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... THE ...  
**ELIOT**

APRIL FOOL ISSUE

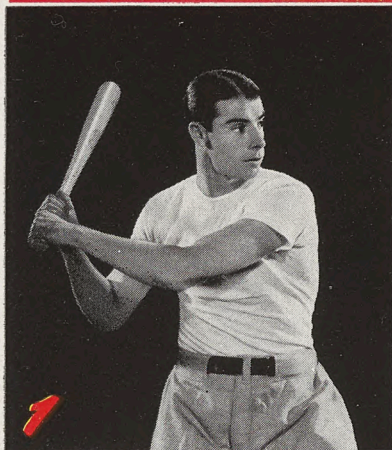
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"THE JUDGE"  
PICKS THE LOSER

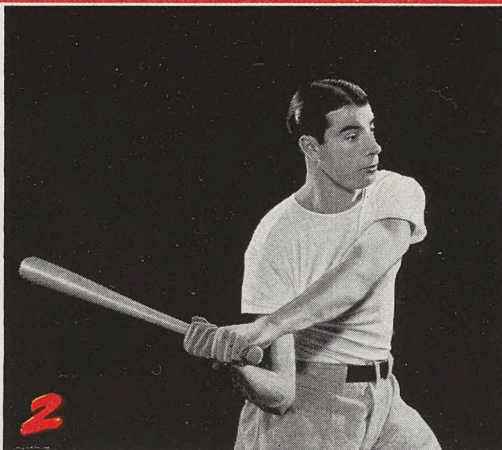
*Washington University St. Louis, Missouri*

# JOE DIMAGGIO'S MIGHTY SWING

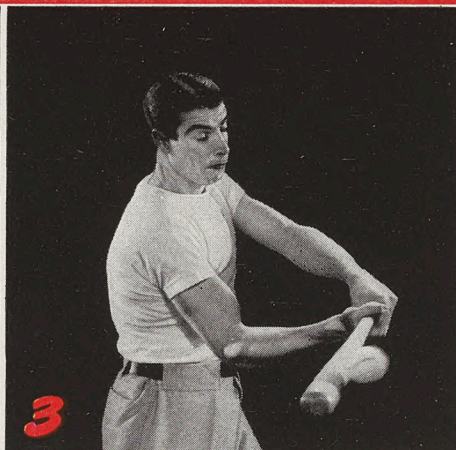
Now for the first time the amazing stroboscopic camera analyzes the swing that made baseball history



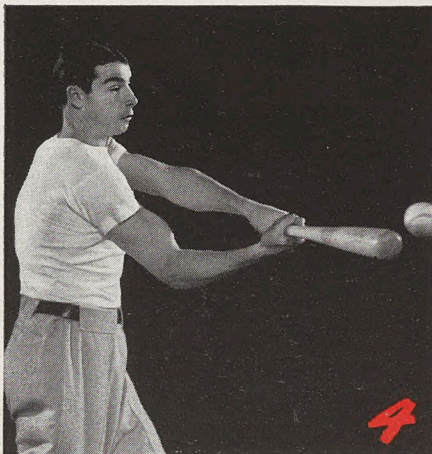
1 DiMaggio sizes up the pitch...



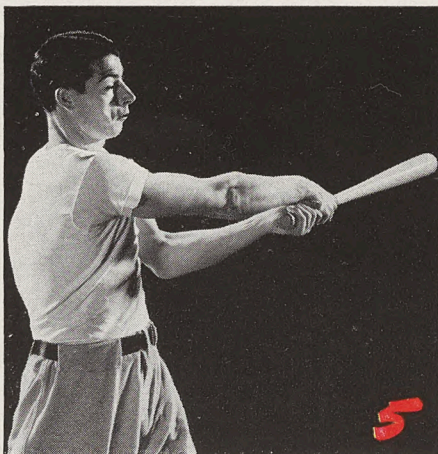
2 He starts that devastating swing...



3 Squarely... solidly... bat meets ball.



4 With his eyes still focused on the batted ball...



5 Joe follows through in a tremendous release of driving power.



6 A remarkable series of repetitive flashes show you the famous DiMaggio swing and follow-through all in this one picture above. Below, at the left, you see Joe enjoying a Camel. For with Joe DiMaggio, when the game is over, it's "now for a Camel." Yes, *Camel*—the milder cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke.

I'VE SMOKED CAMELS FOR 8 YEARS. THEY HAVE THE MILDNESS THAT COUNTS WITH ME

Right off the bat, Joe DiMaggio, shown here at home, will tell you: "I find Camels easy on the throat—milder in every way. And they've got the flavor that hits the spot every time. You bet I like Camels!"

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



The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains

**28% LESS NICOTINE**

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!



**CAMEL**

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

# THE F. B. I. REPORTS

By PEGGY STOECKER

Some funny doings were reported,  
At good old Washington U.,  
So the F. B. I. sent out a man  
To see what he could do.

When he got back to the capitol,  
The crazy news to spread,  
He walked right up to Roosevelt,  
And this is what he said.

I took a walk this morning,  
Down around the school,  
And from the funny things I saw,  
I knew that it was April Fool.

I saw a bunch of boys there,  
A Reid Ross and a Charlie Duke,  
And this is what they told me  
As they put a nickel in the juke.

"We boys are in a little club,  
That likes to go out swimmin';  
We pledge to be good bachelors—  
Our motto—"swear off women!"

We saw a little girl there,  
They called her Maribeth—  
And as we caught her by the hand,  
She said—all out of breath—

Who? Hardy Glen? Who can he be?  
And what fraternity is he in?  
I'll say that you can strike me dead,  
If ever I should take a pin.

There was a great big senior there,  
Strong and dark and tall—  
And when we asked him 'bout the  
girls,  
He didn't know 'bout them at all.

We walked on down to old Q. Shop,  
We had some time to spare—  
When we arrived at ten o'clock,  
There was nobody there.

Slowly they began to come,  
The first was Kappa Maize—  
She wasn't with a single Beta,  
We were in a daze.

## Attention!

Betty Rasbach and Betty Krodel are taking over a class at Kingdom House to instruct underprivileged youngsters in "How to Be Popular the Right Way." Anybody who wishes may attend.

And though we looked both high and  
low,  
For Topping, Sackett, and Maury  
White,  
We couldn't find them anywhere,  
They were studying just for spite.

We strolled about from side to side  
To find a place to lean,  
And every showcase that we saw,  
Was bright and shining clean.

We sat upon the radiator  
A lollipop to lick,  
And when we started to get up,  
We didn't even stick.

But, look, who is that little blond,  
All dressed in green and tan—  
It's no one else but M. J. Park—  
And, believe it or not, without a man.

And Decker, S. A. E., was there,  
In blue jeans and a dirty shirt—  
Someone rumbled up his hair,  
He said it didn't even hurt.

Fullerton was also there,  
And though we racked our silly brain  
We couldn't understand it,  
He was jellying with Alice Jane.

(This rhythm's driving us stark mad,  
We wish that we could change it,  
But since we are not poets born,  
We simply can't arrange it.)

But on with our fantastic tale  
Crazy though it sounds,  
For on that one peculiar day,  
We really made the rounds.

We thought we'd better go to school  
Before we finished cruising,  
So we went to Bodenhafer's class,  
And everyone was snoozing.

What's that you say,  
Johanning and Stone are married?  
Well, knock us down and strike us  
dead,  
We guess the hatchet's buried.

We saw a bunch of Theta Xi's,  
All undersized and lame,  
They were moaning loud and long,  
Because they never won a game.

There were several TKE's there—  
Two or maybe three—  
Said they, "All other fraternities  
Are just as good as we."

And there was William Cassilly,  
The Beta dark and tall,  
He said of all the publications  
Eliot was the best of all.

Betty Rasbach happened by,  
A morning hour to lose,  
Said she—she just loved all the boys  
Except the Sigma Nu's.

We walked in front of Cupples II,  
Women's-Building bound,  
And though we couldn't believe our  
eyes,  
The engineers were playing around.

They said they had no work to do,  
No more engine labs,  
They called those studious college  
boys,  
Hard-working, four-eyed scabs.

And Andy Carver ambled by  
With his lovely one and only—  
He's been pinned for four long years,  
We can't say he's been lonely.

