

Washington University in St. Louis

## Washington University Open Scholarship

---

Eliot

University Archives

---

12-1945

### Washington University Eliot

Washington University Eliot, St. Louis, Missouri

Follow this and additional works at: <https://openscholarship.wustl.edu/eliot>

---

#### Recommended Citation

Washington University Eliot, St. Louis, Missouri, "Washington University Eliot" (December 1945). *Eliot*. 19.  
<https://openscholarship.wustl.edu/eliot/19>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the University Archives at Washington University Open Scholarship. It has been accepted for inclusion in Eliot by an authorized administrator of Washington University Open Scholarship. For more information, please contact [digital@wumail.wustl.edu](mailto:digital@wumail.wustl.edu).

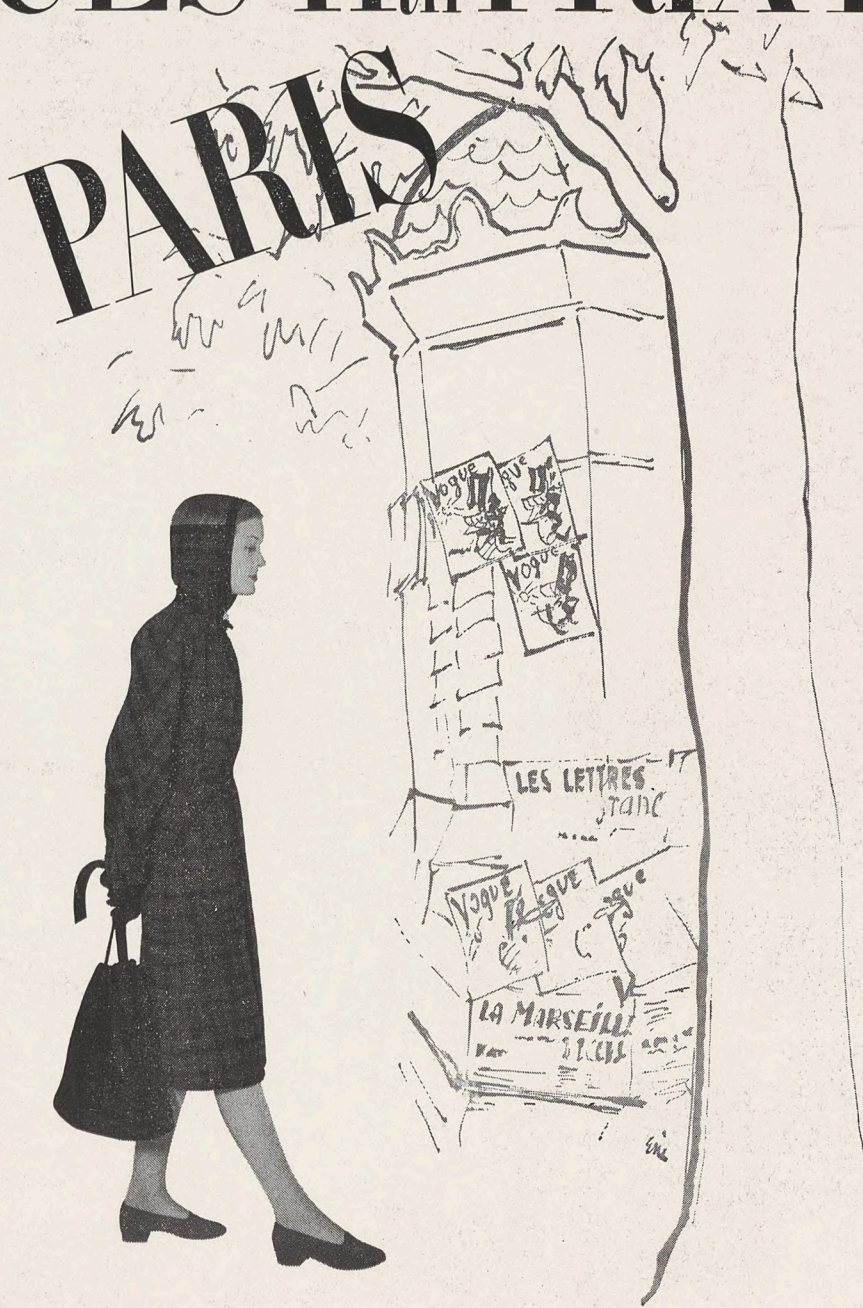


WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

DECEMBER 1945

FIFTEEN CENTS

# VOGUE'S 11<sup>th</sup> PRIX DE



## COLLEGE SENIORS...win a job on Vogue

1st prize . one year on Vogue

step from college  
into a career in Fashion,  
Writing, Decorating,  
Merchandising, Publishing

2nd prize . six months on Vogue

10 awards of merit    Winners will be considered for jobs on other  
Condé Nast publications...House & Garden, Glamour, Vogue Pattern Book.  
Job interviews will also be arranged with stores and advertising agencies.

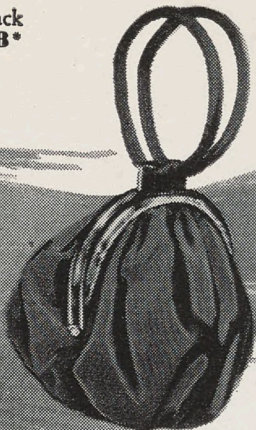
5 cash prizes of \$25 each for the best theses submitted.  
special Art and Photography Award... write for details.

Complete information and entry blanks may be obtained from: PRIX DE PARIS DIRECTOR c/o VOGUE, 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17

Oatmeal pigskin palms, black cotton back. Gloves, **\$5.98\***  
SBF, Gloves—Street Floor



Rayon faille "date" bag, "tortoise" mounting, **\$5\***  
SBF Handbags—Street Floor



Jewel-like stones on choker, **\$2\***  
Matching bracelet, **\$2\***  
SBF Jewelry—Street Floor

Ciro's "Surrender" perfume, **\$5\***  
SBF Toiletries—Street Floor



**For the happiest Christmas in years,**

Mexican silver charm bracelet, **\$14.65\***  
SBF Latin-American Market—Street Floor



**give your one and only**

**something gay,**

Courtley's powder, after shave, cologne for men. Set, **\$5.75\***  
SBF Men's Furnishings Street Floor



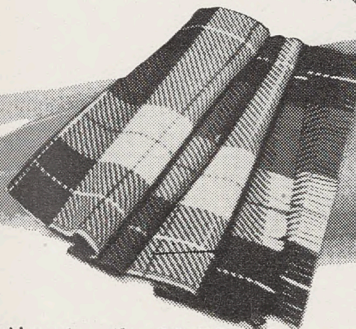
**something to be cherished,**

Cork colored pigskin gloves for men, **\$5**  
SBF Men's Furnishings Street Floor



**from your own store**

Plaid wool muffler, **\$2.50**  
SBF Men's Furnishings Street Floor



Fully lined rayon tie, **\$3.50**  
SBF Men's Furnishings—Street Floor



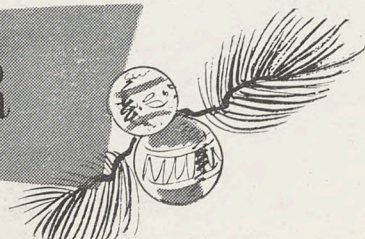
Madeira monogrammed men's handkerchiefs, **\$2**  
SBF Men's Furnishings Street Floor



\*Plus 20% Federal Tax



**STIX, BAER & FULLER**





## *A Missy Modes Junior*

*... Approved by the Missy Modes Junior  
Board of Review. Crepe by Evergrand in  
Platinum brown, turquoise or strawberry ice.  
Sizes 9 to 15; below \$15*

DRESS for the MEN in YOUR LIFE!



