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WU

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

JANUARY 1946

FIFTEEN CENTS

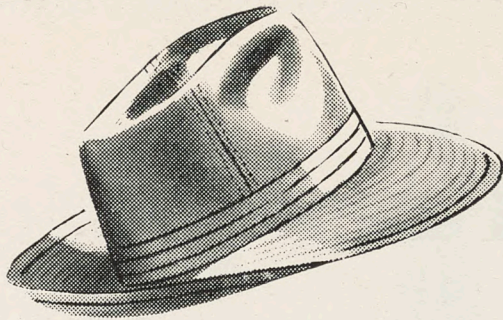
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Carole King
DRESSES FOR JUNIORS

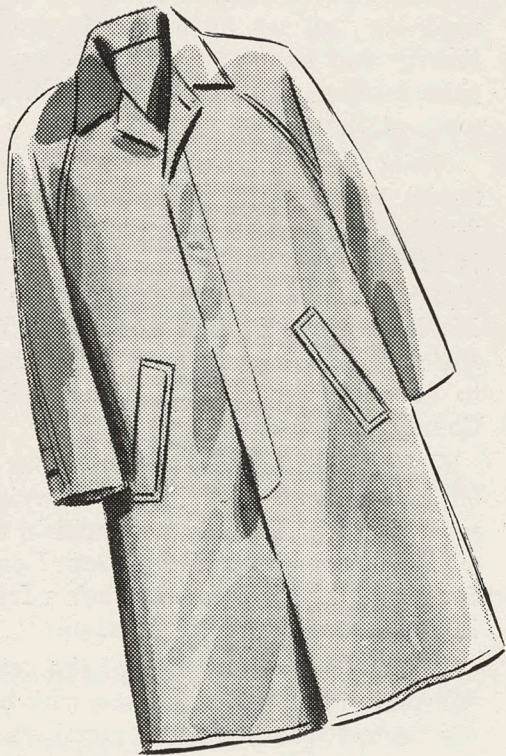


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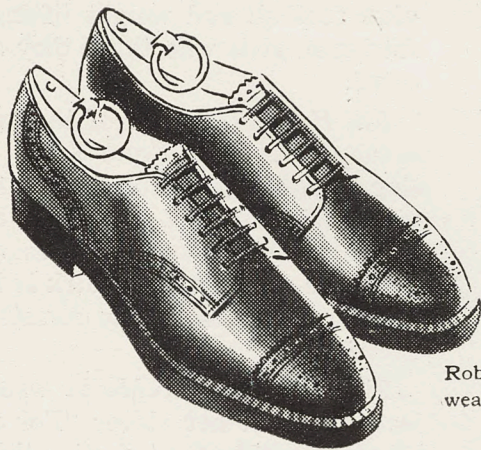
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STIX, BAER & FULLER

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Among Those Present

■ This New Year's issue presents again authors *Clyde Hurtt*, *Edwina Schneehage* and *Paula Tabachnik* on our poetry page.

We feel sure that the striking illustrations for "Dwellers in Darkness" will catch your eye and you will want to know something more about who dreamed it up than the mere name of the artist, *Willis Peterson*. Willis is a junior in the School of Fine Arts, and is from Willow Springs in the Ozarks. He says he became interested in art a few years ago when he was at a Civilian Conservation Corps camp and spent his spare time copying magazine illustrations. Next to art, his enthusiasms are sports of all varieties—from horse back riding to table tennis. He is working for a degree in Illustration.

Sophomore in the School of Fine Arts, *Aline Schulz* illustrates "Home Is If You Can Take It." Good, don't you think?

Betty Vollmer, (called Cookie by friends and professors alike) did our editorial cartoons. She is a junior in the Art School, but says everybody mistakes her for a high school kid. A painting major—and we think as a cartoonist, she is first rate.

June Goldsborough did the sketches for "Do You Know Your Faculty?" She has done a lot of commercial work—murals for Infants Wear Shops and other work. She is always ready for a laugh, wears smocks, and we think she's a real artist.

Kilroy's Brother Was Here

the other day and was perfectly satisfied with everything he bought.

"I am perfectly satisfied with everything I bought" said Kilroy's brother.

He also wanted to wish you all a Happy New Year and so do we.

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David Oliensis, author of "Dwellers in Darkness," went to Washington for a year and a half. At the moment he is working, but he does plan to come back to Washington in the near future—to take up journalism, possibly. David's been writing for quite some time—in fact we have it on reputable authority that he used to dictate stories to his elder brother, Gabriel, also a Washington U. man, at the tender age of three.

Anita Kendall, freshman in the School of Social Work, writes about dorm life from first-hand experience, for although her home is in Granite City, which is in commuting distance of W. U., she prefers to live at McMillan Hall. Besides working on *Thyrus*, *Hatchet*, and *Student Life*, Anita finds time to do volunteer medical case work at the County Hospital.

Gertrude Klearman, author of our feature on independent men, has been writing for several years. Her biggest thrill in this line came when she interviewed Clare Booth Luce for her high school paper. She's a freshman, in the School of Liberal Arts.

Pi Phi *Peggy Lustkandl* of the art school, will tantalize you in this issue with her teasing descriptions of faculty members. Peggy is a sophomore dress design student, and hopes to have a "career" after leaving school.

Vic Gold, a freshman in the College of Liberal Arts and a Zeta Beta Tau pledge, parodies Tennyson in his "The Charge of the Mudville Nine." From New Orleans—likes football and weight lifting, but hates freshman girls who think they are sophisticated.

Bill Herbert, author of the new comment column, *The Frim-Fram Sauce*, is contributing to *Eliot* again after 2½ years in the service. He's had a lot of writing experience—*Globe Democrat* sports pages and *Student Life*. He says his only quirk is his superstitious wearing of a blue sweater for every examination.

Pi Phi *Meryl Moehlman* wrote for *Eliot* last year, but her clever "For the Record" short is her first contribution this year—and we think it is choice.

ELIOT

JANUARY, 1946

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Among Those Present - - - - -	2
Editor's Comment - - - - -	4
The Continuing Need for Clothing for Overseas Relief	5
Frim-Fram Sauce - - - - -	6
Independents Organize - - - - -	7
Do You Know Your Faculty? - - - - -	11
The Finer Things of Life - - - - -	17
FICTION	
Dwellers in Darkness - - - - -	8
Home Is If You Can Take It - - - - -	10
Home Is Where You Hang Your Hat - - - - -	14
SPORTS	
Pete Chouteau Heads Swimming Pack - - - - -	12
Raymond F. Blake, Ex-Navy Man, to Succeed Kinnan	13
GOSSIP - - - - -	20
HUMOR	
Ghastly, Isn't It? - - - - -	21
POETRY	
My Lady - - - - -	16
My Song - - - - -	16
A Lost Dream - - - - -	16
Lecture Notes - - - - -	23
Charge of the Mudville Nine - - - - -	24
FASHION	
Fashion Gospel - - - - -	18
Shop Hound - - - - -	19



Our cover picture, taken by Walter Schillinger, shows you the presidents of the women's Pan-Hellenic Organization, the Independent Women's Association, and the Men's Inter-Fraternity Council—Betty Heideman, Adah Lucille Godbold and Ed Hewitt, respectively.

ELIOT would have liked to picture the President of the newly-formed Independent Men's Association, too—but deadlines are deadlines, and as we go to press there is no president.

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Editor's Comment



Let's Go, Independents!

■ A visiting officer of one of the national sororities here on campus remarked lately that she had never seen a group of Greeks (and believe us, in her job she sees plenty of them), who cooperated as well with each other. To us it seems that the good relations that prevail among sororities and fraternities is a direct result of the work of Women's Pan Hellenic Association and the Men's inter-Fraternity Council.