Genevieve Stewart of Alpha Chi,  
Was with a group of gals,  
Said she of little Gordie-Pie,  
You know we're just good pals.

And there in the corner by them-  
selves—  
A bunch of laughing guys—  
No notice of a girl at all  
You guessed it—'twas the Phi's.

Oh, laughing, nutty, squirrels com-  
plete  
And acting drunk on coke  
Were pretty light blonde Peggy Ride  
And that Meletio bloke.

Now if you believe a word of this,  
And like a lot of strife,  
We suggest that you and all your  
kind,  
Go work on Student Life.

## WANTED!

GIRL—White, 18, good looking.

Very little housework. No wash-  
ing. No cooking! Good wages.  
Call B. D., No. 8 F. R.

# THIS WAY OUT

*an alphabetical listing of places to go*

## Abbie's Restaurant—1661 Hitler Place

When you're on the south side looking for a D. G., just step in here and borrow Abbie's phone book. He's very obliging. He has kept in close touch with the Berlin ghetto throughout the war and for a small fee he'll tell you about any of your relatives. His fish is very fine. Sea food up-stairs.

## Brown Bomber—3010 Marcus

The fried chicken here is very fine, although most of the meat is dark. You'll like the dusky atmosphere, as well as the juke box if you've got five cents. Prices are most moderate, maximum . . . one dollar. The S. A. E.s have literally taken this place over since they deserted Richmond's Buffet.

## Carl's—718 Washington Ave.

If you've just been to the Grand or the Garrick you'll like to stop off here before you proceed further. The waiter knows all spots of interest about town, especially the Jefferson Ave., district. We hear that an "annex" has been opened in the basement, so if interested in a little dice game, lawyers, just go into the room marked "Men" (it isn't what you think it is), knock three times, and ask for Gus.

## Crown Room—Kingsway Hotel

The Crown Room has a very attractive waitress. Her entertainment is fair if you don't have to look at her. The prices are moderate and I believe that in the right crowd (S. A. E.'s) you could have a very good time here.

## Sid Gates—19 North Brentwood Blvd.

Sid has soft drinks on tap that the Betas really go for. It also has that Woogman atmosphere which is so essential to a good snake dance. You can get in that college rah, rah, spirit here without straining yourself. Your mother can reach you easy at Sid's Rathskeller, but don't let this keep you from going there, for she might even get you at Joe's.

## Forest Park—Forest Park Hotel

You'll like the pop-corn, and all the rest of the corn that they serve up here. The Tekes congregate here on Tuesday nights at closing time. They all like the entertainment here, and you will too if you can get an introduction. Pretzels are free with every six beers.

## Graham's Grill—Clayton and Forsythe

The college studs and high school slickers lap their's up at Roy's. You'll find a few county politicians horning in on you occasionally, but don't let that bother you. While you're there be sure to play his recording or **Night and Day**, it's old but it's good, which is true of a lot of other things as well. Ask Jack Melitio.

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## Hof Brau—Mayflower Hotel

It stinks, but that is because there's a slaughter house around the corner. The Theta Xi's feel right at home here, especially Pashos and Duke, who really go for their special, steak fried with garlic and fresh onions. They serve beer as a side line.

## The Mural Room—De Baliviere and Waterman

Everybody likes the Mural Room. Especially the Eliot staff who practically live here. It is rumored that the **Student Lifers** wrote their last issue here, but we don't believe it, because the Mural Room is very stimulating.

## Richmond Buffet—7014 Clayton Road

The Richmond Buffet has gotten a lot better recently due to the departure of a bunch of riff-raff that used to contaminate the place. (See Brown Bomber). Don't play the pin-ball machine unless you're as good as Sam Lambert who after years of effort has finally found a way to beat it.

## Steeplechase—Hotel Chase

Personally we've gotten sick of the Steeplechase because they've gotten sick of our advertising. If they don't change their policy we're going to say something worse about them. Write John Weber for details.

## Town Hall—Clayton and Big Bend

If you want to meet a boy from St. Louis U. go to this place, climb on a chair and shout "Is there a doctor in the house?" One of their Med. students will be sure to reply, and you answer with a "Hy Doc". And the introduction is accomplished.

• M E M O •

APRIL  
1st

No Fooling, I Sure  
Like That Mural  
Room

P.S.—Look for the  
White Chariot

## THE MURAL ROOM

St. Louis' Most Beautiful

Cocktail Lounge

DE BALIVIERE at WATERMAN

**Out April, of Course**

The April Fool Issue of **Eliot** will feature a glamour picture by Pat Parris of some campus girl selected at random a la the pot o' gold lottery. The contest will be judged by a member of the Student Life staff in order to lend an additional touch of authenticity to the drawing which will be held on the Quad this afternoon.

**The Selection is ours,** the idea theirs, and the dubious honor hers.

**MR. HEINEMAN:**

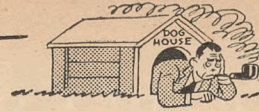
The worst issue of this year's ELIOT sold more copies than the best issue of last year's ELIOT.  
—the staff—

**Towers and Town**

**April fool!**

Although credit for the joke of the month goes to Sam Lambert, Editor-in-chief of **Student Life**, the dubious honor of being **Eliot's** April "fool of the month" goes to Charley French, managing editor of the Friday issue. In case you doubt the veracity of the tale we are about to unfold, we offer as proof our cover photo and a news item which we will reprint from **Student Life**. In order to show our appreciation to Bettie Stupp for her hard work on our staff which has resulted in profits in excess of two hundred dollars for the first half of this **Eliot** year, we decided to make Miss Stupp (whose picture you will discover on our inside back cover) our **Eliot** Glamour Girl for this month through the media of a fake contest judged by our pal, "Stench."

With this thought in mind we approached Mr. French in the **Student Life** office on Wednesday evening with the proposition that he judge our contest. Well somehow Charlie didn't see anything strange in our asking him, and to our amazement, he accepted. Using as bait the idea of having Pat Parris take his picture for the cover of the April **Eliot**, we got Charley to pose for Pat Parris on the center of the quad with a fish bowl in his hands and a neckerchief around his eyes. The scheme as Charley thought it to be was for him to draw a page number of **Ternion** from the fish-bowl, a la the draft lottery. Pat snapped the picture as Charley drew number 131. There were sixteen girls on that page, so we had to have a second drawing. By this time Charley was so firmly convinced of the genuineness of the contest that he tried to stuff the fish-bowl in favor of Dorothy Tracey by sneaking an extra number 5 into the bowl, but Charley was detected in this nefarious plot., the selection went on according to Hoyle, and Charley drew out the **loser's** number whose name we won't disclose. Sworn to secrecy Charley left for his journalistic duties proud that he had been chosen to select the winner of **Eliot's** Glamour Girl Contest, but ignorant, blissfully ignorant that on the contrary he had just nominated himself (by picking the loser instead of the winner) for the exalted position of being **Eliot's** April "fool". Congratulations, Charlie!



**BUYER YELLS  
WHEN BRIAR SMELLS**

—but Sam the Salesman is out of the dog house now!



"WHOA, DEARIE!" chirped the secretary. "It's just your stunko pipe he didn't like. Try his favorite Sir Walter Raleigh for mild, fragrant smoking—and success!"



**SCENT MAKES DOLLARS!** Sam switched to this blend of mildest burleys and soon his business was booming. Does your tobacco make friends for you? Try Sir Walter!

**KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE  
WITH SIR WALTER**

This NEW Cellophane tape seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!



