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Washington University

# Eliot

APRIL  
1940



15¢

## RUTS IN COLLEGE

by Johnny Lewis and Professor Jones

also

JOKES • CARTOONS • GOSSIP • STORIES

# U.S. ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION OFF FOR YEAR'S SURVEY

SLED DOGS...YEAR'S SUPPLY OF SLOW-BURNING CAMEL CIGARETTES ACCOMPANY ADMIRAL BYRD TO ANTARCTIC



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

That's how these three members of the U. S. Antarctic expedition tell of the advantages of slow-burning Camels. Richard Moulton, senior dog-driver (*center*), says: "Slow burning is my measure of a milder, cooler, more flavorful smoke. I'd *sledge* a mile for a Camel." Nothing destroys a cigarette's delicate elements of flavor and fragrance like excess heat. Cigarettes that burn fast also burn hot. Camels are slower-burning...milder, mellower, and—naturally—cooler! Camels give you more pleasure per puff...and more puffs per pack (*see right*).

**CAMELS** FOR MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND FLAVOR  
—SLOW-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS

**IF YOU WERE LEAVING TODAY** to live for a whole year on the barren ice of the Antarctic, and if *right now* you had to choose the *one* brand of cigarette you would smoke through those months—you'd make sure you picked the right brand. The men on the Antarctic expedition were in a situation like that. The picture above shows what happened: The expedition took Camels! Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd explained: "Slow-burning Camels are a great favorite with us. You can be sure we have plenty." You, yourself, may never go near the South Pole, but the right cigarette is important to *you*, too. Camels give you *extra* mildness, *extra* coolness, *extra* flavor—plus *extra* smoking in every pack. (*See below.*)

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



**5 EXTRA  
SMOKES  
PER  
PACK!**

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

# PICK UPS

## LITTLE MISS MUFFET

We eavesdropped on this little conversation the other night from our seat, two bar-stools down the line. A coy little maid, on her night off, was putting the make on an unwilling Romeo.

"Look at all those shiny glasses."

He countered with a grunt.

"I'll bet they sell just gallons of beer here."

No counter.

"What's your name?"

"Smith, you witch," was the desperate reply.

"Oh, you're Russian."

## DEFINITION

A bachelor is a man who doesn't have any children to speak of.

—by a Bachelor.

## SHOT-GUNS, PERHAPS

The girl I left behind me

I think of night and day,

For if she ever found me,

There'd sure be hell to pay.

—Gargoyle.

One vulture to another—Carrion, old boy, carrion.

## BUSINESS

"So you're a salesman! What's your line?"

"Salt."

"I'm a salt seller, too."

"Shake."

—Exchange.

## GO ON

"The word means female dog, but it has a lot of connotations."

—Prof. Buchan.

## ALTERNATIVE

Overheard from the same stools. A disgruntled, scholarly looking young man cut off an affair that looked mighty good to us, by shouting. . . "All right, I'll go and live in the Y.M.C.A."

## GOOD LORD!

Before I heard the doctors tell

The dangers of a kiss,

I had considered kissing you

The nearest thing to bliss.

But now I know biology

And sit and sigh and moan,

Six million bacteria—

And I thought we were alone.

—Pitt Panther.

"My boy friend doesn't smoke, drink or swear."

"Does he make all his own dresses, too?"

## WHAT ABOUT IT?

We came across a fundamental academic truth the other day in a street car advertisement that stated, "There are two basic grinds, the plain grind, and the drip grind." The ad went on to say that, "The drip grind yields more easily."

He—How many drinks does it take to make you dizzy?

She—Two, and don't call me dizzy.

## IT COVERS A LOT OF GROUND

The kiss is a peculiar proposition. Of no use to one, it is absolute bliss for two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to steal it, and the old man has to buy it.

It is the baby's right, the lover's privilege, and the hypocrite's mask.

To the young girl it is the symbol of faith, to the married woman, hope, and to the old maid, charity.

—Covered Wagon.

## HER HERO RATED ZERO IN THE ART OF LOVE!



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



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

New!

**CELLOPHANE TAPE**

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



UNION MADE

**IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS**

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## WE HAVE WITH US . . .

Washington is rapidly shedding its colorful traditions. No longer does Bill Moore grease the flagpole and fly the Communist flag from Brookings' tower in order to provide up to the minute news for his column. The Kampus King who started out as a get-rich-quick scheme for some lawyers, has become a super-respectable Mortar Board project. Sororities have served notice they will no longer pay in advance for their queens. January's skits have been moved off campus. And now, in this issue, Eliot presents two former *Student Life* editors. Is our best feud passing away?

**BILL DEE:** winner of our \$5 prize for the picture-of-the-month, and 1934-35 *Student Life* managing editor, insists the flame of rivalry still smolders.

"The paper still likes to get in its digs. Whenever it says something nice, it calls attention to the remark in amazement."

Bill himself, when he was in power, directed most of his efforts at panning *Dirge*. "Eliot was pure, pure literature then." Having graduated from offices in Campus Y, Hatchet, Pi K A, Journalism, and several prom committees, Bill is now studying toward Ph.D. in sociology and social work.

**JOHN LEWIS:** our second *Student Life* potentate, describes the ruts our professors are stumbling in, although in private he confesses his remarks apply only to a certain few. Rumor also has it that he still expects to graduate this June. Perhaps he feels the college is too accustomed to handing out diplomas to climb out of this rut for him.

Right now Johnny is most famous or notorious for winning \$15 on a Prof. Quiz program. He has also been active on Thurtene and ODK and has covered the range of campus publications from Freshman Handbook to Hatchet. Untold other conquests may have been Johnny's. His sense of humor prevents our relaying them on to

you. When we asked Johnny about Johnny this is the way he began: "I was an orphan until I was six years old when some kindly parents took me over. At twelve, I wrote a six hundred page western novel which I sold for \$50. Then I began traveling in the Orient."

**DR. RICHARD F. JONES:** of the English department is Johnny's opponent in slander. He is most famous for his years of research in the British Museum, and most charming for his delightful southern accent, (which he assures us he was born with down in Texas). "I was requested to write on grooves in university life," Dr. Jones explains his attacks. "I really wanted to write on the faculty. I know them so much better, and could have divulged some rare secrets. However, John also wanted to write about them, and he was a *Student Life* editor."

We tried to get Dr. Jones to make a few war comments on the basis of his ten or twelve trips to England, but he has picked up typical British reticence there or from Roosevelt.

**COURTNEY HEINEMAN:** our new humor editor, and author of "The Woman with the Way" shows tendencies toward following in Aaron Hotchner's wake. He's a prelegal student, absorbingly interested in dramatics. Burroughs, the Civic Theater, Quad Show, and Thyrsus have already displayed his talents. In about two weeks he will appear in "Lost Revolutions," an experimental production, which will close the Little Theater season.

**E. M. HAZLITT:** is a mystery, and according to vague rumors, a feminine one. Neither Ternion nor *Student Life* nor the Ad Bureau could tell us anything more, and we knew no power to turn too beyond this triumvirate. So we offer "Trigger's Saws" without further identification evidence—it doesn't take pull to get in Eliot.

# Eliot

April 1940

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## STAFF:

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

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

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Publicity by Stentor

National Advertising: Associated Students Advertising Bureau  
Ken Davey—Director

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## WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY ELIOT

SKINKER and LINDELL

ST. LOUIS, MO.