The first record of a Pan-Hell is found in 1919. Since that date it has been preventing friction between sororities by organizing rush rules and furthering cooperation between the various organizations. Betty Heideman, present president, is one of the three people appearing in the photograph on ELIOT'S cover this month. Ed Hewitt is head of the Inter-Fraternity Council, which corresponds to Pan-Hell. Congratulations to both of these on a job that is being well handled. The other person on the cover is

Adah Lucille Godbold, head of the Independent Women's Association.

Cooperation between sororities has knit them into a powerful force on campus. Cooperation between the fraternities has done the same for them. It seems to us that there is no insurmountable obstacle to the two associations for independents accomplishing the same thing for all independents, not just for members of I.M.A. and I.W.A. alone.

It has been argued that no one association could provide membership for all independents. Obviously, this is true. But all the independents don't want or need "membership." They need to have better sources of information on campus activities and better channels through which to direct their activity. For example, I.M.A. and I.W.A. could act as propaganda and information centers for independents. They could nominate and back independents for campus offices. They could, to put it in one word, *organize*. The potential in these two groups is terrific. We wish them both good luck in developing it.



Were You Griping about Hatchet?

■ There have been many quips and much downright bad humor rampant on campus this fall about the tardy appearance of the 1945 *Hatchet*. Very few of the student body know the reasons for it and, in all fairness to the 1945-46 staff, the reasons should be made known.

There are two reasons why *Hatchet* was late. First, the last year's staff didn't get their copy in nor their pictures taken on time. Second, when the copy and pictures were completed, printing difficulties arose to delay matters still further.

When school was over last year, Ruth Malone, 1945-46 editor of *Hatchet*, stepped in to finish the job her predecessor had left undone. All during the summer when others were away enjoying vacations, she was in sultry St. Louis, working on *Hatchet*—and it was *all* summer, with very little help. During the delay in printing that ensued, Ruth was greatly increasing her vocabulary and it wasn't with drawing room English.

Hatchet is here now and the fact that it is is due to the efforts of Ruth Malone. The student body can show its thanks to her personally by subscribing to the 1946 *Hatchet* and by cooperating fully and promptly in having pictures taken for it. Knowing Ruth, it is safe to say that, given the proper cooperation of the student body and the administration, she will produce one of the best *Hatchets* Washington University has ever seen—and on time.



VOLLMER

The Continuing Need for Clothing for Overseas Relief

ELLIOT reprints an appeal from the Victory Clothing Collection for aid in its national drive

■ By Christmas approximately 25,000,000 children, men and women in the liberated countries overseas will have received clothing donated by the American people in the United National Clothing Collection of last spring. But 25,000,000 is only a small percentage of the destitute, homeless and looted people of Europe, the Philippines and the Far East.

Devastation and want in those lands are on so vast a scale as to be almost beyond our comprehension. Millions there are even now inadequately clad for winter weather, for health and for self-respect. It is estimated that in China alone 200,000,000 people need clothing.

These people are not asking you to give them Utopia—but only serviceable things like your old coat—the one with the frayed edges but a warm lining, or the baby blankets so long stored away. Without the help of these people you and I will never get even an approximation of Utopia. Without their help, there will be no peace for our children.

WHAT CAN WE DO AT WASHINGTON U.?

College students played a noteworthy part in last spring's nation-wide clothing drive for overseas relief. Campus collections and student canvassing of off-campus areas produced tons of used clothing. The chores that students handled in collection centers and sorting rooms speeded the contributions overseas for UNRRA distribution to war victims.

Although twenty-five million destitute people were clothed as a result of the spring drive, it was not enough. For each one who received an American garment to replace the rags worn through five or more years of war, a dozen are still insufficiently clad for winter. Tuberculosis, scabies and influenza are rampant, and reconstruction and schooling are being held up because workers, farmers, teachers, students and children do not have clothing or shoes to wear.

You are being asked to aid these victims of the Second World War by supporting to the full the Victory Clothing Collection for overseas relief, January 7-31. The national goal is one hundred million serviceable, used garments, in addition to shoes and bedding. With wartime security regulations cancelled, contributors of clothing in this drive may attach a friendly note with their gifts. This expression of good will can mean much to bruised and lonely spirits.

SPECIFICALLY, YOU CAN

1. Join the Victory Clothing Collection leaders in St. Louis in the task of publicizing the desperate need for clothing overseas, and in collecting, sorting and packing gifts of clothes, shoes and bedding.
2. Talk up the new nation-wide clothing drive for overseas relief. Tell what the collection will mean to those who receive the clothing; to the quicker rehabilitation of the war-scarred lands; to the cause of an earlier, permanent peace.
3. *Appoint a clothing chairman in every campus club, professional group and athletic organization to devise further promotion of contributions.*
4. Go through your own clothing and cut it to the last spare button and moccasin. Shoes, socks and stockings, and underwear are among the primary needs. Outdated styles and shiny pants will be welcomed.
5. Knitters are urged to convert spare leftover yarn into baby clothes. Infant wear is virtually non-existent in Europe, China and the Philippines.

Clothing so desperately needed by war victims overseas will get to them much sooner if contributors to the Victory Clothing Collection will heed three simple suggestions:

1. Tie shoes, boots, galoshes, overshoes, rubbers, mittens, gloves securely together in pairs.
2. Fasten the parts of a suit—the trousers, vest, and jacket—together firmly. Or the skirt and jacket. Or the blouse, bolero and skirt of a two-piece dress. Or the coat and dress of an ensemble.
3. Get your bundle to the Clothing Collection depot TODAY.

Frim-Fram

Sauce

by Bill Herbert

■ This is no new story and the attendant facts are more than a little hazy, but once, leaving a party attended by the famous old Algonquin literary set with the vitriolic verbiage of Alexander Woolcott ringing in his ears, Moss Hart turned to Mr. Kaufman and said, "Say, George, wouldn't it be awful if that guy would break a leg and have to stay with us for the winter?" The two gentlemen regarded each other in wild surmise, and now you should know what this article is about.

What would happen, of course, was clearly and convincingly demonstrated in the Thyrsus production, "The Man Who Came to Dinner." That portly figure threw his weight around with the unwonted and unwanted abandon of a baby elephant. He was loud; he was curt; he was downright rude, crude, lewd if not stewed; and, now, speaking specifically of Michael Bogutski who spelled Woolcott and Monte Wooley in the Whiteside part, he was GOOD.

Very seldom can a collegian handle himself with the poise and skill Mike showed in the part. And very seldom, too, do you find college damsels with the Thespian flair demonstrated by June Gross as Maggie Cutler and Ellen Siegel as Lorraine Sheldon. Nor was there anything wrong with the performances of Bob Simmons, whose mimicry of Lorraine Sheldon's epileptic British boy friend charged the house; Newton Pollock, a Banjo who strummed the crowd; Jeannettee Wimmer; Gene Bailey; Nancy Schoen; and others. But, that Mike. Oh, that Mike! We lov—ed that performance!

Doctor? Lawyer? Basketball? Chief?

There's a cager playing at our gym
Of whose skill the school will soon buzz
Neither fish nor fowl, says the wise old owl,
Can hit the net just like he does.

No, no, no, it couldn't be true
That anyone else can play just like he
do-ooo.

And confidentially we confess
We'll send a note to the local press
He's an all-American in full dress
Yes, it's true, follow through.

(Ed. Note: If this be poetry, give me strength!)

Posing for a group picture, Stan London, the young man who scored 17 points against the University of Indiana in the Bears' first big game of the season, looks very much as if he's in a hole. We mean he isn't very tall in comparison to the animated, but not very animated, skyscrapers who are his teammates. But once Stanley, who moves around in an unusual manner, gets on the courts, he has great stature indeed. There is a general suspicion that the boy has a direct wire to the basket. And Mr. Kinnan, our personable and talented coach who is shuttering his athletic career in January with Venetian blinds, and Mr. Blake, new dean of athletics, are going to find him very useful in a group of boys who couldn't have found the basket in that Indiana game had they been equipped with radar.