UNION MADE

Tune in **UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE**  
Every Wednesday night—NBC Red Network

**HAUPT-MANN'S CIGARS**

Mild & Fragrant

GUARANTEED THE FINEST LONG FILLER

5¢ EVERYWHERE

Buy One in the Quad Shop

# HOW'S YOUR I. Q.?

Stand On Your Head For The Answers Below

1. Which side of the Women's Building lacks a lamp?  
.....
2. Who was that brunette we saw you with last night?  
.....
3. What is the Seal of the University?  
.....
4. Who is the Hatchet Queen going to be?  
.....
5. Where did Eliot get its name?  
.....
6. Who was the Sultana of Student Life last year?  
.....
7. What is it that the Women's Athletic Department won't let the ROTC do?  
.....
8. Who was Jose in this year's Quad Show?  
.....
9. Where are the Ginko trees?  
.....
10. Is there going to be a Student Life next year?  
.....
11. Where is the Motto "Strength Through Truth" found?  
.....
12. Whose ring is that that Whizzer White wears on his left hand?  
.....
13. Of what famous building is Graham's Chapel a replica?  
.....
14. What Pi Phi isn't pinned?  
.....
15. Who can get you a job if you're interested?  
.....
16. What were all the Betas talking about on the Press Club hayride?  
.....
17. Who directs the Washington U. band?  
.....
18. Why did Whisnand get that crew-cut?  
.....
19. Do the windows in Brookings front towers match?  
.....
20. What is M. J. Park going to do if any more men start out after her?  
.....
21. What is the year marked on the front of Women's Building?  
.....
22. Where is the May Fete held?  
.....
23. How many buildings are on the main campus?  
.....
24. Where is the philosophy Library?  
.....
25. Why was Washington University so-named?  
.....
26. What was Washington University originally named?  
.....
27. What does Billy Herbert do on Student Life?  
.....
28. What does Mac McConnell do?  
.....
29. Who is the senior pre-med from Lanikai, Oahu? (See page 119 in Ternion).  
.....
30. Have you ever noticed the little head the Kappas dress up in front of their room—on the front of the Women's Building?  
.....
31. Who is the Teke who owns that pretty green convertible that is always parked behind the Women's Building?  
.....

- 
1. Left.
  2. That's none of your business.
  3. The Open Book.
  4. Your guess is as good as mine.
  5. From Rev. Wm. G. Eliot, a very literary man, one of the founders of the institution which later became Washington University.
  6. Harvey White.
  7. Let the ROTC drill on the hockey field in front of McMillan.
  8. Angelo Oliveri.
  9. Planted parallel to Eads on the south side.
  10. We hope not.
  11. On the pages of the open book, which is the seal of the University.
  12. Initials D. H. S. You figure it out.
  13. King's College at Cambridge.
  14. The married ones.
  15. Probably through Mrs. Settle in the employment office in Ridgley.
  16. We'd hate to guess.
  17. Norman Faulkenhainer.
  18. Lord knows.
  19. Yes.
  20. Run faster.
  21. 1927.
  22. In McMillan Hall Court.
  23. Thirty-five.
  24. On the north side of the first floor in Eads.
  25. Because it was granted its charter on George Washington's birthday.
  26. Eliot Seminary.
  27. Ask them; we aren't interested.
  28. Jerk sodas in the Q. Shop and play basketball.
  29. Jack Naclo Satake.
  30. Sure, that's the Kappa keyman.
  31. We girls have been wondering for a long time.

# JULIA'S EXPERIMENT

## Or She Didn't Think He Could Do It To Her

By DAVID HUGHES

Julia didn't know quite how to take James Dennis. This was her second date with him, and so far he had seemed the perfect gentleman at all times. Well, that is, he was a perfect gentleman when compared with what she had expected. True, he always looked as if he could see right through her clothes, and he gave every well-shaped female figure the once over with an appropriate off-color remark and a more or less lustful leer. But when she took into consideration the James Dennis she had expected, she found the real James Dennis quite the gentleman. She even felt a slight bit disappointed in him. When she had told her sorority sister that she had a date with him, there was a great deal of wise cracking and statements to the effect that this would be Julia's last stand in the field of womanly virtue. James Dennis certainly had a reputation, and the girls lost no time in telling Julia all of it, even though she had heard it before.

The cases of Ginny Rector, Margorie Mackmann, and an assorted dozen of girls who were rumored to have succumbed to his charms or barely escaped that dire fate were retold to Julia with a great show of relish. Julia would have to be an impregnable fortress, a paragon of virtue, to come out unscathed.

"You had better not have anything to drink," said Jane Garrold. "He'll probably try to get you stewed before he moves in."

"If he stops the car on a lonely road, you'll save yourself by stepping out and running faster than he can," laughed Betty Roper, "and he's a track letterman."

Julia had smiled serenely at the whole bunch of them.

"Don't worry about your little Julia. She can take care of herself. As a matter of fact, little Julia is going to string along with him just to find out how he operates. The minute James Dennis oversteps his bounds he will

be put right back in his place. You can call this adventure 'Julia's Experiment'."

But, thought Julia, as she looked over at Jim's handsome profile, I haven't even been given a chance to try anything. He hadn't made a single pass at her in the whole two dates. This certainly was not what she expected. Didn't she have the sex appeal that the others had had. She had always been pretty proud of her legs and torso. Her face was not hard to look at. She knew that. She began to feel very unsure of herself. She was feeling so ill at ease that she moved over closer to him when his hand met hers. He didn't say a word. He just kept driving west. They were getting to the outskirts of the city when she felt his arm around her. She felt much better and laid her head on his shoulder. This was all part of the experiment, she told herself, this was where she was to find out just how the great Dennis went to work.

Suddenly the sound of the wheels on gravel came as the car swung into a side road. Now we go into action, thought Julia, now we find out. But she was mistaken. The car stopped beside a small road house and tavern. James Dennis broke the silence. His romantic words were:

"Let's have something to eat." It turned out that they had no food worth a darn in the place, so they took it out on the liquids. When they came out forty-five minutes later, Julia was very unsteady, and she was more than ever resolved to carry out her experiment.

The night seemed very beautiful. The air was warm and lovely. The scent of the late spring flowers, like a strange perfume, filled the air while a large red moon rose over the lights of the city several miles to the east. It certainly was a night for romance. She felt in a very wonderful mood as they drove along in the car. Jim Dennis was a lot better fellow than the campus gave him credit for. He seemed very nice.

She brought herself to task for forgetting about the experiment, but when the car stopped she began to let it slip out of her mind. The car radio was playing softly and Dennis was saying something to her in a low voice. She couldn't tell just what he was saying, but she knew it was nice. She didn't care a great deal either. Everything was so delightfully hazy that she didn't care a bit what he was saying so long as he held her like that. Thoughts of the experiment came into her head and drifted out again almost unnoticed. Those drinks had certainly hit her.

(Continued on page 102)

# PAT PARRIS

## Photographer

**SID GATES' BUFFET**

No. 19 BRENTWOOD BLVD.

"Come In and Meet the Gang"

DElmar 0913 CLAYTON



## READ STUDENT LIFE, IT'S FREE!

Please read **STUDENT LIFE**. There is a National Emergency on and the Conservation of Paper is a Vital Necessity. **OPM** has warned us that the use of **Student Life** merely as wrapping paper and kindling must stop. They say that an unnecessary amount of type metal is being used for **STUDENT LIFE** anyway. **OPM** has suggested that **STUDENT LIFE** be written on one side of a page only. We ask for the cooperation of the student body.

**STUDENT LIFE** is willing to work to improve itself if the students will at least pretend that they are reading it. In that way we can go on putting out a publication printed on both sides of the sheet. As you know, we have cleaned out most of the bad blood in the staff. We will not allow any columnists unless they are of extremely high caliber. We will not print any more Editorials. We will try to improve our Society Section. For that matter, we will try to improve the Paper in General. As you will readily agree, that will be very easy to do. We ask only for the cooperation of the student body.

**STUDENT LIFE** is going to introduce a new feature during its next administration. We are sure it will boost the circulation quite a bit. We are going to print Dr. Roland G. Usher's History 101 assignments.

Furthermore we have persuaded **ELIOT** to lay off us. We believe a policy of appeasement to be the only way out. Thus, we have the cooperation of **ELIOT**. We ask for yours.

## READ STUDENT LIFE. IT'S FREE!

The New Student Life Staff

## BEAUX' STRATAGEM---A REVIEW

Thyrus and Al Wilkinson did themselves proud in their production last week-end of George Farquhar's restoration drama, **Beaux' Stratagem**. We had a comic review all prepared to throw into this, our April Fool issue, but after witnessing this extraordinarily fine performance we can say nothing but the very highest praise of Director Wilkinson and his excellent cast.

