls. Charley's aunt has taken advantage of kissing the girls on every occasion, since 'she' is such a sweet, loveable old lady!

**'S** is for Stebbins, who portrays the fake Charley's aunt, and takes delight in the situation and such lines as, "Thank you for this lovely flower—I'll have it stuffed."

**A** is for Antiques, which will be in abundance on stage. They include overstuffed sofas and chairs, statuary on pedestals, a desk, cupboard (for champagne . . .), a table under which Charley's aunt hides from 'her' suitors, and even a gold harp. One piece which is still needed desperately is a teacart. (Charley's aunt is not classified as an antique, although 'she' does look like a stuffed relic at times . . .)

**U** is for Underskirt, of which Charley's aunt has two—one is only for "Sunday-go-to-meetin'-wear," to be donned and exposed on performance nights; the other 'she' uses to practice flipping around stage in during rehearsals.

**N** is for Nowhere, that the props committee seems to be getting, while trying to find that afore-mentioned teacart. Every antique shop and Thyrsus member's home has been searched for one. Can any reader offer suggestions as to where to look next? The Q-X soda fountain will not be a good substitute, even if no teacart can be found . . .

**T** is for a number of things—it can be for the cup of Tea which somehow gets poured into Alan Tuegel's top hat in the second act; or for the . . . you guessed it . . . doesn't anyone have a teacart to loan? And lastly, T stands for Thyrsus, the dramatic group which is responsible for this production . . . Various people have already begun work on set-building, costumes, lighting, make-up, publicity, and . . . looking for a teacart. All of them are determined to see that this production becomes something people will enjoy and remember. This play is going to be Tops—with a capital T.





*Learning, and Culture with a Capital "C,"  
The kind that accompanies an A.B. Degree—  
The whole damned thing appealed to me  
And so I came to college!*

■ A freshman! Such was I when I entered the College of Liberal Arts this fall. Not sixteen or seventeen years old, but a freshman, nevertheless, possessing all the usual enthusiasm for what lay ahead and, perhaps, even more of it for having waited many years for the day to arrive. Then I heard about the slow, inescapable torture called "Freshman Gym." "Freshman Gym!" How I hate those words and all the humiliation, physical discomfort, and waste of time they imply.

Hope dies hard in all of us. Even I took courage when a senior, a learned senior, tried to cheer me up. "Oh, you won't have to take gym," he assured me, "Just get yourself a letter from your doctor saying that you are not physically fit." I dashed to the telephone, called my doctor, and explained my predicament. "Look, Doc Webb," said I in the most plaintive of tones, "I can't trip around on a hockey field with all those young things, dressed in nothing but shorts and a shirt."

"Why not?" was the heartless reply. "Best thing in the world for you."

I was getting nowhere fast; so I tried another approach. "Surely there is *something* wrong with me," remembering that an insurance company had once turned me down as a bad risk.

"Not a thing in the world," he shot back.

So that was how it stood—not healthy enough to get an insurance policy but still too much breath of life left to get out of this

disagreeable "frosh detail."

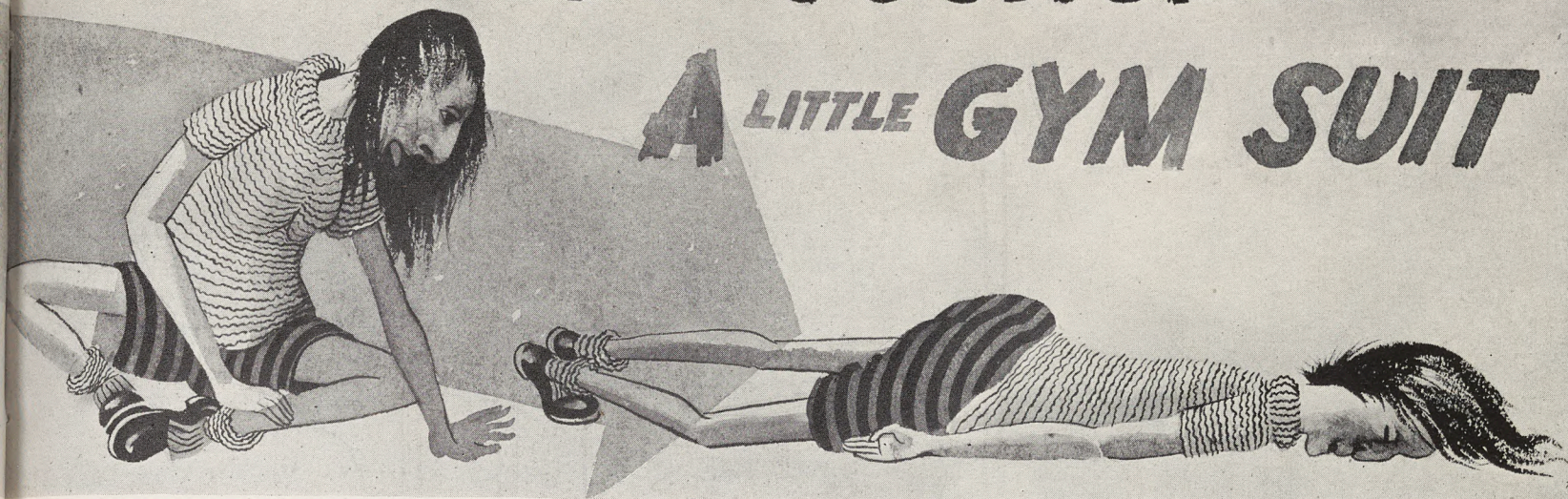
Well, there was no use hinting any longer. "You could write me a note saying that *there is something* the matter with me," said I, pointedly.

