

Washington University in St. Louis

Washington University Open Scholarship

Eliot

University Archives

3-1940

Washington University Eliot

Washington University Eliot, St. Louis, Missouri

Follow this and additional works at: <https://openscholarship.wustl.edu/eliot>

Recommended Citation

Washington University Eliot, St. Louis, Missouri, "Washington University Eliot" (March 1940). *Eliot*. 29. <https://openscholarship.wustl.edu/eliot/29>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the University Archives at Washington University Open Scholarship. It has been accepted for inclusion in Eliot by an authorized administrator of Washington University Open Scholarship. For more information, please contact digital@wumail.wustl.edu.

Washington University

Eliot



MARCH
1940

15¢

Spring Issue

featuring

George Smith Bess Moore Si Arnold
also JOKES • CARTOONS • GOSSIP



Actual color photograph shows James Oliver of Willow Springs, N. C., harvesting better-than-ever tobacco grown by U. S. Gov't methods. (At bottom) Roy Daniel, tobacco auctioneer, in action.

*"Uncle Sam
did a fine job*

**of making tobacco
better than ever**

... and Luckies always buy the
choice grades," says Roy Daniel,
29 years a tobacco auctioneer

Simple as ABC are the reasons why we ask:
"Have you tried a Lucky lately?"

A. Uncle Sam's improvements in soil,
seed and plant-foods helped farmers grow
the finest tobacco in 300 years.

B. The overwhelming majority of independent
tobacco experts—like Roy Daniel—
smoke Luckies. They *know* Luckies buy
the choice grades of the finer crops.

C. The "Toasting" process, on top of
2 to 4 years' aging, makes them extra-
mellow...takes out certain throat irritants.
The choicer grades of finer tobacco crops
... *plus* throat protection! Try Luckies for
a week, and you'll know why...

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO
BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

*Have you
tried a Lucky
lately?*



PICK UPS

LATEST MODEL

"The modern girl is nothing but an animated doll," declares a modern novelist. He must admit, however, that she doesn't call "Mama" when she is squeezed.—Annapolis, Log.

She might later, though.

—Dartmouth, Jack O'Lantern.

How much later?

—Harvard, Lampoon.

This is getting good.

—Missouri, Show Me.

This is getting dirty.

—Our Censor.

This is getting boring.

SPECIAL REQUEST

"Friday, I hope you'll join me in discussing chapter 11."

—Prof. McClure.

I wish I were a kangaroo
Despite his funny stances
I'd have a place to put the junk
My girl brings to the dances.

—Purple Parrot.

FOREIGN POLICY

Good old England. Always fighting for peace—a "peace" of this... a piece of that.

ADVICE

Girls, when your men get too romantic,

Protect yourselves say: "Don't be dramatic."

We'll admit it's certain to make the guy mad—

Explode in your face and call you a cad—

But it will also keep you from being bad.

—Ray Cox.

MAN WORKING

Cop:—"No parking; you can't loaf along this road."

Voice within car:—"Who's loafing?"—Texas Ranger.

HEART'S DESIRE

The co-ed has one great ambition—to go with every Tom, Dick and marry.—Purple Parrot.

CONFUCIUS SAY

Praise the man who will love girls well;

But damn the man who will love and tell.—Ray Cox.

UNPREPARED

A surprise test is like a surprise kiss. It doesn't give you a chance to show all you know about the subject.

—Cece.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG GIRL

Don't be deceived by a timid exterior For lurking inside may be motives ulterior.

TRUE LOVE

"He has really fallen for me all right. He didn't even laugh at my new hat."—Cece.

"I fainted. They brought me to. So I fainted again."

"Why?"

"Well, so they'd bring me two more."—Purple Parrot.

Rich man, poor man, fraternity brother, fraternity brother.—Jester.

COMMON KNOWLEDGE

A sophisticated girl is one who knows how to refuse a kiss without being denied it.

FIRE

He asked for burning kisses

She said in accents cruel:

"I am a red-hot mamma

But I ain't nobody's fuel!"—Froth.

LIFE AND LOVE

Life is one fool thing after another; love is two fool things after one another.—Drexler.

HA HA

"One thing everyone thinks he has above average is a sense of humor."

—Prof. Bunch.

SMOKY JOE HAD THE DAMSEL IN DISTRESS!



"GIDDYAP, NAPOLEON! Looks like this Romeo is trying his damndest to smoke us out. Phew! His tobacco smells like the backfire from Pa's flivver!" Just then



UP RIDES A RANGER, sniffs the pipe, says to clean it and refill with *mild* Sir Walter, a burley blend famous for aroma. It worked! Joe won her back!

New!
CELLOPHANE
TAPE around lid
seals flavor in...
brings you tobacco
100% factory-fresh!



UNION
MADE

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

TUNE IN—Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House." Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.



In early spring, Chicago & Southern will inaugurate a new fleet of giant Douglas DC-3, 21 Passenger Planes.

**IT PAYS TO FLY
EVERYWHERE**

via
"The Valley Level Route"

North, south, east or west—fast, comfortable planes are waiting to carry you swiftly and safely to your destination.

Flying saves time, and time is money for business men. Successful men fly because they know the man who flies gets there first, sees more customers, signs more orders, makes more money for himself and his family. And they enjoy many real advantages over earthbound travelers because they avoid many tiresome days and nights on the road. They arrive at the end of their journey rested and refreshed, fit and eager for work or play.

next time you plan a trip

FLY

Low Air Travel Fares

3 FLIGHTS DAILY

Between
CHICAGO and NEW ORLEANS
Both Directions

10% reduction on round trips

For Reservations Call
Your Travel Agent or

CHICAGO
and
SOUTHERN
Air Lines
"The Valley Level Route"

WE HAVE WITH US . . .

BESS MOORE, who wrote "Celebration," has been confining her interest to the campus Y, Student Life, Hatchet, May fetes, swimming, and press club. She's a journalism major and her ambition is to be on a magazine staff; yet she had never submitted anything to Eliot. Even her current story, which will probably be submitted to Redbook, was recommended to us by Prof. Buchan and not turned in by its bashful author. However, now that she sees it can be done, Bess promises us lots more. So let this be encouragement to all the hidden literary lights we are trying so hard to find.

BOB GODWIN returns to our staff to write the new record column "Sweet and Swing." He is an associate editor of Hatchet and once he was an Eliot photographer, but we alienated his affections by returning some negatives six months late. Everything, however is smoothed over now. We hope.

Anyway, Bob tells us that he has cut down his courses to three so that he will have more time to tell jokes. Also he wears the tweed jackets and the argyle socks that last month's polls showed to be so popular, but insists that if we use him as a fashion plate, we must tell about his "real dirty, down at the heal saddles."

NANCY ROEDER, who made her debut last month in "Greek Letters" is brought back for an encore by popular request, and it really looks as though she and Bob Obourn will make a permanent Eliot team. Nance is almost as enthusiastic about the arrangement as she is about the Betas.

"I love it! I think Bob's wonderful. I spend half my time in the

Eliot office now. Oh I just adore it! The more I go down the more I love. I'm really going to work real hard."

MARTHA ZOLLMAN is another girl who made good on the leap year Eliot and was invited to join our regular staff. We predict that along with Hoffelt and Schneider, she will soon be a commercial success. If she is, we would enjoy claiming credit as talent discoverers, but we can't honorably do so. Martha came to us with the art school's recommendation as its outstanding girl illustrator.

She declares: "Art is just about a full time occupation for me. Even when I'm at home, I'm usually drawing. I like working for Eliot. It has given me a new slant. I had never done pen and ink work before. I do love to work in color though."

If we ever have the money, we certainly will give her the chance. Ah daydreams!

SI ARNOLD makes his first plunge into campus extra-curricular activities with his "Wings Over Washington," a discussion of high life or Washington flyers. You see Si has been a little bit busy, but from now on he's going to have just loads of time to dabble about with. As he airily explains, besides flying and taking a full academic course: "I'm only working 20 hours a week now. I used to work 55. That's why I never mixed into anything out here."

EARL C. SHERRY JR. . . . Transferred (transferred is complimentary) from Northwestern the first of this year. . . Has acted in two plays of the current Thyrsus season . . . Writes poems instead of counting sheep on sleepless nights. . .

A STATEMENT OF ELIOT'S EDITORIAL POLICY — 1939-40

Eliot is the magazine of Washington University and not the magazine of some special group in the University. It is a magazine of general college interest and has no desire to become merely a comic or an undergraduate gossip column or a fraternity and sorority journal or even a purely literary magazine. It desires, rather, to become a medium for the expression of all those things in Washington U. which are, or which should be, of interest to the majority of the students, faculty, and friends of the University.

Eliot

March 1940

STAFF:

EDITOR.....Jack Cable
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....George Smith
MANAGING EDITOR.....Cordelia See
ART EDITORS.....Bob Gamm, Geo. Schneider
BUSINESS MANAGER.....Randolph Lorch
EXCHANGES.....Edith Marsalek
TYPIST.....Martha Page
PUBLICITY AND ADVERTISING.....Ralph Neuhoff,
Chuck Nicolai

EDITORIAL STAFF:—Sally Alexander, Mary Wilson,
Sid Goldberg, Bill McDade, Helen Hewitt,
Peggy Woodlock, Bob Obourn, Ray Cox, Earl
Sherry, Courtney Heineman, Nancy Roeder,
Bob Godwin, Bess Moore.
ART STAFF:—Floyd Garlock, Frank Hoffelt, Peggy
Wood, Jim von Brunn, George Owen.
BUSINESS STAFF:—Bill Nebe, Harold Goldberg,
Jack Brereton.
CIRCULATION:—Peggy Woodlock, Sally Alexander,
Betty Kentzler, Jane Allen.

CONTENTS:

Pick Ups	Page 1
We Have With Us.....	Page 2
SWEET AND SWING by Bob Godwin.....	Page 4
In the Wake	Page 5
The Towers and The Town.....	Page 7
THE LAST OF THE RADICALS by George C. Smith.....	Page 8
CELEBRATION by Bess Moore.....	Page 9
A TWO SYLLABLE WORD by Julia Earle Richardson.....	Page 11
WINGS OVER WASHINGTON by Si Arnold.....	Pages 12 & 13
BETWEEN BELLES	Page 15
GREEK LETTERS by Bob Obourn and Nancy Roeder.....	Page 16
Art School ARTicles by Lizzy Hughes and Betty Brandt.....	Page 17

Publicity by Stentor

National Advertising: Associated Students Advertising Bureau
Ken Davey—Director

Material must not be reprinted without permission

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY ELIOT

SKINKER and LINDELL

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Price \$1.00 a year; 15¢ a copy
The ELIOT is published monthly
except in June, July, August,
and September.