*Carole King*  
DRESSES FOR JUNIORS

**"BUTTON TEASER"**

A Carole King two-piece original. Glistening jet black buttons dot the blouse and peplum . . . perfect for "that" date! Of Carole Paca Rayon Crepe . . . junior sizes 9 to 13.

**\$9.95**

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY

AT

*Vanderwoorts*

# Among Those Present

■ In this issue you will meet *Mal Topping* (The Finer Things of Life), *Don Schleiffarth* and *Joe Oppenheimer* (sports), and *Bev Lueders* (fashion) again—many of you may remember them from the last *Eliot*.

We are proud of the illustrations in this Christmas issue. *Willis Peterson*, our new Art Editor, did those on “Winter Musings” and the poetry page; *Betty Volmer* the editorial cartoons; *Charles Moser* the “December Diary” picture; and *June Goldsborough* the illustration for “Commonplace.”

*Clyde Hurtt*, author of the poem, “My Country’s Betrayal,” is now a sophomore in the College of Liberal Arts, after five years in the Army. He has been writing since 1942, and last year had an essay published in the *Post Dispatch*. *Eliot* is glad to have him as a contributor.

*Jay Schear* did the horrible apparition on page 22. Clever these artists.

■ Though *Jackie Kratky*, more intimately known as Kracker, is a sophomore accounting major in the Business School, she might well claim a minor in journalism for her two years on *ELIOT*’s feature staff, her women’s sports articles in *Student Life*, and her copy for *Hatchet*. Nor do her activities end there, for she is a Kappa Alpha Theta, a member of Chorus and of Quad Show’s stage crew. We don’t see how one so small can do all this and knitting, too, but knitting is Jackie’s

hobby. We think you’ll like her “Winter Musings.”

*Gertrude Klearman*, of *ELIOT*’s feature staff, authored the article on the Guston painting, “If This Be Not I” on page 9.

Dark haired *Joy Franklin*, sophomore in the College of Liberal Arts, writes both for enjoyment and for English 340. “December Diary,” appearing in this issue, is one of the results. Her major is English, she enjoys dancing and reading—and we predict you’ll be seeing more of her.

*Edwina Schneehage* says she writes poetry to relax. In any case, the results of her relaxation seem to be unusually good—see page 20. *Edwina* is a junior in the School of Social Work. Not only is she adept in the poetry field but in fiction as well. Her “Commonplace” on page 16 is an intriguing play of imagery.

*Jean Zillman* possesses the distinction of having not only about the smallest pair of feet in Washington University’s halls, but of having her finger in practically every literary pie that cooks on campus. She is our Assistant Feature Editor, and there’s a story by her—“Dispatch from the Home Front”—in this issue.

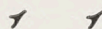
## COVER PHOTOGRAPHER

*Charles Kelly*, a Freshman in the school of fine arts, has made a flying start on his ambition to be a commercial photographer by being cover photographer for *ELIOT*. His interests in pretty girls, hunting dogs and birds are correlated with photography, for he takes pictures of all, his favorite subject being a certain redhead. An interest in sports, in things mechanical, and in being an ex-Army man make him a well-rounded person.

Art Supplies

School Supplies

Office Supplies



**Spies--Bradburn, Inc.**

1127 Pine Street

GA 1685

## Photographs:

Page 5 - - - - - Charles Kelly  
 Page 6 - - - - - Robert Frei  
 Page 9 - - - Courtesy the News Bureau  
 Page 12 - - - - - Walter Shillinger  
 Page 13  
 Beta Theta Pi Team - Robert Godwin  
 Sigma Chi Team - - Walter Shillinger  
 Page 14 - - - - - Courtesy the Subjects

# Eliot

DECEMBER, 1945

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Among Those Present - - - - -	4
Editor's Comment - - - - -	7
Washington Purchases Guston Painting - - - - -	9
The Finer Things of Life - - - - -	19
<b>FICTION</b>	
Winter Musings - - - - -	8
December Diary - - - - -	10
Commonplace - - - - -	16
Dispatch from the Home Front - - - - -	17
<b>SPORTS</b>	
Washington Is Headed for Big Cage Season - - - - -	12
Beta and Sigma Chi Tie for Campus Championship	13
<b>GOSSIP</b> - - - - -	20
<b>HUMOR</b>	
Ghastly, Isn't It? - - - - -	22
<b>POETRY</b>	
My Country's Betrayal - - - - -	18
The Christmas Tree - - - - -	18
Fall of Life - - - - -	18
It Matters Not - - - - -	18
<b>FASHION</b>	
Beyond the Classroom - - - - -	14
Shop Hound - - - - -	15



The laughing blue-green eyes, pert little turned up nose, even white teeth and well-moulded chin peering out from behind Christmas greenery and poinsettias on this month's cover of *Eliot* belong to *Libby Kennedy*, Liberal Arts senior.

Cover-girl Kennedy is five feet, five and a half inches tall, weighing 127 pounds. "Libby" transferred from Monticello College to Washington U. last year. Quickly assimilated in the big-time university life, Libby, a Tri-Delt, portrayed the part of the old woman called Auntie Prudence in the 1945 Quad Show, "Come and Get It." Her most exciting moment came when she was named special maid of honor to the 1945 Hatchet Queen.

Libby thinks there is a definite improvement in the quality and quantity of men on campus.

She thinks there can be a definite improvement in the campus spirit. To improve this spirit she favors the idea of a student union building, including a new and larger Quad Shop.

Majoring in psychology, Libby is glad to spend her last two years at Washington, and is extremely proud of her alma mater.

We think Libby would make a swell Christmas present for anybody.

## STAFF

OLIVE WALKER, <i>Editor</i>	BEVERLY LUEDERS, <i>Fashion Editor</i>
DOROTHY GASKILL, <i>Asst. Editor</i>	ANN HEINRICHSMEYER, <i>Poetry and</i>
HELEN MCGAVRAN, <i>Assoc. Editor</i>	<i>Humor Editor</i>
SELWYN HOTCHNER, <i>Business Mgr.</i>	PAT JAQUITH, <i>Literary</i>
WILLIS PETERSON, <i>Art Director</i>	MAL TOPPING, <i>Literary</i>
HAROLD POTH, <i>Art</i>	JOY SIROKI, <i>Exchange Editor</i>
MARTHA DUNBAR, <i>Makeup Editor</i>	EVELYN WHITE, <i>Circulation and</i>
FRANCES RICHARDSON, <i>Feature Ed.</i>	<i>Publicity Manager</i>
JEAN ZILLMAN, <i>Asst. Feature Editor</i>	ANITA HEINRICHSMEYER, <i>Research</i>
DON SCHLEIFFARTH, <i>Sports Editor</i>	<i>Director</i>
JOE L. OPPENHEIMER, <i>Asst. Sports</i>	WALTER SHILLINGER, <i>Photographer</i>
<i>Editor</i>	CHARLES KELLY, <i>Photographer</i>