"Not I!" And I knew it was useless. "Get yourself a little gym suit, and let me know how you are getting along." This from the man I considered my friend; who had seen me through sore throats, the itch, and everything but measles. So now I am taking "Freshman Gym," and some day, if I live through it, *I'll let him know* how I am getting along.

If you are over sixteen and like to maintain your dignity, let me say this to you, "Don't take 'Freshman Gym'." Being told by a teacher no older and, perhaps, younger than yourself that you must squat down on a dirty gymnasium floor while attendance is being taken is humiliating to say the least—not to mention the additional discomfort of stiff knees and the cleaning bill for your best tailor-made suit. But you are told to do it and you do it!

And have you ever tried to open a combination lock? On my first day of "Phys. Ed." I was given a series of numbers and told to spend the whole hour, if necessary, learning how to open my locker. Here was something I *could* do, I thought to myself with self-satisfaction. No limber muscles or excess of energy required for this—just good plain common sense and, of course, I had plenty of that. I tried it once—no luck, twice—still no luck, and by the end of the period I had decided that, perhaps, the secret lay in limber muscles or energy because my good common sense hadn't yielded me anything but a sense of frustration and a frightfully bad humor.

# GET YOURSELF A LITTLE GYM SUIT



All day I worried—straight through Greek, Psychology, and a Botany Lab—until the sophomore daughter of my best friend took pity on me and taught me the trick. So far all I had gotten out of athletics was a phobia for locks of all kinds.

By  
**KRINE WETTEROTH**

Illustrated by **HAROLD POTH**

That and loss of modesty. If you have any modesty before you start taking gym, you can be pretty sure that you won't keep it long. Trying to cover your anatomy with the finger-tip sized bath towel provided is no easy matter. In fact, about all you can achieve while running to and from the shower (which, by the way, is required whether you have had your usual Saturday night bath or not) is a sarong effect; and I can assure you that there are no Dorothy Lamours in my gym class. You give up the effort and your humiliation is complete.

But after all, what is humiliation as balanced against the exhilaration of a game of hockey. Hockey, you know, is the required freshman sport and words can hardly describe the fun it involves. First, you don a pair of shorts and a shirt—the shorts are worn in cold weather because you are likely to become overheated by the strenuousness of the game. Since I play at nine in the morning when the air is good and crisp, for me there is not that danger to face. Well, after putting on the shorts and shirt you put on a pair of shin guards to cover your ankles. Whoever invented the game took it for granted that the players would be good enough sports to do any hitting with hockey sticks at ankle level. One of my fellow players, who calls me "Grandma," forgot herself just a little the other day and tore open one of my fingers. A bleeding finger is just one of the minor pleasures of the game, I have

been told. So far, we freshmen have been most unappreciative. We were very much ashamed the other day when a dog picked up the hockey ball and absolutely refused to relinquish it. Apparently, he had enough sense to enjoy the game to its fullest. (Or, perhaps, he is trained by the gym department to set an example for freshmen.)

