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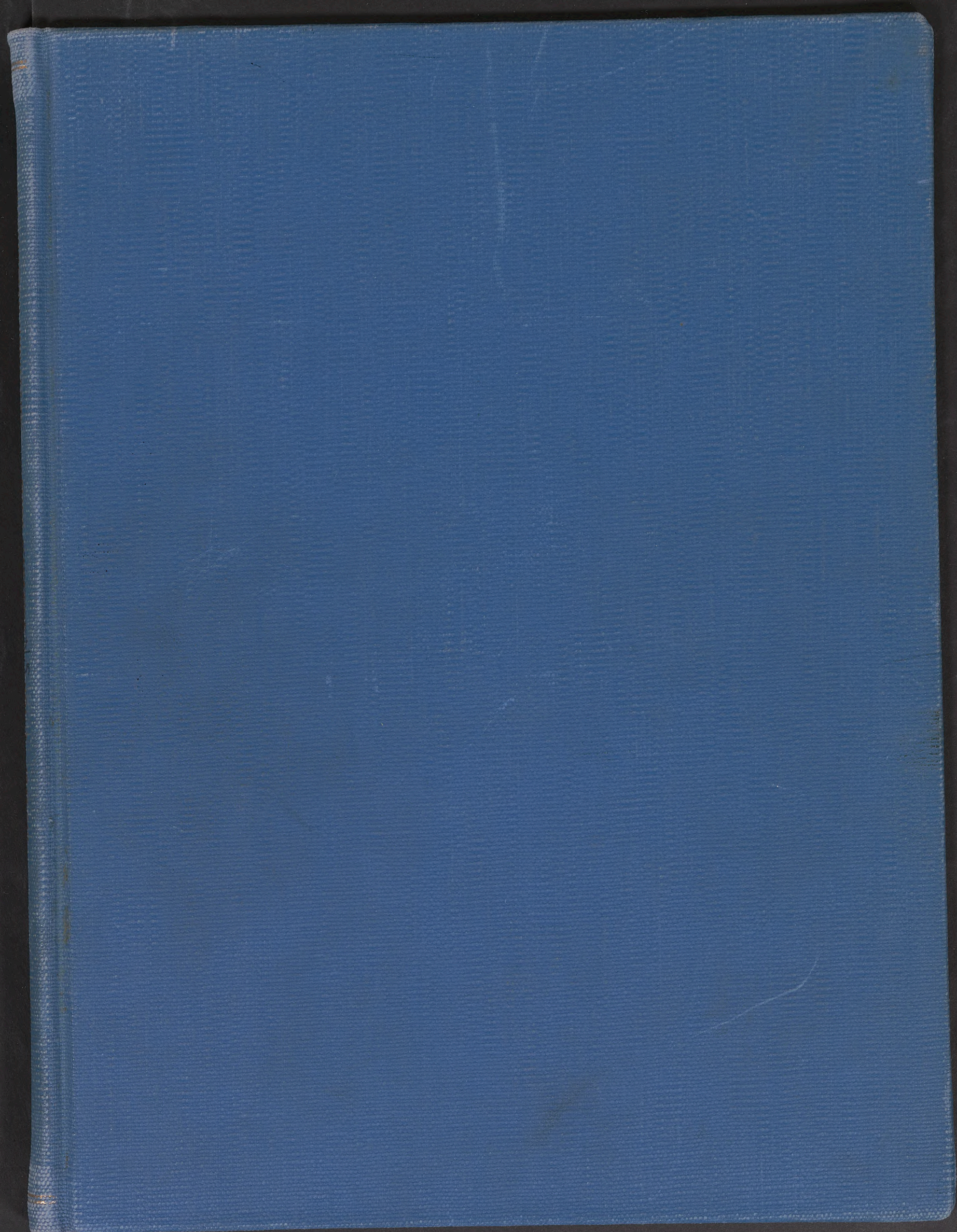
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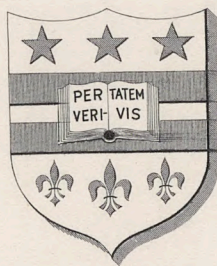
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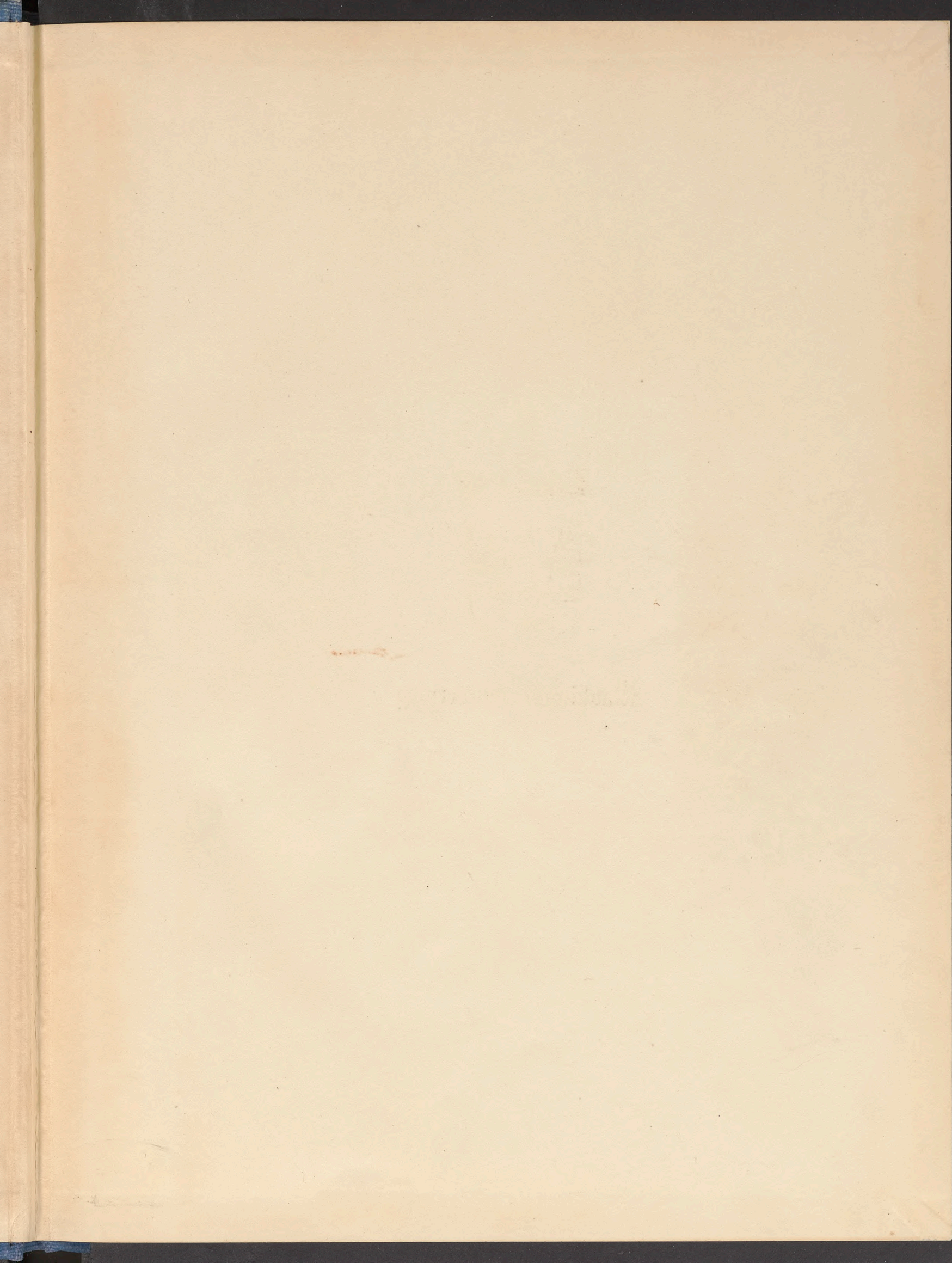


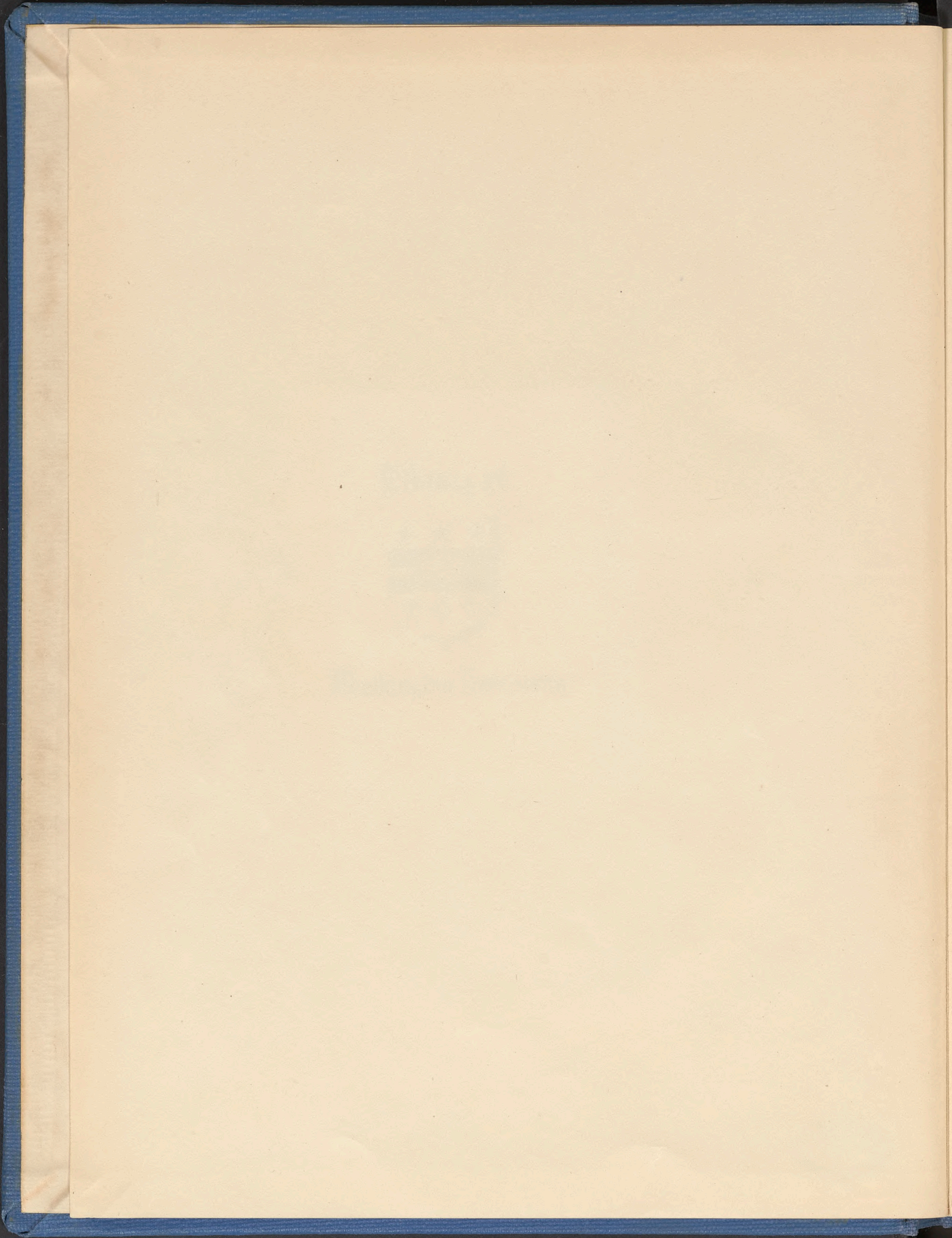
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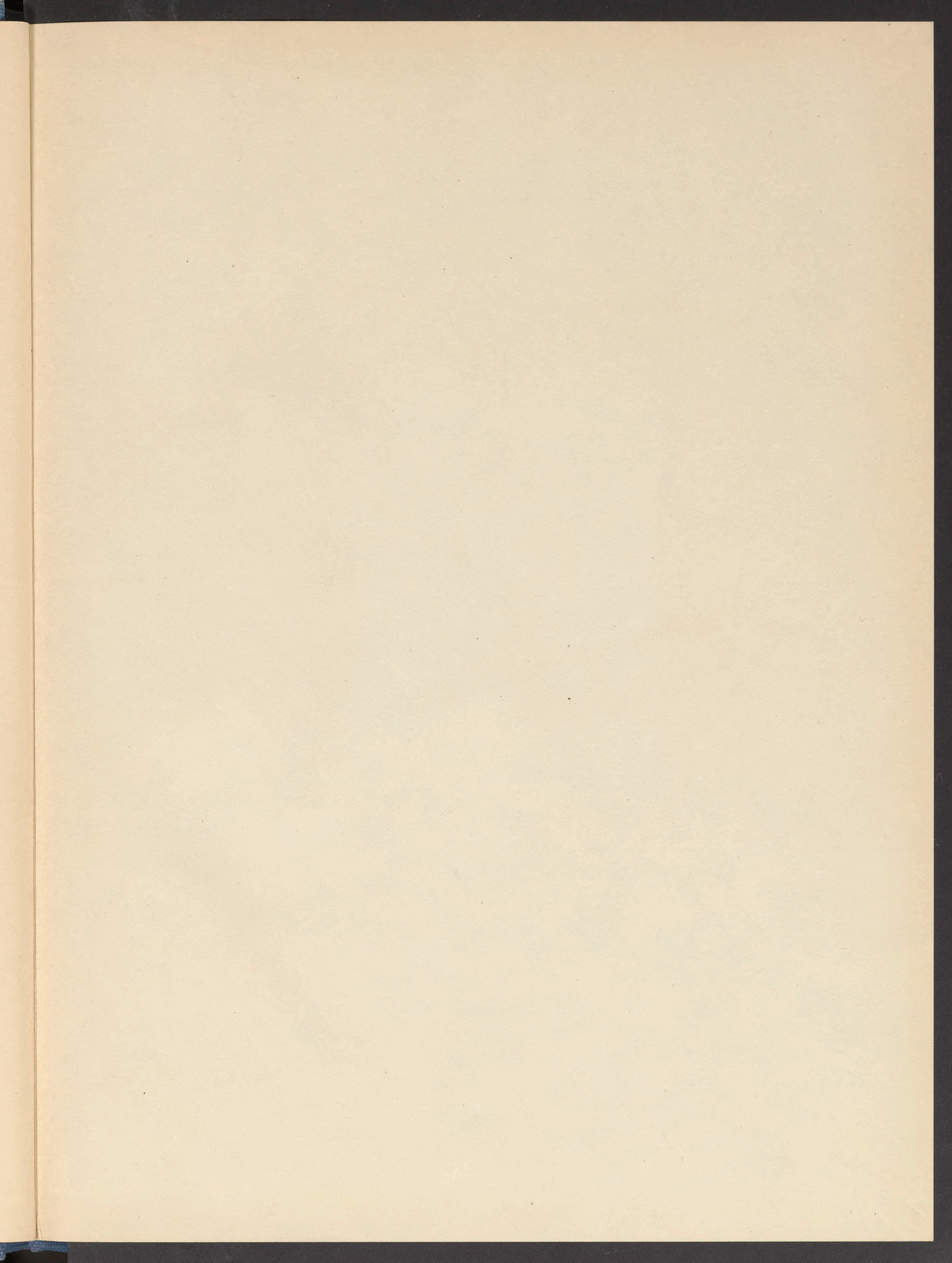