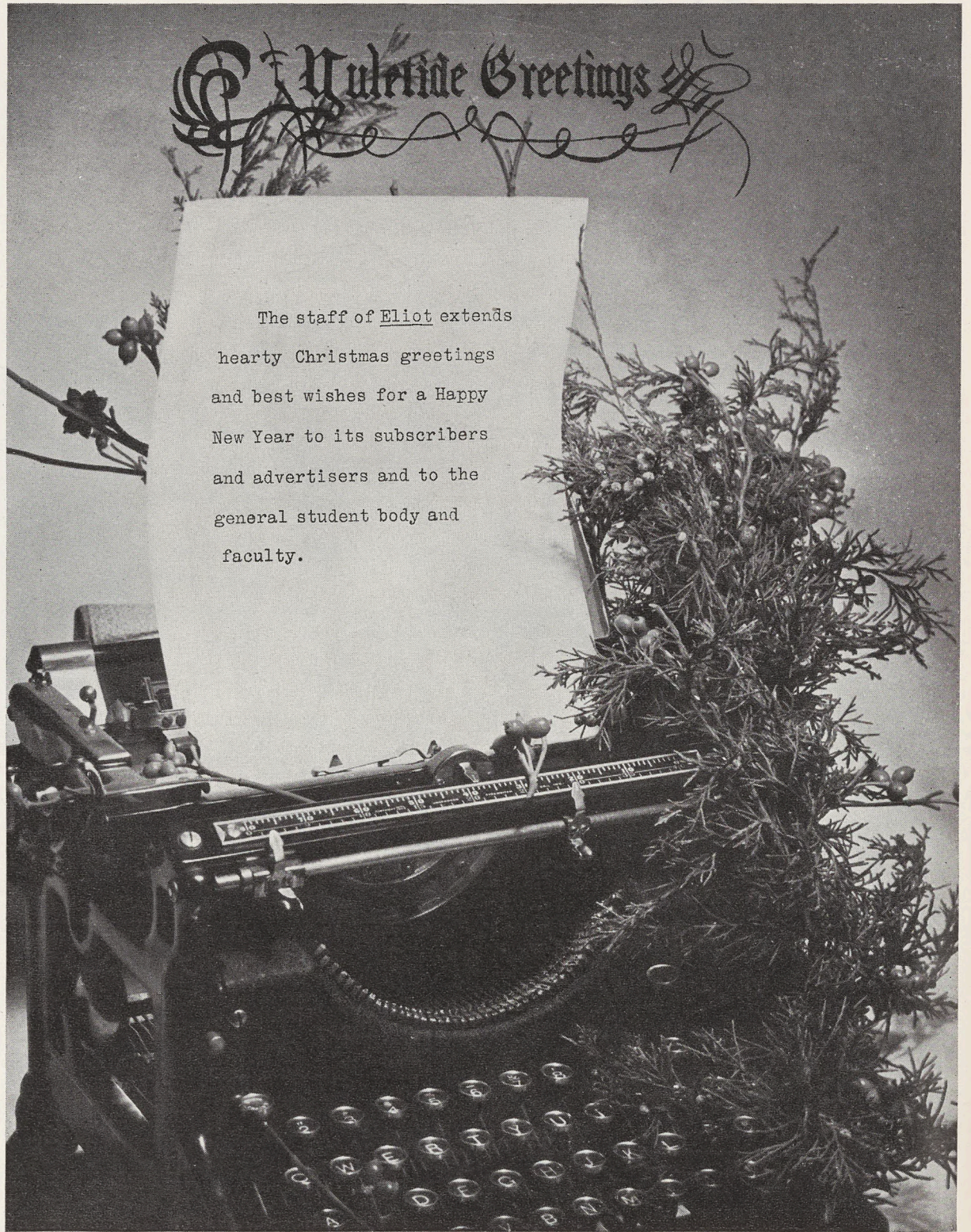
## FACULTY ADVISERS

FORREST T. CAMPBELL, <i>Literary</i>	JAMES BLAIR, <i>Art</i>
--------------------------------------	-------------------------



# Yuletide Greetings

The staff of Eliot extends  
hearty Christmas greetings  
and best wishes for a Happy  
New Year to its subscribers  
and advertisers and to the  
general student body and  
faculty.



# Editor's Comment

## Letter to Santa

Dear Santa,

Perhaps you'll think my Christmas list is arriving too early this year, but the reason I'm writing so far in advance is that I know how busy you and all your helpers are at this time of the year. (Also I've been especially good for the last few weeks and I'm afraid I can't go on this way much longer.)

Honestly, Santa, I have tried to be *good*, I really deserve some *consideration*. I tried to understand when my pop told me why I couldn't have these things last year—but gosh! Santa, the war's over, so I thought maybe this year I'd have a better chance of finding these things under my tree.

First I want a brand new football. But with this I'd also like eleven husky but fast men dressed in red and green to kick it around.

Next I'd like five or six pencil sharpeners. It's perfectly ridiculous for students to have to run to Ridgley Library every time a pencil point breaks. I would suggest putting these useful little items in every building on campus: one on each floor.

I want some more waste baskets in the rooms, too.

One thing I really need, Santa, is a Union Building or the beginning of contributions for one. . . . All my friends have them.

I also need some more smooth walks to take the place of those brick ones which weren't even good enough for my grandfather. While the army was treading my campus I thought I understood why we kept them—they were a substitute for running an obstacle course, but now they serve no such useful purpose.

For my own satisfaction I'd like to have one of my students paint murals on the walls of the Quad Shop. There are many talented people on campus—why couldn't this be a project for them? I think it is a good idea to decorate the place where students go to relax. Let's have "art begin at home."

There, Santa, is my list. If it is too long for you to give me all of it or if it's impossible for you to put any of them under my tree, then you can give me just one thing. This is what I want more than anything else. I want above all some students with plenty of real school spirit!! Not fraternity or sorority or high school loyalty; not a false show of enthusiasm which masks only a desire for personal gain; but a real interest in me and a willingness to work for me during the coming year.

Merry Christmas, Santa,  
Washington.

## Greetings from Student Life??

■ When we picked up the November 29 issue of *Student Life* and saw the article on *Eliot*, we thought to ourselves, "We wonder what sort of a welcome *Student Life* is going to give our first issue." We hoped for constructive criticism. What criticism we got was hardly constructive, and as for a welcome from a sister publication. . . .!! After we had recovered, we began to wonder who the Old Tymers were. Finally, on the basis of the style, we decided one of them must be Bertie McCormack of the Chicago Tribune. We're still puzzled. We don't know what place McCormack's type of journalism has on the Washington University campus. Perhaps *Student Life* will enlighten us on the place of this kind of journalism and reveal who the Old Tymers are.



# Winter Musings

By Jacqueline Kratky

Illustrated by Willis Peterson

■ Winter! The season of stately splendor . . . tall trees barren yet serene . . . cold crimping weather inciting tingling blood . . . blustery winds like a slap in the face which wake you with a start . . . snow - - - soft and beautiful on a clear winter's night . . . watching little crystalline flakes plummet slowly to earth in a never-ending stream from a window-side seat . . . a warm fire-side specially nice for day dreaming and philosophizing.



Winter! The season of excitement and fun . . . bob-sledding for those who love the break-neck speed of careening around corners and zooming down hills . . . plain sledding for those who just want to play . . . ice skating on frozen lakes, whether amateur or expert . . . snow ball fights for which we never grow too old . . . "meanie" excitement of washing an innocent victim's face in the cold wet snow . . . skiing for those so talented in balancing the human anatomy.

Winter! The season of holiday cheer . . . the excitement in the anticipation of the activities of Christmas is unequalled . . . tramping all over town just to purchase a tree to meet your specific qualifications . . . the fun of embellishing a simple fir with colored lights, decorative and unique ornaments, and loading it with tinsel is unforgettable . . . then receiving with heart-felt pleasure the "oh's" and "ah's" from those who view your work of artistry . . . slitting open envelopes, followed by the ripping out of Christmas cards only to be forgotten after reading the senders' names . . . racing around madly for last minute gifts . . . trying vainly to wrap packages as attractively as possible while sitting in the middle of sheets of wrapping paper, colored ribbon, seals and name tags . . . attending Midnight Christmas Eve services . . . caroling around the neighborhood and freezing while doing it . . .



Christmas morning—getting up early,—no, you're not excited, old college student, not much—before the gifts are unwrapped, all under the tree is mystical but suddenly there is a mad rush to open presents . . . after the storm the room is littered with tissue paper, open boxes, knotted ribbon and shiny new presents . . . Christmas day is relative calling day . . . the week that follows is filled with parties and gaiety eaten up like candy . . . then New Year's Eve, the party night of party nights . . . start out early and come in early—the next day—hitting every party where anyone even vaguely knows the host . . . midnight—the only time of the year when everybody loves everybody else . . . coming in in the late a. m. feeling the necessity of using toothpicks to hold your eyelids up . . . making resolutions which are only to be broken . . . New Year's Day visiting friends and drinking to health, happiness, and success in the year to come.

