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The

ELIOT

Washington University • St. Louis, Missouri

NOVEMBER
1940

15¢



**YOU NEVER SEE HIM —
BUT HIS EXTRA SKILL
FLIES WITH YOU EVERY
MILE!**

WILLIAM H. MILLER
Flight Supt., American Airlines



I'D WALK A MILE FOR THE
EXTRAS IN A SLOW-BURNING
CAMEL. CAMELS ARE EXTRA
MILD, BUT THE FLAVOR'S ALL THERE
— **EXTRA** FLAVOR



THE ARMCHAIR above is his cockpit— but Bill Miller flies as many as 100 planes a day. North, south, east, and west from New York's LaGuardia Field (*air view upper right*) his radio control-room directs the course of *American's* giant flagships.

Flier, navigator, engineer, traffic executive all in one—yes, flight superintendent Bill Miller is a man with the extras—a man who *gets* the extras, too...the extra pleasure and extra smoking in slower-burning Camels.

For Camel's costlier tobaccos and slower way of burning give you extra mildness and coolness with a flavor that holds its appeal through the last extra puff. Camels also give you extra smoking per pack (*see right*).

**EXTRA
MILDNESS**

**EXTRA
COOLNESS**

**EXTRA
FLAVOR**

● 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!**

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



**GET THE "EXTRAS" — WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS
THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS**

THIS WAY OUT

an alphabetical listing of places to go

Bottoms Up — 5607 Delmar.

Nice atmosphere and good drinks make this a college spot worth visiting. A good place to start the evening off right. Close enough for a good friendly get-together on Monday night.

Busch's Grove — 9160 Clayton Road.

There are, in our opinion, too few places in St. Louis where tradition abounds; and, certainly, too few Restaurant Bars with any claim to tradition whatsoever. In this merry day and age, the College cry seems to be for a highly chromed night-spot where the lights are low, the drinks high, and where some small orchestra pounds out currently popular tunes with about the same musical inspiration as the old nickel player piano. There are too few places that cover their tables with linen table cloths, and where a second cup of coffee doesn't appear on the bill. There are too few places that still exclude women from the bar-room itself. There are too few places that refuse to admit that the juke box is not an essential piece of barroom equipment. It is for this reason that an evening spent at Busch's is more than a pleasant way of passing the time . . . it is a last line defense of all that is solid and fine in the "good life". To Busch's, good health and a long life.

Dutch Rohlfig's — 6000 Delmar.

A new find for a fraternity get-together. Dutch, the most jovial bartender on Delmar, helps keep things moving. The perfect place for a sing and beer bust.

Empire Cabaret — Taylor and Delmar.

A snappy floor show plus popular prices make this one of the better college night spots. Always something doing, plenty of room for dancing and a good dance band nightly.

The 2:30 Club — 230 South Taylor.

Message to all Washington University Medical Students: Are you ever lonesome? Do you ever wish for a cute little girl to talk to . . . to put your arms around? If so drop down to the old 2:30 Club, she will be there waiting for you, and there will be an orchestra to dance to, refreshments for you to drink, and a world of good food. Don't write the lonely hearts club for that Thursday night date . . . drop down to the 2:30 Club, and have the best time of your life.

Max Weber's — Bid Bend and University Car Loop.

Mr. Weber will be with us for six months on an advertising contract, and we would like to add that after working with him on his advertising campaign, that we will be with him and for him long after people have forgotten we edited this magazine in 1940-41. We like every single thing about Weber's, and we would be going there even if he hadn't instituted a special and much cheaper college price.

TYPEWRITERS

WE SELL THEM

WE RENT THEM

WE REPAIR THEM

CONWAY—EAVES

13 No. Central, in Clayton DELmar 1291



They're talking about

THE 2:30 CLUB

230 SOUTH TAYLOR

For after Frat. Meetings
Music, girls and all the rest

EMPIRE

CABARET

TAYLOR and DELMAR

■
Snappy Floor Shows Nightly

Tommy Russo and Jackie Gold, M.C.'s

ENTERTAINMENT BEGINS AT 8:30

Open Every Night Including Sundays Free Parking

The Best in Liquid Refreshments
at

DUTCH ROHLFING'S BUFFET

6000 DELMAR

■
DeLuxe Cheeseburgers • Home-Made Chili
Hamburgers a Specialty

■
STOP BY AND TOSS A FEW

BOTTOM'S UP

5607 DELMAR

●
Where All Good Fellows Get Together

●
GOOD DRINKS
—A Specialty—

The ELIOT

NOVEMBER 1940

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THE TOWERS and THE TOWN

Transportation

THE progress in transportation sometimes has us goggle-eyed with wonder. The other day we saw the positive proof of the maturity of railway transportation. We read about the retirement of an engineer who amused himself and the good people of New Jersey who lived along his line, by playing tunes with his train whistle. (Home Sweet Home as he went through his home town). Now we hear a story that pretty well convinces us that airline travel has reached the point where we can stop picturing pilots as lean, grim men with earphones on, fighting like mad to keep their flimsy craft in the air. A stewardess on a big plane, being a practical joker of a sort, brought the senior pilot and co-pilot their customary coffee, with rubber doughnuts instead of the usual kind. The pilots set their course, switched on the robot pilot, and started to work on their refreshments. They were a little piqued to find the doughnuts rubber. In a slight huff at such treatment, and a little inclined to carry the joke through, they left the robot pilot on, and, while the stewardess was serving the passengers, climbed forward into the baggage compartment in the nose of the plane and shut the door behind them. When the stewardess returned to note the success of her joke she found the cabin empty, and the plane flying without the benefit of pilots. She fainted. Next time we go up you can find us sitting up in front watching those pilots.

Busch Fire

After the recent fire in Busch we went to see our friend McCabe, the campus cop, to find out what the story was. As a lot of you know, it was the third fire in the last year, all arising from the same cause. Whoever is responsible for the trash that accumulates in Busch piles it in the tunnel-way between Busch and Ridgley. "When a big pile gathers," said McCabe, "somebody comes along and drops some acid or maybe a

cigarette butt. The butt lays there for three or four hours, and then it starts a fire. It's just lucky that someone always comes by," he said, "and discovers it before it gets too far along." When we asked what would happen if the fire didn't start until after everyone had gone home, McCabe gave us this bit of information. Every bit of every tunnel in school is gone through by a watchman three times every night, and Sunday, to guard against just such an occurrence as the fire in Busch. "It costs the school salaries of the watchmen," said McCabe, "but they save more than that on their fire insurance. Oh, they're smart, they are."

Homecoming Parade

The day of the Homecoming game was a gray day, and we felt terrible until our encounter with a participant in the parade. We were standing out in front of the school, at the bottom of the steps, watching the parade assemble, when we noticed among the floats and cars a large coal and ice truck. It was undecorated, and we looked carefully but could find no display of any sort. "Did you get caught in this?" we asked the driver. "Nope," he said, "just goin' along to make noise." Then he roared away in the parade.

The Changing of the Lights

We have always wondered at the near omniscience of architects, who plan buildings without leaving out a door here or a joist there, and who provide for such things as mop-closets and telephone booths. Well, we've lost our confidence in the profession as a whole. We were in Brown Hall auditorium the other day when the men came to change the ceiling lights that had burned out. There were six men for the job, the crew that is always sent out to change the lights in the auditorium. The architect who planned the building evidently forgot that lights don't burn forever, and that sometime, the ceiling lights would have to be replaced. The lights can be gotten to from above only by digging through

the floor of Brown library, and from below only by the use of extension ladders and the stringing of wires against which the ladders may be leaned. With the cost of the changing crew, the school probably pays about five dollars a bulb for auditorium lights. Drag out that architect by the scruff of his neck, fellows.

Ternion

Well, Ternion is out, and you've all looked up your names, and probably quite a few other people's. We approve wholeheartedly of Ternion. We can't do without it, but we do feel that like a lot of other services, it does away with one little feature of school life that ought to be retained. The old art of getting a phone number steps into the background as soon as the little red book appears. Just a flick of the thumb, and you're all set, none of the thrill of accomplishment, none of the exhilaration of trying the number and finding that it's the right one. There's no more of that fumbling for names, either. If you want to, you can call someone by his middle name. You may get pasted if you do, but anyway, you'll prove that you know him. Oh yes, you can call up that professor too, and before you even waste your time, you can tell if he's married or not. Ternion is fine, but we have in mind a project that we think would add a lot more zest to that phone-number idea. It's a little book with just the names of students, and blank spaces for you to fill in the rest of the information. It will take you longer to find a number, but think what a thrill you'll get when you ink in that last name in the Zs.