Vol. 7 No. 6, March, 1940.
Entered as second-class matter,
under Act of March 3, 1879, at
the Post Office, St. Louis, Mo.

SWEET and SWING

by **BOB GODWIN**

66 **A** MERICA'S Ace Arranger," Glenn Miller, has waxed two new Bluebird releases that will soon be in your record holder, if you're a Miller fan... and show me the man that isn't. The first of these is **Tuxedo Junction** (Bluebird B-10612) with the arrangement he has been featuring over the air recently. It is a typically Miller arrangement, and he makes full use of his famous five man sax section, ably supplemented by his enthusiastic brasses. This particular side seems to have been more consciously arranged than most of Miller's stuff, but don't let that stop you. It's platter-mate, however, is a jazzed up **Danny Boy**—so don't bother about it, unless you're really a Miller addict.

The second of these Miller releases, and well worth spending some of your allowance for, is **Johnson Rag**. (Bluebird 10498). It is another you-can-tell-a-mile-away it's-Miller arrangement featuring both heat and de luxe shading—the two things that make Miller arrangements all they are.

A band we think you'll hear a lot about in coming months is Charlie Barnet's. A disc which should help put him up there is another Bluebird release (Bluebird B-10549) with sides of **Night After Night After You** and **Now You Know**. **Night After**, etc., brings up Charlie's sax and he's really on. Backed by the solid rhythm section he puts out some smoo-oo-th sock. The vocals are taken by Mary Ann McCall—a gal with plenty of come on in that voice of hers.

Vocalion has come through this month with a couple of sides by Jimmie Lunceford (Vocalion 5362) which should warm the hearts of the hot boys. The solo work in **Uptown Blues** is outstanding, particularly in Willie Smith's alto sax and Eddie Tomkins' trumpet solos, both of which show excellent range and at least an adequate technique. The alto solo tries more for technique while the trumpet solo is rather simple but more than rather hot. Under this is **Put It Away**, a fast, bouncy job in which the saxes give out plenty of hot sock on their ensemble riffs. It's put away in good style.

Jan Savitt's **Kansas City Moods** which he has just turned (Decca 2989) has a tenor sax solo that really rides; a solo by Savitt's trumpet man—the corn husking chap; a novel and well handled guitar solo backed by

a bass fiddle; and a trombone riff with brass backing that really digs it out. The bottom of this one is Savitt's **Tuxedo Junction**; but it doesn't compare with Glenn Miller's.

A band comparatively unknown in the Middle West—Teddy Powell's—has waxed **Flea on a Spree** for Decca this month. This side shows the band at its best, especially in the rhythm section's backing of Milt Raskin's piano, Don Lodice's tenor sax, and Gus Bivona's clarinet solos. The sax ensemble riffs have punch a'plenty. If he keeps slingin' 'em like this, you'll soon be hearing more from Mr. Powell & Co. Under this is **Sphinx** which doesn't suffer by comparison.

* * *

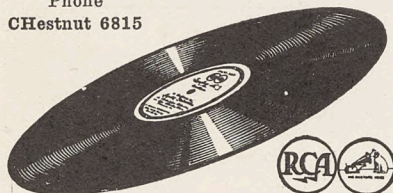
In the sweet department—the tunes we'd rather dance than listen to—there are a number of good releases this month. Dick Jurgens has done up **Do I Love You** in his pleasing dance style (Vocalion 5288), and then wasted a side on **Katie Went to Haiti**, the novelty from the Broadway musical "Du Barry Was A Lady"... Bob Crosby has put the intriguing little tune **I Thought About You** and **Last Night** on wax for us (Decca 2818)... After you've listened to Woody Herman's **Would Ja Mind** and **It's a Blue World** (Decca 2970), you'll be enthusiastic enough about 'the band that plays the blues' to put his **Do I Love You** and **Thank Your Stars** (Decca 2971) on your turntable... Ruby Newman has taken the best tune in many a month **The Wind At My Window** and put it with **I Was Afraid Of That** (Decca 2905).

THE SWEET RECORD OF THE MONTH is the up and coming Orrin Tucker's **Drifting and Dreaming**, his theme tune, and **At the Balalaika** (Columbia 35332).

THE SWING RECORD OF THE MONTH is a thumbs-down winner. The Victor people waxed it as one of their Swing Classics, and they certainly knew what they were doing. It's Lionel Hampton's **Munson Street Breakdown** and **I Can't Get Started** (Victor 26453). The superb piano solo is taken by Hampton in his two-fingered style, although the label credits it to Clyde Hart. And, to date, there just hasn't been anything better.

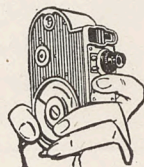
AEOLIAN for service
complete stock
VICTOR RECORDS
Bluebird Records

Phone
CHestnut 6815



We are doing everything to make our record department the best in this city—best in point of service and unsurpassed in completeness of stocks. We have all the newest hits!

AEOLIAN COMPANY OF MISSOURI
1004 OLIVE STREET



MOVIE CAMERAS
KODAKS
ALL PHOTO SUPPLIES

• • •

SCHILLERS
1109 LOCUST ST.



Readers of ELIOT, this is your column. You may say here anything you please, that is, if you sign your letters with your real names.

Ah! The Life of An Editor!

(This letter comes from another college mag.)

Dear editor:

Enclosed, well, I did try to see that it got in the envelope, you may possibly find a page from one of your recent issues on which is one of your better cartoons. It was brilliantly conceived, executed and other appropriate verbs. If you would send the cut to us, at our expense, natchurly, we should like to reproduce it in our rag.

It would be nice if you could send yourself along with the cut, as I've heard so much about Washington men. A girl here at Minnesota just doesn't get what she should out of college life.

Our deadline is coming up like thunder, so they had better be here soon. And you too.

All my love,
Beverly Jean.

P.S. (Don't you love them?): Anything we have is yours, but of course.

★
Have Pity on the Poor Co-ed

Dear Editor:

Too much work and no play makes the co-ed a dull girl. Or was she already dull? However, this is off the subject. The point is that Washington University is putting too much pressure on their students, and if they do not stop soon it will begin to interfere with our social life.

After all why do girls go to college? No, boys, not to find a husband, but to have some fun. Huh! Some fun?" All we do is run around with drooling hair and bagged eyes because we study so long at night that we

have no time to take care of ourselves. For example, during the past three weeks I have slaved over a research theme for an undeserving teacher. (Hi, Mr. Arnold) and now I have one of Dr. Usher's lovely hour tests to look forward to. Besides I have had no time to look for an Easter outfit. Dr. Usher is going to be awfully sorry when I arrive at church on Easter Sunday in last years spring suit. What will people think? It will be a reflection on Washington, and it serves them right.

Jean Richardson.

★

But Girls

Dear Editors:

We were rather impressed, in reading last month's "all-girl" Eliot, by the amount of time Miss See's group of hopeful Juliets spent on Washington Romeos. We realize that an unpinned Washington co-ed is practically undressed, but girls, the pages of our only campus magazine is no place to do your work.

If we are to judge by the tenor of the ideas contained in this issue, it is safe to say that 55 per cent of your waking thoughts are about boys. We don't censure the basic idea of the thing, on the contrary. It does seem a shame, however, that some of the best written articles of the year were devoted to subjects like tweeds and plaid socks, items as feminine as a handball game. Giving men advice on their clothes' is a prerogative that only married women should attempt, and then, sparingly. We'll take the tweeds to the men, and you can have your pale blue taffeta.

Sincerely yours,
Earl Sherry and Courtney Heineman.



For Prize Winning Pictures—
Consult Our Expert Advisers.


- Liberal Trade-in Allowance
- Easy Terms
-

If it's made—we have it

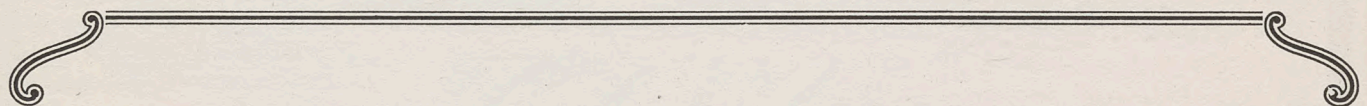
CAMERA EXCHANGE
2650 PARK GRand 1767

GIVE YOURSELF A BREAK . . .

To Win the Contest
Get Your Equipment at KAYS.



KAYS Complete Line of
212 N. 7th Cameras, Films,
(Between Olive & Pine) Darkroom Supplies



5 Dollars
IN PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES
FOR THE BEST
CANDID CAMERA SHOTS

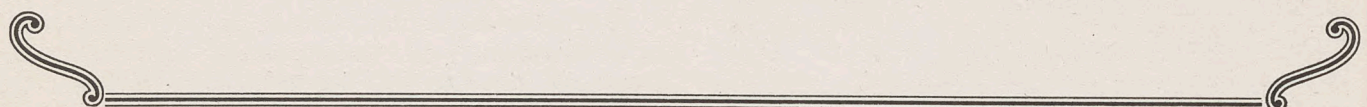

The Editors of ELIOT will pay Five Dollars
(in Photographic Supplies or Equipment) for the
best Candid Camera Picture taken on the . . .
WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY CAMPUS

Judging will be by the Editors and on the basis
of both . . .

- TECHNICAL MERIT40%
- and
- COLLEGIATE APPEAL60%

All Pictures must be printed on glossy paper and
left in the ELIOT Office, (Room 17, Brooking's Base-
ment) not later than 6 P.M., April 15th.


The Editors of ELIOT reserve the right to use in
any way they see fit any picture submitted for this
contest.

The Best and Most
Convenient Place to
Have Your Photos
Developed
Is at the

CLICK SHOP
6265 DELMAR CABany 2313

Our Shop can supply the
"Hilltoppers"
with all types of film and
photographic supplies.



**CLAYTON
CAMERA SHOP**
36 NORTH CENTRAL
CABany 9092

THE TOWERS...

Too Bad

When Professor McClure learned that he had won last month's Life Saver award for the best joke, he complained ruefully:

"Oh dear, now I can't tell that anymore."