Winter's a wonderful time of the year!





*"If This Be Not I"*

Picture purchased by Washington University. Title refers to the group of children that appears in the foreground in a variety of costumes and disguises. The little girl in the center of the painting wearing a crown represents the artist's daughter, Musa Jane.

## Guston Painting Purchased

by Gertrude Klearman

"If This Be Not I," an oil painting by Philip Guston, was recently purchased by Washington University from Mr. Guston, instructor of painting at the University's school of fine arts. This is the first purchase of a contemporary work in recent years and will be added to the University's art collection.

The title refers to the group of masquerading children. The general structure of the painting recalls an earlier picture by Guston, "Martial Memory," which is owned by the City Art Museum and shows children playing at war.

Asked during an interview whether he could explain the idea behind the picture, Guston said, "no, because it's the summation of a hundred ideas." He went on to say that he spent six months working on it and believes it to be his best work.

His first paintings were of the life around

him. "I used to go down to the beach when I lived in California, and draw the people I saw," he explained. The 33 year old artist came to Washington this fall from the University of Iowa, where he taught for the past four years. Last winter his first "one-man show" at the Midtown Galleries in New York City received warm praise from the critics. He has won recognition for his murals in the Social Security Building in Washington, and at the New York World's Fair, where he won first prize for his outstanding mural decorations. He has recently finished a series of drawings and paintings for the Navy.

His painting, "Sentimental Moment," was given first award out of 350 paintings by American artists invited to participate in the Carnegie Institute's third exhibition of "Painting in the United States." This prize is about the top award for American painters.

*(Continued on page 17)*

# December Diary

by Joy Franklin

Illustrated by Charles Moser

## *December the fifth*

I went downtown to look for a dress to wear to the holiday prom. I have to have a new one 'cause "that particular guy" is taking me. I'm so excited! Anyway, after making the rounds at Lockhart's, Scruggs', Kline's, Montaldo's, and Stix's, I found myself with two sore feet, caked powder, ratty hair and no formal. It's awfully difficult to find anything for a girl of my type. It seems that none of the designers ever think of fairly tall girls, with waist lines like Scarlett O'Hara's and hips which closely resemble the "Battle of the Bulge." I wish I could have lived in the time of the hoop skirt. I bet it was a neat camouflage. I wonder why and how these girls pictured in ultra smart magazines always manage to look like they do. No matter how hard I try I always seem to lose my "glamour." My stocking seams get crooked, my hair gets mussed, and my dresses wrinkle. To top it all off, I'm as graceful as an ox. Like that time I stepped in the box they brought the records in at the school dance, and couldn't get my foot out. And the way my enemy, Louise Kiney, laughed. I can hardly wait to tell the bag who I have a date with for the dance. Will her eyes fall out? Ha-Ha!

## *December the eighth*

I haven't been downtown again because I had a "coupla" tests and a sorority meeting. The meeting was really swell. I blackballed Louise's cousin. And if she goes around telling people anymore that the only reason the fellows take me out is because most of the girls went away to school, I'll do more than "blackball" her relatives. I'll tell people that insanity runs in her family.

## *December the tenth*

Suffering goldfish and one swoon!! I found it! It's fifty dollars, just exactly the sum left

from my birthday money. The color of it, pale green, just matches an old satin pillowslip I found when I was cleaning the attic. Mother is going to make it into a pouch bag to "harmonize" my accessories. Isn't the world a beautiful place?

## *December the eleventh*

I saw Louise Kiney at school to-day. The doll! We stood on the front steps cracking our gum and making cracks at each other. I said, "Oh, your hair looks darling, Hon, such an improvement on the usual way!" She thanked me and complimented me in return by saying that the suit I had on looked better every year. Then she asked, "I've been wanting to know if you had a date for the dance, Sweet, because I've had so many offers I thought I could fix you up. Everyone says it's going to be a simply giant affair, and you know I couldn't bear for you to miss it." I replied in my best "Bette Davis" manner. I told her I'd had quite a few invitations myself and mentioned that I'd decided to go with, well, you know who, and was she surprised. Her gum nearly fell out of her open mouth before she cattily remarked, "Oh, did he ask you too? He called me several months ago, but I told him I simply couldn't accept a date that far in advance, because I think he's an absolute dee-rip (drip). Of course, everyone is entitled to their own opinion although I think when you've had as much experience as I've had, you get so you can tell a droop a mile away." Thank-gosh the bell rang then. Even Vera Vague wouldn't be able to fire back after such a barrage. She didn't even have the decency to cross her fingers the whole time she was lying.

## *December the fourteenth*

Six more days to go, and I'm in a state of complete panic. I hope he'll like my dress. Every night, before I go to bed, I put cold

cream on my face and shoulders (my dress is strapless), brush my eyebrows, and give my hair one hundred strokes. I have also acquired a lipstick brush like the movie stars use. I'm going to try making a lip line like the one Lana Turner has in the new issue of *Screen Guide*.

*December the sixteenth*

Four more days—He called last night and asked me what color dress I was wearing and if there was any particular kind of flowers I'd like to have. I got very flustered and told him anything but blue ones. (They'd clash with my dress.) He said, "Huh?" I giggled and said I'd leave it up to him. He

answered, "O. K." and hung up. I wonder if he did ask Louise first.

*December the seventeenth*

Some of the girls came over today to see my dress. They were purple with passionate jealousy. Three more days!

*December the nineteenth*

Even if it were my own wedding, I couldn't be more excited. Louise called to tell me she was getting white orchids, as if I'd care. Mother's lending me her pearls.

*December the twentieth*

*Tonite!!!!*

*December the twenty-third*

I've been in the hospital since the afternoon of the twentieth. My tonsils flared up. Louise was the "belle of the ball," and to add insult to injury or vice versa, *he* rushed her all evening. I wonder who is planning my fortune. Even Calamity Jane is luckier than I. The family has been lovely, however. My kid brother brought me my "vic" and the King Sister's Recording of "Just Keep Smiling." That's his idea of a laugh.

*December the twenty-fourth*

Christmas Eve in the hospital! When I get out, I'm going to become a social worker. I have decided these times are too serious for frivolities.

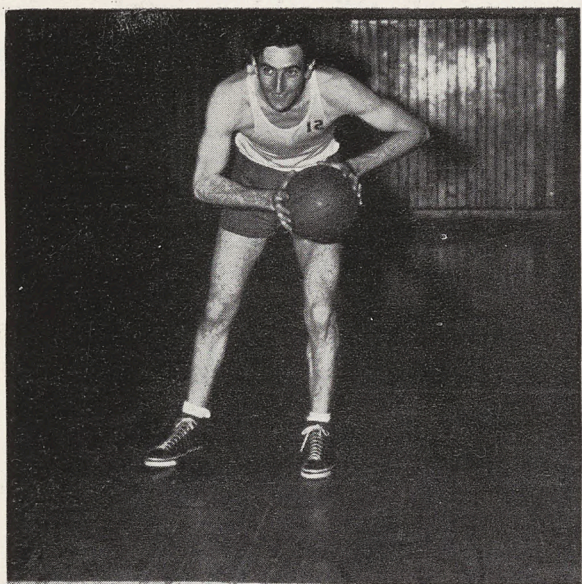
*December the twenty-fifth*

I'm home. I had a lovely Christmas. Mother and Dad gave me a sheared beaver coat with *eleven stripes!*

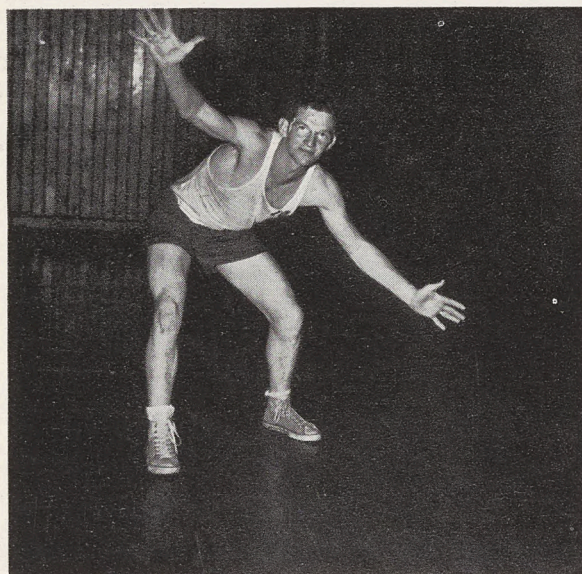
*December the twenty-sixth*

What a scrumptious day! I guess "Life Can Be Beautiful" after all. He called to ask me to the Phi Pi Chi Rye sleigh ride. I refused, of course. I guess the chee-ild (child) doesn't know I have a date with Dr. Rodney, that "particular guy" who's interning at the hospital.





