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*The* **ELIOT**

MAY 1942  
*Washington University St. Louis, Missouri*



**SENIOR  
ISSUE**

FICTION

Jim Fox  
Janet Williamson

FEATURES

Barbara Lanctot  
Patty Mansfield  
Anne Purnell  
Jordan Singleton  
Gerald Yaeger

DEPARTMENTS

Bill Conner  
Dick Schneider  
Frances Spivey  
Naomi Zwilling

POETRY

Sid Goldstein  
Dotty Mohler

PHOTOGRAPHY

Frank Darr

ART

Marian Morris  
George Owen  
Margaret Powell

15c



# THE ELIOT STAFF

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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

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the Post Office, St. Louis, Mo

# THIS WAY OUT

An Alphabetical Listing of Places to Go . . .

## **Belvedere Joe's—1407 Brentwood Blvd.**

Have you tried Joe's barbecued ribs? Nothing like it north of the Mason-Dixon line! Always good drinks, popular prices, and people you know—from the Thyrsus crowd on up.

## **Busch's Grove—9160 Clayton**

Same old traditions—lawyers, mounted animals, swell food, and plenty of beer; bring your own portable radio, too. They don't mind. Swell for a luncheon date.

## **Candlelight House—7800 Clayton Rd.**

Ask "Al", at the bar, for a "One and Two." "Sky-rocket Material!" The usual good food is still there, and the dance floor is vaguely reminiscent of Grand Central Station at commuter time.

## **Chase Club—Hotel Chase**

If you like to dance—OK. Glamor plus, but nothing else.

## **Culpepper's—4665 Maryland.**

We all know this spot as of old. Don't let the upper-crusties scare you off; Dave is very congenial.

## **Forest Park**

Nino Nanni dishes out a wicked "boogie beat" on the ivories, and can tie the largest Windsor knot in town. But, don't hold it against him—he's good. Same old ten cent beers in spite of priorities.

## **Sid Gates—19 N. Brentwood Blvd.**

Going there is just like going home and getting a beer out of the refrigerator—congenial, heart-warming atmosphere. You'll see lots of folks from the hilltop.

## **Graham's Grill—7901 Forsythe**

So it is smoky and smells like ultra-violet rays, but it's great! Men from one end of the row to the other and gals from most of the lodges down campus enjoy it to the utmost. Herb (behind the mahogany) anticipates the stags' every wish.

## **Mural Room—DeBaliviere and Waterman**

This spot has reached a new high in entertainment — let's hope it doesn't turn into a stag joint because of it. May we present Ellen Claire, one of the finest vocalists that the old berg has seen in many moons, fresh from the

400 Club in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. Such charm is seldom among the cabaret set. Milton Adler, whom we've all seen around town, enhances the show by his dexterity on the Hammond organ. All in all, it's a bang up act. Don't think that it's just the neighborhood crowd; the gang from the hill has been living there since it opened. (P. S. —Faculty members like it, too.)

## **Steeplechase — Chase Hotel**

We've always liked this place—come one, come all—but come early so you can get a camp stool. The entertainment is usually top-flight. The Quad is well represented as a general rule.

## **Vescovo's — Skinker and Delmar**

Well, some are still mourning the passing of the old "Vescie's", but the new place won't be so bad when the "new" wears off. Good for a beer with the boys now and then.

## **Tropical Lounge — Garavelli's**

Something new! Reminds us of California. However, take your raincoat; the typhoons are terrific and leave you slightly soggy. Then all you have to do is dry out over a few tall ones. Mac McGee, our old bartender from the Statler and Meadowbrook, has been imported to this new corral, so things are looking up.

## **Rendezvous — Hotel Jefferson**

Hans and Franz, the twin waiters, are "amusing but confusin' ". Yet they'll produce some of the finest drinks in town. Joe, vice-prexy-in-charge-of-cocktail-shakers, can sling the meanest Pousse Cafe in these parts, and it's really fun to watch 'em burn, with the lights down low.

## **Club Continental — Hotel Jefferson**

Wonderful, if you want to pay the price. The band (Nick Stuart) is good and the show changes regularly. Low Di Julli, who plays a sax, puts on a good show if you can corner him during intermission. Good food, drinks, and nice dance floor.

## **Lounge Bar — Hotel Statler**

The Baccanelliau Murals are lovely—the service is good. Tommy Flynn furnishes the music. Saturday night supper dancing in the main room gets interesting when you round up your class mates and fraternity brothers.

## **Elliott's — Washington Ave.**

Very congenial atmosphere and a pretty place, too. Ned White, the one-handed pianist, dishes out a good brand of barroom tinkle.

• M E M O •

MAY  
7th

It's Mural Room every  
week with Jane.

P.S.—Look for the  
White Chariot

## THE MURAL ROOM

St. Louis' Most Beautiful

Cocktail Lounge

DE BALIVIERE at WATERMAN



Buy One in the Quad Shop

"Of course I love you, Tom," and she took off her stockings. "We will have the sweetest little bungalow," and she took off her sports sweater. "We will have a lot of little flower beds," and she took off her skirt. "Tom, dear, why can't we be married in the spring when all the world is filled with laughter?" and she took off her camisole. "If you prefer the fall I prefer it too, because we are as one, sweetheart," and she removed the last vestige of her clothing. "Tom, honey, I'd better say good-night, for I have to get up early in the morning." And she hung up the receiver.

—Red Cat.

\* \* \*

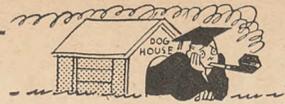
Dear Sir: I am engaged to a Pi Phi. A fraternity brother of mine has informed me that you were seen kissing her. Kindly call at my fraternity house at eleven o'clock tomorrow night and make an explanation.

(Signed) Herbert Harms.

Dear Herbert: I received a copy of your circular letter and will be present at the meeting.



"Hooray! I've got my first case! The Law School is going to sue me for back tuition."



### FOUL PIPE NE'ER WON FAIR MAID

—but Dan's out of the dog house now!



**"TAKE YOUR RING** and go away! You're finished with college, but I'm finished with men who smoke smelly pipes! My heart says *yes*, but my nose says *phew!* Good-bye!"



**SO DAN REFORMED.** He switched to Sir Walter, the mild blend of fragrant burleys. His girl took one sniff...smiled...snuggled. Try it for moonlight and noses.

**KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE WITH SIR WALTER**

This NEW Cellophane tape seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!



UNION MADE

Tune in **UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE** Every Wednesday night—NBC Red Network



## TO THE CLASS OF 1942

We, the members of the ELIOT staff, dedicate this, the last issue of the year, to the Senior Class of 1942. It is with regret that we bid farewell to a class that has been outstanding during its four years at Washington University in academic standing, in activities, and in service to its school and fellow students. In this magazine we have tried to express our appreciation to those members of your class who have been outstanding in college life. Wherever you are, the best wishes of the ELIOT go with you, and we would like to express our sincere hope that in whatever you do you achieve the success which you so highly deserve.

## Towers And The Fawn



As soon as we received our appointment as Editor of **Eliot** we rushed down to the office to take our seat at the Editor's desk. Imagine our surprise and chagrin when we found only a long table sitting meekly behind a counter, and the only thing on which we could possibly seat ourselves—an old dilapidated waste basket. The Hatchet staff was busily at work on their three typewriters and five desks and, seated on the counter fingering a dirty coke glass, we gazed longingly at our more fortunate neighbors. Why should they have six chairs and we none? With a glint in our eye we approached Bill Cassilly. He listened patiently to our plea and, taking pity on our sad plight, pointed out a chair which was pushed back in a corner and standing doubtfully on two and a half anemic-looking legs. Thanking him profusely we carried our prize back to the Eliot office. Seated comfortably on it, we again looked around us. Something was still lacking. Then we realized what it was. We had no door, and Hatchet had two doors. This was certainly not right. Something had to be done. Then we saw our solution. If we could only move the counter which separated the two offices over about two feet, one of the Hatchet doors would open into our office. Approaching a couple of the more friendly members of the Hatchet staff we asked their help and they very kindly helped us move the dilapidated counter which threatened to dissolve into dust every time we touched it. However, after a few hardy shoves we had achieved our goal. We had a door in the Eliot office. Things began to look up after that. We soon added one typewriter — stolen from Hatchet, which they stole from **Eliot** a year ago, two chairs which we got from the janitor who was taking them down to the junk pile and right now we have our eye on a beautiful little desk in the Hatchet office which would go very nicely with our color scheme.

We promised you a new **Eliot**. Remember? One thing we swore to do away with was "This Way Out." And very sincerely we had every intention of doing so. However just as we were ceremoniously dropping it into an eager wastebasket, our business manager rushed up to us and said, "What are you doing with my beloved article?" Claspng it to his bosom he explained to us that three advertisements depended on this little item. What could we do but publish it? So with spit in our editorial eye, we present "This Way Out" in its sixteenth consecutive appearance. Read it and bid a fond farewell, because we promise you it won't run next year.

It is customary at this time to give the retiring editors of **Eliot** a pat on the back as we quietly take over their job. This year we would like to thank the retiring staff for making the magazine and incidentally our positions possible. For years **The Eliot** has been running up a mounting debt. However, during the last year with a lump in his throat and a tear in his eye, Dean Shipton has put away the bottle of red ink and taken out the black bottle to mark up the profits of the magazine. The **Eliot** staff has produced a magazine which the students

have liked well enough to buy. It is our earnest desire to continue the policy set by the retiring staff and keep that bottle of red ink on the shelf for another year.

We racked our brains and tore our few remaining white hairs as we hastily tried to think up a policy for this, the first issue of the new staff. At last in desperation we fingered through some very old copies of **Eliot** to find a suitable one which we might run. During this operation we discovered a very significant fact. The policy as set up by each new editor has not varied from year to year. Sometime back in the dark ages some enlightened editor formulated a policy, and each succeeding editor used the same one, only changing it by a couple of words here and there. We were indignant. This was to be a new **Eliot**. So after much thought we decided to venture on our first literary attempt without a policy. Next fall we hope to be able to present the campus with a formulation of policy for the coming year; and, what is more important, we intend to stick to our policy. Suffice it to say, for the meanwhile, that we hope to put out a good magazine—one which will satisfy the students, the faculty and our two subscribers. And believe it—that's no easy job. If you don't like what we print, come in and see us. We'll try to work your name in the next issue. First and foremost, however, we intend to publish only what we, the staff, feel like printing; and if you don't like it, go ahead and buy **Life**. See if we care!