In "Phys. Ed." you are allowed fifteen minutes for dressing. That includes the time it takes to get from Givens, the art school, or wherever you happen to be during the preceding period and any necessary hunting for lost socks or shoes. Then you play hockey for about twenty minutes or half an hour. At just the point when you are managing to work up a little interest or when you see a chance to return the "sock" in the arm one of the girls who calls you "Grandma" gave you earlier in the game, you are told to run like mad back to the locker room. There you take an icy cold shower, throw on your clothes, and rush across campus to your next class with a strand of hair hanging in your eye and no lipstick on your lips. If you get a C in the course that follows gym, I suppose you can feel very satisfied because most professors are sensitive creatures and feel very hurt if you finish your toilet during one of their inspiring lectures. Now, you can imagine how I come out in the mad race to the locker room and across campus.

When I finally emerge from the shocked state and the mental numbness about two hours later, I ask myself whether this whole affair is not merely a device to get freshmen in the habit of taking baths regularly. I suppose it is all part of this thing we call "Culture," but no matter how you spell it, I still won't like Freshman Gym.

# CASTILLA



Nedy

# FOR SPRING & SUMMER

Sketched are some of the practical clothes for a spring and summer wardrobe that were created by Washington University dress designers. Each has been chosen for originality of cut and adaptability to your own wardrobe. Many of the ideas, such as the washable white pique coat, may be incorporated into your summer clothes plan even though you might not use the complete design.

*Far left:* Designed by Ruth Boles, this grey rayon gabardine lumber jacket and shirt are completed by a white blouse with a detachable scroll design of gold sequins. The drop shoulder line of the jacket is news this spring and is a silhouette that will be repeated often next fall.

*Center left:* The contrast of navy blue and white spun rayon emphasizes the original cut of this dress designed by Betty St. Denis. The white shoulder panel and the slimming effect of the vertical lines are both flattering to any figure.

*Left:* Another design by Betty St. Denis is this white pique coat so ideal for city summers. Nipped in waist, large pearl buttons, and cool sleeves are features of this coat for day or evening.

*Right:* A refreshing, new note in line and color is used in this play dress by Nikki Henderson. The color scheme, orange sherbert and black, combines with the flared cape back and midriff to make a comfortable dress for play.

*Extreme right:* Nail heads and denim make a catching combination for eyes and sun. And there's plenty of chance for sun tan in this midriff and bare back play dress designed by Mary Jo Chulick.



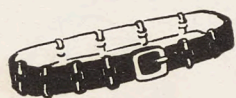
# Passed--and Perfect



1. **SHIRT TALE!** Once upon a time good blouses could be purchased at a reasonable price and with little difficulty. But now those days are ordinarily a thing of the past, so when we discovered this wonderful blouse on the second floor of Scruggs we had to tell you about it. The government bal-

loon cloth makes it a sound purchase for any one; but the price, \$4.98, makes it doubly so. In black or white (sizes 12 through 16). You'll have a cool, comfortable, and wearable standby for the hot days ahead.

2. **A DATE FOR MOTHER'S DAY—**Chalk it up on your calendar and instead of the traditional candy, why not give a variation—dates—which come in round, two-pound boxes with a silver frill around the top; and a pink satin ribbon winding around the box ending in a huge bow adds the finishing touch. We found them for \$2.19 at the candy counter on the first floor of Scruggs.



The change that refreshes!

3. **ABOUT FACE!** Put a new front on an old dress by changing the buttons and belt, and you'll be surprised what a lift it will give you as well as the dress. Our choice was this black

leather-backed suede belt intricately looped with gold-colored rectangles and paired with smoked pearl buttons edged in twisted gold. You might try these on black, ecru, or even pink. Or choose your own combination from the infinite variety of possibilities at Welek's, 315 N. Tenth Street. The belt is a reasonable \$1.75 and two inch and a half buttons, \$1.50.

4. **TIME FOR REPAIRS—**Jewelry repair is a problem. Drosten's on the corner of Ninth

and Locust will have your watch fixed before mid-summer or will get your pins chained before you've changed your mind.

Shoes are as precious as jewels these days; so take care of what you have. With your limited shoe supply it's hard to part with a single pair long enough to have them fixed, but it's certainly possible for a day or two. A day is all it takes to have new heel caps put on your run-down shoes in the Shoe-Repair shop of Scruggs.



