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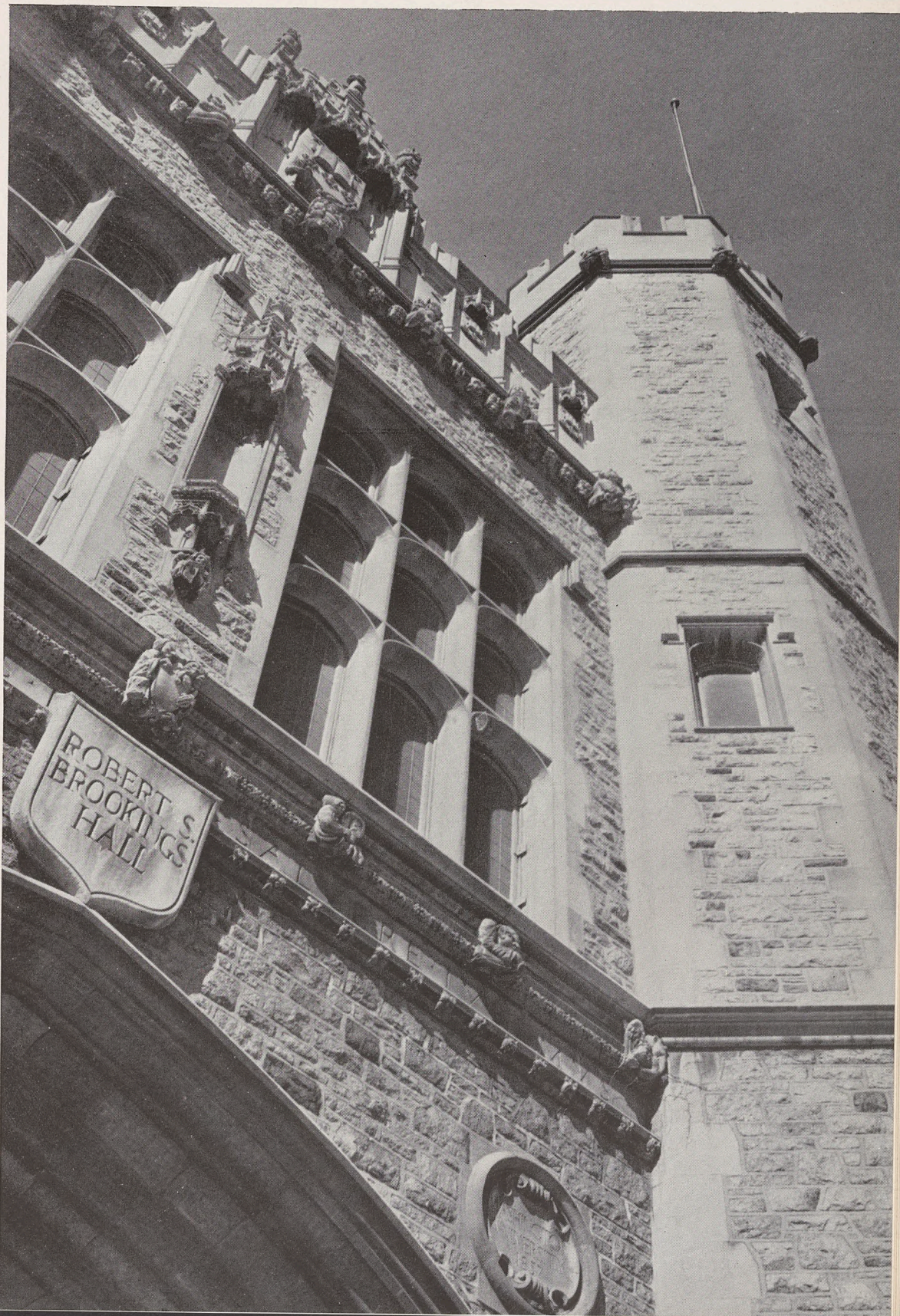
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The ELLIOT

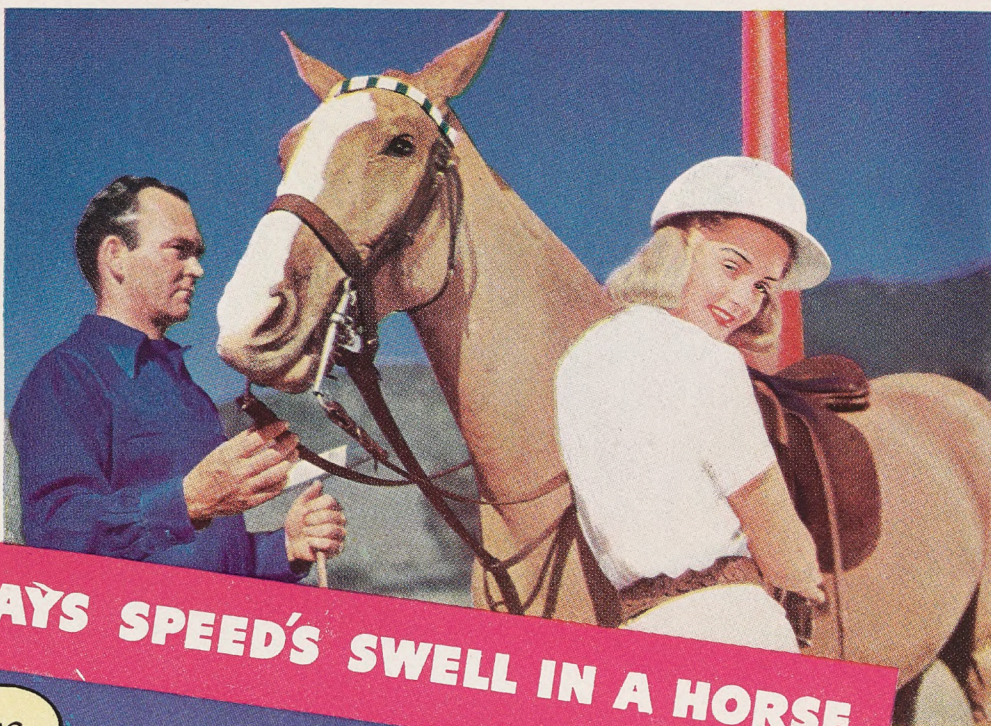
MAY 1940

15¢

WASHINGTON
UNIVERSITY

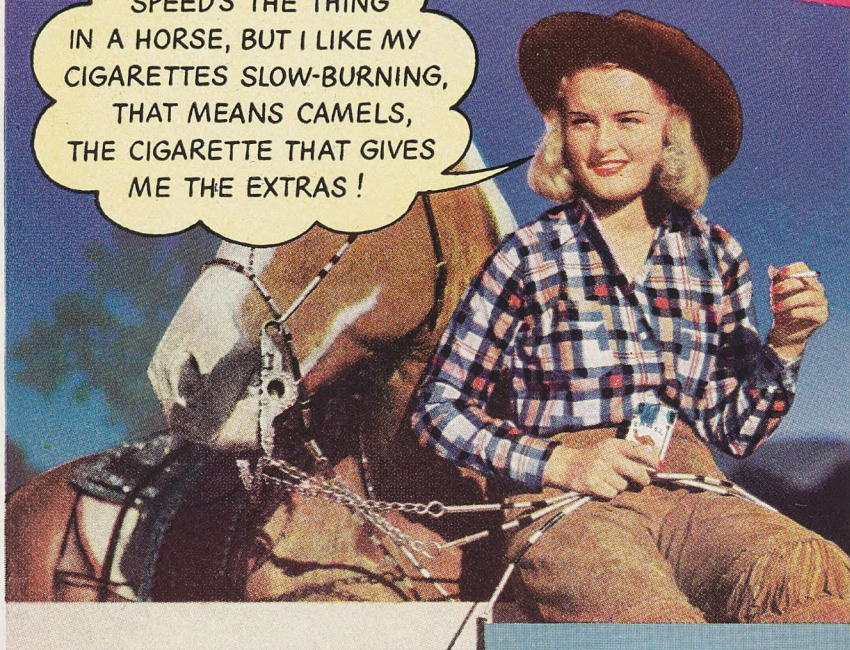


OUT IN SANTA BARBARA, West Coast girls play a lot of polo. Peggy McManus, shown about to mount one of her ponies, is a daring horsewoman... often breaks and trains her own horses. She has carried off many cups and ribbons at various horse shows and rodeos.



PEGGY SAYS SPEED'S SWELL IN A HORSE

SPEED'S THE THING IN A HORSE, BUT I LIKE MY CIGARETTES SLOW-BURNING, THAT MEANS CAMELS, THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES ME THE EXTRAS!



...but the cigarette for her is slower-burning Camels because that means

Extra Mildness

Extra Coolness

Extra Flavor

PEGGY McMANUS (*above*) has won numerous cups for "all-round girl"... studied ranch management at the University of California. She's a swell dancer, swims, sails...is a crack rifle shot...handles a shotgun like an expert. She picks Camels as the "all-round" cigarette. "They're milder, cooler, and more fragrant," Peggy says. "By burning more slowly, Camels give me extra smokes. Penny for penny, Camels are certainly the best cigarette buy."

