Washington University Eliot, St. Louis, Missouri

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WHIRLIN' AROUND... A Carole King Original with triple rows of daintily embroidered scallops whirling gaily around the snug bodice and wonder-full skirt. Glo Spun Rayon. Sizes 9 to 15. About $9.00. Exclusively at one fine store in your city.
You're the one...

that Valentine Day was meant for. is what your gift will say when you select it at SBF. It's no trouble to find that certain something that's different, individual, exciting...just what you want for your Valentine. You'll find SBF is your Valentine store this February and every month in the year.

1. Lace-trimmed sheer handkerchief, $1
   SBF Handkerchiefs—Street Floor

2. Gold kid coin-and-bill fold, $3.50*
   SBF Handbags—Street Floor

3. Dana's Tabu Colonia, $3.75*
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4. SBF's own Valentine candy, lb., $1.19
   SBF Candy—Street Floor

5. Evans "Black Magic" lighter, $3
   SBF Jewelry—Street Floor

6. "Behold the Golfer" utility box, $7.50
   SBF Men's Furnishings—Street Floor

7. "Powderhorn" full-sheet stationery, $2
   SBF Stationery—Street Floor

8. Sterling silver friendship ring, $1.50*
   SBF Jewelry—Street Floor

*Plus 20% Federal Tax.
Among Those Present

In this, the first issue of the new semester, *Eliot* is proud to present “Washington Looks to the Future,” by Chancellor Arthur H. Compton, and “Tales of Yesteryear,” by Dean Alexander S. Langsdorf.

Anyone who is likely to read this magazine is also likely to know enough about Chancellor Compton to make the usual “thumbnail sketch” unnecessary.

Dean Langsdorf graduated from Washington U. in 1898, and was appointed Dean of Engineering and Architecture, 1910-1920, and was reappointed in 1929. His long association with this University makes him the fitting person to write of Washington’s past, and we think you’ll like his informal portrayal of years gone by.

Lessons in Love

([a refresher course])

**WOLFING**—If she doesn’t want to kiss you the first time—don’t force her. Just sweeten your breath with a yummy **LIFE SAVER**. If she *still* says “No”—Brother, she’s just *not* your type!

Jackie Walters has the modest ambition to write three best sellers and retire on the income they bring her. Till that happy day, she is contributing to *Eliot*—in this issue, ‘Flo’s Trip to Miami.’ She says the story is based on fact. Jackie is a junior, pre-journalism.

*June McDade*, senior, Delta Gamma, has already proved her worth in several fields of endeavor—notably Thyrsus, where she demonstrated great salesmanship in getting rid of tickets to “The Man Who Came to Dinner.” Now she turns her hand to writing—“When It Rains” is her story in this issue. *Aline Schulz* illustrates this story. She also dreamed up the cartoon on page 6. Good, No?

Worth special note, we think, are *Willis Peterson’s* illustration for our poetry department (any resemblance to professors living or dead is entirely accidental), and *Ruth Young’s* cartoon on page 22. Also the good old *Chipleys* cartoon on page 18. We love those art students. *Sally Bromberg’s* body beautiful show for the “Flo’s Trip to Miami” story by Sarah Walters ought to draw some whistles from the wolf department.

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**PHOTO CREDITS**

Cover, pages 3, 5, and 7—Courtesy the News Bureau
Pages 10 and 11—Walter Shillinger

**The Leading Art Supply House of the Southwest**

**BADER’S CAMERAS and SUPPLIES**

1112 Locust St.  St. Louis, Mo.
Dr. Arthur Holly Compton, famed physicist and 1927 Nobel prize winner whose picture appears on the February cover of Eliot, was formally inaugurated as Chancellor of Washington University at ceremonies held in the Field House at 3:30 a.m., Friday, February 22. It is particularly fitting that this man to whom Washington is looking to build it into the great university of the Midwest should be inaugurated on the 93rd anniversary of the university’s founding. It is also very fitting that Dr. James B. Conant, president of Harvard University and guiding light of the atomic bomb research group with which Dr. Compton was closely connected during the war, was the principal speaker at that ceremony.

Dr. Compton comes to Washington from the University of Chicago, with which he has been associated since 1923. From 1920 to 1923, he was head of Washington University’s Physics Department. His list of academic degrees and memberships in distinguished societies is much too long to enumerate here, but Eliot counted degrees from fourteen universities and memberships in twenty scientific and foreign societies before it ran out of energy.

A personal note of interest we dug up for the coeds is that he has two sons, both unmarried—Arthur Alan, 28, who is serving with the State Department in Washington (he was recently discharged from the Army as a captain) ; and John Joseph, 17, a freshman at Wooster College, Wooster, Ohio. Any interested Phi Beta Kappa’s or potential ones?
Let There Be Light

A student senator stated in a recent Student Senate meeting that Washington will never develop “school spirit” until it again adopts the activity ticket. Eliot agrees.

The activity ticket was dropped when the tuition was raised so no one would feel obligated to spend money for activities not absolutely essential to getting a degree. For those students who are working to pay their way or for students whose parents can ill afford the extra expense, this is commendable; but to drop the activity ticket altogether has resulted in a hashed-up financial program for student activities.

The policy of no activity tickets has meant that organizations supported by student dollars have had to devote time and energy that should be spent improving their publications and programs to soliciting people to buy their products. It is an almost impossible task for student circulation departments to contact each student on campus after registration but it could be done very simply at registration by offering students an optional activity ticket on which they could check the activities to which they wished to subscribe during the semester.

Organizations would be able to plan on a budget for the year and thus maintain a higher standard than is possible under the present system. The annoyance of being asked to buy or subscribe to something almost every time a student crosses the Quad would also be eliminated.