In the Same Class

A few weeks ago Mrs. McFayden, wife of Professor McFayden of the history department, went to a tea at the Women's Building. She drove several other ladies over to the affair, and, when they had gotten out of her car, she locked it very carefully and remarked to one of them, "Whenever I park my car on the campus, I always lock it as if I were leaving it at church."

1940

The best leap year story we have heard yet comes from the University of Michigan. It seems that a small restaurant owner there offered a free meal ticket good for one week to the first university couple married in leap year. Weeks passed, and no one appeared to take up this generous offer. But one day, just as the manager was wringing his hands and complaining about the failure of his publicity stunt, in rushed a young couple, consisting of a very small man and a very buxom looking girl. They presented themselves to him, answered all his questions about when and how they were married, and then proceeded to dig ravenously into their first free meal, which also happened to be their last. Some one noticed the "girl's" hands. They were big and bony and covered with black hair.

Standards of Beauty

The other day Earl Sherry, who this fall transferred down from Northwestern, came into the Eliot office and began looking through

some of our exchange magazines. As he was glancing through the "Purple Parrot," also from Northwestern, he found a picture very much to his taste and declared:

"Boy, that girl is really beautiful. She's got a big yellow, convertible Buick."

Hotchner's Off Campus Venture

"Let Freedom Swing," the musicale given by the International Ladies' Garment Workers, was our idea of what a pleasing, snappy musicale should be. The script written by Aaron Hotchner had an indestructible cleverness that made even ham acting seem good. Lyrics by Mark Silverstone and Ruth Cohen, a former Washington University student, rang "humably" from the throats of union workers.

Highlight of the show was a satire on the D.A.R. A lacy dressed dowager, with an American flag clasped in one hand, took some of that institution's dirty wash from its hamper and ended each slam with the refrain, "God bless the D.A.R., Amen." In another amusing skit, Tom Pendergast, in a convict uniform, pleaded for another chance. And a most striking bit of political satire was given with Hell as locale. Green and Lewis fell from Heaven for some misdeed or other, just in time to organize the discontented workers, Morgan, Rockefeller, Ford, and Girdler, who were smarting under the oppression of Hell's bosses.

Extremely good ballet numbers lent the show a professional tone. For general impressive staging of an old theme, the ballet and chorus finale, entitled *Let Freedom Swing*, would be hard to beat.

This all goes to prove that you have to have a medium to write, and the goody-goody hedging around school prevents the tapping of our best talent.

This very excellent show by Hotchner would seem to indicate that it is necessary to have something to write about before one can write, and that the goody-goody hedging around school prevents us from getting the most out of the talent we possess.

Junior Prom

As someone once said it is the little things that count. And so Washington students will get proof of this Wednesday night, April 10 when Little Jack Little brings his nationally known orchestra to the Field House to furnish the music for the Junior Prom.

For a long time there was some doubt as to whether there would be a prom this year or not, because of the lack of class officers. However the members of Ternion and Thurtene, junior honoraries, stepped in and decided to support the affair. In an effort to make this year's dance one that the whole school would attend, the prom committee has lowered the price of tickets to \$1.50, and at the same time has succeeded in getting a well-known band.

Little Jack Little has long been known as one of the leading dance bands of the country and has recently introduced a new style of music. He now specializes in bolero rhythm which makes his songs more danceable than ever.

To add to the color of this dance, traditionally the biggest one held on the Washington campus, the 1940 Hatchet Queen will be crowned. She will be selected by illustrator James Montgomery Flagg.

and THE TOWN

THE LAST OF THE RADICALS

by **GEORGE C. SMITH**

Illustrated by George Schneider

WHEN THE modern generation of Washingtonians read about Mrs. Roosevelt and her dire connection with the dread and subversive American Student's Union, they gaze about at the pleasant placidity of our quadrangle and think, with a shudder, "Thank God OUR school remains clean and pure!" Not that we would want to sully this pretty reputation, but—

Once upon a time, in the Days of Yore (and Hafeli and Bertagnoli—nay, even Conzelman) our campus, this very Alma Mater, was itself afflicted by the Great Scourge; indeed, Communists and Subversive Elements lurked from time to time behind all sixteen trees on the quad. My own contact was with the last of the radicals, back when the ancient and more or less honorable Class of '39 was beginning its freshman year.



At that time there were in existence just two Subversive Elements, by the names of Phil Moneyppenny and Don Ellinger. While they probably weren't half as subversive as they seemed to the poor innocents of that bygone era,

I'll have to admit that they looked the part. Ellinger is only a vague memory, but Moneyppenny stands out vividly. He had Lincolnish features, but his face was pinkish (and not parlor-pinkish, either), and he was topped off with what resembled a shock of brilliant red wheat. He was definitely red in sentiment and in pigmentation. Some of us suspected, but could never prove, that he wore red flannel underwear to match.

He and Ellinger did their subversing in cahoots. Unfortunately for them, they had very few assistants. The sad fact about it all was that they never subverted anything or anybody, no matter how hard they worked. Life at school went on without much more than smiling at them briefly. This was one of the things that worked their downfall—it was that lack of spirit in the school which has recently been condemned in connection with athletics, but which was then praised by everyone as typical Washington conservatism. Nobody fought against them, and nobody fought with them. It was, I must admit, an attitude which I admired at the time, and it is still probably the best means of fighting communism—by simply ignoring it.

Ellinger and Moneyppenny stayed hard at work for the Freshman and Sophomore years of '39. At first, one of their troubles was that they behaved like gentlemen. Their chief occupation consisted of handing out a little one-sheet Communist newspaper every week. This was a rather weird procedure, but hardly objectionable. Moneyppenny stood at the north end of Brookings in the morning, working the parking lot capitalists, and Ellinger stood at the south end, catching the proletariat of the street cars. (The bus traffic up the front steps apparently were the bourgeois—they never saw any of the papers.) But for two hours on these mornings, the Subversive Elements stood waving their newspapers under the noses of the passersby. The strange thing was that they never uttered a word; this was due, it seems, to a little known faculty rule designed to keep salesmen and other undesirables from hawking their wares on the campus. A later rule, which may be seen even now on several bulletin boards, prohibited the giving out of handbills without permission of the Dean. This rule, like its predecessor, was made to protect the students from such things as burlesque show and naughty booklet advertisements, and not from the radical newspaper of Messrs. Moneyppenny and Ellinger; but, nevertheless, it was generally interpreted as an indirect method of suppressing freedom of the press. However, even if this had been so, it would have made little difference; nobody ever read the papers anyway. And considering the amount of work those boys did and the lack of response they got, that was almost pathetic.



About the only other thing they did during most of their school careers was to argue with anyone who seemed willing, in formal or informal debate, or to heckle a visiting speaker in the question period following his speech. In these cases, the audience at least listened, but it had that dreamy Wish-I-Was-in-the-Quad-Shop look in its eyes, which is so common in ten-thirty classes.

Only one Incident ever occurred. This happened when early arrivals one day found a red flag waving from the south turret of Brookings, with the rope cut and the flagpole greased thoroughly. Of course, Ellinger and Moneyppenny were suspected, but we should have known



(Continued on page 22)

She turned to Carl, "I feel gay.
Let's go romp with the others."

Illustrated
by MARTHA ZOLLMAN



CELEBRATION

by BESS MOORE

RUTH scarcely noticed the coldness of the street car or the snow falling softly outside the window. She was thinking about her job. A job. God, but it was good to be out on your own again. No more sleeping on a cot with a coat over your feet because there weren't any more quilts. No more brats squalling under your feet. No more listening to Lillian and her husband, Sid, spitting and fighting and making pointed remarks at you because you couldn't pay any board.

That was the best thing, being away from Sid, and Lillian. Not that she didn't like her sister. She did. But being crowded together in their little flat had gotten on all their nerves. Lord, but she was glad to be out of there. She hoped she never had to go back.

Things were so nice at Mrs. Duncan's. A person doesn't realize what they're missing until they see the rest. Not only did she get six bucks a week and board, but she even had a room of her own. Which was more than she had had at that stinkin' Mrs. Worthy's. And the house was nice. Nicer even than these they were passing. Even with the snow to help hide their ugly brownness, they still weren't as nice as Mrs. Duncan's. Mrs. Duncan had crisp white curtains. They'd stay that way too. She would see to it herself if that meant washing them every day.

The street car lurched around a corner. She looked out the window. They were passing a big factory, like

(Continued on next page)

CELEBRATION

(Continued from preceding page)

the one where she had worked last year. Ugh. Even thinking about it made her sick to her stomach. The bad air hemming you in. The noise of the machines constantly whirling. The monotony of the push, push, push, to make more dresses. Then the strike had come, forcing them to quit work. She didn't really care except for the money. Those men and women who stood out in the cold to picket were just plain screwy. It wasn't worth it for what you got out of it. She hadn't gone back when they finally settled it. That was almost a year ago.

Mrs. Duncan's though. That was different. She was different too now, or soon would be anyway. In such a nice place, you just felt like reforming. No more of this getting drunk on Saturday nights. Of course, she couldn't very well since her night off was Thursday, but not even then. In time she might even give up drinking altogether. In time. A thing like that takes time. Especially when you're as used to it as she was.

The thought came to her. "By God, I'll start tonight! Let the devil himself tempt me I won't get looped. That doesn't mean I won't take a drink. I'll just count 'em. Ten's the limit. I can hold ten easily."

Ten drinks. Something in the back of her mind squirmed for recognition. Ten drinks. What did that remind her of? Oh yes. The night that she had gotten in an argument with John, the big truck driver who always used to hang around at Harry's. God, how she hated him. She had always hated him. He used to sit at a special table in the corner every Saturday night and sneer at her when she came in with the gang to drink beer. Even when she had her back to him she could feel him smirking. She was always conscious of him the minute she walked in the door.

His smirking had really sort of fascinated her then, but she wouldn't admit it. What the Hell. She was young, only nineteen, and not bad looking. At least so men had told her. Why should he be so aloof?

She must have had a few beers too many that night. She didn't remember much about it except that all of a sudden she couldn't bear his sneering any longer. She knew she had to do something about it, so she calmly got up from her table, walked over to him, and slapped him in the face.

"God damn you, stop it." She hadn't raised her voice very much but the others heard her anyway and had stopped to watch. He just sat there looking at her impersonally.

"Infants like you ought to be in bed with their bottles."

"Infant, eh? Who's an infant! I'll bet you I can drink as many beers as you'd buy me, and not even feel it."

His eyes narrowed, and he scanned her sidewise.

"I'll take that bet. With pleasure."

