4-1946

Washington University Eliot

Washington University Eliot, St. Louis, Missouri

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Among Those Present

We seem to be overflowing with feature writers this month. There is Jane Brown who tells the story of her late expedition to the nation's capitol in Jane Brown — Washington Lobbyist. Author Brown says that she has no ambition, after her days as a lobbyist, to become a politician. She also avers that, after writing her experience up for Elliot, she doesn't want to be a writer. You all know her too well for us to indulge in the usual descriptive sketch — but we would like to state the fact that Jane is an Independent—and add to that statement the wish that more people on this campus, independents and Greeks alike, were like Jane Brown.

Then there is our editor, herself, who has gone against her firm conviction that the editor should write nowhere in the magazine except on the editorial page, to report on the Mississippi Valley International Relations Conference, because she feels it is a vital subject for all of us. Olive dwell in the subterranean passageways of McMillan Hall, but spends most of her waking moments in the subterranean passageways of Brookings—Room #19. She is a handy person to have around, for not only can she tell you what "re" means and that it is a business form, but she can doctor injuries and play the piano, bass clarinet, and viola.

We aren't sure whether or not Victor Siegel's proposals about the F. P. (Football Problem, Stupid) can be termed "a feature," but anyway, we recommend them for your serious consideration. Vie's at Missouri U. now, studying—no, not "ball"—journalism.

We also have Betty Brewer, Delta Gamma, who wrote the feature on Campus Chorus Groups. Betty's not only a very attractive gal and a tennis champ—she reached the semifinals in the District Indoor Championship last year—but a librarian, a writer—she works on Student Life too—and a music lover. Betty says her ambition is to teach journalism. Just lately she's been learning to print pictures like mad—for reasons which the more acute of you may fathom, if you try hard.

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Co-authors of the feature on the American Veteran's Committee, Fred Woodress and Elwood Mauder, have both had journalistic experience. Mauder, before the war, used to write for the Minneapolis Star Journal, and during the war he covered the Coast Guard Craft Flotilla, ETO. Mauder is 28 and is taking postgraduate courses here. He graduated from the University of Minnesota in journalism. His wife is Margaret Mauder of the Globe Democrat staff.

Fred Woodress is a native of this city, but used to write for the Springfield, Ohio, Daily News and for Variety as correspondent. He is now an undergraduate here, with an English major. For three years Fred covered the 87th Infantry division. He says his biggest story was when he got to interview liberated Dieppe prisoners.

Peggy Lustkandl is the obvious person to write our feature on the Fashion Show, for she is a second year dress design student herself, and had three dresses in the Show. She gives you the inside dope on the whole affair, and incidentally we promise you, she doesn't even mention that dress with 1164 buttons sewn on it.

Peggy is a Pi Phi—about 5' 3", size 10 figure, dark brown hair and brown eyes. For further information, see TERNION!

Elliot has a new feature, Up's Opinion. Ug stands for Uncle George, an eminent psychologist, psychiatrist and expert on human relations. Uncle George prefers to keep his identity a secret, too, so we can't give you any fascinating details about his private life. However, we do think you'll like his story.

Kathleen Marshall has noticed (haven't you?) that the facilities of the QX are not entirely adequate to meet the needs of the enlarged student body. (And that's a masterpiece of understatement.) She expresses her sentiments on the subject in "Tomato Juice for a Let Down." Student Life executed a neat maneuver when it made Kathleen feature editor. A sophomore headed for journalism, Kathleen has what it takes.
To add to her many distinctions—former Ternion president, A. W. S. vice-president, this year’s Mortar Board president, and Y cabinet senior Jane Brown now becomes our cover girl.

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Bouquets and Stinkweeds

Bobby Soxers?
A little birl told us that the veterans on campus think all the coeds are bobby soxers—that they aren't feminine enough—that they dress like high school kids—and finally, that they don't even dress up man, in khaki drab enlivened by a touch of gold at the lapel who was sitting in the row ahead of us, turned around and ejaculated the epithet "Bobby soxers!"

That convinced us that perhaps the situation is serious, and we are going to start a Society for the Prevention of Bobby Soxers (S.P.B.S.)—on two conditions. One, that the brick walks be fixed so that we can wear heels without endangering life and ankles, and second that we no longer be greeted with the blearied eyed, unshaven, blue-jeaned and open-shirted gentlemen who at the present time abound on campus—and above all, that we get rid of that oh so odious crew cut!

On Aesthetic Standards
We asked the painters who were at work in the subterranean passageways the other night what determined the color of the paints they used to paint the corridors with, because the selected shades seemed to us to be reminiscent of eroded gullies or, even worse, of khaki drab—and very depressing. The painters said that there was a committee who chose the colors. Does anyone know how to get on that committee? We would love to be appointed. We think murals on the walls would be pretty—or at least, more complimentary color schemes.

At Last—a Job for Freshman Commission!
Some genius who has noticed the need for some method for boys and girls who are not in sororities and fraternities to meet each other, and who has also noticed the vain strivings of Freshman Commission, sophomore girl's activities honorary, to be allowed to help on freshman orientation, on the Dandelion dance, at registration, and so on, has had a wonderful idea. Why shouldn't Freshman Commission run a date bureau? We know Dr. Crane would approve anyway.

Bouquets—for us this time
We are so excited! Someone saw our November issue, and in spite of the bile brown and red cover, they liked it. Midshipman William Barnes, now at Annapolis, wrote us a letter about it—and the fact that he wanted the name and other vital statistics of the model on the inside back cover is, we are sure, only incidental to his desire to compliment us on our magazine. That's a joke, Son!

LIFE-SAVER CONTEST
Life Saver announces that whatever student, in the opinion of the Eliot editor, submits the best joke for the next issue of the magazine will receive FREE a carton of Life Savers.
The joke and the name of the author will be printed in the following issue. Entries must be in by the 12th of the month preceding publication. Just address your entries to: Life Saver Contest, Editor Eliot, Washington University, St. Louis 5, Mo.

Oh, those Juniors!!
The veddy-veddy active Junior class has finally found a date that makes everybody happy, and have named April 27 for the Prom. Great plans have found their way into President Murphy's agile cranium. They include big don't of the preceding day, and they prove conclusively that the Juniors (via Murphy) are one of the more exciting groups on campus.

Round three in the battle of publications!!
Which rather low ranking editor of the Student Life brain trust is outclassing the other editors in remunerative receipts from a hush-hush campaign? And why? Maybe it is common knowledge in the highest circles.

Queens and Such!!
We were duly impressed with the selections made for Hatchet queen. Out of the galaxy of good looking coeds, the judges picked some humdingers. We hope there wasn't too much political control, so that a girl who really represents the student's choice was selected.

On Eager Beavers!!
As we write this, the sweat pours down our brows, for mid-semesters are approaching. If library activity may be used as a barometer, the returns at the half-way mark will be very surprising to the cynics of our faculty. The constant flow between classroom and library has been shocking. Perhaps it is due to the many new students. We hope it can be attributed to a greater interest in learning.

On Student Assemblies!!
A wider publicity program could be used in calling students to the more and more frequent assemblies which are being offered. The present method of announcement is certainly inadequate. Announcements are read in some classes and not in others—whether this is because the instructors don't receive the announcement or just don't read them, we don't know. Posters announcing the time, and, particularly the place, (which is all too often neglected), would be of great value. Perhaps the closing of the Q-X and the library during assemblies would serve as a reminder and more students would attend.
Jane Brown—Washington Lobbyist

I started out Monday morning after my arrival in Washington, D. C., with a thousand Washington U. names under my arm, prepared to announce firmly to the senators that we want atomic energy under civilian and not military power, and that we want the control given to UNO as soon as possible.

I took a taxi—the system there is wonderful (you can go almost anywhere for 30 cents or 20 cents if there are several passengers)—and had my first encounter with the Senate Office Building. It is a most confusing place because it is arranged sort of on the bias with the front door at one corner, and by the time you have wandered down two corridors you somehow expect to be at the front door again. The corners are all rounded off so that they seem like sides; and when you look out of the windows, everything seems even more on the bias. Of course the rooms are numbered, at least every third door, but when you come out of an office you lose your sense of direction and have to walk the whole length of the corridor before you know where you are.