Fewer Customers Mean Higher Prices

These separate campaigns result in higher prices for each individual subscription and for each student ticket. For example, if the Hatchet staff knew at the beginning of the year that they had 3,500 subscriptions (a little less than the number enrolled in day school at the present time), they could sell the same quality Hatchet at a price at least forty per cent less than the $5.10 they now charge seven or eight hundred students for a single book.

This price reduction could be accomplished because the cost of production for the individual book is reduced by each subscription over the first thousand printed. After the first thousand, the cost for engraving, photography, printing, type-setting, composition, make-up, and make ready are paid for and the only remaining expenses are for presswork, paper, and binding. This same principle holds true for Eliot and for athletics tickets. The expenses involved are basically the same, whether there are 500 attendants at a basketball game or 3,500. The money paid in by the extra 3,000 spectators could be used to reduce the price for all student athletic tickets.

A reduction in price for the various activities would allow more students to participate in them. The increased participation would engender more school spirit; and, though Eliot does not pretend this is a panacea for all the ills contributing to lack of school spirit, it would go a long way toward eliminating obstacles in the path of its development.

Students, if you agree that the student activity ticket should be returned — either compulsory or optional — ask your senators to adopt a resolution to that effect to be presented to the administration.

Apologies

Eliot apologizes to the student body and its advertisers for the late January and February issues—a little matter of a truck strike’s holding up the covers.

How’s Your Soul?

How about devoting an hour on Sunday mornings to developing the spiritual part of your being? Our truly great men know God as well as material things. More than ever before must we foster the brotherhood of man if we are to have world peace, and religion is the best exponent of this ideal state. There are five more services scheduled in Graham Chapel this term — February 24, March 17, March 31, April 28, May 26—at 11:00 a. m. Let’s see you there! This is something you can’t afford to miss—especially residents on campus!
Tales of Yesteryear

by Alexander S. Langsdorf

The stories and incidents here presented are the result of a request by the editorial staff of the *Eliot* which in effect committed me to the task of raking the ashes of the past to bring to light such embers as may still have some degree of warmth and glow. What I have recorded is in no sense intended to be an historical narrative in proper chronological order, but merely a series of vignettes taken more or less at random from the crowding recollections of the “so many years” of my University connection of which the editor-in-chief gently reminded me. (ED. NOTE: Ouch!!)

When I matriculated as a freshman in the School of Engineering in the fall of 1894, the institution that has since become a great university, and that is surely destined to be a much greater one, can hardly be said to have been a university at all. In fact, when the University, as such, was referred to in those days, what was really meant was the combination of “the College” (later renamed the College of Liberal Arts) and the School of Engineering, which jointly constituted what was long described as the Department of Arts and Sciences. The catalogue of the year 1894-95 reveals that the student enrollment in Arts and Sciences was 163; however, it wasn’t because of small registration that we fell short of university status at that time, but rather because there was a complete lack of any cohesion between the Department of Arts and Sciences on the one hand and Law, Medicine, Dentistry, Fine Arts, etc., on the other. Those other divisions existed, of course, having been added to the University group from time to time, but the only semblance of unity they achieved was in the pages of the annual catalogue. Obviously there can be no genuine university without university of functions and unity between them. The fact was that each constituent part of the university family went its own way, each serenely unaware of the others, with no intermingling of students even at Commencement exercises, which were held (Continued on page 21)
Washington Looks to the Future
by Arthur Holly Compton, Chancellor of Washington University

Washington University is growing rapidly. This growth is inevitable. It is demanded by the universal insistence on more education, by the growing importance of the St. Louis area in the nation's life, and by the active interest of the community in Washington University as representing its educational aspirations.

We can, however, choose the direction in which our University will grow. It can, for example, become a center which will supply to the central United States the best of education and an enrichment of life through an increase in knowledge and understanding. If we are to grow in this direction, which means an emphasis on quality, our teachers will gain inspiration for students through their own pioneering in the frontiers of knowledge. Our students, necessarily limited in numbers because of the limited facilities that can be provided, will be increasingly selected as those giving promise of constructive and influential lives. Such a growth will make Washington University of increased value to the entire nation.

The alternative would be an increase in our facilities to meet as fully as possible the needs of all students in the St. Louis area who are qualified and desire to receive a university education. Such growth would likewise meet a real need. The facilities required for each student would be less extensive than in the more selective type of institution and the greater tuition income would enable the University to grow with perhaps less demand on private resources. Such growth would be similar to that of a city school system which prepares itself to supply the education that students demand.

There are in the central states many institutions that give higher education to those who want it. These include state and city universities and church colleges. There are in our area, however, very few institutions that can supply the distinctive type of education that is required to prepare the leaders of society, industrial and technical men who have the broad scientific knowledge and expert facilities to guide them in exploiting new processes. Business needs young men with a knowledge of administrative procedure, acquainted with the social forces that are causing unrest between employer and employee. We find that advances in fundamental knowledge increase the length of our lives even more than skilled application of traditional art. We look to a community that includes men and women informed and alive to the problems of the day, who can meet these problems and can take advantage of the opportunities of the times. With such citizens, our community can take its proper place in influencing the life of the nation.

If one considers what is needed to give the education that will make useful and responsible citizens, an important factor is that we should become more and more a university as distinct from a collection of schools. The physician needs to know something about social problems and the new possibilities opened by physics and chemistry. The so-
Dear Mamie,

Jist thot I'd drop ya a line ta letchya no how it is in Miami. I wish ya was here, kid. Ya'd have the time of yer life. Ya'd love it. We been here four days now an' we been busy all the time. There's a lot of fellas here (an army post here, Mame). That explains why we been so busy.