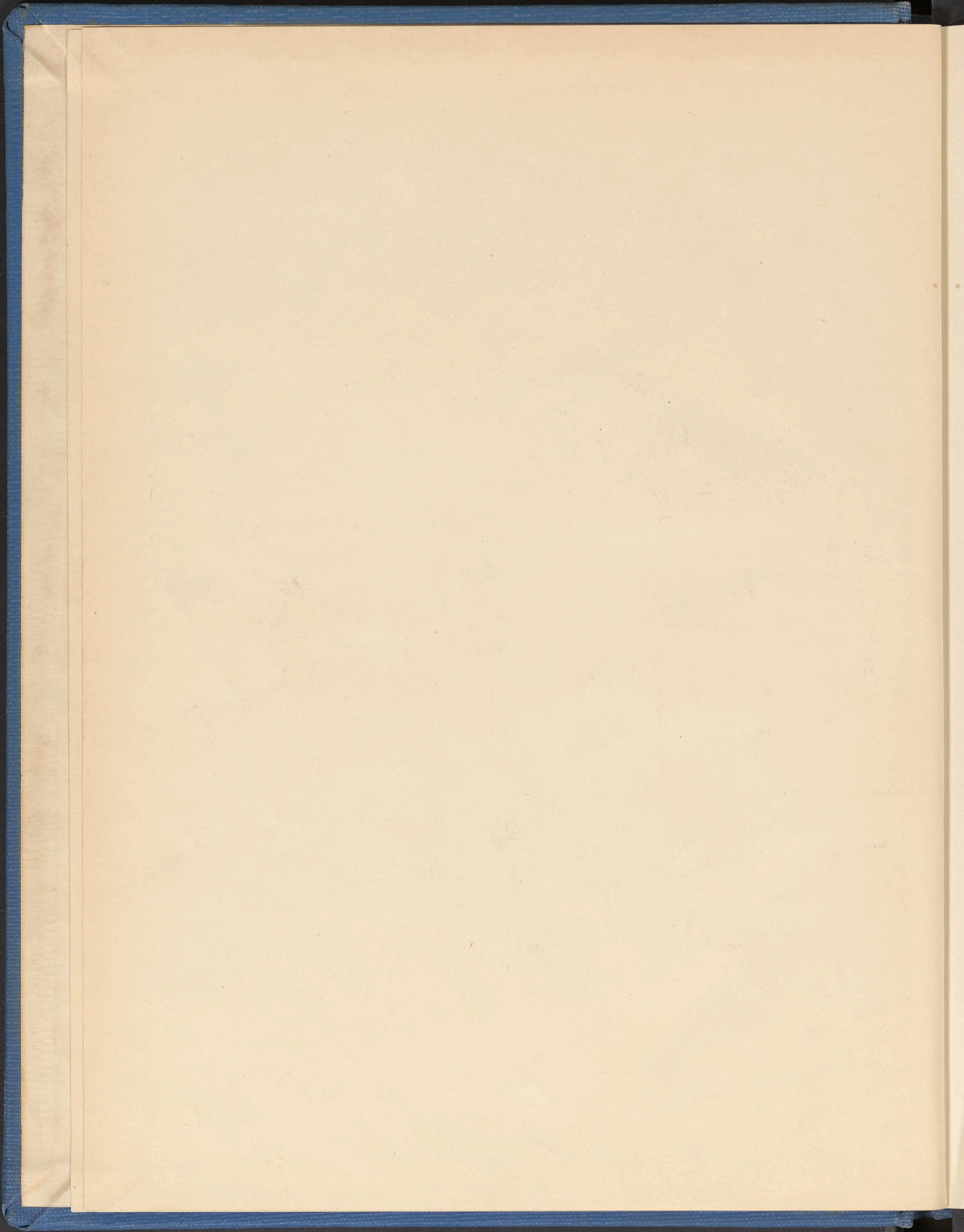
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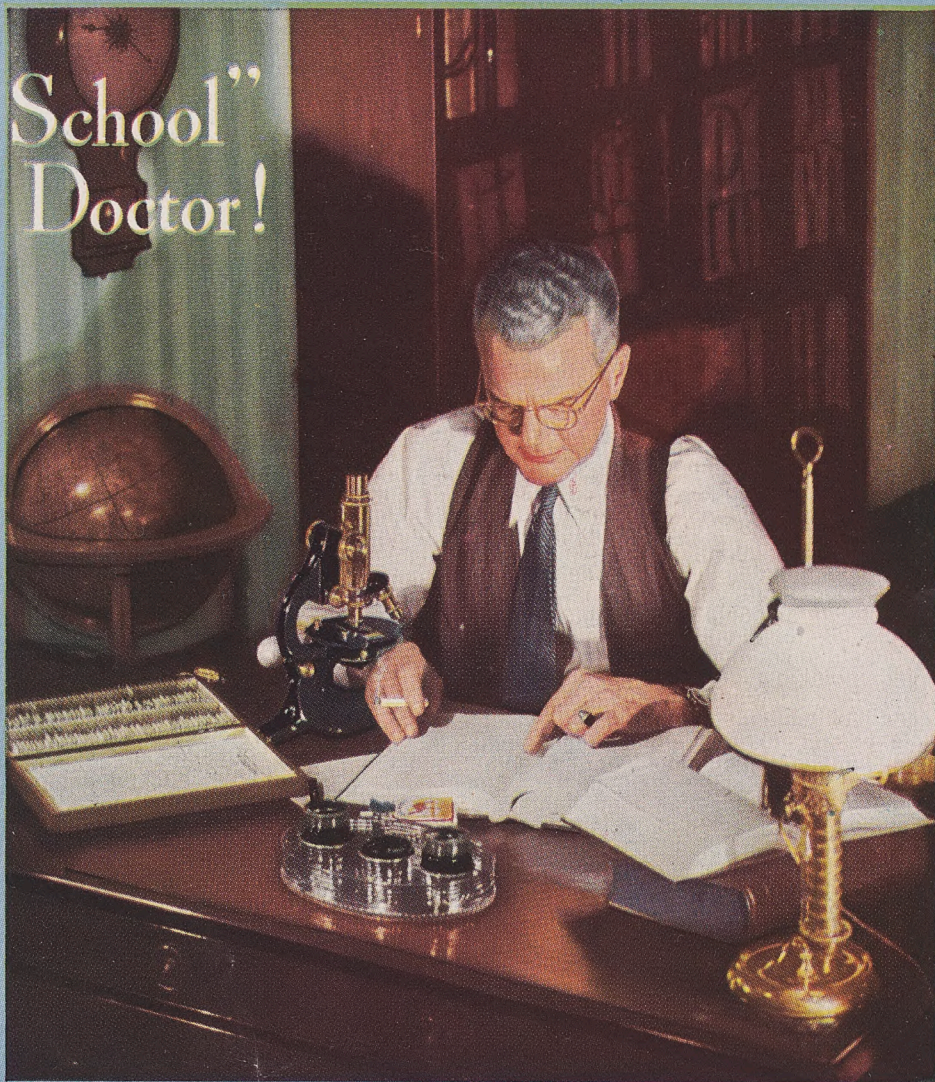
OCTOBER 1946 TWENTY CENTS

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● "What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?"

That was the gist of the question put to 113,597 doctors from coast to coast in a recent survey by three independent research groups.

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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.,
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ELIOT

OCTOBER 1946

Volume 3

Number 1

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Rev
V. 3
10/10/47

Passed and Perfect--Girls



If your feet get cold in the winter, when you run around in open slippers, try the new shoe socks. Vandervoorts have some bright colored ones for \$2.98, in bright blue, dark blue, white and black. First floor.

For you gals who like to carry small purses, Vandervoorts have tiny black faille ones for \$5.00. They are about 8 inches long, and are to be found on the first floor.



Peck and Peck have an unusual but useful item for the co-eds who go in for football as a side line. We are talking about a shawl in a purse. It comes in navy and light blue check. All wool, \$10.00.

Everyone loves those short white string gloves that simply go with everything. You may have your pick from a large selection of colors, light blue, natural, yellow or white for only \$1.98 at Vandervoorts first floor.

Sweater blouses seem to be holding their own, and Boyd's have a new twist to add to their charm. They have jeweled heraldic designs on the front, come in gray, black and white. Yellow too, but without a design. Short sleeves, \$10.95, long sleeves, \$16.95.



Belts are more important than ever, and they help to relieve the monotony of skirts and sweaters. We found a different one at Peck and Peck in tan, only \$5.95.



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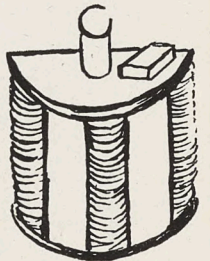
**Washington
University's
Outstanding
Band**

Passed and Perfect--Men



Men, do you want that rugged outdoors look? Here's a painless method for achieving it. Get one of the "Stirrup" ties at Scruggs. They are solid colored (blue, deep red, tan, green and brown) and are bound with raw hide. They really look like something out of the Old West. Just \$1.00 too.

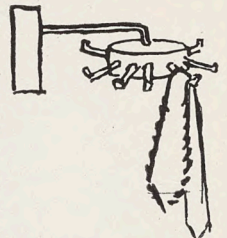
Poker addicts will want the nifty poker set we saw at Famous. It's a semi-circular piece of wood that holds brightly colored chips and a pack of cards. A bargain at \$3.50 when you consider how much you might win with such equipment.



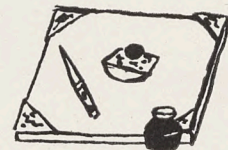
If your ambition is to be a well dressed college man, you'll want several pairs of argyle socks, and we saw some very nice ones at Stix. They are imported, hand made, and the color combinations are really lush. \$4.50.



Whether or not you get one of the ties mentioned above, you'll certainly have an easier time choosing from your present stock if you have something to display it on. How about a rotating tie hanger? It holds 16 ties and is made of wood and chrome. \$1.50.



For men who have managed to get in the dorm, we saw a neat desk set. It consists of a large blotter bound in leather, ink well, small blotter, and letter opener, all matching in red, green, black, brown or blue with gold trim. \$5.98 at Stix. And girls—there is no masculine priority on this.



KLINE'S

juniors

The Eliot girl-of-the-month... wearing a Carlye original... only at Kline's...



Miss Andrea Knight, lovely debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Knight, was Eliot's choice to model this Carlye original... soon to be featured in Junior Bazaar.

Miss Knight's slender figure is clothed in yummy soft wool... her blonde tresses are echoed in the golden kidskin edging... sizes 9 to 15. **29.95**

KLINE'S junior shop, second floor

LEPPERT ROOS
919 LOCUST • 4652 MARYLAND AVE.

young **MOUTON** for you

\$159



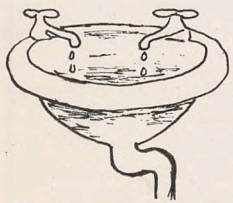
Top ... Three-quarter length casual coat ...
deep turn-back cuffs ... soft ripple back.
Center ... Belted jacket ... rolled collar, flared
peplum nail head belt ... leg-o-mutton sleeves.
Bottom ... Short coat, wool lining and ascot,
great bell sleeves ... wide swing back.
Deb Shop Sizes 9-15

2760
3

The Towers and the Town

THE leaves will be falling through the nippy air anytime now, messing up the ground, and giving little brother a job for Saturday morning. School days are back, and some of us have waited long enough to have many feelings in common with Junior on his first session in Public School #1. As has been said altogether too frequently, there is certainly a conglomeration of ages among the undergraduates this year. This brings to mind the greeting that Asa Hearthrug (*Barefoot Boy with Cheek*) received from his dignified professor of Sociology. The stately old man advanced to the front of the class, looked the students over, shook his white head, and said, "Cheeze. They get crumbier every year."

The professors may wonder about the future of the University, but we of the ELIOT staff are not in the least bit worried.



Any school which so thoughtfully provides for the needs of the activities it sponsors can face the future unafraid. The new ELIOT

office is luxuriously equipped with a washbasin in one corner, and the editors wish to announce that to take the place of football this fall, they will erect a miniature stadium in the office, and present a water fight among the staff each noon. This classic event has been dubbed "the Water Bowl."

BY way of the grapevine, we chanced on the rumor that the editor of *Student Life*, who was chosen last year, and to whom ELIOT gave its kindest and best wishes at that time, is not on the Hill this semester. If this gossip is true, we think that its lesson should be passed on to entering freshmen.

Undoubtedly there were few people who equalled her in activity records—Kappa Alpha Theta; Alpha Lambda Delta; Ternion; Student Senate; *Hatchet*, copy editor; *Student Life*, managing editor—to mention just a few. For many people on campus it is hard to refuse a new assignment. They take on more work than is conducive to passing grades. We hate to think that the editor chosen last year was one of those persons who can't say no.

Whether or not she was is not really the important point. We merely want to impress upon the incoming student

the seriousness with which he should select the type and number of his activities. We are certainly sorry that not just this special one, but many other familiar faces are no longer about the campus this year. However we hope that wherever they are, they will have learned not to bite off more than they can chew.