When I finally decided to use my head instead of my feet—I was being practically out of commission by this time—I made myself a chart of the place and finally got oriented.

My first plan was to make appointments with the senators and come back to talk to them later. When Senator Milliken's secretary said I could have a few minutes with him right then, I almost said I would rather come back later, but then I magnanimously decided I would make a little time for him then. (It turned out that this was the only office interview I had, the other senators being rather on the fly.)

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From Senator Milliken I got pretty much the pattern of what all the other senators and their secretaries would tell me.

"Of course," he said, "the hearings are still going on and I can't make a definite statement yet. However we can't let go of the secret till we know the world is purged of peace. We have made enough gestures, and it is up to Russia and the others to show their peaceful intentions."

I suggested that perhaps they would continue to be suspicious and aggressive as long as we held the supreme threat. I also said that perhaps Russia will have the bomb very soon, so that all we would have gained by withholding our secret would be mistrust and ill-will.

He didn't like that too much and said that we had chatted long enough and that he had work to do.

That morning and the next, I attended the hearings of the Atomic Energy Committee. Its chairman, Senator McMahon, impressed me more than any other senator I saw. He is intelligent and doesn't speak in the senatorially pompous manner. He has come to every session since last October. There were two other senators there on Monday—Senator Hickenlooper and Senator Austin, and on Tuesday only Senator Hickenlooper. Senator McMahon explained that they were very faithful at first but that now they have to attend many other hearings. He said that they all read the report of the proceedings later.

I heard a national representative of the League of Women Voters speak, endorsing the McMahon Bill (as our Washington U. petition did), and I was really proud of her because she spoke much better than any of the men. In fact, I was getting to feel quite conceited concerning the prowess of women in general, when along came the American Mother of 1945!

She was the overly gracious type that makes you squirm, and she began to read, of all things, the Smythe Report! Finally, Senator McMahon gently reminded her that everyone present had read it several times, but she insisted that she had to read just one paragraph more because it was so important. Then she began to "uurge uuunestly" and I found to my embarrassment that she was advocating just what I felt should be done, that is, giving up the atomic secrets right now. Thoroughly mixed up and unhappy about this question, I told Arthur Comp-ton, Jr., about it when I had lunch with him on Tuesday. So he took me over to the State Department and we talked to


Mr. Scott said that we were already committed to turn over our information to the Security Council of the UNO as soon as the devices for inspection have been agreed on. According to the present agreement, we will not insist that Russia stay within certain boundaries or cease her policy in the Balkans before we turn over our information, only that she submit to the same type of international inspection that all nations including ourselves will have.

This reassured me because none of the senators have specified what the "adequate assurances of peaceful intentions" would be and I was afraid that they would not be reasonable and possible.

I also asked Mr. Scott how much good a petition like ours did. Senator McMahon, of course, had expressed his appreciation warmly, and at my request, Senator Donnell of Missouri had had it placed on the Congressional Record. The others said they were glad to know we were interested, but weren't we a little

(Continued on page 22)
Winners in the annual style show for students in the art school. Left to right: Anne Kinsey, first in Advanced Group; Ann Perrine Bauer, second in Advanced group; Eileen Newport, third in Advanced Group; Kenneth E. Hudson, Dean of the School of Fine Arts; Jane Gauchet, fourth in Advanced Group; Beverly Landers, fifth in Advanced Group; Ruth Bringer, first in Elementary Group; Marjorie Meyer modeling the dress which won second prize in the Elementary Group for Charles Ruhman, designer, who is on the far right.

With the strumming of “Sioux City Sue” and “Pony Boy” on the “gittar,” the annual fashion show of the St. Louis School of Fine Arts got under way at the Statler Ballroom, March 7 and 8. The show, as in the past, was sponsored by Kline’s. When the curtain was drawn aside, the audience was carried back to pioneer days, the days of cowboys and covered wagons. That’s exactly what they saw, too, for Bonnie Lemmel and Hank Bauer, usually two unassuming students of Washington U., were seen in the rough, tough gear of cowboys of the wild and woolly west. Then out of the covered wagon poured lassies in new modes inspired by the pioneer days. Calicos, ginghams, and denims were pictured in the new fashions for summer. One cotton playdress with ric-rac trim even had a matching parasol. The play clothes, in general, were extremely practical and informal; clothes in which one feels at ease and has fun. Suede and bandanas that could have come right off a cowhand’s costume were made into smart, comfortable sport clothes.

The next group showed how fashions could be inspired by the North American Indians. Jim Duncan and Jack Sheehan (part of the male “props”) appeared in authentic costumes. Fringed outfits, beaded Indian embroidery, and a hand painted serape were outstanding among the dresses in this division of the show. The next scene of the show depicted a revolving door as the background for the day wear, Directoire Era, and for the day group. First, the audience was greeted with Fred Bauer and Kenneth Robertson wearing the elaborate modes of the Directoire Era. Say, boys, where did you get those hats? Clothes with Directoire influence and other outfits in the day group were then modeled. The day group showed clothes suitable for the working girl, the collegiate, or the young sophisticate. Many of these outfits had jackets that come off to reveal halter tops or midriff blouses and one had detachable sleeves. According to Robert Mayes, head of dress design in the Art School, “They do everything but brush your teeth!”

The third scene showed influence of the Gainsborough era on afternoon clothes. Costumes in this group were feminine and ideal for dressy occasions. Bustles and lace were predominant in the Gainsborough section. In the afternoon group, one girl combined a “gunny sack” skirt with black satin for a luscious effect.

The fourth scene showed after dark creations, some with Grecian and Roman influence. It was these, in particular, that brought the “ohs” and “ahs” from the audience. Luscious draped skirts, hand painted fabrics, and elegant embroidery brought murmurs of admiration that rippled through the crowd.
Ruth Bringer walks out on the ramp to model the evening gown which took first place in the elementary group. Ruth is a sophomore in the School of Fine Arts. Note the male atmosphere in the background to the left—not noticeably absent during the war years at such functions.

This neat creation brought third place honors to Eileen Newport, who is shown modeling it at the show. Background and props give a note of elegance to this first show after the war. A record crowd was in attendance at the very fashionable affair.

Imagine the judges had a tough time deciding the winners after viewing this group.

Prizes were based on design, work, and commercial value of the collective creations of the designers. The winners in the advanced section, made up of third and fourth year students, were Anne Kinsey, first; Ann Perrine Bauer, second; Eileen Newport, third; Jane Gauchet, fourth; and Beverly Lueders, fifth. In the second year group the winners were Ruth Bringer, first; and Charles Ruhman, second.

That may have been the way the fashion show looked to the audience, but backstage another show was going on. Few people realize how many last minute things go into a show so that it will run smoothly. Props were continually being pushed around and it was all one could do to try to keep out of everyone else's way and still get on the stage at the precise time. Mr. Mayes and Anna Trefs, second year teacher, were giving last minute instructions. While some of the girls were having their hair piled high, others were putting on their ballet shoes, which, incidentally, were the dominant type of footwear shown. One of the fellows was diligently trying to find a white poke bonnet with blue flowers that had been misplaced. Some of the professional models were giving tips of the trade to the novices. (The professional models wore the clothes created by the Design Students). Some of the gals had more than one dress in a group, so it was necessary that some very quick changes be made. The sad thing was, that to get from the dressing room to backstage, you had to go down one floor and come up on the other side of the floor. If they should have been clocked, I'm sure some of the gals would have broken the track records. We send our sympathy to the occupants of the 15th floor; they probably wondered what was going on when they saw gals racing ungracefully through the corridors. They would have been amazed if they could have seen the same girls on the runway a few minutes later, calm, poised, and self-composed.

But the Show Had to Go On—and it did.

Bouquets to the designers, the lovely models, and to Richard Davidson, designer of some of the loveliest and liveliest "chapeaux" of the season. Spiralizing modernistic creations and flattering shadow casters were a few of the many varieties he dreamed up to set off the lovely ensembles created by the women designers. To the ladies we bequeath more varieties of exotic posies and gale-colored ribbons to make more of them happy this spring.