Courtney Heineman heads the cast on the program, and we must say, he does also in fact. "Corny" is the star of the show; we hate to admit it, but nevertheless it is so. Starting out in a fast tempo, he succeeds in sustaining his performance on the same plane throughout the entire show. His lines were smoothly delivered. His gestures were at all times appropriate to his lines, and by employing them to the best advantage, he was able to carry over his lines to the audience with the maximum of effectiveness. His audience was with him from start to finish. We might add that his kisses appeared so hot that they seemed to sizzle against the "Cherry" lips of Annabelle Palkes, who, by the way, gets this writer's vote for the next best performance of the evening. But the entire cast showed the greatest of team work, and it is very difficult to point out any one of them who stood above the rest. They were all excellent. Some were even better than that which is going some for any amateur production. The greatest possible credit is due to Director Wilkinson for daring to put on such a play as **Beaux' Stratagem**, and for doing it so well.

The play itself represents the reaction against the Cromwell enforced Puritanism that stifled all attempts at play-writing in the period before **Beaux' Stratagem**. The Restoration was more than a restoration of monarchy to England, it was a violent reaction against the sober faces and stern deportment of the middle seventeenth century. From one extreme to the other, "as the saying goes" (to quote Squire Sullen). The bars were let down and the result was that "anything goes". The lines of **Beaux' Stratagem** would rival those of any of the spiciest skits at the Garrick. There is no subtlety to them whatsoever and nothing is left to the imagination, especially the bedroom scene where Heineman grabs Mistress Sullen, thrusts her over his shoulder, and makes for the bed. Later he refers to the robber who broke into the bedroom at that most inopportune moment as "that rascally fellow who interrupted me when I had almost . . . . ."

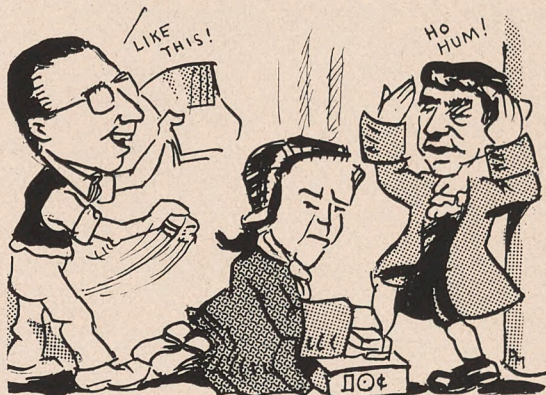
There were two or three flaws in Friday's night's production which I assume were corrected the following evening. The outstanding "faux pas" of the show was when Pete Littlefield assisted the heroes in tying him up by obligingly slipping his arms beneath the ropes when Messrs Yaffe and "Corny" had failed to secure them. Then too, Squire Sullen held up the show for several embarrassing moments while waiting for a cue that had been changed the last dress rehearsal. James Sisk had the first night "jitters" and muffed a few lines at the beginning of the show, but he soon recovered himself and remained very much in character as the thieving inn-keeper for the "duration".

Mrs. Wilkinson is deserving of a special word of praise for her fine job of costuming. The colorful costumes at all times proved an asset to the play, for there was really something to catch your eye, even though the dialogue might at times suffer from the let-downs that naturally follow any highly risqué sequences of which there were no parcimony. Also the archaic diction used in that period was a handicap which had to be overcome by the cast, and which they succeeded admirably in doing.

Sandy Snyderman displayed a great deal of skill in the minor role of the phoney French priest. He was greeted by a loud ovation from his fraternity brothers, The Tekes, who were there *en masse* with their dates for the purpose of encouraging "their" star. This much we may say about Sandy, that although he has appeared only in supporting roles, he has shown more consistent improvement with each part, no matter how small, than any other of the Thyrus "regulars". We think he is ready for something decidedly bigger. Anyone who knows Sandy would tell you that he is no "natural" for the part of a French Priest with an Irish accent, or for that matter any member of the clergy. Nevertheless Snyderman carried off his part with commendable piety, at least as much as was necessary to portray a phoney "Jesuit" order, we think, was undeservedly made the butt of many of the Restoration dramas. Likewise outstanding was the work of Phyllis Rosentretter, a freshman in the Art School, in the important role of Mistress Sullen. Her failing was that, unlike the experienced Mr. Heineman as well as Merris Yaffe, Miss Rosentretter neglected to vary her intonations, that is, her voice tended to become monotonous because of the fact that she seldom lowered it to the point of being even a good conversational tone. Her lines were generally too fast and too loud. Of course, the part demanded that she frequently do as she did, but her portrayal, otherwise excellent, lost some of its effectiveness due to failure to change her pace occasionally during the show. She has an attractive and radiant stage personality which added to the success of the group as a whole in putting the show across, but it needs a good deal of development.

Morris Yaffe and Vera Chamberlain did all right in their relatively subordinate part of the performance. They supplied the love interest to the sex show conducted by Heineman, Palkes, and Miss Rosentretter. Yaffe's voice is beautiful to listen to. He would be another Robert Taylor as a romantic actor, if only he could manage to look like Robert Taylor which through no fault of his own but of nature, he fails to do. I would like to offer the suggestion that Morris stick to straight parts of a non-romantic nature, or else abandon the stage in favor of the radio, where he would be able to play the part of Romeo without the slightest disadvantages. Well, this is about all we have to say about **Beaux' Stratagem** and the students who played in it. Hats off to Al Wilkinson and all his Thespians for a great show well done.

—D. W.



Al Shows "Corny" How To Shine

## DO YOU KNOW THESE EGGS?

### GLADYS WATKINS

When Gladys Watkins read the "Life of Madame Pompadour, of Wally Simpson, and Dottie Lamour" for last year's Quad Show, it evidently "took". This year she got her sailor and a good deal of applause. For those who can remember way back to the Show of 1940 when Gladys' performance as one of Frankenstein's daughters would have warmed any monster's heart, her success is a lesson. Life can be beautiful.

As for listing Gladys' activities—you name it, she's in it. She's become the Indispensable Woman—the kind no campus should be without. Aside from being the sole support of a Kappa key, and a Mortar board pin, she is president of WSGA (all resemblance to WCTU purely coincidental—it's Woman's Self Government Association). This is the best proof of Gladys' popularity as well as ability and activities, for none could be harder to please or fool than the feminine half of a student body.

Now that Quad Show is over, Gladys will probably retreat again to her labs and the formaldehyde fumes of Rebstock where she is working to enter Med. School next year. Aside from being the only girl ever to go on a stag party exclusive for pre-meds, she is probably the only girl on the campus who refuses to take time out for primping.

### FARLEY JUKE

Farley Juke, the lanky young lad from up Theta Xi way, roamed into the Quad Shop the other morning with a puzzled look on his face; so we asked him what was the matter. He turned a sad, forlorn, dejected expression our way, and replied that he had never made Eliot; so we thought that now was the time to tell his story—racy though it may be.

Farley was born on April 1 along about 1925 and the first thing his mother said when she saw the little cherub was, "Take him away, I can't stand it, he's the very image of his father's convict uncle—the one that died by the rope." But Mrs. Juke finally became accustomed to little Farley, and before very long, she was very attached to him, and decided that he could stay. Farley was a very bad youngster, always mixed up in every little scandal, and his mother was forced to lock him in his room every time a pretty skirt went by. He used to wink at all the waitresses as they tucked his napkin under his chin, and he would whisper to them to wait around after work, the minute his mother's back was turned.

When Farley reached the tender age of twelve, he had already broken about twenty little girl's hearts, and had achieved the reputation of being a horrible masher. Women from New York to New Mexico were left at the church, thinking of only Farley, the Casanova of Bristol Grade School. Well, Farley went on in this terrible career until he reached his senior year in High School, when he began to show some signs of quieting down. He began to cut his dates down to eight a week (including late dates), and he stopped proposing to all the unsuspecting women—he found that it got him into too much trouble.

When he reached Washington University, as you all well know, he finally tamed down to peace and quiet, and a good bachelor's life—he seems to think women

weren't what they were cracked up to be—not a thing that those Theta Xi's told him—so he has decided to wait around 'til the real thing comes along and bowls him completely over. Well, Farley, more power to you—but just think of all those feminine hearts yearning for your charms. (We might really become alarmed if we actually believed you would keep your resolutions—don't forget, Farley, see you at ten-thirty down in the Quad Shop.)

### WHIZZER WHITE

In case you haven't seen Whizzer, he's the jolly, slap-happy Kappa Alpha who goes around wondering where things are, where he's going, and who that is over there. He is the joy of Student Life, the lover of the Law School, and the best little guy we know. He always roams around school with a lost look on his face, with that long rolling stride he is so well-known for. He can always be found down in the Quad Shop, up in the Law Library, and (we whisper to mention such a thing) over in the Student Life office. But we like him, anyway.