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

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

# SWEET and SWING

by **BOB GODWIN**

**M**ANY SWING fans have undoubtedly been waiting more or less expectantly for news from the abdicated "King of the Clarinet"—Artie Shaw. Well, here's what we've heard: Shaw turned up recently on the West Coast and using some of Hollywood's ace musicians, has augmented his original fourteen-piece outfit with eight violins, three violas, two cellos, flute, oboe, bass clarinet and French horn, which gives him thirty-one pieces to work with. "The general idea," Artie declares, in the *Victor Record Review*, is not to get away from swing music, but to present dance music with more color and variety than is possible with the usual brass and saxophone setup that has, perhaps, due to constant usage, become monotonous. I will attempt to have a swing band playing as such, augmented by legitimate instruments playing legitimately. If possible, I should like to work this idea into a much needed laboratory for the creation and development of musical effects and innovations necessary to the growth of swing, which, I contend, is a greatly misunderstood medium." And that's what he's doing—we wish him luck.

\* \* \*

The swing side of this month's platter picture brings up some pretty good stuff. Certainly one of the best offerings is that of Frankie Trumbauer's pianist, Rene Faure, who has two whole sides to himself, on which he boogie-woogies Meade Lux Lewis' *Honky Tonk Train Blues* and Joe Sullivan's *Little Rock Getaway*. (Varsity 8236). He can now go to the head of the class and sit with Bob Zurke. Charlie Barnet's contribution to your stack of discs should be *Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie* and *Southland Shuffle*. (Bluebird 10602). *Clap Hands* is a fast one and Mr. B. shines all over the place with his alto sax solos on both sides. Another dandy Barnet platter is *So Far, So Good* and *720 in the Books*. (Bluebird 10618). We think you'll agree that 720 is worth the price of the thing. Woody Herman's outfit—"The Band

That Plays the Blues"—has cut *Peach Street Blues* and *Give A Little Whistle* for Decca this month. In *Peach Street* listen for the piano, guitar, and clarinet solos and particularly that trumpet solo with its solid brass backing. The whole thing socks out a slow heat that makes you rock. Herman's other Decca waxing this month has *The Sky Fell Down* and *Blue Prelude* (Decca 3017)—this last is his theme tune. Philadelphia's Jan Savitt has waxed *Blues in the Groove* and *Rose of the Rio Grande*, (Decca 3019) and it shows up Savitt's organization at its best and his trumpet man at his worst. Why doesn't Savitt send that guy back to the salt mines? Outstanding on this one are the alto sax and piano solos.

\* \* \*

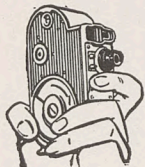
From the sweet department comes Bob Crosby's *I've Got My Eyes On You* and *Gotta Get Home* (Decca 2991) and *You, You Darlin'* and *With The Wind And The Rain In Your Hair* (Decca 3018)... Glenn Miller's popular *The Woodpecker's Song* and *Let's All Sing Together* (Bluebird 10598)... Tommy Dorsey's *Too Romantic* and *Sweet Potato Piper* (Victor 26500) and *Polka Dots and Moonlight* and *I'll Be Seeing You* (Victor 26539).

## SWEET RECORD OF THE MONTH

Tommy Dorsey's *The Sky Fell Down* and *After I Say I'm Sorry*—(Victor 26518) has the to-be-expected T. Dorsey excellence plus a couple of swell tunes.

## SWING RECORD OF THE MONTH

Columbia has done it this time, their Metronome All Star Band putting the classic *King Porter Stomp* and *All Star Strut* on wax. The band's personnel is made up of Benny Goodman, Ziggy Elman, Harry James, Jack Teagarden, Toots Mondello, Benny Carter, Eddie Miller, Charlie Barnet, Gene Krupa, Charlie Christians, and Bobby Haggart and the arrangement is Fletcher Henderson's. And that says it all.



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

**Repercussion**

Dear Editor:

Just to clear the air a little, may I point out a few inaccuracies in that sloppy bit of journalism called "The Last of the Radicals"? Here they are:

1. Mrs. Roosevelt's dire connection is with the American Youth Congress, not the American Student Union, a very different group.
2. Ellinger and Moneyppenny, so glibly called Communists, with a capital "C" at that, had no such connections. Moneyppenny was and is in thorough intellectual disagreement with them; Ellinger was and is a Catholic, who had the misfortune (perhaps) of meaning some of the things we say in church.
3. The ROTC incident was not a question of whether or not, but rather a counter attempt at ROTC recruiting tactics.
4. The removal of scholarships did not have the "practical effect of expulsion." The boys graduated by means of aid from sympathetic citizens.

My information comes from no mysterious source—it is only what the writer could have found out for himself if he had chosen to check his facts.

It is interesting to recall that Eliot clearly states that it is a publication of Washington University, and not of any student group (page two). How careless we are to print libelous material under the University's name. It is fortunate that Moneyppenny and Ellinger have lost much of their collegiate energy, and won't take any action which might embarrass the Eliot editor.

Sincerely,  
Ruth Hunter.

Editor's Note:—Miss Hunter is the fiancée of Don Ellinger who was mentioned last month in George Smith's article "The Last of the Radicals."

★

**We'll Do Better, Mr. Abbott**

Dear Editor:

What Eliot needs is a circulation staff. Last month I wanted to buy a copy of your magazine, but there wasn't any one in the business school to sell it to me. So I hunted all over the Quad for a sorority girl salesman, and only after a half an hour was I able to locate one.

It's really none of my business, but if you expect to sell your magazine you've got to make it easier for people to buy it.

Sincerely, Bill Abbott.

★

**More on Queens**

Dear Editor:

You probably didn't know that the fella who does most of your cartoons and caricatures is a poet. Well, neither did I, but he is, and a pretty darned good one too.

The other evening after chapter meeting, when we were sitting around waiting for a fourth or something, Schneider entertained us by reciting a parody which he had written on that song "The Man Who Comes Around." This is how it went:

"There's a queen that comes to our school every single day

Then there's a dance, and the boys they have to pay. They give the queen a crown, and they shove her away, And another queen at Washington the very next day."

I thought it was good, so why don't you get him to write something for you.

Yours truly, Bob Sunderland, Sigma Chi House.





THE WINNER  
of Eliot's \$5.00 Picture Contest  
BILL DEE

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# THE TOWERS..

---

## Professor!

From an eye witness comes the story about the faculty member who was eating lunch in a nearby drug-store. The conversation shifted to the invasion of Denmark and Norway, and he, inspired by the Nazi system of protective custody, turned to the waitress to ask if she would like to be put under protection. When she answered, "Nope," he brightened, doffed his glasses, and said, "Oh, then you want to be invaded."

## Local Stuff

We always suspected that there were some pretty stupid people working on *Hatchet*, but, in as much as we have had to share an office with them, we didn't want to say anything about it. Now, however, it's no longer a secret.

The other day as we were sitting at our desk in the Eliot-Hatchet office and gazing at some Thetas, a member of the *Hatchet* staff shuffled up to Editor Bastman and asked, "Say Fred, where's the other dummy?"

## A New Slant on Picasso, Perhaps

Mr. Hudson, director of the Art School, at a recent faculty women's luncheon gave a talk on Picasso. He said at the outset that he was not quite sure what to think about Picasso, and related the following experience as a possible explanation of his confusion. He said that he was looking intently at one of Picasso's later abstractions when a girl walked between him and the picture. As the

girl passed, his impression was that she was hideously ugly, but later when his mind was detached from the picture and he could be objective again, he discovered that the girl was really very attractive.

## Potent Observation

When old grads come back to the campus, they sometimes tell us very important things about the world. For instance, one former student said he used to have a certain amount of respect for men who had money until he got out into business and found out who had it.

## More Than They Could Chew

All year Stentor has given a lot of publicity to other campus organizations. But now, we think its about time for Stentor to be given a little publicity, for Stentor has made a serious mistake.

The Stentor Art Staff created what they thought was a wonderful poster for the Dental School advertising the Junior Prom. The catch line was "DENTISTS, SINK YOUR TEETH INTO THIS AND BUY A TICKET TO THE JUNIOR PROM," and it showed a set of beautiful, strong, white teeth.