TO those who have been away, Washington seems to have gotten along quite well. The grass has been growing with about the same vigor that it did before (although one of our typists insists that she saw Mr. Compton, in fatigue clothes and Phi Beta key, painstakingly sowing grass seed this summer), and Student Senate has, in many vital summer meetings, succeeded in changing the rules concerning membership qualifications of that body and the number of door stops that should be allowed in one building. However, the summer workers have left a few things for us to do, such as finding



a name for the new buildings along Milbrook. ELIOT has decided to let some other campus organization handle this important assignment. We are glad to report that there will be an unusually good crop of queens this year, and ELIOT hopes to contribute to this bumper harvest by having a queen of the pencil sharpeners. We hope to find an old graduate, now employed by the Ever-sharp company, to select the lucky young lady.

There will, naturally, be no Union Building this year, though we are glad to report that there is some excitement in the student body due to the fact that a freshman in the architecture school has already got a plan on paper and announces that he is going to give it to our chancellor at the first play night.

Because of some mix up in mailing, we received a rushing schedule from one of the local Greek organizations. It was marked "Confidential" so we can't tell you much about it, but we can assure you that the girls have really been working for the past month. Song practices, rushing instructions, special parties, ex-

tra parties, lists of names, etc. The reaction has set in, though, the girls are back in sloppy sweaters and flats, they have already forgotten what hose and gloves are, and we probably won't see hats again until Rush Week of next year, when everyone will again read the "Rushing Guide" and find that Pan Hellenic has 30 shares of stock in a local hat company. One new pledge confided in us that she got the key mixed up with the arrow, and so she pledged a new sorority on campus, which has a pressure cooker as an emblem. Rush week is, however, a step forward in world union, never have we seen such goodwill and friendliness concentrated into seven short days. A retrogression is of course, to be expected after such an extensive effort; so don't be too hard on the girls.

NO statement has been made as to the number of males per female at school this fall. This summer one young lady was reported as having a difficult time deciding which of the three hundred available males she would go out with that evening. However we fear that in regular session there may yet be more women than men, and we know that the girls hold a position of unusual supremacy in campus activities.

Time was when the invincible male had the campus well under his all-knowing thumb, and could manage school affairs masterfully, keeping the co-ed in her place in the sorority room, and keeping his fellow male in a position second in rank only to that of a Compton. This arrangement was neat and orderly; a girl would speak only when spoken to, and then not until the fifth attempt, at least. A man could walk around campus, carefree as a cloud, knowing that admiring women were watching him from afar, respecting him for his high position in any one of the many school activities. The same admiring women would "ooh" and "ah" when he told them of his prowess on the athletic field, in affairs of the heart, or in Graham's Grill.

But something happened. Perhaps girls' athletics became more popular; perhaps the gals wanted their side of those summer romances heard; perhaps Roy sweetened his cocktails a little—who knows? In any case, we do know what has happened since then. Girls have gotten into everything. They head publication staffs, they run Student Senate, they are represented in overwhelming numbers on every commission or

committee recently organized at this school, and there are probably more independent women than there are independent men (statistics can be made to show anything, unfortunately.) Men, step up and end this sad state of affairs! Regain your old prestige! Get into publications, and you too might become editor! Take the girls away from this, out of all this drudgery. Put them back in the Women's Building, with their tea and toast. And furthermore, have pity on the poor guy who goes with a female editor. . . .

TERNION has promised that it will publish its valuable little manual within a week before school closes next spring, and while we are appreciative of its efforts, we should like to suggest that it is not the job of an organization composed of 12 or 13 women undergraduates to put out as necessary and convenient a publication as a student directory. In the first place, the members of an activities honorary are selected on a basis of campus leadership, and could be more useful in other fields than that of compiling, assorting and typing lists of students names. In the second place, the registrar's office is already admirably equipped with the necessary facts, equipment, and personnel, and could easily and efficiently publish a twice yearly student directory. Although this suggestion will probably cause the already overpressed registrar's office to refuse our next application for admission, we should like to suggest that *Ternion* be relieved of the job of putting out the directory, and that the registrar's office take over.

OUR ad department has started something new for *Eliot*. These financial wizards have made a contract with Klines to have a "Girl of Month" portrayed in their ad in each issue. We of the staff look forward with glee to the prospect of choosing beauties from the campus.

We have chosen Miss Andrea Knight queen for the month of October and according to all we can glean from the records she seems to meet our strict qualifications. She has done all sorts of ambitious things such as modeling, painting, and enrolling in the Art School. She follows the regal manner in having many definite likes among which are apple pie a la mode, boogie woogie, travel, dancing, and classical music, and no dislikes. Affairs of the heart are still in the embryo stage, but her mind is open to the love element. Her beauty need not be described other than that, as seen in Kline's ad, the camera does not lie.

Following the lead of the Miss America people, we have not only considered the physical aspects of the girl but have also considered her talents. We plan to follow this policy in all future selections. We would like to give fair warning to any candidates for the glamorous spot that the judges are everywhere and are watching you with both eyes. We recommend a strict routine of both culture and beauty development for all coeds, for one never knows who will be next.



I often wondered why
I could not reach the moon
With my extended hand.
Why no stars were ours
Or ever would be.
But now I know:
The evening has its joy and compensation
In their light
Though they, too, come and go.

Paula Faye Tabachnik

IMPRESSION

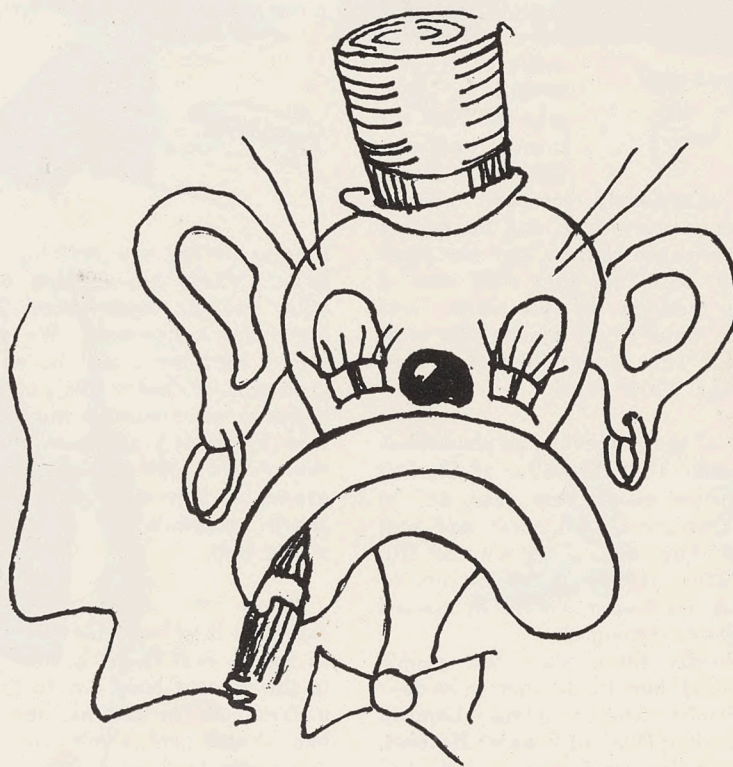
Red and blue
slashed in streaks
across the page of life.

Yellow—
first, pale and timid;
then, hard and hurriedly drawn.

Green—
boldly blotched
and blinding as hate itself.

White—
always

Paula Faye Tabachnik



As the CANNIBALS SAY:
"IT AIN'T THE MEAT ITS
THE HUMANITY."

Advice to Freshmen

With the beginning of the fall term we have quite a few freshmen coming out to old Wash You, and I, always willing to part with some wisdom teeth, thought that I would do my bit to start the frosh off on the proper "ped" (Latin for foot, you know).

I'll start right in by suggesting that you prepare yourself for the trips to and from the campus. WU is a streetcar college, and it is very important that you face this fact. The City Limits has a very definite schedule and it leaves at a specific time each day, always just before you can run down to the car stop. The University Car is not equipped with saddles, but I suggest that you carry your own pocket model for the ride from Skinker to Garavelli's. If you aren't accustomed to the trip, you might wear spurs to hold on for the first week or two. People with weak stomachs may take a little longer to adjust themselves, but a seat near the window is your best bet. And for the benefit of those who have to drive to school, I shall give you a few tips about the parking lots. They are located inconveniently around the campus. All you have to do is drive into the lot and leave your car. Don't look for space to park because you won't find it. Just leave the car in the aisle, after removing all the fenders and locking them safely inside. Reinforce your bumpers also, because we've heard of people having a little trouble with a fellow who drives a Sherman tank and moves cars around while the owners are in class. Strengthening your bumpers is optional however, because if the boy with the tank has already parked, you have nothing to worry about.

Enough of that, I am now going to get down to the business of the day, the classroom. This may seem like it's not worth mentioning, but it is a definite asset to know how to conduct yourself in the most congenial manner possible in the lecture room. All classes start on the hour but there are eight minutes of grace, and *nobody* ever comes in until eight after. Be careful not to get caught in the last minute dash for the door, you are apt to knock down the professor. If you should happen to be a few minutes late, say you duck in at half past, go right to your seat, as inconspicuously as possible with an armload of books. If you sit on the far side of the room, this is difficult because the professor is bound to see you, and your neighbors won't like your stepping on their toes or brushing off their

glasses with your coat in passing. Disregard their dirty looks, though, and smile sweetly as you explain that your alarm didn't go off or you just couldn't leave that last hand of bridge. Girls, always seat yourselves near a homely boy. They are usually nice and the good-looking ones are all "married" (that is English for "hands off") anyway. Boys, sit near a girl with glasses because she won't bore you with the story about the party she went to the night before. Then, too, she will usually help you with your lesson or loan you her notes. I suppose I really shouldn't have wasted time telling this last, because you aren't interested in getting anything out of college except an education anyway.

You all know how to study, I'm sure, but just for the fun of it I'll add a paragraph on that. Ridgley Library has another function besides that of a meeting place. Inside the building there are several rows of tables equipped with reading lamps, and chairs. These are for the benefit of those who want to study. The place is usually filled (the day before exams). On presentation of your receipt, you receive a beautiful yellow card with a metal plate inserted in one corner, which entitles you to take out any book for two weeks free—except the rental library books which comprise at least 75% of the total number, and the reserve books which can be taken out for overnight only, (fine of \$1.00 per hour for overdue reserve books). This valuable card is given to you absolutely free with each payment of tuition. Mine came in handy last semester as a book mark for my copy of "Forever Amber." But really there isn't much studying necessary at Washington University. No, you take your books and notes home—and read all night. On the average, you can get by with about eight hours a day of outside-the-classroom study. Then when exams come you won't have to study and you can go out. There is one catch, though, there won't be anybody to go out with—everybody else is studying. You can use this time to catch up on your sleep, if you still remember how.

Of course, there is a lot to school life besides classes and studying. There is the—let me think a moment, there is bound to be something! Oh yes, there is the Quad Shop. It is located in the ground floor of Brookings. Brookings is the building you always see pictures of. You seldom see pictures of the Quad Shop, however. It is the room with the

bar (ice cream bar) and the smoky atmosphere. A juke box is there for the benefit of the table next to it—it is inaudible from across the aisle. You will notice that people at many of the tables are studying—how to take the next trick.

I could go on indefinitely, but you are probably tired of reading by now anyway, so I'll just wind this up with a few random comments. If you are ever called in on the carpet by the dean, don't get excited, they're only kidding. They don't mean a word they say. You might as well go on as you have been, playing around and enjoying your stay at Washington; yes you might as well enjoy your stay, because it will be a short one. Athletes needn't be too disappointed if we have no football, because they can get all the exercise they want pushing into the line at the cafeteria. I always have a time getting through the line of scrimmage with a full tray, especially if I have a bowl of soup on it. Beware of the boy who cadges cigarettes all the time, he will ask you to lunch at the Chase and then remember that all he has with him is carfare. Don't go to lab when you had beer with your lunch—it impresses your instructor, but not favorably.

I haven't covered everything, but I have tried to be of some assistance. Of course I realize that there are some freshmen who will be older, veterans, that is, and I won't try to tell them anything; they know it all anyway. I would like to talk to some of these men who know all the answers personally. For that reason, I am leaving my telephone number with the editors and I might add that I have most of my evenings free—but if a man answers, hang up.

Jackie Walters

DAWN

The dark pensive face of the night-time
Is broken by shafts so soft
That the air is no barrier; they slip by
And swell in the night aloft
To the top of the kingdom of heaven
Where they break into infinite darts
And dawn is awake, and the sky is
 aflake,
And night-time, forgotten, departs.

Fritzi Brownell



BIRDIE BUYS A WIFE

Birdie and I were grounded after we slow-rolled over the runway at Kunming and the Colonel sent us to Hankow to bring back a truck convoy. Since it is almost an unbroken rule that grounded pilots always get into trouble, and since Birdie was along, I am not surprised at what happened.

It started far up in the mountains of China, somewhere north of Chungking, in a little town that nobody ever heard of except the residents themselves. It was like every other town in almost every other country in Asia, for it was crowded to the wooden gates of the north pagoda with everything from buffalo carts and donkeys to the army trucks we were driving. We moved slowly down the main street from the pagoda, honking our way through the traffic but more often than not brushing the pedestrians aside with the bumper. Birdie was driving and his loud, abusive voice matched the horn as he screamed back at the ragged little beggars and venders who protested indignantly in high parrot-like voices. But Birdie wheeled the truck steadfastly on, past rickshaws and dilapidated alcohol-burning automobiles carrying fat Chinese war-lords.

We approached an intersection with a

round, stone traffic island in the center; on the pedestal, like some kind of queer statue, stood a Chinese soldier directing traffic. He saw our long convoy of trucks and he desperately waved his arms and blew his whistle in an effort to stop us, but Birdie was in a hurry and wanted to get through the town and to the next one before dark. The man on the pedestal saw that we were not going to stop and changed his signals, trying to halt the other column of rickshaws and carts of all descriptions. Birdie edged to the left to avoid the traffic island, and as he did so, a small boy, running with his head bowed under a flat, woven-rattan hat, and pulling a rickshaw as if his life depended on it, appeared in front of our truck. Birdie pressed down hard on the brake; the truck skidded a little sideways and struck the rickshaw broadside. The boy tumbled against the curbing like a bowling pin and the rickshaw tipped over on its side; the wheel underneath was smashed, the one on top whirled wildly and the canvas canopy was ripped off cleanly.