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested - slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to



**5
EXTRA
SMOKES
PER
PACK!**

NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST—people feel the same way about Camel cigarettes as Peggy does. Camels went to the Antarctic with Admiral Byrd and the U. S. Antarctic expedition. Camel is Joe DiMaggio's cigarette. People like a cigarette that burns slowly. And they find the real, worth while *extras* in Camels— an extra amount of mildness, coolness, and flavor. For Camels are slower-burning. Some brands burn fast. Some burn more slowly. But it is a settled fact that Camels burn slower than any other brand tested (*see left*). Thus Camels give extra smoking...a *plus* equal, on the average, to five extra smokes per pack.

**MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF
... MORE PUFFS PER PACK!**

Camels — *the cigarette of Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos*

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

THIS WAY OUT

an alphabetical listing of places to go

The Theater

Plays

(There are often last-minute changes, so you had better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Civic Theater—Sebago Club and Warson Rd. (Ch. 4346) (Re. 5400) Opening on July 2, and playing on alternate weeks the Civic Theater will present a list of six plays including—

See My Lawyer
Margin For Error
Twentieth Century
A Church-mouse

and two other plays to be selected.

Musical Comedy

Municipal Opera

The American Way—Mon. June 3 through Sun. June 16.

Naughty Marietta—Mon. June 17 through Sun. June 23.

Apple Blossoms—Mon. June 24 through Sun. June 30.

Rio Rita—Mon. July 1 through July 7.

The Chocolate Soldier—Mon. July 8 through Sun. July 14.

Good News—Mon. July 15 through Sun. July 21.

Knickerbocker Holiday—Mon. July 22 through July 28.

Anything Goes—Mon. July 29 through Sun. August 4.

East Wind—Mon. August 5 through Sun. August 11.

Rosalie—Mon. Aug. 12 through Sun. August 18.

Babes In Arms—Mon. August 19 through Sun. August 25.

The Great Waltz—Mon. August 26 through Sun. Sept. 1.

Dinner, Supper and Dancing

Black Forest, The—6432 Gravois (FL 1830). If you like to pound your mug on the table and sing German songs, you will spend most of your time here.

Candlelight House—7800 Clayton Rd. (HI 3160). It is air-conditioned, and there is a three-piece band. You will enjoy yourself if you don't mind dancing in close quarters.

Crystal Terrace—Park Plaza Hotel (FO 3300). Air-conditioned. You will have to be smooth here, but if you aren't she will still be impressed. Eleven-piece band, ice show twice nightly.

El Patio—Hotel Chase (RO 2500). Pleasantly formal atmosphere with informal dress. The lights are right, the dance floor ample, and, most important, it's cool. Name band and floor show nightly.

Meadow Brook Country Club—Ashby Rd. and Canter Way (WI 1800). For that important date this is your ace in the hole. It's out in the cooler country, and it features the best bands in the country along with some of the country's best entertainment. It is rather expensive.

To Lift A Glass

Busch's Grove—9160 Clayton Road. Washington U. lawyers find this a pleasant place to spend the late afternoon. If you like tradition, good service, and excellent food you will be well satisfied here.

Coal Hole—Coronado Hotel. Air-conditioned. An informal, but strictly smooth gathering spot. Travelling men, and older people find this a pleasant place to relax.

Culpepper's—4665 Maryland. Air-conditioned. Culpepper draws a lot of the debutante crowd during the off-season, but not all that glitters here, is gold.

Crown Room—Kingsway Hotel. Air-conditioned. This is a nice place to go if you're attending a dance at The Kingsway.

Forest Park—Forest Park Hotel. Air-conditioned. If you are a Washington University student this place will probably remind you of the Quad Shop. If you are not you will just find it pleasantly lively.

Graham's Grill—Clayton and Forsythe. Air-conditioned. The college students, the west side youth, and the county politicians hold down the stools here.

Huffnagel's—4967 Delmar. Air-conditioned. You won't see many college boys here, but if you want to stay up late you will find this a pleasant and inexpensive spot.

Little Bohemia—3522 Franklin. There comes a time in everyone's life when this kind of thing seems glamorous. The waitresses are well worth the trip, however, and you won't have to worry about the closing time.

Medart's—7036 Clayton Ave. A good place for that mid-night hamburger or "Coca-Cola." You will also find this an excellent place for the more hasty "maids-night-out" dinner.

Merry-Go-Round—Park Plaza Hotel. The smoothest, and one of the most expensive of the "pre-dinner" lounges.

Piccadilly, The—Hotel Melbourne. An excellent spot for a short stop after one of the Grand Avenue shows. The songs are well sung and the electric organ melts inauspiciously into the surroundings.

Richmond Buffet—7014 Clayton Ave. The Sigs discovered this one, and if you like your fun loud and informal, we advise you to try it, as one of the best of the all-college spots.

Steeplechase—Hotel Chase. When you raise your glass you hit somebody else in the eye, if you move your feet you step on somebody else, but the victims all keep coming back for more. Three-piece band and singer nightly.

Tom Burke's Garden—6201 Delmar. If you like to come home from work, take off your shirt, and put your feet on the railing of your front porch, you'll get along well with the crowd here.

Town Hall—6736 Clayton Ave. There is a place to dance in the basement, you can get your sandwiches on the first floor, and there is a little room on the East side where you can get all the "Coca-Cola" you want. All very informal.

Victorian Club—3719 Washington. Air-conditioned. Doctors find this an excellent place to eat, and amateur Tommie Manvilles like to stay up late here.

Walnut Room—Gatesworth Hotel. Air-conditioned. If you want to meet the chorus girl third from the right in the Munny Opera, stop in here, and maybe she'll drop her handkerchief.

HER HERO RATED ZERO IN THE ART OF LOVE!



WHAT CAUSED THE FIGHT? His pipe! Bud said it tasted fine, but Sue swore it stank out loud. A fine way for sweethearts to talk! Someone better find him a milder tobacco.



HEARTS ENTWINED once again! Sue has said "yes" to Bud and his pipe since he switched to Sir Walter Raleigh, that milder blend of burleys with the gr-r-and aroma!

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.

WE HAVE WITH US . . .

JACK CABLE: has tried his talents at everything that Eliot runs, from editorials to cartoons. He turned out such a good magazine that praise rolled in even from such professional sources as Douglas Martin of the *Globe*. But there was one problem, the financial tangle, that he never did completely solve; so he has decided to stay with us for another year and see what he can do about it. On the side he will go to Art School.

Apparently Jack has been looking forward to being mentioned here for a long time, because when we asked him if there was anything he particularly wanted to say, he immediately began:

"Start out my career in kindergarten. That's where I did." We'll skip from there to this summer, when Jack is considering buying a motorcycle with the money he earned as Eliot Editor. Then, perhaps, he will tour the country in search of Eliot ads.

ED RHODES, Phi Delt freshman and author of our short-short story, "Death is Dumped," is a busy man. He pencilled out this little vignette during the Christmas holidays and only just had time to type it out. Cheer leading, swimming team, Hatchet, Ad bureau, and Lock and Chain have interfered a little with his leisure, but from now on he intends to keep working for us.

Eventually he wants an advertising selling career, and he's getting good practice at ASAB. Sailing is his favorite sport and he's going cruising this summer. As he sums it up:

"Everything is swell if we just have lots of school spirit and a good football team so I'll have some cheers to lead next fall."

BROHNA ALTMAN: You may remember Brohna's caustic story "Have a Nice Time, Dear!" from our all-girl issue, or you may remember Brohna herself as the girl who led the recent slacks revolt. She even insists that girls should

be allowed to wear shorts to school and has won over Prof. Buchan to this point of view. However Brohna has no intention of wearing the trousers she so ardently crusades for. Her dresses are among the most striking ever seen on the campus, and she designs them all herself.

Her two greatest enthusiasms right now are Quad Show, which she danced in this year, and a story she has just submitted to "True Confessions." Brohna read three True Confessions tales, decided they were all just alike, and scribbled one out to match.

"I'm an innocent Minister's daughter led astray" she announced as the name of the coming attraction.

BILL CASSILLY: Press Club member and Beta rush chairman declares: "I believe in specializing." From his concentration on Hatchet and Hatchet-Maid Georgi it certainly appeared that he was practising what he preached. All along, though, he was really carrying on another activity on the side, for Bill has been one of the best interested listeners on the campus. Now he joins Nancy Roeder in writing Greek Letters and has a chance to tell all he hears.

He is definitely a cautious man. He has registered for both pre-legal and pre-law so that he can graduate or stay here as the spirit moves him. Rumor has it he will soon be taking out insurance against libel in case his plan for more uncensored Eliots goes through.

WINI BRYAN: author of this month's fashion commentary, has quite a campus philosophy. She reports:

"I think when you're a freshman you should try everything: activities, being a popularity girl, and making good grades. Then you can decide what you like the best and go in for that."

Wini has tried her plan. Her activities have included Theta, Quad Show, Student Life, and swimming.—C. C. S.

The ELIOT

MAY 1940

EDITORS

Earl Sherry, Jr.

Courtney Heineman

MANAGING EDITORS

Wini Bryan

Bob Obourn

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS—Brohna Altman,
Nancy Roeder, Wini Bryan, Cordelia
See.