This Stentor "masterpiece" was in due time posted in one of the corridors of the Dental School, but it didn't stay there long. Dean Lischer happened to walk by. And when he saw it, he rushed up to the bulletin board on which it was posted and tore it off, sputtering, to his assistant. "Two extra molars! My God! We can't have this around here."

## Not Just the Kappas

The Kappas have a committee which gets together before each meeting to organize and plan the work to be taken up. All this is to guarantee smoothness and efficiency. Just as an example of the sort of thing they do, we quote from a speech by committee chairman, Edie Marsalek:

"We'll tell the chapter the dinner is at seven; we'll tell the club to expect us at seven-thirty; and really, let's all try to be there at eight so there will be someone to speak to the chaperones."

## Passing It Off Well

One day last month, Professor Norton came into one of his poly-sc classes smoking a pipe. He put down his books, took off his coat, but went right on smoking, as he prepared to give his lecture. The class began to snicker and finally he caught on. He took the pipe out of his mouth, looked at it fondly and said, "We-ll, Joe College."

## Sex in Slacks

Dean Starbird, we gather, does not approve of girls in slacks. Neither do we, but for different reasons, we imagine.

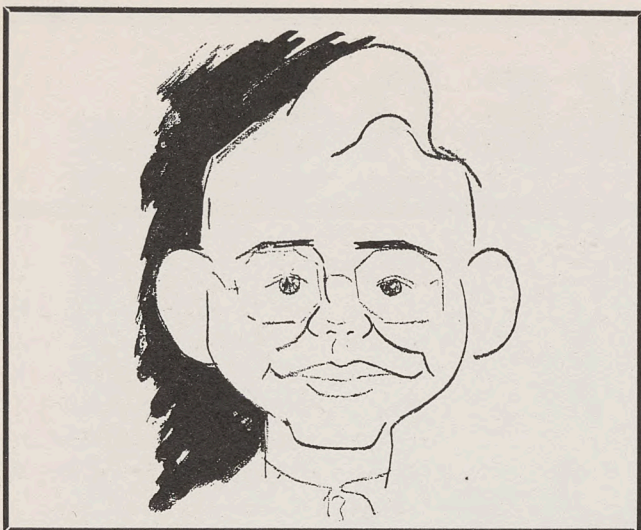
As men, we think the female form divine looks pretty bad in slacks. It lacks sex appeal. Tight skirts and exposed knees are much more fascinating.

Dean Starbird should be highly thought of by every man for preserving sex appeal on the campus.

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# and THE TOWN

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HERE IS probably nothing intrinsically wrong with professors. Despite the handicap of an academic environment, a good many are perfectly normal, likable human beings. But some few succumb pretty completely to their environment—in ways not entirely fortunate.

Education, that is institutionalized education, is by nature artificial, further removed from animal actuality than any other field of human activity. Eating fillet mignon with knife and fork is an emphatically less basic fact than eating freshly killed raw rabbit with the fingers—à la caveman. The fillet mignon eater is one step further along in the direction of human artificiality than the rabbit eater. But the educator is still another step removed; he tells the mignon man how to use his knife and fork.

Now there is nothing wrong with knowing how to use a knife and fork; but there is nothing very fundamental about it, either. Learning about the battle of Waterloo may be culturally satisfying; but hardly as basic as actual participation in the event. It of course can't be condemned on that score, but there is no getting around the fact that education is essentially artificial.

Now and then a professor forgets—or overlooks—this. It may be that education and a sense of humor are slightly incompatible. Perhaps it is merely pedagogical lack of perspective. At any rate, some professors attribute fundamental importance to educational paraphernalia that are not real at all.

Grades, for example, have less true significance in themselves than your Aunt Fannie's dirty apron. A good grade usually means only that you've supinely surrendered your right to independent thought; have overtaxed your memory (but not your mind), and regurgitated in original form what the prof gave you in lec-

tures during the past month. Moreover, grades are often highly inaccurate indications of your understanding—or even knowledge—of the subject. And how the A's and B's you don't knock down in college will affect your after school career—in non-professional fields, that is—is as uncertain as the mind of a woman.

But some professors consider grades seriously; they seem to think that an A has value in and of itself. And, more unfortunately, they often succeed in transferring this outlook to a certain class of students: professional grade-getters, whose shining—and sheeplike—example make life miserable for amateur competitors who know that life was made primarily to be enjoyed; and that maximum enjoyment does not reside in stuffing one's mind full of a wagonload of indigestible facts, "on call."

Other artificialities of the business are occasionally taken overseriously. A certain pedagogical type regards class cutting as a minor criminality,—and occasionally reports it to the dean. Cutting, factually, means only

# RUTS INC

## A Student Sees Professors in Them

that you weren't at a certain place at a specified time for an as yet undetermined purpose—the purpose of education. There's nothing immoral about it; the truth is, the practice not infrequently is an economical expenditure of time, if it's used for study or typing up notes of other missed classes.

Cheating on exams is regarded as distinctly immoral in some quarters; elaborate precautions are taken to forestall it; severe penalties meted out to offenders. This is pretty silly. If you cheated your eyeteeth loose, the most you could gain from it would be an A; if money prizes were substituted for letter grades, cribbing, and measures to prevent it, might make sense. Under the contemporary scheme of things, they do not. But try to sell this idea to the serious minded pedagogues who have never outgrown the limitations of their academic environment.

A sense of humor about such things as grades, examinations, and cutting, would raise the popularity coefficient of some profs considerably.

(Continued on page 14)

**JOHNNY LEWIS**

## Dr. RICHARD F. JONES

IT IS NOT strange that the fear of falling into a rut is more pronounced in youth than in those who are more mature. In the former, a love of variety and excitement, the relish for a freedom born of a pleasant irresponsibility, and a great capacity for the enjoyment of multifarious experiences create a natural repugnance to sober habit or reiterated action. As age advances, however, repeated responsibilities, the consistent performance of unvaried duties, and the recurring activities incident to establishing ourselves in some station in the world cut inevitable grooves in life, along which we cannot but move, but from which we may at times escape with more enjoyment than youth can imagine. Sameness may spell boredom to the young; to those older it may mean order and propriety. But laying aside all invidious comparisons or contrasts, we may say that in some respects ruts have value for young and old. Especially is this statement true as regards those physical

of study), the regular performance of the numerous acts which constitute a day at school, can be executed efficiently and profitably by repetition and acquired habit. In short, ruts are highly desirable in those matters that exist not for themselves but as instruments toward more important ends. Nothing is really gained by departure from such routine, but a good deal of efficiency and peace of mind is lost.

In things of higher worth, however, which are ends in themselves and contain their own value, routine may indeed be disastrous. If our emotions move always down the same channels, if thoughts always follow the same grooves, we shall certainly suffer from arrested development in both mind and personality. And are not those the most unfortunate of all ruts into which students are like to fall? It frequently happens that those students who rebel most against the established ruts or mechanics of college life complacently fall into a lethargic mental

routine. Consider the conversation of any group of students who spend more time in the Quad Shop than in the class room, in the arcade or vestibule of the library than in the reading room. Does it not for the most part pursue the same old topics, recount experiences of unvarying nature, and reveal the same unchanging attitudes, values, and reactions; and is it not all generally expressed in that repetitious vocabulary which constitutes the campus lingo? A certain amount of this is, of course, normal and inevitable, but when its excess

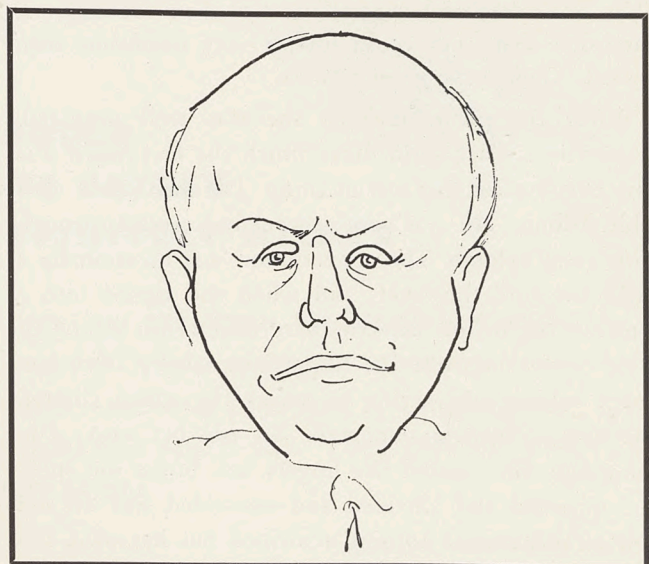
becomes so pronounced that mental ruts are deepened and fixed, the result is indeed unhappy. And the worst feature of the situation is that in such cases we do not even make our own ruts, but they are made for us by what might be called the campus spirit, and we merely wear them deeper.