Win With Willkie

We still have our Willkie signs on the windows of our office, and we're going to leave them there. We feel that this will be sympathetic with the wishes of a school that voted fifty-six per cent Republican anyway. Washington has proven itself almost as good a political barometer as Vermont.



Adrienne Palan

Pat Harris

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ODYSSEY OF THE CUP

EXPOSE—II

THE HOUSE that had the cup didn't want it. They didn't want anything to do with it. The three pranksters were on their own. The members looked at the cup stupidly for a while, and then they yelled about it, and then they sent it upstairs to be locked away. The guilty three left the meeting, planning to return the cup as soon as an opportunity presented itself.

How, they wondered, can we make the owners themselves admit that they lost the cup? How can we make them publicize the fact that the cup was taken right from under their noses? Up to this point, the owners of the cup had said not a word about it. Now, though, they could no longer restrain themselves. They accused their rivals next door, who of course knew nothing about it. The accused immediately howled, and the lost cup was soon the chief topic of campus small-talk. The culprits were rather proud. At last, their handiwork had come to light. They gloated for a while and tried to restrain the smug smiles with which they were tempted to greet any mention of the cup.

The time had come for publicity, they figured. Although the losers of the cup and their accused neighbors next door were carrying on a continual chorus of "Did too," and "Did not," the story was far from widespread. The wayward trio from down the row took the cup from the fraternity house to one of their homes. There they took a picture of the cup and sent it, with the story to the Post-Dispatch. Immediately there appeared a story with the following head: PRANKSTERS STEAL SIG ALPH'S TROPHY. The story was no longer campus gossip. It had become city-wide news.

The unholy three decided they had had far too little of a good thing. With the SAEs accusing the wrong boys, and the accused completely bewildered both by the accusation and the disappearance of the cup, the stage was set for a little fun. The three slaved night and day on a treasure hunt. With all details ironed out, the SAEs were notified of their opportunity to get the cup. Little did they know that it would take almost as much effort to get the cup this time, as it had originally in the intramural battles. Starting at ten o'clock in the evening, the whole chapter rushed from note to note, into Forest Park, Algonquin Country Club, and the Coronado Hotel. At six in the morning, they reached the end of the trail, the Union Bus Depot, where the cup was crated and checked.

The SAEs had the cup now, and only they and the culprits knew it. They were in a position to make their rival neighbors squirm. The SAEs still didn't know who

had taken the cup, but they cherished the idea that their innocent neighbors had had something to do with it. A few of the boys went next door. "Either you return the cup by tomorrow morning," they said, "or we're going to raise one hell of a lot of rumpus." Well, the innocent boys next door, knowing full well that they didn't have the cup, spluttered in impotent rage, and muttered darkly of plots. As a last resort, they called in a private detective to search the SAE house, and to stay there until the cup was returned, and they, the accused, were proved innocent.

The private detective started on a search of the SAE house. When he walked in the door, the SAEs, faced with the prospect of having the cup found in their possession, tossed it out the back window, to hang by a rope made of sheets. Quaking in their boots, the boys led the detective through the house. Nevertheless, he posted himself in the living-room for the night, to see if the cup was returned, how, and by whom.

Uneasily, the Sig Alphs and the boys next door settled down for a night of fitful sleep. The boys next door, trusting to the detective to straighten things out, didn't even watch the SAE house. At six-thirty some of them got up and looked out the window to see the cup, lying half in half out of a basement window. They rushed across to talk to the detective, and see what the story was. There he lay, just as they had left him the night before. Now, however, he was sleeping soundly. When awakened, he said that not only had the cup not been returned, he hadn't heard anything all night. The SAEs pulled up their rope of sheets to find that the cup had slipped out, and after hitting the ground, had bounded half through the window, to lie where the boys next door had spotted it. The accused immediately surmised that the cup had been thrown from a speeding car sometime during the night. That is the way things ended. Until this expose, nobody knew the whole story.



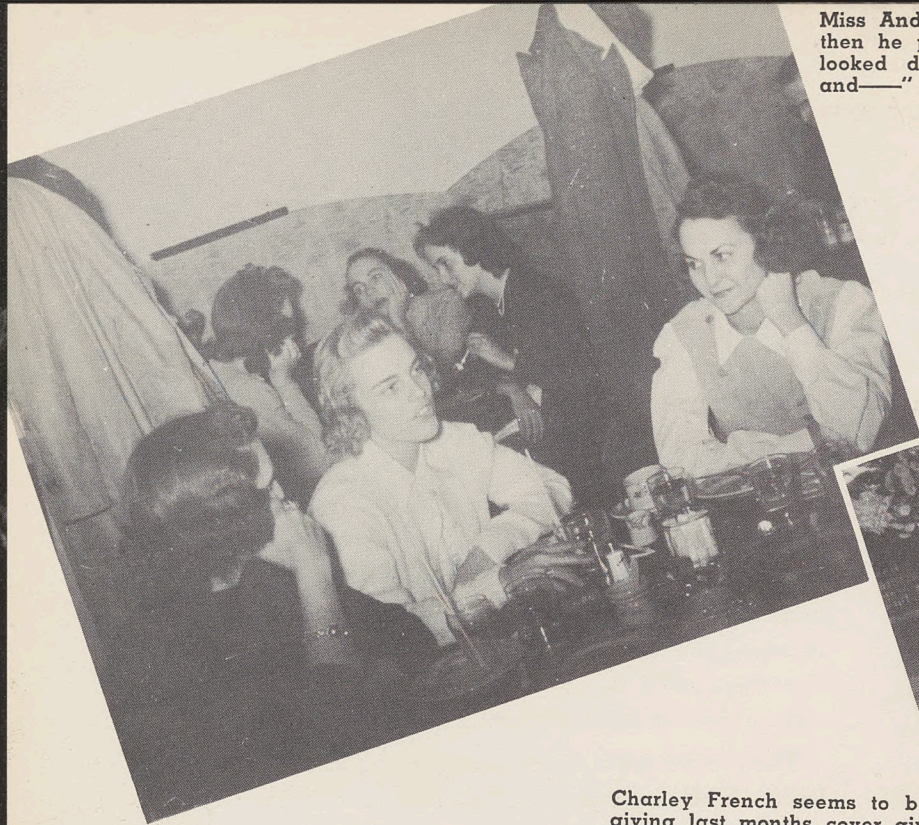
YOU CANNOT MEND A LIGHT BULB

You cannot mend a light-bulb when it burns
Its filament to nothing—let it pass.
The most persistent mechanic learns
The absolute futility of glass.