Every spring along with dandelions and the measles comes that inevitable event, the May Fete. The outstanding sophomore women don bright dresses and learn how to tie knots around the Maypole. Before the ceremony these young ladies spend hours carrying little strings around a flimsy pole which totters precariously any time someone



breathes. They weave in and out getting themselves hopelessly mixed up among ribbons and fellow B. W. O. C.'s. The members of the Daisy Chain also do their little bit by trying to look graceful carrying a rope on their shoulders and feeling more like the chain gang out for its afternoon walk. One of the biggest problems is undoubtedly teaching some four hundred women on the Washington University campus how to bow gracefully. Backs will protrude no matter how hard one tries to control them and knees will buckle at the most crucial moments. On the eventful afternoon the queen is greeted by a lovely court looking more like a bunch of cows settling down for an afternoon snooze than the coeds of Washington University paying tribute to their queen. Then comes the fearful dress rehearsal. If the old theatre adage is right, the performance should by all rules be a howling success, for everything goes wrong. Every freshman gets hopelessly confused and the Daisy Chain starts strolling calmly off in the direction of Fraternity Row. And on Friday, May 1, we saw the finished production. Whatever we have said about the May Fete we'd like to add in all seriousness that it's the one campus affair where everyone seems to be having a good time—the spectators as well as the performers.

# ELIOT Awards Honorable Mention

We wish to present honorable mention to seven activities which we feel are ably fulfilling their purposes. Without their work this year, the campus would have been a very different place—and a much less exciting one.

## TO THE BAND:



For playing for the R. O. T. C. battalion at the drills on Wednesday afternoons in the spring and fall. For leading the Washington unit in the Armistice Day parade downtown. For keeping the cadence down to a walk on that afternoon, and speeding it up to a fast gallop at every other time. For playing at the football and basketball games, and forming spectacular formations on the field between the halves. For instituting a new policy of swing-sessions at half time, and never forgetting to march into the big "W" and play the Alma Mater. Because they played for a dance period after one of the basketball games. For getting all confused the first spring drill and marching all over the campus, including a long hike down Forsythe Boulevard. For standing up for their rights by sticking to the story that not a bit of it was really their fault.

Because they have Norm Falkenhainer as a director. For Norm's colorful language when someone wanders off in the wrong direction when they are practicing formations. Because they play for the Quad Show, and claim the distinction of being the only people who have been in the Show for four years and have never actually seen one. For always being available for pep rallies, or anything else to help the student body. For some of the best school spirit on campus. Because a good percentage of them stick through four years, and only get academic credit for two. For having some of the outstanding musicians of the city. For a hot trumpet section with Horowitz, Oliveri, and Eder. For Teddy's riffs at every opportunity, and Angie's boogie woogie on the piano. For the same Oliveri's music in the Quad Show. For the drum majorettes, and the legs they strut with. Because of Bill (Tyron) Guest and his baton tricks. For knocking themselves out on the Indianapolis trip. For sticking together, and being a swell bunch of boys.

**TO THE CAMPUS Y:** For Arno Haack, his swell personality, and his infallible knack for putting the right person on the right job. For being the best place on the campus to meet people. For giving seniors a chance to get things off their chests by telling their philosophies of life at the Election Dinner. For Leonard Stein and his radical ideas. For giving us a place to do our Christmas shopping without leaving the campus. For Jolley's fiery red hair, the way he looks in a Santa Claus suit, and his one-finger renditions of "The Bells of St. Mary" on the chapel organ. For daring to set a \$1500 goal in the War Chest drive. For the Christmas vespers. For Anne Purnell and Charlie Mattes and the Bazaar which broke all records for total profits.

For being brave enough to sponsor a "Hello Week," even if it did fall through. For crawling out of bed at

6:30 in the morning to go to War Chest Fund breakfasts in the Women's Building. For Louise French, power-behind-the-throne on many Y projects. For fitting into such a small office and letting everyone on the campus tramp through it. For looking after Buddy, the Beta dog. For "Babs" Miller, her charm and her enthusiasm. For having the largest membership of any organization on the campus. For getting us in a spring mood with the "Love and Marriage" series. For doing most of the work of the Civilian Defense Council—without getting the credit for it. For the wonderful Christmas Assembly Program. For Doris Jean Kell and Anne Rhoton, and the social work they are doing. For creating a lot of claustrophobiacs by making us crawl through a tunnel entrance at the Hay Hop. For making a noble, but futile attempt to divide the eggs up equally at the Easter Egg Roll. For being always optimistic—even when they send out 300 invitations to a tea and only 30 people show up. For being the only campus activity which supervises its own finances. For doing well most of the campus jobs that are hard and have very little glory attached to them. For being a bunch of swell people.

## TO THE STUDENT SENATE:



For thinking it has a chance of running the school. For booking up such a cute romance between President Bill Harting and Senator Pat Wolf. Because they can talk longer and get less done than any other organization on the campus. For holding such exciting elections each fall and spring and letting people give out candy and cigars and stuff. For taking over the Mortar Board Calendar, finding it was a pretty tough job, and handing it back to the Martyrs. For having an unpeppy Pep Committee which organized and then cancelled the Butler Trip. For giving keys to its members, keys which clink so cutely on the end of a watch chain. For donating two hundred dollars to make up last year's Junior Prom deficit and then having the courage to lend another two hundred to this year's Prom.

For recommending that class dues be abolished because the senators were too lazy to enforce the collection. For starting an investigation of high prices in the Quad Shop and then stopping because they got cold feet. For including in its minutes such choice bits as "Miss Purnell arrived at 4:25" and "Mr. Thomas left, destroying the quorum." Because it had a president who came to one meeting half an hour late because someone had locked his clothes in his gym locker and had taken the key. For having a committee for everything. For cancelling meetings on beautiful spring days because all the senators like to sit out on the Quad. For having Gladys Watkins as vice-president. For long arguments about nothing in particular. For confusing everyone by sticking to Roberts Rules, and for doing a lot of things that no one gives them credit for.

**TO HATCHET:** For doing a darn good job of being the Washington University Annual. For getting away from the same old everyday style of former books and getting something new in presentation. For Editor Cassilly who is the father of the idea. For having an office across the counter from Eliot in Brookings basement. For having



that office always locked whenever someone gets the urge to do some work. For their photographers, Jolley, Darr, Reinhardt, Hill, and Cassilly, who have improved the quality of the pictures. For all the pretty girls who work on the thing. Because of the people who check all the names, and those who cut out the proofs of pictures when they come back from the printers and paste them on the pages. For long sufferers who do not swear too loudly when the editor decides to change the pages from one place to another in the book.

Because they follow pretty closely the style of that "national magazine" they are always talking about. Because of their fine promotional schemes. For being the last Hatchet for the duration. For having an office that is cluttered with the remains of all the past Hatchets, remains which reappear every few years. Because of the fact that they never can find anything they are looking for, and that they only know by hearsay that things are in the office. Because in spite of such facts, they finally get the book published. For only having two typewriters with no one fighting over them because it is such a job to get anyone to. For the coke glasses and Cleo-Cola bottles which are the principal decorations of the office. For the bulletin board with the pretty pictures and important notes which no one ever reads. For working hard and producing something good.

**TO WASHINGTON CHORUS:** For Charles Galloway—



the new director—and his winning, driving personality. For their repertoire, running the gamut from pounding Bach Fugues to syncopated Hill Billy sillies. For the five minute howls of laughter and the two-hour painstaking rehearsals. For Chuck Stewart and a really swell voice. For the not so good numbers — "Trepak" and "Russian Dance" and the unforgettable one—"Immortal Song". For the night rehearsals. For Galloway's well-groomed appearance at 7:30 and his resemblance to a beachcomber at 7:45. For the soft, sustained passages which are good, and the powerful crescendos which are even better. For the plans for next year which are much bigger and, we hope, better.

For the beautiful Christmas and Easter Vespers. For people like Hank Oetting. For the song which is to come crashing forth after graduation—the "Hallelulia Chorus." For the fun during rehearsals, and the smooth, professional finished performance. For Galloway's stories—good or bad, but never indifferent. Because nobody ever remembers any words, until the performance. For the boogie wogie that sneaks in between "Waters Ripple and Flow" and "Listen to the Lambs." For Galloway's uncanny remembrance of names. For the ear-catching arrangement of "The Musical Trust." For the really good formal concert and dance at the Jefferson. For the rapid rise of an outstanding campus organization.

**TO W. S. G. A.** For having all the cutest girls on campus for members. For giving those famous faculty luncheons to better relations between professors and students, and actually doing exactly what they intend. For making the professors feel so much at home that they told all their favorite jokes. For making the ever bashful Frank Grindler sing "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" while all the female guests swooned. For Dr. Bryant's never-to-be-forgotten joke about the trees. For making the students actually want to be invited. For placing everyone with such tact and invariably seating a student next to a professor whose course he was flunking. For making a success out of the student faculty luncheon—something which we would have thought was impossible.

For sponsoring the May Fete and performing the thousand and one jobs which had to be done. For picking such a fine May Queen. For having Gladys Watkins as their president. For the many superb speeches she gave through the year as W. S. G. A. president. For having at least three elections a year which draw all the sorority girls who always vote for their own candidates. For having meetings up in the "Y" room on Wednesday afternoons. For sending their president to a convention every year. For having endless reports about everything that they do. For orienting all the bewildered little freshmen and telling them a lot of things that they don't need to know and leaving them completely in the dark about the wicked ways of college life. For having Patty Mansfield as orientation chairman, a girl who could make anyone feel at home. For carefully pointing out the washrooms in all of the buildings on the freshman campus tours. For having Mary Garland Maack for their new president.