(Continued on page 17)

# COLLEGE

## A Professor Sees Students in Them

or partly physical activities, which, possessing only a humble value in themselves, are but means toward an end. In such matters routine is almost essential, if any time or thought is to be saved for things of more pith and moment. Just think how many acts we perform between early morn and dewy eve. If at every turn we had to decide in what order they should be performed or by what procedure, great vexation of spirit and loss of time would ensue. If routine calls for us to be out of bed at seven o'clock every morning, how much simpler and more expeditious the act of rising is than would be true if we had to decide whether to get up or wait for a later hour. If every morning we had to decide upon which foot to place the first shoe, whether to brush our teeth or wash our face first, what slow progress we would make. The very fact that such acts possess only an earthly worth in themselves advises us that we pursue the most efficient and less taxing means of performing them. That means is nothing but routine or ruts. And so throughout the college day, the stricter the routine that is followed in mere physical acts, the greater opportunity we shall have for more varied experiences of a higher order. The going to classes at definite and unvaried hours, the sojourns at the library (for purposes



# THE WOMAN WITH THE WAY

by **COURTNEY HEINEMAN**

ONCE upon a time there lived an exceedingly ugly girl. She was not just mildly ugly, but nightmarishly ugly. She was also very intelligent, but sadly enough, even an intellect such as hers could not overcome the face and body that she called her own. As one may well imagine, she had lots of time on her hands, and so began to absorb the knowledge of the world. With her amazing powers of concentration, she could digest Spinoza and a double order of ravioli at the same time. At dawn she got up to mull over science; at noon she dallied with philosophy, and in the evening she curled up to chuckle wisely over a bit of Sanskrit.

One night as she sat with a small granite tablet on her lap, studying the hieroglyphic account of a royal party, pre-puritanly immoral, she realized quite suddenly that her life had been totally devoid of sex. Not being one to evade the facts she understood that with a face of epic distortion such as her own, her only chance for love lay in magic. She was thorough and she could concentrate. She waddled to the library, and systematically embarked on her new train of knowledge. She didn't bother with simple rabbit-out-of-the-hat magic. She got right down to honest-to-god black magic, and studied and studied and studied. In no time at all, she was able, with the aid of a hank of hair and an old hambone to call up small, impotent genii, and change things, automat pork chops into ambrosia, policemen's horses into llamas. She studied and studied and studied, and soon she was able to call up large, wraith-like genii with almost unlimited powers. They issued from wall sockets like gas from a jet. She was ready for the big test.

She took a deep breath and went to work. She groaned and she shook and she whirled and mumbled and she drew designs in blood and water. When she simmered down, she looked in a mirror. She was beautiful, irresistible. She called on her genii and sent them for the most handsome man they could find, a very handsome man indeed. Genii have great powers.

When the genii returned she was well prepared, dressed in a black satin dress which she had heard was very effective for this sort of thing. The man was a veritable Adonis. She was very nervous but carried through with great aplomb. The conversation was occasionally a little awkward, however, and when she lapsed into a sentence or two of Sanskrit there followed a period of great confusion while she skipped frenziedly from language to language trying to revive the stifled chatter. She was completely unnerved. So was her man. Unthinkingly she crossed her fingers and broke the spell. She quivered and shivered and unraveled like an old ball of twine until nothing remained but her own, un-

lovely self. Needless to say, the man was bewildered and stupefied, and before he regained full control of himself she screamed the words that changed him into a chair. Now she might sit on his lap at will. She liked the idea. The full possibilities of what she had done burst upon her, and madly she set to work.

She sent the genii for man after man, and as each one arrived she lured him with her beauty and changed him into a chair. When there were too many chairs she changed the newcomers into sofas. Then she changed them into rugs and andirons and old china and wall brackets, until her apartment was furnished with men. She was completely surrounded with men. She loved it. She was no fool.

But there were drawbacks as she soon found out. Every time she sat on the wing chair, formerly a large man from Potosi, Miss., with graying temples, she was greeted by a bloodcurdling scream of, "You're a heel!" When she walked across the thick, luxurious carpet, in happier times a short, fat sugar broker of doubtful virtue, her every step was greeted by, "Goddamit, sit down!" If she made tea, the tea kettle sang out in strident Bronx tones, "You'll get it in the end, shlemille." In no time at all her apartment sounded like Madison Square Garden on a fight night. That would never do. She couldn't stand the din. The neighbors couldn't either, nor could the landlord, so she moved.

She called on her genii to take her furniture to the mountains. She figured she wouldn't disturb anybody there, and, what was more important, nobody would disturb her. But she was wrong, dead wrong. The mountaineers knew there was something uncanny about her. She looked like hell, in fact, they thought she looked like a witch. They were right. Her hair was long; her face was long; and she had a body like a hall tree. Besides, she rode in on an old broom.

They didn't beat around the bush. They sent down vigilantes which she promptly transformed into a herd of pygmy rhinos. The natives knew there was something wrong then sure as hell. When they sneaked in her cabin one night and grabbed her, she popped like a bubble, and all the furniture changed back into men. All of the men were very glad to be men again, except the fat little sugar broker, who had been a rug. He died. He'd gotten all hell kicked out of him. All of the men, except the rug, who was dead, went back to town and told their stories. All the people laughed fit to kill and put the men in asylums. People aren't very gullible these days. They know witches are only in story-books.



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of TEXAS  
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want in a cigarette

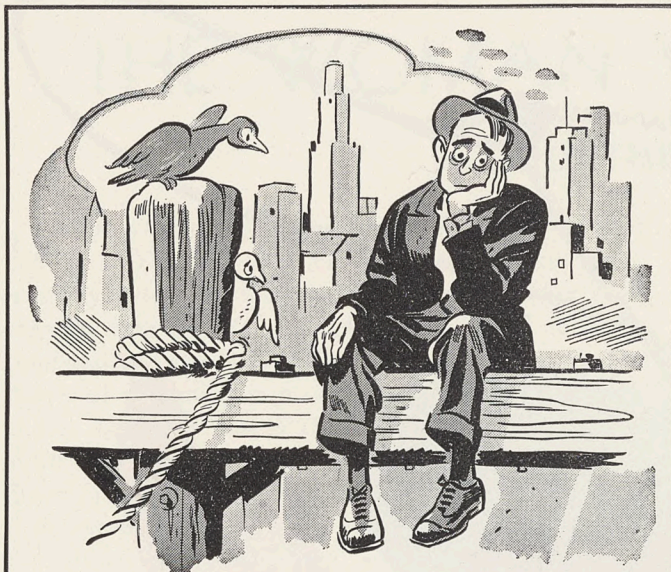
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**MORAL:** Everybody's breath offends now  
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eating, drinking, and smoking.

