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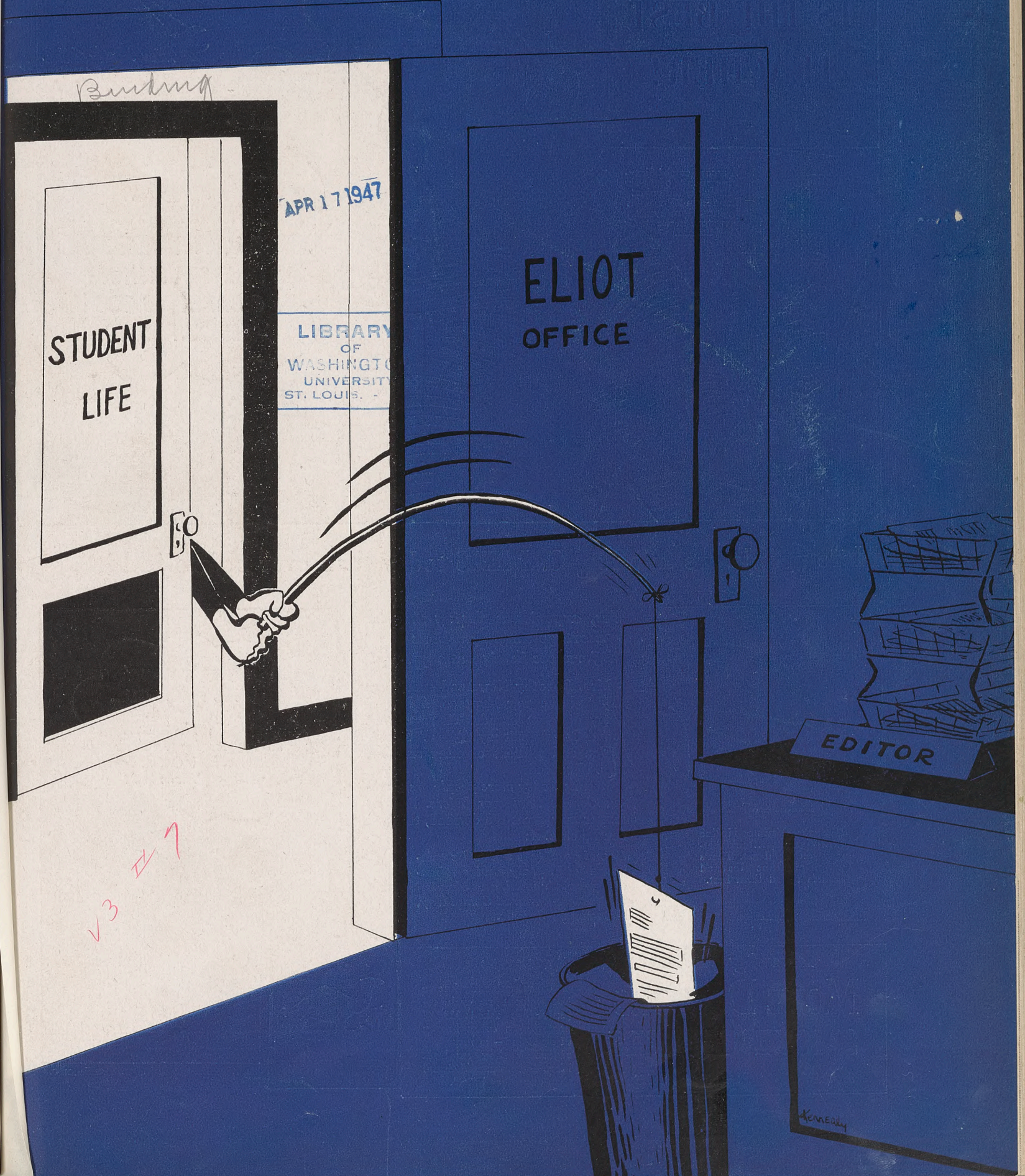
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ELIOT

idiot issue 1947

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APR 17 1947

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ELIOT OFFICE

EDITOR

KENNEDY

**EXPERIENCE
IS THE BEST
TEACHER!**

From the rivers of Georgia, Mrs. Dorothy Newstead has followed the trail of game fish to the Atlantic and Pacific.



Mrs. Dorothy Allan Newstead

Holder of the International Women's All-Tackle Record for Cobia

A record catch! Sixty-nine pounds of the rare yellow-bellied cobia. Landed in 35 minutes by Mrs. Dorothy Newstead in the Gulf Stream.



**EXPERIENCE IS
THE BEST TEACHER...
IN DEEP-SEA FISHING...
IN CIGARETTES TOO!
CAMELS SUIT ME TO A T**

More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!



Remember? You stood in line to get cigarettes...took whatever you could get. That's when millions learned Camels suited them best.

Yes, experience during the war shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality!

• Mrs. Dorothy Newstead speaking: "During the war shortage, I smoked many different brands. That's when I found Camels suit my 'T-Zone' best!"

You and millions of other smokers, Mrs. Newstead.

Result: *Today more people are smoking Camels than ever before.* But, no matter how great the demand, this you can be sure of:

Camel quality is not to be tampered with. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.

**YOUR 'T-ZONE'
WILL TELL YOU...**

**T for Taste...
T for Throat...**

That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your 'T-Zone' to a T



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

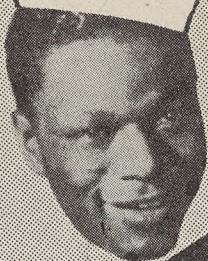
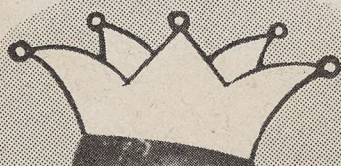
According to a recent Nationwide survey:

**MORE DOCTORS
SMOKE CAMELS**
than any other cigarette

• Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors - in every branch of medicine - to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.

Capital Records present your favorites

KING COLE



STAN KENTON



Here they are, platter collectors...your favorite recordings of your favorite pieces from SBF's outstanding record selection. Stop in and get acquainted...we'll be glad to help you in any way we can.

Stan Kenton album, \$3.31

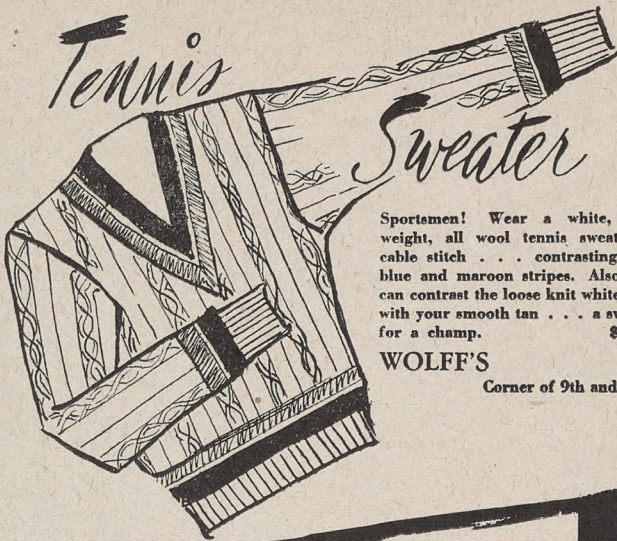
King Cole album, \$3.31

SBF Records... Fourth Floor



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Sportsmen! Wear a white, light weight, all wool tennis sweater in cable stitch . . . contrasting deep blue and maroon stripes. Also, you can contrast the loose knit white wool with your smooth tan . . . a sweater for a champ. \$15.00

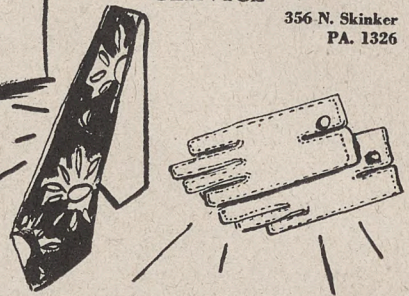
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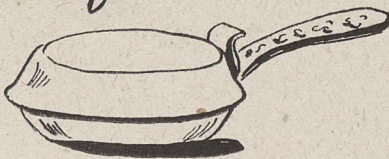
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Gifts for a Bride



Just one of the many lovely gifts to choose from. A silent butler in silver. \$10.95

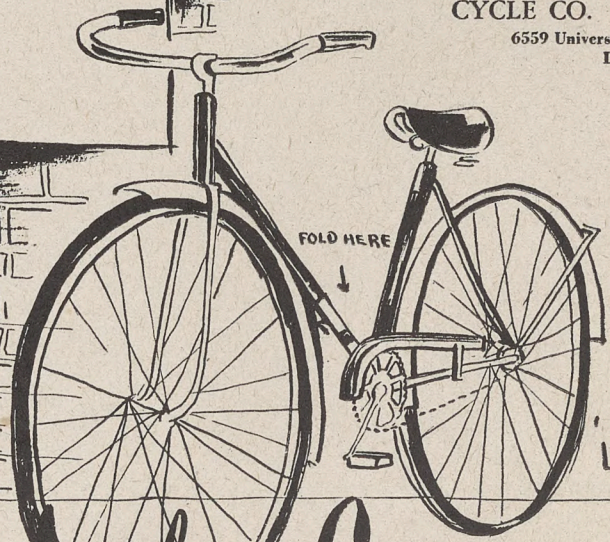
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27 N. Meramec

Folding Bike

The Compax folding bike, used in the service during the war, is here. Easy to pack in your closet and car, or in train, plane, or boat. . . . An ideal vehicle for hosteling or campus pedaling. Low pressure balloon tires and no crossbar, for comfort and safety. \$51.04

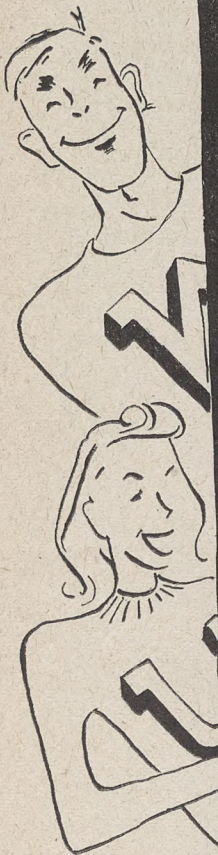
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6559 University Drive
DE. 4212



SHOPPING HINTS FROM . . .