Unglamorous scenes of students hard at work down at Bixby Hall preceded the big show. Here instructor Mayes (face obscured) gives instructions to student Odette Mesinger (head turned away from camera). Others in the picture are left to right: Ann Perrine Bauer (second place winner), Jean Otani, Madge Dupes, Betty Crip, Gerda Shymaker (in doorway), and Jane Gauchet (far right).
Washington Attends An International Relations Conference

by Olive Walker

Four tired students from Washington University arrived in Emporia, Kansas, at 3:00 a. m., March 1, after a twelve hour trip by nature to attend the two day Fifteenth Annual Conference of the Mississippi Valley International Relations Club. The trip had been too much for the tired motor, which rolled into the edge of town, stopped, and refused to budge. Two of the four weary occupants took to their feet and started a search for a garage. Finding none open, they located a taxi and sent it back for the other two. Having gathered up the rest of the group, the taxi dropped its passengers at their assigned quarters to snatch a few hours rest before the conference actually opened at 10:00 o'clock in the morning. Such was the introduction of Warren Button, Francis Doll, Jr., Chairman of the Washington University International Relations Club, Hans Silbermann, and myself to Emporia, Kansas—or vice versa. (It should be noted that the trip had been highlighted by such educational features as blown fuses—especially the one controlling the headlights—dinner in a respectable looking place in Kansas City which turned out to be a clip joint, and traveling those awful Kansas highways after dark. The rough roads belied the warm hospitality later dispensed by students and faculty at Kansas State Teachers College and the College of Emporia, which combined to play hosts to the Conference.)

Three of us were participants in the 10:00 a. m. round tables Friday morning; so it meant no making up for lost sleep. I was awakened at the unholy hour of 8:15 to find two delegates from Hamline University at St. Paul, Minnesota, as roommates at the Delta Sigma Epsilon sorority house. (Delta Sigma Epsilon is a national educational social sorority found at teachers colleges.)

Union Building

After breakfast at a pleasant little restaurant about half a block from the campus, my two roommates and I went over to register at the Conference headquarters, which was the Student Union Building on the campus of Kansas State Teachers College. Because of the interest in obtaining a student union building at Washington, I paid more than usual attention to that one. The exterior was light pink brick. Big white pillars adorned the porch and reached to the roof in gracious Southern mansion style. Most of the main floor was taken up with a huge ballroom, which is used for dinners as well as dances. Removable chairs and tables make it easy to serve a dual purpose. The ballroom is a little larger than our women's gymnasium here. Small lounges, restrooms, and a large foyer take up the rest of the space on the main floor. A modern cafeteria fills the floor space in the basement. This handsome Union Building serves as the host colleges, a discussion leader from one of the visiting colleges and a general discussion group of several delegates from the various colleges who were to have done research beforehand so that they could lead the discussion from the floor. Two papers were presented on each round table topic by delegates from visiting colleges. A faculty adviser was present to sum up the discussion at the end and a secretary to take down the minutes to be presented at the final conference session on Saturday morning. The general audience was allowed and encouraged to participate in the discussion of the problem and provided much of the interest for the entire conference.

Among the topics under discussion at the Friday and Saturday round tables were:
2. "Is the United Nations So Constituted as to be Capable of the Maintenance of Peace, or Is the Leadership of the United States a Necessity?" Prank Doll from Washington was a member of the general discussion group for this subject.
4. "Governing of Occupied Territories—Japan."
5. "Governing of Occupied Territories—Italy."
6. "Is Russia's Policy of Expanding Influence in the Bordering Western and Balkan States Likely to Lead to World Conflict?" (Continued on page 21)
Campus Choral Groups
by Betty Brewer

Friday—"What time is it?" "Chorus starts in ten minutes," and the Quad Shop loses more than half of its feminine appeal as the lassies gulp their cokes, put out their cigarettes, and wander en masne towards Graham Chapel.

Choral music is on the up-swing again at Washington University due to the return of the veterans and the increased demand for choral activities. For the past two years, Washington's choral director, Charles Galloway, has fulfilled the music obligations of the University with the able assistance of the Women's Festival Chorus. The Sunday morning Chapel services have been made more impressive by the voices of the choir robe clad co-eds, and the annual Christmas Vespers have featured the Festival Chorus singing the praises of the Christ Child mid hundreds of lighted candles.

More than one lost her heart, for a short time, to the Coast Guard after the Christmas program at Kiel Auditorium in '44 when this program of Coast Guard talent featured the Festival Chorus. And many a tear was shed in real beer at the "Beer and Pretzel Concert" when 250 college women of Washington and St. Louis Universities united to sing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra.

Now that the wandering male has returned, co-eds are only too happy to find that this spring they will jointly present the Spring Concert with the Men's Glee Club, May 10. As yet, there have not been enough men turning out to Wednesday afternoon practices to warrant a mixed chorus, but Charlie feels confident that as soon as the fellows can acclimate themselves to their studies, they will be out in full force as before the war. Galloway indicated in a recent interview that the Chorus might make a trip to Missouri University in the near future if enough interest were shown.

Charlie, who is also Choral Director at Missouri University as well as Director of the Chanters and Director of Music for the Scottish Rite, studied music in New York and while there he did a little ballet dancing on the side. After one of the performances at a New York theatre, in which Charlie and his five foot six partner had just executed a very clever ballet and tap combination, the Minister of Education of the U. S. S. R. came backstage and asked Charlie and his partner if they would make an eight months tour in Russia, all expenses paid. They went.

One of the stipulations was that no money would be taken out of Russia, so Charlie spent his taking courses in music and stage makeup in Moscow.

Showman Galloway, though he has given up dancing for the present, is still a fiend on tours and the one to Mizzou ranks high on his list. But with all his talents Charlie can't sing tenor, baritone and bass all at the same time. So men, especially on campus, are being welcomed to join the Glee Club and come out for practice at Graham Chapel on Wednesday afternoons at 4:15 p.m. The Women's Glee Club meets in the Chapel at 4:15 on Fridays. Membership in both groups is decided on the basis of try-outs. Any would-be members are cordially invited to drop in at these practices.

The Spring Concert to be given May 10 will feature a large number of spring and May Day carols. The program will include two Bach chorales: "Sleepers Wake, A Voice is Sounding" and "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring"; a 16th Century number, "The Morning Star" by Praetorius; and "The Cherubim Song" by Tchaikowsky.

Two lighter numbers will be "The Time Is Now," a Fred Waring arrangement; and "Let My Song Fill Your Heart" by Ernest Charles. The chorus will also present "The Choric Song" by Deems Taylor with lyrics from "The Lot of Eaters" by Alfred Lord Tennyson, and an early 17th Century air, "So Sweete is Shee" with lyrics by Ben Johnson.

Included in the program will be two English folk songs as arranged by Deems Taylor, "Twenty, Eighteen" and the nostalgic "May Day Carol." The final spring selection will be "Now Is the Month of Maying" by Silver.

SHORT STORY CONTEST
Eliot announces a short story contest. All entries must be in by May 1st, and are to be submitted to: Eliot Editor, Room 19, Brookings. The stories may not be less than 2500 words in length. A prize of $5.00 will be given for the best story, but other good entries will be published in the May and June issues of Eliot.

Charles Galloway, Washington University, choral director, giving his all during a rehearsal.
American Veterans Committee—

What Is It?  What Does It Do?

Two returned veterans, who are members of AVC, answer these questions for W. U. veterans and students in general.

Whitey . . . each with an equal voice in running the organization.

These men, like you, know that 12,000,000 men and women who were in uniform have a tremendous potential influence. You don't want to see that influence misused.

What's there in AVC for you? What do you get out of it?

You don't get any favors at the expense of the other guy. When it comes to wholesale raids on the U. S. Treasury or creating widespread unemployment by "special class" laws, the veteran is even-tempered. When it comes to any one veterans organization that, the veteran is eventually hurt far more than he could be helped. In AVC you do work with those who sweated out this war with you for the legitimate right of every veteran to peace, jobs, a home and freedom.