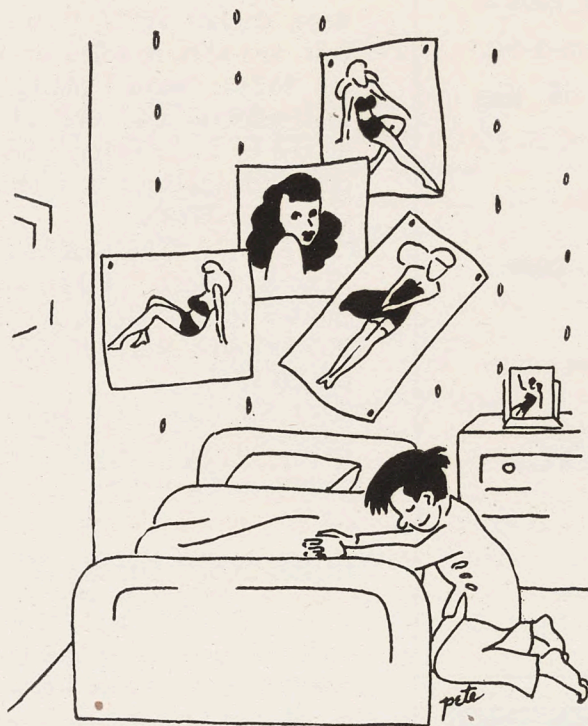
5. **NIGHT OR DAY—**Solve the perplexing problem of a graduation or wedding gift with one of this pair of handmade Yolandé lingerie. They're made of the finest white nainsook and trimmed in a dainty scrolled

piping any girl would love. The slips are \$6.50 and the gowns \$8.98 on the fifth floor of Famous.

6. **BLOOMER GIRL!** Everywhere you hear about this new Broadway hit; you hear the songs hummed and see the clever costumes adapted in many ways by designers. A Bloomer Girl playsuit is one of the cutest adaptations we've seen. The shorts and top are one piece of checked gingham (blue and white or pink and white) with a square neck and puffed sleeves trimmed in eyelet and black ribbon. The pants are, as the name implies, real, honest-to-goodness bloomers trimmed the same way. As a practical note, the checked skirt can be worn to turn the playsuit into a dress. All for \$10.95 at Stix.

7. **TEENS GO FOR JEANS—**but they are not alone. Bluejeans are a favorite with college girls too. Famous still gets in occasional shipments of girls' jeans which are sanforized shrunk and stitched in red. Ask for them in the basement, aisle 7.

# Yuh, Yuh!!



"Dear God, please bless Hedy and Lana . . ."

He: "Do you know who was the first electrician?"

She: "No, who?"

He: "Adam. He furnished the parts for the first loudspeaker."

The patient in a lunatic ward insisted that he was Napoleon. "Who gave you that name?" the doctor asked.

"Hitler gave it to me," said the man.

"No, I didn't," said a voice under the next bed.

What do you think of Washington University, as a whole?

Prof.: "Decline 'love' Miss Jones."

Miss Jones: "Decline love, professor? Not me."

## OVERHEARD IN McMILLAN

"This plate evidently wasn't dried after it was washed."

"Whaddya mean, wasn't dried? That's your soup."

Prof: "Now remember that thinking is said to draw the blood to the head."

Student: "Is that why, when you think twice about some things, you get cold feet?"

Prof.: "Tommy, translate 'Rex Fugit'."

Tommy: "The king flees."

Prof.: "You should use 'has' in translating the perfect tense."

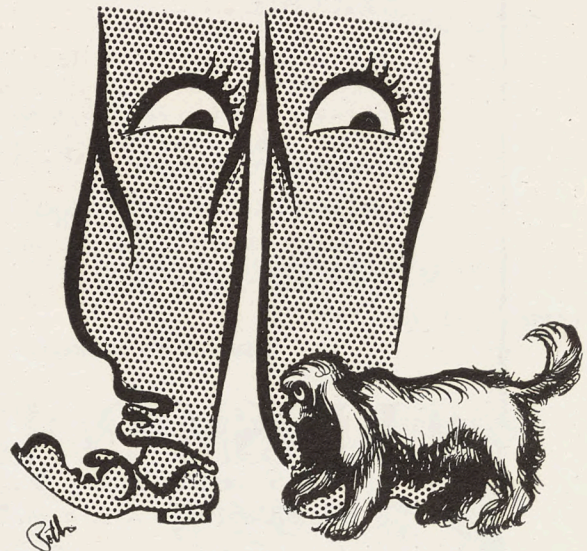
Tommy: "The king has flees."