**TO STUDENT LIFE:** For the Tuesday and the Friday issues, and the people who come in on Sundays and Wednesdays to put them out. Because the office is the most orderly of any of the publications, except after they work all day on the copy. For Jack (Copy Boy) White and his sports page, because he always swears he will do all his work early, and he always doesn't, and is the last to leave. For working with, and battling, the typewriters in the office. Also for having a bulletin board on which people pin up notes which no one reads. Because they have Tommy Ottenad for editor-in-chief, and he deserves lots of orchids. For the Christmas decorations still drooping from the ceiling lights, and Ann Sheridan's picture over the editor's desk—for inspiration.



For John Ramsey and June Stumpe, managing editors. For the make-up of the paper, and the professional job as a whole. For not wrecking the S. P. B. office when Richman sends in a late ad. Because of the mistakes in printing which are not their fault. For the office which is usually infested with lawyers typing up briefs, and always infested with somebody. For Courtney Heineman, his column, and his personality. Because of the people who bum cigarettes. For having "Pop" McClure and "Bunny" Betts and for their interest in the paper. For promoting the things on the campus that need it. Because someone is forever taking the telephone book, and making the staff run down to some other office to look up numbers. For the sports coverage, which is good, and the features, which are good also. Because of the strange people who come in to use the phone and stay to write articles. For putting out a darn good newspaper.

# OLD JOHN

By JIM FOX

The two rusty wheels made a sound like a giant dragging his long finger nails across a huge blackboard, as they turned monotonously over the uneven brick alley. Old John didn't mind though. Lots of white folks with nerves might; but Old John never had been very conscious of having nerves, and if he had, they would have long since become accustomed to the incessant noise.

Old John was one of that band of darkies who appear in the alleys of big cities, winter and summer, good times and bad, searching the ashpits for odds and ends which they stuff in their decrepit-looking pushcarts and carry off to Lord knows where. Oh, everyone says, they sell the stuff, but no one knows who buys it. Old John was properly tagged. His head, on those rare occasions when it was exposed to view, looked like a mass of cotton, ripe for picking. He wore a pair of Woolworth horn rims perched on the edge of his nose, so they wouldn't interfere with his vision. In the past few years his back had developed a bit more of an arch than it should have from just pushing a cart, and his legs had adopted a shuffling gait. His arms were still good and sound though, bound to be after pushing a cart day in and day out for twenty-eight years. 'Or was it thirty-eight? He couldn't remember for sure; but what difference did ten years make? They were all alike.

The only thing he could remember for sure was the way his "route," as he preferred to call it, had looked when he made his first trip over it so long ago. My, how things had changed! When he started on his lifetime calling, the neighborhood had been a suburb. Why, there were some stretches where he used to walk for a quarter of a mile without finding an ashpit to work. The white folks were sure different then. They never came out in their yards to hang up clothes or to empty the garbage like the women in the neighborhood did today. No, sir. They always had some black gal to do that for them. The only time he ever saw the white folks then was when they came out to dig around in their gardens or sit in their big swings.

But now he saw them a lot. He only saw the men on Saturdays when they worked on their old cars in the alley, but he saw their women most every day. Those long stretches without an ashpit were gone, too. He guided his cart around a milk wagon pulled over to the side of the alley. Yes, sir, all that open space was filled up now with houses and sheds, and ashpits galore. Most of the sheds were in need of new paint, and lots of the ashpits were cracking. Even the trees in the yards had a tired look, and garbage cans were perched on every back fence. None of those rats were there when Old John started on his "route," either. They were sure there now. Big ones, and bold as brass. Sometimes he caught them peering at him from behind a gate or fence; and once, when he reached into an ashpit without minding his business, one of those fat devils had leaped out and brushed his hand with the fur of his belly. Old John always looked twice after that. He wasn't afraid of them, but he couldn't see any sense in getting a few good-sized holes punched into his working hand. The take wasn't as easy now as it used to be. Back in the old days he could fill his cart half-way and quit for the day. But the quality of his findings had dropped off

considerably, until now he had to work from early morning till well into the afternoon, and he had built up the sides of his cart so that he could load it two or three times as high as before. Old John guessed he was in what some folks called a rut, but he was too old to change now.

Yes, everything had changed except his "route" and his hatred for the white folks. Oh, maybe it had changed a little bit, maybe a whole lot, at least in the way he hated them. He remembered when he was a youngster, knee-high to a duck, how his folks used to talk about Abe Lincoln, even though he had been dead for ten years; and how they were sure that it wouldn't be long before the white folks would really forget that the negroes had been slaves, and would say that color was the only difference between them.

That kind of talk had fired him with the desire to do something big; now as he pushed his heavy cart home, he wished they had never talked that way; he wished he had never heard them talk at all. He didn't hate the whites then; they couldn't help it if they had misunderstood. But his folks kept telling him how lucky he was, because by the time he was a man he could pass any white person on the street without tipping his hat or moving to one side. He was still not too old to laugh bitterly at the thought. How wrong they had been!

The trouble had started when Old John had entered school. His folks did a lot of talking about education; they were sure it was the answer to their hopes for equality, and they wanted John to have the opportunities they had missed. They even said that in some towns whites and blacks attended the same schools, but everyone at John's school was as black as he was. He had heard so much talk at home about the white folks accepting his own kind that he was sure it must be true; so that day when the white boys from the school up the street passed him coming home and said, "Get out of the way, nigger!" he just kept on walking. He still carried a scar on his forehead from hitting the sidewalk when they rushed him, but they had left him with something deeper than that. They planted a seed of hatred in his breast which bloomed and was to live as long as Old John lived.

It was getting dark; that's what he hated about the winter—the days were so short. He pushed his cart a little harder, and bent his head a little lower into the cold drizzle which was beginning to fall. The dismal weather prompted his thoughts to turn again to a dismal theme within him. He reviewed the other bitter memories which had fed and kindled his enmity for the white people.

Following his beating at the hands of the schoolboys, John gradually realized as he grew older that the white folks had no intention of forgetting their old prejudices against his race, unless his own people tried to make them see the black man's side of the story. So he had continued his schooling. His seamed face grinned in spite of the rotten weather when he recalled that day when he happily accepted the diploma from the principal of the high school.

That diploma had started him on a short, but impressive, career among the colored folks of the city. In those days a darkie with a high school education was a big

man, and John made a flock of speeches before his people telling them to remember that they were human, just like the whites. He was sponsored by the League for Colored Equality, or the League for Colored Liberty; he couldn't remember now which it was, but it wasn't important. My, how he had been written up in the white papers then! They were pretty hard on him, and said he was just stirring up trouble. He liked that. The publicity helped let off some of that hate he held against their superior ways. It was in the League that he met Sarah. She never hid the way she admired him, so he decided she was the gal for him.

When Sarah consented to go with him to the big dance of the colored folks he was as proud as a peacock. Old John frowned as he remembered getting on the car with Sarah holding tightly to his arm. It was Saturday, and the wooden trolley had been pretty crowded with lots of folks going out. There was only one seat, and John had led Sarah to it like a king leading his queen to the throne. But when she sat down, the old white woman seated next to the window raised such a commotion that Sarah had to stand. Both of them were so embarrassed they didn't talk till they reached the dance, and John shuddered when he thought how close he came to slapping that white witch down. That kind of thing had always made John feel how useless it all was, fighting the whites, and he wanted to quit, but Sarah wouldn't let him. Their wedding a few weeks later drew the cream of the colored crop.

Old John decided to raid one more pit, before he called it a day. The ancient colored man dragged his heavy cart to a stop before one that was piled high with trash. His bleary eyes peered over the doubtful treasures, and came to rest on the only prize. The long handled stick with the spiked end reached high into the discarded stuff and snagged a sodden pair of trousers. He held them against his own long limbs and decided they would make a nice fit. Then he performed the routine deemed necessary by all good rag pickers and most good housewives. He made a thorough search of all the pockets in the damp clothing. Nothing startling was revealed until he reached the right side pocket where his fingers brought forth a yellow worn envelope. Old John opened it with a maximum of curiosity, and a minimum of expectancy. Too many such mysterious finds in his career which proved to be empty hopes had made him a cynic in the realm of buried treasure. Man alive! How that cynicism was dispelled when his numbing hand revealed a green piece of paper which, on closer and more excited inspection, turned out to be a one hundred dollar bill. Glory! Some housewife had made a big mistake. Old John never thought he'd see that much money coming from the richest white man in town, let alone from an old ash-pit on the route. The white folks, at least some of them, were paying him back for all the grief they had caused him. It wasn't near enough; no, sir; but it sure helped. He had to laugh when he thought of how some white woman was in for an awful scolding from her man. It almost made him forget why he had ended up picking ashpits.

But he guessed he would never forget that. Sarah was a good woman and John wanted to make her the most important one in the colored society of town. That's why he couldn't help but keep up his fight to better the black folks' life. He remembered how he often wondered just why he did keep making speeches, and attending big dances and banquets. He didn't know whether he was doing it to help the other black folks or to make Sarah the leader of negro society.

But after the children came along, John knew why he kept on. He didn't want them to fight the same battles he had fought, and hate the whites the way he couldn't help but hate them. Lucille was grown now, and had a son of her own. Old John could still see his own boy, a little darkie, just three when it happened. And both of them, Sarah and John, had made some pretty big plans for him.

But the white papers had been right. He was just stirring up trouble. Old John squeezed the envelope hard and forgot the rain when he remembered how it was. He was out making a powerful speech before the best darkies in town, but he never finished it. The whites came through the black belt like a shot out of a gun. The papers called it a race riot, and said the negroes were to blame for trying to move in on the white part of town. They mentioned John as the cause behind it all, but they forgot to mention that his boy was dead when he and Sarah finally got home after the fighting had ended. It was all he could stand. He knew he was beaten, and he knew his race was beaten for more years than he could ever hope to see. For a long time he just stayed home and said nothing till they thought they might have to take him away. But one day he just made himself a cart and started picking ashpits. It had kept him and Sarah for twenty-eight years now. Or was it thirty-eight? The hatred was still there, but it wasn't fiery anymore; it was just like a pain he couldn't get rid of.

Enough of that, though. Man alive! A hundred dollar bill! Old John felt in all his pockets, but he knew that all had holes in them; so he just shoved it back in the sodden pants and laid them in the cart with some rags over them. The old thing rolled along like a new pair of skates, and the rain wasn't bad at all.