ART STAFF—Lizzy Hughes, Allan Koken

DISTRIBUTION MANAGER—Jane Allen

PHOTOGRAPHY STAFF—Bill Dee, John Gale

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IN MEMORIAM

DEAN STEPHENS

THE TOWERS and THE TOWN

Women and Gossip

ALL SORTS of things have been happening these last two weeks: Hitler has taken Norway and invaded Holland and Belgium; Egypt and Turkey are in full war array; the third term issue is undecided; and yet the women in Eliot office remain the same. Unabashed by all this news of great portent, unheedful of the state of the world, they flutter around us in their litter of gossip with marvelous detachment from the rest of the world. In no time at all, they waft us away from all thoughts of the outside world; Hitler is just a name; third term carries no connotations; our mind becomes a pleasant muddle of feminine clichés. Nothing seems urgent, and we can relax, and go unhurriedly about our work. We love it.

Mrs. Young

We were reminded, the other day, of the way in which Mrs. Young of the Quad Shop keeps her finger on the pulse of the campus. As we muddled through a haze of Virgil, we were snapped back to reality by the voice of Mrs. Young, who was explaining a rather startling scoop that only she and the evening papers knew about. She is a shining example of the sort of motherly interest which we had always thought was confined to older sisters and friendly bartenders. As she bustles happily about her little domain, she never fails to keep an eye on her "regular customers," and not a day goes by that she doesn't know what is going on. Her interest seems a definite mark of distinction. We know that we would be proud to know that Mrs. Young was keeping an eye on us.

Under the Trees

The quadrangle seems more green, and the trees more shady than ever before, this spring, and we feel it is a definite handicap when one is try-

ing to concentrate on anything really serious. We can never seem to make it all the way across, without just a small stop at that shady little green spot right over there. If we are any indication of the trouble the rest of the school is having, the number of cut slips coming out of the dean's office will be on a great upgrade. The only solution we have been able to evolve is to cut around the quadrangle, for if we walk through it, the little man with the pitchfork, that sits on our left shoulder begins whispering insidious things in our ear. By the time we're to the edge of the quadrangle, our next class is completely forgotten. We're sure that most of this issue has originated from the fertile minds of those whose ideas come when they're out under the trees. We'd like to put out every issue that way, just lying at our ease, and letting the ideas come and go.

Tour Groups and Students

A friend of ours had a rather unpleasant experience, yesterday, with one of those tour groups that frequently interrupt the serenity of the library, and other, more serene parts of the school. She tells us that she was coming out of the library, minding her own business when she was slowly but ineluctably surrounded by a large group of people in the van of a firm, purposeful guide. The guide was busily pointing out, in ringing tones, the points of interest. "On our right is the head librarian, and on our left is the Ridgley Library drinking fountain, the coldest and smallest in school. Step this way please." Our friend didn't want to "step this way," but she soon found herself listening to comments on Busch Hall, "We're on our way to the chemistry buildin', watch those explosions, heh, heh, heh." It was only with great difficulty that she extricated herself, and went on her way. We feel that it is a sad comment on the administration, that stu-

dents cannot go about their business, unmolested by outsiders. We concur with the rest of the students in the firm belief that college is enough of a trial without being exhibits for a misguided Cook's tour.

The Campus Cop

On our way into school this morning we noticed the surest sign of spring that we know; McCabe, our campus cop, had discarded his blue coat for a blue shirt. We trust implicitly in the regularity of McCabe's habits, and when he takes off his coat, spring is here. He exemplifies, in our mind that great group of public servants throughout the country who wear visored caps and shields over their hearts. He is taciturn, non-committal, and just a little bored with it all. Nothing disturbs his calm, as slowly and steadily he rides the little circle of its accumulation of cars. We have often wondered what McCabe is thinking as he stands on the curb gazing over the grounds he guards. In fact, we went over to see him, just to find out. When we left him, we had decided that his outward calm hides no inward surge. He just stands there, that's all. Perhaps it is best that way. A policeman with an imagination is something we cannot comprehend. Perhaps they are better off without them; lots of dire things might happen to the world if policemen started to think things over.

Candy Bar Whimsy

As we waited for our four-o'clock coke this afternoon, we glanced idly over the stacks of candy-bars, and came to the conclusion that something ought to be done. We don't mind a little whimsy now and then, but the flight of fancy that gave rise to the names of the candy-bars we saw, was a little too much for our imagination. We condone such names as *Frosty Nugat* and *Koko Krunch*; they are descriptive, but when we

are buying candy bars, *Swish, Ripple*, and *Spot* can stay right where they are. We wouldn't have the courage to ask for one if anyone were around. "Could I have a *Ripple*, please?" *Pay Day* seems a little pretentious for a candy bar. It's another one we wouldn't want to ask for. *Snickers* is, to us, self-condemnatory, and *Cold Turkey* in candy form doesn't appeal to our palate. We're indignant about *Straight 8*. We can associate the name with nothing but a long, sleek car, and we would rather have it that way. Perhaps *Doctor's Orders* is a name with a lot of psychological punch, but it doesn't affect us. We can understand the pride of creation that gave rise to these names, but when we buy a candy-bar we'd like to know what we are getting. Everyone of our puritan ancestors would groan if we walked in to buy a *Dipsy Doodle*.

Name Please

We had a rather bewildering experience last Tuesday. We made our dutiful 11:30 trek up the stairs to get our copy of *Student Life*, but when we took a paper from the stack, we thought that someone had played a mammoth practical joke. We couldn't find the title. When we glanced over the headlines on what we thought was the front page, (we had no way of being sure) we found that through some error or stroke of chance, the head had slipped to the middle of the page. We soon found that *Student Life* staff had meant things to be the way they were. For just a little while, all our conservative instincts moved us to condemnation. Soon, however we saw the advantages that the staff had had in mind: the new head permitted a little room for the reams of extra copy that *Student Life* has left after each issue is published; people who merely glanced at the paper wouldn't even know that it was *Student Life*; and last, people who had never glanced at more than the headlines might be tempted to read farther, just to find out where the title might be. We applaud the new policy. If it is carried through, we can see that never

more will we be worried by a dull *Student Life*; we will open our issue, take out our bifocals, and be prepared for anything.

May Fete

It was such a beautiful day, and spring was so much in evidence, that when we heard about the May Fete, we locked up our office, and trudged up to have a look. What we had in mind were some of those light, airy dances-on-the-green that we always associate with Spring and Maypoles. We enjoyed ourselves in a drowsy sort of way, but our serenity was interrupted for a while by a dance which we have since heard referred to both as "the Eagle dance" and "that thing they did with tom-toms." When the girls arose, and the tom-toms began to throb, the attention of the audience riveted on one girl who was taking things much too seriously. She did her toe and heel, bend to the left, bend to the right with such intensity, that as she came toward the stands, we expected her to whoop, and leap into the crowd with unsheathed tomahawk. Audience tension was at such a pitch that when some wag screamed, "Here she comes," everyone broke into peels of nervous laughter, and this bacchante, this Pocahontas, did a transition to a coed. When the glazed look left her eyes, and her body lost its rigidity, we relaxed once more into our torpor. We firmly believe that if she hadn't been roused from her war-like trance, the May Fete would have ended in a massacre of unrivaled savagery. We like a little less realism in our May Fetes. Bring out that Maypole, please.

The Boomerang

We see that a new sport has made its way on to the campus, but without the heraldry which we think it well deserves. We refer to boomerang throwing, a sport introduced by a professor in the engine school, who owns, as far as we know, the only boomerangs around school. After an examination of them, we understood quite clearly, how they could be used

as weapons. The boomerangs which we saw were of hard wood in the shape of a crescent, a foot and a half from tip to tip, with one side flat, and one slightly curved. If the boomerang is thrown overhand, flat side out, it sails out about fifty yards, swoops up and around, and back to the thrower. We tried a few cautious throws, ourselves, but on our first two, the boomerang sailed straight out and into the ground. Discouraged, we tried again, and the weapon curved beautifully, returned, and chased us about ten yards. We say chased advisedly, for if one of these slim, curved sticks ever hit somebody, all hell would break loose. We had thought that boomerangs came back to flutter down around the thrower's arm, but after a few throws, we knew that if a boomerang came close to anybody's arm, bandages would be in order. Anyway, we like the sport, and are, at present, trying to locate a boomerang for our own use. To all amateur boomerang throwers we offer advice which we found useful. Don't try and catch the boomerang, and don't over exert yourself. After a few throws, your arm will drop off anyway. Ours is still sore.

Exam Warning

With exams just three days off, we offer as a warning, a story which was offered to us as a warning. A boy who had heard that a few beers were just the thing to obtain the feeling of relaxation so necessary to write a hard exam, decided to try the system. He had a few beers, and walked into his exam feeling refreshed, relaxed, ready to go. When he found that he knew the questions perfectly, he breezed along through one test book after another, finished with time to spare, and walked out with a general sense of well being. A week later he went back to get his grade; on the front of his book was a large red F. Stunned, he thumbed through page after page, only to find that he had written nothing but a series of wavy lines. Let that be a lesson.

MR. LANDER TAKES A RIDE

MR. LANDER had reached the very end of his patience. His meaning glances, his dry little coughs hadn't even impressed Milton Weggoner. He had been over-lenient with the boy all semester but this day marked the end of his kindness.

"Mr. Weggoner, if it isn't too much trouble would you awake and tell the class how Galileo paved the way for the theory of gravitation?"

Milton jerked. He recognized his name. At least, he was awake.

"Why, uh—" was as far as he got.