**FREE!**

A Box of LIFE SAVERS

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for the following:

"I want to be as popular as an English translation  
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What is the best joke that you heard on the  
campus this week?

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

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

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

## ROUTINE

### A SKETCH

HE NODS. I smile at the little form in the bed, put  
her hand gently under the covers and follow him  
out of the room. We walk to the wash room and fill the  
wash basins. Our hands redden under the brush. His  
fingers look too fat for delicate work. Towels, alcohol.  
I follow his example and push my way into a white,  
short sleeved tunic, look vaguely at the wall while it is  
fastened up the back. Rubber gloves moved by owner-  
less hands slip over my fingers, snap tightly around my  
wrists.

He looks at the X-ray plates standing where he can  
get an unobstructed view of them from the table. The  
rasping gurgle from the ether mask changes to a steady,  
regular Ah-hh, Ah-h-h. I bend over the table, lift her  
eyelid.

"Ready, sir."

Cotton swabs move in rhythmic patterns across the

abdomen, leaving a brownish, yellow trail of iodine solu-  
tion behind them.

A crimson wake opens behind the knife. Red flesh  
held by sterile steel. Sponges, steel, two pair of de-  
tached, rubber coated hands flow into the cavity, float  
above it.

A pause. Hard blue eyes above a white mask ques-  
tion mine. A towel floats across his face, across mine,  
around the back of my neck.

Two pair of hands in a void. Steel flowing away from  
the cavity. Sponges flowing away from the cavity. One,  
Two, Three, Four———.

Sterile steel replaces flesh. Black silk thread laces back  
and forth across a thin red slash.

New hands. Clean Gauze. Clean tape.

Four rubber gloves on a stained white floor.

by **BOB OBOURN**

# TRIGGER'S SAWS

by E. M. HAZLETT

MISS MILDRED MAXTON taught music in the Westtown Junior High School, but she never forgot that she was training not only voices but the immortal souls of our future citizens. She read all the psychology books, believed them all, and tried to follow them all. She wanted no tyranny of hers to put an eternal blight on those tender young lives committed to her charge. Problem children were her constant thought and interest.

One morning two boys entered the music room rather early and sat down together at the back of the room and began talking in low tones. They were both "problem children." One of them Art, had, through her recommendation, been referred to a psychiatrist, but the other one, Dick, was still on her conscience. He came of a poor family, was dirty, and had a speech defect, all of which contributed to his being a problem, but her greatest concern was what the origin of his nickname might have been. It made her shudder that any fourteen year old should already have won the name of "Trigger." Regarding this matter, she had tried in vain to get his confidence, and so was left to her own dark imaginings. But this morning she was pleased with the thought that the pair had sought her out before class, and she put on her sweetest smile as she asked, "Did you come to see me, boys?"

"No, ma'am," they answered. "We was just talkin'."

They returned to their own private conversation in tones too low for Miss Maxton to understand, and she opened a book in feigned indifference. She was, however, able to catch scattered words, and although she could make nothing out of it, she heard "bulls" and the "pen" repeated frequently. She felt it her obvious duty to discover the nature of their conversation. After a few minutes consideration, she drew a picture of Wagner from her desk drawer and sauntered over to the bulletin board beside the boys. Under the pretense of posting the new picture she delayed some time within earshot of the pair and heard:

"Gee, Trigger, next time you'll be a second offender."

"Yeah, but them bulls can't scare me. I'll be out in no time."

"Yes, you will."

"Sure. I ain't gonna spend the night in the jug again."

"Say, do you really have a way of getting out?"

"You're darned right I do."

"Tell me, will ya?"

"Nope. I ain't tellin' nobody."

"Aw, come on."

"Nope. Listen! When I got brains to figger out a smart trick, I can't tell every dope that asks. Somebody'd leak."



Illustrated by

FRANK HOFFELT

(Continued on page 17)



## RUTS IN COLLEGE

(Continued from page 8)

As one student recently put it: "The biggest trouble with a lot of professors is that they don't know how to teach." Peculiarly enough, their academic background is largely responsible; that, and the fact that some of them are overloaded with brains, or at any rate, are too intellectually adroit. Most students are not primarily intellectuals. Mental operations aren't entirely foreign to us, but they are deviations from the familiar. The minds of college pedagogues, on the other hand—many of whom have had no extra-college experience, have been diverted into intellectual channels. A common experience basis for students and teachers is often somewhat lacking, which makes genuine communication difficult unless the professors recognize this and compensate for it consciously. Many do not. The result? Uninteresting lectures; and absence of the highly important educational ingredient of personal student-professor relations—which the university system discourages anyway—and without which intellectual curiosity seldom thrives.

College teachers should descend to our level; talk to us in terms of our own extra-college, normal-life, experience. It may be impossible for them to do this so long as their lives are bounded by the ivy clad walls. Perhaps involuntary one year leaves of absence for college teachers every two years would be a good idea; force them to get out and find a job in the everyday world or starve. Some would starve. But should anyone who's incapable of making his way in real life take it upon himself to teach others how to live? And those that did return would have rubbed elbows with reality; their viewpoints—and subsequent teaching—would ring with a distinctly truer note.

A lecturer whose verbal barrage always flies over your head is distressing; one who doesn't shoot at all is worse.

Some professors don't exhibit sufficient interest in what they're doing to make it interesting for students. Some criminally sit back on their mental haunches, giving identical lectures year after year, disregarding the entrance of new material into their fields; or, in some cases, they lack initiative to do more than brazenly pilfer their classroom offering from the handiest textbook, overlooking the rights of students, purely because of unadulterated indolence. They know that the system will preserve their security.

This waste of student time is criminal. Life is a pretty brief experiment at best; the teacher that wastes two hours of a student's time, in effect, chops two hours off his life. Only "criminal" applies.

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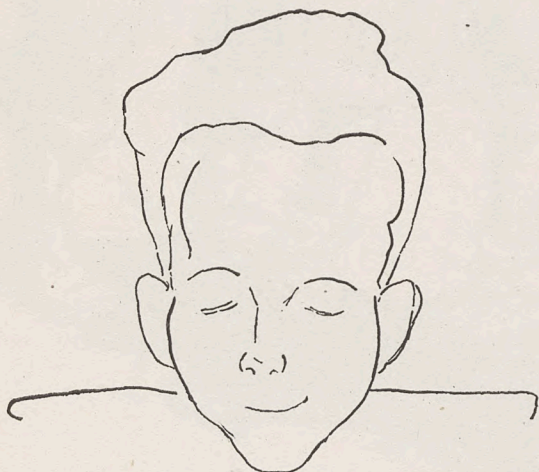
The artificial environment affects most only slightly, a very few not at all. Others it bowls over completely: these acquire the "God Complex." Heads of departments, and "authorities"—men who've acquired academic reputations through publication of an excessive number of scholarly treatises on their research activities in the thousand odd trade journals of the profession, are the likeliest victims.

A "God Complexed" professor exhibits a superlative faith in the integrity of his own opinions, whether upon his own field, any other division of knowledge, or upon life in general. In class discussions he bludgeons down opposing student opinions categorically. Lecturing, his platform manner implies that his listeners should count themselves lucky to be included in the audience. In his extra-classroom relationships with students he adopts an attitude of insulting condescension. He is an authority and a big-shot: don't forget it. That he is coincidentally an unpleasant, egotistical, boor probably never occurs to him.

(Continued on page 20)

# A Man You Ought to Know

by Cox and Schneider



Geo. Schneider

JACK WARNER

You've got to admit that it's slightly galling  
To listen to your very best girl friend bawling:  
"Come on, Pretty Boy, let's go to town,"  
Whether she wants a home run, basket, or a touchdown.

He's in all sports and plays to beat hell  
Got lots of personality and dresses well;  
Not content with these virtues he's got in his hooks,  
He up and hogged more than his share of good looks.