She passed out in the middle of the tenth beer. John must have carried her out. The next thing she knew cold air was blowing in her face and they were jogging

along in his truck. Her head was whirling, and in the darkness she couldn't discern any familiar landmarks.

"Where are we going?"

"I'm taking you where you ought to be—home."

All she could say was, "Oh." Then she had put her head on his shoulder because that was the logical place for it. Whether he was really taking her home or not she didn't know and didn't care. He put his arm around her, and in a minute he stopped the truck. The rest was hazy.

Funny that in thinking back on all that she could remember, she couldn't remember feeling the hatred which she usually felt for him.

When her family had found out about it, they had tried to get her to marry him, but she wouldn't. Why marry a man you hated? That would only make it worse.

It had all worked out all right anyway. Her sister had known of a home that found places to take the babies and care for them. You had to pay though. She hadn't seen much of the kid because they took it away real soon. Yet she was glad she hadn't. It might have looked like John. Then she would have hated it too.

Thank God that was all past. Nothing like it would happen again. She'd see to that. Ten was her limit tonight. The street car clanked around the corner, and Ruth rose to get off.

II

The street, as she walked along, was practically deserted. Everyone must be washing dishes or something. Only one car passed her as she walked the block and a half to Lillian's place, her footsteps muffled in the soft, cottony snow. She walked slowly. For some reason she wasn't particularly anxious to get to the party. She tried to picture the gang and how they would act, cutting up like they always did. Poor dopes. Too bad she was going to be a wet blanket tonight what with her quota and all.

Maybe it would be better if she just didn't go; that way she wouldn't spoil their fun. That wouldn't do though. Lillian was expecting her and might think something had happened. Why did Lillian have to have the damn thing anyway. 'To celebrate your job,' she had said. Well, she could understand her wanting to celebrate, but why did she had to include her in it?

Ruth paused by the steamy windows of a small store on the corner. Maybe she ought to go in and tell Harry hello while she was here. That's it! She'd just stop in and have a couple of quick ones. That way she could tell them she had had a head start. She opened the door and went in.

When she came out again a few minutes later her pace was a little faster. Maybe the party wouldn't be so bad after all. Now she could have her quota and no one would think anything about it. She wondered about counting in the extra two with the ten. No. The ten were just for the party; the first two didn't count because they were to help her stick by her resolution.

When she came to Lillian's flat the lights were on in both of the upstairs windows. The place looked pretty

(Continued on page 14)

A TWO SYLLABLE WORD

by **JULIA EARLE RICHARDSON**

IN THE ESSAY "Causeway" by Thomas Burke there is a description of a Chinese store, consisting of a mysterious conglomeration of unrelated objects characterizing such stores. Among the articles there was enumerated "longans." At that point the learned man (Dr. Stout) who was reading the essay aloud in English class, stopped to remark that he did not know the meaning of that word—in fact, had never looked it up. Now, I have a great respect for the learning of that man. He pronounces French lightly on the tip of his tongue and German sonorously in his throat. Besides, he has a Ph.D. after his name. But he himself confessed that he did not know the meaning of that simple, two syllable word.

Neither did I know the meaning of "longan," but I don't have a Ph.D. after my name (Goodness knows I'm working hard enough for an A.B.) and I'm not expected to know such things. Most likely, I would have let the word slip by, its only purpose in the sentence being to increase the mysteriousness of the Chinese shop, but when he said that, I resolved then and there to look it up and find out its meaning.

However, my dictionary did not list it and I was obliged to go to the library. There, I found the following:

longan: The lichi-like fruit of a sapindaceous tree, *Nephelium longanum*, cultivated in China and the East Indies.

The scientific name, *Nephelium longanum*, I immediately discarded. (After finishing Zoo I, I resolved never to have anything to do with scientific names again!) The last part of the definition I could understand: the tree grew in China (which is a country far, far away with a wall around it) and the East Indies is the country Columbus was trying to find when he came across America—no, that was India. (Well, anyway, the East Indies are islands, somewhere.) However, the first part of the definition was almost meaningless. The best I could make out was that a longan was the fruit of a tree. But so is an apple the fruit of a tree.

Maybe if I looked up the meaning of lichi, I would know more about it. Thereupon, I turned to this:

lichi: The fruit of a Chinese sapindaceous tree, *Litchi chinesis*, consisting of a thin, brittle shell inclosing a sweet, jelly-like pulp and a single seed.

Again, I discarded the scientific name and this time I understood just what it was like. I pictured a brittle, easily-opened shell such as is around pistachio nuts. The inside, soft and succulent like a plum, but much sweeter. As sweet as honey. Indeed, it must be delicious. There was only one seed which, when separated from the fruit, was smooth and shiny. I would have been quite satisfied with my visualization of longans if I had not noticed another strange word in the definition, "sapindaceous." So, I turned the pages to this:

sapindaceous: Belonging to the soapberry family of plants.

Now, this was very confusing as soapberry smelled strongly of soap. And, indeed, this is what I found:

soapberry: Certain tropical and subtropical trees of the genus *Sapindus*, bearing fruit used as a substitute for soap.

Going back to the original definition and substituting, we arrive at the following:

longan: The sweet, jelly-like fruit of a tree of the soapberry family, used as a substitute for soap.

And so, I have looked up the word "longan" and will have to confess that I do not yet know what it is. It may be an edible fruit with a luscious flavor, or a common substitute for soap. I am really more confused than I was in the beginning. Now the word has lost even the original mysteriousness which it possessed in the essay. However, I still have a great respect for the learning of that learned man. He knows when not to look up a word, even if it has only two syllables!



WINGS OVER

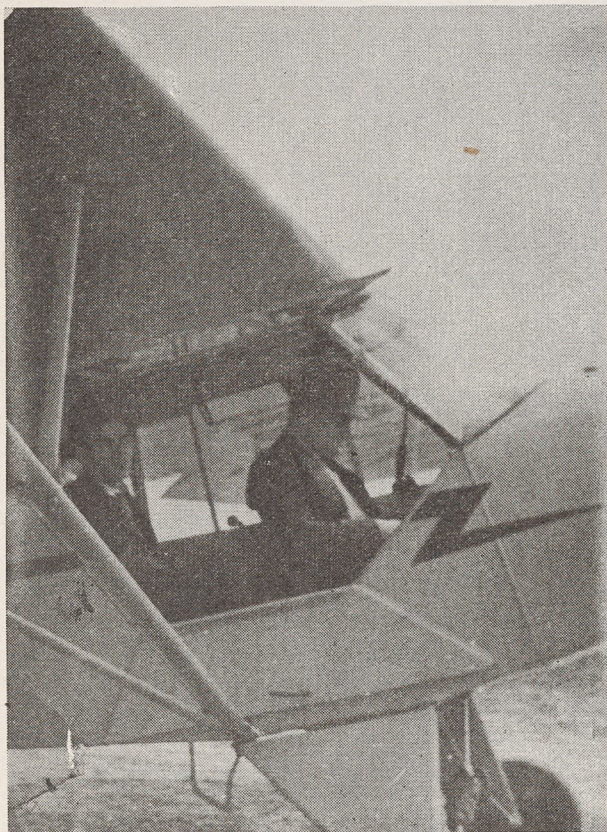
"COME ON IN and sit down for a while, and we'll meet some of the fellas and do a little 'hangar flying' for a few minutes 'til the weather clears. It's too misty to go up just now."

There was already a group around the stove when Joe College and I walked into the combination lunch-class-recreation room that constitutes Ray Branson's office. We approached them, and I began the introductions:

"Fellas, this is Joe College. He's interested in this C.A.A. flying course, so I brought him out to give him the lowdown."

"Joe, this is Joe Pasteris, one of our instructors," I said, indicating a short, well-built young fellow, who looks like he would rather fly than eat, but really wouldn't.

"And Pierce Barnard," I continued, nodding to a tall nice-looking young man. Pierce doesn't talk much but is credited with saying, "I'd like to give the whole damned aviation industry back to the Indians." This particular outburst came after a very trying day when



Bob Alexander and "Oh Johnny" Stoeker had bounced Dr. I.
him across the field several times in succession. tions,

"Ray Branson," I said, nodding toward the pappy of "Ho
the instructor family, "is growing bald over worrying asked
about the C.A.A." He used to be quite a conversational "Pr
ist but now confines himself to unmentionable mumb for mi
ings caused by the amazing ability of some of his pris "W
students to do the safest maneuvers in the most danger "W
ous way.

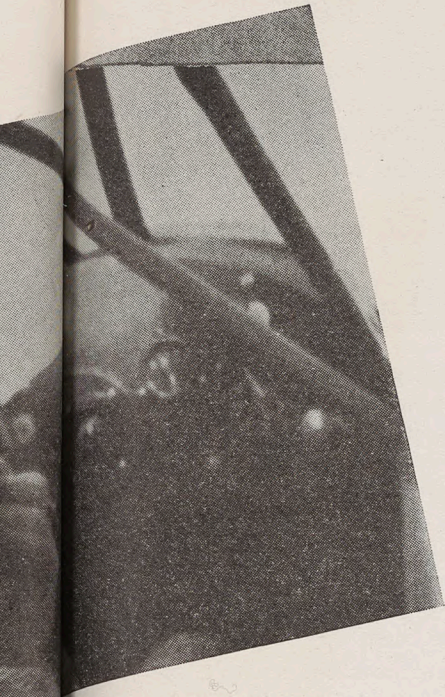
Ray nodded to J. C., and then politely excused himself steep
because he had to find Form 6421-C and send it to the in
Washington, D.C. indicating on it the number of bakes the in
bean plates his lunch department had served to C.A.A. Herb
students since February 1. wind s
tries t
time I

"This is Ozzie Dow, the latest addition to the in partic
structor family," I said, pointing out a tall, dark, broad a very
shouldered fellow. "And, of course, you know Cooki "Jo
'Old Timer' Lorenz and 'Steep Turns' Major and the "S
other fellas."

The introductions thus completed, we sat down that o
"Cub," the airport dog investigated J. C.'s pants leg for the sh
strange smells and then curled up on the lap of Joe whimp
Pasteris. him a
call m

"J. C. is interested in the progress of the students and a half
wants to find out about the course because he would like for 20
to take it next year," I explained to Joe, who is the

WASHINGTON



PHOTOS BY GEORGE GANNETT

Dr. I. Q. of the airport and patiently answers all questions, however stupid.

"How do you like training College boys, Joe?" J. C. asked by way of opening the conversation.