We mentioned that Stanley moves around in an unusual manner. His gait is queer. As Joseph Michael Medwick, the Hungarian slugger, was "Ducky" during his tenure with the Cardinals, Stanley London was called "Tiptoe" by one observer during the practice game at the start of the season. Cast as he was with a set of tulips, Tiptoe seemed to emphasize shooting to an unusual degree, eschewing the pass as he would the plague. But that is a hard philosophy to criticize, as he usually connects when he shoots. A star V-12 basketeer at DePauw, Stanley is going to give more upholstery to Mr. Blake this winter than grandma ever had in her feather bed.



Back, standing, left to right: Ollie Kantz, Bob Gessert, M. Stearner, F. Griswold, Bob Geartz, John Lucke, Perkins, Mal Topping, H. Goldstein, Monte Stebbins, Roland Hyle, J. Spence, Mort Clifford, Spike Werner

Seated, left to right: Bill Bloss, Tom Holt, Wooster Lambert, Bud Baum, Joe Oppenheimer, Don Haig

At piano: Allen Shifrin and Pete Chouteau

Independents Organize

by Gertrude Klearman

■ They were all standing around the piano. Some were talking, others slicking their hair down and some just patiently waiting. After some chairs had been placed against the piano and several of the members had seated themselves, the photographer was happy.

"Now let's have some pleasant expressions," he said. "Hold it." Finally, it was finished. The members of the Independent Men's Association had just had their picture taken for *Hatchet*.

With the aid of Dean Martin, the independent men at Washington University have organized. Two attempts were made last spring to bring the independent men together—one by Joe Oppenheimer and the other by Norman Dressel. But as the saying goes, "The third time is a charm." This fall, Monte Stebbins went to Dean Martin and got permission to organize the independent men.

An announcement was published in *Stu-*

dent Life and a meeting was held November 26. At this meeting the newly-formed group elected a temporary governing committee consisting of Don Haig, chairman, Bill Bloss, Spike Werner, Monte Stebbins, Marcy Goldstein, and Joe Oppenheimer, with Rolland Hyle as secretary, and Monte Stebbins as director of publicity. As one member expressed it. "We can't go wrong with this committee, since it's a cross-section of the organization, made up of both radicals and conservatives."

The Independent Men have no past. (ED. NOTE: We hope they have a future.) There are no records or files showing an Independent Men's Association in existence before the war. The majority of the members are mostly freshmen and there are some veterans. Their object is to further the social functions of the unaffiliated men on campus and to help them to participate more fully in campus activities.

(Continued on page 24)



Dwellers

■ More of these poor fools! With their grave, immobile faces, and their absurd intentness, and their smug reserve! Ah well, let them stay, Daniel Boone, for they amuse me.

And I certainly deserve some relaxation, after I have devoted all day to the business of ruling and guiding my people. . . . They are good people, though, and repay me for my work with loyalty and reverence and affection. Yes, a good people are mine. . . . I believe they have learned their noble qualities from myself, their mighty Emperor.

For truly, a ruler such as I is a blessing to any nation. I lack no desirable quality. For I am wise and just, and merciful when it is possible to be so; but when I see wanton sin, I am terrible in my wrath. Then does my righteous rage know no bounds, and I draw my sword and rush forth like a wounded lion, and kill, kill, KILL, till the red blood soaks bubbling into the earth—AHA! . . . Yes, I am awful and divine in battle, fearing nothing. Why, do you not remember, last week at the great Battle of Pantagrue, when my craven captains hung

back, how I snatched the triple-headed battle-axe from one of them, and plunged into the midst of the infidels, and cut them down like so much ripe wheat, piling their mangled bodies in a heap that reached to the very clouds in the sky—to the very maw of the Great Avenger, Himself? Ha! there was none of them could withstand the fury of my spirit and the strength of my arm. Nor is it any wonder, for with my bare hands, I can break a bar of iron, and I can thrust my fist through a stone wall.

But I am no soulless beast, without an appreciation of the finer things. Never was there one who could paint or write as I. While still drenched with the sweat of honest toil, I can paint a picture of awe-inspiring beauty, or pen verse whose sweep and magnificence leaves one dazzled. And I have that which no other man has ever had: the sixth sense—the inward eye—I can foretell the future. I prophesied my own birth and my conquest of Erasmus. And mark my words! a year and a month from today, a comet will destroy Planet No. 32.

Ah, but I am happy, so very happy! Life

is one continuous glowing delight. I have the admiration of all men and the adoration of all women; any one of my subjects would gladly lay down his life at my slightest whim. My empire is the finest in the Universe, embracing eighty-four planets and seventeen suns. I have youth, health, strength, wisdom, and manly beauty. I have every talent I could wish for; I succeed at everything to which I turn my hand. I have wealth till I weary from gazing on it—

Ho! I will give one of these gaping oafs who came in a check for ten million drachmas.—Here, oaf, take it!—Aha! He smiles in gratitude at my generosity. . . .

Yes, my perfect happiness is unmarred; unmarred except that sometimes—sometimes I have a vague, sickening feeling—it seems that my whole life—everything I do or say or think—is terribly wrong—a dismal, hollow, rotten sham—like a shell with a ragged crack in it, through which I see that dark Other World that once seemed so real to me! . . . Oh Lord!—that Other World! It haunts

Life is sweet, life is precious, life is joyous—and oh! how I love it!

But now bring me paper and pen, Daniel Boone, and I will compose another symphony. This one will surpass even my glorious Sunlight Symphony.—Wait! First send away these dull fools. Their silly antics pall on me. Out with them! Out, I say!

Obediently, the supervisor and visitor left.

Out in the hall, the supervisor raised his eyebrows and looked slightly bored. “Now that,” he intoned, in the manner of a college professor giving a lecture, “is a good example of paranoid schizophrenia—with the delusions of grandeur compensating for, and resulting from, frustrations in earlier life—”

The visitor dutifully expressed his thanks for the tour, and wended his way homeward. On the streetcar, he observed a tiny wisp of a woman shrilly scolding at her apathetic husband; a student scowling miserably at a notebook filled with incomprehensible dia-

in Darkness

by David Oliensis

Illustration by Willis Peterson

me yet! I see it dimly through the crack—I see myself there—myself as one of these glum, sodden-faced fools—but more miserable than all the rest—my very best efforts scorned with contemptuous sneers—I turned to Rosamund—she rejected me and laughed at me, *laughed at me!*—I was frustrated in everything I attempted—alone, despised, ignored, weary and wretched—until I stumbled finally upon *this* world, this *real* world of light and happiness, of empire and adoration—

Ah! but I work myself too hard—only yesterday, I wrote a complete epic, telling of my latest triumph over the infidels. I need a rest. It is only when I am overworked that I have these grotesque fantasies of that bleak Other W—bah!

But my condition is improving—these monstrous visions come to me less and less of late. Fear not, Daniel Boone—I know that this, my glad empire, is the real world. . . .

grams and equations; a young ragamuffin cuffing his little brother, who cringed and blinked reproachfully at his tormentor—

The visitor observed these and many other things; things that brought back to his mind certain half-remembered fragments from some poetry he had once had to memorize in college—something about “the weariness, the fever, and the fret, here . . . where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies; where but to think, is to be full of . . . leaden-eyed despairs. . . .”

He thought about these things, and he thought about the joyous madman. And when he reached his hotel room, he wandered to the window, clasped his hands behind his back, and stood for a long time gazing out at the falling night—at the frantic crowd of pleasure-seekers that surged confusedly to and fro, down on the street.

(Continued on page 22)



Home Is if You Can Take It

by Paula Tabachnik

Illustration by Aline Schulz

■ I find that it is one of the ordinary, humdrum facts of life to come home and find Bermuda onions scattered about the living room floor. And what is worse, I have found that it is much healthier not to reprimand my sweet little “nephoos” (the authors of our unique interior decorations), for usually as I go tripping into their room, I do just that—right over Skipper’s collection of tree branches or rungs which he has somehow extracted from our kitchen chairs.