What is AVC?

It's the American Veterans Committee—an incorporated organization of World War II's veterans, men and women alike. Founded by five servicemen in 1943 (three GI's and two officers), AVC grew from 800 in 1944, reached 50,000 last month. During the last three weeks membership has increased by more than 4,000 new members a week. It is anticipated that the total will be close to half a million by June when the first national convention will be held in Des Moines, Iowa.

AVC is now the most rapidly growing veterans group on the Washington U. campus. In three weeks it has more than tripled its membership. Members of its executive committee have set a goal of 200 members by the end of the school year. AVC is not a stranger on the college campus. College chapters are springing up all over the country—at Northwestern, Michigan, Colorado, Minnesota, Harvard, Notre Dame, Cornell, MIT, Southern California, Dartmouth, Texas, Pennsylvania, Syracuse, Wisconsin, Yale and Vanderbilt.

What has AVC done nationally?

It has proposed and gotten an amendment to the GI Bill liberalizing farm loans for veterans; proposed and won increases in payments to veterans returning to school; urged the retirement of General Hines as head of the Veterans Administration; strongly supported General Bradley when he was attacked by other groups; condemned—through press and radio, stories and letters to Congressmen from AVC chapters—any attempt by any one veterans organization to maintain a stranglehold on the VA; forced a reform in VA hospitalization by digging up facts of poor policy and administration and publicizing those facts inside and outside Washington.

It was AVC alone of all veterans organizations which testified for the full employment bill. It plugged for a permanent Fair Employment Practices Commission; sent AVC consultants, officially invited by the Secretary of State, to the San Francisco Security Conference, where they spoke for strong international organization; backed important bills for temporary housing and for price controls which protect the veterans from soaring living costs.

What can AVC do for you?

Maybe you have housing troubles, as a good share of the GI's going to school have. By group action your chances of solving your problem are infinitely improved. Or maybe you need advice relative to your rights under the GI Bill of Rights, or perhaps you're just looking around for guys who talk your language, who share with you a sincere interest in

(Conginued on page 19)
There was once a day when the cement was still drying on the sphinx, when the walls of Jerusalem were not yet grey with the burden of age, when Rome was a political power and nobody had ever heard of the Tammany machine.

In this day, veiled by the troubles, agonies, and worries of time, there arose a gaunt hill in a section known as Galilee. For the benefit of the more inquisitive reader, this same hill still lies in Palestine, a testimonial to the pertinacity of Mother Nature.

A hill cannot truly be said to have personality and, yet, there was something about this one which would have attracted you. It was—to be sure—mechanically normal. Its elevation was a few thousand feet. If you walked the long path up one side, sure enough, there was an equally long path going down the other side.

Its distinguishing factor was the absence of life. The familiar aloe and sunflowers that graced its sister hills were curiously missing from this black sheep of the family. Not even the hungry and thirsty desert weeds interrupted the dull, monotonous brown of its slopes.

Heeding the wisdom of the plants, the Arabs, Moslems, and Jews of the neighborhood suspiciously took leave of this landmark.

As a result, no mortal was present to witness the metamorphosis. On that day, the sun had just set when it reappeared on the horizon to take a second look. A spindly, verdant piece of green had marred the death-like solitude of the hill.

The unassuming shoot had forced its way to the very summit from the bowels of the earth. In amazement, the plants below gazed at the stranger who dared to interrupt the course of custom.

Precedence, however, incited no qualms in the heart of the young shoot. Despite its lonely position, the plant prospered. By day, the sun warmed it and the earth and rain fed it. By night, the dew clothed it. In time, the clumsy stalk grew strong and resilient and learned to sway with the breeze. It grew tall and might have been considered handsome, if judged by the criteria of the botanical kingdom.

Nevertheless, its lot was an unhappy one. Continually, it raised its leaves to the heavens, as though in supplication. In truth, this was the case, for the unfortunate shoot had no bloom, no flower to produce seeds, no means of perpetuation. It was doomed to failure. The plant, in utter despair, took to pathetic praying.

Every night it bewailed its sad case to the Almighty above.

It was during one of these nocturnal communions that the north wind first noticed the newcomer. While passing overhead, he heard the forlorn cries. He looked down from his pedestal aloft and viewed the tragic scene on the moonlit hill.

Now the north wind is an individual of many moods. He is fully capable of assuming forms such as tornadoes and storms. He realized, however, that for this occasion his kind zephyr-like tones would be in order.

"What ailest thou, oh fruit of nature's womb?" he whistled softly.

The shoot listened in amazement from its solitary place. It had never heard the voice of a man, much less that of the inanimate. Still, it summoned courage and poured forth all the pent up emotions which, if such be the ways of plants, had rocked its tiny bosom for many a night.

"It appears," sobbed the shoot, "that I am growing on forbidden ground. And, because of my mistake, I am to be denied the crowning glory of a flower and the thrill of spreading my image over the country."

The heart of the north wind was moved.

"Worry not," he soothed, "the ways of the Lord are strange. Remember, 'tomorrow is but another name for today.' Bide thy time. He that hath faith shall be rewarded." With that he was away.

His course was set. First, he roared off into the skies. Up, up, past the comets, into the upper strata, where he gathered the stardust. Next, back to the earth and east—over the mountains, seas, and forests—until he reached the Great Gobi desert where, with one sweep, he took up a gale-ful of the whirling, shifting sands. Then rushing quickly to the gardens of Persia, he added their famed and beautiful perfumes to his mixture. Finally, back, ever in haste, to the hill in Galilee. For those who doubt these unusual actions, need I say more than that he was very versatile?

The green plant yawned at the opening of another day. Surprised, it felt the burden of a new weight on its upper extremity. Waving proudly at the head of its stem, was a bloom unexcelled in beauty. The flower's cheeks were as pure and virgin white as the very stars themselves. Its eyes were as glittering and wild as the untamed sands of the Gobi. Its fragrance rivaled the gardens of Persia.

With supreme joy, the plant beamed in the brisk breeze. The passing nomads gazed in wonder at the miracle. They brought their friends, and they theirs, until, hand in hand, the story and the plant spread to the far corners of the earth. The Sin was forgiven.

The skeptic may gaze in disdain at the veracity of this simple tale. I say only look about you during the holiday season. When your eye strikes the Easter lily, as it inevitably shall, ask yourself, "In what more beautiful way could it have happened?"

Applications for 1946-7 Staff

Applications for staff positions on next year's Kibot should be sent to Helen McIvor, Kibot office, Room 15, Brookings Hall, before April 25. Positions will be open in all departments. Applicants should state qualifications and experience and preference as to type of work. Selections will be made on the basis of merit. A tentative staff will be selected to put out the June issue. Whether the members of the tentative staff become permanent members will depend on the caliber of work shown prior to the date of announcement of permanent selections.
We should all support the current efforts by football enthusiasts in their desire for a good football team. Because it seldom has a team in the Rose Bowl or Cotton Bowl or Orange Bowl or Sugar Bowl or because it seldom has a team — period —, Washington University is one of the least publicized universities in the country. Any football enthusiast will tell you that because of this, W. U. has a very small enrollment and will probably have difficulty next semester in procuring enough students to keep all its faculty employed. The only thing that can prevent this debacle, say the football enthusiasts, is a heavily subsidized team that will put W. U. on the football and therefore the U. S. map.

On the other hand, the effeminate opponents of subsidized teams cavil at the entry of large numbers of subsidized players from the Ozark foothills or Illinois mines who are vitally needed "to hold that line" because these stalwart American boys might lower the scholastic standings of W. U. The controversy has finally boiled down to two alternatives: either we all get behind good football teams or we allow these idealists to sacrifice our school's football reputation merely to preserve its high scholastic standards.

Dr. Queen, professor of sociology, when asked for his opinion on subsidized football said, "Subsidized football is hypocritical. If we're going to pay for a football team, let's do it openly and above board and just hire a few fellows that will be around when the whistle blows for the opening of a game."