"Mr. Weggoner, if you are always so very tired, perhaps it would be better for you just to drop Astronomy completely. I feel that we are keeping you up. It is the end of the semester and you have absolutely no idea of the term's work, so it will save us both trouble if I tell you now that you will receive an F. I'm sure the rest of the class will see that it is the proper course for me to take." The bell rang shrilly, and Mr. Lander was forced to stop. As of long practice, after making an effective disciplinary speech, he removed his pince-nez, grabbed his grade book and made an effective exit.

He got his wraps and umbrella as he whisked by his office and put them on on the run. He started immediately off the campus and trotted down to the service car. Mr. Lander knew the schedule and never allowed himself to miss the twelve-forty car. The car and Mr. Lander met at the corner, and completed the alliance as the professor inserted himself into a jump seat. A block later a stout matron with a basket got in next to him, and squeezed him against another matron. He had to sit where the seats weren't, but being such a thin, brittle little man, he just made out.

Professor Lander had been teaching on the campus for fifteen years. It wasn't too long for him to still consider himself a progressive teacher, a leading educator, and it was long enough for him to have acquired a nasty, bitter outlook on life and sophomores. His satire had not been wasted on his students. They recognized and were awed by his acid tongue. He would have been a better man if years back, a big boy with a letter had tackled him some dark night on the campus and beat him down a bit. But no one ever had, and here he was, sixty, full of years and getting drier and brittler and more bully-like every day. New students on the campus were warned about him and told in whispers of the F's he handed out at random. Eventually, no matter how many angles were played, the majority of students got him for a class because this was one of those schools where everyone had to take two years of a "laboratory" science.

These conditions had all combined to make Mr. Lander one of the choicer bullies of the age, on the campus at least. In the great outside world, he was just a gray, thin male, about five feet, four inches tall and of an

almost girlish weight and shape. Mr. Lander couldn't have bullied even the smallest neighborhood ruffian. Only in a class-room could he show the might that should have been his. Outside, he became tongue-tied.

The driver of the service car soon became an object of Mr. Lander's consciousness because of his determined effort to drive on the left side of the street. The car lurched along at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. Mr. Lander had never accepted the machine age; he certainly couldn't accept this. He started to get rather nervous. After all, life was still valuable. He sat straighter and began to watch the street opening up ahead at such a terrific rate. He had known for a long time now that of all soulless people in the outside world, service car chauffeurs were the worst. This was reputed to be a high-class line, but he had heard from many reliable sources that the drivers were frequently ex-convicts. They proved their competence by squeezing out non-members of the protective association. This one, whose name, Mike Terelli, was made plain in the card over the mirror, looked as if he should be making get-aways from banks, not rival busses. Mr. Lander twitched.

The beefy lady on his right assaulted him with, "Isn't it terrible the way they drive on icy streets?" Mr. Lander felt the car skid under him and nodded nervously. Here, away from class and undergraduates, he felt horribly inadequate.

"They ought to run them in, I say." She looked at him expectantly, heard no answer, and tried again.

"They probably pay plenty to the cops to shut their eyes when they speed down the street." She looked as though she was saying bah, humbug, hrrumph. She had a red face. She scared Mr. Lander, even though, more than anything else, he wanted to agree with her very audibly. Something certainly ought to be done. He thought of saying clearly "Now see here, sir, this is bad business. I don't like careening down Lindell Boulevard at fifty miles an hour on the wrong side of the street. You had better stop it. I don't like it." He leaned forward a little and caught a glimpse of a lantern jaw with a scar running from one side of it up to a small, pinkish eye. He leaned back.

By the time they had gone through every yellow light for blocks there were audible groans coming from at least five of the passengers. Mr. Lander clutched his umbrella between his knees and hoped for the best. He wished there was something he could do. This driver was a menace to those in the car and those driving cars near him. He persisted in steering a zig-zag course east. The traffic was getting heavier and he went tearing ahead, oblivious to everything except his schedule and the fact that if he were to be a minute late, he would be put on the Walnut Park line for a month. Compared to this, death was the threat of a babe.

The professor could stand it no longer. They passed a bus just as another car was approaching on the left side of the street. Mr. Lander had to establish himself. After all, he had dealt with bad boys in school, why let this ignorant worker annoy him?

"Don't you think we ought to slow down a bit? The ladies are rather perturbed," he apologized. He was aglow the minute he realized he had spoken.

"I got a schedule, buddy." He turned completely around to growl and the car narrowly escaped hitting another car parked at the curb. Mr. Lander sank back again completely unnerved. The lady next to him on the left spoke up loudly. "If you don't slow down, I'll report you to the company. I don't intend to stand for this one more minute." The driver looked disgusted and slowed down to forty-four. He had to be courteous as the line's slogan promised.

Mr. Lander was beginning to feel clammy. He was scared almost to hysterics and could do nothing about it. He thought of all the things he wanted to say. He began to get angry in a dream-like way. He could hear himself saying, "If you don't slow this car down and stay on the right side of the street, I'll wring your goddam neck. Who the hell do you think you are? Barney Oldfield? I pay plenty of taxes in this city every year and I can have you deprived of a license so fast it'll make your head swim."

But no one else heard all this. Only the professor. He could see it had had no effect; so he decided to try another tack. He had been in this car for five years and it felt like half of his life-time. He said then, "You know, don't you, that by the time you get downtown you can't miss being picked up? You will be a lot more inconvenienced if you go to jail. Slow down, now." He heard a police siren. He started up—he really heard a siren! A motor cycle cop was motioning them over to the side. The driver looked awfully angry and began to sputter.

"Pull over there. Where do you think you're going?" The cop propped himself up on the window-ledge and took out his pad.

"Now listen officer, I wasn't doin' over thirty. I know the law. I got a schedule to make. I'm losing out here."

"According to my clock you were doing forty-five. And that's that."

"Officer, I swear I wasn't doin' over thirty. I never been picked up for reckless driving. It'll put me on Walnut Park for a month. And I got a wife and our three kids. If I ever went over thirty may I drop dead. I can't afford to pay a fine and I sure can't go to the jug." His voice had become so meek, so deprecating that the ladies in the car began to forget their anger and feel a little sorry for him. After all, if the man had a family and if he had all this trouble facing him, perhaps he was a little over-anxious to make good.

The cop looked a little doubtful and scratched his head while thinking the thing through. "Well, I don't

like to give you a ticket or haul you in, on account of these people being inconvenienced. It'd be different if you was alone."

Mike turned around with a hopeful gleam in his eyes. "Folks, did any of you see me go too fast, did you?" He looked around at each of them.

Mr. Lander recognized here very clearly the side of right and wrong. He could assert himself. The fellow ought to be arrested. He was a menace. The law was certainly there to be on his side. He wasn't going to let this uncouth fellow scare him. He had had enough of this ride to last for the rest of his life, and he wasn't going to be shamed into lying because these fool women had turned sentimental. He heard one after another of them say, "Why no officer. He was driving quite slowly." "He seemed careful to me." They had all turned against Mr. Lander. He was the only one left to answer. They all looked at him. He cleared his throat. They didn't know that this answer would replace his faith in himself. The driver looked at him. He sensed the professor's disapproval. He gave him a menacing stare and muttered softly. Mr. Lander pulled himself up, looked the villain in the eye, and thought, it's do or die.

And then faltered. "He was perfectly all right, officer."—BROHNA ALTMAN.



BETTER VERSE DEPARTMENT

TROUBLE DIVISION



DON'T TROUBLE

Don't trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

Don't you look for trouble; let trouble look for you.

Who feareth hath forsaken the heavenly Father's side;

What He hath undertaken He surely will provide.

The very birds reprove thee with all their happy song;

The very flowers teach thee that fretting is a wrong.

"Cheer up," the sparrow chirpeth; "Thy Father feedeth me;

Think how much He careth, oh, lonely child, for thee."