First ting when we got off the train, some soldiers whistled at us, an' I new right then we'd like it here. Ya owt ta come here fer yer vacashun, Mame; it's really swell. Boy, would the gals at the plant jist die if they could see it. This hotel ain't so big as some of 'em on the beach, but it's got real klass. (There's stashunary all over the lobby.) Rugs on all the floors, too. Oh, ya'd love it here!

An' fellas! First thing we did when we got tru unpackin' was put on our suits an' go down to the beach. Well, we wasn't settin' there half a hour when two pfc's comes over an' sits near us. We could see they was lookin' us over, so I says to Gertie, "Talk loud an' act like we're lousy wit dough." (I wanted to impress 'em ya no, an' at the same time I wanted ta let 'em no that we is real democratic wit it all, so I adds that I still prefers a pfc to a second looie any day.) Well, they takes the hint an' asks us if we has a match. Natcherly Gertie lights there cigarettes an' we gets inta conversashun. We talks about a hour an' then I nonchalantly menshuns that the sun really makes one thirsty, don't it? They agrees an' the four of us goes to a little beer an' hamburg.

(Continued on page 20)
After an absence of two years, the Bears have once more launched a basketball schedule typical of the kind Bob Kinnan, former cage coach, inaugurated in 1942. During that year, the Bears played some of the best teams in the country, including Southern California, Oregon State, Oklahoma A. and M., Purdue, and Kentucky. Then came the war, and for the next two seasons the competition was limited to local and military teams, with last year’s two battles with St. Louis U. the only reminders of the all-collegiate schedules of the past.

This year, however, the story is a different one. The Hilltoppers are again facing some of the strongest competition in the country—a fact easily seen by looking at a schedule that features such power-houses as Indiana, Purdue, Wyoming, Oklahoma A. and M., and St. Louis U.

Of their first ten games, the Bruins won four and lost six. Two of these victories came in the first attraction of the season—a double header with Parks Air College and Harris Teachers College. Both of these teams were flattened, Parks by a score of 65-21 and Harris 64-18. Following these two games, the Hilltoppers hit the road for the first out-of-town game of the season, journeying to Indiana to take on the strong Hoosier five from that state. The competition was quite a bit stiffer than it had been in the first two games, and Washington was outscored 53-39, although it trailed at the half by a single point only—22-21.

December 12th found the Bears tackling a rangy Arkansas State team at the Field House and walking off with a 53-39 decision. Stan London rose to new heights in that game as he poured in 26 points, scoring as many field goals himself as the entire ten man Arkansas squad put together. Three days later found the Bears once more in Indiana, this time in Lafayette, where they tangled with the previously undefeated Boilermakers of Purdue. At the half, it looked like a Purdue walkaway, but the Bears, giving some 4,000 fans a real thrill, came back strong in the second half and were nosed out by only four points, 32-28.

The Bear’s next contest was a nip and tuck ball game against Loyola of the South, with the New Orleans team downing the Bruins 46-44 in a last minute rally. The next two battles were successive ones with Missouri University. The two teams split with each other, the Bears grabbing the first one 45-42 although the Tigers took the one played at Columbia, 56-53. Only the fact that four of the five Washington starters fouled out during regulation time prevented the Bears from winning this game, too.

Wyoming’s National Champion Cowboys of 1942 were the next callers at the Field House, bringing a towering star-studded aggregation headed by the high scoring Kenny Sailors and 6’ 7” Milo Komenich. The Cowboys, with an undefeated record for the season and fresh from two victories in Madison Square Garden, found themselves trailing 19-17 at the half as the Bears fought them to a standstill. In the second half, however, it was too much. Sailors and Komenich, and the Cowboys went on to win 49-39.

(Continued on page 21)
Playing their usual smooth brand of basketball, the Phi Delta Theta team walked off with the intramural championship on January 15 by thoroughly trouncing the previously unbeaten Pi Lam squad, 33-16. The Phi Delts and Pi Lams emerged victors in their respective leagues. Neither outfit suffered defeat during the regular season.

Leading by only 14-9 at the intermission, the Phi Delts, led by Andy Schleiffarth, exploded with sudden fury in the second half. Andy, held scoreless up until this point, poured in five field goals and one free shot, and the Phi Delts gradually pulled away from their contenders. Schleiffarth, with eleven points, took scoring honors for the evening. Bob Bernthal was next with eight points, while Bill Gerstung and Stan Rosenblatt scored seven each.

Both the champs and the runner-up Pi Lam team had very impressive records during the season just concluded. The Phi Delta Theta five, coached by Bill Gerstung, who played a lot of basketball for Webster High a few years ago, won five in a row before the playoff game. Only once did they have a tough time winning—the game with Sigma Chi, which went into an overtime period before they could eke out a 27-21 victory. The Sigma Nu's also gave them a pretty good game. Otherwise, the Phi's bowled over Theta Xi, S. A. E., and Lee Hall by big margins. Bill Gerstung was their high scorer for the year, scoring 55 points in six games for a 9.1 average. Andy Schleiffarth, with 38 (Continued on page 17)
Everfast* "Mistysheer" Spun Rayon in Jonathan Logan's striped campus hits for Spring!

**Push-Up Sleeves** in wide striped junior dress. Navy, black, luggage with white. 9-15. 12.95

**Ruffled Torso Dress** in pink, blue, grey or green stripes. Sizes 9 to 15. 12.95

*Colors Guaranteed by Everfast,
Famous-Barr Co.'s Little New Yorker Shop—Fourth Floor
If we could roll back the years to 1930 and you were to have a coke date with Miss Betty Coed of that day, she’d probably wear a long-waisted blouse with Buster Brown collar, long tight sleeves, a slim skirt—calf length; and a hat with a deep fitting crown over her short bobbed hair. High narrow-heeled pumps would complete her outfit. This was typical school attire in those days, although it seems strange to us. During this era, the cowboy handkerchief tied around the neck was also popular.