Whizzer is the boy who used to be such a regular customer of Weber's when Weber's still was. He used to go down every afternoon, and guzzle (and we don't mean Seven-Up). We don't know just what he does these days since Weber's isn't anymore, but it is likely that he has found some substitute. Whizzer is quite a brain—a lawyer. And he has the winning personality that will take him far—far, far away. We all love Whizzer—bless his soul—may he live on forever. (Tell us about that brunette at the shindig the other night, Whizzer—bless his soul—may he live on forever.)

### GLORIA SPRICK

Gloria Sprick, new rush captain for the D. G.'s, likes cherry pie and Brooks Barnes, a sad looking lad marked by the white asterisk. Only he weakened, and now she wears the star of the family. That place we call Webster Groves—God's country—is responsible for these two and you can usually find them at Pevely splitting a small ice cream cone and on Saturday nights a big hamburger.

You should hear Gloria tickle those piano keys—she's even got some originals that Duchin and Bassie are trying to buy. Now take Brooks—there's a lad with talent too—and a super-stupor idea to revolutionize fraternity row. Just ask him why the brothers are calling him "Chancy."

### JEAN BRADSHAW

Jean Bradshaw is, as you may have suspected, the new president of Gamma Phi Beta. She is a lovely creature, a real treat to the eye and fine, all-around gal. She has every talent, they say, from making a lot of top-notch grades to being one of the top sellers in the Quad Shop. Everybody likes Jean—from Passionless Pashos of Theta Xi to Jim Owen of Teke, and a whole string of others.

Jean is a sincerely sweet girl—with a cheerful word for everyone, and she's a lot of fun at the same time. She never seems to have anything bothering her, but just goes around looking placid and serene in the tensest moments. Jean's a real treat—call STerling 4377 for further information.

# HATCHET GOES SLOWLY TO PRESS

LAST BUT NOT LEAST WILL BE THE 1942 VERSION

by DAVID HUGHES

For many months now we of the **Eliot** staff have been watching with wonder the pulsating activity on the Hatchet side of the office. Sometimes there is only Cassilly sitting motionless before a typewriter (which we think he stole from Eliot). Sometimes there are fifteen people, mostly female, in various states of animation. After waiting for three months we finally managed to catch all of the Hatchet staff absent, so we had a sneak preview of this year's edition. Mark our words. It will be the best Hatchet to come out ever since we can remember.

Most of you have seen the proofs of the page on sorority house parties hanging on various bulletin boards around the school. Well, the whole book will be set up in the same manner. The entire staff is divided up into four main sections. Anne Purnell and Mary Elizabeth Banks have charge of the section on classes. Instead of printing the pictures of all the Senior class and all the Junior class in one portion of the book, they are dividing the classes up into much smaller groups, one group for each school. Thus the Engineers will have all their pictures in one section together with candid shots of some of their activities. The same goes for the Business School, the College of Liberal Arts, the Law School, and all others.

Bill Connor takes care of athletics. The story of our football team is told in a "Life goes to a party" manner. The photographers follow the progress of a little boy, "Bosco," as he breaks into a football game, tangles with the ROTC, and finally ends up safely in the stands. In the course of the afternoon he manages to get pretty good glimpses of the team in operation. Basketball is taken up with a good many action shots. There is one especially good series of shots of the contortions of Bob Kinnan's face as he watches one of the games. Several games after these pictures were taken the Star Times published a very similar set, but Hatchet was really the first one to do it. As to the Intramural section, no longer will it be a dull page of group shots of the winning teams. Each sport will be illustrated by on-the-scene photos of the championship game.

Activities are also grasped in an entirely new manner. There will be very much fewer group scenes and

very many more candid shots of the groups at work. These pictures may not be very accurate. Indeed, there is one picture of about ten people at work on an Eliot dummy and a shot of about twenty people packed into fifteen square feet throwing the Hatchet together. The pictures of the activities may not, as we have already said, be very accurate, but they certainly are interesting. There are several pages devoted to that all-important activity of being a BMOC. There are two pages of Senior BMOC's, one each of Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman BMOC's. You may not agree to the choice, but again you can not fail to be interested.

There is a vast Social section ably chaperoned by Wini Bryan. All the queens are pictured, and that is a feat in itself. Views of almost every function are printed, views of campus smoothies being rough and campus rounders being smooth, views of picnics, hayrides, summer dances and winter dances, views of everything from the Freshman Mixer to the Senior Prom. Nothing seems to be left out. One very excellent feature will be a take-off on the **Look** magazine "Photo Quiz." It is a good article and will be especially appreciated by those who know what is going on around the campus.

Just about the time we were through the magazine the door opened and in came the Hatchet workers. Cassilly looked as much in a daze as ever, Reinhardt as lazy as ever, Banks and Purnell quiet as ever, and Carpenter. It sometimes amazes us how such an unintelligent looking staff could ever put out any sort of a four page leaflet, much less a thick annual. Possibly the hazy look on all their faces comes from thoughts of the immensity of the problem which faces them. Never before has a Hatchet had so many pictures, and never before has a Hatchet tried to caption its pictures in the manner of **Life** magazine; i. e., every line of a caption must come all the way out to the margin on the right as well as to the margin on the left. Captions such as these take very careful wording.

In conclusion, we would say that Cassilly, as many have done before him, has bitten off more than he can chew. The only difference is that Cassilly and his staff are going to go ahead and chew it anyway.

## DELTA GAMMA IS DAMN GOOD

We'll Anchor You Down  
If You Roam About Town

Paid Advertisement

## COMING TO W. U. THIS FALL?

IF SO, REMEMBER

## TEKE'S THE TOP

(No. 2 on the Row—No. 1 on the Campus)

Advertisement



Does your girl have aches or?  
 Are you hoping to revive her?  
 Just send her with no money  
 To "easy-payments" Schrive

Ham you are to ham returneth  
 Shakespeare should be getting mad  
 There **must** be projects that are worsen  
 But we think Thyr's—is pretty bad.

Vile vermines and low insects all  
 The cause of campus strife  
 The biggest fool of all this year  
 Is buggy "STEWED-ANT" LIFE.

Against this "open-mouth" policy  
 There ought to be a law.  
 There is no glee in Glee Club  
 When you dislocate a jaw.





ches der?  
 rive ha  
 money  
 Schriv

You first must study 'til you drop  
 Don't do things you shouldn't oughter  
 Then if you prove you're plenty good  
 They'll let you carry **Mortar!**

Don't think this is a dirty dig  
 We've better ones to match it  
 This redskin is no April fool  
 He's **burying** the **Hatchet.**

We can make no apologies  
 There is no wisdom in it  
 If you're in these activities  
 You're one of those "born every minute."





## THE MASQUE

The Engineers, usually too involved with their sines and cosines, come forth once a year to give the school one of its best dances. (The dance was almost crash-proof this year). (1.) "Long live the Queen". Jerry Forrestal looks on as St. Pat crowns her successor. (2.) Barlotta we know and Carol Willie. (3.) The Engineers must have really made a lot of coin. (4.) St. Patrick marches Queen Lanctot down for a waltz. (5.) When Barbara smiles she does things to us. The boy with the silly grin is future Flying Bear Logan MacMillan. (6.) The old queen waits for the new as her Chem E. Escort stands at attention. (7.) Most attractive, most repulsive, most original, cutest. (8.) Royalty turns to look at the common horde.

# NANCY'S NOTICES

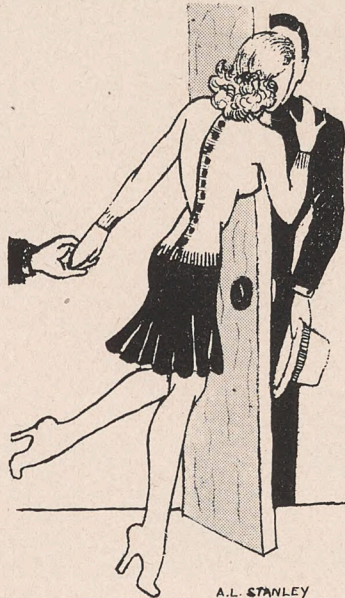
(ROEDER IS GOING INTO BUSINESS)

If it's Kissing  
you're miss-  
ing

don't  
try  
Colgates

**TRY  
BOB  
DECKER**

You can't af-  
ford to miss  
this offer.