Just Around the Corner



ELIOT

APRIL 1947

Volume 3

Number 7

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Washington University Eliot, Skinker and Lindell, St. Louis 5, Mo., New Series. Price \$1.20 per year, 20c a copy. The Eliot is published monthly except in June, July, August, and September. Material must not be reprinted without permission

A serious thought for today,
Is one that may cause us dismay:
Just what are the forces
That bring little horses
If all the horses say "Nay"?



"It's not just the work I enjoy," said the taxicab driver, "it's the people I run into."



"That's the guy I'm laying for," muttered the hen as the farmer crossed the yard.



"Is your roommate broadminded?"
"Say, that's all he thinks of."

Father (looking cautiously into the living room of the SAE house)—Does Harry Hoene live here?

Voice from inside—Yeah, just lay him on the couch.



Voice from the rear of the taxi: What are you stopping for, driver?

Driver: Thought I heard somebody tell me to stop.

Voice: Go ahead, Bub. She wasn't talking to you.



"Pilot to tower, pilot to tower: plane out of gas; am one thousand feet and thirty miles over the ocean. What shall I do?"

"Tower to pilot, tower to pilot: repeat after me. . . . Our Father who art in Heaven . . ."

"I hit a telephone pole last night."
"It's a wonder your neck wasn't broken."

"Well, it wasn't broken, but it was sadly interrupted."



"You're an apt boy, my lad. Is your sister apt, too?"

"If she gets a chance, she's apt to."



Suitor: May I be the captain of your soul?

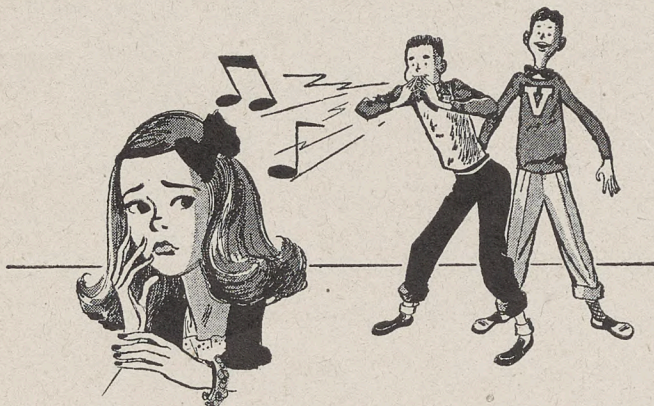
Widow: No, but you can be my second mate.



Father Rabbit: "What makes Junior so pleased with himself today?"

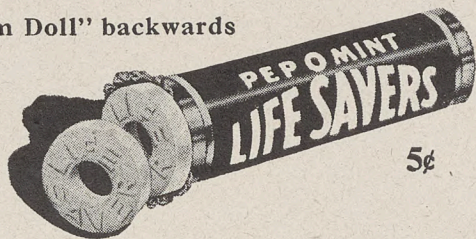
Mother Rabbit: "Oh, didn't you hear? He just learned to multiply!"

Are you a
*Llod maerd**



Does your poise rate zero when you hear "hubba-hubba"? Do you look over-anxious when the stag line stares? That's no way for a dream doll to click! Relax, instead! Munch on a yummy Life Saver. They're such wonderful little tension-breakers. They keep your breath sweet, too.

* "Dream Doll" backwards



5¢

This Month's Winner :

Some people have no respect for age unless it's bottled.

Bob Strain
1317 Midland
U. City 14, Mo.



Can you do any better? All right, then try it.

Send the best gag which you have heard this month to the ELIOT. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved.



F R E E
a box of Life Savers
for the best wisecrack

OUR OWN AROUND TOWN

(Opinions expressed here are not necessarily those of the proprietors of these establishments)



DANCING

AL'S, 9012 Gravois Rd. (FL. 9826). Dancing week nights at 9:00 and on Saturdays at 8:00. This place is a little out of the way but is great fun and very friendly once you get there.

BLACK FOREST, 6432 Gravois Road (FL. 1830). If the people from the West End ever feel like going to the blighted area of St. Louis, South St. Louis that is, they can drink their beer here and dance to Art Reise's orchestra, 9:00 to 1:30 a. m.

BRENTWOOD COCKTAIL LOUNGE, 8804 Brentwood Blvd. (Web. 2307). This is a dream—delicious drinks, lots of girl stags—you'll like it here. Dance to Bill Heller's orchestra, Friday and Saturday nights, 8:30 to 12:00. No cover, naturally.

CHASE HOTEL, 210 N. Kingshighway Blvd. (RO. 2500). *Chase Club*—if your federal just came through and you don't need a new shirt, you can lose the one you've got at the Chase. If you don't care what you drink and can navigate the pillars but enjoy good entertainment, go see Raymond Scott, any time after April 25th. Minimum—weekdays, \$1.80 per person; \$2.00 Saturdays and holidays. (Take a few extra dollars.)

Zodiac—Sid Tomak is still the best comedian in town for our money.

CIRCUS CLUB, 2728 Lafayette (PR. 9962). Dancing (?) to Foots Goodsen's Melody Hot Dogs. Practically free entertainment. Week nights, 9:00-1:00, Saturdays till 12:00.

CANDLELIGHT. The last time we were at Candlelight they gave us a table about the size of a quarter and set 14 people around it. Clubbiest atmosphere in town—on and off the dance floor. Drinks are very poor.

CORONADO HOTEL, 3701 Lindell (JE. 7700). If you've gained too much weight and want it pounded off, try dancing at *The Jug*. Glenn Young's orchestra. Minimum, weekdays, \$1.25; Saturdays, \$2.00.

CLUB PLANTATION, Grand and Delmar (FR. 2278). If you enjoy good colored entertainment and don't care what you pay for it you can find it here. We hear that the Ink Spots or the Mill Brothers are going to be here shortly.

EL AVION, Manchester Road, west of Lindbergh (TE. 3-2750). If you definitely want privacy and don't want to see anybody at all, go to El Avion—the only tomb with modern music.

400 CLUB, 3631 Grandel Square (FR. 1904). We don't know who's coming here, and frankly, we don't care. If you want to find out, read the newspapers. Dancing, 9:30-4:00 a. m. with alleged floor shows at 11:00, 1:00 and 3:00.

JEFFERSON HOTEL, 415 N. 12th St. (MA. 4600). *Club Continental*—it's not worth one. Dancing every evening at 9:30. Minimum, week nights, \$1.00 per person, Saturdays and holidays, \$2.00. From April 11-18 the fabulous (in name only) Del Rios, Zarco and Barrel dance team will be here. Also, April 18-25, Ray Newman and the successor to Lassie Go Home, the dog "Lucky."

See you at
**SID GATES
BUFFET**

19 Brentwood Blvd.
Clayton



C. G. Conn, Ltd.

Pan-American

Cavalier

Leedy

Fine Food
and
Entertainment
at

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BOY BLUE TRIO

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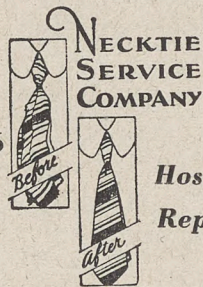
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of Clayton**

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Ties Cleaned and Hand-blocked
12 for \$2.00 — 30 for \$5.00

PA. 1326



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Repair**

Glove Cleaning and
Pressing of Distinction

Quality Dry Cleaning of all
wearing apparel

356 N. Skinker

FOLDING BIKE

The Compax Folding Bike

Easy to pack in closet and
car, or in train, plane or
boat. Ideal for hosting or
campus pedaling. Low pres-
sure balloon tires and no
crossbar.

\$51.04

**CLAYTON CYCLE CO.
6559 University Drive**

DINING

YACAVELLI'S, 375 Big Bend Road (PA. 7894). We can't vouch for the food, the drinks, or the company, but you can have a hell of a good time.

VESCOVO'S, 6201 Delmar Blvd. (DE. 0621). Both food and atmosphere border on the morbid.

CROSS ROADS, Clayton and N. and S. Roads (CA. 5361). Br-r-r-r-ugh!

TOWN HALL, 6736 Clayton Road (HI. 3555). Ditto.

JOE GARAVELLI'S, 5701 DeGiverville (RO. 9002). Cold beer, good ham sandwiches, dill pickles, and spaghetti—but atrocious service. We've had poor service in our day, but this is ridiculous.

IN MEMORIAM

HICKORY HOUSE, Used to be at
2652 Hampton Ave. Gone but not
forgotten.

BELVEDERE JOE'S, 1407 Brentwood Blvd. (RE. 2828). Thousands of rooms and not much less. Keep your eye on your coat.

EDMONDS, 3185 Gravois Road (La. 5635). This is one mistake Duncan Hines didn't make.

MEDART'S, 7056 Clayton Road (ST. 1227), is trying to pay for their new edition and their prices have gone up accordingly. However, you can still eat good food there.

ENTERTAINMENT AND MUSIC

CARASAL, 1110 Locust St. (GA. 3587). Since the drinks aren't strong enough to make you go around, artificial propulsion is furnished by the merry-go-round bar.

LORD BALTIMORE, Maryland Hotel. Successor to the Crown Room as St. Louis' Sex P-X.

STEEPLE CHASE, Chase Hotel. Joe Schirmer's Trio—our jazzman won't let us say anything rude.

FOREST PARK HOTEL, 4910 W. Pine (RO. 3500). *Circus Snack Bar*—The management should find out that there is no longer a man power shortage. If you can stand the personnel, the entertainment is usually pretty good.

SID GATES, 19 Brentwood Blvd. (DE. 0913). Comes highly recommended from almost anyone on campus.

GRAHAM'S, Forsythe and Central, Clayton. You may meet your little brother here, but the college crowd no longer hangs out at Roy's.

LITTLE BOHEMIA, 220 N. 4th St. (GA. 8071). Grow your hair long before you go here.