Skipper, by the way, is 3 years old and is beginning to show an unquenchable thirst for books, especially those with pictures. This, I think, is why I can invariably find my sociology text book in the bathtub. Not only does he have a thirst, but a hunger also—for pears, apples, peaches, ad infinitum. As proof I offer countless apple cores and peach seeds which I have found on window sills, in flower pots, and under beds, the latter being one of his favorite playgrounds—second only to the closets.

David is younger than Skip and therefore gets into proportionately that much less mischief. A la mode de math. 112:—Skipper’s size : Skipper’s mischief : : David’s size : David’s mischief. David is by nature rather reserved and, consequently, goes about his business in a quieter way. With him, we never know if he has done something wrong until we see it, hear it, smell it, or trip over it. One of his usual pranks is taking a box of corn flakes, raisins, or whatever is at

hand and spilling it in a line across the floors—and on the furniture, too, if he thinks of it soon enough.

Oh, this housing shortage is indeed a problem, but I cannot help thinking how fortunate we really are. Through our patience, if not our encouragement, my nephews have achieved what interior decorators are always saying is absolutely necessary in any home—that certain “lived in” appearance.

For the Record

by Meryl Moehlmann

■ I have come to the realization that your recent actions do not coincide with your previously announced intentions. The manifestations of your loyalty, faithfulness, and undying devotion have not equalled your vehement verbal protestations of the same.

Although during our last discussion on this subject, despite the fact that you have repeatedly attested to your good intentions you have insisted that you maintained an infallible sense of responsibility and an inherent desire to comply with our agreement, you, nevertheless, to the best of my knowledge, have deliberately and intentionally disregarded these pledges. Here—take your darn old fraternity pin!!!

Do You Know Your Faculty?

by Peggy Lustkandl

Illustrations by Willis Peterson and June Goldsborough



■ Head of a large and flourishing department, Professor X refuses to give autobiographical detail. "I'm bored by it," he declares, "and so are all sensible readers. After all, it makes no conceivable difference to any student whether I've just flown in from Tibet or whether I was born and raised on Olive Street."

But he was quite willing to expand on his likes and dislikes. Cigarettes head the former list. He does regret his inability to smoke them in class. But he nobly refrains for the good of his students! And he hates having his hearers light up before he's even left his desk almost as much as he hates inattention. A hint for students may be gleaned from his admission that he prefers having students feign genuine interest to an open lack of attention.

Mr. X is noted for his willingness to answer any and all questions which are asked him.

He hates glaring lights and conspires with the janitors to remove this source of annoyance by weird and peculiar shading. Now that's a hint if we ever saw one.

And, if you haven't guessed yet, Mr. X is said by some persons to resemble Shakespeare, in whom he has quite an interest.

Give up? Just turn to page 24.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of a series on Faculty Members, which will appear monthly in ELIOT.

■ Although students on the hill usually don't know very much about the art school, you should be able to recognize one of our nationally known art teachers—and for art students, this ought to be pie.

While you try to guess who our subject is, we'll call him Rembrandt. Rembrandt says he decided on art as a vocation to get out of working, and also, incidentally, because he likes to paint. In addition to his vocation, he loves golf, although he says his game right now is not quite up to par. Painting and golf are his "two main vices." He enjoys music, too, especially boogie, but can't play any instrument. Um-m-m-m, if Rembrandt could only play boogie as well as he paints, it would put Frankie Carle to shame!

(Continued on page 22)



Pete Chouteau



Pete Chouteau, player-coach of this year's water polo team, calling a foul during a practice session. The man in the water is playing goalie.

Pete Chouteau, organizer and captain of Washington University's water polo team, comes from a family of distinguished swimmers. Pete's two older brothers, Henri and Rene, were two of the most outstanding swimmers in the country; so it was just natural that the third in line, Pete, should follow in their footsteps. Stockily built and twenty years of age, Pete carries 155 pounds on his 5' 9" frame.

Nine years ago Pete learned how to swim when his brother took him to the Meramec River. One year later Pete was entered in the Maplewood Municipal Swimming meet and from that day on he has been a busy man in the swimming world. At the tender age of fourteen, he swam his longest race, a ten-mile lap down the Mississippi River. He came in second in this race, being nosed out

Heads Swimming Pack

by Al Berger

by his brother Rene. He was just a freshman in high school then, but people were already beginning to take notice that another Chouteau was coming along. For the next three years, Pete swam for Soldan High School and was elected captain his senior year. During the summer before his senior year, he won the 150 yd. back stroke.

In the fall of '43, Pete enrolled in the School of Liberal Arts. Last year he organized the Bears' swimming team and this year he has worked hard with the water polo squad. Pete is a hard trainer and his indomitable spirit and will to win have made him a real leader with the rest of the fellows.

Swimming is not Pete's only athletic prowess, although it is perhaps his most formidable. He ran the gruelling two-mile run for the school track team last year and states that he is quite an ice-skating enthusiast. He also likes to bowl, and is very proud of the 230 game he rolled a few months ago.

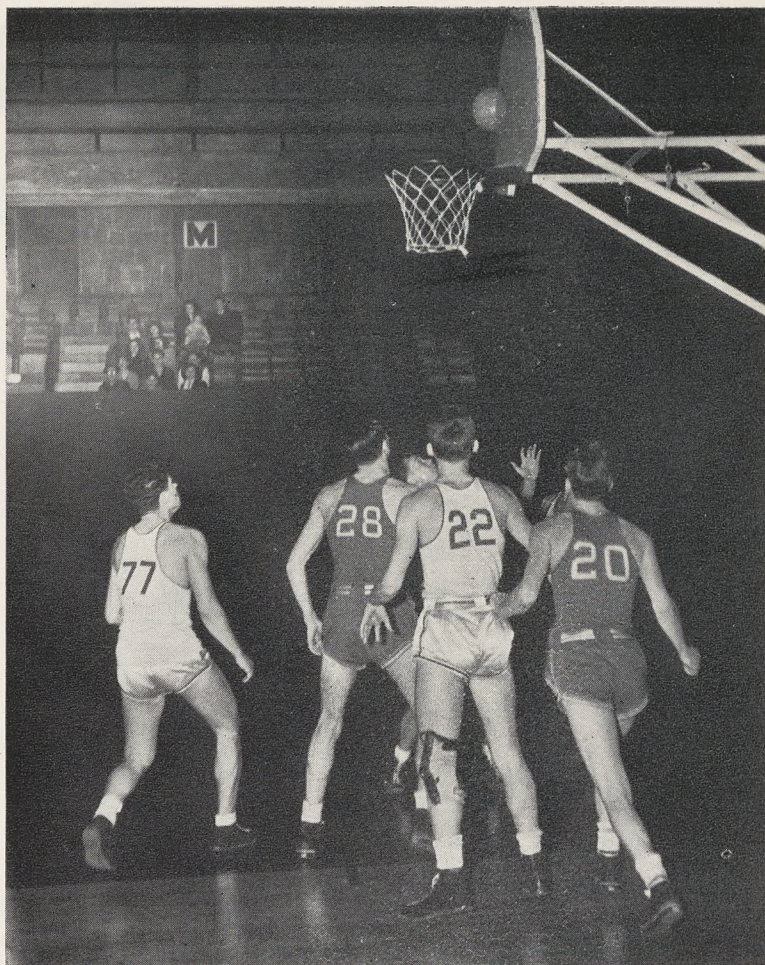
Pete has two more years remaining at Washington and what heights he will attain with the water polo and swimming teams remains to be seen.