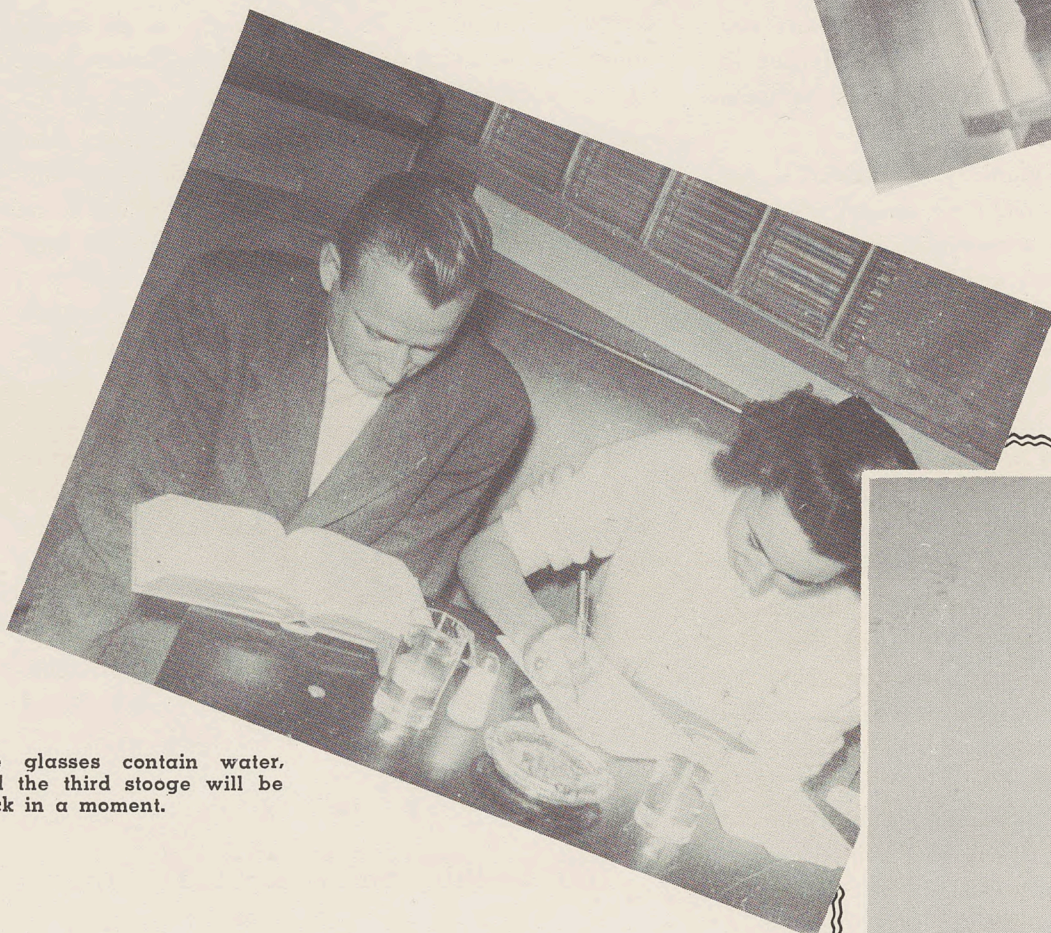
You cannot mend a love whose ebbing fire
Declares its life of incandescence done;
Even a poet, commonly a liar,
Will say go out and get a better one.

Miss Andrews: (center) "— then he put his arm around, looked deep into my eyes, and—"

MAX



Charley French seems to be giving last months cover girl a heavy eye.



The glasses contain water, and the third stooge will be back in a moment.

Mr. Weber: Moma, ring that dinner bell.



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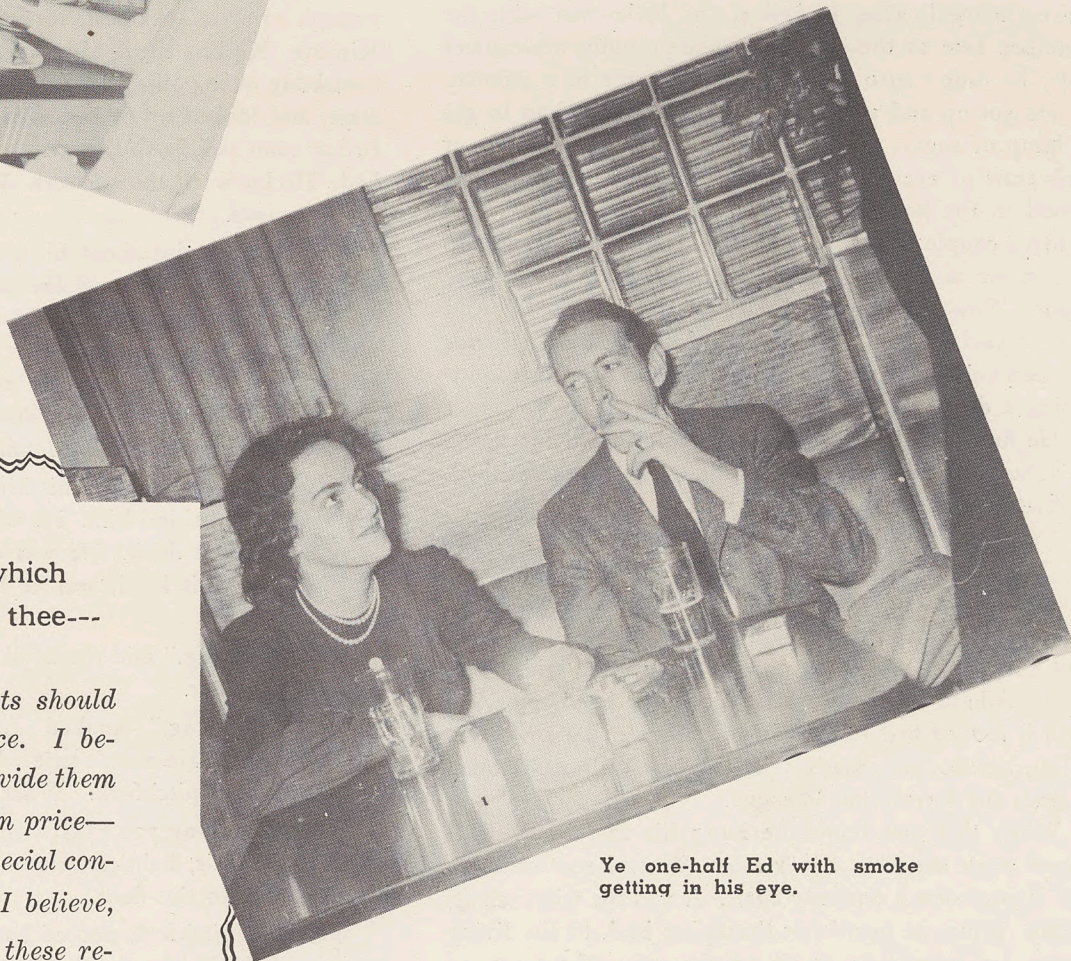
EW M
BIG B

WEBER

Bob Burns Marcia Toensefeldt, Jean Fisher, and Fuzey Gibbs. What they were thinking about at the time this picture was snapped is a mystery to us.



Miss Topping (center) can hold that pose by the hour. Her less candid—cameræd Theta Sisters seem a little self-conscious.



Ye one-half Ed with smoke getting in his eye.

--Those days of youth which all of us spent with thee--

believe that college students should have a common meeting place. I believe that this place should provide them with a special consideration in price—could provide them with a special consideration of their conduct. I believe, really that Webers satisfies these requirements in every way. Won't you try

Max Weber

NEW MAX WEBER RESTAURANT
BIG BEND AND UNIVERSITY CAR LOOP

OH YOU CAN'T GET TO HEAVEN

COURTNEY HEINEMAN

HE SHUT the drawer with a bang, leaned back in his chair and scratched his bald spot. He looked around the room, at the pale pink walls and the maple furniture, at the lace doilies on the tables. He watched the colored waitresses, their usually crisp uniforms a little wilted by now, as they did the last few things; putting away silver, filling sugar bowls and salt-cellars. He sat forward to put his elbows on the desk, and then rested his head in his hands.

This, he thought, is a hell of a way to make a living. Here I am, over forty, a grown man, running my wife's tea room. He shuddered as he thought of the constant stream of school teachers and old maids and middle-aged couples that ate food at the maple tables, from the lace doilies. The men that came in seemed uneasy about their surroundings just for the length of time that it took to eat a meal. They looked at the little man with the monkey face as though they couldn't quite understand why he didn't turn his woman's job over to a woman.

He got up and walked to the back of the shop to get a lump of sugar. He always got a lump of sugar about this time of evening; it helped him to stay awake. He stood in the back of the tea room, chewing the sugar when a couple banged on the front door. He chewed up the sugar as he hurried forward. He didn't open the door. "You're too late," he said, "shop's closed." And he pointed to the clock on his desk. With his hands clasped behind him he started among the tables, straightening a doilie here, a chair there.

He finished his inspection just as he heard his wife's key turn in the lock of the door. "Have you finished, Albert?" she asked.

"Yes," he grunted.

"Then come along, and I'll take you home." He started to protest, but the sight of her broad back as she went out the door ahead of him made him follow without a murmur. When they got in the car she said, "You drive, Albert." She always let him drive her home. She said it looked bad for a man to be driven by a woman. Well, he thought, that's a laugh. She calls me a man. I wish she'd treat me like one.