—Ray Cox



#### Proof

SPRING must really be here when other people besides Gene Seagraves and Bob Sunkel hold hands right out in broad daylight. A couple of Saturdays ago Rusty Matson of the Phi Delt Eating and Drinking Lodge was seen holding hands with Rodee Pistor out in front of the Women's Building. And not only was he holding her hand, but he also had a arm around her. And right under Dean Starbird's nose too !!!

#### Polyandry

Betty Mills really has big ideas—what with it being Leap Year and all. She dates McGrath of the SAE tribe, Lyon of the PHIs, and Hacker of the CHIs. Take your pick, Betty. Some of the other girls think the remaining two ought to be back in circulation.

#### Pitching or Throwing?

They tell us that the latest form of extra-curricular activity is wrestling, and Gloria Sprick says that she and Clark Garrison are having an extended series of matches. As we understand it, if he throws her thirty-three out of thirty-five times, he gets to hang his pin on her. But from what we know of Washington U. gals, we should think he would have to hang one on her first.

#### Practical Woman

There must be something to this Leap Year stuff. Dotty Usher is the proud owner (?) of a diamond for her left hand, and in fifteen more installments, she'll be half owner of a kitchen stove. Looks like Dotty's been prospecting, while Ted's out on the range.

#### Defense Tactics

It is said that Bill Cassilly is taking lessons from Charles "Muscle-Man" Atlas. The reason: Georgi is reported to be an Amazon.

#### Pins and Betas

Wearing a Beta Pin is just like a one night stand—you don't know whether you'll get orchids or tomatoes. Incidentally, there are a couple of Beta pins being underworn, if you know what we mean.

One of the psychology department let fall a pearl in a recent lecture. Quoting him, "The Beta Hypothesis is

that the more you see of a thing the less you like it." If that's the case, scientists had better investigate the strange phenomena on this campus.

#### On the Loose

Deane Maize is back in the news again. After eight months of bliss (?), she returned Wenzel Smith's shining emblem of faithfulness, i.e. his pin, and it seems that they're both on the loose again. In fact, she returned it with such finality that they haven't spoken to each other since. She's been seen lately doing the hot spots with a boy from St. Louis U.

#### Poetry

The Muse got us. Don't read this, or it will get you too.

"Conzelman the story goes  
Ardently has wooed a Woas."

Finish it yourself. She got his pin.

#### Brotherly Love

At the Beta dance several weeks ago, Lorch's woman Farrington spent a good part of the dance sitting in Bert Killinger's car. And she wasn't alone either, nor has she been since !!!

#### No More Old Stuff

This is one issue in which we are not going to tell the truth about "Varsity" Voges. In fact, we're not even going to mention him.

#### What Makes a Gentleman

If gentlemen really prefer blonds then that should make Bob Burns a gentleman of the first water. Almost every day Toensfeldt turns up wearing a corsage reportedly from Bob. But once, not long ago, we noticed that Bob turned up in the Quad Shop with a brunette... A little advice, Marcia. Better show him a little of that Theta glamor, or your gentleman might not turn out to be one. He might not anyway—under the influence of Theta glamor, we mean—but who are we to say.

#### Some One Talked Too Much

What we want to know is this: If the person that saw the culprits take the SAE intramural cup was a redhead, what in the h—— was SHE doing at the SAE house at that time of night?

(Continued on page 19)



# ARTicles

by **LIZZY HUGHES** and **JOHN GALE**

*Dean Wuerpel, Director Emeritus of the Art School, is restoring Washington University Paintings and writing his memoirs.*

Recently we saw the portrait of Adolphus Busch by Zorn being carried from Dean Wuerpel's studio in the Architect's building to a large truck in the drive. Because this picture is usually seen only in the museum, we asked about it and found that Dean Wuerpel, since retirement from his duties as director of the Art School, has spent much of his time cleaning and restoring the City Museum pictures which are owned by Washington University.

Some of Dean Wuerpel's most difficult problems are canvases which have rotted about the edges. They must be taken off their frames and remounted on Masonite panels, with white lead and pressure. By far his most common problem, however, is the removal of protective varnishes which have become dirty black through the years.

When discoloured varnish is removed, objects are sometimes revealed which had never been seen except

by the artist. In Remington's familiar *Dash for the Timber*, Dean Wuerpel's cleaning brought out puffs of blue rifle smoke which have been invisible since the picture was hung in the museum. His cleaning of another picture, *In Tannem's Church* by Harriet Backer, also revealed a man standing in the shadow of a doorway. The figure had been completely obscured by the dirt.

Aside from the museum work and his own painting, Dean Wuerpel is writing his memoirs, "for the amusement of my children and grandchildren," as he says. He does not plan to publish the memoirs, but expects to give them to his family simply in manuscript. They are being written somewhat with the same style and intentions as are found in Rousseau's *Confessions*. Dean Wuerpel's memoirs will tell of his friendship and experiences with Chavanne, Malarmé, Sarah Bernhardt, Dr. Weir-Mitchell, and many other interesting men and women whom he met in Paris through his close acquaintance with James McNeill Whistler.

## Recess Chatter

Is the campus' favorite orchestra leader turning to Art in his spare moments, or is it something else that attracts him down at Art School? Anyway, at various times he has been seen making the rounds of our third floor studios.

• • •

The fraternity men up on the campus seem to have OK'd the Art School girls. Anyway, we have a lovely new assortment of pins. Not too recent, but very noteworthy is the pinning of Frances Kyle, Art School Freshman Queen, by Phil Wolf, pres. of Theta Xi.

Also in our collection is a Sigma Chi pin formerly "Nate" Norton's, now in possession of Maxine Moyer; while Helen Manon goes off campus, down to Westminster for a Beta pin.

• • •

A certain Theta Xi, Del Findley (Tel. PA 7869), had ideas for the promotion of the sale of Beaux Art Ball tickets. But somehow, the Art School girls just couldn't be persuaded to co-operate. You see, he suggested that they compromise themselves for the cause, or something.

## TRIGGER'S SAWS

(Continued from page 13)

"Aw, Trigger, I ain't like that. I done kept all our other secrets. Tell me, won't ya?"

"Well, see this shoe? You don't see nothin' wrong with it, do ya?"

"No. What's the game?"

"Well, no dumb cop's gonna see anything wrong with it either, but that's it."

"What?"

"I put a saw in each shoe. Just fits. Then I bought new inner linings in the dime store and glued them on top. Prettiest little job you ever laid eyes on. Next time I'll saw my way out."

Miss Maxton barely heard Art's admiring tones as she hurried from the room. This was a matter to lay before the principal. She saw herself as the savior that would keep that poor misguided child from a police record, and the story lost none of its dark implications as she told it in the principal's office. Mr. Daniels thanked her profusely. He sent for Dick's schedule card and explained, "We'll wait till he goes to gym. Then we'll open his locker and take his shoes apart. After we have the saws, it will be time enough to talk to him. Wonder what he's been up to that he thinks he'll be arrested. Now, here's his schedule. Physical Education second period. Meet me at the gym door ten minutes after the bell rings. I'll get the coach, and we'll take care of this. And let me thank you for your unfailing interest in the welfare of your children."