MURAL ROOM, 401 De Baliviere (RO. 4600). Not a bad place, though the clientele is a little older than you are.

PARK PLAZA HOTEL, 200 N. Kings-highway (FO. 3300). *Crystal Terrace*—Goody goody, Lanny Ross. We used to hear him on the radio before Orphan Annie, and we're awfully glad to see him back in town.

SHANGRI LA CLUB, 6600 Watson Road (FL. 6600). Seems to be a nice place from the crowds which flock there nightly.

VAN HORN'S, 9321 Litzinger Road (RE. 0948). They don't want your trade, you miners and low class people. (Minimum, \$2.15 per person, including dinner, if you can get more than sardines and crackers for \$2.15.) Benny Radar to the Saturday night customers, Benjamin Rader to the dowagers at the V. P. Ball, plays for you.

COUSIN HUGO'S. In all seriousness, this is ONE place we do recommend.

The Leading

Art Supply House

of the Southwest



B A D E R ' S

CAMERAS and SUPPLIES

1112 LOCUST ST.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

For Convenience

and Good Food

EAT ON CAMPUS

at

The Commons

LEE HALL

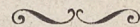
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Women's Bldg.
Cafeteria

Parkview 6456

Sheet Music - Accessories

Repair Service

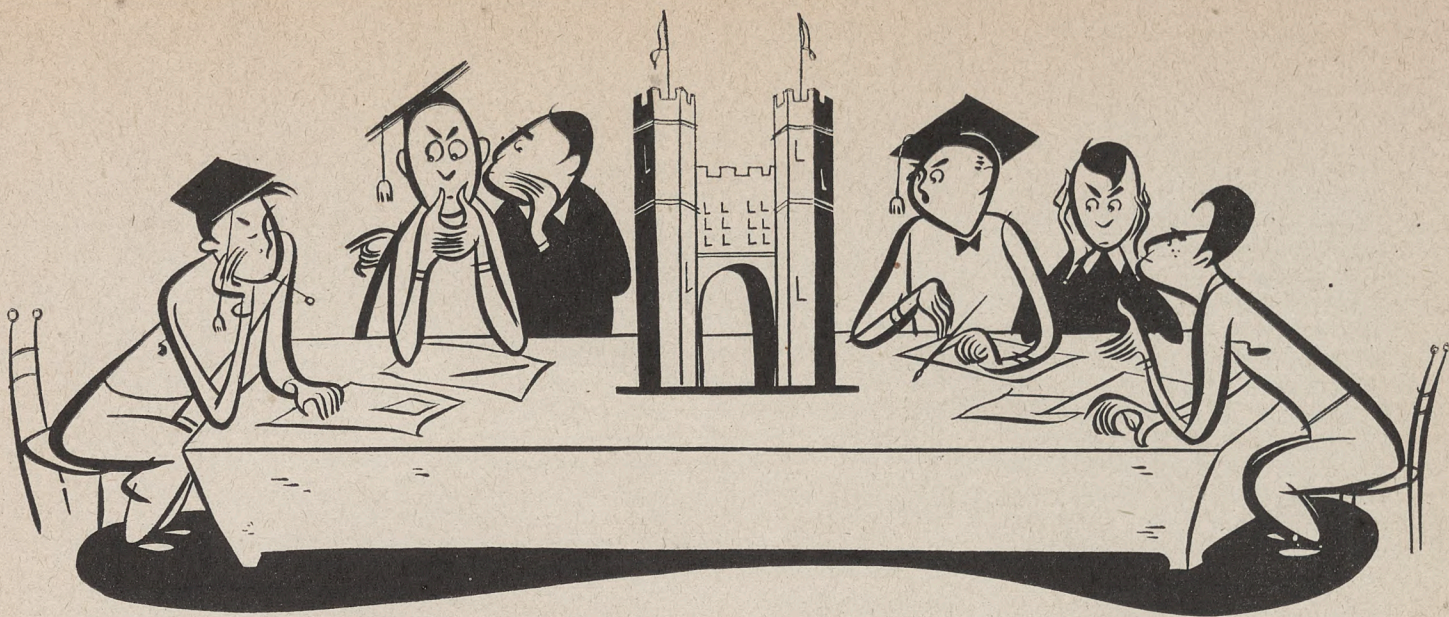


St. Louis Band
Instrument Co.

Incorporated

918 OLIVE STREET

Telephone: Central 1618



THE TOWERS AND THE TOWN

Dear New Editor,

As our swan song, the present editors of ELIOT wish only to tell you (with a wistful tear in their eyes) what a fortunate person you are.

You are going to have an easy time as editor of the campus magazine because you will receive so much very helpful, constructive criticism. Students will be quick to offer such comments as: "I haven't read your magazine, but your short stories bore me." They will also tell you, "Your publication is too full of ads," and in the next breath, "I think ELIOT would be much better if you had more pictures." If you receive these criticisms in the charitable and Christian spirit in which they were offered, you can find much of value in them, since a magazine like ELIOT, with almost an infinitely expandable budget, could easily be printed without ads, and full of pictures. And your critics will never be so mean and rude as to offer to write something better than you already have. They will treat the matter of offering suggestions with remarkable tact and delicacy. They will never even hint that they know someone who could

write a certain feature they have suggested, such as "Alumni News," they will not want to insult your staff by speaking of replacement.

In addition to these wonderful readers, you will have most prolific and gifted contributors. They will be of the type who will keep you from having to make difficult decisions by saying: "Here are one hundred poems. If you are going to use of any of them, please use the first series of forty-nine verses, entitled 'Death Is So Kind.' That is the best thing I have ever written." They will also call you on the phone and say, "I am Hector Smithers. I have a short story. Are you going to use it?" This delightful approach will save you from the trouble of reading the story, if you will only say "Yes."

As a final cause for rejoicing, we want to tell you that all the ugly rumors you may have heard about difficulty with the business staff are entirely untrue. You will find them efficient, cooperative, and very, very willing. All in all, you are a very lucky person. We find ourselves envying you—and may God have mercy on your soul!

The Editors

Hints to Readers

This is the final issue of ELIOT that the present staff will put out. We, the editors, in order to avoid any misunderstanding, wish to label it right here.

THIS IS A SATIRE ISSUE.

We hope that our well meaning and earnest critics in the Student Life office, among the student body, and even in the sacred halls of Brookings itself, will not be bewildered by this April issue. Please do not come toff us and announce triumphantly that you have looked through *Ternion* and find that there is no Dr. E. Westmoreland Blotz listed among the faculty members. Please do not try, in your usual helpful manner, to show us the errors you think you find in some of our advertising. We have already told you—this is a satire issue.

Ordinarily we would not insult the intelligence of college-age readers by pointing out an obvious fact such as the motif of an April issue. However, we were recently made aware that ELIOT has been too subtle. Our friends in the *Student Life* office recently devoted nearly a full column of their valuable space to a serious discussion of the "new" campus magazine. *Student Life* thought the proposed magazine would be new because it would attempt to include satire and humor, would try to attract "mature" literary talent, and "to cover the realm of serious literary work." If we had realized that *Student Life* Editors do not recognize these characteristics unless they are labelled, we could have saved them the embarrassment of discovering they had approved a project which duplicates without deviation all that ELIOT has been doing for some years, before and after the war.

Obviously we have hidden our light under a bushel. We have obscured our serious literary efforts in the field of

short story and verse with illustrations. We have not made our drawings clear enough when we illustrate methods of passing final examinations. We understand now why *Student Life* has refused to print the name of ELIOT in any article. They did not recognize that we were merely doing a mild satire on them in our November issue. They thought we were mad at them. In this issue we are remedying the defect of over-subtlety. We are telling you what this issue contains. As we said before, we hope there will be no misunderstandings.

Support Our Advertisers

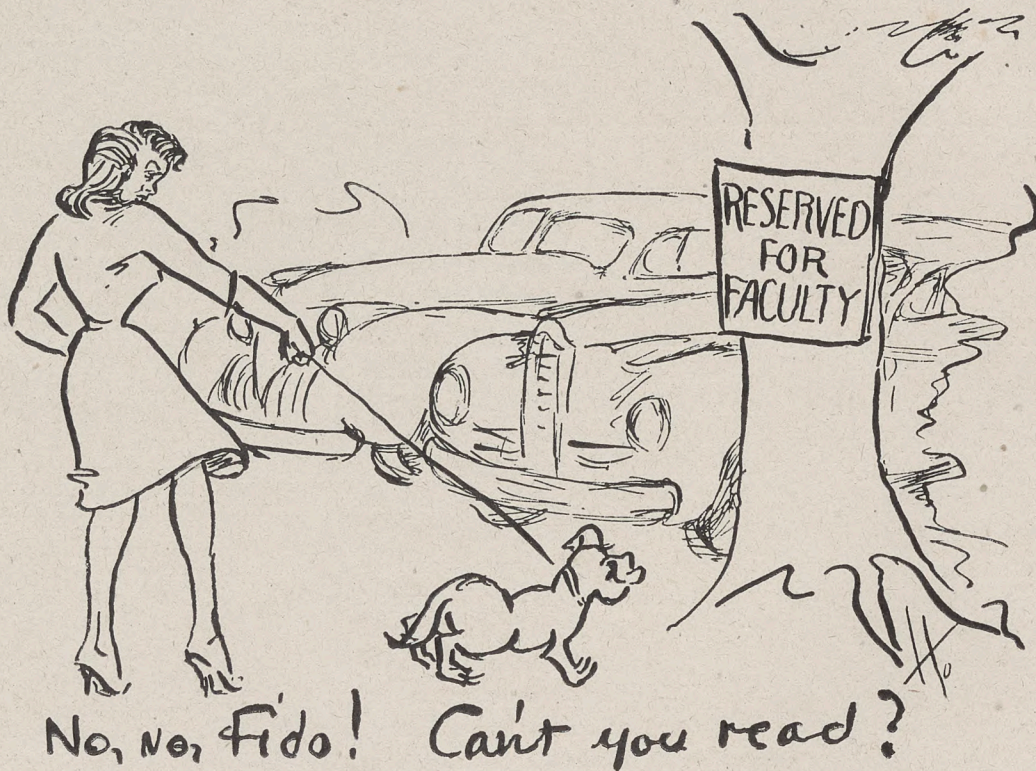
You will notice various cartoons and ads publicising the Beaux Arts Ball. ELIOT social experts feel that this dance is one of the few really original and amusing functions thrown on or off the campus, and we hope to see you there, even if we cannot recognize you.