However, I really think the football commissioners would frown upon such practice. It would be reminiscent of Al Capone, who seldom used his own gangs in the killings but hired fellows from St. Louis.

No matter what may be said about foul play in football, our commissioners will balk at accepting in the game anything but college students or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

So, now, granted that we want a good football team and granted that we want college students as players and granted that we don't want hypocrisy, how are we to reconcile these irreconcilable alternatives? How are we going to have our cake and eat it too? (Trite, isn't it?) There is a way! There is a way to circumvent this dilemma!

Many universities have pioneered in the field of opening new professional schools. U. of S. C. for example has just opened a school for models with a degree of B. S. in Modeling upon completion of that course. (The instructors are women.) U. of S. C. is, therefore, a pioneer in this field. Washington University can be a pioneer too. It can open the first school of its kind: the School of Professional Football. Football is a profession, just like journalism or medicine or dentistry or law. So there's nothing to prohibit W. U. from opening this school.

The purpose of the school would be to train men and prepare them for jobs on professional football teams. Subjects to be taught would involve both practice and theory. A suggestion for some of the courses to be entered in the football school catalogue follows:

Ball (Short for football just as Soc. is short for Sociology).

Ball 101—A study of fouls and standard penalties for fouls. Purpose will be to inculcate the student with ideals of fair play in football. Upon request of students, subject of how to foul and get away with it will be taken up by instructor. Required of all majors. 3 hrs. class.

Ball 201—A study of persuasive speech, especially that used in winning the ump to your side. Elective. 3 hrs. class.

Ball 102—Standard passing. This course involves the use of aerial attack, especially against a heavier
team. Emphasis will be placed on passing the ball, not the buck. Required of all football majors. One hr. per week class. Four hours practice.

Ball 202—Blocking. Position to gain greatest blocking power studied. Upon request of students, kneeling surreptitiously will be taken up. Required of all majors. One hour class. 3 hrs lab.

Ball 203—History and principles of football. Great football teams will be intensively studied. (It is hoped the W. U. team may someday be in this category.) Required of all majors. 3 hrs. class work a week.

This is by no means a complete list of all the subjects that could be taught by a School of Professional Football. We may add that practice would be equivalent to short quizzes. Games would be equivalent to tests. Each player would be marked according to his qualities while playing. It is anticipated that no player would earn less than an A for the course, as the purpose of scholarships to the W. U. School of Professional Football would be to create a Grade A team for W. U. It would be back to the Ozark foothills or the Illinois mines for any student who made less than A.

Of course, the corporation directors (bless their eager little hearts) would be pleased if the football scholars would study a few liberal arts subjects. It is only right and proper for the football scholars to take such courses, for it would fill their (the directors') generous little souls with happiness. And it would be well to make them happy, for the funds for the football school would be appropriated by them.

Naturally, the football scholars would not want to enter our regular classes, since their main interest would be football, not such silly subjects as we study in the liberal arts school.

We understand the engineers had this difficulty too—until many universities opened special engineering classes in English, etc. So why not open special classes for football scholars such as:

English 1/16 A. Complete study of English alphabet. Credit for this course will be given only to those students who can recite all 26 letters—in order. Open only to football students. Required of all football students. 3 hrs. class.

English 1/16 B. Study of World Literature with emphasis on Mother Goose Tales. Open only to football students. Required of all football students. 3 hrs. class.

Math 1/16 A. Adding. No student who cannot add any number from one to ten will be considered for credit upon completion of this course. Open only to football majors. 3 hrs. class.

Math 1/16 B. Review of 1/16 A to thoroughly inculcate the student with simple additions. Required of all football majors. Open only to football majors. 3 hrs. class.

Zoology 701. Intensive study of the phyla, beginning with protozoa and terminating with chordata. Special emphasis will be placed on the four classes of protozoa: Sarcomina, Mastigophora, Infusoria, and Sporozoa, especially in their continuous battle with homo sapiens and other organisms. Anatomy and physiology of homo sapiens will be studied to demonstrate the favorite nesting places of the various classes of Protozoa. Methods of combating them scientifically will be discussed. Open only to football students who feel ambitious. Elective.

With such liberal arts subjects, we could be certain that the football scholars, who ought to be already overburdened by their duties in the football school, would not have additional strains laid upon them. We can also be certain that no one would miss a game inadvertently by not coming up to W. U. passing standards. On the other hand, we would be satisfying the liberal arts enthusiasm of the university directors.

The program as a whole would relieve W. U. of any charge of hypocrisy, while W. U. could point to the hypocritical attitude of other universities in their subsidization. W. U. could give legally and morally correct scholarships to any student who showed promise as an excellent scholar in its football school.

As to degrees, upon completion of the course, students would receive a BF—Baccalaureate de Football—degree. A student could specialize in the school; this would be noted on his degree such as: B.F. with a major in blocking or backfield.

If he were irreplaceable, the school might keep him on until he received his (Continued on page 22)
Lovely day, lovely! There’s absolutely nothing like an eleven o’clock class on Saturday, particularly if it’s coupled with an eight o’clock. And there’s nothing like a tomato-juice in the Q-X to pass the time, particularly if you’re alone.

The remaining vitamins swished around in the bottle. ‘Well, maybe someone would come in if she watched long enough. Freshmen, sophomores, freshmen. Why don’t any adults ever come in here? Now there’s a handsome fellow. Pity his head goes to a point—and with a brown shirt and a blue tie, too. Colorful, isn’t he?’

Surveying the hunched shoulders at the coke bar brought no better results. ‘Cigarette counter—well hand me my Creasy and call me a freshman, if it isn’t Junior himself. Back from the battle of the Pentagon, with a vet’s button and all. Didn’t know he was coming back here—the rat. Wonder that he has enough nerve—he should know I’m still here. Not that he didn’t go nice places then, it’s just that it was such a shock to find a wife suddenly complicating the picture. Sure put an end to our Saturday night ditty. Brother, will I ever forget that! Quite a blow to my little freshman heart. Ah, me, become a woman of the world in three easy lessons, just ask me and Martha Carr.

‘Wonder what he’d say if I walked up and Lauren Bacall’ed a match. Probably tell me all about his wife and sixteen wee ones. Good Lord, I think he sees me. Well, it’s up to you now, Butch, you can just scamper over here like the rat you are and say hello.

‘Well, if he thinks he can just look at me and then walk out, he can start moving that thing he calls his mind around again. Nope, he’s settling for a coke. Well, he can’t just walk right by me. I’ll trip him if he does. Now how in the heck did he get a coke when they didn’t have any when I went up. Rank favoritism, I call it.

‘Now comes the sporting event of the morning, ladies and gentleman. How to pick up a man in the Q-X without coming right out and shouting at him. The friendly smile, or, go to collitch and become a lady.’

‘Hi! Well, look who wandered back to the old place. How are you anyway?’

‘And your nice little wife, I might add. I wonder if it would be proper to inquire about the number of children he has?’

‘Coke? No thanks, really, I just finished a delicious tomato juice. How does the old place seem, after lo, these many years?’

‘Housing shortage of your own? That’s too bad. I guess you’ve tried all those emergency things.’

‘I’ll bet it is difficult to find a place for your stupid wife and twenty young ones. People can be particular now, you know. And so can I. Brother, the old grape vine will never have to put me wise again.’

‘Hmm? Annabelle takes quite a bit of consideration?’

‘I guess so. Maybe you should have figured that out before you married her. So that’s her name. Ugh! Sounds like someone built like a tank.’

(Continued on page 23)
With these glorious spring days upon us we find it hard to study indoors. Our suggestion—why not transfer Mother Nature inside and brighten up your winter worn rooms? Here are some low cost ideas with big results.

1. A drab curtain can be tinted a bright shade in a minute. Use ivy or spring flowers as tie backs.

2. Use an unpainted screen as a bulletin board, covering it with dance programs, newspaper squares, or maps and incidentally hide that impossible corner or ugly radiator.

3. What makes a room more cheerful than a gay bed spread? An inexpensive muslin spread can be trimmed with felt cut-out flowers, yarn embroidery, or braid. Fun to do, too!