As Birdie and I clambered out of the truck, I shouted, "Well, you did it this time, Birdie. That's probably the governor of the province under there." I indicated the struggling figure under the rickshaw.

"Not unless he's wearing a split skirt," retorted Birdie as he carefully pulled the torn canvas from about the head and shoulders of what suddenly turned out to be a young and extremely attractive Chinese girl. Birdie stopped abruptly with the canvas still in his hands and stared. He would probably have been staring yet only the rickshaw boy had risen to his feet, retrieved his wide-brimmed hat and now approached the

two of us rattling Chinese like machine gun fire. His eyes turned tragically from us, to the girl, to the wrecked rickshaw. The girl's dark eyes flashed and her voice added an overtone to that of the boy. The Chinese soldier who had been directing traffic, stepped down from the traffic island and joined in the discussion. Avid passers-by, including several quizzical donkeys and a puzzled water buffalo, crowded around us, and, inasmuch as the testimony was all one-sided; the glances accorded Birdie and me were clouding up like a summer sky in the monsoon season. As we looked around for some refuge from the torrent of Chinese, Louie, one of the Chinese drivers in our convoy, pushed his way through the throng and stood beside us.

"For God's sake, Louie," pleaded Birdie, his long, lean body swaying with excitement, "tell them it was an accident."

Louie rang his fingers through his slick, black hair, and drawing himself up to his full five feet, he heroically engaged in the fray of words; calmly, and with apparently little effort, he succeeded in pacifying all but the girl, who continued to berate us soundly with her eyes. Finally, Louie turned to us.

"They say you have ruined the rickshaw, a very expensive pair of silk stockings—and," Louie paused and gazed down at the girl's feet,—"and a well turned ankle," he ended. I knew Louie's knowledge of English was excellent but I wondered where he had learned that phrase. I also wondered where the girl had obtained the silk stockings.

Birdie looked at me and then at Louie, "Tell them we'll pay for the rickshaw and the stockings," he said, "but I don't know about the ankle."

Louie conferred again with the rickshaw boy and the girl.

"The rickshaw is worth five thousand C.N.," he reported.

Birdie calculated quickly and replied, "That's fifty dollars—tell him we'll give him one thousand C.N. and no more."

Louie glanced at the boy, who said something in Chinese. Louie went on hurriedly, "He'll take it."

Birdie took a pack of Chinese bills from his pocket and counted them off; he handed them to the rickshaw boy, who grasped the money eagerly and began to assemble his smashed vehicle.

"The girl insists her misfortunes cannot be atoned for with money," continued Louie, "She will be late arriving home and her father will be very worried about her."

Both Birdie and I surveyed the girl. She was beautiful in an oriental way. Her hair was black but there was a sheen to it. She flashed a pair of bright brown eyes that were slanted slightly, but only enough to give a hint of shrewdness. Her complexion was brown rather than yellow and there was a certain expressiveness to her features.

Birdie saw what I saw and said firmly, "We'll take her home."

"But, Birdie," I protested, "We'll never get to Chinglung before dark, if we don't leave now."

Birdie glanced at the sun that was just above the mountain tops.

"We can't make it, anyway," he argued, "We might just as well stay here over night. Besides, I'm in no hurry—now."

"So I see," I retorted as he and the Chinese girl climbed into our truck. As they drove off, I shouted after them, "Birdie, your brain is as anemic as your body."

While I waited for Birdie, I sat down on the running board of Louie's truck and listened to him tell stories of his escape from Canton, and a dozen other incidents of China folklore. An hour went by and still Birdie did not return. Louie and I wandered down the street and found a restaurant that served sweet-and-sour pork. When we finished eating, we walked back along the line of trucks and checked the load on each one. Finally, I got into the cab of the lead truck and relaxed against the torn cushions. Through the windshield I could see the new moon. It was caught on the hooked eaves of the pagoda. I wondered what was keeping Birdie.

It was late when I heard Birdie's leather heels scraping on the cobblestones. I opened the door and stepped down out of the truck. Birdie stood a few feet away with a queer smile on his lips and the lovely Chinese girl on his arm.

"I thought you took her home," I murmured sleepily, for lack of something better.

"I did," answered Birdie, guiltily.

"Well, go on," I prodded. "What's up?"

"I just bought a wife," he went on, hesitantly.

"You did what!" I exclaimed aghast.

"Just what I said."

"What is this place?" I inquired, "A slave market? Who did you buy her from?"

"Her father, of course," explained

THE PRISONER

I was bound by love's sweet promises,
Enslaved by haunting dreams,
Confused by laughter's happiness;
Recurring, senseless themes
Refused my thoughts coherence—
I could not talk or think or see
And fearing blind emotion,
I wanted to be free.
So I brushed love from my heart and
mind,
Found anger's knife to sever
The slender strands which bound us,
And I was free—forever.

Fritzi Brownell

Birdie. "It's an old Chinese custom—ask Louie, he'll tell you all about it."

I looked at Birdie intently and then at the girl. There was a skyful of stars in her eyes.

"What are you going to do with her, now?" I asked.

"Take her with me, naturally." And Birdie pressed a kiss on the girl's cheek.

"You can't take her with you. What'll you do when you get to Kunming?"

"I'll think about that when we get there. Just don't worry about it—we'll get along."

The three of us sat down on the running board and remained silent for a minute. Birdie stared into the darkness between the ramshackle buildings.

"What about your wife?" I asked, after a while, "You have a wife, haven't you—I mean, a real wife?"

"Yeah, I have a wife," he answered matter-of-factly.

"What's the matter, haven't you heard from her? Doesn't she write to you?"

"She only writes when she needs money, and I only write when I haven't any," returned Birdie. "Besides, I don't go for this making love by air mail."

"Do you realize what'll happen when you get this girl to Kunming?" I admonished, "She'll be dynamite!"

"Nobody need know about it," Birdie argued, half-heartedly.

I stood up and sighed, "Well, let's go, then."

"By the way," said Birdie, "this is Chin."

"How do you do, Chin," I greeted resignedly.

A few hours later, at dawn, our conveyance wound through the south gate of the little town and began the journey to Chungking, where a few days later, we rumbled onto the Burma road and turned south toward Kunming.

Chin appeared completely contented

with her new life and she became not only a pleasant companion but a genuine aid to our expedition, for she knew the peculiarities of the provincial China countryside even better than Louie, who was a native of Canton, and how to find fresh, clean food, boiled water, and, once in a while, a buffalo steak. She picked up a few words of English as we went along, but most of the time she and Birdie conversed with smiles and significant glances, and they seemed to get along as if they had known each other all their lives. As Birdie said, love is an international language and they both spoke it fluently.

At Kweyang Birdie managed to buy several American dresses at an outrageous price and, since every Chinese girl who can afford to buy enough to eat, always carries a plentiful supply of lipstick and other cosmetics, by the time we reached Kunming, Chin looked very ravishing and thoroughly American.

"If she just didn't smell of garlic," complained Birdie, "I'd never know she was Chinese."

"After all, Birdie," I explained, "everything we eat has garlic in it, and probably, if she knew enough English, she'd tell you you smell the same way."

Kunming is a town of ten thousand that endeavors to house two hundred thousand people, and though one hundred and eighty-five thousand of these live in sampans on the river or on a straw mat crammed into any buildings not taken over by the rats, Birdie managed to find a small apartment for Chin that cost an amount of Chinese currency that sounded like the international debt; even when Birdie boiled the figure down to the gold standard, it still amounted to one hundred and fifty dollars a month.

I saw Birdie very little after that for several weeks. I assumed that he was comfortably settled and that he spent all his spare time with Chin. Then one afternoon I found a note under the door of my room. It was from Birdie. He was in the base hospital and he wanted me to come to see him, for he had something to tell me.

I found him in bed, shivering with malaria, with the covers pulled to his chin, even though it was a midsummer day.

"I got your note," I said to him as I sat down on the empty cot next to his. He looked more anemic and pale than usual. He raised up on his elbow and reached shakily for the glass of water on the table beside the bed.

"I'm in trouble, John," he said.

I returned, "You're always in trouble."

"I'm a victim of circumstances," he continued weakly.

"You created them," I said, unfeelingly.

"I didn't ask you over here to argue with you," he went on "I want you to do something for me—take this note to Chin. You know where she is." He handed me a sealed envelope.

"She can't read English," I protested.

"The nurse wrote it in Chinese," he answered.

I looked deep into his sleepy grey eyes.

"What's the matter," I asked, "Are you tired of Chin already?"

"Not exactly," he said with a hint of discouragement in his voice, "but she's costing me a lot of money, and staying here in the hospital has put me back on my poker playing. She's worse than my wife when it comes to clothes. Oh, and by the way, tell her not to come out here to see me any more. If the colonel ever finds out I have a girl in town, he'll transfer me again."

"Did you put that in your letter?" I inquired.

"Of course not. I just told her to go back home."

"Do you think she will?"

"No," he admitted bluntly, "I don't. But I had to try something."

Birdie fell silent and finally I left him staring blankly at the ceiling. I went back to my room and changed clothes. I walked the mile and a half from the base into Kunming. Chin's apartment was in a small hotel on a side street in a quiet section of town. The hotel was a neat, modern, brick building set in shrub strewn grounds. As I walked down the shaded veranda, I saw that many of the residents were British and Chinese officers, and from my way of looking at it, I felt that Chin was too important and expensive a piece of property to keep in a place like that; but then that was Birdie's worry.

The rooms were on the second floor and Chin opened the door on the first knock after peering through the little panel in the upper portion of the door to identify me.

"Hello, Chin," I greeted.

"Hello," she said uncertainly.

I glanced quickly at the negligee she wore and wondered why Birdie wanted to send her home. I gave her the letter.

"Birdie?" she inquired in her odd way.

I nodded and turned to leave but she put her hand on my arm and said simply, "Wait, please. We talk some."

"You've learned a lot of English in three weeks," I murmured.

"Yes?" she said, looking at me questioningly. She tore open the letter. I glanced around the room nervously while she labored over the contents of Birdie's letter. The plain walls, the ancient couch

and chair and the worn rug were hardly worth a hundred and fifty dollars a month.

Finally, her face impassive, Chin said firmly, "I not go!" She carefully folded the letter and placed it on the small lamptable near the door. As she did so, I saw a silver eagle in the carved, brass ash-try on the table—insignia of rank of a colonel, United States Army.

As I walked slowly back to the base in the late afternoon sunshine, I pondered my latest discovery. I decided not to tell Birdie about it. He was sick enough already.

But I thought so much about Chin during the next few days that I finally went to the base garage and found Louie, the bilingual truck driver.

"Louie," I said, "We need your help—at least Birdie does. He's in the hospital and that business deal he got himself into needs attention."

"Oh, Chin?" he exclaimed, "Yes, I imagine she does need attention."

"But I want to warn you," I went on. "This may develop into a very undesirable situation. As a matter of fact, I know it will."

"I'll take a chance," he said.

"Well, I want to go in to see Chin again and try to persuade her to go back home, but since we don't understand each other, one way or another, I want you along to interpret—and to do a little persuading yourself."

I met Louie in town that night and after having supper at the Kunming Klub, we took a rickshaw to Chin's apartment. I never knew quite what to expect when I visited her but she was alone again this time, though she showed some surprise at seeing us. She was dressed in a frock I had never seen before; her hair was pompadoured above the forehead and was swept back into a black hair net. She was obviously preparing to go out.

Louie spoke to her quickly in Chinese. They argued back and forth for a minute then Chin glanced at me fiercely.

"I not go," she shouted angrily.

"Tell her she must, Louie," I ordered. Louis continued the argument but Chin finally went into a rage, threw open the door and hurled Chinese epithets at us as we escaped hurriedly down the hallway.

"I guess she likes the big city," I said to Louie.

"She insists she will lose face, if she goes home now," Louie explained.

"She'll lose more than face," I returned, "but we still have to get rid of her."

We stopped at the foot of the stairs

in the lobby and I looked into Louie's brown face.

"Maybe, if you go back and talk to her alone, she will understand, or at least listen quietly," I suggested.

"No, no," Louie said, shaking his head, "When a Chinese girl goes with Americans, she can start a great deal of trouble. I go with you but not alone."

"What kind of trouble?" I asked.

"The police, the Chinese police—they will give her a very bad time if they find out."

I thought over the situation quickly and then I said, "Well, you stay here and warn me if anybody comes, and I'll go back and get her even if I have to carry her. We'll take her out to see Birdie in the hospital. She'll probably be glad to leave when she sees how awful he looks."

"You said he didn't want her to come to the hospital," Louie pointed out.

"He won't care if it's a means of getting rid of her," I answered confidently.

I ran quickly back up the stairs to Chin's apartment. At first she refused to let me in.

"We talk, Chin," I said through the door, "Talk, remember?" The door swung open slowly. I pressed my advantage.

"We go," I said, "We go and see Birdie."

"No," she answered emphatically.

Her coat lay across the back of the arm-chair. I picked it up and held it for her to put on. She shook her head. She stepped closer to me and looked at me intently. There was something sad in her great, dark eyes. As I stood there near to her, I realized how completely feminine she was. I wanted to kiss her, and was on the point of doing it, when the door burst open and Birdie and Louie rushed in. Birdie was more pale than ever, as much from anger, apparently, as from malaria.

"You scheming, lying, two-time—" he began.

"Now wait a minute, Birdie," I protested, "You have me all wrong. I only wanted to help you."

"I don't need that kind of help," he said fiercely. He looked very tall and frail; but he grasped the front of my khaki shirt so roughly that he tore a button off.

"Take it easy!" I said angrily, "You don't have strength enough to go around bullying people. If I should forget myself and exhale, it'd blow you clear across the room."

Birdie drew back his fist; and then Chin grasped his arm and drew him away. She looked up at him softly; and I thought perhaps a faint glow came into Birdie's pale cheeks.

AT NINETEEN

Love is a cool breath of air on a stifling summer's eve.
It is the warmth and cheer of a glowing fire when the winter air is chilled.
It is protection from all that harms you,
A consolation for all you have lost.
Love is a reward for all you have earned,
But it can punish you as well.
It is a feeling of having and holding,
And of being held.
It is at once a cause and a cure for all things.