**NOTICE OF DEBT** . . . Will Bob Decker please pay up.  
**W. U. ADVERTISING BUREAU**

**WANTED**—About thirty young men, must be good looking, well dressed, and have nice personalities. Those with Buick convertibles will be considered first.

**PI BETA PHI ROOM**

**WANTED**—Some meat company to donate a choice piece of beef for a shiner.

**BILL HARTING**

**PERSONAL**—Will the man who called three weeks ago, please call back. I will reconsider.

**MARY BETH GREENE**

**FOR SALE (CHEAP)**—One brand new Colt automatic pistol . . . never used . . . no longer necessary.

**DICK HILGER**

**HELP WANTED**—About 500 aggressive young males (under 21) to enroll in Washington University. Apply to any upper class co-ed. Experience helpful, but not necessary.

**WANTED**—One private detective to trace movements of PEPE (alias, Harold Thomas) and a certain K.K.G.

**PEGGY JANE**

**WANTED**—One blonde, preferably a peroxide that will make a showy appearance . . . to equal my ever-flashy and well-dressed self.

**CAL EAST**

Again we appeal to the campus. It's the same old plea you've heard over and over . . . "Do Something Different." If Rex Carruthers and Alice Jane would only stop fighting with each other and act peaceful for a change, or if Margie Jo and Forrest would only have a fight once in a while, then we could give you some gossip.

But, as usual, we have Courtney Heineman footloose and fancyfree . . . playing the field — Andy Carver still pinned to one girl — Harriet Lloyd still dating as many as seven different boys a week — Bob Stoltz still playing Campus Romeo — and Mr. Jensen with not a worry on his mind about Quad Show.

But, as anyone will admit, any scrap of paper is better than the Student Life . . . but not us . . . **WE LIKE THE student life . . .**

**WANTED** . . . any girl, any description, who wants to get married and who has four good 600-16 tires.

**HARRY DAVIS**

**WANTED**—One girl, any color or shape, must not be over 4 ft. tall.

**BOB CARPENTER**

**WILL TRADE**—One nice fraternity house for a room in the Women's Building.

**TKE'S**

## You Too Can Be the Life of the Party!

Want to be a singer, dancer, personality boy, but still keep that innate modesty about the whole thing?

— SEE —

**KENDALL CAPPS, JR.**  
(One Easy Lesson)

## TESTIMONIAL

Three months ago I was a 97-pound weakling. Then I sent for George Groner's system of dynamic tension. The change in me was tremendous. I now weigh 98¼ pounds.

**DAKE WILLIAMS**

## LEARN TO DANCE . . .

I can dance with anyone . . . after dancing with me, you'll want to dance with anyone.

**BETTY ANN STUPP**



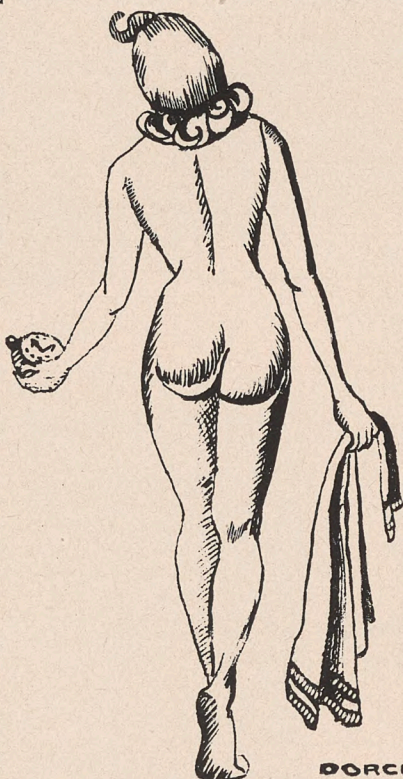
**Do You Want to Be a Sorority President?**

Transfer from a State U.  
We guarantee the office  
in five months.

K.K.G.

**Do You Feel Low and Dejected?**

See **BILL BARNES** or **JOHNNY RAINES**  
for a slap-on-the-back and a personality  
smile.



**Mabel  
Was a  
Different  
Woman  
After She  
Changed  
to  
Stick'em  
Lipstick**



**IT COMES IN SIX  
DELICIOUS FLAVORS**

- |         |         |
|---------|---------|
| SCOTCH  | BEER    |
| BOURBON | ZOMBIE  |
| GIN     | TEQUILA |

"Big Joe" Marting, S.A.E., and "Tyrone" O'Rourke are taking Gracie Dellert over in a big way. Smoothie Bob Kilker had better watch his step . . .

Bob Droste, Theta Xi, is really worried about the rubber tire situation . . . especially when unfinished business in Webster hangs in the balance . . . Since when is Mary Clark, Pi Phi, considered unfinished business?

**Do You Drool When You See Things Like This?**



**IF SO . . .  
Use Babyton's Baby Bibs**

Three on a match . . . Betty Jean French, Jack Lewis, and Jane Lange . . . When the smoke cleared away, Betty Jean was without a light.

Union Electric Gonterman has a new "fireless cooker" . . . Betty Sprague.

And still another triangle . . . Marian Schoenbeck, D.G., and Willy Oetting, T.X., have had a little trouble lately . . . Neither one will give in to the other, sooo . . . Willy has strayed to the latest queen on campus . . . none other than Barbara Lanctot, Z.T.A.

With "sprig" in the air again, Hitler and May Reuster are planning new attacks. Look out, brother, for ten to one Ruester will make even Hitler look like small change.

Also with spring, comes the sorority elections—and the boys in the Quad Show chorus added a new touch to the daily rehearsals by congratulating Jean Bradshaw, the Gamma Phi's new prexy. The line formed to the right with one kiss per man the order of the day . . .

Reid Ross, the self-established Romeo of Quad Show (he tells us) didn't overlook a single girl in the chorus, most of them got at least one good look, and the more fortunate ones had reason to believe he should have been christened "Handy Andy."

One unheralded affair that has lasted for two semesters is Rollie Buchmueller, Theta Xi, and Aline Chapman, pretty, dark-haired Gamma Phi.

And then, dear readers, Bill Harting hit the young man. It was a battle royal. The stage was in front of Cupples. It seems we did overhear Patty Wolf say something about Bill's "muscles".

**WEAR A PHI DELT PIN**

The Phi Delt's are nice boys

**REMEMBER**

Mother likes the Phi Delt's best.

There are a lot of broken hearts on the campus since a certain class at Scott Field graduated and were sent to . . . Military Secret . . . But don't worry, girls, if you want romance, love, and excitement . . .

**CALL FOR PHILLIP MORRIS**

and if he doesn't answer, try

**BEV REYNOLDS**

WYdown 0043

**IF YOU DON'T WANT TO JOIN A FRATERNITY**

Call us . . . We don't have one.

**KAPPA SIG HOUSE**  
No. 1½ Fraternity Row

Charles French is a clever lawyer. Do you know what that young man did??? At a mock trial, he brought in a witness (we'll call her Miss Brown) who turned out to be a burlesque dancer. At the lawyer's request, Miss Brown put on her act . . . but the dirty squealer called for her husband when Mr. F. wanted to be locked up in a room with her.

**TRY A FRESH DATE**

The S.A.E.'s are wrapped in cellophane

**TRY AN S.A.E. TOMORROW**

then change, if you can.

There were a few innocent by-standers around when the Theta's and the Alpha Chi's played the finals for the Women's Basketball Tournament. The girls acted like perfect ladies. The audience couldn't hear a single word that the girls said to each other.

**HOW'S YOUR "PEP" APPEAL?**

Follow the THETA Formula

You can't go wrong.

The Theta Xi's are promising the campus an unusual dance. It's gigantic, terrific, colossal. Even the National Government approves of the stu-pendous **BLACK OUT** dance.

**SONG OF THE WEEK . . .**

"Have You Changed?"

TRY . . .

**DROOPY DIAPERS**

"They Satisfy"

**WANTED . . .**

**Ghost Writer — Subject —**  
"How to Discourage Unwelcome Advances"  
Ordinance 6294—Emily Post

**ED EVANS**

Come Spring, Come girls to the Tennis Courts, come Betas to the windows. Many a fair damsel has learned how to play the game from a Beta.