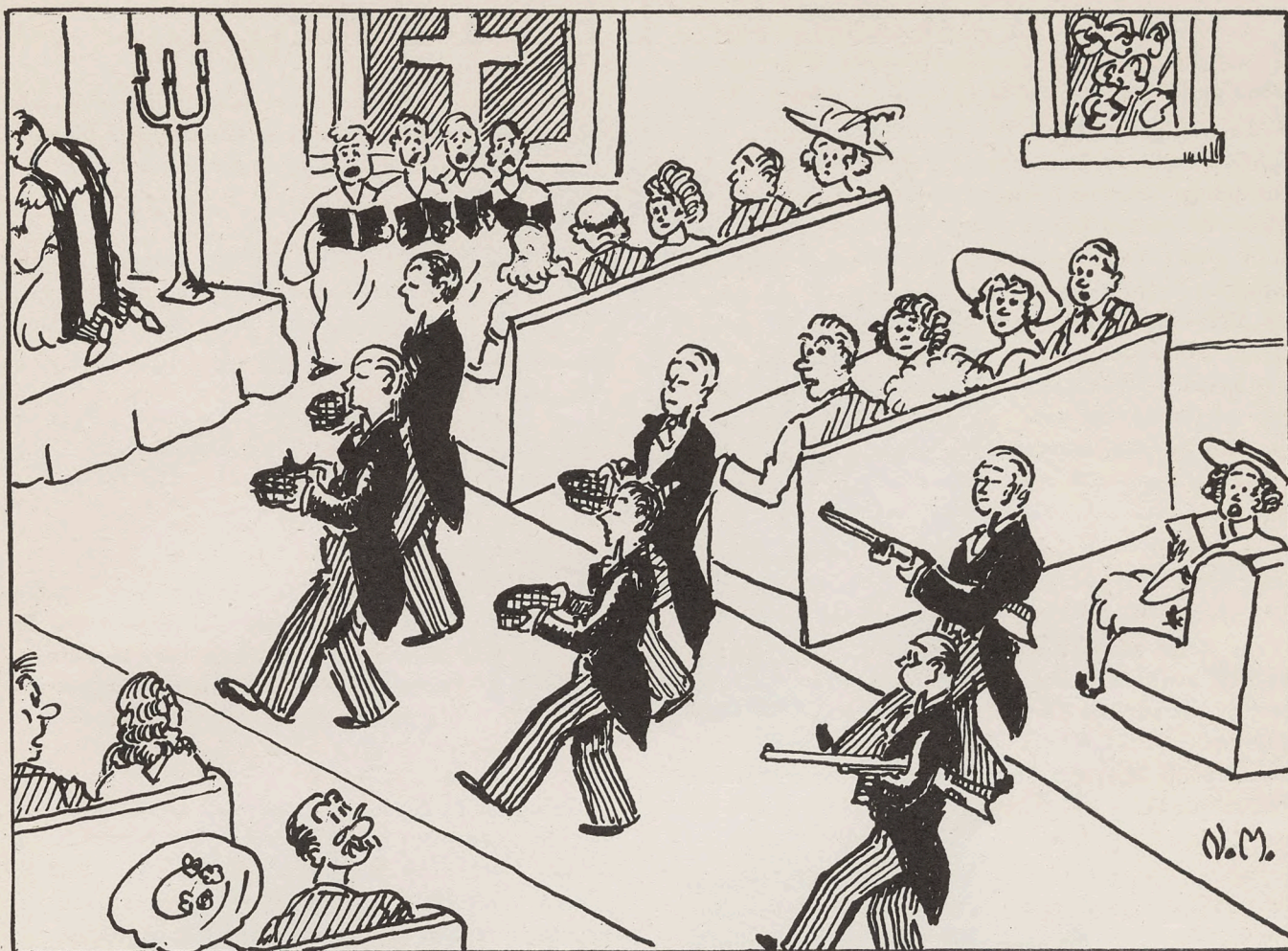
"Fear not," the flowers whisper; since thus He hath arrayed

The buttercup and daisy, how canst thou be afraid?"

Then don't you trouble trouble till trouble troubles you;

You'll only double trouble, and trouble others too.

—Mark Guy Pearse.



A VIGNETTE DEATH IS DUMPED

NOT a sound broke the stillness of the night air, as they walked hand in hand from the depot. Although Pinkyville had grown greatly in size since he had left ten years ago, all the folks still went to bed early.

What a surprise it would be to his family when he brought his bride home. She started to cross the railroad tracks that loomed in their way, but he gently pulled her arm. It would be fun to follow along the tracks, then cross the railroad trestle. Besides, this was a short cut to his home.

Time tugged at his memory, and he recalled the days when he had sped across the trestle late for school. The height of the track did not bother him; he was sure-footed and he well knew the train schedule. Every school boy in town had known that the Missouri Pacific roared by every noon, usually only stopping to throw off the daily mail.

As they neared the start of the trestle, the moon disappeared behind a cloud shrouding the rails in a blanket of black. He carefully helped his bride over the dark-

ened rails. She clutched tightly to his arm as they neared the center of the trestle and she pictured the unseen bottom below.

A train whistle pierced the air. What a fool he was! The town had thrived, train schedules had changed, and they were trapped. The track shook as the train rumbled around the curve and onto the trestle. Thoughts flashed like lightning through his head: no time to run—I remember the gorge below—my honeymoon—train wheels coming—one thing to do. With his wife's arms around his neck, he quickly lowered himself over the edge of the trestle and clung desperately.

As the slow freight rumbled over the rails the strength ebbed from his desperately clutching fingers. He whispered a last good-by in his wife's ear, then dropped.

The darkness was broken by the flickering of a match. A young man and woman, sprawled safely among dirt and tin cans, gazed at a sign nailed to the trestle just over their heads. In the fleeting light it read thus: CITY DUMP.—EDWARD RHODES.

GREEK LETTERS

IN THE SPRING a young man's fancy lightly (and we do mean lightly) turns to thoughts of exams. But before we get too involved in our lessons and cramming, we suggest you learn some "often thought of—seldom expressed" definitions.

Beta—in French means blockhead or fool.

S.A.E.—in any language means "sleep and eat."

K.A.T.—Self-explanatory. Meow!

T.K.E.—as used in the expression: "TKE me out to the ball game."

D.G.—Darn good.

The Betas are quick to adopt new ideas. When one brother set the precedent of putting out his pin, the others followed suit. Now that one boy has taken up the marriage idea, we're wondering what the results will be.

The fixing up of the girls' tennis courts has certainly relieved the monotony of walking up to Fraternity Row.

Who was the dorm girl that closed her window the night of the inter-fraternity sing just before the S.A.E.s started to sing.

There was plenty of howling at the Theta Xi dance when even the new prexy of this den turned up with another brother's girl. We've heard of "wolves in sheep's clothing," but since the dance was informal, the sheepskins were left at home.

The lights went out for a couple of minutes at the Gamma Phi dance. Shucks!!! Why doesn't anything like that happen at school dances?

Certain Phi Deltas were recently heard bragging about the fact that not a single fellow had given out his pin this year. What's the matter, boys, aren't they paid for?

Are they really starting to build the walk up to the fraternity houses, or is that the beginning of another tulip bed.

Sometimes we wonder whether the sigma Chis are as smart as they say they are. At their picnic they let a freshman win the treasure hunt after having the freshmen lay out the trail. Pretty smart freshmen anyway!



Who was the uncouth individual who ate the center piece instead of his salad at the Kappa dinner dance?

The Thetas have stopped singing "Theta made a Lady out of me," since they came back from their houseparty.

Here's the way the Betas answer the phone now: "Beta Summer house. Summer in; Summer out; who the hell do you want?"

We wonder who the bright young lad at the Sigma Chi picnic was. He threw a whole case of beer in a well to cool it. That's one case of beer that will never come up.

During the Pi Phi house party, some of the little girls went to town—we mean Rolla. In the words of the sisters, "After using most of the feminine wiles that we knew of, (It took a while for the farmers to catch on) they finally bought us some cokes. After about five cokes apiece, we girls decided that we didn't want to become indebted to the Rolla Roughnecks, so we left." Do the Pi Phis expect anyone to believe that? How did they know they were roughnecks?

The Phi Mus did pretty well at the sing, but next year when they sing "If Phi Pu Then" they are going to do much better.

The Sigma Chi sweetheart mustn't have been in the mood the night of the sing.

During the Commerce Day celebration the boys had a hilarious time at the brewery. The Sigma Nus and the Pi K.A.s had a drinking bout of mammoth proportions. After about a half-hour they were trying to pick berries from the Anheuser Busch. Not being in condition to drive home, (it was really because they couldn't find their cars) they took taxis.

This summer the Beta convention will be at Del Monte, California, only fifty miles away from the Pi Phi convention at Pasadena. Betas will walk a mile for a Camel—but fifty miles for a Pi Phi???. . . . Is it worth it?

—BILL CASSILLY and NANCY ROEDER.



"Hennessy's the name, just transferred from Trinity Cathedral in Omaha"



BETWEEN BELLES



THIS IS the last crack that we'll have at the Campus Cuties until next year; so here goes. We're taking bets on whose pins will stay on whom this summer, and whose pins won't. We're betting on Linc Coleman and Mary Wilson for ever and ever. Also June Longworth and Lew Hardy, Carol Gates and George Throop, and Patty Hall and Gene Pennington.

People we think should be pinned:

Nancy Timmerman and Jimmy Gilbert
Dotty Frier and Johnny Weber
Doris Gates and Dick Compton
Marcia Toensfeldt and Bob Burns
Jane Anne Morris and Roy Whisnand
Shelton Voges

Incidentally, speaking of Jane Anne Morris, some one thought that she was about to take Roy's pin and so a party was planned in their honor. It was to be a REAL party, if you know what we mean. The only catch was that Roy didn't know that he was putting his pin out and Jane didn't know that she was getting one, and so the party fell through. Go ahead and pin her, Roy, so the boys can have their little party.

The question of the week, is what happened to Betty Thompson and Ham Robinson? Now you see it, now you don't. At least he is keeping it in the chapter and now is dating Jean Wenzlick. Harriet Lloyd and Paul Kummer were seen studying down at the Architectural Library the other day—maybe they want to be alone.

Marky Parman took a little trip down to Mizzou not long ago to go to a dance. "Walking personality" Warner heard about it, and so called up Jo Sippy and spent that week-end es-courting her.

Won't somebody please buy Doris Gates a package of cigarettes? She wanders around after all the fag-fields in the Theta Room, and picks up the butts, lights them and has a smoke. We find that they're awfully strong that way.