Paula Faye Tabachnik

Louie was a little perplexed at seeing the house divided against itself. "We were only trying to help," he said.

"I don't blame you, Louie," Birdie went on, "But this doublecrossing—" Birdie stopped suddenly. He was looking past me. I turned quickly. The Colonel stood the doorway almost filling it.

"Good God!" I said, "I mean, good evening, sir."

The Colonel appeared as surprised as the rest of us.

"I thought you were in the hospital, Birdie," he said quietly.

"I am, that is, I was until just a little while ago," Birdie stammered.

Chin had stepped back a couple of paces; she looked as if she would cry, if she could decide whose shoulder to do it on.

"Do you know Chin, here?" Birdie offered weakly.

"He probably knows her better than you do," I whispered to him.

"We've met," answered the Colonel.

Louie glanced around for some avenue of escape. But there was no hope of that.

"In fact," the Colonel went on, "I have a date with her tonight."

Birdie looked startled. "But you couldn't have, Colonel—it isn't right."

"What do you mean, it isn't right?" the Colonel inquired, gruffly.

"She belongs to me."

"Surely, you don't mean you married her."

"Well, not exactly," Birdie hedged.

"Then what do you mean—exactly?" demanded the Colonel.

"I paid for her."

"You bought her—from whom?"

"From her father, of course."

"That's very interesting," smiled the Colonel, "But I didn't know that was a custom here."

"It isn't a custom, sir," said Birdie, ruefully, "It's a racket."

"Do you have any way of proving that she belongs to you?" asked the Colonel, "—a bill of sale or something?"

"No, I don't."

"Then, I think we had better forget the whole thing."

"It's pretty hard to forget a hundred thousand C.N., Colonel."

"You paid a hundred thousand C.N. for that girl?"

"The accessories are what mount up," explained Birdie.

"Perhaps we can make some kind of settlement," suggested the Colonel.

I heard the tramp of feet in the hall and three Chinese military police came through the open door followed by a slight, well-dressed, Chinese gentleman who was evidently the hotel manager.

He pointed to Chin who uttered a shriek and placed herself between Birdie and the Colonel. The Chinese officers grasped her roughly and led her out of the room. I glanced at Louie; I saw "I told you so" written on his startled, brown face.

All of us followed Chin and her escort out of the hotel and through the streets of Kunming before the avid, curious eyes of the teeming population.

The headquarters of the Chinese Military Police was located in the second floor of the pagoda that rose from the center of the circular plaza. We walked down a long, narrow porchway on the outside of the pagoda and entered a large, dimly-lit room. A few sleepy-eyed clerks worked over battered, scarred desks, cluttered with papers, ink-pads and stamps. Chin sat down in a hard-wood chair and sobbed softly.

"This will ruin the whole air force," the Colonel said nervously.

"What are they saying, Louie?" Birdie asked the little interpreter.

"The charge is 'Consorting with Americans,'" answered Louie.

"Is there anything we can do?" I inquired.

"Money can do as much here as anywhere else," smiled Louie.

"Well, tell them we'll pay her bail," growled the Colonel.

Louie conversed quietly with one of the more impressive-looking officers. Then he turned to us.

"The bail is fifty thousand C.N.," he said in a hushed voice.

None of said anything. We just looked at each other. Birdie opened his shirt and took off his money belt.

"I guess we'll have to split it three ways," he said.

"Count me out," I said, "I'm just an innocent bystander."

"We'll count you in," the Colonel broke in gruffly, "All the way in!"

As we walked back across the circular plaza, Chin hung on to the arms of Birdie and the Colonel. The Colonel stopped suddenly. He glanced at Birdie.

"Birdie," he said with a peculiar smile, "As you explained, she belongs to you,

so from here on, you take care of her."

Birdie and I were both transferred as we expected. I did not see him again until I met him one morning in a restaurant near the port of embarkation at Shanghai. He looked much healthier than I had ever seen him. He greeted me warmly and sat down across the table from me. As we ate the first ham and eggs we had had in months, I asked, "Whatever happened to Chin?"

Birdie's face fell a little and he answered: "As you know, I was transferred to convoy duty and I went back up to Hankow. I took Chin with me and on the way I stopped off to see her father. He wasn't very glad to see me and even less glad when he found out what I wanted. In fact, at first he flatly refused. He said that the Black Market rate had risen to one hundred and twenty-five to one, and besides, both he and Chin had lost a great deal of face. But he finally agreed to take her back at double the price I had paid for her. And at that it was a bargain."

"Well, what about your wife?" I asked, "Did you ever hear from her?"

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Between Belles

Call us snoopers, or printers of the naked truth. . . .

Say we're undercover coverers, and little Peeping Toms. . . .

We're the kitty corner kitties, and we like our job, we do. . . .

Of course we know that you wouldn't tell a soul what we tell you . . . would you????

But Now It Can Be Told —

That Anne (Count her men by tens) Thompson and Alden (eligible Phi Delt) Rehnquist broke down and were pinned in July. We think that Alden was just waiting for Anne to get her Kappa key to show off that sword and shield.

That Gamma Phi Mary Ann Bond has abandoned lesser things in favor of getting married.

That Bob Hyatt, Sigma Nu, likes to visit a certain little party in Tennessee . . . quite frequently. Tell all, Bob!

That Cliff Davis, SAE (in Memphis), drove all the way up here to deliver a ring to Mary Jane Scott, Pi Phi. Good traveling, boy!

That Jack Hunstein, SAE, after having completed his masters degree in geography at the University of Pennsylvania, mapped his course right to the heart of Elsa Muench, Pi Phi, and set the all important date for Sept. 4.

That Florence Baker, Delta Gamma, and Bryant Wolf, Kappa Alpha, newly-weds as of August 31, are both coming back to school. Ask them about the wedding card they received entitled "A Day with the B-Wolves" which contained hand painted pictures (by a friend?) of a typical day from sun up to dusk . . . verry interesting.

That Jackie Kratky, Theta, will really be blooming—oops, pardon me, *Budding* out this fall, when she and Bud Lange, Beta, trade "I do's."

That Gwen Harrison Broderick, I.W.A., has changed her tune from jazz to soft lullabies—reason—enrollment of a little future Washingtonian as of May 11.

For Whom the Bells Told —

Shirley Kipp, Delta Gamma
Dave Johnson, Sigma Chi and Nu Sigma Nu.

Herb Illingsworth, SAE
Doris Bailey, Pi Phi pledge.

Kay Zuber, Alpha Chi
Bill Fischer

Peggy Blumer, I.W.A.
Martin Hasse

Herb Hetzler, Phi Delt
Ruth Jeanne Turley, Theta

Mary Dellande, Tri Delt
Ensign Bob Jordan, Delta Tau

On the Sentimental Side —

Pat Houle, Kappa, keeping her eye on Jimmy Smith, Mizzou man.

Bob Elzemeyer, Sigma Chi, thoroughly entranced with those beautiful eyes of Connie Ringham, Theta.

Mary Lou Kamuf, Alpha Xi, keeping steady company with a West Pointer.

Rose Rich, Gamma Rho and star of last year's Quad Show, "Sugar and Spice," announcing her engagement to Milton Friedman, A.V.C.

Pat Dressler, Gamma Phi, being seen here and there with Beta Johnny Birk.

Larry Downs, Sigma Nu, surprising everyone by up and pinning Lois Doyle.

Marge Welek, Pi Phi, sporting Bob Murphy's Theta Xi pin.

Nancy Campbell, Kappa and Ed Gordan, making a very nice study in light and dark, complete with Sigma Nu pin.

Carol Taylor, Phi Mu, snagging Paul Wiesler, and making it official by wearing his TKE pin.

Bill Andrews, Phi Delt, abandoning the Washington U. co-eds in favor of a lovely gal from high school. Her name and telephone number are still a deep dark secret. Come now, Bill!

Lucy Rieth, Kappa, picking from among her many admirers Wally Beck, one time Washington U. SAE, and having a beautiful sparkler on her third finger, left hand, to show for it.

Johnny Thomasson, TKE, relinquishing his pin to Marilyn Mellor, Theta.

Marie Vohs, Gamma Phi, and George Quick, making all of us wonder if anything will materialize from this "friendship."

Betty Lou Wolthers, capturing the heart and pin of Bob Thomasson, Sigma Nu.

Former army major Ted Hughes, now devoting his majoring to Martha Jo Hartwein, Alpha Chi. This happy engaged pair met on a blind date for an Alpha Chi pledge dance. Romantic?

Burt Lange, Sigma Chi, dating a beautiful blonde-shell from off of campus.

Ginny Roachford, ZTA, getting a lovely ring from fiance Bob Eversole, KA.

John Brown, Beta, taking no pains to hide his attentions and intentions toward Sophia Coker, Tri Delt.

Marie Prange, Delta Gamma, and Ed Lanche, Sigma Chi, still holding high the torch.

Campus Chit Chat —

Ruth Chaverite, I.W.A., recent July bride of Earl Mustain, is solving her own private housing shortage problem by living in a trailer.

Recently engaged Robin Clow, Kappa, motored via "push cart" out to Colorado with her fiance Bud Morgan and his family.

Phi Mu Doris Leonard has definitely got Kentucky on her mind. Reason—home of fiance, Jim Nolan.

Pete Littlefield, TKE, has dropped out of circulation after losing his pin to Joyce Gregory.

The Gamma Phis have reason to be proud of Dotty Allen, who had her picture in the Sept. 9 issue of *Life Magazine* on page 1. Dotty was a super model for an advertisement.

Bill Glastris has been "Keeper of the Courts" this summer, and we don't mean that Bill has turned "judge." He has been enjoying the scenic beauty of feminine tennis fans on the W.U. tennis courts.

Jean Morton, I.W.A., and Bill Martin, I.M.A., are finding out that they have more in common than similar last names.

Shirley Shaughnessy, Delta Gamma, is still dating Ed "Snake" McSweeney, Sigma Chi, but Jimmy Hulberson is running neck and neck in this race.

The Theta Xis had their National Convention Friday and Saturday, Sept. 6 and 7, right on our own Washington U. grounds.

That summer time magic really cast its spell on Barbara Broeder, Gamma Phi, and Bob Moeller, Sigma Nu, 'cause they have come out of it all a happily pinned couple.

The U. S. Marine have scored again! Ex-Marine Marian Smith, ZTA, and Dick Tennant, discharged Marine lieutenant and Secretary of our A.V.C., are keeping *very* steady company.

What's this we hear about Burton Krost, SAM, going on a vacation with mother along as chaperon? Burton writes back, "Having a nice time, wish you were here." In other words, he wishes anyone were there, cause it seems that mama is a pretty good chaperon.

(Continued to page 21)

The Well Fashioned Female

Girls, you'll be a lot happier if you stop reading right now—Go ahead, turn the page—Well, don't say I didn't warn you. I don't think this is going to turn out to be what you expect. For I'm no expert on women's fashions. I'm not even an amateur. Certain parts of the Sears Roebuck catalogue and an occasional well-trimmed ankle are the extent of my field work in this subject. I inevitably say to my date, "That's a very pretty new dress," when she is wearing something 3 seasons old. And when she has on an outfit that just got off the boat, I'm likely to say, "I'm glad you didn't get dressed up because we're going to rough it tonight." (bowling, tee off). But this article is supposed to be on female fashions from the male point of view, and I am male, and I do have a point of view. So here goes.

The well-fashioned female is, first, feminine, and second, individualistic. Speaking as an artistic ex-G.I., I support the first point by saying that women, having by far the better, not to mention prettier or more interesting base on which to drape clothing, should, in regard or disregard to fashion, make the most of this natural beauty. In reference to the second point, a well fashioned female is a well dressed one, individually, not just a woman wearing the latest style from Ptmbnzk's Haberdasheress. The latest style has nothing to do with a well fashioned female, unless that particular mode suits her as an individual. This point I think cannot be stressed too strongly. The fashionable woman wears clothes that fit her particular figure, size, and coloring, clothes that look well on her, no matter what the vogue may be at the moment.

Concerning the so-called new general trend in fashion today, namely higher waist lines and longer skirts, my personal opinion is absolutely NO—THUMBS DOWN—KAPUT—BRRRRK. In the first place, they are not new. Drop in to see the next revival of an early 1920 movie, and you'll see what I mean. I think the manufacturers and designers are trying to cram this style change down the throats of American women, for purely materialistic and un-artistic reasons. As for appearance, to me, a dippy—oops, dipping—hemline is as attractive as a washerwoman's slip at half-mast. And the high waist which tries to pinch a girl in half at lung level, gives her the type of hour-glass figure that looks as if the hour-glass stopped running at 11:30 A. M.!

In a nutshell—the well fashioned female from the male point of view is the kind of a look girl you like at Leonard Ruback



To supplement Mr. Ruback's views, we have asked the opinion of several other Washington University men, and their opinions follow:

Jack Smylie, Phi Delt, sophomore, although he prefaced his remarks with the statement: "Girls are wonderful, regardless of what they wear," said that he liked sweaters outside of skirts on campus, that strollers were far better looking than saddles, and that hose and heels should only be worn at appropriate times. He also came out in favor of simple jewelry, and bright colored scarfs and accessories to vary the monotony of suits.

Harold Neusitz, Sigma Chi, president of Lock and Chain, approves of bobby socks and sloppy sweaters on campus. Saddles if you buy a bottle of Griffins All White or better still, Boule Chamois, along with each pair. Suits for dates are not liked. No hats for girls of college age. Gives his seal of approval to jewelry; ear rings, and identification bracelets in large numbers win his special approbation.

Bill Glastris gives a few tips—"Dress for the occasion, girls, not that many

of you would wear formals on a movie date anyway; but do be careful about choosing the appropriate attire for varying dates and parties. Fraternity parties, on the whole do not require long, black, so-many button gloves." He agrees with Neusitz on most major issues, except for jewelry—either a single strand of pearls, a simple necklace or one ring are enough at one time. As for heels on campus, and we quote, "Oh Lord, no!"