"Pretty well, but I sure drew a hair-brained group for mine."

"What do you mean, aren't they all good students?"

"Well, yes, but Major, for example, insists on doing steep turns at 200, in spite of my repeated warning that the inspector will get him if he don't watch out. And Herb 'Down-Wind' Armistead invariably disregards the wind sock and takes off down wind. 'Davey Boy' Leigh tries to tell me that he is practicing recoveries every time I catch him using the throttle to recover from a particularly bad landing. But outside of that, they are a very intelligent lot.

"Joe, do you have any fellows like 'The Rabbit' in the 'Smiling Jack' comic strip?"

"No, not in this class, but I did have a student like that once. I took him up to get him acquainted with the ship and he just crouched down in the back seat whimpering 'Oh God,' 'Oh God.' By way of putting him at his ease I turned around and told him to 'just call me Joe.' I also had a student once, who paid for a half hour's instruction and I had to argue with him for 20 minutes of it to get him to take the controls."

Cookie "Old Timer" Lorenz arose and excused herself saying it was time for her to take her arm exercise. Ray, her instructor, was responsible for this because he thought she needed more strength in her right arm to hold the stick back when making a landing.

"Pierce, how about your students?" asked J. C. turning to the silent one.

"Well, I also have some dingers, just like Joe. Take Johnny "Scatterbrains" Thompson, for instance. If we had two-way head phones in the ships I would never get a word in edgewise. He constantly bombards me with conversation that sounds like double talk. If I could get him to listen to me once in a while he would be a good student. However, he soloed the other day and did a swell job of it. In fact, we can still fly the ship.

"George Gannet is another one of my Aces. The day I spun him, everything was fine until I started to show him how to spin from a vertical. Suddenly he tapped me on the shoulder, and informed me that he couldn't get the window open and the only other place for him to get sick was on the back of my neck. The noise his

(Continued on page 21)



CELEBRATION

(Continued from page 10)

lively. Might be a good party after all. The bell when she rang it couldn't be heard, so she tried the door. It was unlocked. Loud voices and music rushed out to meet her. Almost eagerly Ruth slammed the door, and hurried up the dimly lit stairs.

These stairs certainly were different from Mrs. Duncan's. But now why should she think of that. Funny that they hadn't seemed nearly so steep nor so narrow a couple of weeks ago. She heard Lillian's voice laughing above the others. Poor kid, having to live in a place like this. Pretty nice of her to give the party just for her.

"Hi, Gang," said Ruth. Greetings were flung at her from all directions.

"Hi Ya, Ruthie."

"Hey, you're late. Where ya been?"

"Hi, Kid, come join the party."

Almost miraculously her hat and coat disappeared and someone shoved a drink into her hand. It was good to be with the old gang after all.

"Well, I must confess. I stopped in to tell Harry hello, and he insisted on treating me."

Jim came over to her and started questioning her about her new job. Little fat greasy Jim. Lord, how could Lou stand a husband like that? No wonder she was always flirting around. However, Jim was pretty nice. Better than none at all, maybe.

Someone started playing the piano. "Say, Jim, who's that guy? I've never seen him before."

"Who, him?" Jim waved a thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the piano.

"Yeah. He sure can play."

"I don't know. Some guy named Carl. Lou picked up

at Harry's and brought along." His voice gave no hint of his feelings.

Hmm. Not bad. She didn't much blame Lou. Ruth strolled over to the piano. "Say, how about playing my favorite piece since I'm supposed to be guest of honor, more or less?"

"O.K. What'll it be?" He continued to play as he spoke. She named the piece, and then sat down beside him. When he had finished it, his fingers skipped up the keys in a kind of half run and into another tune. Ruth marveled at the flexibility of his hands. If he had noticed that she was sitting beside him, he made no sign of it. How dull.

"Say, Paderwski, let's you and me go fix us a little drink, huh?"

He stopped playing as unexpectedly as he had begun. "Suits me." Immediately someone started to play the vic. In the kitchen they could hear it as loudly as in the living room.

"You may not realize it but I'm honoring you with this drink," said Ruth.

"How so?"

"I'm running on a quota, and I really should save this one till a little later, or I'll use them up too fast. This is my—umm, let me see?" Count now, she mustn't lose track, even though one drink more or less wouldn't make any difference. It was just the principle of the thing. She counted back. "This is my sixth."

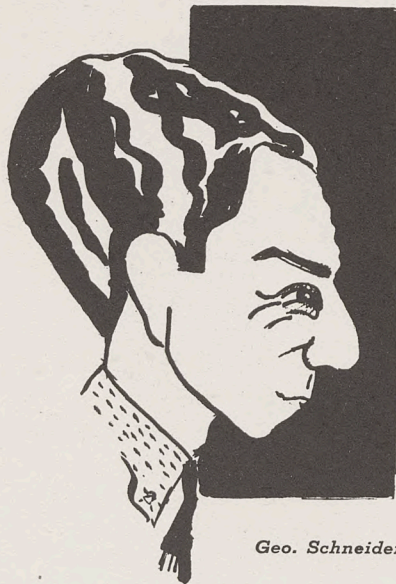
"You really shouldn't have a quota at a time like this. How can you celebrate if you have to stop and count each one?"

"I know, but if I don't count, I'm liable to have no reason to celebrate. I have to be able to get back to Mrs. Duncan's in fit condition.

(Continued on page 18)

A Man You Ought to Know

by Cox and Schneider



Geo. Schneider

AARON HOTCHNER

Hotchner's the name, I run the Law School.
I love to write lines for the fellows to drool;
In my spare time I dash off plays,
Act in some too when I get the craze.

I contribute to the Quarterly of January Hall,
And also write skits for the Lawyers' Day brawl;
I made Thurtene, O.D.K. as well,
I edited Eliot—I've worked like hell!

Now after giving Quad Show my very best
I just want to take a much-needed rest.

—Ray Cox



A Young Man's Fancy

THE TOUCH of spring has brought down the tops on innumerable convertibles, and given rise to lots of embryo romances. We cite, as an example, the case of Carabelle Murtfeldt and Bob Leach (Quad Show) whom we saw strolling about hand in hand on St. Patrick's day, in the midst of all those birds and bees. From Carabelle's whistling and Bob's humming there emerged a little tune called "Fight Night," which, like Mr. Leach, attained eminence in Quad Show. It seems that Bob and Carey and "Fight Night" had been to the park, the Art Museum that is, to see the Picasso exhibit. Nothing like a little culture.

That same day we breezed by Valerie Brinkman walking arm in arm along Lindell with Gilbert Lutz. A nice warm Saint Patrick's day seems to inject everybody with a little pre-spring romance.

Jellying has been on the increase lately with regulars and newcomers alike giving their all. Prominent among the regulars are Peg. J. Stoecker and Ed Buford. On those rare occasions when Ed attends class, much against his will, he grabs Peggy by the hair and drawls with all his southern charm, "Come on, gal, let's go to college." . . . Peggy loves it.

Then there's Peggy's Beta brother, John, who, under the spell of Spring and Virginia Ann Cook, is running David Cohen a bit of competition. The competition to which we refer is for Dave's newly acquired title (Yes, we bestowed it), of "Supreme High Master of Continuous and Perpetual Jellying, and Matters Directly or Indirectly pertaining to Said Art."

Sig Amours

Mary Betty Maxwell, Hatchet Queen candidate, may be seen almost any time, "doin' the Quad Shop" with Joe Steinle of the Sig Chi lodge. . . Harry Davis, newly elected prexy of aforementioned lodge is causing his gal June March no end of worry. She's afraid his new position will invest him with a little glamour, and all the campus cats will get wind of it. Jane, unlike the well-known March, goes out like a lion and comes in like a lamb. Harry's story has it that she's always a lamb.

The jarring note in this Springtime epic of hearts and flowers came to us when Margot Parman gave back the badge to Jack Warner. We hated to put this in, but we knew you'd all be wondering. The happy feature of this item is Markey's statement that they will keep on dating each other exclusively, anyway. Well why did you give back the pin then? That makes two times you've done it. Have a beer and make up your mind.

Consistency

Ham Robinson, who has switched from Kappa freshie Betty Thompson to Kappa freshie Eunice Haddaway, seems to feel duty bound to be consistent, if not with the girl herself, at least with the sorority and class. What more could one ask?

Another Local Boy Makes Good

From Hollywood comes the news that Lennie Hoffman's brother, George, who was on the hill for a semester, has signed a long term contract with Warner Brothers.

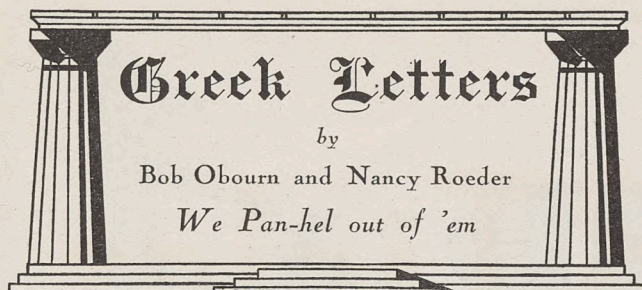
Short and Snappy

The rumor that Virginia Woas was going steady was true, but only temporarily. Two days showed no go. They decided it would be better "just friends." It looks like an all-time record for short romances; just turn your back and its gone.

Kenny Leutwiler and Marian Endres are coming to be a pretty regular sight at the night spots and the numerous school dances. . . A flash of a Beta bracelet from Doreen Dunwoody gives a hint of an off-campus Beta. On-campus Beta Alexander is wistfully fingering his badge between cokes and ciggies with Marguerite Wiederholt. But he's taking a heck of a long time for a Beta.

The shine has scarcely worn off that Shirley Jones, Del Cummins twosome. . . Buzz Withington's Sigma Chi cross recently went to the dorm on Eloise Engle. . . Quite a sensation resulted the other night from Marion Underwood's entrance behind four gardenias. Read Boles was the donor, and the recipient of numerous cat-calls from the Phi Delt.

(Continued on page 19)



THEY'RE feuding again. One quiet afternoon in the Women's Building a large sign appeared on the Kappa door. "Quiet!! Funeral going on within." Then tacked on the Theta door was seen "Beware! The Bug House." This same warning next appeared on the Pi Phi door. To the Theta portal was then pasted "Danger!! Look Out!! The Theta Booby Hatch." Ah, that we could see ourselves as others see us.