We are also plugging the New School Song Contest. If you have ever sung the Alma Mater (which makes us think of nothing more uplifting than *Stella*

After-thought

Since you have left me,
Life has been,
A trifle dull,
A little lean;
But then, I've read a dozen
books,
And baited half a hundred
hooks.

Dave, the hermit



Spring Song

The spirit of poesy finds expression in drab classrooms and among dog-eared text books more often that you would think. We walked into a classroom in Brown the other day to find the blackboard covered with drawings of circles, segments, and similar geometric symbols. What space was not taken up with these figures was effectively covered with such equations as $V = x/y^2 dx$. However, in the far corner of the board was a poem which we are quoting in its entirety.

MARCH 21, 1947

The Spring is here
The grass is riz
I wonder what
The V of a rt. cone is.

Dallas), we think you'll agree that it is high time someone did something to supplant that dreary dirge with a slightly more peppy number. As we remark in the ad, see the bulletin, *Student Life*, for complete details.

Philosophy

Fill a rose with honey,
Drop it in a well,
Life without no money,
Is very much like hell.

Dave, the hermit

Student—Why didn't I make 100 on my history exam?

Dr. Bieber—You remember the question: Why did the pioneers go into the wilderness?

Student—Yeah.

Dr. Bieber—Well, your answer, while very interesting, was incorrect.



Housemother (to garbage man)—Am I too late for the garbage?

Garbage man—No, ma'am, jump right in.

PROFILES



Dr. E. Westmoreland Blotz

Perhaps you weren't aware of the fact that we had a Dr. E. Westmoreland Blotz on our campus. Well, we shall forgive you because we didn't know it ourselves until just the other day. We were trying to grope our way to the ELIOT office through the darkness of Eads basement when we suddenly found ourselves surrounded by a bunch of schizophrenic-looking rats. We concluded that we had wandered into the psychology department by mistake. We thought there might be a story in this, so we looked around for a likely lead.

It was then that we discovered Dr. Blotz on his hands and knees in one of the more secluded corners of the laboratory. We asked him what he was looking for—a button off of his lab coat maybe? “No, no,” said Dr. Blotz, whose name we didn't know yet. “I think I have found a pregnant *Lasius alienus* right here on the floor! If I follow her, I believe I might be able to observe her in the very act of founding a colony.” We weren't quite sure what a *Lasius alienus* was, but we thought that the least we could do was to get down on our knees too and appear slightly interested. It turned out that the thing we were watching was an ant. When we lost her in a crack in the floor, we expected Dr. Blotz to go back to the rats. But he didn't. He went over to several ant colonies encased in glass and rows of bottles containing ants preserved in formaldehyde. There were also a few ants crawling around loose.

Brushing himself off, Dr. Blotz explained that he has been doing assiduous research on the sex life of the ant for the past twenty years. Because of the extreme delicacy of his work, he has

been forced to live in comparative seclusion, unheralded and unacclaimed. The results of his experiments (of earth-shaking consequences, we hear) are about to be published, and Dr. Blotz will shortly be able to resume his teaching position in the psychology department. We had to get some copy in to the ELIOT office, but before we left, we asked Dr. Blotz for permission to interview him later at his home. We think it is always nice to interview people in their homes. Not only does it furnish authentic background color, but sometimes they serve us refreshments.

Atrociously handsome and young for his years, as is evident from the accompanying picture, Dr. Blotz is married to an equally lovely wife. Being both magnanimous and patriotic, they have given up their comfortable twenty-two room home and swimming pool to a veteran and his family and are now living in a trailer with their three great Danes. The dogs, as witty Mrs. Blotz put it laughingly, are considered “part of the family” and have the run of the trailer. Even the names of the three pets reflect the cultured background of the Blotz home: Aristophanes, Hamlet, and Edgar—the latter being named after contemporary poet, Edgar A. Guest. Hamlet was busily scratching his left ear, and we were about to recommend a good flea powder when Mrs. Blotz nodded sympathetically toward the dog—“Ants. The professor's work, you know.”

We asked Dr. Blotz if he spent *all* of his time working on his ant experiments. With infinite wisdom, the good Doctor replied, “All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy! I would have gone ‘buggy,’ to use the language of the masses, if I had not had a hobby to relieve the tension of my work.” Dr. Blotz collects Chesterfield cigarette wrappers and sends in for the valuable premiums offered by that company from time to time. He showed us some of the prizes he has won in the past: an ash tray and cigarette box, both with Chesterfield engraved in gold across the bottom; a set of highball glasses with Chesterfield printed in different colors around the rims; and a scarf for Mrs. Blotz with Chesterfield scrawled on it in an interesting pattern of smoke. At present Dr. Blotz is searching the campus gutters in order to find the remaining two thousand wrappers he needs to get a genuine cotton sweat shirt with Chesterfield printed in red across the chest. Yes, to

use his own words, “a hobby can be one of life's most enriching experiences!”

Charming, 180-pound Mrs. Blotz, intelligent woman that she is, also realizes that a hobby is necessary if one is to broaden one's self. “A woman whose only work is in the home is in danger of becoming narrow and letting her husband outgrow her—mentally, that is,” said Mrs. Blotz. Her hobby of jujitsu she finds both mentally and physically stimulating.

Dr. Blotz was admirably modest when we asked him about his early education and the honors he has received during his career. His wife, however, was not so reticent as he. It seems that before E. Westmoreland was very old, his parents realized the fact that they had an unusual child. At the age of two, he was already so accomplished at the piano that he could play the “Concerto for Index Finger.” Not wanting to entrust his education to the public school of Dog Trot, the southern Missouri town where he was born, his mother gave him his elementary training at home. The family moved to St. Louis so that the boy could attend high school here, and then they decided that he needed a year abroad at a well-known university to round out his training. After carefully considering a number of institutions—such as Oxford, Cambridge, and the Sorbonne—the Blotz family finally decided to send their son to the National University of Tasmania. When he returned to the states with his treasured M.A. from Tasmania U. and his Phi Phi Phi key (the national honorary society of Tasmania) dangling from his watch chain, several American universities put in their bids for his valuable services. He accepted the offer of Chicago University, but left there after a year to look for a more progressive institution. It was then that he came to Washington University.

Several times since his arrival here, he has narrowly missed winning the Nobel Prize, and the editors of *Who's Who* assure us that *next* year Dr. Blotz's name will be included in their publication. He is also the author (under a pseudonym) of several scientific articles which have been reprinted by the *Reader's Digest*. But Dr. Blotz does not want to be bogged down in a scientific rut. He is at present translating all the Kathleen Norris novels into Greek.

W. U. students will soon have an opportunity to see this amazing gentleman when he appears as guest lecturer on the

"Love and Marriage Series." His topic will be: "The Dominant Role of the Female Ant in Courtship and Its Analogy to Human Relationships." It might be a good idea to get his autograph for your collection for his future promises to be as brilliant as his past, and we foresee the day when one of Dr. Blotz's autographs can be traded for five of Gene Autry's!

Laura Roschke



Funeral Director (to aged mourner):
"How old are you?"

"I'll be 98 next month."

"Heh, heh, hardly worth going home is it?"



Gentlemen may prefer blonds— But the fact that blonds know what gentlemen prefer has something to do with it. . . . Could be.



"How did you find the ladies at the party last night?"

"Just opened the door marked 'ladies' and there they were."



There are, to me, two kinds of guys
And only two that I despise
The first, I'd really like to slam—
The one who copies my exam;
The other is the dirty skunk
Who covers his and lets me flunk.



Real Estate Agent: Now, here is a house without a flaw.

Harvard Graduate: What do you walk on?

"I'm sorry," said the elevator girl.
"Did I stop too abruptly?"

"Oh, no," said the disgruntled passenger, "I always wear my pants down there."



The dam burst, and the raging flood quickly forced the townspeople to flee to the hills.

As they gazed down sadly at their flooded homes, they saw a straw hat float gently downstream for about fifty feet. Then it stopped, turned around and plowed slowly upstream against the rushing waters. After fifty feet, it turned and moved downstream again.

"Say," said one of the town folk, "what makes that straw hat act so funny?"

"Well, I ain't sartin sure," spoke up a youth, "but last night I heard Grandpa swear, come hell or high water he was a-gonna mow the lawn today."

The Salvation Army was playing on the corner; the girl was making the round with tamborine. She came up to an old Scotchman and asked him, "will you give a quarter for the Lord, sir?"

The Scotchman asked, "How old might you be, lassie?"

"I'm eighteen, sir," she replied.

The Scot looked at her seriously and said, "Well, I'm seventy-two and I'll be seeing the Lord afore ye, so I'll give it to him meself!"



First Cannibal, running into camp: Is I late for dinner?

Second Cannibal: You is. Everybody's eaten.



We hate to mention the gent who brought suit against his tailor for promise of breeches.

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Students are requested to bring their own food, guns, and literature.

Mr. Alexander Goes Riding

by
Bill Herbert

The author explains this story as the reworking of a very old joke. The editors think you'll enjoy reading it



"Now, Dorothy," groaned Mr. Alexander, "I really don't need exercise as bad as all that. Look at this," he said, pointing to his belt, "an inch to spare."

Mrs. Alexander was not to be contradicted. She knew well the elasticity of her husband's belt. She was also familiar with his frequent use of the ice pick. He created holes never envisioned by the manufacturer.

"I am sick and tired," she declared, "of sitting here every Sunday afternoon and watching you burp and belch and wheeze and groan. You're cooped up in the office all week, and the one day you really have a chance to do something else, what do you do?"

She was not long in answering the question.

"You sit in here all day. Why don't you get out and play a little golf? Jim Moore is always calling up."