4. Store your winter blankets at the foot of your bed in a low unpainted chest covered with chintz. (Goes on like wallpaper.)

5. For a super space saver, tuft the back of an unpainted book case with oilcloth—now the back is as attractive as the front. Added contrast trick, paint inside same color as oilcloth.

6. Paint an old fashioned costumer like a barber pole and dorm visitors will be sure to put coats there instead of the bed—they just couldn't miss it.

7. An unpaneled door can become a garden by applying flower prints with wallpaper paste and narrow strips of gold paper for the frames. Lacquer protects them.
Ray Douglas
Returns to Baseball Team
by Don Schleiffarth

Ray Douglas, flashy infielder from the Washington U. Dental School, is back again to bolster the Bears' ball nine this year; and if previous records mean anything, Ray is set for another stellar season. "Doug" has been playing organized ball since the eighth grade and has never failed to hit above the coveted .300 mark.

Ray first took an interest in baseball when his father took him out in the street and hit fly balls to him. From that time on, Ray played every summer, getting as much practice as possible, and the result was one of the best infielders around these parts.

When Douglas was a freshman at Ritenour High School, he made the varsity ball team and was a regular in the outfield, batting an even .300. This was quite an accomplishment for a freshman but greater things were still to come. His next year he was switched to second base and hit a high .422; however, his junior year was when he really got hot. Playing shortstop, he belted the ball at a .485 clip, and was elected captain for his last year at Ritenour. His senior year he hit well over .300 and was like a sponge in the field.

Ray went to Westminster College upon graduation from high school, and played two years of ball there, batting .350. During the summer months, he played for various Muny League teams in the city. In 1941, he played for the Natural Setups and Heman Park. They won the city championship that year and Douglas again distinguished himself with the bat, hitting .330. In the summer of 1945 he played on another championship team, Thau-Nolde, in the Senior North Side League. Douglas became manager of this team and was selected for the Muny all-stars. He swatted a hefty .410, and although his team lost out in the finals of the city championship, Ray got two hits in the title game off Everett Johnson, a fellow with a lot of professional experience, who probably would have been in the majors at the time if it hadn't been for the war.

When it comes to thrills, Ray has had many, but perhaps his greatest occurred in 1941 while playing for the champion Natural Setups. On the last and deciding day of a closely fought race, the Setups had a game with their main contenders, the outcome of which would determine the champs. The score was tied in the last half of the ninth and Orville Paul, one of the best pitchers around, was twirling for the opposition. With two men out, and the winning run on third base, Douglas stepped into the batter's box. Paul couldn't find the plate and threw three straight balls. Then, instead of taking the old automatic three-and-nothing pitch, Ray stepped into Paul's next delivery and lined a base hit to left breaking up the ball game and clinching the championship.

Incidentally, this same Orville Paul was the Bears' coach last year, but instead of having to play against Ray Douglas, he was fortunate enough this time to have him playing second base on his side. Ray performed brilliantly around the keystone sack and massaged the apple at a .340 clip to help the Bears' cause. This year he is back again with expectations of another typical Douglas season.

Ray is stockily built, carrying 173 pounds on his 5'9" frame. He is a right handed thrower and hitter and is very fast, covering a lot of ground in the infield. He is a natural hitter, hitting mostly line drives over the infield and between the outfielders. To boil it down in one short phrase—he is a ballplayer's ballplayer.

Stan Landon Makes All-Valley Team
by Al Berger

"Uncanny" Stanley is what they call him, and a better description of this black-haired bundle of basketball cleverness would be hard to find. Stanley Leonard London is the full name, and all the fans who saw him perform on (Continued on page 23)
Esquire has published its third Jazz Book, containing the material in hot music for most of 1945. It is pretty apparent that we out here in the Midwest are not getting anything like the best in the jazz field. Woody Herman was voted the best band of the year, not counting the perennial Duke Ellington in top spot. Many of the Herman sidemen were given firsts: Chubby Jackson, high-powered bass man; Francis Wayne, satiny voiced vocalist; Bill Harris, drive trombonist; and Davis Tough, veteran drummer. The “Herman Herd” is currently gracing the air waves on a weekly show at seven-thirty every Friday. All the comments in the music mags say that they sound even better in person. At the time of this writing, the Jazz Book is still available in the Q-X.

One of the books that Bob St. John recommended, Soviet Politics at Home and Abroad by Frederick L. Schuman is a fairly logical thing up to page 50. According to a book review by Reinhold Niebuhr in the Nation, the theory is handled in a way that treats the Russian government in a pretty fair way. In 1944, the Survey Graphic published a fine study of Russia titled American-Russian Frontiers as the ninth in a series named “Calling America.” It is a simple and hard-boiled approach to relations between J. Q. Pubile in the U. S. and his Russian equivalent.

Records:

Some of the Herman records that feature Chubby, Harris, and Tough are “Northwest Passage” with Harris in the spot; “Apple Honey” featuring quick work by Chubby, and “Caldonia,” outstanding for all three. The flip side of “Caldonia” is one of Francis Wayne’s best, “Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe.” Compare Woody’s “Let It Snow” with the jule box harakiri of the same name by Vaughn Monroe. The old Miller outfit under tenor man Tex Beneke is organized and should be making some discs in the near future. Jerry Grey, who arranged some of the hits that the Miller men played, will be doing the honors again.

Radio:

Besides the Herman program there is another good show, on a serious plane, presented by A. B. C. St. John is one of the commentators for “The National Hour” over KSD Sundays from 11:00 to 11:30. It is presented with the purpose of giving us citizens a view of what is going on in our government. St. John is at his crowning best and the script is well-written.

Art:

If the spirit moves, one of the most interesting places on the campus is down-under at the “Hudson Hangout.” Bixby’s halls are lined with all sorts of fascinating paintings, statutory, and stuff. The females, too, make the trip very enjoyable, for at any time a passing male from the hill may find himself in an entirely different crop of a very-very fairer sex. It is a very select bunch down there, however, for they absolutely refuse admittance to some of their elementary labs.

Cinema:

Being in complete agreement with my betters, the award to Ray Milland for his portrayal of futility in “The Lost Weekend” is very good selecting. In the early part of this century, a generation or two back, there was another play and later a movie produced under the title of the “Drunkard.” A comparison of these two popular studies in inebriation might prove interesting both in the development of the art of movie-making and of the difference in attitudes toward drinking. The Show Boat has presented “The Drunkard” a few times this year.

Out of the story of “Uncle Harry,” there came a new person who seems bound for acting fame, Ella Raines. There was, in particular, a scene in a hotel room where Miss Raines was confronted with her future husband’s jealous sister. She did not overplay the difficult task of a combination of emotions: anger, pride, sorrow, indecision, and astonishment that followed in quick succession thru the action.

One of the most refreshing cartoons to come out of Hollywood is the one named “Beanstalk,” a Puppetoon, by George Pal. The voice of the torch singer is undoubtedly that of Peggy Lee. In case you haven’t seen it, it was being featured with “Stork Club,” which is definitely for the lighter moments.

American Veterans Committee

(Continued from page 12)

the future of the new world you have helped to create.

There are almost as many other problems as there are veterans on the campus. Each veteran has some legitimate gripe, some problem which he can better solve through group action than by himself.

What are AVC’s Aims?

“Citizens First, Veterans Second” is the underlying thesis of this organization. As General Eisenhower said recently to a three-man AVC delegation, “If you can make veterans realize their responsibilities as citizens, you’ll have done the most important job we’ve got today.”

And that means simply this: Jobs; homes; full production; cooperation between labor, management, agriculture and government under a system of free enterprise . . . the kind of America in the kind of world we fought for . . . and for a world organization strong enough to prevent our having new veterans from a new war.

What can you do to contribute?

Time, talent, energy, ideas . . . whatever you have. In a young, democratic organization like AVC your activity counts. You can join your local AVC chapter here on the campus. The problems which exist here need your intelligent attention. You can help swell the AVC membership ranks, thereby making the voice of this war’s veteran clearly heard on the national scene. You can help build the kind of country we fought for...