Some S.A.E.'s unable to break a well established habit were recently found reclining under a table in Ridgley. In reply to caustic comments of the ever-vigilant library patrol, the boys calmly insisted this customary atmosphere was quite inductive to study.

One of the campus' better known beauties, after having lunch at the K.A. house the other day, commented on their southern fire. It seems that everything was peaceful when one of the brothers passed a remark another failed to appreciate. In the old days the latter would have probably called the former out, but times change. The offended brother dashed a glass of water on the offender. The offender, somewhat dampened but still fighting, seized a pitcher of ice water, got behind the second man and turned it bottom side up. The deluged brother withdrew defeated. Judging from the incident we would say that the fighting spirit of the old South still lives at the Kappa Alpha house; the ethics of the duel, however, have changed.

Non-conformist: a Beta with his pin.

Down in history goes the story of the Pi Phi putsch of Leap Year's day. From 8 a.m. on any eligible male was able to get a free coke in the Quad Shop by merely smiling at a Pi Phi. The peak of the putsch was reached that evening when the girls made a play for the old boy friends by inviting them to a Leap Year's party.

Recently we promised a persuasive Theta we'd give the chapter a plug. Well, here it is:

"The Pi Phis love it.

The Kappas aren't above it."

But the Thetas merely keep their mouths shut.

The Sig Chis have been trying to break the loafing habits of one of the brothers. This battle of wits first came to our attention the other day when the door of Number Five swung wide and out marched several Sigs bearing a sofa on which reclined the loafer. Later a blanket was brought out and thrown over the body. When we looked again the sofa was empty.

Ten minutes later the door of Number Five swung open; out marched several brothers bearing a second sofa on which reclined the loafer, sans blanket. Long period of inaction. We looked again; the loafer still reclined but clothed in a hat and heavy coat.

Score at the end of the second chukker: Loafer 2, Bretheren 0.

There are three new Pages in Pi Phi history.

Here's an item we stumbled on a little while ago. Last Fall the K.A.'s gave a smoker for the Sigma Nus. Shortly thereafter one of the Sigma Nus dropped around to House Number Three and casually asked where the K.A.'s had obtained the cigars they passed out at that smoker. It seems that the Sigma Nus wanted to make their freshmen smoke them during Hell Week.



Herman is getting used to it by degrees.

We hear that the University is going to build a sidewalk from the east end of Fraternity Row to McMillan Hall so the boys won't have to wade through the mud to get to classes. What's the administration trying to do, make sissies out of the boys?

Two of the Pi K.A.'s have a little wager, three quarts of fluid corn and ten dollars

folding money, as to which one can be the first to hang his pin. One of the lads in a desperate attempt to win the wager gave his pin to Rose Mary, of the Rail Fence. It bounced back the next morning.

The quickest reformation of the year came about at the Pi Phi initiation when the new members were heartily congratulated and told, "You're no longer individuals, you're Pi Phis."



ARTicles

by **LIZZY HUGHES** and **BETTY BRANDT**

What Eleven Leading Art Students Think About the Picasso Exhibit now at the Art Museum

The man is ingenious in his sense of design. Such works as "The Women in White" and "The Three Graces" show traces of true draftsmanship. A man as versatile as he, must be an artist.

—Al Paxton.

• • •

You probably didn't like olives the first time you ate them,—give Picasso the same chance you would an olive.

—Fred Toelle.

• • •

I like the funny papers too.

—George Schneider.

• • •

Anyone who tries to give a reason for liking Picasso only makes a fool of himself, because one has to be more or less artistically sensitive to appreciate his works.

—Russell Kraus.

• • •

He is capitalizing on the stupidity of human nature.

—Audrey Bretzman.

As a hat designer he would have been a wow. But as an artist—Nuts.

—Helen Graves.

• • •

Unaccustomed as I am to Pablo Picasso, I shall describe his works in one word—Phooey!

—Johnny Davis.

• • •

He isn't an artist but a super-salesman who can talk people into anything.

—Jane Hunter.

• • •

He is an artist for art's sake, and if he is just commercializing, some one is a fool.

—Larry Mullin.

• • •

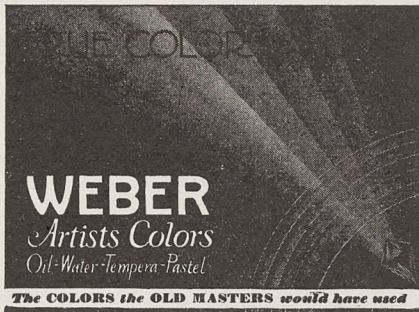
His line design isn't much, but his sensitivity to color is amazing.

—Charlotte Parsons.

• • •

Anyone who can't spend a week there can't explain his works.

—Gorman Paul.



For sale at
THE ART SCHOOL STORE

The Leading Art Supply House
of the Southwest

Complete Camera Department

BADER'S

1112 Locust St.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

CELEBRATION

(Continued from page 14)

"Who's Mrs. Duncan?"

"She's my boss, and a good one too."

"You don't mean you're going to let some woman whom you hardly know tell you what to do?"

"Well, it's not that exactly." Damn him. He was right really, but what difference did it make to him. No. In spite of it all, she had to stick to her quota.

"Let's go dance."

Back in the living room the vic was playing full tilt. Two or three were trying some rough jitterbugging. Ruth had watched a jitterbug contest once at the Golden Sandal Ball Room. Maybe she could do a couple of the steps; they looked easy and she remembered them perfectly.

"Here, I know some steps. Let me try." She thrust her glass into Carl's hand and began a poor imitation of what she had seen. Boy, that was harder than it looked. Carl cheered her on from the sidelines. The record finished playing, and she reached for her glass. What the heck, it was empty. Well, that one wouldn't count because she had had only a little more than half of it anyway.

Back in the kitchen she cracked the ice while Carl mixed the drinks. Nonchalantly he poured the various parts together.

"Say, what's this celebration for you all about?"

Ruth rolled her eyes in mock astonishment.

"You mean to say you haven't yet heard the cause of all the shouting? Why, I thought the whole town knew about that."

"Nope, 'fraid I haven't."

"That's a fine thing. Here you spend half an evening at a party before you even know why it's being given. And especially since it's in my honor." She made a swooping flourish. "Woe unto you, villainous Mr. — uh." She stopped. "Say, I don't even know your last name."

"Conway."

"Pleased to meet you." Solemnly she seized his hand and pumped it up and down. "My name is Jones, but they call me Joe for short."

"Hi, Joe. Have a drink." Carl handed her her glass.

Really, it was wonderful the fun she was having. She certainly hadn't expected it. The gang was doing it up fine tonight. Not bad at all. Maybe Carl would take her home. Then it wouldn't matter if she did get a little

happy. It was the going on the street car that made it bad.

She turned to Carl. "I feel gay. Let's go romp with the others."

This Carl was a pretty nice guy. Better than the usual run of Lou's friends. His brown suit fitted him nice and smooth. Like the suits Mr. Duncan wore.

Good old Mr. Duncan. If it weren't for the Duncan's there wouldn't even have been a party. She relayed her last thought to Carl. She and Carl must drink a toast to the Duncan's. They did. It was in the middle of the toast to Bosco, the Duncan dog, that Lillian interrupted them.

"Sorry to bother you, but everyone is leaving. This is Thursday you know and the boys all have to go to work tomorrow."

Oh, nuts. Why did someone have to think of that. They just wanted to spoil all the fun. Now even Carl was leaving. Funny guy, that Carl. He hadn't even tried to kiss her though they had been alone in the kitchen all that time. Maybe he was married; but that didn't bother most of them. And he didn't even offer her a ride home. Damn. Ruth shook her head, trying to comprehend the ride on the street car. Lord, ten drinks had never gotten her like this before. She just couldn't make it.

"Say, Lil, is your couch occupied tonight?"

Lillian frowned. "Ruth, you'd better get back to the Duncan's. They won't like it if you stay out all night."

"Oh, they won't care. Mrs. Duncan likes me." Well if she wouldn't offer her the couch, she'd take it anyway. Ah, there it was, and empty, too, just waiting for her. Ruth sank down upon it gratefully.

Lillian shook her. "Ruth, wake up." But Ruth gave no sign of having heard her.

III

"You and Carl sure took the party to heart last night." Lillian handed her a cup of black coffee.

"Yeah, damn him. I wasn't going to get plastered because I had to get back to the Duncan's. I'll sure have to cook up a good story."

"Why don't you just tell her the truth. She'll probably guess it anyway to look at you."

Ruth's reply was nothing more than a grunt. God, why was she such a sap. You'd think she had no will-power. Ten drinks. Ha. That's a laugh. Probably more near twenty. Damn that Carl Kenway. No, Conway. Carl Conway. If he had been any kind of a gentleman, he would have offered her a ride at least part of the way

(Continued on page 20)

Calling All Hungry Students

to the new

COTNER'S SANDWICH SHOP

631 NORTH AND SOUTH ROAD — half block west of Delmar

Open All Nite

Prices the way you like them

Plenty Parking Space

BETWEEN BELLES

(Continued from page 15)

Simile

As nervous as Shelton Voges at the Engineers' Masque. Ask him about it.

Here We Are Again

Jane Ann Morris is currently abiding the time of one Roy Whisnand. Girls like the little Morris give people the wrong impression of level-headed, intellectual, Pi Phis.

Bob Burns and Marcia Toensfeldt are still as thick as the proverbial oatmeal at a Phi Delt "Black Supper."

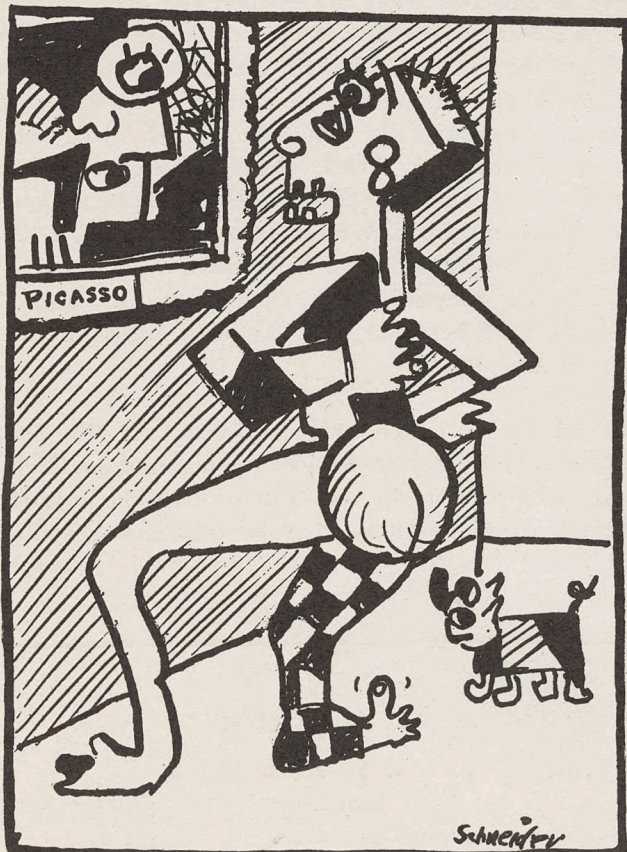
We thought all those pins around school were beginning to drop off when Dody Usher gave Ted's pin the toss. It's back on again now. Ted promised to give up something... Bob Turner's five-armed star is on Betty Hopkins. Let's not be slow about this, just step forward.