Sarah was going to be awfully surprised; he knew that. Maybe he could get little Johnny something; he was sure crazy about that grandson. Or maybe they could all take a little trip, or maybe he could retire for a while like a real gentleman.

He could see home now, and little Johnny was coming up to meet him. He always helped him push the cart the last block. The way she was rolling tonight, Old John knew she could get there under her own steam. Old John even exchanged a greeting with the officer on the corner. He didn't often do that. The policeman was a white man. Maybe that's why he let his cart roll right in front of the truck—he was too busy saying hello.

The driver didn't even stop. He just yelled, "Watch where you're going, nigger, or you'll get hit instead of your cart." The cop looked the other way.

Everything that had been in the cart was all over the street now, and the rain was cold as Old John dragged himself to his feet. His glasses were smashed, and his hat was lying in a pool of water. Those sodden pants were torn from the smashed wooden sides of the cart. Old John looked around scared. He just got a glimpse of the green paper as it swirled around in the gutter before diving down the sewer.

He was glad it was raining so his grandson couldn't see the tears on his cheeks.

"Meet Your Friends"

... at ...

**GRAHAM'S GRILL**

7901 FORSYTHE

9855 MANCHESTER

"Those Days of Youth  
 Which All of Us  
 Spent With Thee"

# ELIOT AWARDS

We wish to present laurels, the highest award in Eliot, most next year. During their four years at Washington interest in people and things, their all-around ability showy ones. They have meant a great deal to us and to



**TO FRANK GRINDLER:** Because he never gets tired of singing. Because he looks so super in tails. Because he knows everybody on campus. Because he likes "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" (he can sing it any day for our money). Because he appointed such swell committees that really did their work. Because he passes finals and makes honoraries. Because he helped make the "Top Hatters" such a top notch quartette. Because he thinks that sitting on the Quad on a warm spring day is the best type of out-door activity. Because he could eat pie all day and never get tired of it.

Because he always looks as if he had just stepped out of a Boyd's ad. Because he can tell us about entrepreneurs, the labor situation in Russia, and all sorts of ghastly economic problems. Because he thinks Duncker Guild is one of the best institutions on campus. Because he is the "president boy" of the campus—President of the Junior Class, Thurtene, and Chorus. Because he looked so fetching in his Kampus King crown and blushed when he received the honor. Because he is a member of "Troopers" and wears grease paint like a veteran. Because he has successfully combined scholastics and activities. Because he has enjoyed every minute of his four years on the campus and is ready to admit it.

**TO PEGGY STOECKER:** For successfully combining scholarship and activities. For her outstanding work in W. A. A. For doing an Eleanor Holm and plunging into the briny depths for old Pi Beta Phi and the swim meet. For showing us that it is definitely possible to combine beauty and brains. For the orb-catching feature articles she turns out week after week. For having naturally blond hair (the priorities list won't bother her). For "stumbling" around a darned good column for two years and sending us with her chatter. For having the most complete collection of little Audrey jokes we have ever heard.

For getting a little dewey-eyed when she hears the Alma Mater. For the fine job she did as copy editor of Student Life. For being such a dynamo of industry and handling dozens of jobs all at once. For beaming when anyone mentions one H. Thomas. For loving archery and actually being able to hit the target. For looking so darn cute when she reviewed the R.O.T.C. troops. For being able to break in a new pair of shoes without making the whole Pi Phi chapter suffer with her. For winning the Freshman Scholastic Prize, making Phi Sigma Iota, and getting Sophomore Honors. For being one of the most outstanding girls in the Senior class and being too modest to admit it.

**TO DAVE HUGHES:** Because he has the courage and brains to major in physics and math. Because he converts his coke money into defense stamps. Because he made Sophomore Honors and Phi Eta Sigma. Because he likes to spend his time flying around the clouds in a Piper Cub. Because he gave us "Julia's Experiment"—one of the best stories ever blanketed between *Eliot's* covers. Because he doesn't gripe about how much work he has to do; he does it and bothers no one with the gory details. Because he can get in his quota of Q. Shop hours without cutting classes. Because he would rather read than eat and would rather write than read. Because he really worked on the Junior Prom committee. Because he swatted the volley ball around for S. A. E. Because he picks them up and lays them down like lightning for the cross country.

Because he gets all embarrassed when you congratulate him on a first class piece of writing. Because he added a couple of gray hairs over his job as literary editor of *Eliot*. Because every piece of writing he turns out is finished and polished to perfection. Because we like the type of story he puts out and are going to miss it. For being one senior who tried, modestly, to hide his light beneath a bushel but failed—thank heavens!

**TO NANCY** fully contri publication successfully who sweate in "Between her same sif ing and pe gossip in sate manner. ing the top of ing a "tink listeners ma original ge laughing a fun of laun that by stae working up for yourself.

For alwa deck whea to be don bec dues for a in such a made not a brother, is erting her hal to get a ba For being me the Kappa ing For being in "laugh-a-w able to eat out dripped over her we have For thinking the best

# ADS LAURELS

in ETS possession, to the seven seniors whom we will miss  
 wishing they have distinguished themselves by their friendly  
 ability and their willingness to do the hard jobs as well as the  
 and to campus. We wish them the best of luck in the future.

*"We'd Spend Our Days  
 With Thee —  
 For All Eternity"*



**NANCY:** For faith-  
 continuing all campus  
 activities years. For  
 successfully irate lovers  
 who were misquoted  
 Between and emerging  
 same side. For compil-  
 and on the campus  
 ship in sister and unique  
 inner. Being "Chloe" at  
 top of and not giv-  
 a "time" how much  
 others miss. For being the  
 original and gal and  
 showing us just for the  
 of late showing us  
 by the bottom and  
 making up a name  
 yourself organization.

For always right on the  
 mark when is a dirty job  
 be done. Directing Kappa  
 es for and doing it  
 such a manner that she  
 de not deny (an' that,  
 other, is plenty). For let-  
 ting her hair winter only  
 get a bob each spring.  
 Being "mover" when  
 Kappa rush week.  
 Being initiator of the  
 hugh-a-w. For being  
 to eat eclairs with-  
 out dripping cream all  
 over her saying that  
 we have school spirit.  
 For thinking Washington U. is  
 the best school in the  
 country.

**TO BILL COPELAND:** Because  
 he asks, "Won't you come to the  
 Y dinner?" in such a pleasing and  
 convincing tone. Because he  
 soothed temperamental Y mem-  
 bers for a solid year and was  
 never known to complain (we must  
 admit that every once in a while  
 he would let off steam by hiding  
 in the closet and whispering a blue  
 streak of swear words). Because  
 he can run the mile without drop-  
 ping dead. Because he is one of  
 the lucky "Thurtene". Because he  
 helped bring such swell speakers  
 to the Y forums. Because he tooted  
 a mean trumpet in Quad Show or-  
 chestra. Because he armed himself  
 with an adding machine and  
 tackled the job of Student Senate  
 Treasurer.

Because the Y Bazaar is first on  
 his hit parade and he would "lay  
 down and die" for the good old  
 Y. Because he tossed the javelins  
 for the team last year and brought  
 back a third place prize. Because  
 he grins constantly and is one of  
 the most sincere and earnest fel-  
 lows we know. Because he throws  
 himself wholeheartedly into every-  
 thing he does. Because he gave us  
 a real Hay Hop this year, complete  
 with hay tunnel and slide. Because  
 he doesn't mind being called  
 "Willie." Because he loves to read  
 and thinks that Econ. books are  
 interesting. Because he has had a  
 well-rounded college life and will  
 be bound to put it to good use.

**TO PATTY DIETRICH:** Because  
 she has been a staunch supporter  
 of W. A. A. for four years. Be-  
 cause she isn't afraid to bid 6  
 no-trump even if she is vulner-  
 able. Because she is so typically  
 collegiate in her Pell Mell rain  
 coat and saddles. Because she  
 plays tennis like a professional and  
 can ride with the best of them. Be-  
 cause she likes to fly kites, eat  
 pop-corn, and watch baseball  
 games. Because she has amassed  
 nearly 1000 points in W. A. A.  
 and has been awarded a bracelet  
 by way of recognition. Because  
 she gets such a big kick out of  
 helping with the May Fetes. Be-  
 cause she likes movies and has  
 decided that they are definitely  
 here to stay. Because she has the  
 kind of pep that most people  
 dream of but never attain. Be-  
 cause she smokes endless cigar-  
 ettes and never gets the shakes.

Because the success she has  
 attained in W. A. A. has set a  
 record that will be hard to beat.  
 Because she loves to browse  
 around the Hatchet office. Because  
 she has an astoundingly sympa-  
 thetic ear — if you have any  
 troubles just bring them to her. Be-  
 cause she was a super orientation  
 leader and helped the little green-  
 ies get off on the right foot. Because  
 she bowls constantly and still can't  
 break 100. Because we like her  
 and the campus could use a lot  
 more Pat Dietrich's.

**TO BILL CASSILLY:** Because he  
 is in the act of turning out one of  
 the best Hatchets in the history  
 of Washington U. Because he has  
 a sense of humor, a smile, and a  
 peach of a personality. Because  
 he jellies all day in the Quad  
 Shop and never looks any the  
 worse for the ordeal. Because he  
 is one six-foot guy who doesn't  
 insist on dancing with five foot  
 gals. Because he helped Mortar  
 Board compile dates for their cal-  
 endar this year. Because he loves  
 to be called "Ears." Because for  
 four years he put his heart and  
 soul into Hatchet and is now see-  
 ing his work rewarded. Because he  
 always knows your name when he  
 sees you. Because he casts such  
 affectionate glances in the direction  
 of any blonde. Because he spends  
 endless hours slaving away in the  
 dreary Hatchet office and loves it.  
 Because he is one of the few Busi-  
 ness students whose accounting  
 problems always balance.

Because he dances a dreamy  
 waltz to perfection. Because he  
 loves the conga and can actually  
 hit the beat. Because he can  
 make the Hatchet staff toe the  
 mark. Because amid the flying  
 copy and pounding typewriters he  
 remains calm and complacent. Be-  
 cause his dignity is ever present.  
 Because he forever sings the  
 praises of Beta Theta Pi. Because  
 he so thoroughly deserves all the  
 success he has attained here on  
 the campus.