Grace Artz is seeing more and more of Al Eicher and he is seeing more and more of her. She professes a great interest in him and he thinks so too. Bob Johnson, the black star of Sigma Nu, still has his pin on Tri Delt's June Maine. We never thought it would last this long. When two redheads get together—Boy, Look out!!! Hazel Garland and Jim Calloway are reported holding hands right out loud.

Congratulations are in order this month, first to Peggy Baker and Bill Stamm, and next to Dotty Usher and Ted Hudson. When a Beta starts to do something, he goes through with it.

Marion Underwood had the pin of a bright and shining D.U. Maybe it was the pin that was bright and

shining, but anyway, one night she gave it the pitch in disgust and it hasn't been found since. Even the courtyard of MacMillan has been thoroughly searched, but the pin is gone. Macky wants to return it to the owner; so she is offering a reward for its return. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. We know something good about Rudy Dallmeyer, but we decided that if he saw his name in print, his head would be so big that he couldn't get in the Quad the next day. If you're curious, you might ask him about some of the secretaries down at K.S.D.

Annual Commerce Day came and went with a bang. Some of the Commerce students went with a bang too. The outstanding event, as usual, was the trip through Busch's Brewery. Spitzfaden, Venarde and Kummer were asked to leave the bar after their eighth beer, but they merely moved to another table and went right on. Vic Theiling was there too, looking better than ever. Sugg and Garino were doing their bit and agoodtime-washadbyall. We forgot to say that even Fred Bastman had a beer or two. You know where you're going now, don't you, Fred? Straight to the hot place, and we ain't kiddin' none neither. What's more, you are going to have company there Fred, 'cause we saw "Peaches and Cream" Higginbotham actually SMOKING A CIGARETTE!!!

May Ruester and Harry Jung were downtown shopping together the other day. That looks seriouser and seriouser. Something else that looks good is Bobbie Nelson and Wenzel Smith. Something that looked serious, but evidently wasn't is Barbara Chivvis and Bob Brereton. She goes places with Sam Murphy now.

On the Pi Phi house party the other week-end, Marguerite Wiederholdt turned up with Bob Alexander's pin on. When she came back to school the next Monday, Alexander had it back again. Her romance certainly came and went in a hurry!

From all reports the S.A.E. houseparty was a mighty fine affair. One girl is reported to have driven her date home on Sunday afternoon. The boys and their dates were seen running all over Cuba till the wee small hours of the morning.

Hortense Hartkopf's Beta pin went back to its owner, Howard Kuehner a couple of days ago. That is one Beta who didn't do so well at keeping his pin out, but evidently he has hope. Although Horty is dating other boys, she's still the only one in his life.

With these fond words, we take leave of you all till next September: don't hang your feet over too many bar rails—and keep off of eighteenth tees, you might catch cold.



ART SCHOOL ARTICLES

A REVEL AND AN EXHIBIT

A WEEK AGO Saturday about thirty art students dashed down to Bonne Terre on one of their series of annual picnics. Everybody went bucolic in a big way, and inhibitions were tossed aside with the empty bottles. One of the cutest sights, believe us, was Margaret Dame fitting childishly about on a bicycle, "Aw, no, it's my turn to ride!" Perrin and Memphis were strictly utilitarian with their bicycles. They pumped their way to a local lake, swam in waters of dubious purity, and pumped back refreshed.

In the nearby drug store there was dancing and cokes; it was quite a drug store. If they had had a band and a little liquor they could have called it a night club. One of our boys struck up an acquaintance with a number of girls here, of girl scout age. He paid for it; they used up nickel after nickel of his money for the juke-box.

As we drove into Bonne Terre, our curiosity was aroused by a sign, Moon's Tavern. We thought the name over for a while, and couldn't resist the temptation to drop down and find out what in the devil it meant. Our quest was fruitless, for the woman who ran the place just said, "It's publicity." We decided after much consultation that the name had some connection with Moon Mullins, who is quite famous for his drinking. The whole problem was finally solved by a bartender, who, it seems had made numerous references to the moon while on a park-bench one night, and whom had been overheard by some of the town's wise guys.

• • •

TOMORROW the annual Spring Students' Exhibit will open in the former cafeteria room. Although it is called "annual" now, last year's show was the first of this kind ever to be held. Prizes are awarded at the Annual Banquet, which is to be held this year two or three days before school is out.

The Spring Exhibit will contain painting and sculpture work by the students of the Art School. Separate prizes will be awarded for painting, sculpture, and craft work, and the prizes will be in proportion to the number of entries in each field, for these awards will be made from the entry fees.

The jury which selected the pictures to be hung consists of three prominent St. Louis artists: Sheila Burlingame, Mercer Orwig, and James Turnbull.

Some of the contributors to this year's show are Frank Hoffelt, Helen Stewart, Emerson Barron, Fred Toelle, Ann Gross, and Margaret Dame.

This year a special effort has been made to secure as much work done outside school as possible. It was thought that to get away from work of an academic nature would improve the show's interest. Therefore, many water colours and some pencil sketches have been hung.

There Are Now

3

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SANDWICH SHOPS

at

5301 EASTON at Union
455 DE BALIVIERE . . at Kingshighway
631 NORTH and SOUTH RD.
half block North of Delmar

Open All Nite Plenty Parking Space

Prices the way you like them



Miss Fisher and Mr. Gibbs in a scene from *Dover Road*, the 1939-40 Thyrsus Annual.

Production under the direction of Mr. Wm. G. B. Carson

THE DRAMA

A YEAR OF SUCCESS

IN GLANCING back over Washington University's contribution to the drama, this year, one finds that Thyrsus and Quadrangle Club have little to shame them and much to be proud of. Both organizations' productions were successes artistically, and financially; Quad Show made money, and Thyrsus broke even. Nobody can find fault there. With a minimum of confusion and a maximum of entertainment, just about everybody was satisfied, and perhaps the only aspect of the season that drew condemnation, was the quality of the reviews.

English XVI plays opened the season, and two of the three plays presented were fine. Henry Fick won the acting prize in *Death House*, and Fuzzy Gibbs' *Chico* was sold even before its production here. The third play, *Granmawin*, was a tale of lumber theft. That is about all the comment it drew or deserved.

Thyrsus opened the season proper with *Night Must Fall*, an Emlyn Williams play. Comment was unanimously favorable. When the curtain was down, and the

auditorium emptied, the only groans were from Thyrsus members, who realized that to maintain for the rest of the year the standard of the first play would be a tough assignment. The show was studded with "belly" laughs and dramatic suspense, but was notable for other than esthetic achievements. It marked the beginning of a new deal in stage settings. The set was sturdy and attractive; seldom before has there been a Thyrsus set that merited both of these adjectives.

During the interval between *Night Must Fall*, and *Two Gentlement of Verona*, Thyrsus members staggered about with faces which betrayed the fact that even they didn't know how the second show could succeed. The play is one of Shakespeare's mistakes, or Bacon's frauds, and the trials of getting an audience and entertaining them seemed problems that were to go unsolved. In spite of this total lack of faith, Thyrsus did manage to shanghai an audience. The audience enjoyed themselves, and to Mr. A. O. Wilkinson must go most of the credit for the success of the show. Through his direction, the play was made to move smoothly and almost effortlessly through its tortuous length. Production was speeded up; everyone knew his lines; and the show even got its share of laughs. Comparisons with the first show

were few, and the people behind the scenes sighed with relief and relaxed for a while.

Close on the heels of "Two Gents" came the Quad-range Show, *Down in Front*. The show was given on a stage of epic proportions, one that could have accommodated the symphony, the Ballet Russe, and two or three choruses in the bare spots. When the last dress rehearsal came around, the amplifying system was poor, and the show seemed as rough as its orchestra. Even the cast greeted ticket-buyers with, "sucker." Appearances were deceiving, however, and on opening night, the show, although blessed with few laugh-lines, amused a large and enthusiastic audience. People laughed, bought tickets, and recommended the show to their friends; result, the show was a hit, and Quad Show was two or three hundred dollars in the black. People thought the show was even better than the one of the previous year, and so author Aaron Hotchner, and director Percy Ramsay received plaudits, and rightly.

For its last feature show of the year, Thyrsus picked A. A. Milne's *Dover Road*. When the dust of the try-outs had cleared, director W. G. B. Carson found that he had assembled a cast that well deserved the appellation "all-star." Every principal was experienced and expert. When the play went into rehearsal, the consensus of opinion was that this, the last show, would far outshine the plays of the rest of the season. Rehearsals went on and on, but the brilliant success didn't quite materialize. The play was entertaining, and financially all right, but those in the know shook their heads and sighed for the play that might have been.

Before the last play had closed, agitation had already begun in Thyrsus for four, rather than three, feature plays for the next season. After many conferences, over budget and talent, the plan was approved and try-outs held. Therefore, the total of full length shows to be given by Thyrsus and Quad Show will be five in number. If they can do with five what they did this year with four, there shouldn't be any wrinkles on executive brows, or empty seats on performance nights.

* * *

In the field of the summer theatre, a new venture, The Caravan Players, has been inaugurated by Washington University students. Parents of this new organization are Fuzzy Gibbs, Morris Yaffe, Jean Fisher, and Valerie Brinkman, while Bob Pastene, a Washington alumnus, is also an officer in the group. At this writing, the members of the Caravan Players number eighteen, the majority of whom are students either at Washington, or at the St. Louis School of the Theatre.