Bill "Sweetheart" Simmons thinks sweaters look good on the right girl, otherwise not. (This of course opens a large field of discussion as to what makes the "right" girl. . .) Bobby socks and saddles are out on campus, but strollers are definitely "in." He likes heels and dresses on his date, and prefers jewelry in moderation—silver and stones in whatever pieces you choose. Most girls evidently do not come up to his standard for he says, "Girls nowadays don't pay enough attention to their dress; hope these suggestions help."

Then there is the man whose name we don't dare quote—he insists that college girls should dress their age, sensible shoes with heels, no bobby or any other type of socks, suits and wool dresses for campus wear rather than those awful sloppy sweaters, feminine dresses, hats, fancy shoes and gloves for dates, and hair which is short and trim.

And then we asked the man we are most interested in pleasing, and he said, "Honey, whatever you have on looks plenty good to me." So maybe that is the solution to the problem. Get your man, and then dress to please him—or pick a man who likes your clothes as they are.





The Romans

"What can be avoided whose end is proposed by the mighty gods?"

Shakespeare—*Julius Caesar*

The day was warm. The Ides of March was many months past. Our heroes had never heard of the Roman Empire. And yet—

It happened in East St. Louis where there is a joint known as the Royal Bar and Grill. Like the hundreds of other identical dumps on the East Side, the Royal has a piano, a naked girl on a calendar . . . and a basement.

Cue Stick Charlie had just finished a game of pool. He was stacking the balls for another, when Desmond, the wiry little second story man, charged in with the mail.

Sitting on the edge of the pool table under the bright light, Desmond opened a letter from Lefty Louie.

Dear boys, (it read)

No doubt you think I forgot youse. But this is far from the truth as I can't wait to get out of this god damned army and am back in East St. Louis. Believe me, fellas, youse 4-F's should be happy. Although I have picked up a few angles about guns which will come in handy when I get out—if I ever do—it ain't worth it.

Just think of what we coulda been doing if I coulda bribed the draft board.

Your homesick boss,
Louie

P.S. I may get out sooner than you expect as I am working on a deal with a second looie from the general's office.

"It's a good thing Louie ain't out of the army," Desmond said, getting off the table.

"Yeah," Mouse, a better-than-average safe-cracker, replied. "Jeez, but I hate to thinka what he would say if he knew Slick had taken over the gang."

"What would he do is the question," Cue Stick Charlie added picking up the chalk.

Slick, whose hair was always plastered with oil, got up from a leather couch in

the corner. "Gentlemen," he said patting his left arm pit, "I look forward to taking care of our 'homesick boss' when the time comes. But at the moment let us direct our thoughts to more pleasanter things. I am very tired and . . ."

"Anybody wanta play pool?"

No answer.

Thus with a careless lethargy in the summer heat, Slick, Mouse, and Desmond settled back and relaxed, forgetting Lefty Louie. For awhile the foggy cellar was quieter than a morgue on Sunday, with only the clicking of Cue Stick Charlie's billiard balls punctuating the stillness. Once Mouse snored. Then he seemed to choke contentedly on his groaning and the room was as silent as before.

Soft tapping on the basement window, opaque with an eon's accumulation of dust, caused Slick to stir on his couch, vague as to the origin of the taps. Did they come from the pool table or his own sleepy mind? Footsteps descending the outside stairs made him sit up.

When a hefty and smiling khaki-clad figure flung open the door, Slick thought he was dreaming and shook his greasy head. But when Cue Stick Charlie turned from his pool table and cried, "Louie!" he knew he wasn't that fortunate. Instantly Mouse the safe-cracker and Desmond, the second story man, were staring too.

"Well, fellas, don't just stand there like slap-happy punchers. Say somethin'. Louie's back," the swarthy soldier bel-lowed.

"Ah—ah," was all Mouse, Desmond and the disconcerted Slick could say. It was Charlie who walked over extending his hand and saying, "Welcome home, Louie."

"Hello—Louie," the rest managed to say almost in unison.

"Yes, sir, it's great to see youse guys." Louie swaggered back and forth, expanding his chest and breathing deeply of the smoky air. "You'll never know how long I waited for this. To be free again. With youse guys. Boy, it's like gettin' sprung from the pen. Am I glad I ever met up with that second looie. Betcha dint expect me so soon did ya? Well,

have I got plans. Wait'll ya hear 'em. Man, will they change things on the old East Side. . . ."

Slick had now managed to regain some of his nonchalance, and, lighting a cigarette, asked: "Plans, Louie?"

"You betcha, Slick. And we gotta get started before the other gangs beat us to the draw. Jeez, what an idea!"

"Which is?" Slick, now bolder than ever, affected an air of mild interest, the cigarette dangling precariously from his narrow lips.

"Organization!" Lefty answered proudly.

"Organization?" Desmond echoed.

"Organization. Precisely."

"But I do not unnerstand, Lefty Louie," Mouse said. "What is this—'organization'?"

"You read in the papers about the unions, dint you?" Louie went on. "You know how everybody is striking and messing up the country. Well, that's organization. Like unions, you know. Hell, man, if we was organized, we could practically take over the army itself."

"And you propose?" Slick asked.

"To organize the underworld." Louie made his statement with a dramatic extension of the arm in the manner of a Little Theatre performer.

A few jaws dropped. On the whole, however, the statement wasn't quite understood.

Louie went on.

"Boys, the Royal Bar Gang is gonna take over every racket in the country. We'll unionize the croupiers and the black jack men, the lawyers and the politicians, the safe-crackers and the kid-nappers, everybody into one big outfit. Visualize it. Public Enemies Incorporated. East St. Louis—the Washington of the underworld. . . ."

The thought danced like a little flame through their minds. Why not? Certainly East St. Louis looked like the underworld of the nation. Funny they hadn't thought of it before. . . .

The mental flame was extinguished by a new voice which surprised them and was surprised itself.

"Greeting and salutations from City Hall men—I—umph—"

A pompous little fellow who looked more like a sparrow than a man had just waddled in.

"My friend Clarence," Lefty Louie greeted him.

"Why, Louie," Clarence said, thinking of something appropriate. "It is indeed a great pleasure to see our boss again. We here at home are, of course, proud of the hardship and suffering you went through for your country. Ah, tell me—are you here to stay?"

"You bet, Clarence. Have the fellows tell you my plans. I'm goin' into my old room to change into civvies again. . . ."

With that Louie disappeared into the wall on the other side of the room, which now was quieter than before he had come. In addition, the sticky heat seemed to have given the air an electrical charge. And before moving the little men unconsciously were waiting for a spark to jump.

When nothing happened, the ever-calm Cue Stick leaned over his pool table again. Then, Clarence asked Slick: "Well, what do we do now?"

"I'm not sure, but whatever it is, it has to be done quick—before Louie goes too far with this plan of his."

"Plan?" Briefly Slick explained Public Enemies Incorporated. In answer, Clarence, who in some circles was considered a lawyer, said, "But Louie isn't leader of the gang anymore. You are, Slick."

"I know. But you can't explain it to Louie without getting the place shot up."

"True. Louie's a nice boy, but I always did say he was too fast with a rod. He's probably a better shot than ever, too. And yet we can't go through with this 'plan.' It's ridiculous. We must be very cautious in the post war period—particularly with elections next year. There's a good chance that I may be elect—"

"Which leaves only one thing to do—" Slick's eyes narrowed. He rubbed his cigarette against his shoe. The rest of the boys, even Cue Stick Charlie, stood motionless.

Suddenly Louie burst into the room. He had his shirt open at the front.

"Great news, fellas! I just called Kansas City. They're with us. They think organizing's a great thing. Man, will we clean up!"

"Yeah, that's swell, Louie," Slick said quietly.

"Know something? My old suits don't fit me no more. Well, I think I'll get Chicago." And he was gone.

"A lot of things aren't the same anymore, Louie," Slick said staring at the closed door. Then, to the boys, "We got to act fast now." His burning eyes surveyed his audience. "We got to kill

DISENCHANTED

The limits of a shallow soul are flexible—

They contract readily. They slip about easily

From value to value, breezily

Demanding supports without obligations,

Good and bad are close relations,

In fact, exchangeable.

If I had only known how alone I would feel

When the soul of an idol contracted,

I would have acted differently. Real

Affection is blunted by the insincere,

And languid affectation prevents love's existence.

I could not hear the warning or see the truth,

For I am young, and what is youth if not blind?

I don't mind being deceived, a fool, taken for granted;

I only mind being "Disenchanted."

Fritzi Brownell

Louie!" Mouse and Desmond sat quietly on the couch. Clarence stood placidly at the edge of the table smoking a cigar while Charlie rearranged his game.

"O.K., Slick," Clarence said. "But I want to remain healthy. That's all I ask. I don't want to get hurt. It's not that I'm afraid—but I have a bad heart and—"

"You won't get hurt. With me, Clarence?"

"If you say there's no danger, go ahead. Do what you want."

Slick continued. "What about you, Charlie?"

Charlie had been taking practice aim for several minutes. He banked the cue ball into a side pocket. "What's that, Slick?"

"Are you with me?"

"Dunno. I like Louie. After all he is a vet and we gotta give that some consideration. And maybe he's got a good idea about organizing. I dunno."

Better make up your mind quick. Cause if you ain't with us, why we'll have to—. Come back to you in a minute . . . what do you say, Mouse?"

Mouse answered silently by drawing a straightened forefinger across his Adam's apple.

"And you, Desmond?"

"Okay. Okay by me."

"And back to you, Cue Stick Charlie. . . ." Charlie hit his cue ball and broke the pyramid lying defiantly at the other end of the table. Half a dozen balls found their way into pockets as the pyramid shattered. "What about you, Cue Stick Charlie . . . with us?"

Without raising his head from the next shot Charlie said: "There isn't much I can do."

"We have taken a vote, gentlemen," Clarence summarized, "and the decision is unanimous. We are all in this together. Slick, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to walk into that room," Slick indicated Louie's door, "—and in about five minutes I'm coming back out. Simple, ain't it?"

"Very!" Clarence smiled.

"And since Cue Stick Charlie was rather hesitant, I'm going to borrow his gun." Slick held out his hand.

Reluctantly Charlie gave his automatic to Slick who checked the mechanism by pulling back the barrel and letting it spring back. By the time Charlie leaned back over his table, Slick had entered the door to Lefty Louie's room.

The room was very quiet. No one wanted to move.

Click! The seven ball vanished into a side pocket.

Carefully Charlie took aim at the eight ball. Frankly, he had never understood why being behind the eight ball is worse than being behind any other ball. In fact, he preferred being behind the eight ball rather than some others he could think of, like an eleven ball or a fifteen ball when the game was still on the table.

At the instant Charlie pushed his cue stick forward, two muffled shots succeeded each other in Lefty Louie's bedroom. Charlie's cue stick twanged off the ball which wobbled helplessly a foot or two, only to stop foolishly in the center of the table.

The silence of the room hurt their eardrums. They shuffled jerkily about. Someone coughed. From upstairs in the Royal Bar and Grill came the melancholy plink of a piano—far away, like a memory.

Slowly the door opened. Walking over to the pool table, Slick plunked the gun down on the green felt. Charlie hesitated, then scooped it up into his pocket.

"We'll get rid of the body tonight," Slick remarked, lighting a cigarette. "Why don't we send up for some beers?"

"Good idea—yeah—" they agreed, stirring. The pressure left their ears. Charlie went back to the monotonous clicking of his game.

Mouse brought back a tray of Alpen Brau. Silently, each conspirator took one. Nobody said anything until: "I wished you'd stop that damned game, Charlie. That infernal tapping is getting on my nerves," Clarence whined.

"It quiets mine. That's why I play all the time. Pool's sorta—organized."

Upstairs, the Royal Bar and Grill was coming to life. The sound of laughter and dancing feet shuffling over the floor permeated the ceiling and the cigarette smoke. . . .

"I got him just as he turned around," Slick said to no one in particular. When he heard nothing he added, "I—I just thought you might like to know. . . ."

There was a knock on the basement door. Desmond's glass slipped from his hand and shattered on the floor. Each stared at the entrance, waiting for one of the others to open it.

"Well, get it, Desmond!" Slick snapped. Charlie leaned on his cue stick as Desmond opened the door.

Standing there were two tall studious-looking fellows, one frail and the other husky. Their hands remained curiously in their pockets. "We're looking for Pvt. Louie Bardoni," the frail one said in a deep voice. "We think he might be here."

"He ain't here," Slick said, walking over.

"Well, just the same, we'd like to have a look around."

"Louie ain't here, bud," Slick said, "and we ain't entertaining guests this afternoon."

"Sorry, but we're from the FBI," the frail man said, sweeping past Desmond and Slick. In the room above the dancing and laughter grew suddenly louder as if it had been magnified by a loud-speaker.

The husky man stood by the door. His hands were still in his pockets.

The frail man said: "Louie isn't here. We'll look in the other room."

"But I tell you, he's not here," Slick put in.

"Yes, that's right," Clarence added. "He *was* here, but now he's gone. Listen here, young man, I have quite a pull down at the City Hall and if you know

what's good for you, you'll go on your way."

The frail man smiled. "Just have to make sure, that's all. Routine, you know." He started for the door to the bed room.

"But—but—but—what's Louie done?" Clarence stopped him.

"Why, haven't you heard?" the stranger said frankly, moving toward the door. Breathlessly they waited for him to turn the knob: Desmond, Mouse, Clarence, Slick and Cue Stick felt themselves suspended by threads a thousand miles above the earth. To them the FBI man was floating to the door like an athlete in a slow motion picture. "Lefty Louie," he said, "is wanted for desertion by the Army. We're going to take him back to jail."

"You—you mean—he ain't out of the army?" Slick gasped.

"By no means." The FBI agent, smiling like the Sphinx, disappeared into the bedroom. The door closed behind him.

"N—now, fellows," Clarence stuttered, "—j—just r—remember—we're all in t—this together. . . ."

The husky FBI agent smiled innocently. "Nice day, isn't it?"

And the laughter and music above quickly mounted into a swirling, hopeless confusion of sound.

William Bornefeld

◆
Going to the Homecoming game?

Yah.

You from Washington?

Yah. Class of 1940.

That was my class too. Frat man?

Yah. SAE.

SAE? I was an SAE, but I don't remember you.

Yah?

Where'd you sit at meetings?

Second row.

Oh, that accounts for it. I was in the third balcony.