When they got home, he hung his coat in the hall closet while she went to her room. When he sat down in the living room's one easy chair. It was his wife's chair, really. When he heard her thumping back to the living room, he jumped up to sit on the sofa. She arranged her knitting and sewing on the table beside the easy chair, and then sank into the chair in the let-go-all-at-once manner that heavy people have. Albert watched her as she went at her work with dreadful intensity, distracted by nothing. As she strained her eyes, her heavy brow wrinkled, and the long thin nose slanted the shadow from the lamp across one side of her face. Her

mouth was a straight line, her chin, bright in the lamp light, was square, so square that there were sharp corners where it turned and ran back toward her neck and became her jawbone.

Albert picked up the evening paper and read it as rapidly as possible, trying to forget the ogre on the other side of the room. It wasn't that he was afraid of her. She just made him uneasy, sitting there working, without saying a word. At ten o'clock she got up, thumped to the radio to hear the news. He put down his paper dutifully, although he didn't give a damn for the news. She sat on a stool, facing the loudspeaker, and once she spoke. "Manchester, not Man-chester," she said to the unheeding announcer. When the broadcast was over she returned to her chair and her knitting, and worked steadily until eleven, when she put down her knitting long enough to stare at Albert, reading his paper, or a little Kipling. Kipling made him feel like a man. As though somebody were pulling on his newspaper, Albert felt the stare, and looked up at her. "All right, dear, I'll go to bed as soon as I finish this article." Then Albert went to bed. He knew all the answers. He had been doing this for ten years.

He thought a lot about his position during the next week. The old maids and the school teachers and the middle-aged couples found him irritable. Once, he almost stamped his foot at a lady who said, as she payed her check: "We certainly do enjoy eating here, Mr. Walker. You seem to know just how we women want things. You have an almost feminine touch."

One evening as he made his usual inspection, he heard a low chuckle behind him. He whirled to find, standing behind him, the devil. He was dressed in red, and he had horns on his head, and he held a pitchfork in his hand.

"Good evening," said the devil, and then he went into gales of laughter.

"Good evening," quaked Albert, shrinking back against a table. He wasn't sure what the devil was going to do with that pitchfork: "What's . . . what's so funny?"

"I was watching you play with your doilies!" He sat down in a chair, helpless with laughter, and his pitchfork slithered to the floor.

With the pitchfork out of hand, Albert felt a little easier. "I don't like the doilies! If it weren't for that goddam wife of mine . . ." He stopped, a little surprised at himself. He never said curse words. He had often thought them, but his tea room training had long since obviated the necessity or the opportunity for using them.

"Your wife!" said the devil. "You mean your wife makes you do this?" He started to laugh again.

Albert was beginning to get a little bolder. He no longer cringed. "You don't know my wife," he moaned. "Honestly, Mr. . . . ah . . ."

"I'm the devil."

Albert was a little taken aback. Saying it right out like that, 'I'm the devil,' had sort of taken his breath away. He looked down at his shoe. "Well this wife of mine, she . . ." He stopped as there came the sound of a key in the lock. His wife entered.

"Albert, who is that man you're talking to?"

The devil picked up his pitchfork to repeat his assertion. He could understand Albert's situation when he looked at her. "I'm the devil." He repeated it for assurance. "I am the devil."

She paused for a moment and then pounded over to Albert, "I told you, Albert, never to let anybody in after closing time."

"Oh he didn't let me in . . . I . . . just . . . got in." The devil waved his hand airily. "I've come to make Albert a proposition. I'll give him the ten best years of his life, if, at the end of that time, he'll come to live with me."

"That's absurd. Albert would never do a thing like that. Would you, Albert?"

"Oh no," said Albert. "Mr. Devil, what would I get?"

"Anything that you wanted. For ten years, that is."

"Starting now?"

"Starting now."

"All right." Albert jumped up. "It's a deal."

His wife glared at him. "Albert . . ." and then she disappeared. Albert could have anything he wanted for ten years.

The next day, Albert read in the paper how his wife's tea room had been struck by lightning and burned to the ground. Well, thought Albert, he can be depended on. He went down to get the mail. On the top of the stack was a long, legal looking envelope. Inside was a check, and this note. "If you want more, just whistle." Albert whistled in surprise, and that afternoon there was another check waiting for him. He went out and bought everything he wanted, but he still had lots of money left over. He put it in the bank.

The next evening, he sat at home, alone, thinking how wonderful it was not to hear his wife pounding around the house, or sunk in her chair knitting. "Ugh," said Albert as he thought about her. Automatically he glanced over at her chair. It was quite empty. But there standing behind the chair was an angel.

"Hello, Albert," said the angel.

"Hello, Angel" said Albert.

"I have come to see if you have repented, Albert."

"What for?" Albert was not awed by just a white old angel. Hell, he had seen the devil.

"If you will repent, perhaps we can save you from the devil. There is still time."

"But I don't want to be saved," said Albert. "I like things the way they are."

"You won't go to heaven Albert. You won't go to heaven."

"Is my wife there?"

"Yes, Albert, of course. She was a very good woman."

"Uh hum. Will she still be there when I get there? Will I have to live with her?"

"Why certainly, Albert. There are no divorces in Heaven."

"Oh," sighed Albert. "Then I don't want to go to heaven. You're darned right I don't want to go."

"That's talkin' boy." Albert and the angel turned to see who spoke. In the doorway was the devil. "That's tellin' 'em, Albert."

"Don't listen to him," interjected the angel. "You'll have wings if you go to heaven."

"Wings!" gasped Albert. "Oh how nice."

"We play poker every night," sneered the devil, "and everybody has marked cards and deals off the bottom. You don't catch us doin' none of that sissy flyin'."

"I love poker." Albert smiled at the thought of a poker game every night.

"We in heaven play the harp. It's really very beautiful, everyone in white . . ."

"Sounds like a hospital," giggled Albert. Then he blushed as the angel glared at him.

"Everyone in white," she went on, "sitting around in the evening, playing by halo-light." The angel plucked an imaginary harp. "We have four part harmony on a lot of songs and I have a solo," she cleared her throat, "on a number called Lead On . . ."

"You and your harps." The devil spat in the fireplace. "We got a guy that plays the sweetest little dixieland trumpet you ever heard. None of that four part harmony for him. Hell, he don't even need music." The devil tapped his feet to a ragtime beat.

The angel shook her head in despair. "I'll be back some other time, Albert, sometime when we can be alone."

"That's quite all right." Albert rose to show the angel out. "Drop in anytime."

"Well I guess I'll be shovin' along," said the devil. "Don't forget our deal, Albert."

Albert looked out the door to see if the angel was gone. "I won't forget," he whispered. "Things sound pretty nice down your way. Poker . . . ahhhhh." The devil went out, and Albert sat down again.

I really could be satisfied in either place, thought Albert. They both sound very attractive. Imagine, poker every night, and marked cards. He snickered. What a wonderful time they must have down there. Of course, there's that story about the fiery furnace. I do hate to shovel coal, or whatever they use. My, I wonder what they do use, that is, if they really have a furnace. On the other hand, it would be nice to be able to play the harp. But that might take practice every day, and Margaret is so forceful about things like that. I had almost forgotten, Margaret is there. Maggie I mean. I can call her Maggie now all I want. That's too bad. I'd really rather shovel, or whatever they do. Oh my, Maggie. Well, I have plenty of time. It was certainly nice of

them to think about me. Imagine, they're moving heaven and hell just to get me. He held his head higher, and breathed deeply. It rather made a man of him.

Albert didn't think much about the dispute during the next two weeks. He just went on living quietly and happily, not bothering much about anything. He was sitting at home one day, smoking his pipe and dumping his ashes on the floor, when with the tinkle of a harp, the angel flew in. He got up and offered her his seat. "Hello, angel," he said.

"Hello, Albert." She glided into the vacant chair. "You know what I came to talk to you about."

"Oh yes."

"Have you repented?"

"Well, I hadn't really thought much about it." He didn't want to tell her that hell sounded good to him.

"Just think, Albert. In heaven everything is peaceful and nice."

"The only thing is." Albert rubbed his bald spot. "I've always been peaceful. I'd like a change."

"Sure you would, Albert." There was the devil. "What do you want with peace and quiet? We've got a girl her name is Lulu." The devil winked at Albert and smiled knowingly.