# D R A M A

## ELIOT AWARDS "ELMERS"



We wish to present Eliot's own dramatic award, the sacred and much-whispered-about "Elmer," to the campus dramatic organizations, Thyrsus and Quad Club, and to those seniors whose years of work in these organizations have helped to make them what they are.

**TO QUAD CLUB:** For a HIT. For a swell musical comedy, "Shore Leave," which the audience applauded time and time again. For all those "gripes" the participants expressed when practice interfered with other things—but they went to practice. For foreseeing the coming change in campus life due to the war and modernizing and reconstructing the type of show to be produced in an effort to meet the situation. For the fine songs by John Murrell and Angelo Oliveri—"From Frisco to Pearl Harbor" being sung over the radio on a nation-wide hook-up. For the wisecracks and clever antics of the three stooges.

For the effective job of staging Bob Rumer accomplished, and the excellent designing of scenery done by Bob Fischer, which were undoubtedly two of the strong points of "Shore Leave." For the many bumps Dotty Scheu took in the dancing chorus. For the high peak of production efficiency set by Quad Club under the supervision of such stalwarts as Lewis, Brereton, and Rapp. For a beautiful climax to four years of faithful service by May Ruester in her part as a lady tourist, which she handled in rare form. For the gray hairs in Mr. Jensen's head and for the grand job he did. For the splendid jobs of directing by Stan Fredriksen, Lalla Bauman, and Norman Falkenhainer. For the black ink in the books and for the best of entertainment—here's to the Quad Club.

**TO BOB BASSETT:** Because he is the official pepper-upper on opening night. Because his blond hair is going to look super swell when he dons the Navy Blue. Because he is responsible for the lighting effects in Quad Show. Because he lets Perc bellow at him by the hour and loves it. Because he has the most complete stock of jokes of anyone we know—and we know a lot of people. Because he never misses a light cue — well, hardly ever. Because he is one of those men behind the scene who deserves more credit than he actually gets.

**TO PATTY MANSFIELD:** For her convincing and enjoyable performance as Lady Gravytrane in "Shore Leave," especially for her wonderful "drunk" scene and her never-to-be-forgotten line—"What did you expect—chimes?"—after that famous and capable burp. For the friendly atmosphere she created in that smoky din of pea green walls and sticky counters every day from 8:30 to 5:00, off and on, in her self-appointed capacity of Quad Shop Hostess. For the amusing stories she writes when she's mad or annoyed by two many tests, etc. For not minding being called "George." For her willingness to help anyone out by taking on more work herself. For her "morale-building" services in the armed forces. For that last lingering kiss in "The Wind and the Rain."

**TO THYRSUS:** For a brilliant and successful season which included several hit performances, the rise of new stars, and the climaxing of brilliant careers by the old favorites. For new and better effects in the fields of directing, staging, acting, costuming, lighting, scenery, and sound effects. For the make-up which neither Crisco nor cold cream will take off. Because their production of "The Male Animal" was received so well by the campus, was such a refreshing and delightful comedy, and was produced so admirably by Thyrsus. For the patient and competent direction of Professor W. G. B. Carson and Mr. A. O. Wilkinson. For the quality of the student written English XVI plays, and for the praiseworthy performances of the actors in them.

For the very elaborate and effective costumes in "Beaux Strategem" which were made by Mrs. A. O. Wilkinson. Because the experienced actors in "The Wind and The Rain" presented the Merton Hodge play so effectively. For the unfortunate person in charge of ticket sales who hounds everyone for the few last cents they owe. For Heineman's priceless repartee both on and off stage. For the good cooperation of all concerned, and because of the distinction it has won this past year.

**TO LOUISE HILMER:** For being a Gamma Phi. For those four years back stage with Thyrsus and Johnny Murrell. For repeating the Poli-Sci course twice through no fault of the Dean. For having a sense of humor as unique as herself. For wearing striped overalls and liking bright green. For her life on the old Mississippi and Elsa. For riding horseback and making model sets. For those swell parties at her house on Maryland. For not being able to eat ice-cream and cucumbers at the same time. For coming to school to study without her books. For helping make Thyrsus what it is today. For having a brother who is a Kappa Alpha.

**TO MAURY YAFFE:** For his splendid work in Thyrsus doing everything from stage managing to leading roles—and lest we forget, "Judgment Day," "The Male Animal," "Beaux Strategem," and "Two Gentlemen from Verona." For liking little girls and P. M.'s. For dancing and golfing with superb agility. For his recent flare at candid camera-ing. For always surprising us by his thousands of different cars, or rather by his brother's thousands of different cars. For a smile that puts the Colgate dental ads to shame. For always having a "Lapetus" joke handy for anyone who cares to listen. For making it a point never to miss a Thyrsus party. For being a friendly cuss if there ever was one. For being a Senior and we are sorry.

Lady—Could I see the captain?

First Mate—He's forward, Miss.

Lady—I'm not afraid. I've been out with college boys.

\* \* \*

Isn't this a good place to come for men who have asthma?"

"Yes, the girls are so dumb they can't tell it from passion."

# BETWEEN BELLES

It is the month of May, and now  
Green leaves are on the trees,  
We, too, are green, so patience, dears,  
We really aim to please.

We'll give you all the dirt we know,  
We'll push it in your faces,  
We'll jump for joy, and then we'll run  
And hide in secret places.

Lay off of Wini, all you wolves,  
You need no longer try;  
Her heart is now at Illinois  
In the hands of a Sigma Chi.

Newt Gorman, girls, is on the loose,  
He's giving them all the rush;  
He's free as the air and twice as  
warm—  
Come on, ye femmes, and mush!

M. Knight and Chapman, Theta, Phi,  
Are goin' round together;  
How 'bout that love at Duke, ol' gal  
Or is it just the weather?

Big John, the well loved Sigma Nu,  
Is really quite a piggy,  
Monopolizing all the time  
Of Kappa cutie, Iggie.

Ol' Gary Wood and Margie K.  
Have followed true to form.  
They're pinned, and may we say  
right here  
That we're so happy for 'em?

Bill Pickering's really got it bad  
For independent Janet.  
Says Bill, we quote, "Ah yes, my  
friends,  
It's now just as I planned it!"

That Mansfield gal is being seen  
With Beckmann, Sigma Nu.  
We'd really like to know the score—  
Ain't that the way with you?

We doff our hats to Jackson M.  
And grin a little wider,  
Because he's pinned and happy with  
Blonde Theta, Peggy Rider.

Tyrone O'Rourke is being seen  
With Hatchet's own gal, Grace.  
What of Miss Radcliff and the rest,  
Have they really been replaced?

Jean Fisher's gone and Theta mourns;  
No more of her they'll see.  
She's swapped her frat pin for the ring  
Of Gibbs, an S. A. E.

Joe Peterson, tall Phi Delt man,  
Is feeling rather blotto.  
We think he'd best make up his mind.  
'Tween Geiger and Jimmy Otto.

Bob Knodel, you mysterious thing,  
Why don't you come right out  
And tell us just which Beta man  
Is leading you about?

Herb Keller, Vac, and Neuwoehner  
Are making many passes  
At G. G., California's gift,  
And one of the smoother lasses!

Tri Delta's own fair Jackie Marsh  
Is walkin' round on satin;  
At any rate, she feels quite gay,  
For she's pinned to Howard Patton.

"The Wind and the Rain" is doing things  
To Shurig and Huette,  
And what it's doing is really good—  
On that you all can bet.

Glynn Herrick, boys, is free  
again.  
A treat you've long awaited,  
So get in there and do the good,  
Be you Phi, Sig Chi, or Beta.

This Coombs and Kreitzer deal is  
fine,  
To them a loving cup!  
It's quite a novelty to see  
Romance on the up and up.

Is Margie Jo of K. A. T.  
Falling for the Killer?  
Or is it merely friendship true  
'Tween her and Leo Miller?

Kratky, Curran, Betty Sprague,  
Are still in quite a muddle;  
Get goin', boy, make up your mind,  
Enough of this fiddle-fuddle!

To Johnny Lively we now send  
An M. S. in a bottle,  
Why don't you date us campus  
gals?  
Come on, step on the throttle!

Pat Dietrich, when in Boston town,  
Sent back these words divine,  
"A soldier boy proposed to me—  
And I bowled 99!"

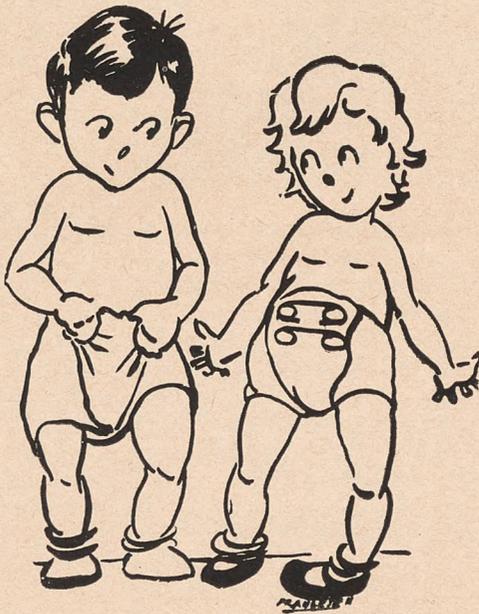
Jack Daniel, our new managing ed,  
Is having all the luck;  
The last we heard he's going strong  
With Theta, Lou Knupp.

Ol' Helen Wallis, Delta Gam,  
Is happy, it's a cinch.  
She's up at Roy's most all the time  
With smoothie, Eddie Lynch.

Come on, Dutch, you rounder, you,  
Admit you still like Frier,  
But we agree that dates with her  
Are scarce as a Firestone tire.

And you, Bill Pufalt, show your spunk,  
What are you, man or mouse?  
Who do you like? Pray tell us now,  
Is it Thompie, Spoor, or House?

How come the Alpha Xi's are causing  
Men to come their way,  
Then trading them among themselves?  
Solution—Patty May.



"Gee, we're pinned. Now what?"

Betty and Foote are on the rocks;  
The rat is Marvin Knoll.  
We've said enough about this deal,  
We'll crawl back in our hole.