**NOTICE TO ALL MEN WITH SLIGHT DEFECTS!**

What with all this male shortage, due to the draft, we women are conserving ourselves for those who will be left behind.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS

**Call CABany 6517**

**A WOMEN NEVER FORGETS**

**THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS**

Reid Ross has his line down pat.

# BLIND DATE

By DOTTY MAHLER

(Read left to right — obliquely downward)

I had a date with a soldier boy  
From a nearby army station,  
I really didn't want to go,  
But I did it for my nation.

Although that guy was really neat  
No more of him I'll see,  
Of course I had an ultra time,  
But soldiers aren't for me.

He picked me up at half past six,  
We had a spot of dinner,  
We took an early flicker in,  
An' then I was a sinner.

My private said, "Of course you  
drink."  
I answered, "It's not right."  
"Well, sweet, no matter what you  
think,  
You're going to tonight!"

He took me to a little bar,  
He ordered lots of beer.  
We drank and talked for, oh, so long,  
The room became unclear.

We spoke of life, of love and things,  
It soon grew very late,  
I told him that I must go home,  
He murmured softly, "Wait."

His eyes grew dark, he pulled me in,  
His arm around my waist,  
He talked quite softly and I felt  
His breath upon my face.

My head was light, the bar was dim,  
I responded to his touch,  
My mind was hazy but I knew  
I liked him very much.

"I have something to ask you, dear,  
I simply must find out.  
You are so lovely, sweet, and young,  
You know your way about."

I wondered what his question was,  
I knew it was of marriage,  
I would, of course, say 'yes' to him,  
I puzzled why he tarried.

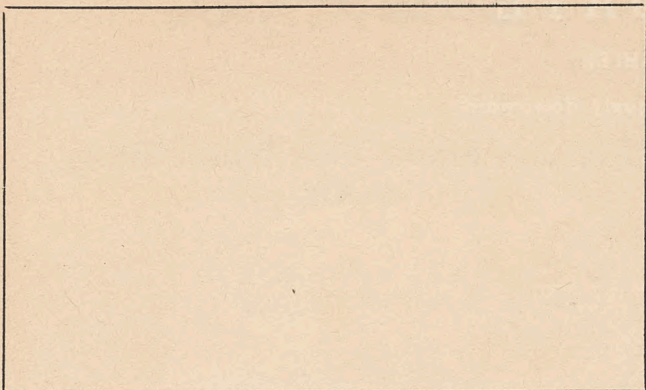
"Go on," I said, "I'll answer any  
question  
That you ask,"  
I drew much closer, greatly thrilled,  
Eager to hear the rest.

I knew that here my future was,  
It was he that I should wed.  
I soon should be his own dear wife  
Instead of a fair coed.

But when he popped the question,  
You should have seen my face,  
For he asked me to be a hostess  
At the recreation place.

Although my life's not ruined,  
I've learned a lesson dear,  
Never again will a soldier boy  
Fill me up on beer.

## THE WHITE CLIFFS AND THE BLACK COW



### *The Cliffs at Dawn*

The White Cliffs of Dover — there's such a beautiful thought in these words by Asher Gerecht:

"Are the Cliffs of Dover White Enough for the Bluebirds to Fly over?"

Now as I listen to this record by Sammy Kaye this problem comes over my mind and demands my attention, to wit, are the Cliffs of Dover White enough for the Bluebirds to fly over?

Doodling, sir, such as you see exhibited here, is an art. The astonishment that now does not grace your features, but which is nevertheless present, I view with no surprise. Why? or rather, Why Not? You are not a doodler. You are negative.

Not to be a doodler, sir, is to miss the sweetest delicacy of life's offering saccharinely-speaking. A non-doodler misses the enjoyment an habitué—a French word, for we doodlers are sometimes literate people although when we doodle we are mostly illiterate. That obvious reason alone should make one a confirmed doodler—if he is or else has been, in the past, of course, confirmed; if not, then a nonconfirmed doodler, but inescapably a doodler all in all.

A word, sir, as to its History: Long. Now if you will allow me a postscript somewhat less brief, I shall get on, though perhaps not so far as you might wish. To expand my pithy statement may I say—without stopping to wait for permission, I assume I may, and since I can I shall—that doodling has a long history, much like the tail of a dodo, for its history though long is useless. To proceed. Its beginnings go far back and extend up to the present. Doodling is still in its incipiency; there is so much left to be doodled on, public statues and public buildings and public staircases and public toilets both present and future, all the clean but sometimes dirty (always dirty in dirty restaurants) tablecloths, and as a last resource, paper. In this enumeration we must also mention the etc.'s that come at the end of any such list. I therefore mention them. The etc.'s, etc. etc.

The art of doodling has its origin back in the days of the pre-Ancients who doodled without knowing it, and it has extended down to the time of our present day artist who doodles and lets other people know about it and pay for it. Perhaps it is because I am not an artist; although I well remember the great *pièce de résistance*—I call it this because it was while I was waiting for this

French plate with smorgasbord that I had my inspiration—I constructed this masterpiece which I will reproduce for you at the finis of this discourse: An Idyllic Scene in the Country, or A Black Cow in a Dark Barn on a Moonless Night." I sent this away to an illustrious magazine; its editor returned it promptly, advised me to start walking the streets (were I a woman, my indignation would have exceeded something, I'm sure) and sent me my first nickel to get started on.

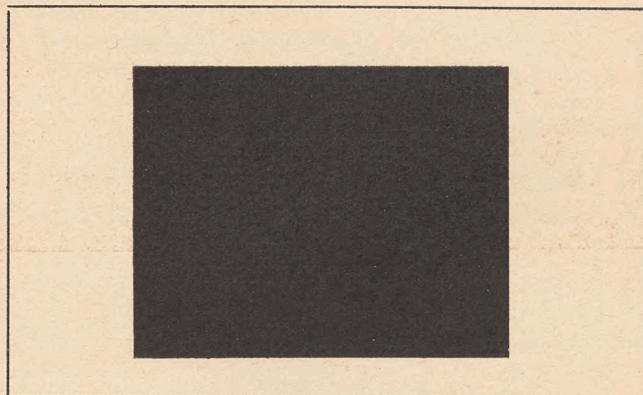
That, sir, is the History of doodling.

Now, sir, as to its Purposes.

And after that we come, sir, to its Benefits. It has many; I shall name them both. 1) or A, as you wish. Relaxation. Doodling gives you; I beg your pardon: it cannot, since you do not, so therefore I shall say instead that Doodling gives me great relaxation. When I doodle I can relax. When I relax I doodle. At periods of rest doodling allows me to take it easy. I find nothing so relaxing as taking it easy, except doodling, which taking it easy allows me to do when I feel a desire to spend a few moments in quiet contemplation of my doodling. For that reason doodling affords me Relaxation. How well I can afford relaxation is another matter. How well I can afford doodling is still another. The wear on my pencil sharpener, which is not mine but a neighbor's, the constant task of keeping it well supplied with room to take care of little doodling-done shavers is ghastly amazing, sometimes outdoing my doodles.

The second reason, sir, I have at present forgotten. It gives the clinching argument, and having heard it, I feel that henceforth you can no longer isolate yourself from the world at large. If you are large, the less chance of isolation.

Now, sir, such is my case. I lay down my pencil and pick up another, for I feel the old fire blazing in my veins. To doodle! The call is upon me. Sir, goodbye, and as they say in England if they say as they are supposed to, and it would be travesty for them not to when everyone says they do—What do they say in England? It has something to do with doodles, I know. Fine people, those English. Fine fine people. I hope someday to tell you, if I ever meet one, which I may. You never can tell. But you can, sir, always doodle.



### *Black Cow at Night*



Why do the gals chase after Jim?  
 'Cause he has looks and rhythm?  
 Gosh, no, it's cause they count on him  
 To have Life Savers whythm!



**MORAL:** Everybody's breath  
 offends now and then. Let Life  
 Savers sweeten and freshen  
 your breath after eating, drink-  
 ing and smoking.

## FREE

### A Box of Life Savers for the best Wisecrack!

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

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

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

Jokes will be judged by the editors  
 of this publication. The right to publish  
 any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions  
 of the Editors will be final. The win-  
 ning wisecrack will be published the  
 following month along with the lucky  
 winner's name.