Mr. Alexander said nothing. He was not, fundamentally, given to much talk. Instead he allowed his gaze to wander from the *Gazette's* Entertainment Section. Mr. Alexander, commercially engaged in the booking of theatrical acts to the city's movie houses, generally confined his reading to *Billboard*, *Variety*, and the Entertainment Section of the *Gazette*, and even on that page he adhered to carefully prescribed limits.

When his eyes caught the two-inch ad run by MacDonald Stables, they did not light up. Forced by marital coercion to

widen his horizons, he did so carefully and with the least possible expenditure of effort.

The ad referred enthusiastically to the abundant beauties of nature, outdoor air, and the fun of riding horses. Mr. Alexander picked up his hat and his coat.

After picking them up, he put them on, one at a time, strode to the door, opened it, passed through it, closed it, negotiated the necessary 20 or 30 steps to his automobile, entered that, started it, and drove off.

"Sure, the *Flyer* is all right," crooned the stable boy. "He's a little old and he ain't no racer, but he'll get you there and back."

Mr. Alexander had not the slightest idea as to where "there" was.

"I'm—I'm a little new at this sort of thing. I just wonder if you could help—that is, just to—"

"You betcha, Mister. Lots of people are just learning to do this."

He helped Mr. Alexander on.

"And don't you worry about the *Flyer*, Mister. He wouldn't run if he couldn't get his oats no other way," the stable-boy sang out as man and horse departed.

There was something very much like a bite in the autumn air. Leaves, some red and some yellow, spangled the dusty bridle path. Birds, presumably in invisible branches of poplars along the path, chirped in the manner of birds chirping. The scene was complete.

To his surprise, Mr. Alexander did not find the experience particularly unpleasant. There were rough stretches on the path but the horse knew enough about them to make the going easy.

They had gone about half a mile before Mr. Alexander, in his mind's eye, was able to remove the disguise from the blessing. He was free from his wife's carping and the duties of the workday. He began to murmur to himself in bliss, considered the horse, and, gently patting it on the neck, audibly announced to the world that the *Flyer* was the greatest little horse in all the world.

He addressed the remark to the world, for he considered it foolish to speak directly to a horse.

"That's very decent of you."

Mr. Alexander gazed around him, more than half expecting a rider from the rear. There was none, and he reasoned that the voice must have come from the other side of the trees. He pulled the reins.

"Whoa, boy," he shouted, employing a phrase he had heard somewhere, "whoa."

The horse stopped, as directed, but expressed his disgust.

"You're the boss but we really must be getting along if we intend to make it by nightfall."

There was no mistaking the voice this time. It had a curious, inhuman quality, which was perhaps not so curious after all, for after all, horses are not human

and it was the *Flyer* who raised the objection.

Now, in all fairness to Mr. Alexander, who might be excused for knowing very little about animals, it must be admitted that he knew enough about horses to know that they do talk. Horses just do not talk. It is not, as many people feel, that they have nothing to say. It is just that they do not know how.

At least, that is what Mr. Alexander had been brought up to believe, and also what I, too, had always believed, until I heard this story. That is why I am sympathetic with Mr. Alexander in his inability to say anything clearly at the moment.

The horse, however, did not feel any embarrassment.

"I hope you'll understand, he offered. "I'm not as young as I once was, of course, and when you reach my time of life, it's always a little harder to stop and start so much."

Mr. Alexander could do nothing but understand.

"Yeah—yes, but—ah—"

The *Flyer* chuckled.

"I know what you're thinking. I suppose you've never seen a horse that could talk, eh?"

"How did you—that is, where—who ever taught you?"

The reader will not be bored with a verbatim account of the conversation. Suffice to say, the *Flyer* explained his

unusual talent as the product of boredom and the thwarted desire for recognition. He could no longer achieve the glories he experienced in his youth, and in the less exciting environment of a riding stable, he learned to communicate his greatness to others. The idea occurred to him one day, the horse said, when a brash young man needled him for his slowness. In order to save face with society, the horse felt obligated to tell of his former feats, and the words just naturally came out.

As the horse ended his explanation, Mr. Alexander was able to see the Stables. They were making the final turn on the path, and the conversation was drawing to a close.

"Of course," he began, "well, perhaps I shouldn't ask you this, but—ah—just what was it you did when you were young that was so wonderful?"

The *Flyer* forgave the breach; he knew much of human frailties. But there was surprise in his voice.

"You mean you don't know, either!"

"Sorry."

"Why, Mister, I won the Kentucky Derby in 1925."

* * *

A three-quarter-smoked cigaret dangled from the stable boy's lips in such a way as to suggest that it just didn't care. His face was marred by tremendous, hyperthyroid eyes, curled lips, and a nose which was there simply because

all human beings have noses. The overall effect was one of complete vacuity, and his posture did nothing to contradict the previous evidence.

"Now, let's get this straight, Mister," he began in a raucous voice. "You want to gimme a hunnert bucks for this beat-up old nag?"

"Cash," assured Mr. Alexander.

The stable boy laughed.

"Mister, he ain't worth it. I'd do it in a minute but he ain't mine to sell."

Mr. Alexander juggled moral values. He could clearly see the fraud in the deal, but there was a larger end to justify the means. He continued in heat.

"Listen, would it be worth \$500 to you to leave this town? Just disappear—some place where your boss would never find you."

The boy was no businessman.

Strange passions sometimes possess human beings. Mr. Alexander could see himself as an accessory to a crime, but something greater was involved here. The greatest act in the history of the entertainment world hung in the balance.

Mr. Alexander would not have recognized his own voice this moment, but then, he was not trying to.

"Listen, boy," he whispered, "I'll give you a thousand dollars—a thousand dollars, hear me—if I can take that horse with me."

They stood there for a moment in the afternoon quiet. Each saw nothing but the eyes of the other.

The tension did not last long. The boy's eyes softened, then twinkled. His mouth curled, then smiled. His voice stammered, then—broke into violent, almost hysterical laughter.

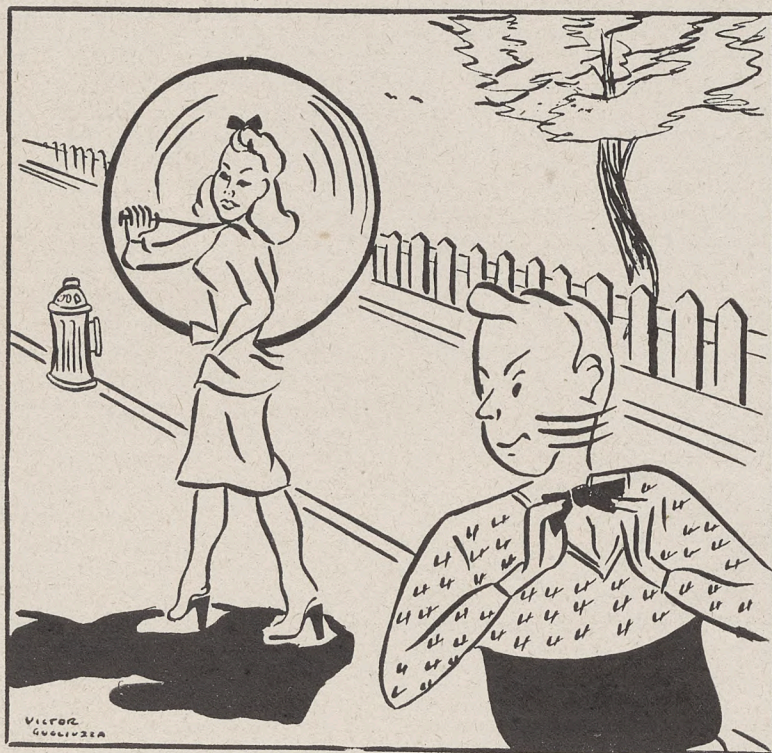
He could not control himself. Perhaps the relief he felt accelerated the laughter, but when Mr. Alexander's grip loosened, he fell to the ground, doubled up, holding his sides. The laughter quickened. It was about 30 seconds before he even attempted to reply.

"Ha, ha, ho, ho, ho—Mister, you don't mean—ha, ha, ho—you don't believe that old stuff—ho, ho, ha, ha, ho—Mister, that horse never won the Kentucky Derby!"



Was your friend shocked over the death of his mother-in-law?

Shocked—he was electrocuted.



In the spring a young girl's fancy . . .

JOURNEY THROUGH DARKNESS

Strange rumours seem to leak out about the Art School, and a cloud eternally seems to hover around that section of the campus. I decided to investigate. For several weeks I made like a shrub, to study the lay of the land. During this time I cornered two characters suspected of being Art students and invited them to have a drink with me. I gave the wink to the bartender and soon both were three sheets to the wind. After steady quizzing, all I could get out of the two was, "First I dedicated my life to chastity and now I dedicate it to Art," and, "Wouldn't you like to know?"

The first character I saw at the school itself was a student painting with what looked like a mop. At every swipe at the canvas he bellowed, "Stroke! Stroke! Stroke!" in a manner which would have done credit to a coxswain. When he had stepped back to admire his work, I walked up, tapped his arm and asked, "What's that?" He shrugged his shoulders resignedly. "What's the use?" he muttered. "I'll show you," he continued, "I'm painting poetry." With that he handed me two poems. The first was titled *Lament of a Dog Kept in an Apartment*. It read:

I think that I shall never see
A bush, a fire-plug, or a tree.

The second poem was without a title and was longer than the previous one:

At the bottom of the hill did a character
An arty hedony decree,
Where paint and charcoal ran
In quantities measureless to man
In one un-ending sea.

For countless days and countless nights
They drew both head and part;
They brawled and scrawled upon the floor
With voices raised up for more
And said, "There is no God, but Art."

When I had finished the poems he waved me away and snarled, "Go away, you bore me."