Albert grinned sheepishly, and then winked back at the devil as the angel raised her eyes in prayer. She fluttered her wings. "We have girls in heaven, too, Albert. All those nice girls you used to go to church with. You remember. They're a little plump, but they're awfully nice, and they've got hearts of gold."

The devil guffawed and slapped the angel on the back. "Church social girls!" He roared. "Have you ever seen a hula? Why we got girls that . . ." He stopped when the angel put her wings over her ears. "I'll tell you sometime when we're alone, Albert."

The angel looked despondently at Albert. "I'm afraid that you're headed the wrong way, young man." She had been a teacher. "I've done all I can for you. There's one last thing, though." She smiled smugly. "It's awfully hot down there," she sang.

"That's a lie," shouted the devil. "It's comfortably warm. We got insulation."

"Oh I don't mind being warm." Albert pulled his robe closer about him. "I've always been uncomfortably cool. I don't mind being warm."

The angel sighed, lifted her wings, and flew desolately out the door.

"Well, Albert." The devil picked up his pitchfork. "I guess that settles everything." He started for the door, and then turned. "Oh yes, there's one more thing I want to speak to you about. Before we can let you in hell, you'll have to have done something plenty wicked. Have you ever killed anybody?"

Albert jumped. "Goodness no!" But when I was little . . ." He looked around and then leaned toward the devil. "When I was little . . ." He paused and looked around again.

"Go on," urged the devil, "It's all right."

"When I was a young boy, several times I . . ." He paused, searching for the word, "swiped candy. Yes sir, swiped candy."

The devil roared with laughter and stuck his pitchfork in the sofa playfully. "Child's play," he sputtered. "Child's play." He regained his composure long enough to say, "That's very minor. You should at least kill a man."

Albert looked at the floor, crestfallen. "Couldn't I just hit somebody over the head?" he suggested, "or maybe just run over a dog?" He looked at the devil hopefully.

"No, that wouldn't do at all. We're all very wicked in hell. You don't seem to understand. Oh yes, at your age you'd at least have to kill a man." He chuckled softly and said to himself, "Candy, swiped candy yet."

Albert thought for a while. "I don't think I could kill a man. Does it really make a great deal of difference?" His face brightened. "Does Maggie count?"

"Oh no, no, no, no. I killed her. Things don't look too good for you, Albert. Unless you pull something awful dirty there's not much I can do for you." He got up, all his mirth subsided. "So long, Albert." He shook his head sadly. "Too bad, too bad." He balanced his pitchfork on his chin and waltzed out.

Albert sighed and wiped away a tear. I'll have to go to heaven, he thought. Oh my, that's where Maggie is. Besides, they all dress in white and play harps. And Maggie's there. Hell! He sat for a few minutes, alone and dejected. Then he heard the flutter of wings, and there was the angel.

She smiled brightly. "I overheard your conversation with the devil. Things didn't turn out so badly after all, did they?" she chirped.

He looked up sadly. "Well I guess I'll have to go to heaven after all. But aw hell, I like poker," he pouted.

She was too busy getting out her notebook to hear the last part of his sentence. "Now before I hand in your name, what good works can I list?"

"I always contribute to community chests. How's that?" he moaned. The angel rubbed her halo with the end of her pencil.

"Well that's admirable, but didn't you ever do anything very very good, like converting sinners?"

Albert shook his head sadly.

The angel shut her notebook with a bang. "I'm afraid you won't do," she said primly. And then relenting, "Unless you work hard in the next few years." She started out and turned at the door. "Your wife was saying just today, how much she would like to have you under her wing again." She went out.

Albert was found the next night, dead as a herring, and beside him, a bum, shot in the heart. Albert had the revolver in his hand.

"Two kings and two tens," said the devil.

"Two aces and two jacks," yelled the bum.

"Three tens," smiled Albert. "Three beats two pair." And he sipped his scotch.



*Double and redouble your
pleasure with the
Smoker's Cigarette*



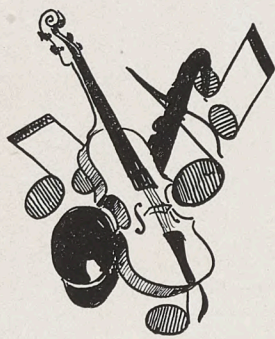
Chesterfield
COOLER Milder BETTER-TASTING



*Do you smoke the
cigarette that
Satisfies*



MUSIC



Last month this column reviewed among other things the recent recording of *Schelomo*, a rhapsody for cello and orchestra by the eminent modern composer, Ernest Bloch. Since then, it has been brought to my attention that a lot of you readers—in fact, the vast majority of you—not only had never heard of Ernest Bloch or *Schelomo* and weren't the slightest bit interested in hearing of them. You simply turned the page and didn't read the review. Nor, I am told, would you have read it no matter what "red seal" recordings (new or old) I had reviewed.

Now I am just immodest enough not to attribute this phenomenon to any personal animus toward myself. The trouble seems to be that Washington University students in general are apathetic to so-called better music. It's not that you're intolerant of it, but rather that you just don't seem to care about it one way or the other. Your preference is popular music and, in some ways, this is an understandable preference. Popular music is extremely accessible. It's impossible to go anywhere without bumping into a Wurlitzer Multi-Selector, a Seeburg Symphonola or some other form of juke-box. And you can hear the current hit tunes on the radio at any hour of day or night. Popular music also has an immediacy of appeal with which the classics cannot compete. A song like *Blueberry Hill* is easily recognized and easily remembered. You can listen to it without any of the thought and concentration that so many classical compositions demand.

But just because popular music is more accessible and has a more immediate appeal is no reason to disregard the music composed by the great masters of past centuries. After all, it's quite possible to enjoy both types. The fact that you would rather dance to popular music than to a Chopin mazurka doesn't arbitrarily prevent you from listening with pleasure to the Chopin mazurka. On the other hand, enjoying the music of Beethoven and Tschaikevsky doesn't prohibit enjoying the music of Irving Berlin and Cole Porter. I have just as little regard for the symphony-goer who is contemptuous of Berlin as I have for the swing-fan who won't give Beethoven a fair hearing. However, it is to the latter species that this article is addressed, since the swing-fans on the Washington University campus apparently outnumber the symphony-goers 25 to 1.

I would like to outline a plan of action for the popu-

lar music devotees who are willing and anxious to give the classics what I have referred to as a fair hearing.

First, start listening to good music on the radio. On the weekends the national networks present their outstanding concert broadcasts, starting with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra program on the Mutual network Friday afternoon. Saturday is the National Broadcasting Company's big day. During the winter, NBC stations carry the Metropolitan Opera Saturday afternoons and the NBC Symphony Orchestra under Arturo Toscanini Saturday nights. Now I don't suppose many of you are in the habit of spending your Saturday nights at home. However, in the event that you are, you mustn't miss the Toscanini broadcasts. The two outstanding Sunday concert programs are both carried by the Columbia Broadcasting System. They are the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in the afternoon and the Ford Hour in the evening. I think the latter is a fine program for persons just beginning to take an interest in good music, as it presents the lighter classics and outstanding artists of the musical world. The Philharmonic broadcasts include Deems Taylor's intermission commentaries, which all listeners—experienced and inexperienced—find both informative and entertaining. Certain of the local stations broadcast daily transcribed programs of good music. These come at one o'clock in the afternoon (KFUO), at 3:05 o'clock (WEW) and at 11 o'clock at night, when KMOX and KSD programs may be heard.

Don't get the idea that I'm expecting you to listen to every one of these programs. You'd have to just about give up all of your other activities to do that. No, I don't expect that. But I do say the more listening you do, the more of these programs you hear—the better you will be able to understand and appreciate fine music. It's just like anything else. The more you go to baseball games, the more you listen to them on the radio, the more you read about baseball—the better you are able to understand and appreciate the game.

To speak parenthetically for a paragraph, I'd like to explain what I mean by that word "listen." I mean for you to give your undivided attention to the music. Don't try to join in a conversation or read the papers or unravel a jigsaw puzzle at the same time you're listening to a radio concert if you really want to get a maximum of enjoyment out of the program. Concentrate on the music. What should you listen for in it? Well, I'm afraid that's another article altogether.