The Quad Show singing chorus took a bit of a trip recently to do a recording, and from the tales we've heard, they had quite a time.

Proof

Marquita Moll's virtue is proved. After each Quad Show rehearsal they had to wipe lipstick off Grindler's chin.

Paul Kummer and Harriet Lloyd were seen dancing to the slow and tantalizing strains of Hal Kemp recently. Gosh what music... It may interest some of you seniors to know that Pete Mara has at last found the real thing. Need we say more?



I don't see anything so difficult about Picasso.

Quad Show Is Still With Us

Here are the last choice bits from backstage. That's a promise. All the personnel, from principals to stagehands got into the habit of dropping over to Town Hall after rehearsals for some relaxation, which they really needed. After one particularly discouraging evening they tramped in to put on their own show, purely extempore. The show opened with "My Blue-Eyed Boy," and almost closed with the same tune, but Harry Cheshire came within an inch of redeeming himself with "Hawaiian War Chant" and "Shadrack." These last two were accompanied by Pickering on what passed in the dim light for drums.

The Beckemeier interpretation of "Herman the German" came ineluctably to the fore when the "Shadrack" had faded into the distance. With hardly a pause for breath or persuasion he did it again. He does a fine job on it, as Quad Show people from the last five years will willingly attest.

Two songs from past shows popped up next, Galle's "Only Dreaming" and Bob Reinhardt with "When We Fell in Love." Then came a little hand holding by the same two, with a piano accompaniment by Beckemeier. Dolly did "Don't Put Your Daughter on the Stage," and well we must say. The climax was "King of Harlem," and the closer, a sad, low chorus of "Lights Out," by Sally Alexander and D. Pitts.

Quad Show and a number of the boys passed out Saturday night at the annual Quad Show party at the Roosevelt. To call this gathering a party is to refuse to face facts. It had everything but what it needed, vitality. It was as dead, without even trying, as most of the boys were the next morning.

Spinach? No.

Well, there it is, a column full of love, love, and more love. We know it's Spring, but, by God, we're sick of writing about it, that is, about love. So pardon us while we open a window.

Say! Look at that babe out there on the Quad. Pheuu-u-u woo-woo.

So long fans. See you next month.

• • •

If,
 Reaching for you,
 I should find you
 To be,
 Like a flower,
 With petals outstretched
 Awaiting the Bee...
 But alas!
 Such delight
 Is not for me.
 Just
 Your nasal voice
 droning...
 Darling, you're caught
 On my Kappa Key.

CELEBRATION

(Continued from page 18)

out. The whole flock were a bunch of swine. Now she had to catch the trolley this morning. It would take a good forty-five minutes to get there, and the snow would probably make it even longer. Oh lord.

She gulped down the last of the coffee. "Where's my coat and hat?" Lillian had gone into the bedroom to rouse Sid and didn't hear the question. She repeated it, more forcefully.

"Behind the kitchen door," Lillian called back.

Fine thing. You'd think that if Lil didn't want her back on her hands she could at least help her get back to work instead of molly-coddling that lazy husband of hers. Ruth jammed on her hat, not bothering to look in the wavy mirror in the hall.

Outside it was no longer snowing, but though the sun was out the snow had not begun to melt. Brrr. What a time of the morning to have to catch a street car. Too bad there wasn't at least a bus line near. Ruth stepped briskly over the uncleared sidewalks. The stillness which had enveloped her last night as she was walking to Lillian's still hung in the air, but there was a new briskness about it. Everything seemed tense, not relaxed as it had been. The cold, though there was still no wind, had more of a bite to it. Ruth turned her collar up more closely around her ears.

When she passed Harry's, there was only a little of the steam left on the windows, and the shade on the door was pulled down. A clock in the window said 7:12. Oh, what was Mrs. Duncan thinking now about her not being there fixing breakfast. How could she have been such a fool. Maybe Mrs. Duncan would give her another chance. Ruth's ear caught the sound of a street car approaching, and she ran to catch it. What luck. If things were starting off like this, maybe it wouldn't turn out so bad after all.

She settled herself on the side next to the heater. As she stared out the window a feeling of desolation crept over her. What if Mrs. Duncan really did fire her, then what. Lillian and Sid didn't want her back, and she didn't want them either. And Bobby. Mrs. Denny was going to be asking for more money soon for keeping him. The old hag. Why didn't she adopt him. Sid had paid it the last time but he wouldn't again. It was all he could do to keep his own family together. What a mess.

But maybe Mrs. Duncan would be real understanding, and not fire her. Like some of these women in the

movies. They were always taking the unfortunate under their wing. Yeah, too bad things like that only happen in the movies. Ruth cast the possibility aside. No, there was only one way to do. That was to think up a good excuse; a darn good excuse.

Let's see, she could have stayed with Lil all night because one of the kids was sick, or better still, Lil herself. That one could have easily been true, except that no one got sick last night. Must have been because it broke up so early. I o'clock. What a sissy party. Why they'd hardly gotten going good. It was probably a good thing they didn't or she might not be even this near home now.

But the excuse. What could she say? The snow kept her from getting home? No, that wouldn't work because there were always street cars and the snow didn't stop them. Humm. But let's see. If she were where there were no street cars? Like out in the country. Yes, that's it! Out in the country. She had ridden out to the country with a friend to see Bobby, and they got stuck and couldn't get back, and had to stay there all night. That's a wonderful idea!

Her mind relieved by the strength of her alibi, Ruth contented herself with looking out the window. When they again passed the factory which she had seen last night, people were entering it to begin the day's work. The suckers. You sure wouldn't catch her doing anything like that again. She had a good job. No more drudgery for her. Mrs. Duncan wouldn't fire her. Why anyone would have done the same thing under the circumstances, and taken the chance to go see their little boy. Anyone, probably, except her, that is.

As far as she herself was concerned, the less she saw of him the better. He looked too much like his father. That's why she didn't keep him around. That and other reasons. If she ever saw him sneer like John she'd knock his teeth down his throat. She really did feel kinda' sorry for him at times though. Oh well, Mrs. Denny was pretty nice to him, nicer than she could ever have been. Especially when she didn't have a job.

Yes, but she did have a job now, Mrs. Duncan wouldn't fire her. She just couldn't. That's all there was to it.

IV

Ruth walked briskly up the driveway. If Mrs. Duncan should happen to be looking no need to let her know how nervous she was. Silly of her to be so scared. Her alibi was fool-proof. Why she was almost beginning to believe it herself.

(Continued on page 22)

There are now Three . . .

COTNER'S SANDWICH SHOPS

5301 EASTON at Union

455 DE BALIVIERE at Kingsbury

631 NORTH AND SOUTH ROAD — half block west of Delmar

Open All Nite

Prices the way you like them

Plenty Parking Space

WINGS OVER WASHINGTON

(Continued from page 13)

Adam's apple made as it leaped up and settled back into place could be heard over the roar of the motor, and caused me to make a very hasty landing. One of his friends told me that George had been very tired after that trying experience and went to bed without even waiting for his supper."

"Pierce, does everyone get sick in a spin?"

"No, but it might happen even to an experienced pilot. Air-sickness is nothing to be ashamed of. It probably results, in the case of most students, from nervousness. George will probably be all right now that he knows that spins, when properly executed, are simple and harmless. And besides, its easy to kid a fellow into getting sick by "riding" him on the ground before he goes up. I remember when I brought George down, Frank Hardt ran up to the ship and yelled, "Puke, puke, puke, well all right." With all the practical jokers around an airport, a fellow has to be able to take it. We kid alot, but its all good, clean fun, and we don't mean any offense by it."

"Who is the best student in the course?" asked J. C.

"Well, as for the best boy, that's hard to say, but without a doubt, "Old Timer" Lorenz is the best girl. She can handle a ship just like she had flown for years. She has lots of spunk and her success should make the rest of the Co-eds fight for a chance to take the course next year."

"We might even choose one of them as Queen of the Flying School, if there weren't so many Queens stumbling over each other already," said J. C. with a grin, having read the Dean's comment on the Queen situation in Stupid Life.

Ray came over to join the group while sealing an envelope containing Form 6421-C; and, after marking it Air Mail Special Delivery, he threw it in the mail box.

"Mr. Branson, as owner of the flying school, what would you say of the group as a whole?"

"Well, the majority of them will make good pilots but there is a "Screwbird" or two in the class. I won't

mention any names but you can probably gather who I mean. I could touch him from here if I had a club handy. But even he might make the grade, who knows?" With this he got up and putting on his hat and coat informed Joe Pasteris that if they wanted him he would be over at Lambert Field.

By this time a drizzle had set in definitely eliminating any possibility of flying. As I had to leave, J. C. arose and shaking hands all around, he said, "Thanks fellows, I enjoyed our chat and next time I come out I am going to take a ride. And you can bet your grandmother's bathing suit that I'll be in the course next year."



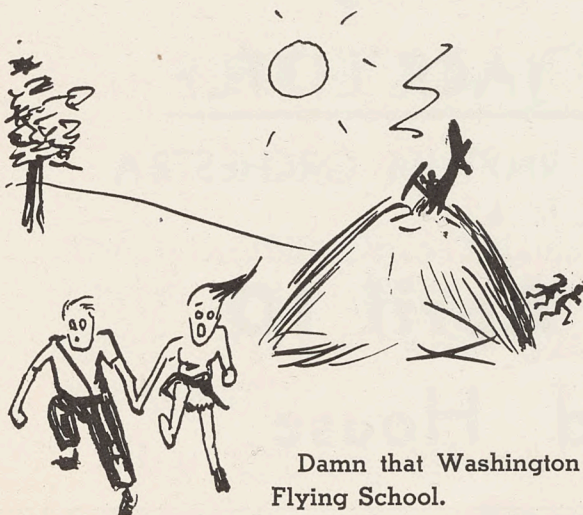
When you can't get a
Snack at home . . .