Raymond F. Blake

(Ex-Navy Man)

to Succeed Kinnan

by Don Schleiffarth



Members of the basketball team shown preparing to jump for the ball.
Left to right: 77 London, 28 Shultz, 22 Berger, 20 Allen

■ Washington University has decided on a leader to succeed Bob Kinnan as basketball coach. Raymond F. Blake, who for the past 20 months has served as athletic director of the Naval Air Station at Lambert Field with the rank of Lieutenant, was appointed to the position and took over active direction of the squad a short time ago. His appointment is for the 1945-46 season only. In applying for the post, Blake said he was taking it for the remainder of the year in order to give the university time to look over the field and select a man to take the job permanently.

The former naval officer will also coach the school's baseball nine, taking over the duties so capably handled last year by Orville Paul. Last year the Blake-coached baseball and basketball juggernauts from Lambert Field took four out of five encounters from the Bears. The new mentor, who is 29 years old, graduated from the University of Southern California.

Blake will take over a starting lineup that has worked very smoothly in early season games. The forward positions have been capably handled by Stan London and Al Berger. Stan, continuing the fast pace he set on the Hilltop two years ago, has accumulated a high point total in each contest as well as playing a clever floor game. Standing only 5' 10", Stan makes up for his lack of height by his speed and fine rebounding ability. The other forward, Al Berger, has been right behind London in the number of points scored. The former Webster Groves ace, who starred for the Bears last year, has perfected a one hand push shot, that has netted him a formidable point total. Together these two give the team a strong offensive forward line.

And incidentally, your sports editors think it would be a good idea for everyone to go to the games and support our team and the new coach.

Welcome to McMillan



■ "Welcome to McMillan" the printing on the mat read and I daintily dusted my size 8's on it. The mat was then jerked away for the next customer. From a prone position on the floor, I looked up into the beaming faces of six housemothers who greeted me by politely suggesting, "Next time you come in the door, enter like a lady."

Putting my trunk back on my head and gathering four suitcases under my arm, I was guided by a grappling hook to the office for a formal introduction to McMillan Hall

Home Is W

by Anita Kendall

Illustrated by Charles Moser

and its rules. Handed a volume of 14,000 rules by the head housemother, I was given this encouraging advice, "All our girls *try* to live up to the rules. Those who don't are back next year to try or they aren't living."

I paid a dollar (in addition to the \$225 for board) and was given a key and the pass word, "In by 7:30 p. m. every night." Then I was briefed on how to reach my room. The code was "down a corridor, up a flight of stairs, repeat three times."

After trudging the weary miles, I found my home for the ensuing year, Cell 234A.

Gleefully, I opened the door to be confronted by seven walls and a radiator. It was a lovely room. There was only one spot big enough for the bed, but if I put it there I couldn't open the door. (I now sleep on a hammock swung from the chandelier to the doorknob. Very uncomfortable when someone opens the door.)

Smelling food, all my fellow inmates along Nicotine Alley (the west corridor, 2nd floor where my cell is) came into my broom closet to introduce themselves. Stuffing themselves with my cookies, my olives, my sardines, my peanuts, and my chocolates they helped me unpack. Definition of unpack: to look at someone else's clothes to see how many of them fit you. It seems I'm a popular size around the dorm and if I go to dinner tonight I'm afraid I shall have to go *à la nûde*.

"Dinner . . . everyone is to be ready to eat at 5:45." *Everyone* meaning everyone. Have you ever seen 200 girls trying to go through one door all at once? . . . Three days later as I awoke from a coma, the doctor asked if I hurt anywhere.

I spent the next day obtaining and arranging the maple furniture in my cubicle. To arrange furniture consists of deciding where you want everything placed and then nailing, bolting, and tying it into that position so the maid can't hide it from you when she cleans each morning.

Where You Hang Your Hat or I Have No Hat

Some people have radios in their rooms. I don't need one. There is a series of hot water, cold water, steam, and unmentionable pipes running up two walls and across the ceiling in my room. The hot water pipe gurgles, the cold water harmonizes, the steam keeps up a better drum roll than Krupa playing *Bóléro*, and the unmentionable pipes sigh in the key of G. Putting them all together, I have a private concert every night.

My mother had me live at the dormitory while I attended college because she thought it would offer glorious opportunities for studying.

However, all activities begin in the dorm at 7:30 p. m. when quiet hours start. At 7:30 everyone automatically starts yelling, phones begin ringing, guests call, and radios blare. The most common utterance by the worldly freshman at this time is, "*Fermez la bouche*," which to the uncosmopolitanites means, "Quiet hours."

From 10 to 10:30 is time for relaxation. At 10 o'clock, I sprinted down the hall to see what everyone else was doing. Curiously, I stopped to find out why the girls were lined up the length of the corridor. It was there that I was approached by a ticket vender offering to sell me time in the shower. I could have a shower at 1:46 a. m. for only 20 cents. For a nickel I could have soap, another nickel paid for the use of a shower curtain, and an additional dime brought all the water I wanted for three minutes.

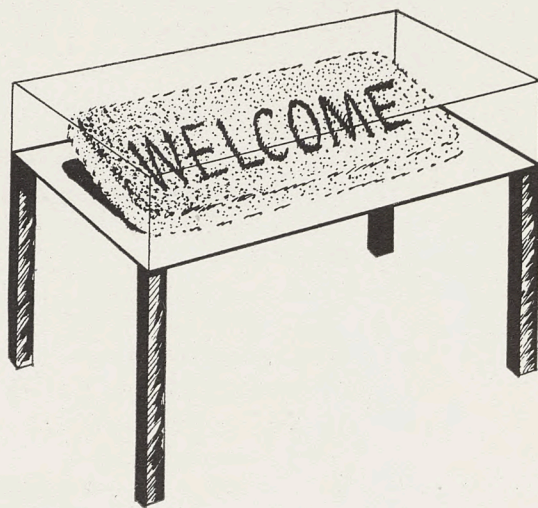
After my shower I blissfully slipped off into the arms of amatol only to be rudely awakened by a strange bell-buzz-gong sound. The flurry of feet past my door told me it was fire drill. Rapidly, I shoved my valuables out the window, shut the window, raised the shades, turned on all the lights, put on clothes, got out my stadium boots, buttoned up in a heavy coat, wrapped a towel around my head, put on my stadium boots, and

dashed down the hall to answer "present" at fire drill roll call. Breakfast is not served until 7:00 a. m. so I had three hours to waste before my day officially began.

Saturday night is date night. My second cousin's nephew, Herbert, an I Eta Pi, called me. I walked out of the phone booth with a triumphant gleam on my face. That was my first mistake. Immediately, I was shoved into a chair. A strong light flashed in my eyes and four harpies (women to you) treated me as though I were witness number one for the defense in the Dillinger case. As soon as they heard Herbert's vital statistics, I was given a nickel and told to call him—to tell him to bring four friends with him. We were surprised when Herbert arrived with four other girls.

I had a 12:30 permission. At 12:29½ I reached for the handle on the huge cast iron barred door. There was silence, then the sound of a bolt sliding into place on a steel catch. The door was locked—the guard chains already in place—I was late. So what? I enjoy being campused, living on bread and water, and seeing nothing but the seven walls of my room for four weeks.

Don't get me wrong. I love McMillan Hall.



“Poems Are Made by Fools Like Me”



My Lady

Your eyes are sweeter than honey sweet,
And waltz in a fairy-silver hue,
Sprinkling light as a starry fleet
Bursts into vapor of skylight dew.

Your smile gently took by finger-tips,
The skipping goddess of partial grace,
And froze her flame still; as she sips
Eternal nectar of beauty's lace.

Your cheeks swallowed a million years
Of rose's attar in pools of blush,
And darts a million maidens' tears,
For lovers' lost and blissless hush.

Your hair spellbound holds the wind,
An April treasure of delighting scent,
That dips in tint of yellow gold,
And fountains that sheer music lent.

Your tone reflects the winter snow,
That crystallizes and blends with oils,
Of streamlet's hidden wines that flow,
In strains of rapture's gracious toils.

Your face casts its earthly garment
Surpassing angels' delicate lure,
A farewell kiss it sweetly sent,
And became the throne of Nature.