There's a second way of listening to music in the home, but it's somewhat more expensive than the first way I outlined, which consisted simply of turning on the

radio. I refer of course to the phonograph. One consolation for anyone contemplating starting a record collection at this time may be found in the fact that both Victor and Columbia Records cut their prices almost in half over the Summer. A symphony or concerto that formerly cost \$10 now sells for \$5.50. And, although \$5.50 is a lot of money, it's still considerably less than \$10.

Now, if you're still with me and still serious about giving the classics a fair hearing, I would suggest you attend a few concerts. As you must know, the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra plays in the Municipal Auditorium on Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings throughout the Fall and Winter. Then too, there are the Civic Music League and Principia concert series. However, these present mainly solo recitals and, since newcomers to the concert hall seem to take more readily to orchestral programs, I would say that it's more important that you attend some of the symphony concerts than recitals in either of the other two series.

In addition to the regular subscription concerts, the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra this year will again present several Sunday afternoon "pops" concerts. I think it's essential that the people to whom this article is addressed attend the "pops" concerts. Not only are tickets less expensive, but the music has an immediacy of appeal that the beginner may not find in the regular subscrip-

tion series. You will be familiar with a lot of selections played at the Sunday afternoon concerts. Conductor Golschmann programs music such as the Strauss waltzes, Wagner's *Lohengrin* and *Meistersinger* preludes and "Ride of the Valkyries," Tschaiikovsky's *Nutcracker* suite, Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* music, Ravel's *Bolero*, Sibelius' *Finlandia* and *Valse Triste*, and Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scherzade* and *Flight of the Bumblebee*. Although these concerts don't have quite the delightful informality of the Boston "pops", where the concertgoers sit at tables and drink beer, I don't think that need prevent you from attending them. If you care to, you might take along a can of beer and occasionally—when the music is *crescendo* and everybody watching the orchestra—lift the can to your lips for a sly sip.

I don't suggest you do much reading about music just yet. But in time you should look at Deems Taylor's two books and at a book like *Men of Music*, which presents the history of music in terms of critical biographies of the great composers. The book is scholarly and provocative, without being pedantic or technical.

That, then, is the extent of the plan of action that I said I was going to outline. I hope you'll give it a try. I hope you'll start listening to some of the radio programs and attending the local concerts. But, as the fellow says, you can take it or leave it.

TWO POEMS

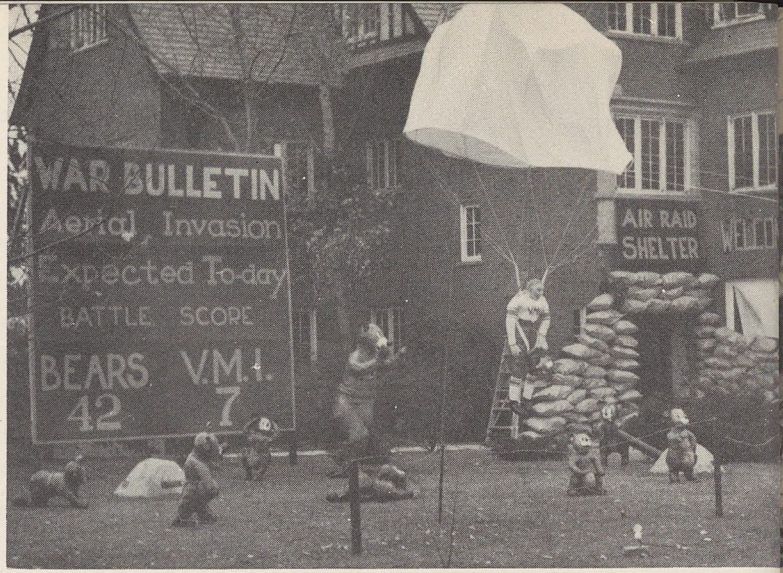
by THEO BOSTWICK

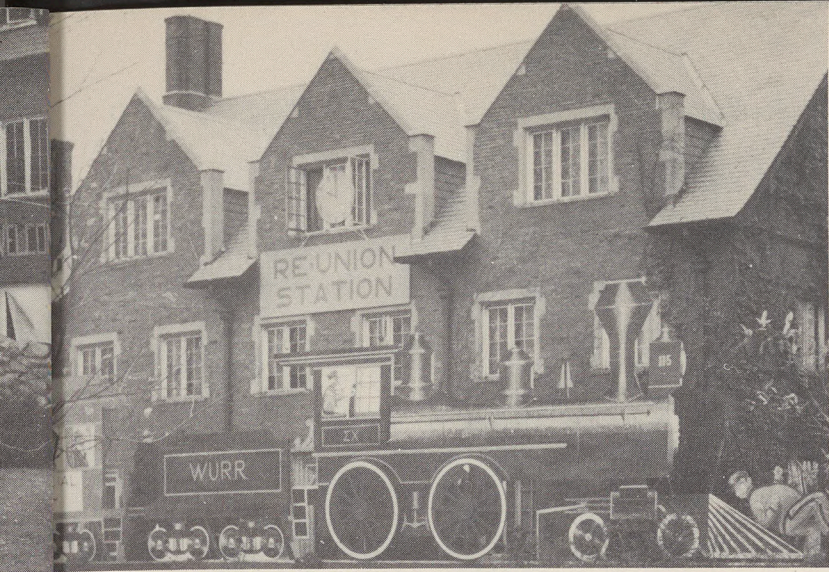
SONNET FROM THE TRENCHES

Now in the little year between this plane
 And the one that follows after, each low flight
 Thundering a crimson hell across the night,
 Lift up the smoke, and give me the sun again.
 Sun, and the song-choked body of the brown
 Itinerant swallow, arched to the wind, and fleet,
 Chiaroscuro of a cobbled street,
 And light from every window in the town.
 Here in the muggy trench we have become
 Less than the rats that roam the rancid slough—
 Quickly, before the next squadron is due,
 Give me the autumn-scented wind of home,
 And I shall hear, while bombs burst everywhere,
 Its soft, insistent laughter on the air.

PROMISE

I'll write to you from England,
 I'll write you every day,
 And tell you of cathedral towns,
 And dawn on Bowness bay;
 I'll tell you of the London Tower,
 Of Stratford and Torquay,
 And of the little country inns
 Where I have stopped for tea;
 But if along the road I find
 A lad more fair than you
 To capture my romantic heart
 With accents clipped and new,
 You'll never guess—except perhaps
 I'll praise the weather more,
 Or write in stricter detail what
 The Hampshire peasants wore.





D R A M A

ENGLISH XVI AGAIN

THE ANNUAL presentation of the winning English XVI plays has come to be an eagerly awaited event. The caliber of the plays has grown with each year which may be deemed a compliment to W. G. B. Carson whose patience and talent for teaching playwrighting technique has grown with equal measure through the years. The consensus of opinion of the audience, many of whom have not missed an English XVI presentation, was that this year's group was the best that has ever come out of the class. This may be accepted also as a tribute to the critical abilities of the English XVI class of last year who selected these plays as the best of its output. The 1939-40 English XVI plays were:

Sundown by Paul Caldwell

Esty by Helen Hewitt

Paris Green by Jack Hronek

Mr. Caldwell's play is essentially one of locale and mood. The atmosphere of a Mississippi steamboat of the 1880's is well established. The mood is well sustained and the verisimilitude of the writing is never questioned. The production given the play at all times aided the writer. The sound effects and scenic investiture were excellent. An interesting innovation was steps leading from the stage to the auditorium which members of the cast used when descending to lower parts of the boat. The most apparent fault in *Sundown* is its over-wordiness. Henry Fish played Dixie Weston with the skill and simplicity of attack that one has come to expect from him. The rascally brother was entrusted to Morris Yaffe who found in the role one eminently suited to him both physically and dramatically speaking. An interesting performance was that of Hugh Brussel who gave an intelligent and restrained interpretation of a part which might so easily have been over done.