"You can take it as an elementary conception that when an article is sold, it goes to the buyer," said Dr. Lippincott in his economics class.

"With the exception of coal," chirped the bright sophomore.

"And why coal?" asked Dr. L.

"When that's bought it goes to the cellar."



Peak-in-Knees



**IF** Milton says, "Store closed girls. Come back tomorrow." Or,

**IF** Bob says, "Hello chick. No, chick, tomorrow chick. Brr—a—a-ak. About this cough." And if the Quad Shop doesn't have it and - - -

**IF** You're downtown and remember something you need, stop at

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## Music Notes

Dropped into the Record Bar, 7809 Forsythe, where Bob Kline tends bar, and this is what I found:

**WOODY HERMAN:** scores twice this month. First is "Laura," that terrific, strange tune, backed by "I Wonder." Lyrics for both are ably handled by Woody. Columbia 36785. Second platter is "Caldonia," instrumental and one of the best ever waxed by the Herman crew. Reverse side offers "Happiness Is a Thing Called Joe." Columbia 36789.

**ARTIE SHAW:** "The Grabtown Gripple" and "The Sad Sack." Plenty of music on this platter by the Gramercy Five, especially fine trumpet work of Roy Eldridge. Victor 20-1647.

**FRANK SINATRA:** "Ol' Man River" coupled with "Stormy Weather." Twelve inch job—need I say more! Virginia Spoor



### MORE CORN OR MY FRIEND ARKY

*(Continued from page 6)*

Arky liked to go to ball games. That was the only way he would know what the score was. He was always looking at the sky, to show everybody he knew which way was up. He loved one song. In fact, Arky used to stay up till dawn just to sing "I'm Beginning to See the Light." You can say all you want, but Arrky was no coward. He gave up, fighting . . . probably because he was being hurt too much. I heard one person say that if Arky were to become a sailor, he would be so scared that he would quake in his "boot." I believed him when he said that he was always on the ball. I also believe that the color of the ball was black. I heard one fellow say that Arky wouldn't do anything behind your back—that he was scared to get even that close. One night I slept at Arky's place. He snored like a saw cutting wood—maybe that's where he got the sawdust on his brain. Arky was a deep thinker. He used to run over things in his mind . . . that's how he became such a lame brain.

It's a funny thing, but Arky is willing to pin any girl, but somehow they all refuse saying that somebody might get stuck. A favorite recreation of Arky's is to go to the library and mull around—that's why he is so full of mullarky.

Well some day Arky will get ahead, and if he does I hope that he gets a decent face to go with it.

# On Your Way--



■ A few weeks ago I was the sole spectator of the *Club Continental's* show at the *Hotel Jefferson*. No, the twelve o'clock curfew hasn't cut night club business that much—it was the band's Friday afternoon rehearsal. The lights in the room were dim, the tables devoid of glasses, the chairs empty, and the members of the band were playing in their shirt sleeves. Suddenly a couple emerged from the gloom muttering something to the band about when to break, cues, etc. It was the dance team of Jules and Joanne Walton I was told. They started their routine which included a take off of a boy and girl at their first high school prom. Just as Joanne was pulling down her girdle in time to drum beats (part of the dance) Tony di Pardo, the band leader, waltzed in smiling as if it were raining gold dollars outside instead of just rain. It seems he had just signed his first recording contract; so any day now you will probably be hearing the juke box in the Quad Shop giving out with "Daddy's Got Woo-Woo in His Eyes" backed by "Southern Comfort"—an original tune—both by Tony di Pardo, his trumpet, and his band. The vocalist is Anne Ryan and quite a vocalist if her voice equals her exterior appearance.

Tony is quite a fellow himself, and it's

worth going down to the *Club Continental* just to get to know him. He's as friendly as a cocker spaniel and invites everyone he meets down at the *Club* for a free evening's entertainment. After receiving a similar invitation I decided that writing for "*Eliot*" really had its points.

It seems as if I've been neglecting the other entertainment spots in St. Louis. As that will never do, I'd better add that "One Touch of Venus" with Mary Martin and John Boles is coming to the *American Theater* the week of April 30th. There are tentative plans that Mae West's show will come to St. Louis around the 22nd of April. Don't crowd the ticket office, boys! At any rate don't forget that the plays at the *American* stop in May, so go now if you're planning to attend the legitimate theater again this season.