—Clyde Blackwell Hurtt

My Song

I'll write a singing melody
Of America at work
There'll be the songs of mines and mills
With many men at work,
Of sailors bold and soldiers told
To keep the melody
Safe within and safe without,
Of America at work.

The whistles blow the school bells chime
In America at work,
There'll be the songs of farms and flocks
With Americans at work,
Of mothers dear and children, too,
Singing this melody,
For every one has a song to sing
In America at work

The melody sounds loud and free
Of America at work,
And the nations hark to the song of the heart
Of free men at work,
The song is my own and yet not mine,
This wondrous melody,
For all men should sing 'till the rafters ring,
Of America at work.

—Mary Jane Ellis

(ED. NOTE: Bows to Walt Whitman's "I
Heard America singing" seem in line.)

A Lost Dream

One dark night I saw a star;
That star—ethereal delight.
A serene and warm sensation
Filled me at its sight.

I turned away for a moment—
Down below, on the earth, I saw hatred . . .
When I looked again for my bright, shining
star,
I saw that it had not waited.

—Paula Tabachnik

The Finer Things of Life

by Mal Topping

■ Spike Jones just put another nail in poor Tchaikowsky's battered coffin with his "Nutcracker" album based on the old master's Nutcracker Suite (Victor Album P-743). Mrs. Jones' boy and his slickers have a reputation for coffin nailing that starts way back with "Der Fuehrer's Face" (bb-11586) and progresses to the murdering of Dave Rose's "Holiday for Strings" (Victor 20-1654). The most surprising of his mayhems of music was the enchanting Jones version of "Cocktails for Two" which, they say, was the reason that Rush Hughes left town.

Getting a kick out of the pseudo-names on the Capitol Jazz Album series, we see that the whole Duke Ellington band is listed as playing on "Mood Indigo," except the Duke's name is missing and an "unknown" is playing the piano under the direction of drummer Sonny Greer, who normally is a member of the Ellington outfit. The first of the series, bearing the auspicious title "History of Jazz," is named the "Solid South."

The Favorites

The old favorites of the album include Wingy Manone's famous version of "Sister Kate" and "High Society," with Wingy taking a real Dixieland trumpet lead.

Stan Kenton (Cap. 219) and Harry James both have waxed the dreamy "It's Been a Long, Long Time"; and Stan's has a terrific opening of bass and piano that shouldn't be missed. Speaking of dreams, the movie "Music for Millions" besides giving us June (sigh, sigh) Allyson, featured a Larry Adler harmonica solo of "Clair De Lune." Columbia puts out a neat waxing of the tune with Larry but no June (23467).

Art

Every one at the Art Museum is resting up after the Missouri Exhibition, however there will be lectures on January 8, Colonial Craftsmen; January 15, Personalities in Art; January 22, Painters of Landscapes; January 29, Prints by the Masters.

Kiel Auditorium

Vladimir Golschmann has three guest artists during the month of January, Gladys Swarthout, Artur Rubinstein, and Joseph Szigeti. Miss Swarthout will sing the fifth and sixth, the orchestra and Golschmann have the floor on the tenth and eleventh. January 19, and 20, Rubinstein will be at the Steinway and on the 25th and 26th Szigeti will play his violin. Reports come back that this long-hair stuff isn't so bad, and that Golschmann is almost up to Miller in some of his arrangements.



Major: "What is a maneuver?"

Recruit: "Something you put on grass to make it green, sir."

"Tropic"

topic of the season!



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Fashion Gospel

by Beverly Lueders

Illustrated by Florence Rundell

She must choose her accessories with care, avoiding insignificant ones that detract more than add to her costume. One handsome jeweled clip will do the trick—it is worn as a “topper” for that black dress, on her beret, or perhaps as a terminating point to an embassy ribbon. Her pearls will be choker style, of course, and bracelets (note the plural) will jingle in time to her quick step. A wide leather belt spells smartness in capitals, a jeweled one is preferred for evening. Knot a bold striped or satin ascot around your neck and stick a borrowed tie-pin in it. (What would we do without our men?) Brush your hair slick to accent your chiseled features, holding it back with a band or piled high like our Greek sisters’. We notice that her daytime hats have no excess trimmings—turbans, bowlers, sailors and berets predominate. Her handbags are roomy and plain, but gloves are bold or black; footwear, like purses, is also plain with the addition of practicality. Example is the flat-heeled, sling-back shoe.

Our pretty Miss is femininity personified. Her charming manner is obtained by a soft silhouette, particularly with skirt fullness, draped effects, and becoming necklines. For the casual hours, she wears a dirndle skirt and basque top with a peasant air. Pastels are most flattering, and black velvet or taffeta is always good. Whirl and twirl in bouffant loveliness for evening, adding a narrow velvet band at your throat.

In selecting her accessories, she must be careful not to overdo the feminine angle with too many ruffles and fluff. For jewelry, pearls are always right, or use one of Grandma’s antique pieces. A contrasting sash conforms to her taste and the ascot gives way to trim collars. With her semi-tailored suit, she wears a crisp white jabot blouse and

(Continued on page 22)

■ “Oh, she’s cute!” Here ends the vivid description of a girl. However, from that we’ll never know just what she looks like—whether or not she is the smart sophisticated type or the sweet, pretty type. There is a difference, even though at times men say women are all alike. Into which classification *you* fall, depends upon your personality, figure, taste, and coloring. Strict observance of these types gives favorable results. Many could be striking examples of either group if they wouldn’t mix the principles of smartness and those of prettiness in regard to fashion. Under the heading of fashion comes coiffure, clothes, and especially accessories. Many girls could easily be striking but are instead a combination, or as the psychologists say, “A blended sensation.”

This season Miss “S” of the smart classification wears clothes cut with the utmost simplicity of line, tailored suits of fine tweed, dresses without excess frills, a dinner sweater with a severe black skirt. With her basic wardrobe, she can do wonders—color contrast heads the list. A well approved dash of drama is cinnamon and black. Chartruese, shocking pink, purple, turquoise, and neutral standbys are fun with which to experiment in pepping up a dull ensemble.

Shop Hound

by Beverly Lueders

Illustrated by
Florence Rundell



A GAY PAIR to be sure are these mugs from Balfour. Males like the he-man size (10 oz.), while the gals have cocoa-mugs. Your Alma Mater's name, fraternal coat-of-arms, and graduation year add to the colorful decoration. For identification, your name on the back. Allow four weeks for delivery. \$3.90, including packing and shipping.

YOU'RE MISSING SOMETHING if you haven't seen the new Gluv-Gard. It's a clever gold-plated chain with an ornament in various colors that fastens your gloves securely to your handbag. Practical to say the least, for it keeps gloves clean when not in use, prevents over-stuffed pockets, and averts loss. Scruggs, Main Floor.

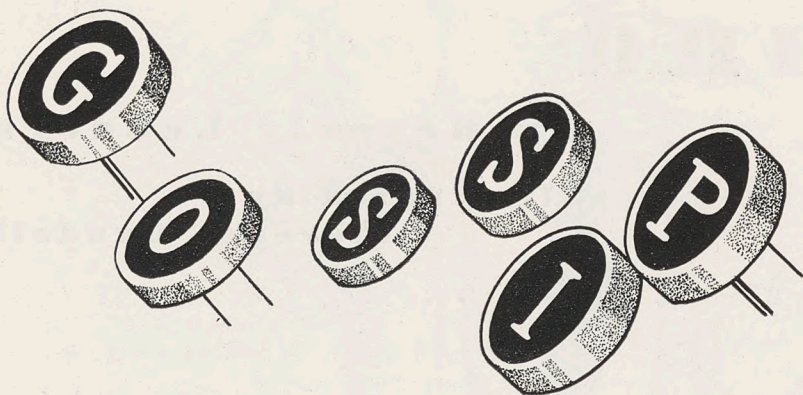
RAIN OR SHINE NEWS—the standby weather protector assumes charm with a “dandified” air, popular among the new length umbrellas. Rayon taffeta covers the metal ribs and matching case, with leather covering the cane handle and tip. Your choice of red, blue, brown or black—Scruggs, \$8.50.