Esty is undoubtedly one of the finest plays ever to have been written in Mr. Carson's class. It is an amazingly mature achievement for an embryonic playwright. Miss Hewitt has managed characterization, mood and action with admirable skill and understanding. Her knowledge of human beings is immense and her skill in depicting them, brilliant. Miss Suzonne Buckner was faced with an almost impossible task in playing the title role—almost impossible that is for an actress as young as she. Miss Buckner came through with an entirely satisfactory performance. She lacked variety however; and a certain amount of variety is possible even within the limited range of the part. The best performance of the evening was contributed by Harry Gibbs who played George Gilbert. *Esty* gave Gibbs one of the best opportunities he has had since *Roadside* and he made the most of the part, giving to it the emotional understanding and sincerity that was required. Henry Stealey, another stand-out from *Roadside*, played Uncle Billy and uncommonly well, too. The two juvenile roles of Eldon and Mardell

were in the hands of Thomas Clemens and Betty Moline who were extremely well-cast.

Mr. Hronek's *Paris Green* is one of the most successful of English XVI comedies. It has a light-hearted joie de vivre that is most infectious. One finds himself laughing delightedly—sometimes against his will. James Calloway was outstanding in this play. He revealed a talent for comedy that should be invaluable to *Thyrus*. Barbara Davis played Ophelia Bund and was so amusing that Mr. Rupert Allan, one of the judges, felt called upon to comment on her "unforgettable" interpretation. Miss Davis labored under the difficulty that her role had no logical reason for existence in the play. Charles French as Barney Montgomery added much to the general hilarity.

At the end of the Saturday evening performance a committee of judges consisting of Mr. Allan, Miss Kathleen Scott and Charles Freeman presented the Wilson Prize of fifty dollars to Miss Hewitt, and the Dramatic Club Prize of fifteen dollars for the best performance to Mr. Gibbs.

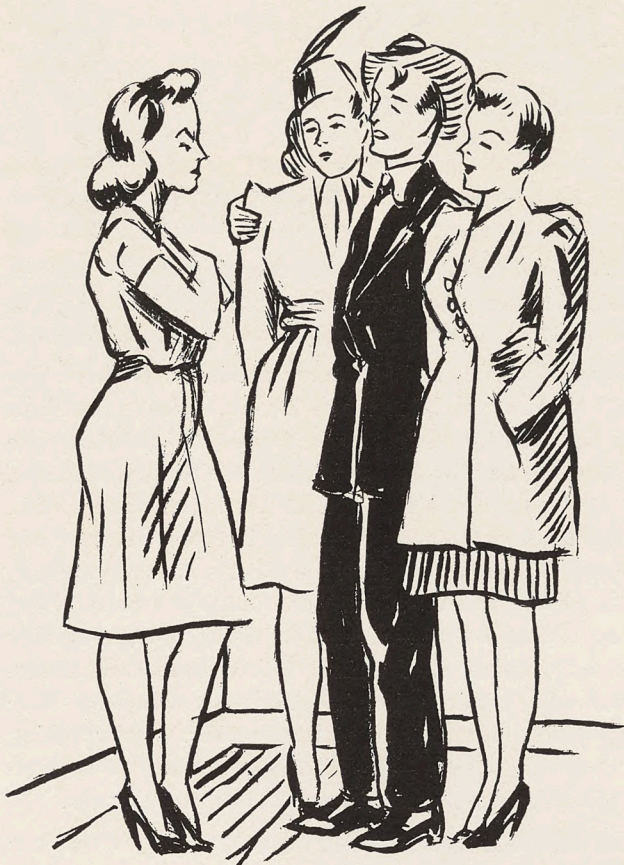


Allan Kahan

"But dear, I don't see why it should be such a shock to you."

JOKES!

We point with pride to the purity of the white space between our jokes.—Exchange.



Beta: "Hello."

Girl:

Beta: "Oh, well."—Texas Ranger.

This is a story they tell about the boys at Dartmouth. In the inner, deeper, and darker recesses of the library is a statue of the famous General Howe. And when the Dartmouth boys have their girls up for week-ends they take them to the library and show them Howe.—Frivol.

I can't marry him mother; he's an atheist and doesn't believe in hell.

Marry him, my dear, and together we'll convince him he's wrong.—Battalion.

"I won them in a bingo game, dear. Do you mind?"

Making love is like making pie. All you need is a little crust and a lot of applesauce.—Siren.

Is my dress too short?
It's either too short or you're in it too far.—Columbia Jester.

Boy: "I haven't heard a squeak out of you since we started dancing."
Pi Phi: "Oh, I'm pretty well oiled."
—Siren.

Conductor: Can't you see the sign says "No Smoking"?

TKE: Sure, mate, that's plain enough. But here's another dizzy sign that says "Wear Nemo Corsets" so I ain't paying attention to any of them.
—Siren.



"Yes, but only Arrow can shape a collar."



BETWEEN BELLES

WIRES CROSSED AND UNCROSSED



HERE WE ARE again with more new news and old news. For you seniors and juniors who know her, Evelyn Hufford is wearing Bill Wishmeyer's Sigma Chi pin. And for you same juniors and seniors who know Marion Thoms, she is now Mrs. Buddy Harvey, Jeanne Harney is Mrs. Bob Schepman, and Margaret MacKelvey is Mrs. Bill Getzhoff. Kappa's Ashley Papin is wearing the pin of Bob Gannett—T.K.E., and Margie Ratz is wearing Bill Fish's Sig Ep pin.

Jan Hansen turned up not long ago with Jack Hensley's Beta pin on, and Marlyn Newburger is flaunting Wilbur Hacker's Sigma Chi pin. That must explain why she is perpetually looking for rides to Missouri U. Pi Phi's Macky Underwood is proudly wearing Hank Nelson's white cross on her sweater. Also Hi Neuwoehner put his pin on Mary Clark of Clayton. Looks like the Sigma Chis are going to be awfully sick of cheap cigars if the brothers keep on handing out pins at the rate of three a week.

This last month has looked like Travel-month for Washington U. students (?) According to reports, there were a great many Wash U. people at the Illinois Homecoming festivities a few weeks ago. Even though the Indians were swamped by Notre Dame, school spirit was far from lacking—the 65,000 fans saw to that. Among the Washington U. lads and lassies who joined the fun were S.A.E.'s Charlie French, Kenny Leutwiler, and Johnny Hunstein. Johnny Weber's little Kappa gal friend (E.G.) wasn't too happy that Johnny hadn't come along to Champaign. Peg and Betty Steinmeyer spent most of their time in Champaign being rushed by the Kappa Sigs. Incidentally, Bill Netzhammer, a Delta Chi addition to this campus, went to Illinois too. Our representative to the Drake Homecoming Parties was sophomore Norma Sacks. A couple of week-ends ago, Delta Gamma's Betty Ann Stupp, Shirley Settle, and Doris Hartmann took themselves a trip down to Mizzou. The same week-end one Verne Purvines (one of the former Bears) went down to Columbia too. Now it happens that Purvine's latest in female interest is Trudy Greise also a Delta Gamma. Verne wouldn't take Trudy with him, on the excuse that he was going down to attend a stag party—so while Trudy sat home in St. Louis, Verne played with the boys down there and the Delta Gammas had their fling too. The whole business doesn't make sense to us or them. Another traveler is Cary Murtfeldt, who is beating a path down to Westminster to see her latest acquisition. Posy Oswald and Janet Lee Appell had a nice week-end not long ago. They went together as far as Sweetbriar, where Janet got off and looked into conditions there, and at W. & L. Posy went on to North

Carolina where she did some checking up on her interests in that part of the country. They met again at Sweetbriar and so wended their weary way homeward.

Bobby Nelson, Delta Gamma president has been seeing a lot of Frank Nickerson—Sig Ep. Mittie Jane Sloan has been dating to date: one Phi Delt, one Beta, one Sigma Chi, one Sig Ep, and some architectural students. A regular pan-hel girl. Cal East was looking for a blind date the other week and some smart person fixed one up with Kay Reardon for him. That was the beginning of a beautiful friendship, because it has been going strong ever since. They went to Homecoming together and jelly around all the time. This column can't understand why someone hasn't found this charming little Miss before this and put a claim on her. And speaking of charming people—Naomi Zwilling is one of the cutest girls to be seen on this campus for many a year.

At the Phi Delt pledge dance Jimmy Otto was astounded to have an offer for the immense Willkie (Amen) button she was wearing. At first she was reluctant to sell it, but when offered a dollar for it, she changed her mind. Not a bad deal!!