Reminiscing through old magazines and yearbooks can be very amusing from a fashion point of view—for example, the very severe lines of the narrow ankle length formal of 1933 with low V-neck and scarcely any trim in contrast to our feminine bouffant dress of today; in 1938, the sweater girl in her snug short sleeved sweater with boat neck and leather belt around the waist. However, gals went in mostly for dresses for campus wear. It wasn’t ‘til 1940 that the sweater and skirt uniform became established. This “uniform,” of course, refers to the “sloppy Joe” and pleated skirt with socks and beloved saddles.

At that early date, tailored suits with fitted jackets of finger tip length and shorter skirts were seen. By 1941, everyone was wearing the pompadour and longer hair. Kerchiefs worn over the head, peasant manner, saw the beginning of a steadfast style. Girls also had a camel’s hair double breasted coat or a reversible raincoat. Pearls and fraternity pins were their only jewelry.

Coming up to the present time, we begin to recognize the “sensible?” fashions of today. The war restricted silhouette resulting from material shortages has the tubular skirt and broad shoulders. A minimum amount of fabric was put into clothes but a feeling of freedom and ease was maintained. Wool jersey sweater tops partially replaced knit ones. The home front lassie wore a three quarter length peacoat like her naval man’s, or an adaptation of her flyer’s battle jacket. Suits have a shorter, more fitted jacket and are without the previous mannish tailoring. With the war came “Sorry, no saddles,” but strollers instead, flat heels with sling backs, and moccasins. School formals were fond memories of the past.

Paris is again influential in the trend of 1946 fashions. They call it the “liberated silhouette”—hippy skirts, tiny waists and lowered waistlines, important large sleeves, longer hemlines. More than ever the look is young; Greek, Gainsborough, and Latin American inspirations. Cottons will feature a deep neckline with an off shoulder version. The nipped-in waist will be more an optical illusion rather than a “no breathing” proc-

(Continued on page 21)
The raindrops beat steadily upon the broad bay windows. The unbroken rhythm lulled Alice until she blinked her eyes sleepily and rested her head on the window frame. Slowly, her eyes followed the little rivulets of water trickling down the pane. She drew her thin, little legs close to her body and settled comfortably on the window seat.

"What makes rain, Aunt Jane?" she asked, without looking at the middle-aged woman who quietly knitted by the fireside. "Janie says its angels watering the flowers, but she's little and don't know."

"Doesn't know," her aunt automatically corrected.

"Doesn't know ... but what makes rain, Aunt Jane?" Alice was now on her knees staring out at the gray sheet of rain that had suddenly changed direction and no longer tapped on the window. "And why does it get so dark when it rains, and why . . .?"

"One question at a time, Alice. First, it rains because there's an accumulation of water particles in the atmosphere . . ."

"What's ac-cum-la-tion?"

"An accumulation is a gathering or a massing together . . . of water, in this case, which condenses from the vapor and falls to the earth."

Alice listened with a puzzled frown, but her aunt continued without simplifying her explanation.

"Then it is dark because the sun is hidden from us by the clouds; but, Alice, you have seen it rain when the sun was still shining, haven't you? When that happens, there's a rainbow and . . ."
and without hesitation, dumped the crayons on the rug, folded her legs and slapped the large book on her lap. She paged through the pictures of animals, flowers, and children, stopping occasionally to admire one or two of the fill-ins.

“Aunt Jane, should I color this giraffe or this billy-goat?” She shoved the book into her aunt’s lap and looked eagerly into her face.

“Heavens! Now I’ve dropped a stitch. Alice, don’t you have any manners? It isn’t necessary to knock a person over to get her attention. Merely say, ‘Please,’ and politely wait for a reply. And, Alice, you have those messy crayons scattered all over your Mother’s lovely white rug. I made that for her myself. Don’t tell me she allows you to throw your crayons on it? I declare, a girl of eight should be able to keep crayons in a box while she plays. You don’t see me throwing my knitting all over the room, do you?”

“How old are you, Aunt Jane?”

“That has nothing to do with it! Now pick up those crayons, and then fill in the goat ... a dark brown color."

“I want to make him green.”

“Who ever heard of a green goat?”

“I saw a green goat last night and he had red eyes and he said ‘hello’ to me when I ...”

“Don’t you lie to me now, Alice Jane. That’s an evil thing to do and little girls who lie are punished. You know perfectly well you have never seen a green goat ...”

“I did too, and I told Mommy about it. She held my hand and he didn’t come back.”

“When was all this, Alice?”

“Last night, after I went to bed.”

“Oh, it was a dream!”

“That’s what Mommy said, but I saw him and he was green with red eyes and I’m going to color this goat green, too.” Alice picked up the green crayon and applied it to the outline of the goat.

As she worked, she curled her tongue around her upper lip and bent her head low over the book. She brushed the drawing occasionally with her little finger and then rubbed her finger on her skirt to remove the green stain. When she had finished her drawing, she held it at arm’s length and looked to her aunt for praise, but her work went unnoticed.

Alice tossed the book to one side and slowly rose. She looked about the room, ran over to the bay window, noticed it was still pouring rain. She jiggled about on the spot, flipped her arms about aimlessly; picked up a pillow, bounded it on top of her head, then replaced the pillow on the window seat and sat down on it with a thump. Her aunt turned, Alice smiled wanly, folded her hands in her lap and adjusted herself on the pillow. Her aunt nodded and returned to her knitting.