*Don Shultz*, tall forward, whose arrival on the Hill top this fall will bolster the team, stands ready to let go of a pass.



*Art Miller*, bespectacled guard who won Iowa All-State Honors last season, demonstrates a primary pose for guards.

■ With one of the toughest schedules ahead of them that a Washington U. cage team has confronted in many years, the Bear basketball team is getting ready for its first big game. Powerful Indiana U., member of the Big Ten Conference, will play host to the Bears in the early part of December, and then the season will be in full swing. The Bears' squad is composed of nineteen players, although it is very likely that only a portion of them will make the trips away from home.

# Washington is Headed for Big Cage Season

by **Don Schleiffarth**

Six members of last year's cage team will be on hand again to bolster the team. Al Berger, brilliant forward of last year, is back again to help the cause. Al averaged 12 points a game during the '43-'44 season, and is looking forward to another stellar season. Other members of last year's squad returning are Captain Mike Levinson, who is a demon on defense and rebounding; Jim Allen, Army veteran and another star of the past season—(Jim averaged 10 points per game last year, getting hotter as the season progressed); Big Ed Lansche, standing well over six feet and tipping the scales at 210, returning at center; and Bill Bergesch, rough and ready guard. Lefty Harvey Brown is the sixth letterman returning. Harv is a deadeye shot and should see quite a bit of action.

Heading the list of newcomers this year are names such as Don Schultz, Art Miller, and Jim Browinski. Schultz is a big center with plenty of basketball experience at Dayton U. He is an excellent tip-in man and handles himself very well around the pivot post. Art Miller, bespectacled guard, is just a Freshman, but played a lot of basketball in high school, being named to the all-Iowa high school team in his senior year. Browinski is a transfer student from St. Benedict's College. He is big and rangy and a clever ball handler.

Stan London, Warren Shockmiller, and Keith Brake, all three of whom have played for Hilltop teams in previous years, will, of course, be on hand. These three men are being counted on heavily to help bring the team a successful campaign.

Other members of this year's aggregation are:

Jack Barsanti—elongated freshman center from Kirkwood, who should develop into a fine ball player.

Ian Crowder—wiry forward who played a lot of basketball for Harris Teachers last year, leading their team in scoring.

Lou Goldman—big pivot man with considerable experience. Should fit into the Bears' machine very nicely.

Jack Kusch—tricky forward who starred for Brentwood High last year. A real prospect.

Kurt Prediger—Played a lot of high school ball. His aggressive type of play will help the team.

Gerald Stuff—big, husky center whose size and rebounding ability should warrant him a lot of action.

Bob Walters—dependable guard who will add much to the team.

There you have it—the complete roster of this year's basketball team—a team which is confronted with a terrific schedule but which will go places.

## Beta's and Sigma Chi's Tie for Campus Championship

By Joe L. Oppenheimer

■ Winners in their respective leagues, Beta Theta Pi and Sigma Chi, played to a scoreless tie in the Intramural championship contest at Homecoming. Competing for the campus honors and also the right to play the winner of the Medical School circuit for the school championship, the two teams, both undefeated in regular play, battled futilely.

Although the Sigma Chi seven, coached by Ed Hewitt was a heavy pre-game favorite, Jim Schulenberg's Betas took the offense in the championship game and afterwards there was no doubt in the minds of the spectators that the underdog had smelled the bacon but couldn't have it for lack of points.

Artie Eilers, supervisor of intramurals, stated that the game would not be re-played for the Hilltop title, but that each team would meet the Med school champions.

The Homecoming game climaxed a very successful intramural season during which fifteen teams from the campus and four from the medical and dental schools competed.

As we go to press, plans are being laid for the intramural basketball tournament which will be a great success according to present indications. Play was to have begun on November 20th.



The goose cooking Beta intramural football team, whose goose was left a little rare by the Sigma Chi tie in the race for the campus intramural football championship. Front row, left to right—Reals, Lorch, Schulenburg, Brown. Second row, left to right—Ernst, Murray, Good, Shurig.



Sigma Chi team: Back row; Fuhrmann, Altepeter, Schleifarth, McKnight, Hewitt, Forbes, Roesel, Fausek; Front row; Leach, Donnell, Fulbright, Smith.





*Mayme Sartoris*



*Loretta Novy*



*Hortense Cohen*



*Corrine Lawrence*



*Johanna Greiderer*

# Beyond the Classroom

by Beverly Lueders

■ "Fashion For Young Americans By Young Americans" is not only a well-known slogan in the fashion market, but might be called a "tie" between the manufacturers and the School of Fine Arts of Washington University. Ever since 1938 when a four-year course in practical design was introduced, the school has been progressing, getting new equipment, and giving larger and more elaborate fashion shows as previews of the students' work. Upon completion of the course, the students are well qualified for positions, and each year sees more graduates in the fashion circle.

If you'll look into this fast moving world, called "Fashion," you'll find attractive *Hortense Cohen*, a graduate from the School of Fine Arts in 1939. She was in the school of Liberal Arts for two years before realizing her innate talent for designing. Mary Muffet Juniors in St. Louis now claim her as head

designer and with this title goes several trips to New York a year, creating stylish accessory trims, and working with College Boards to get the girls' first hand reaction to style. In her own inspiring way she finds time to advise ambitious high school girls who want to follow the pattern of her success. During Miss Cohen's college days she took jewelry design as her craft and is still continuing it at night school.

Outstanding as Junior originator of nationally popular Artemis Brand Slips is *Loretta Novy*. Graduating in 1937, she worked at Mary Muffet for two and a half years and is now with Weil Kalter Underwear Company. She and her assistant, *Dorothy Heary*, also a graduate in 1944, make their contribution to the Junior Center by drafting and grading their slip patterns to

*(Continued on page 21)*

# Shop Hound

## A Visit from St. Nicholas

'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, WHEN ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE everything was in readiness for certainly the happiest holiday we've celebrated in years! Although the war is over, Santa urges us to get our orders in early, for merchandise is still hard to get.

NOT A CREATURE WAS STIRRING, NOT EVEN A MOUSE, for the entire family was so engrossed in the new book, *Critics' Prize Plays*—six great plays selected from the annual award of New York Drama Critics. Such interesting reading as "Of Mice and Men" and "The Patriots" appear in this book with introduction by Jean Norton, World Publishing House. The price is \$1.49 at the Hagedorn Book Shop. This "Reader's Paradise" reminds you that magazine subscriptions and book gift certificates also make grand gifts—\$1 minimum.

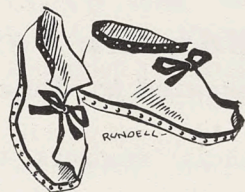
THE STOCKINGS WERE HUNG BY THE CHIMNEY WITH CARE and the gay wool felt slipper-socks from Peck's were there too. Such attractive color combinations as red and navy with gold nail-heads on the sole and cuff. They come up

high enough so that your feet stay as warm as toast and so comfortable that you'll want to wear them constantly. \$4.50.