The advertisement run last month about Chuck Stewart and Gene Pennington has done its good deed, because Chuck is seen every where with Betty Thompson and Gene with Pat Wolf. If there are any other stray males running around looking for female company, just let this bureau of broken hearts know about it, and we'll take a personal interest in your case and see what can be done.

Rocky Poole has been seen a great deal with May Ruester. What the heck, Rocky—what about the girl in Belleville? What this column wants to know is the name of the boy who walked Ann Page Sullivan up and down in front of the chapel one afternoon for an hour and a half without taking time out for a coke or a cigarette or anything.

A new radical has presented himself to the school for criticism and comment. When Clark Garrison started dating Mary Garland Maack it was in order to break up the Pi Phi-Beta combine. Now it seems to be a more serious thing. Clark thinks there is nonsense in the Phi Delt ALWAYS dating the Thetas and the Betas ALWAYS dating the Pi Phis and the Sigma Chis ALWAYS dating the Kappas, and we heartily agree with him. Paul Fullerton and Bob Lynch are two more of the Betas who are following Clark's example and are keeping Mary Alice Topping awfully busy.

The Kappas had a new experience a few days ago—their closet burned and with it went thirty dollars worth

of books. If it had been in Busch it wouldn't have been so surprising but it completely amazed the Kappas.

The latest campus romance is between Editor Heine-man and Circulation Mgr. Wiederholdt of the Eliot Staff. Hatchet's Harry Cheshire and Mary Beth Greene are a-romancing too. In about five weeks of wooing she has succumbed to his (ch)arms. Up in the Student Life office Cupid has been at work too. Editor-in-chief Rosenfeld and staff member Emily Cronheim have been going together a lot lately. So if you want romance, and spring isn't here just get a job on a publication, and who can tell—it may end in a pinning. Just look at Hank and Macky.

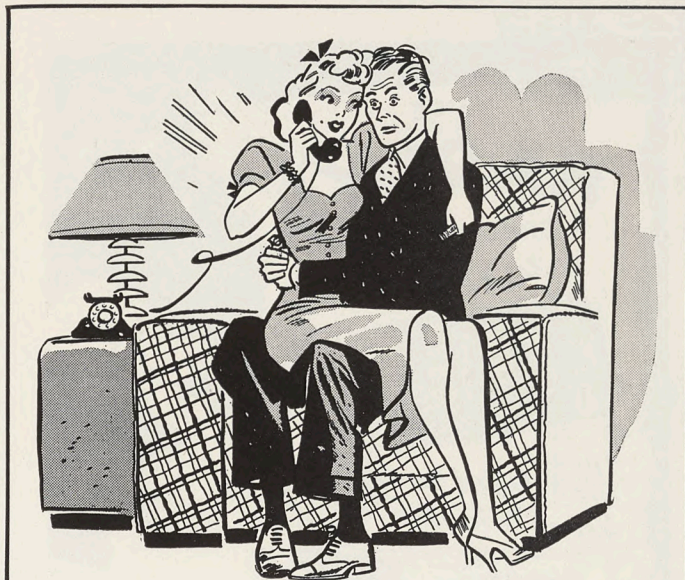
Little Alice Jane Love has Rex Carruthers going in circles, and Zeda Radcliff has Dave Cohen going in circles too, but it's just because he's teaching her to rhumba. Ginny Ann Cook has been going places with the new Beta transfer, and Hazel Garland is trying to decide whether or not to take Bud Stoltz's K.A. pin. She's even quit school so maybe it's more serious than it looks on the surface. Patty Ahern just got back from Amherst where she went to the football game and then a couple of fraternity dances. Edie Marsalek ditto, ditto except she went to Harvard.

The highly secretive Eleven Club had their second anniversary on Nov. seventeenth at Edie Marsalek's. There are only two of the original members left on the campus now—Edie and Jane Allen. Some of the members include Mary Ramsey, Bruce Higginbotham, Sally Alexander, Pete Mara, Evan Wright and Bud Skinner. No one ever seems to know where the meetings are held, or when or how or what happens at them. All we know about it is that if the members are caught without their pins on, they owe a coke to the person who caught them without it.

And speaking of clubs—the Pi Phis have started a new one called the "B.A.G.S." (!!!) Club. Only girls who don't have pins and who don't have any prospects of getting one, can belong. You'll have to find out who the members are for yourselves—we won't tell.

Every day we see Jo Sippy having cokes and walking to and from classes with Jack Meletio. He's a Phi Delt transfer from Mizzou. In the Thyrsus plays last week Glamour-girl Suzonne Buckner was completely de-glamourized in the part she played. She let her hair down and though she did her part well, she probably disillusioned some of her male following.

At the Phi B. D. houseparty at the end of October, at House Springs a very peculiar thing happened. Al Rosenfeld was with the aforementioned Emily Cronheim and they got as far as House Springs and weren't seen again by any of the other people on the houseparty. When questioned by friends as to where they had spent their time, they said that they ended up at a Republican Meeting. (Editor's note: both of them are ardent Democrats).



Once distance lent enchantment to
A bad-breathed girl named Mary Lou.
But she sipped Cryst-O-Mints so now
Men hold her on their laps, and how!



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

This Month's Prize

to
Jack Becker

for the following joke.

A woman, completely fed up with her husband's tall stories, warned him that the next time he was caught in one of his lies she was through with him. He promised her faithfully that he would stick to the truth, but that night he forgot all about his promise when he started to tell the guests about the new barn he was building.

"It's the biggest barn you ever saw," he said. "It's a mile long, a half mile wide—" then catching the full force of his wife's furious glance, he added: "and an inch high."

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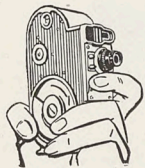
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S P O R T S

WELCOME, MR. KINNAN

THE FOOTBALL renaissance at Washington, begun some seven or eight years ago and climaxed when gray-haired, personable Jimmy Conzelman departed last winter for the greener fields of the professional game, is now a closed chapter. Yet a revival of the finer art of athletic supremacy is not completely out of the question yet, for one of the finest groups of sophomore basketball talent to come up in years, in addition to the signing of a new coach in the sport, leads up to an obvious conclusion.

Robert M. Kinnan, soft-spoken ex-Iowa State star whose high school team at Muscatine, Ia., attained the state championship or runner-up position for three years, is the new Bear cage and track coach. Selected above 17 other applicants for the job, Kinnan will also serve as an instructor in physical education while not occupied by his coaching duties. He graduated from Iowa State in 1930 and had been coaching at Muscatine ever since until he was appointed to fill the spot vacated by the resignation of Hudson Hellmich.

That current stranglehold on the Valley basketball championship held by Henry Ida's Oklahoma A.&M. court circus is in no immediate danger from the Bears, but Kinnan is working with a bunch of boys who are almost certain to develop. He has several holdovers from the sophomore-dominated team of last year to add stability to the brilliant newcomers. Included in this group are Bernard Lieppman, a smoothie at center, Wally MacLean, an outstanding ballhandler, Guy Callo-way, Russ Schoenbeck, and Dutch Lutz, the little man who's always there. The biggest problem will be to find someone to take the place of all-Valley Desmond Lee, a great center, who finished last year.

Harold Globig, former McKinley High ace, is an outstanding candidate for one of the guard positions, along with Mel Kranzberg and Bill Sugg. Tall and a slick passer, Globig is exceptionally accurate on long shots. Two other sophomores who'll bear watching are Jack Darnton and Charles Heiser, both large and ambitious, if awkward. Jim Calloway, Donald Sweazy, and John Blood are also keen two-year-olds, while Dick Devine, sensational pass-catcher in football, is a promising center. Nine others are out.

Right now, the emphasis is on fundamentals in a big way. Kinnan is also trying to develop a quick, fast-breaking offense to utilize the Bears' height to advantage. When a team finishes in the cellar there's only one way to go and the Bruins plan to make it tough on everybody this year. Yale calls here for an early game.

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EDITORIAL POLICY

1940-1941



Eliot is the magazine of Washington University and the magazine of some special group in the University. It is a magazine of general college interest and has no intention of becoming merely a comic or an undergraduate publication, a campus 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.

—*The Staff*



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9.46% less nicotine than Brand A 15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
20.55% less nicotine than Brand B 4.74% less nicotine than Brand D

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Luckies—the smoke tobacco experts smoke