Alice played with her fingers, “walked” them across the window sill, twisting her body and stretching out her legs as her hand continued along the length of the board. Suddenly, she lost her balance and fell heavily from the seat, as the satin pillow slipped off at one angle and she at another.

(Continued on page 19)
who wouldn't be the toast of the town?

lucy's company and here's a very good example the dress we mean soft white, dramatic black—together, a striking pair!

it's a Laura Lee original

LAURA LEE FROCKS, INC.
1307 Washington Ave. St. Louis

in Saint Louis, you can buy this Laura Lee at Famous-Barr
Passed and Perfect  
by Beverly Lueders  
illustrated by Florence Rundell

1. IT'S FASHIONABLE to accessorize your costume with Mexican jewelry. Our choice, this heavy square link bracelet of Mexican silver with replica of an old Aztec coin. Latin American Market, Stix—$12.95 plus tax.

2. IT'S FASHIONABLE to be old fashioned in a Grandma nightie, found at Famous. Of spun rayon with red or blue flower trim and ruffles accenting the yoke. Sizes 32-38. $4.50.

3. IT'S FASHIONABLE to have that brushed look, and woolens respond especially well to an English Tweed brush with long natural bristles and wooden handle. Peck's for $1.50.

4. IT'S FASHIONABLE to wear the new variation in flat heels by Selby. Sling back with instep strap in black calf. $8.95—Stix, second floor.

5. IT'S FASHIONABLE to know our Latin American neighbors through Spanish. The easy way to learn is through linguaphone records, "New World Spanish." The set includes two 10 record albums, plus a standard 337 page text. No. E68 and 69. Baldwin. $25.15.

6. IT'S FASHIONABLE to have a wasp waist, and our selection of a leather belt and purse combination achieves just that effect. Nailheads and single large star on purse. Scruggs—$5.95.

7. IT'S FASHIONABLE to combine your dirndls with a peasant blouse of washable chantung; wide boat neck with lace sleeves. Sizes 10-16 at Peck's—$14.95.

8. IT'S FASHIONABLE to travel light and this vanity case just fills the bill. Striped fabricated airweight luggage with adjustable straps inside for bottles. Size 7 x 9 x 12 1/2—Herbert and Meisel—$12.35.
"Poems Are Made by Fools Like Me"

Herald of Spring

Look up, my love, and push your
Calling back
I beg one moment; note the almanac—
A fleeting glance to 'mind you that
This day
Is that in which the heart
Must hold full sway.

These winter months your head
Was heavy bent.
In hungry learning
All your being spent.
But wander (may this
Fleeting meeting last)
Through the unwittingly
Neglected past

When first we met, and each of us
Alone
Aspired to make each other's charms
Our own,
And joined our hands
And wrought from two a heart
Which never can we sever
Should we part.

Sing to me the song we call our own;
Quote to me the jest we share alone;
Hold me while a tragedy we view;
Thus we shall our closeness once renew.

So long we've spent together
In this wise
Each dawn in thanks I lift
My wondering eyes,
And there behold my love
A greater thing
Than yesterday's, more than before,
Did bring;

And more tomorrow will my
Heart unlease
As our joys and sorrows shared
Increase.

Look upon me, love, and call me fair;
Kiss my brow and finger once my hair;
And now return, I draw again away;
But leave the message of this
Fourteenth day.

'Tis as a threat, a faint and
Whispering thing;
You'll have me more
At beckoning of spring.

—Ruth Everett

Imprisoned

My thoughts like wild birds first confined
Beat fluttering against my mind.
They cannot out, they cannot breach
The thick impediment of speech.
And I, no matter how I try,
Must helpless stand and feel them die.

—Anonymous

Memory

A melody humming through the leaves
Reminds me of love and all of these—
A youth being killed, one who loved that
song,
A youth who was loved and had done no
wrong;
A maiden sitting beneath some tree
Awaiting a ghost or a memory.

—Paula Tabachnik

Beauty

I'll never see a snow-flake fall
Or see a leaf quite green;
I'll never see a rose in bloom
Or see the birds in spring.

I saw them all through your heart once.
But now that you're not here,
My vision blurs, and what I see
Is beauty through a tear.

—Paula Tabachnik
The Finer Things of Life

by Mai Topping

Books:

Max Shulman has almost equaled his hilarious epic of campus life, Barefoot Boy with Cheek, in his latest satire, The Feather Merchants. Together with Bill Crawford's expressive illustrations, Shulman puts out 145 pages of Sergeant Dan Miller's adventures in civilian life. Probably the two high spots in the book are the descriptions of a war-time movie and a war-time night-club. The heroine of the Hollywood production spends most of her time on the screen offering to make "tiffin" for the hero. The Sty (Shulman version of what we of the elite call a dive) is famous for its high powered drink, the Sty Stingers. After a goodly number of these potent drinks, Sergeant Miller tells of the War Bond sale by a curvacious creature, "Miss Dawn Petite, who was dressed in a costume of four strategically placed War Bonds." Typical Shulmanism: "Benjamin Franklin or Old Lightning Rod."

Kiel:

After that last Benny Goodman farce, the Kiel men and myself have become estranged. They may, in the future, do their own publicity work . . . until there is a handy folder from which the program can be copied.

Phi Delta Theta Wins Championship

(Continued from page 9)

points in five games, had a 7.6 average, and Lou Feldmann, with 31 points in six games, had a 6.5 average. Bernthal and Buhrmaster were next in the scoring department.