#### WINNING JOKE FOR APRIL

"Who was that lady I seen you with last night?"  
 "That was no lady. That was my wife."

By **SAM LAMBERT**

# The Eliot

## You Can Blame This Damn Thing on Us

*Public Enemy No. 1*  
 DAKIN WILLIAMS

*Stooge No. 1*  
 NEWTON GORMAN

*Stooge No. 2*  
 PEGGY STOECKER

*Stooge No. 3*  
 DAVID HUGHES

*Stooge No. 4*  
 NANCY ROEDER

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## ELIOT — WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

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# MY PAL, JOE

There's a fellow lives up my way you really ought to know—he's a right guy all right, one **hellofa** swell fellow he is. Moral as hell too—you don't see him knockin' around Sixth and Market, like some of the guys you know—not my pal Joe, no sir, not on **Sunday** night.

He's a flashy one he is—dresses to beat all hell—drives a red convertible, a new one too, with all the trimmin's—it's a sight to see him, Joe, I mean—all slicked up and rarin' to go—you can see he's been around, everything he does; watch him step into that Buick of his and listen how he **blows his horn!**

Yes sir, Joe's all right, he is. I was at a party the other night—Joe was there too—you're doggone right Joe was there—he was the life of the party he was—you should have **heard** the jokes he pulled, all the latest gags he did; not one of that screw-ball traveling salesman stuff for Joe, no sir, just good clean sex—that's what—nothing dirty about Joe's jokes—no sir, not Joe's.

And the drinks Joe mixed—man—that's where Joe really shines—that double zombi! Believe me, you've never lived 'til you've had Joe's double zombi. Yes sir, at mixin' drinks there's no one can beat Joe—a real artist he is.

But don't get Joe wrong—it ain't only mixin' that Joe does, he knows how to drink 'em, too—drinks 'em like a gentleman, Joe does. Joes one man who could show **anybody** a thing of two—he can hold his liquor, Joe can.

He's sentimental, too, Joe is, soft-hearted as all hell—why there's lotsa guys who wouldn't think twice about helpin' nature along, if they had a grandma who had lotsa dough. But not Joe—you wouldn't see Joe take an axe to his grandma, no sir, not if there was a box of chloroform around—he'd do it while she was asleep, too, that's how soft-hearted Joe is—wouldn't hurt a flea—he knows 'em too well for that, the other kind that don't hop, you know.

Joe's dead. I just found it out from one of the gang down at Tony's. They found him in the upstairs bedroom at Gerty's saloon—shot clean through the gizzard! Guess Gerty must have heard how he's been two-timin' her—runnin' round with old Jim Bandy's wife behind her back. The Dicks think Jim did it, but not me. I know Gerty . . .

They buried ole Joe yesterday. You should of seen the funeral—it was a picnic all right it was—gave Joe a **real** send-off. All the gang turned out. Gerty was

When the roll is called up yonder,  
I may find with deep remorse,  
True to form again, I've been  
Dropped completely from the course.

On these lazy spring afternoons  
what better  
than to walk your one and only  
down to the friendly

## SHERMAN DRUGS

360 N. SKINKER

CAbany 8728

there—right in the front row—you could see she was all cut up about it, dabbed a napkin or something up to her eye every now and then—you could see she too it hard.

All that day I couldnt stop thinkin' about poor Joe — just couldn't get him out of my mind. What a prince of a fellow Joe was an all that. So tha t very evenin' I ups and ambles down to Madam's for one of her sceances—thought I'd try to get in touch with Joe up above—sort of find out how he likes it flirtin' around with all those angels an' stuff they got up in heaven.

Madam she turns out all the lights and the sceance begins. A moment of silence, then a faint light begins to glow from behind a curtain. "Joe, Joe, this is me, your Pal," I says, "do you hear me Joe? Answer me Joe are you all right? How do you like it upthere?" A voice replies out of the stillness. Thats Joe all right! Go on Joe! It's me, I'm listenin'. What's that you say, Joe What do I mean **'up there'**? You're not up there, Joe?—what's **that again**, Joe—you say—what Joe—" . . . he says it's hot as hell **down** here. "You said **down**, Joe?" Can you beat that, he said **down**—and hot as all hell, too.

By AUGUSTUS FOGG.

### ENLIST NOW . . .

You, too, can wear  
the Beta pin . . .

### Are You a Bulb Snatcher??

You can get away with it  
at the THETA XI HOUSE.

### ATTENTION WOMEN!

With the present shortage of men all women will  
be required to register their qualifications with the  
Men's Appraisal Board.

**ROsedale 5473**

### WILL TRADE!

One slightly used Kitchen Stove which I am tired  
of being hit by my wife with everything **BUT** by.

EASY TERMS

5473 DELMAR BLVD.

### Have You Heard These Before?

Overheard at one of those midnight sessions at Mc-Millan:

"She couldn't get a man, so she has purchased a monkey and is waiting for evolution to take its course."

Pity the modern girl. Everything she wants to do is either illegal, immoral, or fattening.

Yehudi is the guy who removes the seeds from the seedless oranges.

Sig Chi: "I hope you'll dance with me tonight."

Pi Phi: "Oh, certainly. You don't think I came down here just for pleasure?"

S. A. E.: Hello, Cutie, would you like a lemon with your tea?"

D. G.: No, I prefer to be alone.

Mother: "Now, remember, while I'm away dear, that if you pet and drink and smoke, men will call you fast."

Sweet young thing: "Yes, indeed, just as fast as they can get to a telephone!"

I was charmed by the look in her eye,  
By her nightingale voice I was smitten,  
And her beautiful figure, oh my!  
By her glorious hair I was bitten.

She's really the charmingest girl, sir,  
In her arms any man would find bliss, sir.  
But what struck me mostly about her  
Was her hand when I started to kiss her.

A true music lover is a man who, upon hearing a soprano in the bathroom, puts his ear to the keyhole.

### PURE LOGIC

An engagement ring is a circle. A circle is something that goes 'round and round. Some engagement rings go 'round and 'round.

A joke is a gag. A gag is that which is stuffed into the mouth, preventing speech. Therefore, what this country needs is a better type of gag for all would-be comedians.

A bargain is a good buy. A good-bye is a farewell. A farewell is to part. To part is to leave. My girl left me without a good-bye. She was no bargain anyway.

A wise man is a thinker. A thinker speculates about various things. A speculator is a gambler, and to gamble is foolish. Therefore, it is folly to be wise.

—Midnight Oil.

Beta: If you love me, kiss me.

(She kisses him).

Beta: It's all off.

She: Why?

Beta: If you kiss me, you'll kiss anyone.

"Meet Your Friends"

... at ...

**GRAHAM'S GRILL**

7901 FORSYTHE                      9855 MANCHESTER

I think that I shall never see  
A girl refuse a meal that's free;  
A girl with hungry eyes not fixed  
Upon the drink that's being mixed;  
A girl who doesn't like to wear  
A lot of junk to match her hair;  
Girls are loved by guys like me—  
For who in the hell will kiss a tree!

—Miss-A-Sip.

He was such a chiseler that the wool he pulled over people's eyes was half cotton.

### CO-ED'S EDUCATION

She learned to love  
She learned to hate,  
She learned a Ford  
Would carry eight.

She learned to smoke,  
And how to tell  
Wood alcohol  
By taste or smell.

She learned to coax,  
She learned to tease,  
She learned a new way  
Of cooking cheese.

She learned to neck  
And break a date.  
SHE'S READY NOW  
TO GRADUATE.

I always knew that she  
Wasn't the only fish in the sea . . .  
And now it occurs too late—  
That neither am I the only bait.

He: Now that we're married, perhaps I can point out a few of your defects.

She: Don't bother, dear, I know all about them. It's those defects that kept me from getting a better man than you.

Girls at Mizzou  
Are not like May flowers  
But rather remind us  
Of cold April showers  
Drip  
Drip  
Drip

I love to neck,  
I think it's swell,  
I'd neck in heaven,  
I'd neck in hell,  
I'd neck 'em sitting,  
I'd neck 'em lying,  
If I had wings,  
I'd neck 'em flying.

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Starring in Edw. Small's United Artists  
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*His Cigarette  
and Mine*

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