The Caravan Players have arranged for the use of the theatre at Ironton, Michigan, near Charlevoix. The theatre will be run on a co-operative basis, all members sharing equally in profits and losses. Although their repertoire is not definitely decided upon, they have listed,

tentatively, six plays for production: *Three Men On a Horse*; *The Shining Hour*; *Petticoat Fever*; *See My Lawyer*; *Our Town*; and *Accent On Youth*. The director of these shows will be Norman McDonald, technical director of the St. Louis Little Theatre.

Those of the group whom we know seem to have enthusiasm and talent to spare, and that is what they need to put the venture over. To The Caravan Players we wish good luck, and a successful season.—C. E. H.

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A MAN YOU OUGHT TO KNOW FRED BASTMAN

BASTMAN is another one of those country boys, who have made good at Washington. He graduated from Webster High in 1936, and came here to school the following fall. He pledged Theta Xi, was initiated, and last semester was elected Vice-President of that Fraternity. Outside of Hatchet his only activity was managing the baseball team.



Working on yearbooks has always held a fascination for Bastman, and he gets quite heated up when he remembers that they refused to let him work on the Webster High Yearbook. "The tramps thought I was too damn dumb," he recalls ruefully. He was a full time worker on the *Hatchet* for three years before he became editor, and last year, as a junior he was associate editor. As a result he became well acquainted with the mechanics of a job, which, he says, is fifty per cent mechanical.

Bastman is a sparky little fellow with great big eyes, which he describes as sorrowful. He takes a great interest in things going on at Washington, but claims the interest is forced on him as a result of his being editor. Over in the *Hatchet* office he has been exposed to countless women, but for the last two years he has been moving around with Alice Lloyd, the sister of Eliot's popularity queen, Harriet Lloyd. He seems quite contented with one woman, but it makes him quite happy if you kid him about the women who swirl around him during office hours. He defends himself, by saying—"Everything that is done in *The Hatchet* office, is done for strictly business reasons." Whatever his methods, those of you, who have read the new *Hatchet*, will agree, his results are highly satisfactory.

THE CLOTHES CLOSET

ONE GLANCE in our clothes closet this season will convince us that the fashions of our grandmother's day are still good. Pinafores, princess silhouettes and shawls are back with us this year and the popular bustle of the winter season has been replaced by the more flattering full skirts. Most of us felt chic enough without using the bustle to accentuate one of our weak points, and are more than relieved to see them go the way of most unbecoming styles. With the advent of the more demure styles we are still reluctant to forfeit comfort. Perhaps our grandmothers would be shocked to see their full length dresses abbreviated into swing skirts barely covering the knees, that most obnoxious part of feminine anatomy. Wedge shoes are coming in with a bang, and combined with the toeless and heelless styles of last season they offer a very striking and stunning note to informal footwear for summer. The bombs of Europe still haven't hit across the sea, for Grandmother's dresses and military fashions just aren't compatible, and for our dresses this summer we have chosen the more cheerful picture styles.

In this line, Kline's features a variety of dresses in cool linens, dotted swiss and piqué. For the dainty type (the dream of every college girl) this store is featuring a white piqué formal with the princess silhouette and a full swing skirt. It has a heart-shaped neck, trimmed in Irish lace at the waist and the bottom of the skirt. There is a sister dress to this one in the spectator sports style and it is made on the same lines, with lace only at the waist. Grandmother would have loved the formal, but her eyebrows would have arched at the very fashionable length of its prodigal sister. Another of the more popular dresses for evening wear at Kline's is an exquisite formal of mousline de soi. The outstanding note is the long sleeves which are very popular this season. Another of the very practical of the fashions is the twenty-four hour a day jacket, suitable for beach, afternoon, and evening wear. Bright colors predominate in these, set off by simple white pearl buttons. An absolutely new idea for evening is the shawl. Many of us will be digging in trunks looking for old shawls, but they won't do, for grandmother was a very conservative person and the modern generation just must have bright colors. Dotted swiss is one of those cool crisp materials, perfect for drippy, hot summer days. One of the most attractive of these is a white embroidered dotted swiss. It has a round neck and tiny yoke set off with red rick-rack and a dirndl formed with the same trimming. Again reverting to the gay nineties style is another costume with a blouse of white broadcloth with a bib front, trimmed in panty lace. It also features a wide girdle and a chambray skirt with unpressed pleats. The skirt comes in blue, red, and green.

Active sports fashions are even briefer this year and give milady an even better opportunity to get a suntan.

Kline's offers a very popular play suit of dinghy, a material that never has to be ironed. The skirt is a hang-over from the skating skirt and comes well above the knees. It features the action front and back and has a wide girdle in contrasting colors. This outfit comes in bittersweet and turquoise, maize and red, and copen and red. Shown in this same department is a practical slack suit with a dotted swiss blouse and trousers of a gray spun fabric.

Famous Barr offers a wide array of those ever popular classic dresses which we just can't seem to get away from even though they went out of style years ago. They've never been excelled as far as comfort and good taste goes. They come in many variations; in striped and solid chambrays and seersuckers in one and two pieces. A very striking pastel formal, in contrast to the more usual bright colored knockouts, is an organza formal which comes in white, pink and mais. Modish bishop sleeves, and a high collar banded in lace lend it a very distinctive note. Barr's offers a wide selection of active sports clothes to suit every variety of feminine tastes. One of the outstanding sports costumes is a jersey short suit with a matching skirt. Both pieces have lastex waistbands in contrasting colors. They come in white with a navy band, red with navy, and blue with red. Another popular outfit at this store includes practically an entire week-end wardrobe with overalls, slacks, bras, shirts, and jackets. They are made of denham and the jackets feature the very stylish hoods lined with the same material as the shirt. Another of these combinations is the "wardrobette," including slacks, blouse and skirt. It is made along very tailored lines out of a spun rayon, and comes in overall blue and dusty rose.

For those sloppy summer days when it looks beautiful in the morning but turns into a cloudburst before evening Barr's offers the perfect thing for those of us who wish to preserve our clothes and the curl in our hair. This raincoat, contrary to most raincoats is very attractive and comes in aqua, foam blue, dusty rose and natural. It has a matching pork pie hat and parasol, and best of all, the entire outfit will fit any schoolgirl's allowance.—WINI BRYAN.

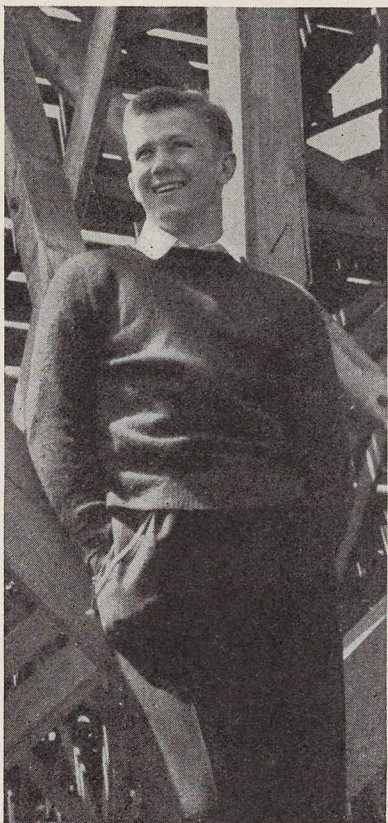
● ● ●

By melting down vessels of pewter,
A mouse made a rude sort of scooter;
But he never gave rides
To anticipant brides
Because he was practically neuter.

● ● ● —Lampoon.

A kittenish boa named Hortense
Draped her coils on the rails of a fence
"Decide," cried her mother,
"One way or the other,
But don't leave us hung in suspense."

—Lampoon.



Henry "Dutch" Lutz

Lutz, as quarterback, supplies the spark needed to make Washington University's version of the Notre Dame system work.

SPORTS

FOOTBALL

LOOKING BACKWARD AND FORWARD

THE 1939 SEASON will be remembered as the year in which Washington University made its bid for big-time football, and was thrown for a loss. Coach James Conzelman, who, through his *Saturday Evening Post* articles came to be recognized as an authority, resigned after winning his second Missouri Valley championship in eight years. An offer was made to Mr. Jock Sutherland, who had become quite famous throughout the country for building a five hundred thousand dollar stadium in twelve years using twenty-two men a year. Needless to recall, something slipped, and after the whole painful issue had been closed, Washington decided to retain its simon pure policy. Casualties at the end of this scrimmage, one coach.

In retrospect it seems unfair that the coaching situation should over-shadow a season as successful as 1939. In the first two games of the season the team was overcome by lethargy caused by the accumulation of hot weather and prestige. Nobody doubted that the team could play football; and everyone just sat around in the stands waiting for them to start doing it. On the third

Saturday of the season Washington turned in a game against Missouri that would easily have won against their first two opponents, but here they were badly outclassed by a heavier and more experienced team that went on to gain national recognition. The following Friday night against Creighton was party night. Everything went right, and folks agreed that here, at last, was the team they had read about before the season opened. From this point on Washington did not lose a game, but, while there was much good work turned in, they never again reached the form displayed against Creighton.

Washington's one serious handicap throughout the entire season was a lack of poise. The team either played at full speed, as in the Creighton game, or in spurts, as in all the rest. This was especially noticeable in contrast with Missouri and Washington and Lee. Both these outfits blocked and tackled as a team, and you had the feeling as they lined up against Washington that they had practiced together all week—not that sides had been chosen from among the spectators.