IN HOPES THAT ST. NICHOLAS SOON WOULD BE THERE, bringing gifts for all, especially those people who are always losing their glasses. Jaccard's are featuring something new in glass cases. Made of felt, they are brightly trimmed in sequins, jewels and appliqued felt in various colorful designs. Three price ranges—\$2, \$3, and \$3.95.

**By Beverly Lueders**

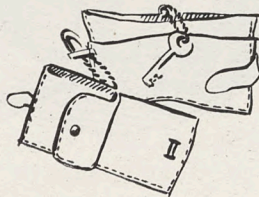
**Illustrated by Florence Rundell**



AND MAMA IN HER "KERCHIEF" AND I IN MY CAP—and we might add that Mama was also wearing her new wrap-around quilted robe. This favorite style comes in floral crepe, navy or dubonnet rayon satin and multidot pastel crepe. Sizes 12-20 at \$12.95, Scruggs, Third Floor, Negligees.

HE WAS DRESSED ALL IN FUR FROM HIS HEAD TO HIS FOOT and a wool muffler to complete his outfit. Men will welcome a gift of this fine quality from Boyd's, Main Floor. Large 100% wool scarfs in a variety of plaids, big checks and herringbone patterns, trimmed with matching fringe, \$3.95 - \$6.95.

HIS EYES—HOW THEY TWINKLED! HIS DIMPLES HOW MERRY! as he took from his pack the gift that will surely please that college girl. No more fumbling in your purse if you have a Three-in-one miniature wallet, coin purse, and key chain.



So practical on campus when a large "suitcase" isn't needed—comes in navy, red, green, black, and brown leather. \$1.75 plus luxury tax, Peck's.

AND FILLED ALL THE STOCKINGS; THEN TURNED WITH A JERK to put in a special money clip for the returning veteran. It is sterling silver, with an interesting design on one side and a place for your dog tag on the other. (It is suggested you have this rodium plated



to conform with the sterling finish) Found at Jaccard's, \$6.

"HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL AND TO ALL A GOODNIGHT!" That was Santa's farewell as he told me of the thoughtful Christmas gift at the Comfort Corner. Our choice, Princess Style Stationery which comes in white, green, peach with "her" name in blending inks—48 envelopes, 24 large sheets and 24 note sheets. \$3. For "Him"—a real man's correspondence paper, 100% cotton rag bond, hard finish. Comes in an attractive box containing 100 sheets and 50 envelopes at \$2.50.



# Common Place

By **Edwina Schreehage**  
 Illustrated by **June Goldsborough**

■ There is a city above the Mississippi. A city built on colorful bluffs—here it rests on beds of limestone. The trees are green, or bare, the soil is rich, and black, the water rushes by—endlessly by.

There is smoke above the Mississippi; smoke covering the colorful bluffs, hiding the green or bare trees, devouring the fertile soil, the water rushes endlessly by—endlessly by.

“Andy O’Neil owns a 350 acre farm. The land is level, the soil is black. Highway 66 cuts through his north pasture. The parade rushes past. Andrew Junior lives in the city.

A stone house sits on Ninth Street Hill—confederate gray its color. The stones at the base, one by one, are weathering away. “Old Jeff Wilson” just sits on the porch rocking—rocking—rocking.

Black spears rise against the sky; mammoth links hold them down. Twenty-two rooms in the “Big-Wig” house, only one slept

in; chimneys, chimneys, tall, soot-covered stacks.

Crawling bugs along the woodwork. Four beds in a room; five beds in a room. Ragged shoes in a dingy closet, filthy coveralls on the floor.

Fifteen dollars a week to eat and sleep. Room and board, cash on the spot, eight dollars a week. Washing and ironing, with sewing thrown in, one-fifty please, now—not when. Mary works in a downtown shoppe. Her clothes are exquisite; ten dollars a week?

Bells ring out across the town. A hush, a silence, the organ sings with a hallowed sound. The streets are empty; the parade has ceased. Hymnbooks lie with their pages turned back. “Old Jeff Wilson” sits in the second pew; “Mr. Big Wig’s” is empty—he overslept. Mary is here with a new spring coat, as is Andrew O’Neil with mud on his shoe. The bells ring out swelling the air; time has paused—come let’s pray.

# Dispatch from the Home Front

by Jean Zillman

■ Bang! Crash! Shots filled the air. Another thirty were killed as we defended our homeland. For weeks our enemies had been following us, using dive-bomber tactics. Apparently they were invincible; it seemed that the more we killed, the more there were. Finally we resorted to poison gas. Nearly annihilated by the fumes ourselves, we rushed to the nearest refuge to watch the expected collapse of the foe. Desperately they clung to each other, to the very wall itself, but inevitably they had to fall.

We had no compassion, no mercy for our cruel opponents. Anything we could do to destroy them we did, whether it was humane or not according to international law. Why should we show any mercy to them when they showed us none? Our only aim was to wipe out the foe as quickly and with as little loss of blood to us as possible. The whole breed was subhuman. They had never contributed anything worthwhile to culture. They didn't even look civilized.

We had strict immigration laws, absolutely barring them from our homeland. This didn't stop them though. Stealthily they smuggled themselves into the country, lying low in surrounding swamps and forests. During the night they would make reconnaissance raids, but for a long time they did not attack in numbers. They were too busy getting their armament and ammunition ready.

Early one morning while the country was asleep, fifth columnists disguised as painters brought in their small but deadly allies. Suspecting nothing, we carried on as usual. Too long had we been at peace to be suspicious of such movements, for they had been preparing for years for such a break.

They gnawed at our defenses, opening wide our borders. These painters, ostensibly posing as our friends, had connived with the enemy so that we would be taken unexpectedly. They occupied strategic positions on all sides of our enclosure, each ready to perform his assigned task at the proper moment. At a given signal from their leader, who called himself the foreman, each of them crouched before a window, stooped low, and suddenly straightened, each bringing his

window up to its full opening. Caught unawares, we dashed, startled to the openings in our wall—but too late. The damage was done.

The war was on! Our enemies entered in force. Each, armed with a small bayonet held rigidly before him, chose his victim. Again and again they stabbed, drawing blood at each thrust, until we could stand no more. For us to surrender was out of the question. We knew there was no pity in the hearts of our attackers—we even doubted if they had hearts.

With a strength acquired from desperation and with one hand moving from one wound on our body to another in the attempt to soothe its pain, we struck out blindly, furiously, flailing to the right and left without looking where we struck. Our blows were accurate, through some miracle of providence, and at each blow an invader fell, to struggle feebly for perhaps a second but to rise no more.

Then we remembered our poison gas. We reached for it and used it to such good effect that the air was filled with fumes, nearly stifling the defenders as well as their adversaries.

The battle ended suddenly. The accumulative effect of the poison gas and our blows had taken full toll of our enemies. We couldn't count the fallen dead but saw that the mangled bodies were piled high.

Our enemy was exterminated. "D. D. T." had won again!

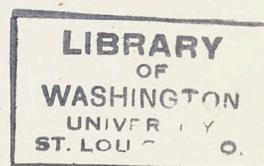
---

## Guston Painting Purchased

(Continued from page 9)

"Sentimental Moment" is a figure piece which shows a girl with dark flowing hair standing in meditation over a locket she holds in her hand. Color notes include the rose tones of her striped, sleeveless blouse, the green of her skirt, and an opalescent rose and green background.

Except for six months' training in an art school in California, Guston says he is a "self-trained artist."



# “Poems Are Made by Fools Like Me”

## My Country's Betrayal

No longer can I look on shores,  
The tall pines and blue colored lines,  
Those hills of home my heart allures,  
In tears it seeks but never finds.