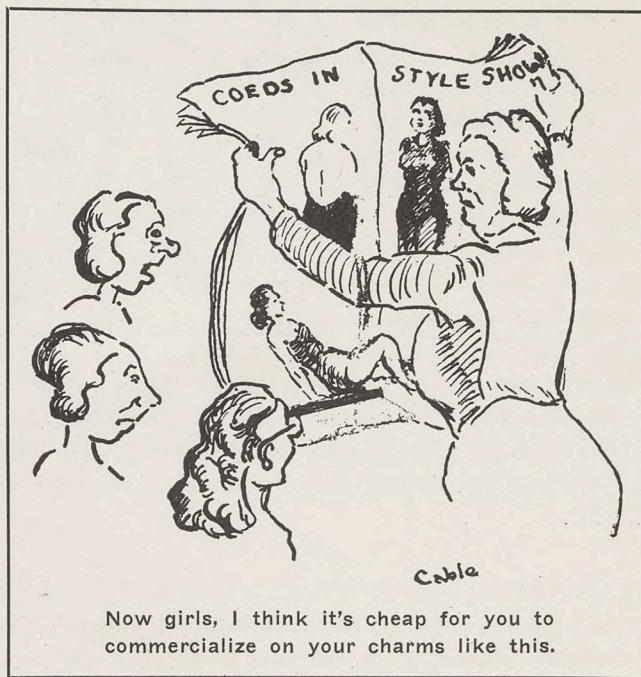
Miss Maxton was in a fever of excitement. She felt all her efforts were about to be vindicated. Yes, if she had saved but one soul from a criminal career, then her life had not been in vain. She thought of Clara Barton, of Pocahontas, of Joan of Arc. The world is full of women pouring out their lives in unselfish service. In this mood she taught her first class, and then, instituting a student leader, she started her second period chorus on the "Triumphal March" from Aida and slipped from the room. As soon as all the boys were in the gymnasium, the coach led her and the principal into the empty locker room. Miss Maxton glanced about timidly, not sure that this was the proper place for a lady, but then—duty was duty. The coach applied his master key, opened Dick's locker, and held up a shoe. It was heavy enough to contain five saws. He tore out the inner lining and passed the shoe to the principal. There was nothing there. He picked up the second shoe and looked—again nothing. The astonished Miss Maxton tried to gasp an apology. She could not believe her eyes. How could it be? She had heard them quite distinctly... The principal's face burned red. "Really, Miss Maxton," he said, "you should be more careful about making ridiculous charges. My time is valuable."

As the locker room door swung shut a loud guffaw burst forth from behind the shower curtain.

## RUTS IN COLLEGE

(Continued from page 9)

It is quite true that, as our colleges and universities are now organized, they may suffer from too much machinery; yet a certain amount of it is surely necessary, and when it is not made an end in itself, nor arrogates to itself an importance not belonging to it, it achieves a small but respectable purpose. The elaborate process of registration, and bookkeeping in the dean's office, and the accounting system of the registrar, as well as various recitations and tests, rules and regulations, represent un-deviating paths which at times a student may find it irksome to travel, but which in some part are essential to mass education. All this routine can be justified only on the ground that it is a means toward an end, and that end is the opportunity of escaping from the intellectual ruts mentioned above. If the mind is to be freed at all from habitual channels of thought, and is to find a wider scope and richer and more varied experiences, it must be in the classroom, in the library, and in the private study. The worth of your education will be determined by the extent to which you utilize these opportunities. It is impossible for one who maintains a truly intellectual attitude toward his work to fall into any dangerous ruts. The thoughtful student who passes from an hour of literary discussion to a lecture on economics, and then to a chemistry laboratory, from an instructor of one personality and intellectual outlook to another of different personality and mental attitudes, is not very much in danger of slipping into any very great sameness of thinking. In fact, one may safely say that never in your future career will you ever enjoy the opportunities now afforded you of escaping from mental ruts. Certainly for the most, if not all, of us, life must become specialized in a particular vocation, in which the chief liberalizing and widening influence will be the residue of your college experience. May that residue be large.



# Greek Letters

by  
Bob Obourn and Nancy Roeder  
*We Pan-hel out of 'em*

IT HAPPENED one night. At least all reports have it that the culprits who stole the S. A. E.'s famed cup returned it one dark night. Even the cop hired for the occasion didn't see who the guilty party was. That didn't bother the Sig Alph brothers who started with the Phi's and accused everyone on the row. The cup, dented and twisted, now stands under lock and key while the argument rages on. Please, won't someone tell us who took the cup. It might save the Dean a lot of trouble.

It is generally conceded that the Betas as a chapter have a swell technique. But a couple of Betas are far ahead of their chapter. They attended a series of lectures on sex, made notes of the questions asked by the girls along with the names, telephone numbers and other essential data. Then after a careful culling of the questions, they attempted to arrange dates with the girls who had asked the more interesting questions. The results of the experiment are as yet unknown.

We'd love to say something clever about the Sigma Chi roller skating party, but we can't find anyone who can tell us what really went on... Not even the Sig Chis.

Fred Bastman told us that he knew enough about the Thetas to hang them all. Perhaps that is why there are so many Thetas working on Hatchet this year.

The Delta Gammas were rather surprised and angry at the little chicken one of the members brought to sing practice one afternoon. After each song the unknowing little chicken would pipe up with "cheep" "cheep." How was it to know that the one thing he could say would strike home.

Not so long ago we noticed in Student Life that the Sig Alphas were going in for the cultural things in life, that they believed in the aesthetic as the basis for sound

living, that Platonic love was their ideal. We believe in the strictly material things in life so we attended Dr. Thompson's splendid lecture on sex. While waiting for the lecture to start we looked around the room. In attendance were approximately twenty-four Sig Alphas, disciples of Plato to a man.

We hear the Gamma Phis have taken to horseback riding through the park during the afternoons. With spring in air, the boy friends naturally feel romantic. We suggest a decrease in the horseback riding lest the horses prove fast transportation to the dog house.

It seems that the Sig Chi's are rushing the "Angel." It's reported that one of the brethren, a Golden Glove fighter, needs a sparring partner.

As a consequence of the Beta's target practice with pickles during their lunch hour, one of the brothers has decided to write a book along Emily Post lines. The name? we suggest "Better Beta Behavior."

The Phi Mus, according to Student Life, are leading the fraternities in scholarship.