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GOSSIP

Spring to the contrary, there seems to have been no happenings on campus lately to merit gossiping about—at least, it seems so to our gossip editor, who has only been given three “reports” this month from more than 20 organizations. Guess we’ll just have to put it down to spring fever. The blurbs below are oldies.

The Phi Delta Theta Dream Man—name of “Lil Abner” Rehnquist—is definitely not indifferent to the opposite sex—just ask cute Kappa Ann Thompson. (P. S. Also ask her about that poem she received at the Phi Delt Christmas party!)

Why does Bob Fahle go around singing “Nancy, With the Laughing Face?” So you’re wondering too?? Well, they tell us it is because of the spell a certain Gamma Phi pledge has cast over him.

The Kappas are certainly working together these days—admirable team spirit, we call it!—Ruth Life is mad for Roger Vien (Illinois U.) a Kappa brother. And Kathie Colburn is keeping that old feeling in the family by dating another Kappa brother. Whatta circle!!

“It Might as Well Be Spring” for Delta Gamma Audrey Wolters and that terrific captain, Chuck Stewart;

for Billie Fischer, Kappa, and Jimmy Kohl, seen lunching together;

for Jim Clark, Beta, and Gene Butler, Theta pledge, still seen around campus together.

Dan Cupid had to aim low to hit Alpha Xi “Pee Wee” Williams and her man, Dick Smith, but take it from us, it didn’t spoil his aim and he hit them just as hard as he does the big boys and girls.

A big event of the season was the Pi Lambda Phi formal dinner dance at the Starlight Roof. It was their 25th Chapter birthday, and their 50th National birthday. Some celebration, with lots of familiar faces, and everyone having a wonderful time!

As it always is, the big Junior-Senior medical school party, Feb. 15, given at the Starlight Roof again this year, was a tremendous success. There’s nothing we like better to see than young love in bloom, and the Pi Phi’s seemed to have a corner on the market that nite! We saw—

—Betty Knoke and Randy Cockrell. —Meryl Moehlmann and Bob Garner. —Sara Tarrant and Johnny King. —Gloria Gross and Don Hankey. —Pat Jaquith and Todd Forsyth. —Mary Logan and Dick Weaver. Did you ladies buy your seats in a block?!
Uncle George’s Opinion

[Editor’s Note:
Eliot has been deluged with letters such as the following and, being public-spirited, we have decided to start an advice-to-the-love-torn column, headed by that eminent psychologist and adviser on human relations, Uncle George, affectionately known to his many friends as “Ug.” If you have problems of any variety send them to Eliot and we will contact him for their solution. Naturally, as any fool can plainly see, Uncle George is not our advisor’s correct name; however Ug, as do many of his clients, wishes to remain anonymous.]

Dear Uncle George,

I jus no yall are gonna be a great big help to me cause I got a tremenjus problem. An I can’t for the life of me figger it out.

Well its thisaway. I had the mos wonferful date wif my honey boy Buford las Friday night an everythin was mave-wishes to remain anonymous.

We went just everywhere y’know an that Buford was rilly injoyin hisself but now I jus can’t make up my mind. The good lord nose I try to make him happy. But I ain’t heerd frum him since then.

Buford helt my han while we was settin in a nice little saloon out in Clay-town. Thassa town way out west o St. Looie. Well innwyad we stand there for a whil an thin we went aridin in that purty park they call For Spark. We rid aroun an youn. Ya at no that it wusa wonferful place an Buford rilly injoyed it. It was rilly a wonferful place for sein this year town so we wen up on a hill named after a Mr. Art Hill who mussa been a grate man heer. But I didin getta see very much of the town or the seenery cause it wus purty dark.

Mammy tol me notta letta boy kiss me goonite. I didn’t FIGURE IT OUT AT THE DOOR. Buford an I been only goin together for 3 years so I wouldn’ let him kiss me goonite an I think that was what made him mad.

My problem is if I let him kiss me like 60 on that there hill why can’t I let him kiss me at the door?

-Yores very respectfully,
Bertilda Moonburnt

Dear Bertilda:

Your problem is a common one yet it is difficult to deal with, since it is apparent that you are a shy, cultured young girl, innocent of the passions of unscrupulous men.

I suggest that you take your mother with you the next time Buford, or any other beau for that matter, takes you out for the evening. You can feel secure in your mother’s smutete de L’amour.

-Ug

Washington Attends an International Relations Conference

(Continued from page 10)

The above sessions I was unable to attend but the following ones I did attend and can make a fuller report on them:

7. “What Should Be the Nature of the Principles Involved in the Rule of Recently Captured Colonial Territories?”

It was the only session I attended that was not well organized. The discussion leader seemed ill prepared to lead the discussion and valuable time was lost trying to delineate the area of discussion. However, the faculty adviser, Dr. Harold E. Conrad of Washburn University, saved the meeting from complete failure by stating some principles in relation to colonial territories that are worth mentioning. He stated that the reason countries have colonies is to insure a ready source of raw materials and to make themselves self-sufficient in case of war. Therefore, if they could feel that they were adequately protected from aggression by some such means as the UN, and trade barriers were then removed between nations, areas of specialization of production would develop throughout the world, and the necessity for colonies would cease.

(Ed. Note: By areas of specialization of production is meant that each part of the world would produce what it is best suited to produce, whether it is agricultural products, manufactured goods, or whatever. Other countries needing those products would buy them from the producing country or countries and would not try to produce those same commodities themselves. For example, the United States supports the beet sugar industry at considerable cost to the national government in the way of subsidies so that we will have a means of producing sugar in this country in case of war. Actually, we could import cane sugar from Cuba and other countries far cheaper than we can produce beet sugar, and cane sugar is usually considered superior to beet sugar. Under a system of specialization, we would not bother to produce anything that can be produced by countries with whom we do business.)

8. “The Responsibility of Capital and Labor for Peace.” There were many arguments on this question. The most interesting commentary was made by a citizen of Emporia who was attending the meetings as a visitor. He was the Kansas representative for a large manufacturing firm and in view of that fact, his observations were all the more interesting. Considering the question of higher wages for labor and the question of whether the unions were right to strike for higher wages, he said that increased wages meant increased buying power for the public. Increased buying power for the common people means that there will be a greater demand for products—all necessities and luxuries. The increased demand means increased production by manufacturers and farmers to meet it. Increased production means increased employment, which in turn means increased buying power and so on around the circle again. The manufacturers say that increased wages necessarily mean an increase in prices. This would be true if production remained the same; but for the majority of manufacturing

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clouds. Here, too, I met Justice Wiley, a beautiful place in Washington, and, for what we think.

The lane Brown—

easier on tired feet than any other floors.

Every noon I went to the Supreme Court Building because it has a marvelous cafeteria. I think also it is the most beautiful place in Washington, and, for some reason, the white marble is much easier on tired feet than any other floors. Even the pillars seem like some white clouds. Here, too, I met Justice Wiley Rutledge, and he impressed me more favorably than any other man in Washington. It wasn't just the fact that he used to be Dean of the Washington U. Law School and is a good friend of lots of the people I know. He is friendly and informal and you can tell that he is a well-educated and cultured man, someone to look up to with respect and confidence.

I spent my afternoons going around to offices and pursuing senators over to the capitol when the Senate was in session. To get there, you ride on a little car that belongs in an amusement park, which speeds around corners on one rail. I found myself beaming like a fool, whereas the senators looked the same as ever except that their hair blew wildly.

At one session, I heard Alben Barkley talking for Allen as administrator of RFC. "It looks as though the only thing you have against the man," he drawled, "is his sense of humor. I guess you think that to be any good a man has to drag his chin on the floor all the time," etc., for about 20 minutes. Finally someone himself before he votes, he promised to put our petition plus the fact that I was sent to Washington in the Congressional Record.

Senator Briggs said he hadn't attended the hearings, but he had confidence in Senator McMahon and his ideas.

Representative Pleasner seemed very glad to see me (not realizing that he and I already knew each other through a rather unpleasant little correspondence) and he was especially interested in the petition because lots of the signers are his constituents.