—*Wampus*

◆
The sun trickled lightly through cypress leaves into the crystal pool. Odysseus awoke, wiped the salt water from his eyes, and peered cautiously around the bush. There in the speckled light, stooped Nausica, her lithe body bending to and fro as she dipped her linens into the limpid waters. Her rosy figure was like a nude Aphrodite, chiseled in pink marble. For some minutes The Wanderer sat spellbound, his eyes riveted to the swaying body. Then he loosed his tongue, for he could no longer hold his peace.

"Gad!" he hissed, "Double jointed."

—*Green Gander*



From Where We Sit

Basketball

Coach Ray Blake and the student body of Washington University face a real challenge to turn out a winning cage team this year after sustaining player losses such as we have. The picture at this time is none too bright. Among the familiar faces which won't make their appearance this season are those of Mike Levinson and Bill Bergesh, guards; Al Berger, Jim Allen, Keith Brake, forwards. Only the latter two did not hold regular berths on last season's team. With Levinson, Bergesch, Allen and Brake having graduated, and Berger leaving via the draft, new faces are in the offing for this year's team. The two veterans on whom Ray Blake can pin his hopes are his dependables of last year—forward Stan London, and center, Don Schultz. And even here the way doesn't seem perfectly clear, as London, a sophomore medical student, inevitably has difficulty finding time to practice with the team.

It seems to this fan that it is probably a good thing that the caliber of opposition this season is not of the same stature that it was last year.

Baseball

Liggett Field is potentially a very good ball field. Since baseball is the one major sport which can reach the highest collegiate plane without subsidizing of athletes, what about some attention to the facilities which make the sport worthwhile? How about presenting next season's diamond edition with a ball field worthy of their efforts?

Congrats to big Don Schultz, Washington U. fireball pitcher, for his perfect record in the South Side Munny League.

UNCLE GEORGE

And while on the subject of Don—last spring the sports department of *Student Life* unjustly described Don as a pitcher of a fast ball “with some idea of where it goes.” This description served not only to misinform *Student Life's* readers, but also to cause considerable resentment on the team, which was cognizant of Don Schultz's pitching ability—a combination of blazing speed, a fine change of pace, and good control. An examination of the records will show Don to be a pitcher of good control, and a review of proper college sports writing will show that the good writer has a careful and benevolent attitude toward the athletes whom the school must support.

Orchids also to Ray Douglas, former pride of the Liggett Field Diamond. Ray, playing shortstop for the first-place Pelligrins in the Mid-City Muny League, hit at a .300 clip and demonstrated his usual fielding grace. Ray, a ballplayer of professional caliber, is a graduate dental student, and intends to set up an office if he is not inducted into the service. Incidentally, playing left field for the Bears last year, he hit several percentage points shy of .390 for his season average. Soft spoken, congenial Ray will be missed next spring when the Hill-toppers take the field. Ray Douglas, ballplayer's ballplayer, gets our nomination for Washington University's athlete of the year.

Random Notes

With a major fall sport conspicuous by its absence, intramural competition will occupy the sports limelight. Touch football, won last autumn by Sigma Chi and Beta Theta Pi, will be the chief attraction. The Sigma Chis and the Betas will probably be the chief contenders for the crown, with both Phi Delta Theta, winner of last year's participation trophy, and Pi Lambda Phi, summer softball champions, likely to make their bids. From where we sit, Sigma Chi has too much power for anybody.

If at any time one of our readers be beset with the irrepressible urge to exercise his right to sound off as regards sports at Washington University, we ask him not to let his thoughts die in the heat of their creation. Send them in to us. We'll do our part to get them printed—especially if they are on some issue which provokes reader interest. Let this column be a sounding board for you. Send in your message, and we'll give your ideas preference over anything we might have planned to appear in this column. All contributions will be printed, either in part or entirety. Bring or mail them to the *Eliot* office, marked for “From Where We Sit.” *Art Slonim*

Dear Ug,

Well, it's been a long time since I wrote to you for help. Your visit was a great help to me, and I might add that the baby is doing fine.

Well, Ug, here's the story. As you know, I have been married five times in the last three years, but somehow they just haven't lasted. Well, I am in love again, Ug, and he wants me to marry him. He says that he will be awfully good to the three children and will give me anything my little heart desires, that's what he he says. Somehow I'm scared that this won't work out either, and I don't want to be put in a class with that Hutton woman. I think that he is the right one this time, but I am afraid that I might meet another man, and want him after I get married, and then the same old thing will start all over again. Let me know what I should do real soon, and if you get the chance, drop around, I'd love to see you again.

Bertilda Cropslopper

All I can suggest is that you marry this man and stick to him, or else give up all thoughts of matrimony and concentrate on raising your children to be well balanced individuals. Your constant changing of husbands can seriously upset them and very easily blight your life. Either settle down or leave love alone.

Ug.

Dear Uncle George,

My son Morb, that's short for Morbid, is at it again. All he does is sit around the house and daydream. I'll swear, he looks like a lovesick beagle hound. Sometimes he lets out little squeals that remind you of a hog when you give it a fresh bucket of swill. He won't plow, feed the stock, or milk the cows. I am afraid he will lose the touch if he isn't careful—for farming, that is.

You know, it must be them darn movie gals again. He was alright until he went to town last week and saw the latest movie. It was Ginger Rogers in *Forty Second Street* I think. Since then he hasn't been worth a tinker's dam. I thought once that I would send him out to Hollywood so he could marry up with one of them gals if he wanted to, but then I changed my mind because he is purty timid when he gets out of the country and I don't want any of those city slickers to beat his time.

Could you tell me what to do? I would be much obliged if you could.

Love,
Silas Q. Jones

Have you tried sulphur and molasses? Your son Morb sounds to me as if he has a perennial case of spring fever. Go ahead and send him to Hollywood. He will probably become one of the outstanding stars of this generation, since it doesn't take much to become a star these days. Who knows, he might even marry Leggy Latushka or some other glamorous starlet. So send or put him away and hire a farm hand.

Ug

Dear Uncle George:

I am a young man of twenty, and I am contemplating matrimony. My mother and father don't approve of my plans or the girl, and I am not sure as to what I should do. This girl I want to marry is six feet three inches tall, has purple hair cut crew in front and hanging down below the waist in back. She is slightly crosseyed and somewhat bow-legged. She aspires to be a tight rope walker in a circus. My parents think that she is abnormal and threaten to prevent our marriage by court action. I think that Zaggalea is the most wonderful girl I have ever known. She is kind and sympathetic, interested in worldly affairs, the Communist party, and free love. All this shows that she is modern and progressive and that she would make a fine wife and mother.

Please help me if you can, Ug, because I want to do the right thing, but I am becoming more and more consumed by a passionately burning desire for Zaggalea.

Oh! help me,

Frustrated

You are in a rather distressing predicament so it seems, but like all other problems, Ug has a solution to it.

First, stop and think whether you really love her, or is family antagonism pressing you into your stronger relation with Miss Z. Then, if you find that it is true love, see if you can persuade her to die her hair green, mauve, or some other more acceptable color. Next, you should diplomatically induce her to be more tactful in airing her liberal views.

The thing to do is try to make your family love her. If, however, the family isn't impressed, and you find that you still love her, then I suggest that you marry her immediately, since it will undoubtedly be carried out at some later date for some reason or another. The sooner you get settled down and adjusted the better.

Ug

PROF-FILES



Survey courses, survey courses,—new or old? Well, at least one course of this type has been in existence for about 25 years—where? Probably the first was offered at Columbia College in 1919—Contemporary Civilization was, and is, its name. Perhaps the name survey course originated from the following quotation, or vice versa—it's from a speech made by Dean Herbert E. Hawkes of said college in the summer of 1931—"On the whole, it seems a desirable enterprise for most students to ascend the mountain top and to survey the promised land before they go down to occupy it."

Whether or not the name originated from that quotation, the title, survey course, is applied to that type of course which embraces a group of related fields, such as Philosophy, History, Economics, Government and Sociology (departments participating in the Contemporary Civilization Course of Columbia College). This type of course is beginning to find wider usage, at Columbia, Chicago, Harvard and now even our own Washington University. One of the men who will have much to do with installing and shaping the new curriculum—which will include such survey courses—is Stuart A. Queen, Professor of Sociology and new Dean of the College of Liberal Arts.

Deep lines, formed by years of habitual cheerfulness, flank his mouth—steady blue eyes—and grey, almost white hair top the picture of this "young" man—he will be the first to tell you that. The quick, "impatient," almost nervous character of his movements stems from the desire to be doing something—and no doubt he always is. For the number of activities he engages in is great, a list of a few could include: Member of American Sociological Society (President 1941); American Association of Social Workers; Committee on the General College of Washington University; Eliot Credit Union (composed of about 150 faculty members, maintenance, and office workers); and "Anarchy 110" an informal discussion group composed of some faculty members in such divergent fields as Classics and Biochemistry.) These ac-

tivities have by no means been limited to academic fields, for at one time he was the head of the Detroit Community Union and Community Fund which involved the coordination and supervision of over 100 social work agencies.

He tells you he's young, and he is—but youngest of all are his ideas. For his wide spread of activities—not limited to his field—his wide range of acquaintances—just as many instructors as professors and just as many janitors as faculty members, thanks to Eliot Credit Union—and his avid interest in life—all add up to an alert active mind. He is quick to express an opinion, at the same time is fair and comprehensive. His quickness to judge must not be considered hasty—for his long practice in judging people, situations and facts, his good memory, and the near certainty that he has given the situation previous thought tend to make his judgment fit and quick. He tells you, "I would rather make a mistake by trying something new than make the mistake of not trying," and he quotes with pleasure a friend's definition of conservative (with a small "c"): "trying nothing for the first time."

It would be hard to credit him to any one state. Though he was born in Kansas (Fredonia), he went to college in California (Pomona College) and Illinois (U. of Chicago), he has taught in colleges in Illinois, Maryland, Massachusetts and Kansas. Washington University was very fortunate in securing his services, in 1932, as Professor of Sociology. He attributes much of his open-mindedness to his summer teaching jobs which have given him a stimulating cross-section of opinion from Washington (in Seattle—the best students) to Yale (in New Haven—who thought they were best). During the war he added to his many other activities the job of Acting Librarian (the Spanish section grew mightily—he says there is no connection between this fact and his interest in Latin America—but he doesn't really believe that either).

He likes to hike—has no car (except in summer when he can borrow the car of an absent friend, and thinks maintaining a proper balance between work and fun is very important. Under the heading of "having fun" come movies, reading, baseball games, the symphony, the Munny Opera (he goes more often to the Munny than the Symphony) and the Summer Theatres in New England, which he managed to attend this year while on one of his summer teaching jobs at Yale.

The beginning courses in a subject, in his opinion, are the hardest to teach and require very competent teachers. Yet some very fine scholars should never teach such courses, for many of these scholars would be most valuable as research workers and should be allowed to devote their full time to it and others do not have the ability to give the student that certain "perspective" which makes for a good course. One of the failings of many teachers is their inattention to the use of facts. As in most instances, there are two extremes; too much factual knowledge is of little value, since the orientation and survey of a student is sacrificed for facts which are undergoing constant revision; the other extreme—too few facts—does not allow the student enough practice in handling facts. He does not acquire the art of getting and using facts and the ability to judge their value. The importance of estimation and evaluation of the facts at our disposal is very great.

A curriculum, he believes, should be responsive to change—not following every fad, for then it becomes a hodge-podge—but by constant study and restudy the curriculum must be altered to meet the changing conditions of the world. For 25 years Washington University has not made a major curriculum change. During this time important changes have been occurring in the world. Today there are more miles of paved roads in St. Louis County than there were in the whole United States in 1900, and then airlines did not even exist. Startling changes have revolutionized communications; motion pictures (Queen's first came after graduation from college) have evolved in this time, not to mention the development of atomic energy. There always has been and will be a lag between scientific discovery and public realization, but to prevent this lag from becoming too great it is essential that education produce a public capable of harmonizing their world with the results of scientific achievement. Men like Stuart A. Queen will help the college fulfill its part in this educational task.

Vernon Weis



Mrs. Lottie Prim was recently granted a divorce when she testified that since her marriage her husband had spoken to her but three times.

She was awarded the custody of her three children.

—Columns

Fish In a Barrel

Here is a list of a few things to see and do around town for the month of October. The reader must excuse a comment thrown in here and there by the poor sucker who was rooked in to making a program for the spare moments of the blase W. U. student. That sort of thing creeps in as the only way to make life writing for Eliot bearable.

ART

Exhibitions

City Art Museum

— The works of Charles Wimar. Native of St. Louis (1828-1836). Mr. Wimar is the authentic artist of the North American Indian and the buffalo. The Museum has recently been presented with "The Buffalo Dance," an anonymous gift which depicts a religious ceremony of the Mandan Tribe. (Sept. 28 - Oct. 31.)

Purchase Prize Prints — Lent by the Library of Congress. The collection consists of 30 prints which the Library acquired from their 4th National Exhibition of Prints. Shown will be etchings by Isabel Bishop, John Costigan, Eugene Higgins, and Luigi Lucioni; lithographs by Adolf Dehn, Ernest Fiene, and Reginald Marsh; and representative works in drypoint engraving, serigraph and woodcut by prominent artists. (Sept. 5 - Oct. 31)

Little Bohemia — A new idea in art galleries, Little Bohemia is a bar which features an art exhibition. The present show consists of pictures by St. Louis artists; the motive of the organization is to promote St. Louis art. At present over the bar hang three oils which took the first three prizes, Amie Schweig, Tanasko Milovich, and Fred Conway, respective artists. (Fourth and Clark Streets, Aug. 31 - Nov. 30)

Lectures

Monday, Oct. 7, 8 p. m., "Auguste Rodin." Betty Grossman will talk on the modern French sculptor, his life and works. Rodin is probably best known for his piece "The Thinker," which portrays a man sitting, chin in hand, thinking: a pose usually assumed by bored students. Of special interest, however, is the new work of Rodin the Museum has just purchased, "St. John the Baptist."

Monday, Oct. 14, 8 p. m. "Titanic Origins of Modern Painting." A special lecture given by a guest speaker, Dr. Giovanni Stipanow.