EVENING ELEGANCE to complement your basic black skirt. We suggest this rayon jersey blouse, long sleeves, and plain round neck—perfect for your pearl choker. Combination stripes of black and red, fuchsia and turquoise, black and gold. Town House, \$10.95.

TWO OF A KIND, namely sweat socks and skating socks. Both made for warmth and comfort, 100% wool. They are priced at \$0.85 and \$1, respectively—the skating socks having a higher cuff. Come in white only. Markwort's Sporting Goods Shop.

GRECIAN GOLD in an evening purse, envelope, style. The compact compartments allow sufficient space for evening necessities. Beautifully lined throughout. \$10.98 plus tax at Swope's Maryland and Locust Shops.

A WATCHWORD, on lighting—the ideal desk lamp with flexible (goose neck) arm, metallic base, and shade of bronze finish. A good size for ample illumination. Get one before finals—at Adams, \$5.10.



Around the Town:

At the Nu Sigma formal: Ditty Goodrich, Delta Gamma Pledge, and Bob Rutledge, looking so nice together.

At the Gamma Rho formal: President Alice Plattner with unidentified talent imported from Memphis especially for the occasion --- and looking pretty pleased about the whole thing.

At the Local Pubs:

Candlelight: Margaret Kusch, Pi Phi pledge, and Capt. Bob Burns, "having a wonderful time." Bev. Burton with Navy gold braid in tow.

Medart's: Pi Phi Pledge Harriet Sandidge and Bob Met-Calfe, after a movie. Then the same Harriet and Ronnie Goodrich, doubling with pledge sister Marjorie Moss and Lester Layton, were seen in the midst of a hot bridge game in the Chase Club --- they swore it was much too crowded for dancing, but the waiter felt differently about it and called a halt to their unorthodox activities.

Here and There:

The former Dottie Hanson, Delta Gamma, and Hubby Bud Burton looking the picture of wedded bliss. They traded "I do's" December seventh ----- Lawrence Kolker and Harold Glaser breaking the bonds of convention to delight a gay audience at the big Pi Lambda Phi Affair at Candlelight recently ----- Pat Bailey, Delta Gamma, and Harold Gilbert, Kappa Alpha, surprising us and incidentally everyone else by pinning their hearts and hopes together ----- Mary Henderson, Kappa Alpha Theta, and Andy Schleifarth together often and looking very much as if it agreed with them ----- Ge
(Cont. on page 23)



BUT NORMAN, DONT you UNDERSTAND ——— 1
FORGIVE you!

Ghastly, Isn't It?

Murgatroyd
Was a cow more athletic than
Mudderly.
She hoppeda picket fence and was
Destroyed
Udderly.

My yTpust is one her vacation,
My trpist's swau fpr a week,
My trputd us in her vacarion
Wgile these damb keys pley hude and seej.

Chores:

Bren Buck, bting bzk,
Oy, brung bacj mub Oonnie to me, to me:
B&&ng, b4xj, be-ng, bicz,
Oj brong brsk m-beInio-imx.

Oh Helk!

dabit dabit dabit &oe * * * ? ! !

Angler: "You've been watching me for
three hours. Why don't you try fishing your-
self?"

Onlooker: "I ain't got the patience."

A man wandered into a tennis tournament
the other day and sat down on a bench.
"Whose game?" he asked.

A shy young thing sitting next to him
looked up hopefully. "I am," she replied.

Where's the Gamma Phi room?
Gamma Phi know.

Once upon a time there were two Irishmen.
There are lots of them now.

A Kansas dad putting child to bed: "Now
what are you crying for?"

Small son: "I wanna drink."

Dad: "So do I. Go to sleep."

The patient in a lunatic ward insisted that
he was Napoleon. "Who gave you that
name?" the doctor asked.

"Hitler gave it to me," said the man.

"No, I didn't," said a voice under the next
bed.

An infant was awakened from a peaceful
slumber in a hospital. Looking down at his
raiment he yelled over to the occupant of
the next crib, "Did you spill water on my
diapers?"

Heard in a fraternity house: "Is this dance
formal, or can I wear my own clothes?"

Physics professor, explaining a theory of
Archimedes: "What happens when the body
is partially immersed in a fluid?" Young co-
ed: "The telephone rings."

First soldier: "What kind of oil do you use
in your car?"

Second soldier: "Well, I usually begin by
telling them that I'm lonely."

A woman finally found that she could get
a divorce from her husband because of his
flat feet. His feet were in the wrong flat.



Dwellers in Darkness

(Continued from page 9)

For a long time, he stood and gazed, and wondered if sane men were as well off as lunatics. . . .

Darkness enveloped him; a chill night wind breathed in through the open window. But still he brooded.

Then suddenly he shrugged and went to the show.

Do You Know Your Faculty?

(Continued from page 11)

He advocates a juke box in the art classrooms (to inspire the students, we guess.)

Have you guessed yet? No? Then here are a few more hints. He studied here at the St. Louis School of Fine Arts and also in Paris. Now that he is a teacher, rather than a student, he doesn't approve of cutting classes. He says, now, that there is too much to learn. He is well liked by his students to whom he teaches both oil and watercolor painting. Rembrandt heartily dislikes barbers and says, "all barbers should be hung."

Still in the dark as to his identity? Well, our Rembrandt has won many prizes for his work. Just recently he won first prize in the "Portrait of America" contest, which included painting from all over the country. His favorite painter is Picasso and—this will surely give him away—he has a very infectious, and very unusual laugh. If you haven't guessed by this time, you'll have to turn to page 24 and find out.

Fashion Gospel

(Continued from page 18)

season flower in her lapel. Soft curls and waves worn simply avoid a frizzy hairdo. In picking her hat, she has free run, for hats are decidedly decorative this year with veils, flowers, plumes, and jewels. Bonnets (with a chin strap, Schiaparelli says) half hats and clothes are most becoming. She'll dance in sandals or trim opera pumps; carry a draw-string bag or novel muff-purse.

With a bit of your own originality and genius—and we all have some—you can greatly enhance your appearance. Be natural, be yourself, but remember to be consistent. True Venuses are few and far between; so, gals, it is up to you to put your best self forward.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who hath never turned his head and said,
"U-m-m-m-m, not bad."



She: "John, dear, I wouldn't let anyone else kiss me like this."

He: "My name isn't John."



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

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Gossip

(Continued from page 20)

Ge Fischer, Tri Delt pledge, wearing S A E Jerry Hippenmeyer's pin ----- Ruth Lambert, Alpha Chi, and Jack Barran, Beta, a pretty steady twosome on campus and off ----- Miriam Grafe, Gamma Phi, and Warren Shokmiller, Theta Xi, glowing like a couple of neon signs ----- Lois Dixon, Theta, announcing her engagement Nov. 24th to Jim Alexander, a Phi Delt here before the "Call to Arms" ----- Gloria Forester, Delta Gamma, happy with her "voice of Peoria," ----- Willette Haefner, Alpha Chi, pinned by Carl Ragsdale, Theta Xi, in spite of the fact that he was working under a long distance handicap - thanks to the Navy.

Among those seen listening with a glassy-eyed look of hope to scratchy recordings of "I'll Be Home for Christmas":

Mary Wiederholt, Pi Phi --who's keeping the hearth fires burning for Navy Ensign Tommy Meyersieck, Sigma Chi Carol Hohengarten, Gamma Phi, who's home-fronting it for Phi Delta Theta Ed Keath Sara Ann Tarrant, Pi Phi pledge--who's always mailing morale to Navy Ensign Hal Wuertenbaecher, Sigma Alpha Epsilon Eunice Cohen, Gamma Rho, who's been anxiously awaiting the return of a certain individual known to us only as "Ralph". He's a Pacific veteran Pi Phi Dotty Gaskill--who had to wait four long years for a second look at her Major, Joel, just returned from ETO--and then the plane was four hours late! The Betas--who are hoping that their cook, now in the employ of Sigma Chi will "be home by Christmas" to the Beta roost by the Row.