A new affair is taking shape  
In the chapter of Alpha Chi,  
For Underwood is going with  
Don Adams, Sigma Chi.

B. Stupp and Kohl have got it bad,  
On that we all agree,  
But if, perchance you doubt our word,  
Come to the Q. Shop and see.

Blue orchids to Teke's Sandy S.  
For pinning M. A. Neher;  
That it will last a long, long time,  
You need not ever fear.

Jean Haumueller, a Phi Mu girl,  
Is taking all the raps.  
Well, anyway, she's got her hooks  
On K. A.'s Kendall Capps!

The army will not cramp her style,  
For to May Ruester runs  
Another little Beta man,  
His name is Cotty Bruns.

The ballet dancer Lucille C.,  
Is making her last bow.  
Miss Cartier is now engaged,  
She's loving it, and how!

J. Dixon, Theta—Hatchet Girl  
Is puzzling the campus bunch;  
One day she's seen with Cassily,  
The next with Princeton's Wunsch.

Frank Grindler, please have pity  
And give the boys a loan  
Of Delta Gamma's darlin',  
Your own sweet Mittie Sloan!

Whatever happened to the deal  
'Tween Woodward and Schoenbeck?  
And while we're asking questions  
Away with this rhetoric.

Before we close we'd like to ask  
A necessary question:  
Why don't you give us more good dirt,  
A hint, or a suggestion?

This Kraus and Stanza, Bud Graves mess  
Is still right up on top;  
There's nothing else to say and so  
I guess we'd better stop!

Once upon a time there were two Irishmen. There are  
lots of them now.

\* \* \*

Friend—I just saw a young man trying to kiss your  
daughter.

Modern Mother—Did he succeed?

Friend—No.

Modern M.—Then it wasn't my daughter.

\* \* \*

Lady (to chauffeur)—Clarence.

Chauffeur—Yes, madam.

Lady—I am not accustomed to call my chauffeurs by  
their first names, Clarence. What is your surname?

Chauffeur—Darling, madam.

Lady—Drive on, Clarence.

\* \* \*

I wish I were a kangaroo

Despite his funny stances.

I'd have a place to put the junk

My girl brings to the dances.

\* \* \*

Confucius say: Praise the man who will love girls  
well; but damn the man who will love and tell.

\* \* \*

She doesn't drink, she never smokes,  
She doesn't spend her dimes on cokes.

She doesn't like to stay out late,

She'd rather sleep than have a date.

She doesn't neck, she doesn't pet,

In fact, she doesn't walk as yet.

\* \* \*

# SPORTS

## ELIOT AWARDS LETTERS



When that point of the school year is reached when one is able to count the remaining weeks on one hand, it suddenly occurs to us that many of the familiar faces which we have watched out on the gridiron and around the Field House are spending their last few weeks among us. Some of those fixtures on the football, basketball, baseball, and track teams will be checking in their red and green equipment for the last time. It is to this group of athletes that **Eliot** would like to give recognition by presenting each boy with his own special letter.

The first award to be given goes to Bud Schwenk. Bud's athletic career at Washington has been so extensive that the very mention of his graduation is enough to make any Bear fan shake his head in despair. Everyone hates to see Wilson, "Bud," graduate. That is, everyone except one group; Washington's opposition, who adopted the slogan "Schwenk, get off our backs" during the four years he has been on the Hilltop. Nor has this group seen the last of Bud; for the day his athletic equipment was hung up, he became Coach Schwenk, Doctor of Passing.

If "Gentle John" Spafford will step up, **Eliot** would like to award him the second letter. A great deal has been said about Spaff's feats at the tackle position for the Bears in the last three years, including those never-to-be-forgotten words, "He has played good ball." But even this seems inadequate when we consider the sacrifices John has made for the school, including those prized possessions, his front teeth. But seriously, Spaff didn't receive the recognition that was due him in football; for it is the opinion of the writer that with the proper backing he would have won "All Missouri Valley" honors of some sort. John is also one of the veterans of the baseball team.

Next name upon the honor roll is Bob Allen. Bob will be remembered as the boy who doubled between the tackle position of the football team and the soda fountain in the Quad Shop. For two years Bob was one of the mainstays of the Bear forward wall, until one day Butch Loebs was looking around for a fullback. His eyes fell upon Bob. From that moment on, Bob, of the line, became "Bounding Bob" of the backfield, and for references of his ability see Rolla and St. Louis University. So, Bob, **Eliot** throws the spotlight on you. May you always be able to adjust yourself to your jobs with the same ease that you employed on the 1941 eleven.

Clarence Turley is the last member of the football squad to get **Eliot's** award. "Turk" is the answer to a coach's dream. He is one of those rare individuals that a coach does not have to scold, plead, whip, drive, or inveigle into practicing and playing hard, for he's the kind of athlete that goes at anything in a conscientious way whether it is the end position on the football team or third base on the baseball team. "Turk" has handled both these jobs for the past three years. To get him to admit any abilities along these lines would be almost impossible, for Turley is too modest. Look this boy over. He's a true thoroughbred.

If Harold Globig can get these football players to move over a little, **Eliot** would like to give recognition to a great basketball player. "Glob" is an athlete who has pure ice water running through his veins. In his three years of varsity competition he was always the same smooth-working machine; a machine which started to function at the opening gun and continued at the same rate until he walked to the showers. "Glob" was one of the backbones of the Bears' defense for three years and could always be counted upon for five to seven points a game.

The next one whom **Eliot** thinks deserving of a special letter is Bill Copeland. Bill has played on the tennis team and has thrown the javelin on the track team for three years, but few know anything about his feats in these events, because Bill is modest to a fault. He is one of the ranking javelin throwers in the Missouri Valley Conference, and stands a good chance of annexing first place honors in this event in Valley Track Meet this year; but to get him to admit any abilities along this line would take super-Gestapo treatment. Here's a lot of luck to the chief of the "strong, silent" tribe.

Another of the chief members of this tribe is Steve Murray. For three years, from March to the latter part of June, Steve has been coming home late to dinner and presenting his mother with the humble excuse, "I've been out playing baseball." And for three years Steve has been donning his catching paraphernalia and taking his post behind the batter for the Bear nines. But the only indication of what he was doing was a letter sweater which Steve did condescend to wear once in a while. Well, it's time some one gave Steve Murray some recognition, so step up, Steve, and take a bow.

The last boy **Eliot** would like to call up is Max Seibel. Max came to Washington just last year from a junior college, and so he can't be credited with three years of running on the track team. It can be said, however, that he has done more in two years out on the cinders than most boys do in three. Max runs distances—the mile and the two-mile—and what makes it seem even more unbelievable, he runs both of them in one day. The only difficulty in watching him run both of these races is trying to determine in which one he does the better job, for Max can always be counted upon for eight to ten points a meet.

Well, it looks like this column has spent itself for the semester. To all sports fans, and to all you loyal readers who have gotten this far—See you next fall.

1st Guy: "I gave my girl a wonderful present last night."

2nd Guy: "I gave mine a wonderful past."

**SID GATES' BUFFET**

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# SITUATION

By JANET WILLIAMSON

It had been an unusually serene evening, it seemed to R. Pendleton North as he stirred in the depths of his armchair, an unusually quiet evening. In fact, nothing seemed to have happened. Tentatively he began to stretch himself. As he moved his head, his eyes opened wide in astonishment, and it was with a groan of both agony and relief that he settled himself back in his chair. Obviously, the evening had been neither quiet nor serene.

When his courage was sufficiently mustered, he again opened his eyes, this time to glance at his watch. Carefully he shifted his gaze to the window, then brought it slowly back to his watch. He closed his eyes to let the enormity of his information register fully. It was six o'clock, and furthermore it was morning. From the upper regions of the house came the sound of running water, incongruously, for Pendleton North lived alone in his house, and he most assuredly, at the present moment, was in no way connected with the upper reaches.

It was a realization of duty that aroused him to investigate. His investigation called for an effort unparalleled in all his thirty-three years of experience. Walking carefully, in a manner that suggested a native carrying a heavy basket atop his head as he walks the very edge of a precipice, Pendleton ascended the stairs, pausing every third step to readjust his gaze, and consequently his equilibrium. Arriving at the landing, he faced the opposing wall squarely, then pivoted ponderously to face the remaining stairs. The sound of the water grew louder, and it came to his mind that it might be the shower.

The door to his room was closed, and he swayed a little as he faced the last barrier. By concentrating his attention on the doorknob, he managed, finally, to open the door. The effort of this simple motion was so great that it was a few minutes before he could take in the situation. There was someone sleeping in his bed and at the same time splashing noises were emanating from his shower. This suggested that there might be two people. Or that his shower had been running all night. He peered at the sleeping form, which eventually resolved itself into a series of lumps and bumps with long blonde hair.

"A woman," thought R. Pendleton North. He ruminated. Triumphant he produced another thought. "A situation."

It was the abrupt cessation of sound from the shower that brought back to his mind the necessity of further investigation. With dignity of step he approached the door to his bathroom. It stood a little ajar and he distinguished thumping noises. Eventually there was submitted to his view a figure drying itself with a towel. Recognition was a simple statement.

"It's John!"

Recognition, evidently, had been aloud, for the betowelled figure turned around and regarded the visible portion of Pendleton with unaccustomed intentness.

"Good morning, Pendleton" issued in a smothered tone. It was almost a question. After the exertion of greeting, both men seemed content with standing still and staring at the open part of the door. John was the first to extract any information from this inspection.

"When did you get up?"

"I didn't," answered Pendleton.

"You've got your clothes on."

"I had them on."

"Oh."

A vague stirring led Pendleton to look at the bed. Because the effort of turning his head was so great, he continued to look at it.

"Who's that?" he asked.

"Who's what?"

"Who's that in my bed?"

John came to the door and peeked through. After a few moments it became apparent to him that he could see nothing but Pendleton, so he opened the door and stood staring at the recumbent form.

"It's a woman."

"Whose?" asked Pendleton, with a curiosity that showed signs of life.

John evidently was puzzled. He kept staring at the bed. So did Pendleton.

"Was she there when I got up?"

"I don't know. Was she?"

John thought, John concentrated. "The main question is, was she there when I went to sleep?"

"She's waking up," announced Pendleton.