Just try

Nifty Nickels Sandwich Shop

6 SO. CENTRAL, IN CLAYTON

Opposite the Court House — Open All Nite



Damn that Washington
Flying School.

STRAUB'S SELECT FOODS

COMPLETE MENUS PLANNED FOR
SORORITY AND FRATERNITY
PARTIES

CLAYTON STORE
DE lmar 2121

WEBSTER STORE
Webster 170

HI-POINTE STORE
CA bany 5420

CELEBRATION

(Continued from page 20)

There was no one in the kitchen when she went in. Deciding that it would be better to find Mrs. Duncan right away so it wouldn't look like she felt guilty, Ruth went upstairs. She found Mrs. Duncan making the bed.

"Well, did you think I was gone for good?" God, but her knees were weak. What was her trouble anyway? Mrs. Duncan instead of replying with the encouraging answer she had expected merely straightened up

and looked at her waiting for the rest of the story.

Ruth swallowed loudly. "I'll tell you what happened. I met this friend of mine who owns a truck and was leaving last night to go out to the country, right where my little boy is, and I hadn't seen him in so long I just couldn't miss the chance to go, so I rode down with him and came back this morning." There. It was out. She'd forgotten the part about the snow but it didn't matter.

Mrs. Duncan looked at her calmly. "Ruth, I called your sister this morning to see where you were, and she told me all about it. As soon as you get packed, I'll pay you what I owe you, and you can leave right away."

Ruth looked at her in amazement. "But, But—" And then suddenly without warning she burst into tears.

• • •

THE LAST OF THE RADICALS

(Continued from page 8)

better. As the Eliot scoop-story on Bill Moore two years later showed, there are things even lower and more subversive than a Communist, and one of these is a Student Life editor with a fancy for making his own news.

The Decline and Fall of the Last of the Radicals came from a sudden change in pace on their part. Ellinger and Money Penny had managed to stir up a little interest in the matter of whether or not we should have an

(Continued on next page)



Blumenfeld's SELL OR RENT TUXEDOS

FULL DRESS

CUTAWAYS

Summer Formals

ALSO ACCESSORIES

Riverside Open Evenings Until 9 P.M.
9503 4704 GRAVOIS



LITTLE JACK LITTLE

*There's Just a Little Time Left
to Get Your Ticket for the*

Junior Prom

featuring

LITTLE JACK LITTLE

AND HIS FAMOUS BOLERO RHYTHM ORCHESTRA

(Management C. R. A.)

Wednesday, April 10

at the Field House

THE LAST OF THE RADICALS

(Continued from preceding page)

R.O.T.C. Over enthusiastic at having aroused even a modicum of spirit, they sought to fan the flame with articles in *Student Life* and *Eliot*. In these articles they went somewhat off the deep end; and they took the final plunge in September of 1936, when they sent out a mimeographed form letter, over the signature of the A.S.U., to prospective freshmen urging them not to register for R.O.T.C. classes. It wasn't what they said so much as the lack of restraint with which they said it, that irritated the faculty, and especially Major Chipman. He had good reason. The letter said, among other things, "if you are a normal, peace-loving American...who hates taking orders from another mug because that mug has a stripe on his sleeve or an extra bit of braid, stay out of it." And in another place, they said, "The uniform on the campus is more a badge of

simplemindedness than honor." From the standpoint of the University, it wasn't a particularly nice thing for the prospective freshmen to receive, and, as is usual in all such cases, it had to stop. Both boys, being rather brilliant, were in school on scholarships, and these were removed. All this had the practical effect of expulsion, and despite the efforts of the administration to handle the affair unobtrusively, it got a good bit of unsavory publicity in the downtown papers. But the blade of the guillotine had already started to fall, and there was no stopping it until their heads were rolling in the basket.

You can say what you will about Subversive Elements; but with their departure, the last breath of life wheezed out of the student body. Attempts at resuscitation having failed so completely, perhaps the faculty should find another Moneypenny and Ellinger to try to subvert us, instead of squandering its money on a new football coach.

Your Famous Oasis . . .

THE QUAD SHOP

Extends its invitation to partake of a

FREE bottle

of

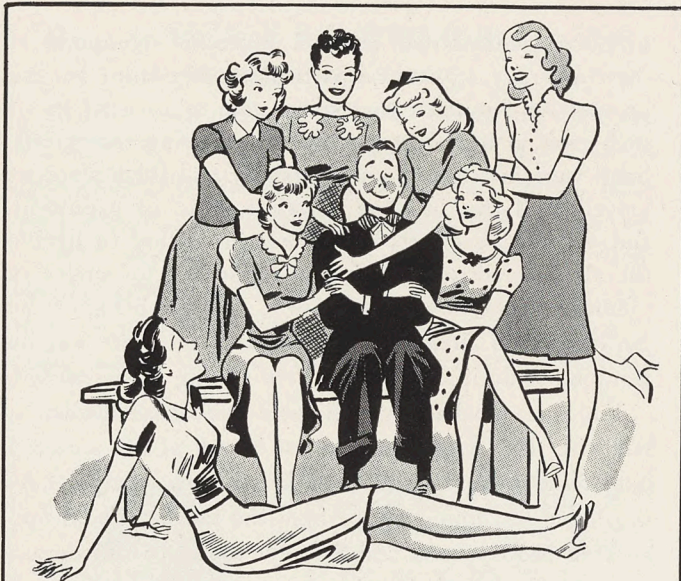
ROYAL CROWN COLA

SIMPLY PRESENT THE ATTACHED
COUPON AND RECEIVE YOUR
BOTTLE *FREE* WITH OUR
COMPLIMENTS . . .

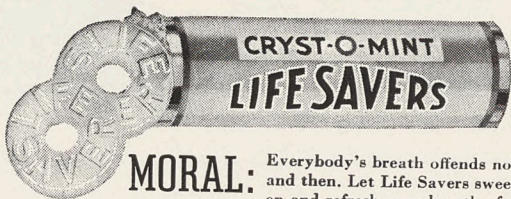
The Quad Shop

THIS COUPON ENTITLES BEARER
TO ONE
FREE BOTTLE
OF

Royal Crown Cola



The girls turned down all dates with Seth
Because of his unpleasant breath.
But he has girls by dozens since
He started eating Cryst-O-Mints.



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now
and then. Let Life Savers sweet-
en and refresh your breath after
eating, drinking, and smoking.

FREE!

A Box of LIFE SAVERS

to

Victor Ellman

for the following:

Confucius say, "Boy with twisted mind usually
have straight line."



What is the best joke that you heard on the
campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack
yourself into a free box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one
of the students, there will be a free award of an
attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the
Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publi-
cation. The right to publish any or all jokes is re-
served. Decisions of the Editors will be final. The
winning wisecrack will be published the following
month along with the lucky winner's name.

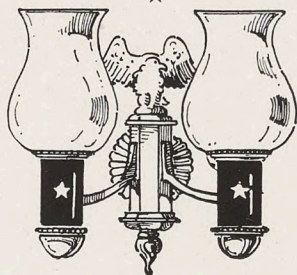
Index to Advertisers

Page	Page
The American Tobacco Co., Lucky Strike.....1st Cover	F. Weber Co., art supplies.....17
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Co., Sir Walter Raleigh..... 1	Cotner's Sandwich Shoppages 18-20
Chicago & Southern Airlines..... 2	Straub's, Select Foods21
Aeolian Company of Missouri..... 4	Nifty Nickels Sandwich Shop.....21
Schillers, photo supplies 4	Blumenfeld's, men's clothing and tuxedo rentals.....22
Camera Exchange 6	Little Jack Little at the Junior Prom.....22
Kays, photo supplies 6	Quad Shop23
Click Shop, photo supplies..... 6	Life Savers24
Clayton Camera Shop 6	St. Louis Costume Co., tuxedo rentals.....24
Bader's, art supplies.....17	Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., Chesterfield... Inside back cover

IF YOU WANT TO LOOK YOUR BEST AT THE JUNIOR PROM
RENT YOUR TUXEDO OR FULL-DRESS
from the

ST. LOUIS COSTUME CO.
507 NO. BROADWAY

★ ★ ★ ★
★
PERIOD FIXTURES
★



by **BUTLER-KOHAUS**

Provide you with authentic designs that will harmonize with your interior decorative motif. Make your selection of period fixtures from B-K's extensive display and be assured of patterns that will reflect a true reproduction of the period.

★ ★ **BUTLER-KOHAUS, Inc.** ★ ★

2823 Olive St. St. Louis, Mo.

Butler-Kohaus Fixtures are featured nationally in House & Garden, House Beautiful and other magazines.

MANUFACTURERS OF

QUALITY SCHOOL and
JANITOR SUPPLIES,
SOAPS and CLEANERS,
DEODORANTS
and Finest Grade of
FLOOR FINISHING
MATERIALS



CONSOLIDATED LABORATORIES

1474 So. Vandeventer
SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI

It's **BROEDER** *everytime—*

For Extra Quality
Poultry and Eggs

AT NO EXTRA COST!

Call CH. 3745
CE. 5684

THE BROEDER CO.
915 NORTH BROADWAY

ELIOT wants to thank
the following "BEST SELLERS"

of the Leap Year ELIOT:

Martha Page, Pi Phi

Pat Page, Pi Phi

Jane Allen, Pi Phi

Peggy Woodlock, Pi Phi

Eunice Haddaway, Kappa

Jean Wenzlich, Kappa

Harriet Lloyd, Theta

Patty Lou Hall, Theta

Audrey Jordan, Gamma Phi

Eleanor Abbott, Gamma Phi

Ruth Vogler, Gamma Phi

Audrey Ritterskamp, Delta Gamma

and of course

THE QUAD SHOP

They are helping us to get out a better magazine

Three of the country's
smartest fashion models
SUSANN SHAW
FLORENCE DORNIN
DANA DALE
Chesterfield Girls for March



Smart Girls

YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER CIGARETTE

When you ask for Chesterfields the dealer will say with a smile...*They Satisfy.* You will find that Chesterfields smoke cooler, taste better and are definitely milder...*for Chesterfields have the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.*

Make your
next pack

CHESTERFIELD