Guess it wasn't such a "Happy Yuletide Season" for KA's Charlie Caesar and Bob (Curly) Herhold --recently sent to Leavenworth (for induction into the Army).

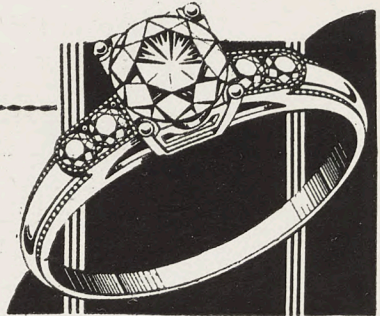
Lecture Notes

As I look around the classroom
At the students' bored expressions,
Wandering eyes and tapping fingers,
Which are merely plain confessions
Of a total lack of interest,
I wonder what I paid my fee for,
And I wonder, poor professor,
If you're half as bored as we are!

For after years of toil and study,
When you have a working knowledge
Of your subject, then you lecture
To the students of a college.
But our level's so much lower,
Though 'tis knowledge that we seek,
That at times we're mutually bored
When we listen, and you speak.

NOTE: This poem was published in *Student Life* last year under the title of "Lyrical Lament" in prose form.

Marilyn Kaplan.



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Independents Organize

(Continued from page 7)

Eliot Takes in Independents Meetings

In order to view the Independents all together, *Eliot* sat in on the meeting held in Brown Lounge December 3. After the picture taking, they got down to the business part of the meeting. The Independents have had trouble in finding a room in which to meet, but they hope to get the room in the basement of Eads which the Veterans' Association formerly used. The Constitutional Committee, made up of Spike Werner, Marcy Goldstein and Morton Clifford, has drafted a Constitution from two other constitutions: one belonging to the Independent Women's Association and another submitted by Dean Martin. The constitution has been ratified and has been submitted by petition to the Student Senate to be voted upon. To start off their program for the year, the independent men backed Monte Stebbins for Kampus King. They have followed up their campaign for members by distributing posters and handbills advertising their meetings and by making announcements in *Student Life*. Their first social was held at Spike Werner's home so that the boys could get acquainted with one another. It was evidently a success, for they are planning several more social gatherings in the near future.

The men, who number about thirty at present, are very enthusiastic about the Association. They realize that their success or failure as an organization depends on their own efforts entirely; but to an impartial observer, it looks as though they have a good chance of getting an independent men's group on a solid basis at W. U. *Eliot* hopes that the other independent men on campus will join and support "their" organization.

Answers

Do You Know Your Faculty?

(Page 11)

Mr. X is Dr. W. Roy Mackenzie,
Head of the English Department.

Rembrandt is Fred Conway,
Instructor in Portrait and Still Life in
the School of Fine Arts.

The Charge of the Mudville Nine

(Apologies to Alfred Lord Tennyson)

Half a league, half a league, half a league
onward!

Into fifth place today Mudville has thun-
dered.

Casey is in the groove, hitting three hundred,
And half a league yet to go.

Is there a man dismayed
Though Grantland Rice has said
We were a cellar team: No, he has blun-
dered!

Into the upper group, leading this major
loop,

Will be our Mudville boys, they'll pull ahead.

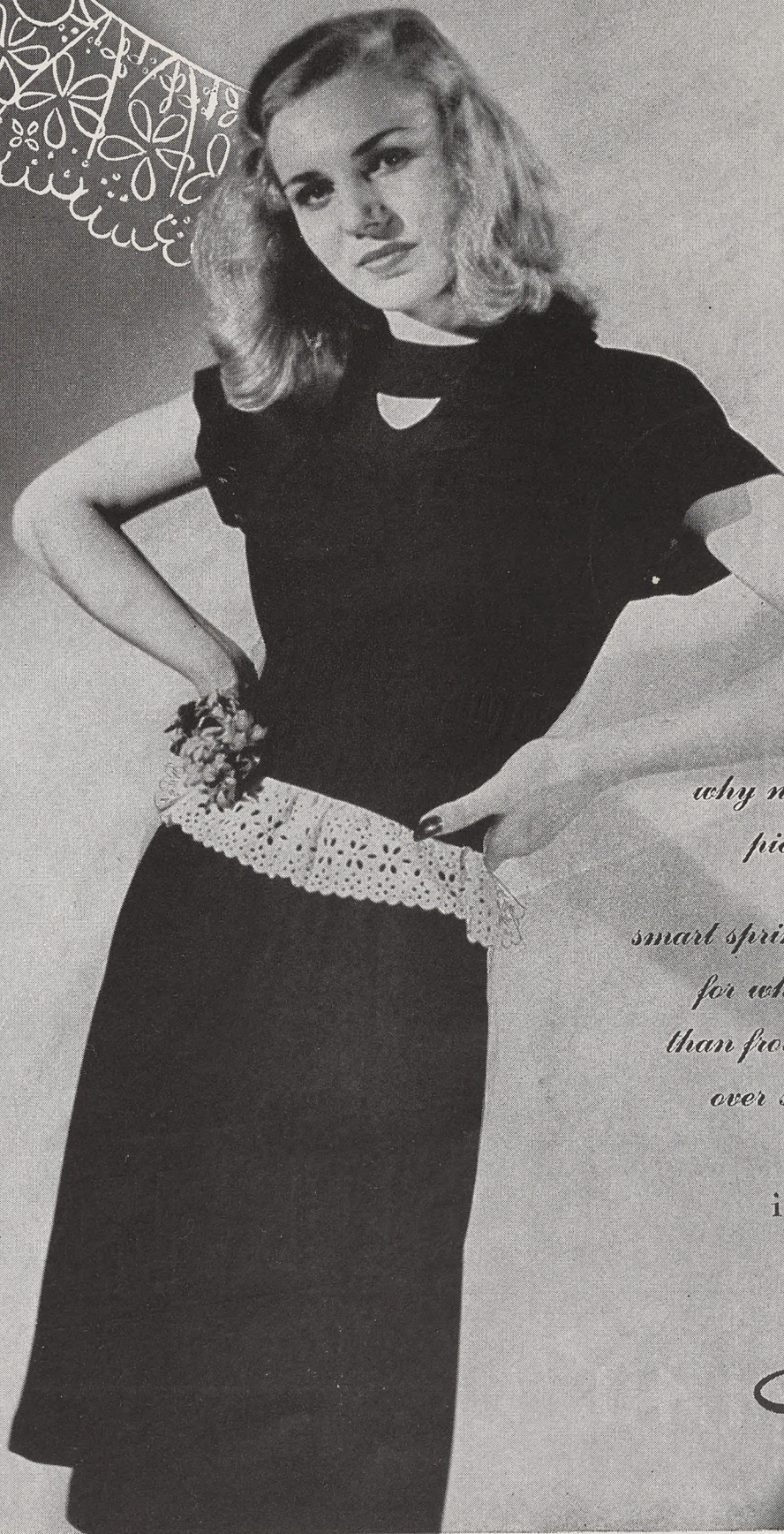
Pottsville to the right of them, Camptown
to left of them

Jonesburgh ahead of them, full of endeavor,
Half a league yet to clear,
We'll make it, never fear,
This is our pennant year,
Baseball Forever!

—Victor Gold



COME ON WILLIS, THIS IS A WALTZ - SHOW
A LITTLE LIFE!



*why not
pick a pretty peplum?*

*smart spring pickin'
for what could be prettier
than frothy white eyelet lace
over slim, trim navy?*

it's a

*Laura
Lee*

original



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