With as much haste as possible they retired to the inner sanctum of the bathroom.

"John," said Pendleton gravely, "I think that if you must bring a woman here, it's up to you to remember who she is. Or at least where you got her."

John looked abashed. Then his face brightened. "I didn't bring her here. You did. You have to remember who she is."

For a period of time they remained silent and pensive. Pendleton began piece-meal to undress. He looked at the shower with suspicion, then turned and eyed John with cold hostility.

"You've probably used all the hot water."

To John, his mind still on the problem at hand, this attack from a new direction was demoralizing. He ceased drying himself with the towel and came to the sudden conclusion that he was dry.

"Whose woman is that?" he asked, hoping Pendleton would forget about the hot water.

Pendleton suddenly looked pale. With one foot in the shower he paused.

"Did you get married last night? Or did I?"

"I didn't get married. I'm engaged. Did you?"

"I don't know. You better go see who that is. Maybe we don't know her. Maybe she's just a tramp. Maybe nobody got married." He turned on the water decisively and began roaming around in his shower. John sat and looked distracted.

"What if she wakes up?" he asked.

"Be quiet and she won't hear you."

Cautiously John went to the door, opened it a little, and peered into the bedroom. For a long while he said nothing and did nothing.

"I can't see her."

"Go in and look. We got to know who that is—and whose it is," he amended.

With exaggerated caution John made his way over to the bed. In a tone of amazement and relief he said, "It's Mary Ann."

"Who?" called Pendleton in a bubbly voice from the shower.

"Mary Ann."

"Are you sure? What's she doing here?"

"Sleeping."

"You better not wake her up."

John returned to the bathroom. Abstractedly he began to plug in Pendleton's electric shaver.

"I'm glad it is Mary Ann," he announced, finally. "But how do you suppose she got here?"

"Do you think you could have got married last night?"

"If I did, where were you?"

"Where?"

"Look, Pen, did you have a party last night?"

"I remember going to a party. Or did I give one?"

Who came?"

"Everybody. I remember saying hello to everybody."

"When? What time?"

"Ten. Eleven. Twelve."

"I remember dancing," Pendleton produced, miraculously.

He turned off the water in the shower and emerged dripping. After he had found a towel he turned to scowl at John.

"You did use all the hot water," he said accusingly.

"Maybe we could call up somebody and ask them if anybody got married."

"No. How would you feel if everybody knew you were married and you didn't?"

"Did I or didn't I? Good God, man, I ought to know! Someone ought to know! Marriage is the most important step—a very significant step in a man's life. Vital, al-

most. I mean, if a man gets married, he ought to know it."

In his excitement John stood waving the shaver madly in the air. Pendleton was methodically and meticulously devoting himself to getting dressed. From downstairs came the clear sound of a bell ringing. It rang four times before John or Pendleton gave any audible sign of having heard it.

"It's the telephone," John said.

"I think it sounds more like the door bell."

They listened intently.

"It is the door bell." Pendleton walked out of the bathroom with the smugness of a man who has proven, against all odds, that his opinion is correct. John listened as he went down the stairs, heard him fumblingly unlock the front door, and heard him talking to some one. After a few minutes he heard him ascend the stairs, bringing someone with him. John went on shaving.

"We have the solution," Pendleton announced happily.

John glanced at him. Behind him, neatly dressed in a shiny black suit, with a white collar turned the wrong way, was a Negro. John gulped loudly and came close shaving off one eyebrow.

"Good morning, sir," said the black man, quite without shaving off one eyebrow.

"Good morning," said John.

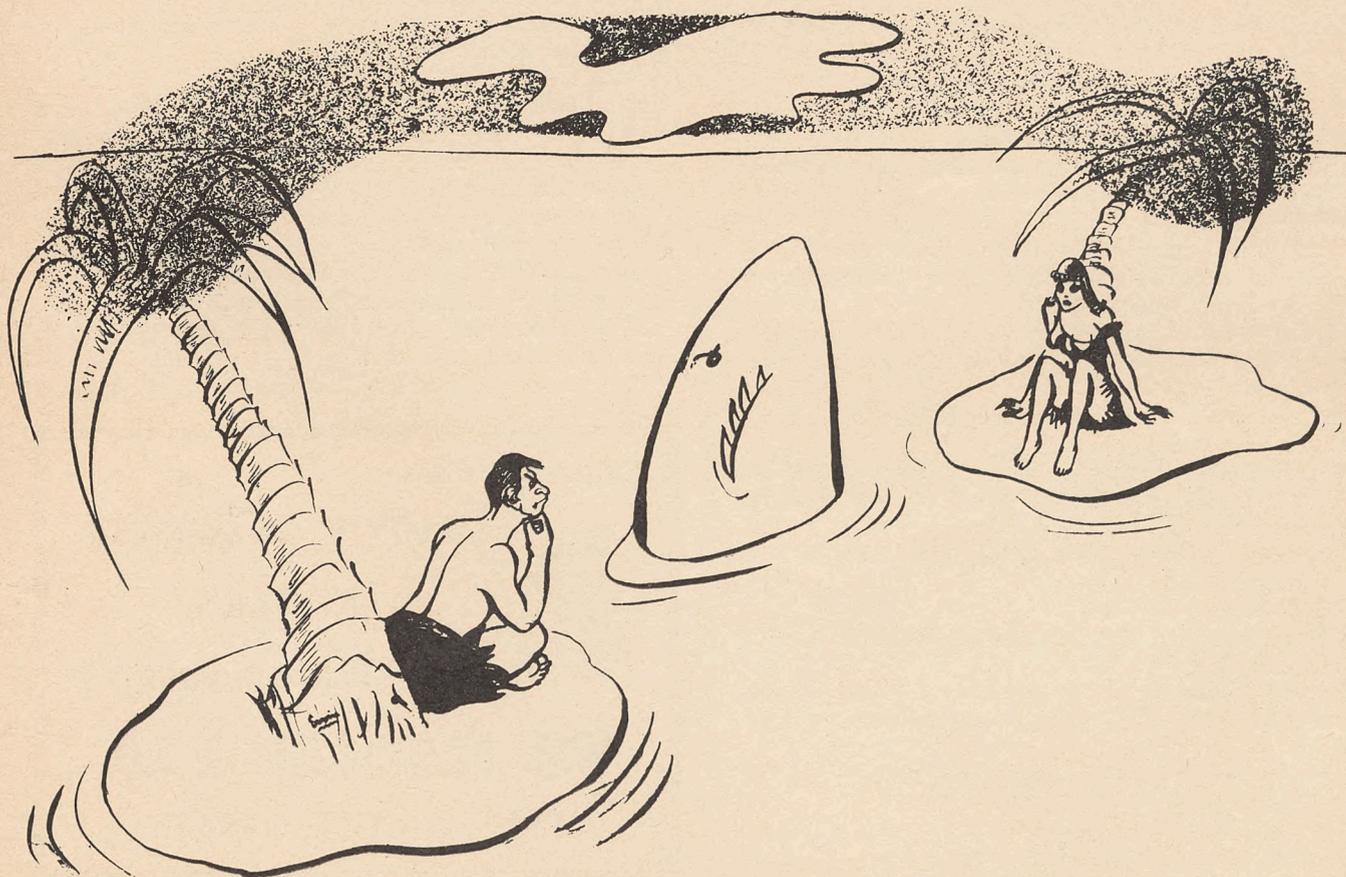
Pendleton intervened. "This is the Reverend Johnson, John. He wants his money."

"What money?"

"The marrying money," put in the Reverend Johnson, in his own interests.

"The marrying money?"

"Yes, sir. The marrying money." His face beamed at John with all the well-wishes a man who has remained



unmarried has for a man who hasn't.

Pendleton, too, was beaming, and began to have thoughts of food, but recalled them as soon as he realized the queer turns his stomach was taking.

John was dumbfounded. His mouth hung at half mast, and his eyes roamed slowly from the tip of the Negro's shiny black shoes to the top of his woolly head, and then from his woolly black head to the tips of his shiny shoes.

Gradually the smile began to fade from the Reverend Johnson's face. He repeated slowly and distinctly, "Yes, sir, the marrying money. Ask Bessie. The marrying money. Yes, sir."

John's jaw stopped looking nebulous. It assumed an expression.

"Who is Bessie? What the devil does she know about it?"

Pendleton came to the rescue. Succinctly he asked, "How much was it, preacher?"

"Five dollars, sir. That's how much it was. Five dollars."

There was a loud noise coming up the steps, like the noise of a bowling alley. Then a timid knock at the door. When Pendleton opened it, an enormous Negress boomed out, "Mawnin', Mist' Pen'lt'n. My, you-all looks sick!" She burst out laughing and Pendleton was afraid that the concussion would start the shower again. Bessie turned to the Reverend Johnson and yelled "Hallelujah, brother! They's sinners, sho' 'nuff."

John crawled into the shower holding his ears, and Pendleton started out the door as the Negress Bessie laughed again. The Reverend Johnson smiled a painful smile.

"I sho' wouldn' a thought you'd git married, Mist' Pen'lt'on," gasped Bessie.

Pendleton stopped short, "Me?"

"Yassuh!"

"Bessie, look, I told you to keep out of my scotch last night."

John came out of the shower, a little damp.

"Who got married, Bessie?" he asked.

"Mist' Pen'lt'on and 'at blonde gal."

"She means Mary Ann, I guess, Pen," John was looking more and more like a hangover.

"Who?" asked Bessie suspiciously.

"Mary Ann," answered Pendleton, a little sharply.

"I don know about that," Bessie said. "You got married to the one I brung upstairs."

The door opened and a figure in an enormous dressing gown walked in. Reverend Johnson averted his gaze. Bessie called, "That's her!"

John and Pen turned to look, and said, almost simultaneously, "Hello, Mary Ann."

Reverend Johnson made humble noises in his throat. He looked as though he wanted to leave, but no one paid any attention to him.

Mary Ann turned to John, instinctively, because she was engaged to him.

"What's happened, John?"

"Nothing serious. You married Pendleton last night."

"Who are these people?"

"I'm sorry," John said. "This is the Reverend Johnson who married you, — and Bessie, I don't know what she did."

"I was a witness an' the weddin' march and maid o' honor," Bessie put in.