My pain is soft; the end, set wage,  
Yet pain, for years, by mother's tears,  
Will linger as the saddest page,  
In quest of glory's empty peers.

A maiden sweet in hands I hold,  
A love we found; this love's lost sound  
Does fade from view of altar's fold,  
As does the kiss of wedlock's crown.

No child shall sit upon my knee,  
And give in bliss a warm wet kiss.  
Can senseless chatter come to me,  
In tones of single pride amiss?

Summer, autumn, winter, and spring,  
Ignores the waste in her selfish haste,  
To grant a knell of beauty's ring,  
To life's sublime enchanted case.

To taste a view of native son,  
A wreath to meet on his defeat,  
A mind secure if victory's won.  
A precious gift this Senate seat.

An oral spear against my foe,  
Is flung abright like beacon's light,  
Across the plains and valleys low,  
Without the chains of speechless fright.

I breathe no more, my life is gone;  
I died in vain, my country's shame  
Brings tears upon my deathless dawn,  
And deepens my increasing pain.

I died for you and you for me,  
Destroy the things victories bring.  
I lie upon a foreign lea,  
The joys I lost I parting sing.

Those who we left behind do plead,  
For rest from task, we wrongly ask,  
And freedom begs of tyrant's seed,  
Demand the villain to unmask.

Their wager won; repentance's due,  
The dead have said we must retreat.  
But you betrayed our trust in you,  
And spat upon our bloody head.

As fools are fools I'm in the ranks,  
A million more like me were poured,  
Among your tools of two-faced thanks,  
And on the butcher's block were lured.

—Clyde Blackwell Hurtt

## The Christmas Tree

Tall and straight, she still stands there:  
Her burden of jewels, tinkling and shimmer-  
ing as I pass,  
Are now too much for her to bear.  
Her day is gone, but it did last  
Long enough to make a young heart glad,  
Though that soul is old and sad.

Paula Tabachnik

## Fall of Life

When November with her cold attire,  
Came trudging to the North,  
She brought with her a warm oak fire,  
And we brought the chestnuts forth.  
We sat around the open hearth,  
And dodged the flying sparks,  
We listened to the snapping wood,  
With joy within our hearts.  
November now has come again,  
And we are more than ten,  
Yet in our hearts the voice of spring  
Is what has ever been.  
So chop the wood,  
And build the fire;  
Put bells upon the sleigh.  
Tomorrow stands before our door,  
But this is still today.

—Edwina Schreehage



# The Finer Things of Life

by Mal Topping



## Platter Clatter

The only record list available for December at the local record emporium was that of Capitol. Betty Hutton ("My Rocking Horse Ran Away") screams that she's "Just a Square in a Social Circle" backed by "Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief" (Capitol 220). They (whoever they are) say the Square is one of her best. Andy Russell, who speaks Spanish, and is wowing the Bobby sox brigades out west, jack-pots on "I Can't Begin to Tell You" and "Love Me" (Capitol 221). Toothy Martha Tilton, still one of the most underrated warblers, tries again on "The Last Time I Saw You" mated with "What a Deal" (Capitol 222). She did "The Angels Sing" on Victor with B. Goodman and probably lost a good bit of credit when our boy Ziggy Elman did the famous "rip" solo at the close of the platter. Try to hear "I'll Take Tallulah" (Victor 27869) for some more of that Elman drive.

Lionel Hampton has put out his "Beulah's Boogie" for Decca (18719) with the usual rapid-fire vibe work. Goodman stops the show with his new sextette in "I Got Rhythm," Norvo, Slam Stewart, and the rest rasseling thru 12. This is backed by a re-issue of the oldie "Man I Love" with Helen Forrest doing the honors in the vocal spot. The terrific lead trumpet following Helen's

first chorus is Al Fila and nice, too. (Columbia 55032).

## Suggestions for Christmas Gifts:

How 'bout that Spike Jones night-mare "Holiday for Strings" and "Sloppy Lagoon." A good Xmas present for the younger brother or sister.

Dad would like Brahms's "Symphony No. I in C Minor" on Victor by Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra (DM-875).

Send me that new "Moon" album by Vaughn Munroe. It contains such ancients as "Moonglow," "Paper Moon," and "Moonlight and Roses."

Mom is reading "Woman Without Love" by Andre Maurois, says it is really fascinating.

The platter shop-talk has it that Sir Thomas Beecham and his London bunch are grooving the unknown Schubert's Sixth.

## Kiel Auditorium:

Vladimir Golschmann hands the baton to Leonard Bernstein the 8th and 9th and to Harry Farbman the 14th and 15th. Erica Morini and his violin will be featured with conductor Farbman. Mr. Golschmann waves again the 22nd, 23rd, 28th, and 29th with Samuel Duskin fiddling on the latter two dates.

The Leading

**Art Supply House**

of the Southwest



**B A D E R ' S**

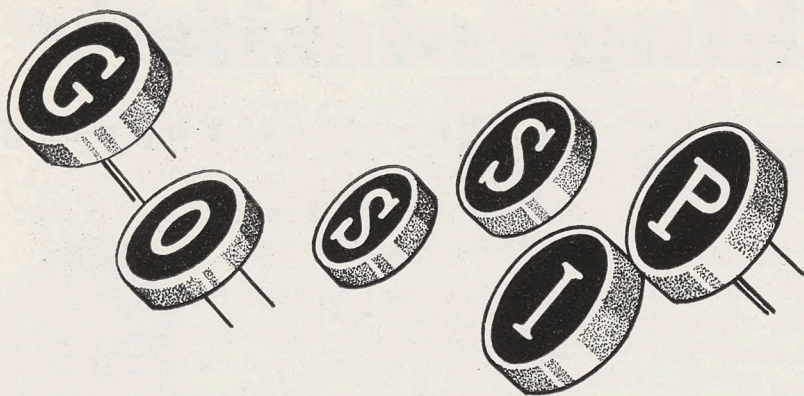
**CAMERAS and SUPPLIES**

1112 LOCUST ST. ST. LOUIS, MO.

**C**AMPUS CHIC . . . by the yard!  
See our extensive selection of  
Quality Fabrics . . . 100%  
Woolens . . . De Luxe Rayons  
and Exclusive Rayon Prints for  
class-room and date wear.

FABRIC SPECIALISTS  
for 50 years

*Welek's* 315 N. 10th St. (1)



Zeta President Anne McCombs and Will Christopher, Quad Show song writer--working on a little close harmony?? . . . Betty Jean Frost--Theta marine--home on leave and playing havoc with the Theta meeting by her unexpected visit there . . . It looked like an interfraternity council meeting at St. Mary's hospital where Carol Durkin, Tri Delta, was recovering from an appendectomy . . . Pi Phi Dotty Gaskill's heart beating on about eighteen cylinders with her Joel home after three years overseas! . . . And speaking of heartbeats, that Drummin' man Don Williams, Sigma Chi, has Alpha Xi's Fleta Scott's heart beating in swing time.

Emily Steffan, Delta Gamma, bagging navy Ensign Wally Siegerest, Theta Xi, and announcing her engagement in November . . . Pat Bailey, Delta Gamma, and Harold Gilbert, Kappa Alpha, dancing to love time with their pinning an event of Thanksgiving week . . . Rachel Lee Anderson, Theta, and Elzey Roberts, Jr. for whom October's wedding bells tolled . . . Irv Kramer, ZBT, has pinned his heart and hopes on Selma Baker, Gamma Rho.

Harry Hoene, S A E , and Sally Rosenbarger, Kappa, sweating it out over that pin--wonder who'll be the first to give in and make it a twosome again??? . . . Jim Smylie, Phi Delt, and Shirley Shaunessy, D. G. pledge, waxing enthusiastic about one another. Johnny (can't make up her mind) Good, Beta, at the Homecoming dance with Pi Phi Betty Ann Sindelar . . . Sally Barrows, Theta pledge, twitterpated 'cause Cal Davis of the U.S.N. is in town firing a few spare salvos at her heart strings. Ella Mae Eichman, Zeta, and Larry Maxwell, Phi Delt, busy duoin'g the town. June Rosen, Alph Xi, announcing her engagement to Warren Topp at the A. Xi pledge dance.