In case you're looking for food after twelve o'clock, stop in at *Olde Cheshire*, 7036 Clayton Road, which stays open until two A. M., although they take your drink out from under your nose at exactly twelve bells. In the *Hofbrau* of the *Hotel Mayfair* you can get the best potato salad in town, and if you're tired of Ruggeri's steaks try them at *Oldani's*, 2132 Edwards. Enough for now—see you again next month.

Betty Knoke

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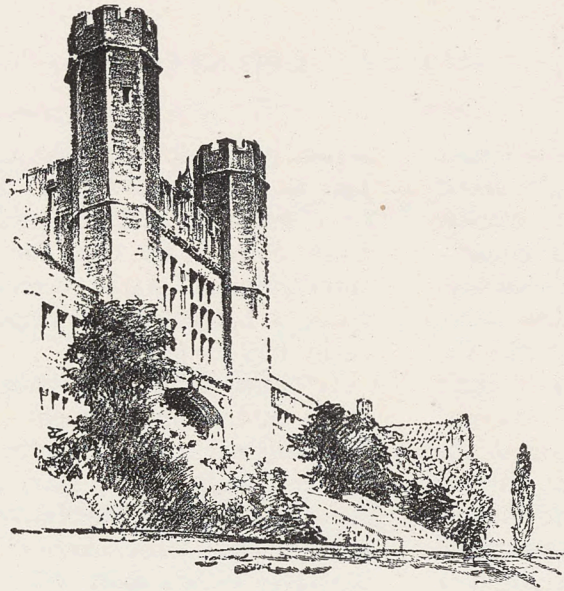
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# Come to Open House

Washington University

May 3, 4, 5



The Corporation, the Faculty, and the Students welcome their guests to the campus, so that these visitors may see and know Washington University, and have a better understanding of the program by which the University is training leaders.

*Harry R. Moore*

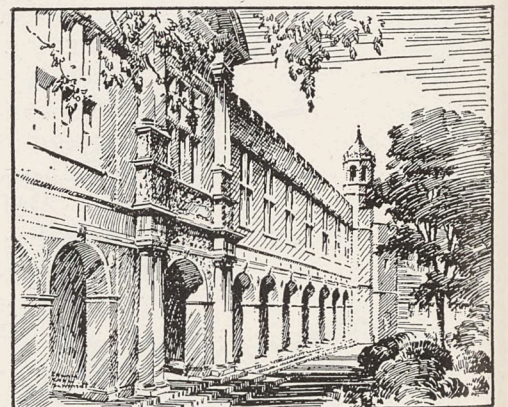
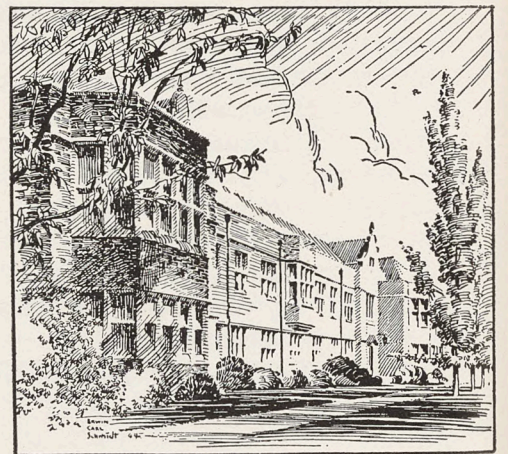
Acting Chancellor

In reviving Open House at Washington University, students and faculty who are proud of their campus and the work being done here in training leaders of the future, are gratified at the opportunity to invite the general public to visit the University—to see what makes a great institution such as ours tick.

Open House on May 3, 4, and 5, is being held for students at the University, their families and friends, for alumni of the University, and for high school students in the vicinity, who may soon have the opportunity of attending Washington University.

The three-day program will appeal to all groups. It will include fraternity and sorority open houses, the Thurtene Carnival, which was revived so successfully last year, sports events, a tea, and visits to classrooms and laboratories. Students in one division of the University are invited to visit other schools, to become acquainted with the work done on the entire campus. Art School students, for instance, will enjoy visiting the observatory and the Cyclotron, so infrequently open to the campus at large. And math students will, no doubt, be interested in the numerous displays and exhibitions of art and fashions in the Art School.

Take this opportunity to know your university better. Attend Open House! The program has been arranged especially for you.