"Oh," said Mary Ann weakly. "Well, thank you very much. It was very kind of you. When did you say I

got married?"

"Last night, Mary Ann," said John rather gently.

"And I married Pendleton?"

"Yes," said Pendleton gloomily.

"Oh," Mary Ann added. She had a far-away look in her eyes that could have been caused by getting up too early. "Well, if you will all get out of here, I'll get dressed."

Reverend Johnson had been edging toward the door, but he stopped, as though remembering something grim.

"The five dollars," he said sternly.

"Oh, of course," said Pendleton. He took John's wallet from his coat and drew out five dollars.

"Thank you, sir," said the Reverend Johnson. "Many happy congratulations." He left.

"Three dollahs fo' me, Mist' Pend'lt'on," Bessie said. "I ain't countin' bein' put out by a weddin'."

"That's very nice of you Bessie. You're invited to my next party. But leave the scotch alone."

"Yassuh!" and Bessie left.

John and Pendleton sat on the bed and waited for Mary Ann. Pendleton was the first to be noble.

"We can have it annulled, John."

"Oh, no. I wouldn't think of it."

"But I'm not engaged to Mary Ann."

"Well, neither am I, any more."

"That's right, too," Pendleton said morosely. There was a long silence while they listened to Mary Ann taking a shower. Then Pendleton broke the silence.

"It was painless, all right, John. I didn't think it would be. You ought to try it."

"No," said John. "I'll take your word for it."

"If I divorce her, you can try it."

"Pendleton, I'm just beginning to realize what a narrow escape I've had. I don't want to ever get married."

At the stricken look on Pendleton's face, John said, "But I'll come and see you."

Pendleton cogitated morosely. "Maybe she'll look better after she's had a shower."

"They always do," said John.

Mary Ann finally came in, looking better. "What shall we do now?" she asked.

"Let's get some coffee," Pendleton suggested.

At the bottom of the steps, she stopped and waited to put a motherly arm around Pendleton's shoulder. "Maybe it wasn't legal," she said brightly. "There may not have been a license, or something."

"I forgot to ask," said Pendleton hopefully.

John looked sad. "After our coffee, let's play some golf. We can face life later."

They all smiled happily. They loved to play golf.

Chestnut 7020

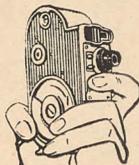
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## POETRY

### AN "IF" FOR MEN

If you can keep your girl when boys around you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,  
If you can crack a joke like men in town do,  
If you can dance—and yet be bored by dancing,  
If you can laugh, and call all love-words lies,  
And, being boyish, laugh at all romancing,  
Look sophisticated, superior, wise.

If you can drink and stand when plastered,  
If you can smoke two packs of weeds a day,  
If every form of lying you have mastered,  
If you hold your teachers in your sway,  
If you can make one pile of all your winnings,  
Collected while you told the girls who's boss,  
And burn 'em—start again at the beginning,  
And never even feel there's any loss,

If you can deny all words you've spoken,  
Words you have said as just a trap for girls,  
If you can boast of all the hearts you've broken,  
And call girls merely—"Powder, rouge, and curls,"  
If you can make a smile that looks sincere, dear,  
Hold her close—and roll your eyes,  
And yet think of lines you'll use next year,  
And laugh at all her loving words and sigh.

If you can go with debs and call them "honey",  
Take out college girls and call them "dear,"  
Tell chorus girls you think they're sweet and funny,  
And yet have just one line for all to hear,  
If you'll admit love-making is a pastime, you're  
Hard to please—you're fickle-fast-and-tough;  
Yours is the life of every college senior  
But someday you will find it's not enough.  
—Anonymous.

### TO A DRAFT BOARD

I saw a doctor, and he told me  
I have a vitamin deficiency.  
My blood pressure's low, off twenty-three,  
I've found I've lost my energy.  
My bones are soft, my teeth are bad,  
When I try to eat caramels with them, egad!  
My feet are flat as a beggarman's purse,  
My chest is still flatter, whose shape could be worse?  
My eyes are so weak I can hardly see—  
But I'll bet you a buck that the army takes me.  
SID GOLDSTEIN.

\* \* \*

Dumb Male—I don't see how football players ever get clean after a game.

Dumber Female—Silly, what do you suppose the scrub team is for?

\* \* \*

"Why have you been sitting in your car there at the curb all afternoon?"

"I'm waiting for two gentlemen."

"Who are they?"

"The man who owns the car in front of me and the man who owns the one in back."

\* \* \*

"Why is it bad to read poetry on the beach?"

"You start with Browning and end up with Burns!"

## MUSIC

Have you seen the scrap pile in "As You Like It's" window? It's tremendous. Oh, scrap what? Why all the old and broken records that they buy from anyone who'll bring them in. They have a record breaker, too, so if you like to smash the oldies with a hammer just come along. This is quite necessary too because soon you won't be able to buy new records without turning in old ones.

Mary Jane has a warrant out for Phi Delt Meletio because one day he quietly bought a record out of an album, and she can't replace it. The platter is **Minnie the Moocher**. M. J. didn't know who had it 'til Conrades came in saying that all the boys parade down to lunch chanting Hi dee hi dee hi dee hi—Hi dee hi dee hi dee ho

o  
o  
o.

\* \* \*

The D. G. gals are haunting the Like It these days. Most anytime you can find Free, Reed, Niekamp or Wallis hearing new songs—**The Angels Sing, I Concentrate on You**, etc. The current favorites are **Tangerine, Jersey Bounce, J. Dorsey's I'm Glad There Is You, T. Dorsey's Poor You, Somebody Else Is Takin' My Place, Skylark**, and still on the bandwagon are **Moonlight Cocktail** and **I Remember You**.

\* \* \*

"If this lecture has gone overtime it's only because I haven't my watch and the hall clock has stopped . . ."  
"There's a calendar in back of you."

\* \* \*

The daughter of a noted financier was talking to her bridegroom:

"Dad's going to give us a check for a wedding present."

"Then we'll have to have the ceremony at noon instead of at 3 o'clock," replied the groom.

"Why?"

"Because the banks close at 3."

# PAT PARRIS

## Photographer

## Have You Heard These Before?

"Tell that man to stop kissing you."  
"Tell him yourself. I don't talk to strangers."

\* \* \*

Cannibal King: "What am I having for lunch?"  
Cook: "Two old maids."  
Cannibal King: "Ugh! Leftovers again."

\* \* \*

The dear vicar's wife had just died, and in consequence, he wished to be relieved of his duties for the week-end, so he sent the following message to the bishop:  
"I regret to inform you that my wife has just died, and I should be obliged if you would send me a substitute for the weekend."

\* \* \*

She (cooly): "You bad boy, don't you kiss me again!"  
He: "I won't. I'm just trying to find out who has the gin at this party."

\* \* \*

There was a young girl from Peru,  
Who decided her loves were too few,  
So she walked from her door,  
With a fig-leaf, no more:  
And now she's in bed with the flu.

\* \* \*

Marriage is a wonderful institution—no family should be without it.

\* \* \*

Jack and Jill went up a hill  
Upon a moonlight ride;  
When Jack came back,  
One eye was black:  
His pal, you see, had lied.

\* \* \*

I crept upstairs, my shoe in hand,  
Just as the night took wing—  
And I saw my wife four steps above,  
Doing the same darned thing.

\* \* \*

And then there was the heartless ventriloquist who passed an old maid's open bedroom window and threw his voice under her bed.

\* \* \*

Two men were seated together in a crowded street car. One of them noticed that the other had his eyes closed.

"Wassamatter, Bill," he asked, "feeling ill?"

"I'm all right," answered Bill, "but I hate to see ladies standing."

## "Wimin"

Sweaters, ribbons,  
Saddles, skirts,  
Kites and arrows,  
Scarfs and skirts,  
Gossip, stories,  
Questions, questions,  
"Who were you with?  
At my suggestion!"  
Stockings, heels,  
Furs, Chanel,  
Bars and music,  
Goin' to hell.  
Parties, dances,  
Countin' cuts,  
Jelly dates,  
And they're the nuts.  
Phone calls, lunch,  
Bridge and such,  
A fag will please,  
Oh yeah? Not much!  
Diggers all,  
They're after gold,  
We love those gals—  
So I am told.

—Dorothy Mohler.

## BARNES HOSPITAL

Beginning July 1, 1942, training in Medical Technology will be offered at Barnes Hospital. This course will be open to women who have had at least two years of college including courses in General Chemistry, Quantitative Chemistry, and Biology or Bacteriology. Organic Chemistry and Physics are highly desirable, but not essential requirements.

The course includes training in Clinical Microscopy, Tissue Pathology, Blood Bank Technique, Basal Metabolism, Electrocardiography, Bacteriology, Immunology, and Biochemistry. The course will last twelve months, tuition \$200.00. For further information, write the Director of Laboratories, Barnes Hospital, St. Louis, Mo.

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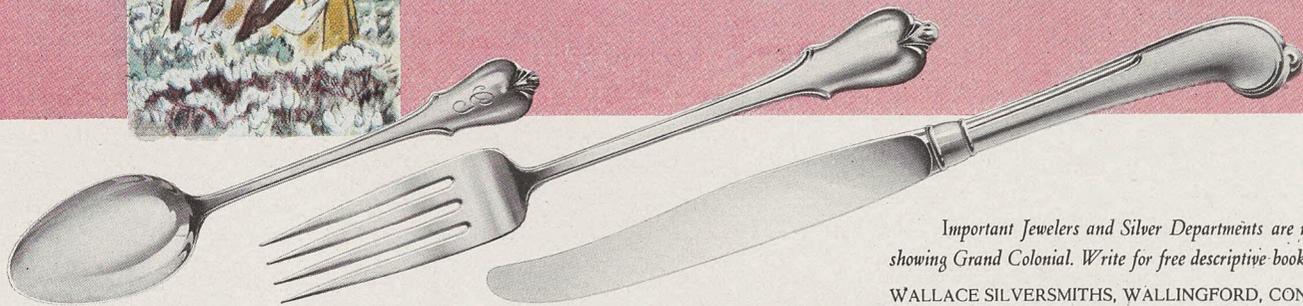
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