I came back from Washington feeling that for various obvious reasons it is impossible for the men who shape our policy to do a really competent and wise job, and that it is up to us to arouse citizens to thought and to action to get this situation changed.

Subsidizing the Players

(Continued from page 15)

master's in football; and if he were still indispensable, why not make him play for his Ph.D.? Let's hope that by that time W. U. could find a replacement.

Through this school, Washington University would gain fame and good will throughout the nation. It could point out that it had the best football school in the U. S. It could say it had the only professional gridiron. If someone who hadn't gone to the W. U. School of Football were outstanding, W. U. could confer on him an honorary degree.

We can already vision Washington University with a campus overflowing with students, with a team playing in all the bowls, with no longer any vacant or half-filled classrooms.

Of course, new instructors would be needed for the courses of the football school. In view of the fact that this magnificent idea was all mine, and in view of the fact that, as is well known, instructors at W. U. are paid magnificent salaries, I hereby make application to the administration for an instructorship in the English course 1 1/2 A (for football students). As for references, I'm certain Dr. Powell, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Fink can attest to the fact that I know my ABC's—all three of them.

"Morning Herald?"

"Morning, Bud."
Stan Landon Makes All-Valley Team

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the hardwood this past season will be quick to admit that he was of All-American caliber. As proof of how highly he was regarded by coaches and sportswriters, Stan was given probably his greatest honor in basketball thus far—the distinction of being named at the end of the season to the United Press All Missouri Valley five, a dream team that would rank with any other in the country. Anchored at the center post by the Aggies’ Kistland and sparked by the scoring punch of London, this mythical aggregation is one of the greatest in Valley history.

Stan prepared for his career in the game in Illinois, which is now rivaling Indiana and Iowa in producing top-notch basketball talent. While there he became interested in basketball by playing in one of the local gymnasiums in his home town, Springfield. This training must have stood Stan in good stead for he starred for four years at Springfield High, winning All-State honors in his final year. Under the tutelage of his coach, Mark Peterman, noted high school mentor, London played guard and led his team to one of their best seasons ever, winning 16 games and losing 5.

In his first year on the Hilltop, Stan paced the Bears to one of their best seasons in recent years, their final record being 12 games won and 5 lost. During this season the Bear firebrand displayed the best scoring punch of his college career when he netted 280 points in the 16 games he played before enlisting in the navy. His average was 17.5 points per game—one of the top averages in the country. Twice that year he scored 30 points in a single game, and at other times, 26, 25, and 24.

The next season found Stan doing his playing for Depauw where he was attending school under the Naval V-12 program. Here again he made a name for himself. As captain, he led Depauw to the playing for Depauw where he was at¬

dent and despite the handicap of his 50 points in the 16 games he played before enlisting in the navy. His average was 17.5 points per game—one of the top averages in the country. Twice that year he scored 30 points in a single game, and at other times, 26, 25, and 24.

This past year Stan has been back at Washington as a full fledged medical student and despite the handicap of his difficult scholastic course, he has enjoyed another great season. Besides the afore¬

Stan Landon Makes All-Valley Team

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that! I mean, well, sometimes other men's wives, or another woman, but— well, live and learn.'

“You think they really are a help? I've heard about those refresher courses —do you get any real credit?”

“Well, I can't say I'm sorry he changed the subject—I thought he might tell me the number of fillings she had next.”

“No, I'm waiting for an eleven o'clock. Rotten program isn't it?”

“A show tonight?”

“Oh, pal, auld lang syne and all that, but really there is a limit.”

“Are you sure Annabelle won't mind? She may be particular, you know.”

“She's in the hospital!”

“Well, I've seen rats, but this is something you read about.”

“With pups? Six male and three female? No, nothing's wrong. Sure, I know those things happen. I, too, took freshman zoo. It just never occurred to me, that's all.”

“You're dam' right it never occurred to me. Brother, hope we see an axe murder tonight. I want to practice—on a dog.'

Washington Attends an International Relations Conference

(Continued from page 21)

concerns, increased wages throughout the country means increased production, which reduces the cost per item. (Ed. Note: Under increased production, the set up is as follows: The manufacturer has the machinery already installed and the expense of having engineers draw up die patterns and dies. The initial expense is the same whether one hundred or a thousand cans are produced. Therefore, the only added cost for additional volume are for labor, raw materials, and replacement of parts. As the volume of production increases, the cost per item decreases because we have more production, using the same machinery, patterns, and dies. The initial expense is the same whether the manufacturer makes, for example, a thousand cans or a hundred cans. As a more concrete way of putting it, let us say that the initial equipment to produce these cans costs the manufacturer $500 and the labor and supplies cost him $100. That is $600 or $6.00 per can if he makes only a hundred cans. Let us say that to make a thousand cans, his labor and supply cost is ten times the cost for a hundred cans, or $1000. $1000 plus $600 (the original cost for machinery, initial labor, and initial supplies) is $1600. A thousand cans would therefore cost him $1.60 per can. As his production increased, the costs of production would decrease, therefore the manufac-
turer would be able to pay his men higher wages and still make a profit without increasing prices to the consumer.)

(Continued in next issue)
When in hot water—be nonchalant—take a bath.

"Mother, may I go out tonight?"
"No, my darling Jill; Father and I go out tonight,
You'll have to tend the still."

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When in hot water—be nonchalant—take a bath.

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"No, my darling Jill; Father and I go out tonight,
You'll have to tend the still."

It was meant to be a blissful kiss,
But damn the man, my lips he missed.

—Spaghetti and Meat Balls

Lad, looking through telescope: "God!"
Friend: "Oh, g'wan—it ain't that powerful."
—Frivol

And there was the Scotchman who bought only one spur because he figured that as one side of the horse went, the other side would be sure to follow.

A new patient at a sanitarium for the mildly deranged complained to the attending physician: "What's the idea of sticking me in a room with that crazy guy over there?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the doctor placatingly, "it's the only room available just now. Is your roommate troublesome?"

"Why, the guy's crazy. He keeps looking around and saying, 'No lions, no tigers, no elephants'—and the room's full of them all the time!"

"Well, for lands sakes," said a dear old lady upon tasting her first glass of beer. "I declare this tastes exactly like the medicine my husband has been taking for the last 30 years!

Butcher: "What can I do for you, Madam?"
New Bride: "I would like to try some of that track meet I hear so much about every spring."

Dots: "Now, Joe dear, if I do all the cooking for a month, what will I get?"
Joe: "You'll get my life insurance and your freedom."

After giving the private a dressing down for being so late in returning with the supplies, the sergeant demanded, "Okay, let's hear how it happened, Miller."

"Well, I picked up a chaplain along the road," explained the woebegone rookie, "and from then on the mules couldn't understand a word I said!"

The Boss (who has just dropped in to watch a baseball game): "So this is your uncle's funeral, Bob?"
Office Boy (with great presence of mind): "Looks like it, sir. He's the umpire!"

The night was dark. The lights of the man's car would not reach the top of the signpost, and the man undoubtedly was lost. Spurred by necessity, he climbed the post, struck a match. The sign read, "Wet paint."

A newly arrived soldier in the Pacific was trying to give one of the natives a lesson in basic English. Pointing to another native, he said, "Man."
The African repeated after him: "Man."

Pleased, the American pointed to a tree and said: "Tree."
"Tree," the native echoed.

Then a plane flew overhead, and the soldier excitedly said: "What?"
The native looked into the sky and said: "I'm not sure. It looks like a B-24 but it might be a B-29."

Ed: "While we're sitting in the moonlight, I'd like to ask you—"
Co-ed: "Yes, Dear?"
Ed: "If you couldn't move over, I'm sitting on a nail."

Prof. (to senior): "Spell 'straight.' "
Prof.: "Correct, and what does it mean?"
Senior: "Without ginger ale."

Teacher (pointing to a deer at the zoo): "Johnny, what is that?"
Johnny: "I don't know."
Teacher: "What does your mother call your father?"
Johnny: "Don't tell me that's a house!"
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