Outstanding linemen were senior end Bill Seibert, junior tackle Bill Murphy, senior guard, Captain Lloyd Harris, and sophomore center Hacker. Outstanding in the backfield were sophomore backs Lutz, Schwenk, Nelson, and senior punter Jack Warner.

* * *

To get a brief line-up on what we will get in return for our student tax books next fall I hiked up to Francis Gym to have a talk with the new Coach, "Butch" Loeb. Coach Loeb, who has been in the coaching game for three years, looks just like one of the members of the team, although as a result of next season's added responsibility he resembles a player who suddenly is faced with the problem of catching a pass which he himself has thrown. He was quite sincere in informing me that he would have a team on the field, and I, for one, will give you odds that he makes it a good one.

Loeb has just completed spring practice, and, although it wasn't as long as he would have liked to make it, he feels that quite a bit was accomplished. Because of the short time put in this spring, however, he thinks it best to postpone the first game of the season in order to give the team time to shape up. This will mean that Washington will open on October 5 next year. The opening game, incidentally, will again be against Maryville, and Loeb announced that both he and the boys are out to get even for last year's defeat. I asked him what system he had in mind for next year, and he said—"We intend to run most of our plays off the Rockne double wing back system," then added as an after thought—"of course there will be variations or I wouldn't be a coach."

Coach Loeb is facing a tough situation, next fall. As a terrific football fan he joins the ranks of those coaches who are making a stand against President Hutchins' "ten cent" football plan. This department wishes best of luck.—E. C. S. Jr.

MUSIC

THE DUKE



the men who created it? In the majority of the dance orchestras today the commercial trend has overshadowed almost all traces of the great jazz music.

One man and his orchestra, however, remain to put great jazz in the eyes of the American public. Some day they may come to understand it. That man is Édward Kennedy "Duke" Ellington.

The "Duke" was born in Washington, D. C., in 1899, which makes him an older man than he looks. After knocking around for some years with a band that seemed to be going no place at all, the "Duke" and his outfit finally got a break when they moved into the Kentucky Club in New York. From that time on the band rose steadily in the eyes of the American jazz lovers until it now occupies the top spot among all the large-sized groups.

That there is now no band among the larger units to compare with the Ellington outfit seems obvious. The high-powered "jump" style of Count Basie reveals little more than several competent soloists and the genius of Lester Young and Basie himself. Jimmy Lunceford's music is well arranged and he gets some excellent effects, but his personnel hardly puts him in the same class with Ellington. Louis Armstrong's band is studded with outstanding jazzmen, but this paradoxical outfit refuses to play anything but commercial tripe. There seems to be no large white band seriously devoted to the best interests of jazz; the desire for money has ended all such groups as Beiderbecke's Wolverines.

What is the secret of Ellington's long and unvaried success? The primary reason seems to be that once a fine musician joins the "Duke's" inspiring group he does not leave. Jimmy Blanton and Ben Webster, who came into the band this fall, were the first replacements in several years, a truly remarkable record! The fact that there is no weak spot in the entire unit, i.e., that every man holding a chair in the Ellington personnel is a truly fine musician, is a second reason that nothing but the finest of modern music is heard when one "takes in" the "Duke." Ellington's personal genius as a composer and arranger is another important item. The marvelous spirit found within the orchestra, a spirit unusual in an

WHEN ONE hears the pseudo-jazz bands that dominate the "swing" world today, the question arises; will the true jazz, created by such men as Johnny Dodds, Louis Armstrong, Frank Teschmaker, and Sydney Bechet, die with

outfit of true stars, cannot help but improve the quality of their music. When this group puts out a record, it is not the work of one individual, but of fifteen, all trying to improve the general effect with their personal ability.

The most important part of a jazz band is the rhythm section. In this department the "Duke's" band more than qualifies as the top flight outfit it is. Ellington himself is a talented, accomplished pianist, whom many believe could have been a success on the concert stage. His solos are restrained and conservative. By far the most amazing part of his work on the 88 is the marvelous chord and harmonic structures which he uses as accompaniment for his soloists.

Freddy Guy, one of the least known of the Ellington sidemen, holds down the guitar chair. The guitarist, a man who gets little praise because his instrument is so seldom featured, is one of the most necessary cogs in any modern orchestra, and Guy is a man capable of handling this assignment in the "Duke's" band. This, in itself, shows his excellent calibre.

The youngest member of the band is Jimmy Blanton, a gifted young bassist. His work is not as well known as that of most of his colleagues, but in the "Duke's" own words, "There's no finer man in the business." For verification, listen to "Plucked Again" and "The Blues," duets by Ellington and Blanton, Columbia 35322.

Sonny Greer, the world's outstanding brush drummer, rounds out the rhythm section. Greer is one of the best all-around percussionists jazz has produced. His work on the brushes brings out some of the soft effects the band is famous for.

The feature of the brass section is the remarkable flutter-tongue effects made by the mutes of the growl trumpeter, Albert "Cootie" Williams, and the plunger trombonist, Joseph "Tricky Sam" Nanton, two old Ellington standbys. Williams, an amazing cornetist, has a long list of marvelous solos behind him that show him to be a great performer on his horn.

Another of jazz's great trumpeters is stocky Rex Stewart, whose style of half valve notes (acquired since joining Ellington) comes strictly from his own imagination. Stewart, my favorite trumpeter after Armstrong, is capable of tremendous things and possesses the strongest lips in the business. Listen to "The Sergeant Was Shy," Columbia 35214, and "Kissin' My Baby Good-night," Brunswick 7627.

The third trumpeter is Wallace Jones, young brassman best known for his work in "Mood Indigo."

Nanton is considered one of the world's masters of improvisation. The unique tone acquired by "Tricky Sam" has made some of his solos supreme. Spin the recent "Jack the Bear," Victor 26536, once or twice. Lawrence Brown, whose lack of tone keeps him from

being the very tops, is another reason for the success of the brass. The last trombonist is Juan Tizol, valve trombone man and arranger extraordinary, whose famous "Caravan" solo is unforgettable.

The reeds in this great band are up to the standard of the other two sections. Johnny Hodges, rated in the upper five of all alto men, is the best known member of this division. Barney Bigard, New Orleans clarinetist, is an unforgettable mast of modern music. Harry Carney, the king of all baritone saxophonists, does marvelous work both accompanying and soloing. He is another musician whose improvisation and attack never fail to thrill. Ben Webster, the newest acquisition, is a fine tenor man whose style so closely resembles that of the great Coleman Hawkins that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between the two. Otto Hardwicke, a seldom featured alto man, is one of the finest section men in the business.

Ivy Anderson is a girl capable of beautiful singing, as "Mood Indigo" will testify, but she occasionally lowers her standard and commercializes herself by rendering poor selections. Herb Jefferies, whose value to the band from the jazz standpoint is practically nil, is a high toned tenor. This completes the personnel.

The highest praise which can be accorded the Ellington unit is that given by Charles DeLaunay, the young jazz critic now fighting in the trenches in France, who recently said: "Jazz is not dead. Just listen to. . . . Duke Ellington's orchestra and you'll soon realize this."



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There was a young lady named Morris
Whose flesh was unusually porous.
A bit of a nuisance
Was her marked translucence
Which Puritans thought indecorous.

—Awwan.

• • •

A squirrel who received through the mail
A bid to a dance from a quail,
Said, "It's one of my faults
That I never could waltz
But boy, can I spin on my tail!"

—Froth.

• • •

Mid'n: "Do you smoke?"
Drag: "No, I don't smoke."
Mid'n: "Do you drink?"
Drag: "No, I don't drink."
Mid'n: "Do you pet?"
Drag: "No, I don't pet."
Mid'n: "Well, what do you do?"
Drag: "I tell lies."

—Exchange.

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THE ARTICULATE READER

Editors,

In *Student Life*, Tuesday, April 23, there was printed an article in which Dean Starbird is reported as forbidding the wearing of slacks by women on the campus. The Dean further said in the article that slacks are improper for wear on a city campus.

Insofar as this is a large city, and the majority of students live at home, shouldn't their clothing be decreed by parents instead of the head of an educational plant? It can only be ruled that slacks are improper when lipstick, ankle socks, face powder are also forbidden. After all, even if it does boil down to a question of vulgarity, the girl still has a right to be as individually vulgar as she pleases.

Many men on the campus are seen wearing overalls, blue jeans, polo shirts, miners' ties, of course, and other delightfully informal garments. Isn't it questionable taste for a man to appear in the city minus tie, collar, hat?

Proper clothes are decided by usage, not ruling. For the past ten years, trousers for women for work, school, sport have been accepted as correct. They are comfortable, practical, more modest by far than short skirts.

Let the girls themselves decide what to wear or else let's have rules for the wearing of uniforms by girls and boys alike.

—BROHNA ALTMAN.

• • •

A Ubangi young man had a stammer
That greatly diminished his glamour.
He'd try to make quips
But his over-stretched lips
Would crack like a riveter's hammer.

—Awgwan.

• • •

A girl attending Bryn Mawr
Committed a dreadful faux pas.
She loosened a stay
In her décolleté
Exposing her je-ne-sais-quoi.

—Awgwan.



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—*The Staff*





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