Monday, Oct. 21, 8 p. m. Young Artists Concert, a program sponsored by the Women's Symphony Committee. This concert at the Museum will be given in order to give the winners of the year's audition, which the Women's Symphony Committee holds, a chance to perform. The participants will be young St. Louis musicians who won the finals.

Monday, Oct. 28, 8 p. m., "Three St. Louis Paintings," a talk by Mary Powell, the supervisor of the Educational Department. She will lecture on these three paintings done by St. Louis artists, which the Art Museum has bought in the last year:

"Fitzpatric," by Wallace Herndon Smith, a portrait of the Post cartoonist.
 "Green Bird," by Fred Conway.
 "Winter," by Oscar Thalinger, Registrar of the Museum.

NIGHT SPOTS

The writer feels that W. U. students are quite capable of finding bars and dance bands without outside interference.

MUSIC

Oct. 4, 5, and 6, The Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo will give four performances, Kiel Auditorium.

Friday, Oct. 4, *Le Baiser de la Fee* and *Gaite Parisienne*, 8:30 p. m.

Saturday, Oct. 5, *Serenade*, *Raymonda* and *Frankie and Johnny*, 8:30 p. m.

Sunday afternoon, Oct. 6, *Les Sylphides*, *Nutcracker Suite* and *Rodeo*, 2:00 p. m.

Sunday, Oct. 6. *Danses Concertentes*, *The Bells*, *Bluebird*, and *Sheherazade*. 8:30 p. m.

If you are interested in the classical ballet, see the Sunday afternoon performance. If you want something very new, *The Bells*, *Raymonda*, *Le Baiser de la Fee*, are hot off the griddle. If you're interested in saving money, save it and wait for the Ballet Theatre which will be scheduled later in the season. Much better ballet.

Oct. 15. Civic Music League will give the first concert which it is sponsoring in a series of five. The feature will be

Martial Singher, the Metropolitan Opera baritone. For the poor and impoverished student, information has it that a season ticket for the five concerts is available for \$3.00 (in the upper balcony). Our comptometer operator has figured this at 60c per, which is pretty good price if you are interested. The Civic Music League brought *Traviata* and other programs of varied interest here a couple of years ago. For further information, call Miss Alma Cuny, Franklin 3770.

Oct. 16. Fritz Kreisler will give a recital of a "varied program." That's all we could find out. However, if it is at all possible, go to hear Kreisler. Though along in years, he is still a fine artist. If it's not too sacrilegious, we might suggest that seeing both Mr. Kreisler and his accompanist is a "once in a lifetime." The two old men come out on the vast, almost empty, stage, Kreisler with his fiddle and the accompanist who has been with him for 40 years.

Oct. 18-19. Friday afternoon and Saturday evening mark the opening of the 46-47 St. Louis Symphony season. The first symphony will be an all orchestral program. Alibis are a mistake and failures unforgivable but it was impossible to obtain a program at the deadline date. Look in the daily paper and you're sure to find out what will be played a few days before the concert. A personal note — if Mr. Golschmann plays any Debussy or other French Impressionist work, go; if he plays Beethoven, don't expect a terrific performance.

Oct. 22, 23, 24. The St. Louis Light Opera Guild has scheduled a performance of Victor Herbert's "Sweethearts." This is an amateur performance as far as the chorus goes, but the leads are brought from New York, as yet they are unnamed. Good for light entertainment and catchy melodies if you are not already full of the Munny Opera from the long summer months. You may remember the Guild's performance of "The Student Prince" last spring. It plans to give two more performances this season, "Bittersweet" in January and "Blossomtime" in April.

Oct. 26 and 27. The second Symphony Concert, on Saturday evening and Sun-



day afternoon, will feature as soloist, the pianist Jesus Maria Sanroma. Mr. Sanroma is noted for his interpretations of more serious modern American compositions. A small, wiry man, he is quite energetic in his playing, and his meticulous technique makes his Bach excellent.

JAZZ

Was listening to Stan Kenton's latest effort "Artistry in Boogie" (Cap-273) and found a definite similarity between it and his old favorite "Eager Beaver." This structure seems to be his favorite method of portrayal of a theme. Backing "Boogie," June Christy does some riff vocalizing that carries on where Anita O'Day left off in "Gotta be Gettin'."

We out here in the mid-west are missing quite a few discs that the Woody Herman band is producing under the leadership of such sidemen as Chubby Jackson and Bill Harris. The labels are practically unavailable in St. Louis. Harris does some very fine work on their release of "Mabel, Mabel" (Col-36995). The loud and screaming ride-outs that have been becoming a habit with Hampton, Dorsey, and Herman are very enjoyable in personal appearances but are hard to record and harder to reproduce. Hampton's Decca release of "Flying Home" will wear out a wooden needle before the record is half played. Lynne Stevens, who does the word-work for the Herman-Herd does a very passionate polishing to the torchy "Linger in My Arms A Little Longer." This backs "Mabel, Mabel."

Tommy Dorsey and company have regained much of the stuff that they had before the war. "I Don't Know Why" (Vic-20-1901) is reminiscent of the old combination of Elman and Rich. There is some lead trumpet following Stuart Foster's crooning that may be the old Zig.

For those rich souls who can afford Decca "Personality" records, they have re-released two of Johnny Long's favorites: "Blue Skies" and "Shanty Town" (Dec-23622). It is certainly unfortunate that the group vocals and the actual song on these two were not combined. There is a band that does "Shanty" with one man singing the actual words against a chorus doing the scat. The effect is very nice. Tommy Dorsey made a cracker-jack record of "Blue Skies" with Frank Sinatra crooning to a riff chorus. This treatment does not carry the kick that Johnny Long's does, but the music that Elman and Rich fill in after the vocal makes up for the not-so-hot singing.

"Ghost of a Chance" has been a standby for quite a few vocalists ever since

it came out. There have been surprisingly few recordings of it. However, Artie Shaw did it last spring for Musicraft and the singing of Hal Stevens is passable for a production number. The song deserves a more frustrated approach than Stevens seems capable of giving. He sounds as if he will find it quite easy to carry on without having a "ghost of a chance." The song definitely should be done by someone who gives the impression of having thoughts of suicide. Some of Helen Forrest's earlier records with the Shaw band carry much of that sort of message. Try her "Deep Purple" or "You Grow Sweeter as the Years Go By."

The old Slim and Slam outfit broke up and the boys went their way: Slam went to New York to record with Goodman and Slim stayed in Los Angeles with his own group. This column did some drum-pounding for Slam Steward last spring. There has been a release of some of Slim Gaillard's stuff by Bel-tone, one of which is "Mean Mama Blues" (755). The vocal that Slim does is very much in the King Cole manner. The backside, "Riff City," has what would probably be called surrealistic jazz. One of the vocals runs, "Ba ba ba boo boo boodoloo doo doo, I love a parade." There is not much in the record that shows anything more than can be found in some of our local night-spots.

— Mal Topping.

THEATRE

American—

The American Theatre has not, as we go to press, scheduled anything definitely, other than the first show in October, *The Voice of the Turtle*, which will run from the 1st until the 13th of October. *The Voice of the Turtle* was promised last summer, but never appeared. So when it hits town, grab the chance to see it. It is a beautiful play, expertly written by John Van Dreuten. Briefly, it is the story of a young actress in New York who is on the road up; her problems, fears, and her affair with a soldier over a week end. It was first done in New York by Margaret Sullivan. The experienced yet naive girl, and her week-end with Bill, make a fine play which is sprinkled with quotations from the voluptuous poetry of the Song of Songs, from which the play gets its name. See it! (American Theatre, Market and 7th Streets.)



Show Boat—old standby for a novel date, maybe once a year or so. Rip roaring melodrammer, of the 10c, 20c, 30c vintage, and the atmosphere to go with it. Located in a dingy old boat on the river. Go prepared to criticize the performers, and be criticized during the progress of the show. *The Drunkard* is one of the better offerings. (Foot of Locust Street: 8:30 p. m.)

Playhouse: Beginning its twentieth season's run on October 16, the Playhouse will open with *The Male Animal*, a light comedy of university life in a college town—from the professor's angle. Should be amusing to W. U. students.

National Theatrical Productions, a new amateur group in St. Louis has scheduled their first play, *Oliver Oliver* for the middle of October.

MOVIES

Now playing at the Art Theater is the French film, *The Golem*, a magnificent production laid in 17th Century Prague. *The Golem* is the story of the insane rule of Rudolph II and his crazy ambition to destroy the Golem, which represented strength to the oppressed Jews of Prague. An old legend mixed with historic fact, the film tells of Rudolf's mounting fear of the inanimate statue which was created by Rabbi Loew as a protector for the Jews in the ghetto of Prague. His mind poisoned by Lang, the crooked Prime Minister and his mistress Countess Strada, Rudolph becomes a tyrannical and bloody ruler in order to find and destroy the statue. In the end the Golem comes to life and destroys Rudolf, who by now has gone completely insane.

Harry Bauer, the great French actor, gives a superb performance as the crazy emperor. *The Golem* was directed by Julien Duvivier and was made in 1936, the photography is by Stalick, famous for his work on the Czech film *Ecstasy*; the sets of the palace, the synagogue, and the 17th Century ghetto of Prague, were done by Andreiev, the Russian architect. (7:15 and 9:00 p. m., Art Theatre, 3143 Olive.)

Soon to be shown will be *The Man in Grey* and *Specter of the Rose*. See the latter if you are at all interested in the ballet and some fine acting. The story is of the great love of two ballet stars, and the cast includes Judith Anderson, Michael Nekhov, the nephew of the Russian playwright, Ivan Kirov and Vida Essen as the romantic leads.



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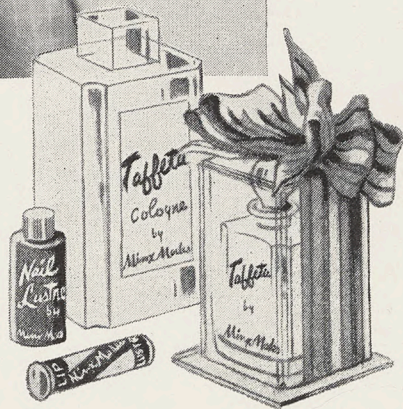
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BOOKS



Day In the Morning—
P. G. Wodehouse

The post war era is really back, for here is Wodehouse with Jeeves and the featherbrained Bertie Wooster in the usual Wodehouse plot and style. Good light reading.

Memoirs of Hecate County—Wilson

A collection of some four or five short stories (one pretty long) which definitely have some ulterior motive and significance, though this reader was too stupid to understand what. Well written, and, incidentally, banned in New York.

The Virgin and the Gypsy—D. H. Lawrence

Also a collection of short stories (not new) which are beautifully written, and quite symbolic—if you can get the symbolism.

1066 and All That

Although not on the History 101 reading list, this little book should be required reading for all students, especially those suffering University history courses. Hilarious, and thin enough not to scare you away before you start.

The Hucksters—Wakeman

Opions differ on this book—but we are inclined to recommend that it be ignored—unless you are fond of satire so broad it is reminiscent of burlesque—and unless you have a pretty strong stomach.

M. A. Moore

One fellow had a terrible auto accident. . . . He tried to shift gears without changing his clutch.

—Pelican

"That's a nice suit, Alex. How much was it?"

"A hundred and ten dollars."

"Isn't that kind of expensive?"

"Oh, I don't know. I got fifteen pairs of pants with it."

—Wampus

Gravedigger, addressing two cemetery caretakers:

"Sit tight, boys, I'll go out and dig up a fourth for bridge."

BETWEEN BELLES

(and on and on and on and on from page 12)

Ray "I can't appreciate women" Schultz is still on the loose, and will probably remain Sigma Chi's most eligible bachelor.

Bo Sturhahn, SAE, has just finished one career (in the army) and is resuming another one at school come fall. Glad to see you back, Bo.

Delta Gamma Marybelle Donnan now has that certain stardust look. Seems his name is Tex . . . right?

Lost . . . one Phi Delt pin, property of Dave Boyles, to lovely Libby Sherman, Theta.

The Sammies now have a German shepherd that barks every time he hears the words Pi Lamb.

There is going to be double trouble for Washington women since Casanova Don Williams, Sigma Chi, is having another Williams by the name of "Bob" to help him keep the feminine hearts a flutter.

Broken Bargains —

Mary Hood, Kappa, and Jack Adams, SAE. Better fix that safety catch, Jack!

Judy Niedlinger, Gamma Phi, and Jack Hoffman, Sigma Chi.

Cele Ramsey, Theta, and Bill Bergesch, Phi Delt.

Things You Would Have Liked to See—

Bob "Houdini" Kennon, Sigma Chi, getting Ruth Life, Kappa, drunk on an empty glass of champagne.

Rosemary Edwards, Alpha Xi, playing the clarinet and Dave Bevirt, Theta Xi, playing the drums in the Washington U. band together. Why? Cause they're still in tune, and Rosemary's Theta Xi pin proves it.

Tom Hurster, Beta, home on furlough from the army.

Eddie Swartz, SAM, right on time in his early class the morning after his wedding. . . . That's all, brother, that's all.

Richardson

BIRDIE BUYS A WIFE

(Continued from page 11)

"Oh, yes, Birdie returned enthusiastically, "She still loves me."

"How about you?" I inquired pointedly, "Do you still love her?"

"Yeah," he said, "Sure, I love her."

Charles DuBois

Her (at the dance): "Wait right here for me, Bill, while I go powder my nose."

Her (three dances later): "Been waiting long?"

Him: "No, but I've been looking all over for you to give you your compact."

—Wampus

"Well, I guess I might as well put the motion before the house," thought the chorus girl as she danced out onto the stage.

—Boulder

Landlady: "I thought I saw you taking a gentleman up to your room last night, Miss Smith."

Miss Smith: "Yeah, that's what I thought too."

—Boulder

As the cow said to the milkmaid, "Go ahead and see if I give a dram."

—Wampus

"I guess I've lost another pupil," said the professor, as his glass eye rolled down the kitchen sink.

—Archive

Housemother: "Young man—we turn the lights out at 10 o'clock in this house."

Freshman: "Gee, that's darn nice of you."

—Boulder

Confucius' wife met him as Confucius rolled in at 3:30 a. m.

"What does Confucius say now?"

—Boulder

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4:00 p. m.