I left him and soon noticed what was obviously a yogi class in session in the front of the room. The students were sitting cross-legged and bubbling. The instructor was pacing back and forth with a wild look in his eye, throwing words out of the side of his mouth. As I moved closer to observe the strange proceeding I could hear him chanting, "Do we like Gainsborough?" "No," chanted the students in chorus. "Do we like Cellini, Da Vinci, Rubens, or

Michaelangelo?" "No, no, no," came the answer. "Do we like Dali?" crooned the instructor. "Yes," came back the chorus. "Do we like Picasso?" "Yes, yes, yes," screamed the class. As they were filing out I sidled up to a member of the group and asked, "Who is that?" Surprise registered on the student's face. Regaining his breath he said in a tone which classified me with the obvious idiots, "Why that's the man who wrote the first Kilroy sign!"

Even after my *faux pas* I had enough confidence to walk across the hall. As I entered the room I was greeted with a large toothy smile from the instructor of the class. "Welcome Pepsodent to our Squibbs, Dr. Lyons, Listerine commercial art class," he simpered, and with

that he blew his breath in my face. I was drawing back my fist to hit him with a great deal of force when he said, "Colgates you know." My arm dropped; "How clever," I thought. "I wish I could have said that!"

I could bear no more. I raced out of the building back to the place where men still hammer and gawk at the atom.

Chuck Belik



Overheard in the Main Lobby: "I can't take my boy friend to my apartment. My mother worries."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to his apartment. Let his mother worry."



Mervin! Even if we are going to the Beaux Arts Ball you can only go so far with this primitive idea!

ELLIE'S PSYCHO-QUIZ

Are you subnormal or hypernormal? Are your defense mechanism and libido sluggish, *maintenant que le printemps est ici?*¹ Psychoanalysis involves much expenditure of time and with the Dandelion, Theta Xi, Sigma Nu, Kappa, Tri Delt, Zeta, I. W. A., K. A., Pi Phi, and Delta Gamma dances on the Mortar Board Calendar, time is at a premium.² Ellie's Psycho-Test will solve your problems immediately and absolutely free. Just fill in the blanks—and your anxieties will become our anxieties.

Name Gender³

Home Address⁴

(If West of the Mississippi, add \$2.00 for postage and handling.)

Physiological Health:

Do you have any of the following diseases? (Check at least one.)

pink tooth brush, halitosis, soap-dulled hair,
sleepless kidneys, gingivitis, lazy bile, coffee
nerves, psoriasis, sniffles

How long has it been since you have taken the following medical
examinations? Finger-Nail Test, T-Zone Test, Armpit
Test, Fourteen Day Palmolive Skin Test

Weight (to the nearest hundredth)

Height (fetlock to withers)

Girth (to nearest yard)

Are you subject to five o'clock shadow?

Do you use glasses or do you drink out of the bottle?

Appearance:

If male, what is your physique? Charles Atlas, Nero Wolf
....., Tom Thumb

If female, what is your stacking? Amber St. Claire, Be-
fore, Pansy Yocum

Social Rank:

Where do you buy your clothes? Boyd's, Weil's, Sears
and Roebuck, Montaldo's, Re-Sellit Shop, Three
Sisters

Personality:

What is your greatest asset? (Underline appropriate terms.)

1. "Connections" 2. Use Pond's 3. Money 4. Unscrupulousness
5. Clothes 6. Car 7. Father's friendship with Arthur H. 8. Fra-
ternity or sorority member.

How would you describe yourself: smooth, fairly sharp, clumsy,
callow,⁵ homey, inert.

1. Paid advertisement, French 102, T. T. S.

2. Some fellow who was reading supine on the Student Publication's
table, a member of Phi Beta Kappa (lesser known social frat), sug-
gested that the event of mid-semester would be another reason. The
author did not wish to exclude anything, but considering the factor
a negligible one, has relegated it to the footnotes.

Intelligence:

Grades last semester: A's, B's, C's, D's,
F's Used: Pony, Collaboration

Underline words and phrases which accurately describe your
usual process of study: Eager, leisurely, daydreaming, observe
people as they enter Ridgley, slovenly, none.

Visualization:

Put the two pieces to
the right together to
make a black tri-
angle.⁶



Orientation:

1. What direction would you have to face so that your left hand
is to the north? 2. Turn around rapidly thirty suc-
cessive times. Do usually motionless objects seem to revolve?
..... 3. If your right hand is to the East, and you are
facing West, what is your left hand doing?

Sentence Completion:

Fill in the missing word or phrase for each blank: 1. His glitter-
ing, little eyes widened at the sight of the beautiful girl's

(a) hair, (b) eyes, (c) fingernails.

2. "A little is a dangerous thing."

(a) drinking, (b) betting.

3. The most interesting aspect of *The Memoirs of Hecate County*
is

(a) the fact that Wilson copies Lawrence's style, (b) the life
cycle of snapping turtles, (c) living conditions in the slums.

3. i. e. male, female, undetermined.

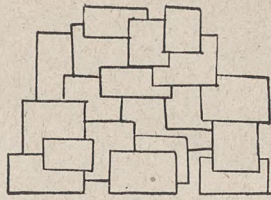
4. Or usual residence, e. g. Graham's, Sid's, Meritt's, etc.

5. callow=green—one who believes couple leaving the houseparty
with a blanket is retreating to discuss the Russian situation.

6. This tuition may help. Cut out the square and turn them around,
understand?

Spatial Perception:

In the figure at the right, count the blocks. (Time limit: 35 seconds.)



Multiplication Ability:

A. Suppose you have a box and inside are two smaller boxes; inside each of the smaller boxes is a teeny-weeny box. How many boxes altogether?

B. Suppose that in your box are five smaller boxes and inside each of the smaller boxes is a pair of white rats. How many rats do you have (a) now? (b) in two weeks?

Manual Dexterity:

Cut this picture into any five pieces. Now rearrange them to look like a marsupial. (Any species will be counted correct.)



Common Sense:

Why are there two sexes of man?

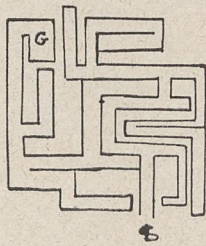
- (a) More advantageous for the wearing apparel industry.
- (b) Give variety to the world.
- (c) Adam didn't like to cook.

Code Problem:

Crack this cipher: if J XE TNWBS means I AM WITTY, what does ZPV ASF OTS LVUQJE mean? (Time Limit: 50 seconds.)

Problem Solving:

Proceed from the point designated S and find a continuous path to the goal.



Extracurricular:

Why did you come to Washington?

- 1. Nothing else to do.
- 2. Couldn't get in anywhere else.
- 3. Family tradition.
- 4. Proximity of East St. Louis.
- 5. Social prestige.
- 6. To get married.

7. If you have some sort of difficulty with this one, we subtract four points from your total score.

Have you had any interesting experiences since you've come to Washington?⁸

Which of the following literary magazines do you read regularly?

- 1. *The American Girl.*
- 2. *Boy's Life.*
- 3. *The Nudist.*
- 4. *True Confessions.*
- 5. *Modern Screen.*
- 6. *Readers Digest.*

Environmental Adjustment:

What is your response to the following situations? (Underline one.)

- 1. Your general behaviour at a dance is (a) effervescent. (b) obscene. (c) supine.
- 2. Men, how about the stags? They are all (a) disgusting drunkards. (b) rapacious intruders. (c) damned handy fellows.
- 3. Girls, on a double date, what do you think of the other young lady (a) She's loquacious. (b) Has on a dress with a shockingly low neckline. (c) She observes happenings in the back seat via the rear view mirror.
- 4. When called upon to make a toast do you (a) pop-up? (b) turn golden brown? (c) use marmalade?
- 5. In making conversation, what is your attitude (a) lethargic. (b) sullen. (c) malicious. (e) ribald.
- 6. When asked to mix do you (a) attempt to ascertain the preferences of every individual? (b) slip double shots to your friends?
- 7. Under what classification would you place the people who are your dates (a) gruesome. (b) phlegmatic. (c) grotesque. (d) diseased.

Picture Completion:

What is missing from each of these items? 1., 2.




8. Please give only clean, wholesome experiences.

SHADY OAK Cass and Finny	<i>First Time in St. Louis</i> BIRTH OF A NATION
SHUBERT	THE MAN WHO DARED with GILDA
WEST-END	BLUE BEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE and THE MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION
MACKLIND	THE LADY IN THE LAKE with THREE STRANGERS
LYRIC Brown Hall	<i>Revolutionary! Unbelievable! Sensational!</i> George Montgomery in THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE
PEERLESS	THE SKY'S THE LIMIT with MY FAVORITE BLOND
ANNEX	THE FALCON'S ADVENTURE with SISTER KENNY
CAPITOL	SEVEN WERE SAVED with HER SISTER'S SECRET
GEM Brown Hall	IF I HAD MY WAY with THE TIME, THE PLACE, AND THE GIRL
FAIRY	PLAINSMAN and MR. ACE
GARRICK Brown Hall	MR. LUCKY WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME
ROXY Quadrangle	THE BIG SLEEP with MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE
MERRY WIDOW	<i>Triple Feature</i> PERILOUS HOLIDAY BOOMERANG JOURNEY TO MEXICO
QUEEN'S	MR. ACE UP IN MABEL'S ROOM
GLOBE	IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE with THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER

**WE DATE ALL OLD
FOSSILS**

*NOTHING LATER THAN THE
PRE-CAMBRIAN AGE*

RESULTS GUARANTEED BY
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING



GEOLOGY DEPT. — HENCHEY & WERNER

Do Your

**Lee Hall Meat Balls
Bounce?**

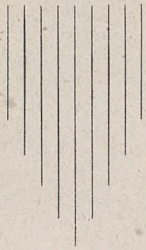
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**PTOMAINÉ
TERRACE**

No Tabus!