# The Program

## Thursday, May 3

8:00 P. M.—Interfraternity Sing—Steps of the Women's Building.

9:30 P. M.—Open House at fraternities.

## Friday, May 4

1:00 P. M. to 3:00 P. M.—Visits to classrooms and laboratories.

Displays of work and equipment in the various schools and departments of the University. The exhibits will include displays by the departments of psychology, journalism, chemistry, Spanish, geology, geography, Classics, biology, speech; the Schools of Law, Business and Public Administration, Engineering, Fine Arts; the Character Research Institute, and Ridgley Library.

2:30 P. M.—Synchronized swimming—Wilson Pool.

3:30 P. M.—Studies in Modern Rhythm—Brown Hall Auditorium.

7:30 P. M.—Thurtene Carnival—Parking lot on northwest corner of the campus.

## Saturday, May 5

9:00 A. M. to Noon—Visits to classrooms and laboratories.

10:00 A. M. to Noon—Softball Sports Day for girls from the St. Louis County high schools—Women's Athletic Field.

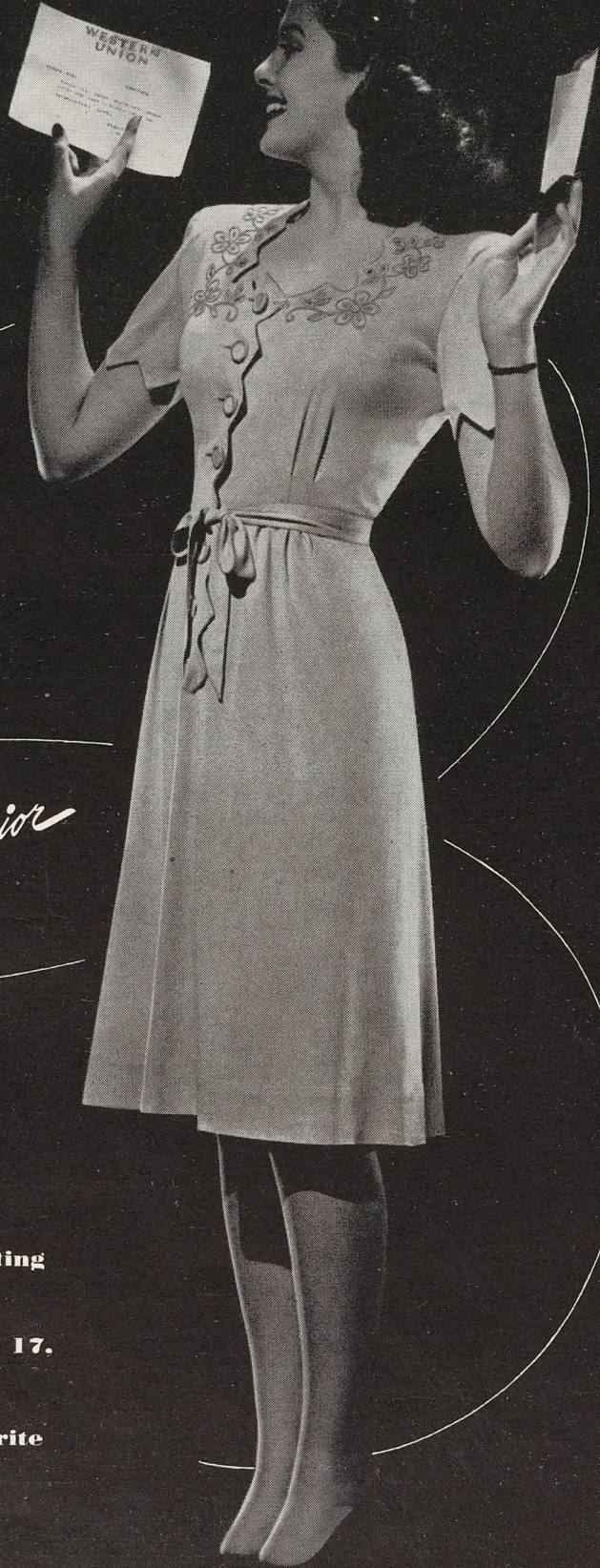
10:00 A. M.—Display of rare legal books—January Hall.

3:00 P. M.—Baseball game—Washington University vs. Parks Air College.

4:00 P. M.—Tea in Women's Building.

7:30 P. M.—Thurtene Carnival—Parking lot on northwest corner of the campus.

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