Art Slonim's Pi Lam team had an even more impressive record as far as comparative scores go. Stan Rosenblatt led his team in scoring, amassing a total of 79 points in the six games he played, a 13.2 average. Bee Eder was next in line with 61 points over a seven game span, an average of 8.7 points per game. Bud Glaser and Art Slonim tallied 38 and 34 points respectively.

Records:

Sinatra's "Nancy," dedicated to his daughter, is nice, and sort of old, but still nice. (Columbia-36868.) Nominated for sweetest tune of '45: "It Might as Well Be Spring," Dick Haymes on Decca by a tonsil over Margaret Whiting on Capitol. Slam Stewart, the fellow who played the bass on Benny's "Slipped Disc," "After You've Gone," "Gotta be This or That," and others, used to do a record or two for the Vocalion people in about '37. The name of the outfit was Slim and Sam. "Flat Foot Floogie" was one of their best sellers. They made a sweet record of a dreamy thing called "Dancing on the Beach" with some of that fine bowing by Slim.

Classical Things:

We admit it's a little late—but you know publishing dates—so this issue covers all the doings of Cupid over the Christmas holidays! The spirit of giving certainly prevailed, and the diamonds flew thick and fast. Among those thus blessed:

Doe Hard, Zeta, from Alan Urebright.
Betty Knoke, Pi Phi, who went overboard for the medical profession in the person of Randy Cockrell.
Olive Sears, Delta Gamma, and Lou Vollmer, who have finally forsaken their on-again-off-again romance for wedding bells.
Gamma Phi’s Betty Baker and Mary Ann Wessel; we’d print the the names of the lucky men, but no one told us who they were!
Zeta Nettie Koerker, whose net snagged a certain Bill Dempster.
Pi Phi Peggy Swankhaus and Sigma Nu Jack Gorman, last year’s senate co-chairmen, decided that a partnership like theirs was so good they would make it last a lifetime.
But with the campus wallowing in young love and calf-eyed couples, Bill Glastris, new Phi Delta Theta social chairman, has decided he’ll side-step all that—figuring that his new job gives him a good excuse to free-lance.

Lorraine Mottman, Phi Mu, and Johnny Wolf, Delta Gamma (her man has been gone since ’43!) “Waitin’ for the Train to Come In”—and the sooner the better!
The Alpha Xi’s are in a stew—their pledge, B. J. Williams, received a diamond ring Xmas Eve and hasn’t revealed yet whether it has the usual significance or whether they’re “just friends.”

(Continued on page 20)
When It Rains
(Continued from page 13)

"Alice, what are you up to now?" Her aunt made an effort to rise, as she put the knitting to one side.

"Nothing," Alice scrambled to her feet, replacing the pillow as she rubbed her hand vigorously over her backside.

With long, exaggerated steps and her arms swinging widely, she lunged across the room to the piano. She climbed up on the bench and ran her forefinger across the keyboard. Then she bent low over the section nearest her and slowly picked out "Chopsticks." As the piece increased in tempo, Aunt Jane arose, walked to Alice's side and covered the two little hands with her larger ones.

"Alice, please, I have a headache. Are you hungry, would you like something to eat? Let's go out in the kitchen and I'll give you a glass of milk."

"And some cookies?" Alice added, her hands still on the keys.

"Yes."

Alice swung her legs over the bench, leaped down and ran from the room. Catching hold of the swinging kitchen door as she tore past it, she gave it a shove that caused the door to sway rapidly back and forth and grind noisily on its hinges. Once in the kitchen, Alice climbed up on the high white stool beside the stove and waited for her aunt to appear.

Aunt Jane quietly entered, put the swinging door at rest, and opened the ice box.

"I'll get the cookies," Alice volunteered, as she hopped down from the stool and ran to the cupboard. "Mommy keeps them in here. We have the most beautiful chocolate ones with nuts on the top. I always save the nuts until last though 'cause they're best. And there are some peanut-butter ones too. I helped Mommy bake those. I took them off the cookie pans all by myself."

Alice took the squat fat cookie jar to the table, removed the lid, and plunged her hand deep into the inside. She found three chocolate cookies and placed them in a row on the table. Then she coupled them with three flat peanut-butter cookies."

"Alice, you can't eat that many cookies!"

"Some are for you, Aunt Jane. Don't you want some?"

(Continued on page 24)

Washington Looks to the Future
(Continued from page 6)

ciologist needs to know what technical developments will change the social pattern a few years hence and what it is feasible to do through the passage of laws toward meeting the problems of the present. It is important that every person who would take his place in society should be not only a specialist who can do one job well but even more, a citizen who is alive to today's human problems.

Ways of bringing about such an integration at Washington University are numerous. We want a Union Building where students from various parts of the University will naturally meet each other. We want a Faculty Club where our teachers will learn to appreciate each other's fields of knowledge and will teach their students with a sympathy for the broader interests of their students. Athletic programs, lectures and concerts, class and interschool get-togethers, work in the right direction. We may expect an increasing proportion of our students to live on campus. All of these factors will bring about a spirit of loyalty and a broadening of our horizons.

Throughout the world, education is assuming a place of increasing importance. All indications are that Washington University will grow in educational stature during the next decade more rapidly than most of the institutions over the country. More and more students throughout the central states will want to come to us. Our long and honorable record is a foundation on which we can build a greater structure of which our alumni will be proud.

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Flo's Trip to Miami

(Continued from page 7)

joint on the beach. Oh, Mame, it's a real cute place an' ya kin eat with yer bathin' suit on. Ya'd luv it. They plays the juke-box an' we dances a little. Gertie kinda hints we loves to dance an' we don't no nobody in Miami, so the boys, Hank an' Sam (Sam's my fella an' he's a dream, Mame. I'll show you his pitcher when I see ya. Ya'll love him) anyway, the boys asks us if we'd like ta see Florida after dark. Well, we let 'em no that we don't usu'ly go all over town with mere acquaintenses, but we says yes finely. (After all, Mame, there's no sense in bein' stuffy. After all, we comes here ta meet fellas an' there's no sense in gettin' ta no 'em if ya ain't gonna no 'em better once ya meet 'em. Ain't it?)