Bob Hitt, SAE, seems awfully anxious to make Pi Phi pledge, Sarah Ann Tarrant, feel "at home" on our campus . . . Bob Rattman, Phi Delt pledge, has that gleam in his eye--and it seems to be reflected in Kappa pledge, Peggy Fifer's "limpid pools." Jim Strachen, Phi Delt pledge, and Nancy Humphrey, Theta, in Yac's paying off a bridge bet to Phi Delt pledge Curtis Blan and Theta, Dutch Jordon with coffee . . . Mary Jane Henske, D. G., being seen hither and yon with Phi Delt, Sultana Jostes . . . Theta Katie Moffat, just received the DuBarry Success Course---Man the lifeboats, gents! P.S. If it works, tell us, Katie.

## Beyond the Classroom

(Continued from page 14)

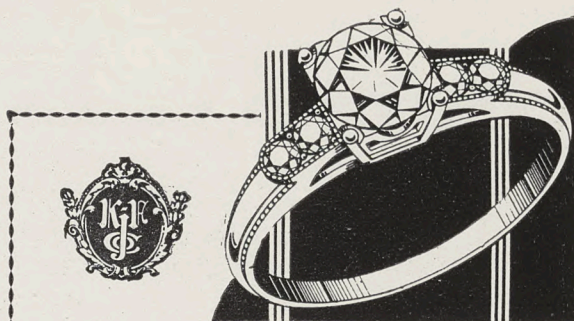
the Junior figure. She, too, has returned to her Alma Mater—two years ago as assistant pattern teacher at night school and now as a student in the jewelry course. Jewelry craft is her chief hobby and Miss Novy wears a very lovely diamond ring, the mounting of which is her own design and workmanship.

Washington University is proud of *Johanna Greiderer*, who is a St. Louis girl through and through and now has made good in New York. While still attending Art School, she gained much practical experience by working in the Country Club Shop of Klein's on Saturdays. This was in 1936. After graduation she designed in St. Louis at Mary Muffet and Carafiol-Silverman. Then in 1942 the position of Junior buyer at Sears was offered her and she went East. In January, 1945, she became the stylist for the Vogue Pattern shows. Miss Greiderer has gone a long way from her college days but still possesses the same pep and charming personality that has won her so many friends.

*Corrine Lawrence* looks like the Mary Lynn line she designs—so very fresh and cheerful. You wouldn't say that she speaks with a drawl but Doniphan, in southern Missouri, is her home. Her first two years at college were spent at Stephens and she was in Washington's class of '43. Before going to the National Dress Company, she designed a year for Martha Manning. Miss Lawrence speaks of her job with such enthusiasm that she couldn't help being a success. Her outside interests also include fashion—she's a member of the Designers' Club of St. Louis.

The implements of sewing were not new to *Mayme Sartoris* when she entered Washington's School of Fine Arts. At the age of ten she accompanied her family to Italy where she was taught fine needle work. Two years later, they returned to Illinois, her birthplace. After high school and business school training, she came to Washington and graduated in 1938. Junior dresses were a relatively new field at this time and, in her words, "I can't design that stuff"; however, time has proven that she can and most effectively, too. Further evidence of this are her youthful yet smart Minx Modes Juniors and the fact that she has been creating Minx

(Continued on page 22)



### Emblem of Value and Quality

Thru three generations Krisman-Frey has made countless friends with generous values and highest quality.

The outstandingly fine RING shown here (5 fine diamonds in RING of 10k yellow gold) only . . . . . **\$125.00**

No extra charge whatever for terms

FOR FINER DIAMONDS  
**KRISMAN-FREY** Jewelers

NEXT TO LOEW'S THEATRE  
719 WASHINGTON AVE. ST. LOUIS

We remain open Mondays until 9 P.M.

Save the Situation . . .

Flash a Kimball Kerchief!



kerchiefs by kimball

9 EAST 38th STREET • NEW YORK 16

creators of the Famous Four Print Kerchiefs • Masterpiece • Romance • Flower of the Month • Career Girl



# Ghastly, Isn't It?

There was a maiden of Siam,  
Who said to her lover, young Kiam,  
"If you kiss me, of course,  
You will have to use force—  
But God knows you're stronger than I am."

Professor of Economics: "You boys of today want to make too much money. Why, do you know what I was getting when I got married?"

Voice from the Rear: "No, and I'll bet you didn't either."

It was Sunday morning. He slipped on his wife's robe and went downstairs to answer the doorbell. As he opened the door the ice man kissed him. After giving due thought to this strange occurrence, he has come to the conclusion that the ice man's wife must have a similar robe.

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.

Silence.  
More silence.  
Strained silence.  
He—"Aren't the walls unusually perpendicular this evening?"

"There's a boy called John Simpson working here. May I see him? I'm his grandfather."

"You've just missed him. He's gone to your funeral."

Charitable Lady: "Here, my poor fellow, is a quarter for you. It must be terrible to be lame, but I think it must be worse to be blind."

Panhandler: "You're right, Ma'am. When I was blind people was always handin' me counterfeit money."

It is reliably reported that Mahatma Gandhi left college because all the girls were after his pin.

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

The lady of the house was entertaining her bridge club when the pattering of tiny feet was heard on the stairs. She raised her hand for silence. "Hush," she said softly, "the children are going to deliver their good-night message. It always gives me such a feeling of reverence to hear them. . . . Listen!"

There was a moment of silence—then shyly, "Mamma, Willie found a bedbug."

## Beyond the Classroom

(Continued from page 21)

Modes for seven years. She thinks not only in terms of patterns and sketches, but is an industrious student of Spanish, of which she hopes to make use on her postwar vacation.

These successful fashion people have gone to school in the "Show Me" state and now are really showing the nation what Washington girls are made of: sugar and spice, but also hard work, ambition, loads of fun and success!



Blind date? Is he cute?

Jay Schear



*would you  
be the one the others copy..?*

*then for you, this  
with its Paris flair, its  
boulevard air . . . . . regarde  
the braid-circled sleeves so deep,  
so waistline-minimizing*

*Laura  
Lee* originals



**Prechita Cloth Raincoat  
tailored by**

**AQUATOOGS**

**\$14.95**

A tactful hint . . . an opened page . . . an astute Santa . . . and Christmas morning just what you most desired. Smartly styled raincoat to help you swagger through the rains with bravado. In natural, white, blue and maize cotton gabardine. Sizes 9 to 16.

SVB Junior Shop—Third Floor.

*Scruggs*

*Vandervoort*

*Barney*

Carlye  
Exclusive  
Original



**... gray with  
white lightning**

Beautifully tailored Carlye original. One of a grand group of dresses designed exclusively for the junior figure. This one is of Hockanum flannel with white pique lightning trim; sizes 7 to 15. . . . **25.00**

junior shop, second floor

**KLINE'S** juniors

washington at sixth, 1

DO YOU  
KNOW YOUR  
**ABC's**

**SIGNE HASSO**  
knows her A B C's. This glamorous star is currently appearing in Twentieth Century-Fox's "The House on 92nd Street."

# *Always Buy Chesterfield*

When you know your A B C's of real smoking pleasure . . . you'll have the answer at your finger tips.

Chesterfield's Right Combination of the World's Best Tobaccos gives you a cigarette that's **A—ALWAYS MILDER**, **B—BETTER TASTING** and **C—COOLER SMOKING**.

*They Satisfy*



**A** **LWAYS** **MILDER**   **B** **ETTER** **TASTING**   **C** **OOLER** **SMOKING**