Stix, Baer & Fuller



Cash Prize for Best
School Hymn

Cash Prize for Best
Fight Song



ENTRIES MUST
BE IN BY
APRIL 19

(See *Student Life* for full
details)



JUDGES :

RUSS DAVID

Musical Director, KSD

GIL NEWSOME

Popular St. Louis MC

and a nationally known
orchestra leader — probably

TED WEEMS

jazzin

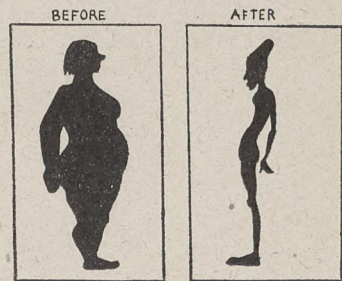
Dave Dexter, Jr. somewhat gleefully proclaims in the March issue of "The Capitol," monthly news magazine of the Capitol record people, "re-bop is dead in Southern California." He proves this statement by pointing out that "Only two noted re-bop instrumentalists are still around. Neither . . . now is working steadily. A year ago . . . there were hundreds." He says further that Dizzy Gillespie, chief opponent of re-bop, flopped on the coast, that Boyd Raeburn is finding bookings hard to get, and that old-timer Red Nichols is Hollywood's favorite trumpeter! Perhaps it should be noted that, though he has kept in tune generally with all types of jazz (he directed the Capitol "History of Jazz" album series), Dexter has never been one to show much warmth to re-bop. This is evident when he says, ". . . the 'wrong note' musicians are having to learn music—jazz—all over again."



Assuming that re-bop is dead in Southern California, the question then arises—Does this mean the beginning of the end of re-bop jazz everywhere and that the "fad," as Dexter and others call it, is passing? Or does it mean that the coast region is merely out of step with the rest of the country or has grown tired of re-bop because it suddenly flooded itself with it while limiting other types of jazz?

The final answer, of course, will come only with time. But there are several indications that re-bop right now is far from dead. Dizzy's Musicraft records during the past year have all had great success, as has the Victor 52nd Street album, in which he has four sides. In St. Louis his "One Base Hit" was sold out everywhere a few days after release back in January, and "Emanon" went nearly as fast a few weeks later. New pressings on various labels by Howard McGhee, second re-bop trumpeter in importance, have received considerable attention. Too, Woody's great sidemen, under the direction of the late Sonny Berman, are included in the recent Dial Re-Bop Album. But the extent of the re-bop influence is most strikingly seen when one of the "old guard" jazz trum-

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Twenty-two year old Hortense Wittinger, of Black Mountain, Arkansas, enrolled in the Du Barrenski Success Course, and made herself over at home in six weeks. After completing the Course, the new, attractive Hortense was promoted from the goldfish counter to the lingerie department at the store where she is employed, received a formidable raise in salary, and had a date. Poised, sparkling, *joyeux* Hortense, now a slim, trim beauty writes:

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"I enrolled an i got sparer, larned how to use paint, an comb myself. My 48 size dresses don't fit me no more. Sunday nite at the Jehovah Church's League a young mann asked to see me home. I am having fun since i took your Course."

Girls, women, matrons, regain beauty and happiness as Hortense Wittinger and more than 578,773 others have done. You follow at home the same methods taught by Madame Suzy Sniveloid at the *fameux et exclusif* Du Barrensky School in New York. For information write

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If you do you are one of the fortunate
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 You are ready to find the sweet mys-
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peters, Henry (Red) Allen, tries to imi-
 tate Dizzy, as he did, unsuccessfully, on
 a Victor waxing with J. C. Higgin-
 botham.

In addition to Dizzy, three of his side
 men, all predominantly re-boppers, re-
 ceived awards in this year's *Esquire
 Jazz Book*. Almost every one of his men
 was near the top in his field in the
 Metronome voting also.

Re-bop, then, though it may sometimes
 be a wild or highly repetitious form of
 jazz, has added a great deal to the jazz
 scene and is at present very much alive
 in most places, if not in Southern Cali-
 fornia.

Don Hunstein

Junior Prom Bandleader

When a fellow beats a drum, it's noise.
 But when he plays a tune on drums, it's
 news.

And Ray McKinley, orchestra leader
 who will play at the Junior Prom on
 May 9, does just that.

Convinced that drums were a neg-
 lected instrument and could be put to
 better use than just percussion traps
 utilized to keep a beat for the orchestra,
 McKinley had eight special small tym-
 pany drums constructed and tuned to the
 scale.

Able to play a complete melody on this
 set of eight drums, McKinley has had all
 his band's arrangements based on the
 drums. In this way the band's body to
 its music is derived from Ray's drum
 playing.

He is said to be the only drummer in
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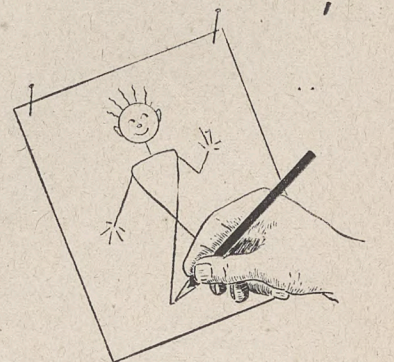
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Dear Mr. Hutsut:

*Before I took your course I was un-
 able to hold a pencil. Now I can draw
 wagons, houses, boats and flowers.*

Signed, Rawlson

We have thousands of carbons of this
 letter in our files. Acquire, like Rawl-
 son, amazing skill and technical virtu-
 osity at the

**FINE ART SCHOOL
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FROM FULLER

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SALE!
ON

Student Life

The owners of the campus newspaper have announced that, due to inflation and the high cost of living, they are unable to live on the profits of *Student Life*. They are, therefore, offering their paper for sale to the highest bidder. The auction will take place on the slave block at the south corner of the old court house on April 29, 1947.



books

Harcourt and Brase, *Handbook of English Composition* is one of the handiest pocket size editions to hit the book stalls, this year. Of compact size 5" by 7½" this little bible of charming crimson offers the reader not only an encyclopedia of undecipherable explanations but also a series of delightful pictures illustrating modern symbolism. Not recommended for freshmen!

Fifteen Decisive Battles, better known by the shortened title of *Creasy* has thus far been banned on the campuses of many of our major universities—St. Louis U., Shurtliff, Central, etc. Since this bomb shell is of a historical nature, the powers that be have appointed a committee in the history department, headed by R. G. Gusher, to do intensive research on the subject. With the education of the students in mind, Gusher has reported to date, "I think they can take it."

Do not be swayed, however, by this statement or by the unsavory publicity surrounding "Creasy," the book is, in the opinion of this reviewer, merely sensational.

Psychology of Life, Boring, Boring, and Boring.

This is not a new book, although it is an old favorite and standby. An educated person cannot in any sense call himself well-read if he has not borne Mr. Boring. This reviewer is not, fortunately, well read, consequently we recommend the book highly to all engineers.

The Financial Statement of Washington University is new, new, new!! This unusual tome is in its first edition and is, of course, extremely rare already. You will be lucky if you are able to get hold of this interesting booklet, for we are told that it was smuggled on to the campus under the cover of *Forever Amber*. Right now rumor has it that the *Statement* is kicking around McMillan Hall.



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Outlines in Physical Geology

One of the best sellers on the campus is a complicated mystery called "Outlines in Physical Geology," or "Who Hit Grandma on the Head with a Fossil?" It is a thrilling story of Miss Geology (the Great Stone Face) a dashing aggregate who wonders if she too, like Helen Trent, can find romance at the tender age of 3,000,000,000,000 years. She also wonders if she can have a successful love affair with a rich and handsome piece of mantle.

This novel is rich in family life and introduces Geology's lovable mother and father, Mineral and Rock. You meet Aunt Igneous, and Uncles Metamorphic and Sedimentary. The wild passionate lover who plays the part of the villain is Erupting Volcano, the stinker that killed Grandma Erosion because she knew too much dirt. Geology then loses her real lover Cleavage and develops a fracture. She dies very unhappy for Mother Mineral had made the mistake of having her legs styled by Steinway rather than Varga or Powers.

The book is fair reading, but lacks a rock bottom foundation. This volume of excitement takes a year to read and is sold at a bargain price in the Quad Shop.

"Outlines in Physical Geology" plus four other beautifully bound books for \$175.00. This offer is good only till September, '47.

Charles Hamilton



Don't you think we've carried our primitive theme a little bit too far?

YOU Don't Need
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For the first time we are offering this amazing value which will save you hours of labor, and your teeth inches of enamel. Buy your

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Only the finest chewers have worked over these pencils — Grin der, Stubbins, Fang and Weaver.

DO YOU HAVE
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ESPECIALLY
ON AIRPLANE
TRIPS?

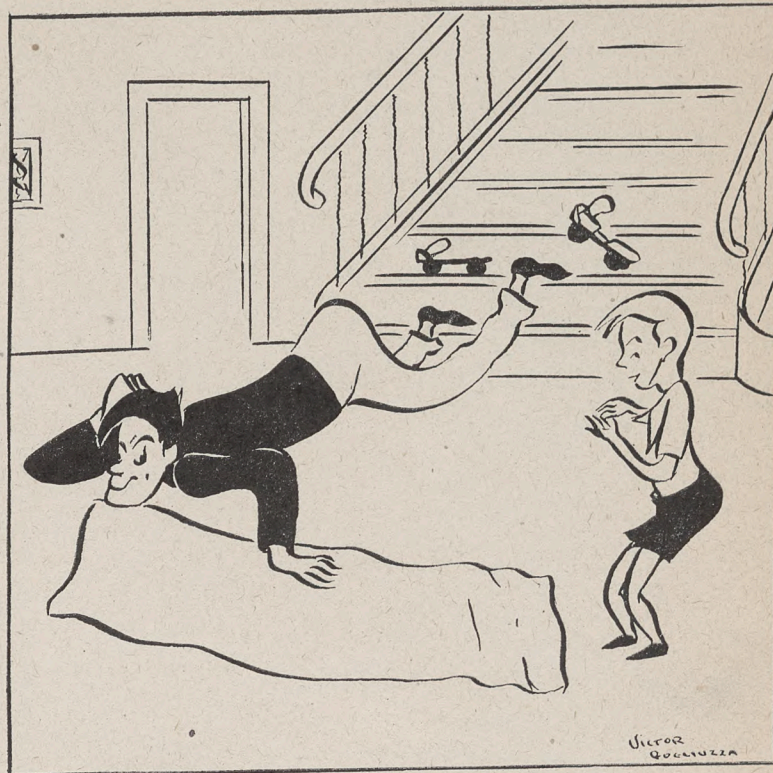
The solution is simple —
BILE OUT!!