Well, after that wp has a swell time. Hank nos the guy who plays the pieanna in one of the clubs here. So we been makin' it a habit ta go there. He really plays a hot set of iv'ries an' the songs he sings. (Wait 'till I sing 'em ta ya. Ya'll die laughin'. Ya'll love 'em. An' th' moshuns he goes tru when he sings 'em. I'm telling ya, Mame, it'll slay ya. Th' boys at The Plantation ain't near as good. This guy is really groovey). Well, the bartender is a karacter, too. He kin mix any drink ya kin think of an' anything ya kin drink. Some of 'em looks so fancy, too. Ya'd love it. I never seen nuthin' like it. (Cost ya six-bits or a buck, too. Ya'd half ta be a millionair to live here, Mame. Kin ya 'magine, a dollar fer a drink?)

Anyway, we really got a tan, too. Ya wouldn't no me. I'm black as a nigger. Ev'rybody is down here. Goin' round in swimmin' suits all day an' in slacks or shorts at night. I kinda like the informal atmosfere. Don'tchyou? It's so chick. Ya'd love it. Ev'ryday on the beach is hard on my swimmin' suit, tho. The sun fades it. Gertie an' I always git a coupla fellas ta swim wit us or play ball. It's really the life down here, Mame. Ya'd love it.

If I don't sound so good in this letter, Mame, jist remember it's Sunday, an' kid, it's 'cuz I really had a night last night. We made th' rounds of ev'ry place on th' beach. Wich is a lot of places, too, Mame. We had one drink in ev'ry place an' by the time we got ta th' end of the line, Gertie passed out. Well, I wuz mortified (she fell flat on her face right on the dance floor an' two couples tripped an' fell over her 'fore we could pick her up. Leave it ta Gertie ta do sumpthin' like that. 'Magine how ya'd feel, Mame.) Anyway, I'm not up ta par today as the sayin' goes. So, I guess that I'll cloze. Tell all the girls at the plant hello an' that I'll be back soon.

Your pal,

Flo

P.S. I've got a lot ta tell ya when I see ya. You'll love it.

(ED. NOTE: To freshman English students—This is an example of how not to write your English themes.)

Gossip

(Continued from page 18)

The former LaVerne Rosenow, Delta Gamma, knocking us all for a row of Xmas candles when she became Mrs. Frank Bubb, Jr., Xmas Eve.

Jack Reed, head of the Phi Delta Theta's, has decided that since it is February, it couldn't possibly be June but Gloria Gross (Pi Phi). Zeta Pledge Ginny Rochford didn't let any grass grow under her feet over the holidays—she came back to school bearing the Kappa Alpha badge—formerly the property of Bob Eversole, who's not complaining.

Betty Heideman, Delta Gamma, being courted in the good old-fashioned style that makes a gal's heart race—with orchids and long distance phone calls from New England. His name is Dick Kaynor and he's doing all right! Wedding bells for them come June.

Finals is really a bad time for romances to start booming—at least, that's what Alpha Xi Millie Topping and Jack O'Neil thought, 'cause they weren't getting much studying done.
Varsity Basketball
(Continued from page 8)

The Bears' next game was with Drake—their first conference clash, which they dropped with a score of 44-42. In the overtime period, a shot by a Bulldog guard, Bendas, from near mid-court, settled the issue.

The Bears' last game before this writing was with the unbeaten Iowa Seahawks from Ottumwa, another of the most outstanding teams in the country. The Navy boys were pressed hard before finally pushing the Bears aside, 52-44. The game was played at Kiel Auditorium as part of a twin bill before a capacity crowd of 9,000.

At the present writing, Stan London, with 160 points to his credit, is not only Washington's leading scorer, but one of the leaders of the country. Al Berger, with 84 points, and Don Schultz, with 74, are the other high point-getters on the Hilltopper cage team.

Tales of Yesteryear
(Continued from page 5)

separately and at different times. This fragmentation was in part due to the fact that the component parts of the University came into being under separate auspices and were only later merged under the Charter of 1853; but to a greater extent, it was due to the fact that the buildings in which the various divisions carried on their work were scattered rather widely and separated from one another by intervening urban developments.

The "main" building in those days, the one that accommodated the Department of Arts and Sciences, was at the southwest corner of 17th St. and Washington Avenue. It was an L-shaped structure fronting on Washington Avenue but with a wing extending south on 17th St. to an alley; and in the backyard formed by the L was a two-story Chemical Laboratory and a barn-like one-story gymnasium. The Washington Avenue frontage was four stories high, in addition to a basement a little below street level, and all around the base of the high mansard roof was a wide cornice or coping to which there was ready access from the windows of the fourth-floor drafting room. The drafting room contained a big sink for washing blueprints, and every student who worked up there kept in his table a liberal supply of 20-pound sugar bags. A bag of that sort, carefully filled with water at the sink constituted a first-class hydraulic bomb, and that wide cornice was a ready-made launching platform. The pinpoint accuracy of aim acquired by students lying prone on that cornice was the cause of many a shower bath to unsuspecting persons below. On one occasion the Instructor in Civil Engineering set up a plane-table in the backyard and was engaged in showing his students, all grouped closely about the table, how to operate it; a 20-pound water-bag landed squarely in the middle of that table, and that may be one reason why the present buildings are only two stories high, with no copings, and with no water supply near the roof. At any rate, it is a satisfaction that present-day students find fun in saner and less adolescent ways. (ED. NOTE: Do they?)