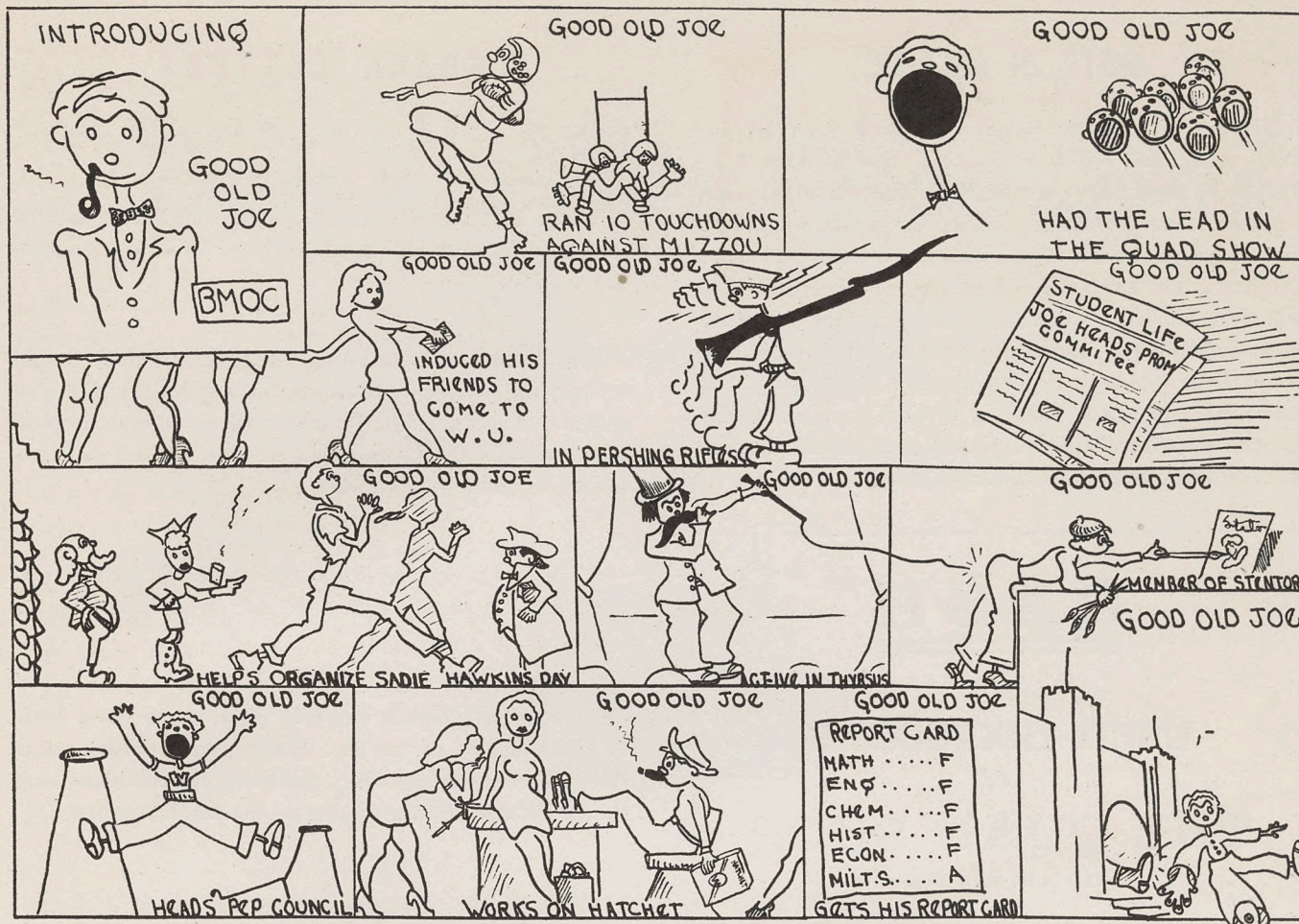
The Greeks have a word for it, but the Tekes have a slogan... "You go your way and I'll go mine." On a recent Saturday afternoon the boys asked their dates what they would like to do after lunch. The girls expressed a desire to see the track meet. The boys had a different idea, so after depositing their dates at the track meet, they went off to watch the football practice.

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of kite flying. At least that's what the Sig Alphas do on Saturday afternoon. We wonder what the college boys will have on the string next.

We wonder what the attraction was for a large group of Betas that caused them to sit around waiting for a phone call from the Sigma Nu House party.

At the Washington-Illinois Normal baseball game we saw a little boy in short pants treated rather brutally, tossed from the top row of the bleachers, in fact, by a group of Washington U fraternity men. The reason? He had the nerve to stand up and shout at the top of





## BETWEEN BELLES

(Continued from page 15)

### Another Tradition Gone

Chivalry is dead when the big fish of the Southern K.A. clan, Parks Stillwell to be specific, comes through with a remark like this: (On seeing one of the more popular Delta Gamma freshmen) "She brings out the be(a)st in me."

### Sig Reverses

Sigma Chi's Andy Carver took Mary Garland Maack to their annual roller skating party, where she spent the whole evening putting the make on Steve Murray and vice versa.

Roger Noyes and Betty Stevens have parted company.

### Some of Those Things

The "Buzzards in the Bond" at Number Seven Fraternity Row are at it again. Bobo Simmons and Carter Ellis are feudin' over Tish Page. Tish! Tish! And Jack Brereton and Ed Rhodes are having it out over Jimmy Otto. Incidentally, Jack has a police record.

### Keeping the Balance

Frank Grindler of Quad Show fame and Doris Hartmann of heartbreaking fame have been hitting it off pretty well lately, that is, up until the Chorus trip. Since then, his interest has seemed to be divided between Doris and Dorothy Todd. Upon being questioned about it, he said, "Well, you know how chummy those buses are."

### The Way to a Man's Heart

Janice Hansen has been keeping company lately with

that well-known Woman-hater, Met Bristow. Her glamour legs must have finally broken down his reserve, or something.

### Obvious

A certain Pi K A was desperate about getting his pin back from a certain Delta Gamma, but he found it tough sledding; so now he is going around saying, "Oh, well, I didn't want the pin anyway."

### Out of a Rut

Nancy Roeder, after dating the whole Beta Chapter for about two years, has branched out. We saw her with an SAE not long ago; and, when Dartmouth had its spring vacation, she wasn't home one night that week.

### Noble Soul

Gladdy Watkins is one of those people who really believes charity begins at home. Instead of knitting socks for the Finns and Norwegians, she is knitting them for Louis Matthey.

### Out of Sight, Out of Mind

Several weeks ago Wally MacLean took a long shot and went up to Drake to see Joan Ball, but when he got there he found out what he, as an athlete, should have known namely that if you don't want to miss, you've got to keep your eye on the Ball. Our old friend was busy.

### Finis

Boy loitering about the Eliot-Hatchet office. "That Lawyers' Day Dance should be wonderful."

Helen Vickers: "Yes, if you like that sort of thing."

## RUTS IN COLLEGE

(Continued from page 14)

"Despite their environment... a good many are likable, normal..." That's a snide understatement, of course. Most of them are likable. No one, thank God, is normal. Every occupation affects its personnel. Nearly all pedagogues bear a few distinctive occupational characteristics. On the whole, these are no more objectionable than those of other pursuits. And the few cases of extremism are interesting because of it. Students derive little pleasure or benefit from associating with them; but remember them as distinctive personalities, and contact with distinctive personalities de-monotonizes an otherwise pretty dull round of things.

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## GREEK LETTERS

(Continued from page 18)

his lungs, "S.A.E. is the best fraternity on this campus."

• • •

When asked for a bit of gossip the Thetas replied that nothing ever happened to them. What a monotonous existence.

• • •

The Pi Phis will no longer be guests of their neighbors in the Women's Building on a quiet afternoon to smoke a cigarette. The Pi Phis will no longer drop in for a friendly smoke and chatter. The Pi Phis can now smoke in their own room.

• • •

A couple of the Phi Deltas who made Phi Beta Kappa went out the other night and had an uncorking good time.

• • •

If on some glorious moon-lit night some sweet little Pi Phi whispers to you in a husky tone it means something. You're wrong! She's practicing for the blues song the Pi Phis are going to sing at the Inter sorority sing.

• • •

The other day we heard a tale of frustrated desires. It seems that several Sigma Nus were dissatisfied with the girls to bed the boys hurried off across country to Fox Springs where the roistering Gamma Phis were holding forth on their house party. Any male ambitions were set at naught when it was found that all the Gamma Phis had turned in for the night and every attempt to lure them forth failed. We're not so much interested in the frustrated ambitions as we are in the methods the boys used to get their dates in bed so the former could go calling.

• • •

If a cup were awarded for attending dances, the Phi Deltas would probably win. They broke all records by getting most men into the Junior Prom—through the window.

• • •

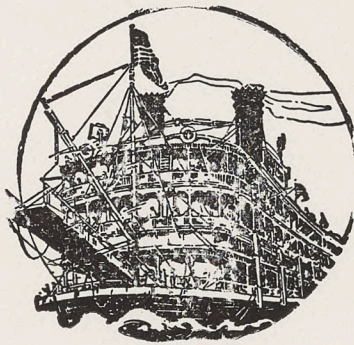
The Kappas may admit that the K.A.'s are southern, but they won't finish out the phrase as it is customarily stated. The K.A.'s begged the Kappas to let them give their dance the same night as the Kappa spring formal. Reluctantly, the Kappas agreed—after Parks Stillwell explained how exceedingly rude another sorority had been in refusing this permission.

Do you know what the grateful K.A.'s did to show their appreciation? Well they sent DRAG bids to all the Kappa stags. So that is southern gallantry!

• • •

The Spring overtures to the Fall throat cutting and back knifing starts soon. It's time for rush cards.

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S. S. Idlewild

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