Winners in
Student Life
Cartoon Contest



"Men of Distinction"

ELIOT thanks *STUDENT LIFE* for the privilege of printing these very amusing (?) winners of its recent cartoon contest. We print them as examples of "the best" in college newspaper cartoons



Do It again Daddy !!



All I did was add those three acids together!

Frosh (pouring coed a bottle of beer)
—Say when, honey!
Coed—OK—right after the next drink.



The mayor of Reno, Nevada, states that the new liquor laws must be enforced. He said a city ordinance states that no saloon shall be located nearer than 300 feet from a church. He is giving them three days to remove the church.



“For six weeks you were shipwrecked on a desert island with a beautiful girl? What did you do for food?”
“Darned if I remember.”



You haven't had a real hangover until you can't stand the noise made by Bromo-Seltzer.

“Say, who are you shoving?”
“I duuno, what's your name?”



“How can you keep your feet from going to sleep?”
“I duuno. How?”
“Simply don't let your toes turn in.”



Coed at doctor's—Doctor will my scar show much?
Doctor—That, my dear, all depends on you!



“Wanta take my sister to the big hop?”
“What does she look like?”
“I'll pay the expenses.”
“Never mind, I have a date.”

A man's ear was bleeding like a stuck pig. “I bit myself,” he explained.

“That's impossible,” said the doctor. “How can a man bite himself in the ear?”

The man said, “I was standing on a chair.”



He: “Your husband is a brilliant looking man. I suppose he knows everything.”

She: “Don't be silly! He doesn't suspect a thing.”



“I would like to get some alligator shoes.”

“What size shoes does your alligator wear?”



Your girl's spoiled, isn't she!
No, it's just the perfume she's wearing.



1st Drunk—Shay, you don't open a door widdat. It's a cigar butt.

2nd Drunk—Migod, I've smoked my key.

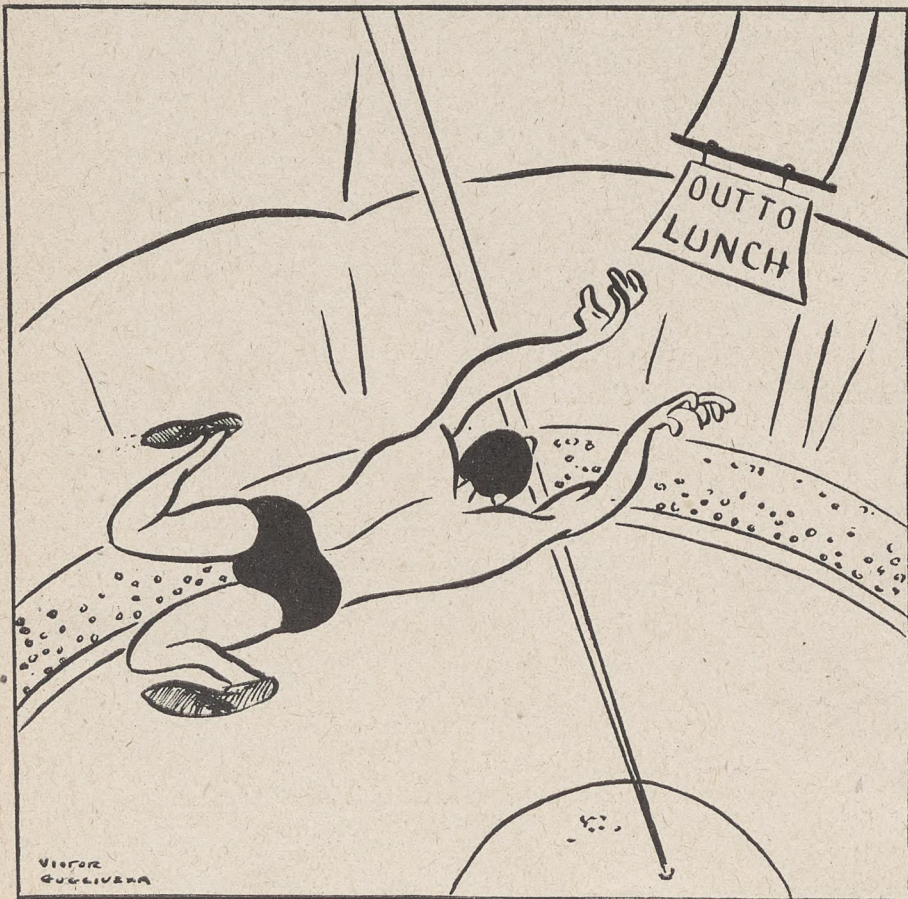


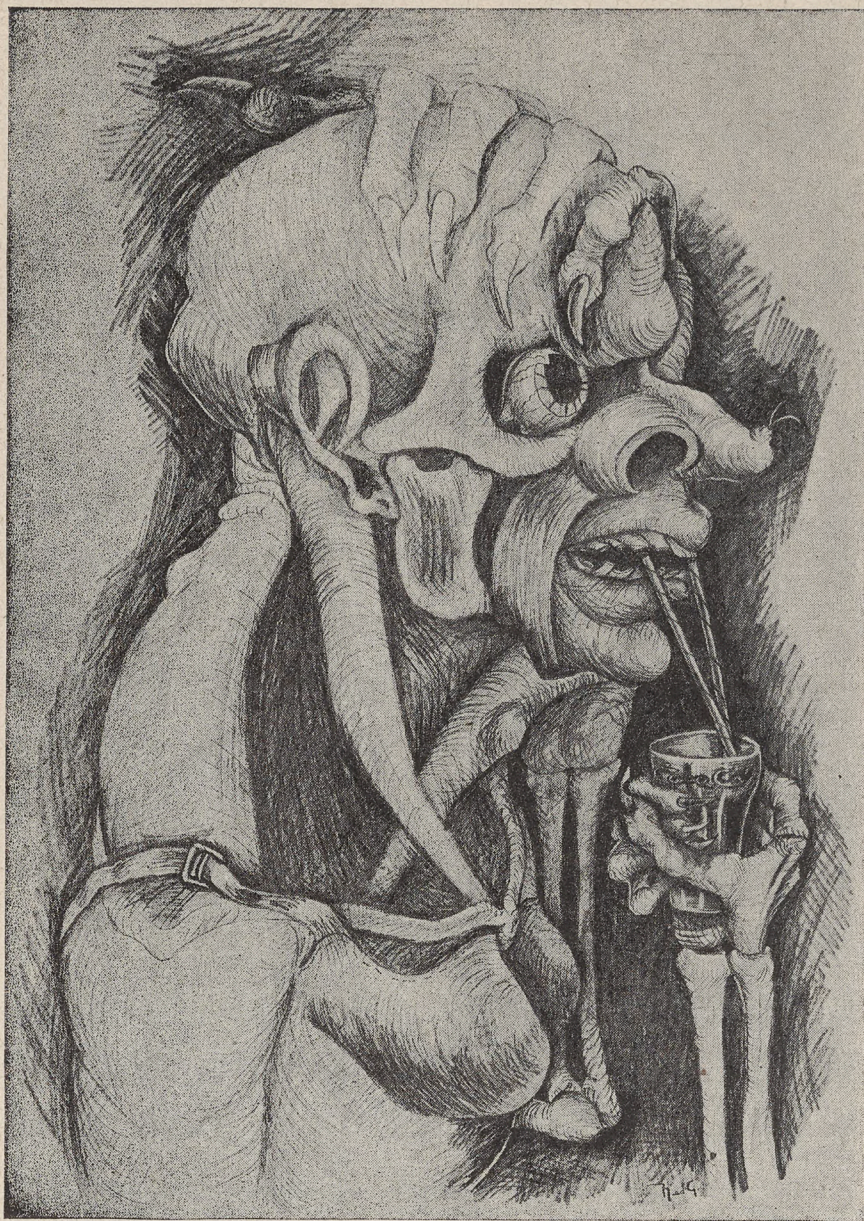
Famous last words: I don't know why you spent all the money and then drove way out here, because I don't allow boys to kiss me.



Voice—How do you feel this morning?
Second Voice—Fine.

Voice—I guess I have the wrong number.





Eliot

Girl

of

the

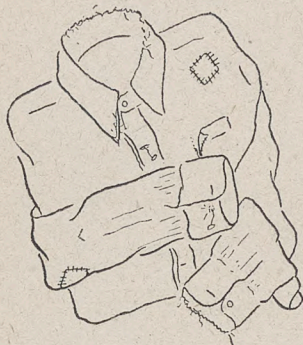
Month

Miss Fleur De Lis

Fleur De Lis, petite, hairless member of Beta Theta Pi, is pink-eyed and slender—willowy in fact. She likes to dance and to take long walks in the city. Her favorite man (yes, she's already taken, boys!) is an absent-minded myopic who has distemper and is named Farry Hey. He is much interested in serious literary efforts. Fleur confided in us—"I am his inspiration," she cooed softly. For pastimes, she sniffs snow, blows tea, and takes Bennies with her coca-cola. Her biggest thrill at Washington came when she had a date with Bill Glastris.

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You should be proud of your dishonorable discharge, for it entitles you to wear—not the plebeian, common ruptured duck that *everyone* wears (and which is mighty inconvenient since it will not go with the ever-popular T-shirt or sweater)—but this genuine, stainless steel ring which enhances any costume. Send cash or check to

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Haig and Haig and other scarce liquors. ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS, Box 3132 W. Station.

Girl needs date to sorority dance April 25. Anything considered, but must not be the homespun type. Call PABlum 6856.

Chuckle over our unexpurgated edition of the *Decameron*, or what the English Lit. anthologies won't dare to print. Find out how a Florentine monk metamorphoses a woman into a donkey. We also have copies of D. H. Lawrence's banned novels and translations of Ovid's "Art of Love" poems. Negligible charge. Call F0rensic 9392.

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Boy to close and open windows at Ridgley every fifteen minutes. Tap shoes required. See librarian, campus.

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