(To be continued next month)
Ho o m e r?

It was one of mother’s most hectic days. Her small son, who had been playing outside, came in with his pants torn. “You go right in, remove your pants, and mend them yourself.”

Some time later, she went to see how he was getting along. The torn pants were lying on the chair. The door to the cellar, usually closed, was open and she called down loudly and sternly: “Are you running around down there without your pants on?”

“No, Madam, I am reading the gas meter.”

“You’re not going to walk home in that condition!”

“Hie! Coursh not. Gonna drive.”

The teacher was testing the knowledge of the kindergarten class. Slapping a half dollar on the desk she said sharply, “What is that?”

Instantly a voice from the back row: “Tails.”

“Was your friend shocked over the death of his mother-in-law?”

“Shocked?! He was electrocuted!”

“No, Miss de Blieux, a neckerchief is not the head of a sorority.”

“Waiter, bring us two orders of Spumoni Vericelli, please.”

“Sorry, Sir, but that’s the proprietor.”

Jim: “Yep, the engagement is off; she won’t marry me.”

Joe: “Did you tell her about your rich uncle?”

Jim: “Yeah. Now she’s my aunt.”

P. O.: “Chief, there’s an applicant here who said he used to make his living by sticking his right arm into a lion’s mouth.”

C. P. O.: “What’s his name?”

P. O.: “Lefty.”

Girl: “I suppose you have been in the Navy so long that you are accustomed to sea legs.”

Sailor: “Why, lady, I wasn’t even looking!”

Boss: “You can’t ask for a raise like that. You must work yourself up.”

Employee: “I did. I’m trembling all over!”

“Cheer up, pal. A woman’s ‘no’ often means yes.”

“How about her ‘phooey’?”

Housewife to the Tramp: “You seem to be an able-bodied man. You ought to be strong enough to work.”

Tramp: “I know, ma’am, and you seem to be beautiful enough to go on the stage, but evidently you prefer the simple life.”

Housewife: “Step into the kitchen and I’ll see if I can’t find you a steak.”

Girl: “Incidently, your pants are practically gone!”

Tramp: “I know that. I cut them myself.”

“Cheer up, pal. ‘Incidently’ is a woman’s ‘no.’”

Still Life??

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When It Rains

(Continued from page 19)

“I’ll help myself, thank you. Put yours on a plate. Here’s your milk; don’t spill it now. Go wash your hands.”

Alice took the glass with both hands, carried it carefully to the table, taking tiny steps as she walked. She watched the rich white liquid move close to the brim of the glass with each step she took, and she held her breath until she deposited the glass safely on the table. This accomplished, Alice skipped to the sink faucet, sprinkled her hands with water and dried them on a brightly-colored cloth, leaving it streaked with little brown and green stains.

The door bell rang.

“That’s Mommy,” Alice cried happily, “Just in time for cookies and milk.” She flew into the living room, tugged at the heavy front door and opened it to a pretty smiling woman. “Hello, Mommy, you’re just in time! Did you get all wet? Did you bring me something? Didya, huh?”

“Hello, darling,” the young woman laughed. “Yes, I brought you something... but you’ll have to wait a minute till I fold this wet umbrella. Give me a kiss. Did you get along all right with Aunt Jane while I was downtown?”

“Kinda, but I missed you, Mommy. What did you bring me?” The little girl clung to her Mother’s hand and danced about as she talked.

“Here, you little nuisance,” her mother teased. “Open it up and see for yourself.”

Alice took the package her mother handed her, squatted on the floor and tore into the brown wrapping paper, as Aunt Jane walked into the room.

“Hello, Jane,” Alice’s Mother called out cheerfully. “Sorry I was so long, but the rain detained me. Get much accomplished on your knitting?”

“No, I didn’t,” Jane answered looking at Alice. “What did you bring her this time? I declare, Anita, you’re spoiling the child!”

Alice glanced at her aunt and then back to her package, her little hands tugged the thick, knotted cord and finally uncovered the surprise... a clay modeling set. Her eyes grew wide as she lifted each slab of colored clay from its place and arranged the slabs about her on the floor. She set up the book of diagrams and instructions before her and unwrapped the wax paper from one of the packages of clay.

“Oh, this is fun, Mommy, like mud pies... only nicer!” She dug her fingers into the soft pliable material and as it squeezed between them, she squealed with delight.

“Look, Mommy!”

Her mother stooped down beside her. “We can have lots of fun with that on rainy days, Alice. We can make little dishes and bake them in the oven. You can make Daddy an ash tray and surprise him, too.”

“You’ll surprise Ed with warped woodwork if you allow that dripping umbrella to stand there much longer,” Jane interjected, “I’m taking it out to the kitchen sink right now.”

As Jane picked up the wet umbrella, carefully holding it at arm’s length, and walked haughtily from the room, Alice watched her with a frown, then turned to her Mother. Both broke into a laugh and squeezed each other’s hand in understanding.

Ecstasy

I want the sun to touch my cheek,
The moon to kiss my brow;
I want the heavens, if not too meek,
To see if they can try somehow
To calm my joy, now at its peak.

I want the trees to sigh to me,
The flowers, their glorious colors show
To others, but perceive that I shall see
Not as those others, that I know
Their poem in my ecstasy.

—Paula Tabachnik

Policeman: “Where are you going in such a hurry?”

Student: “I just bought a new textbook and I am trying to get to class before it goes out of date.”

Kindly clergyman, pinching little boy’s knee: “And who has nice chubby pink legs?”

Little Boy: “Betty Grable.”
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