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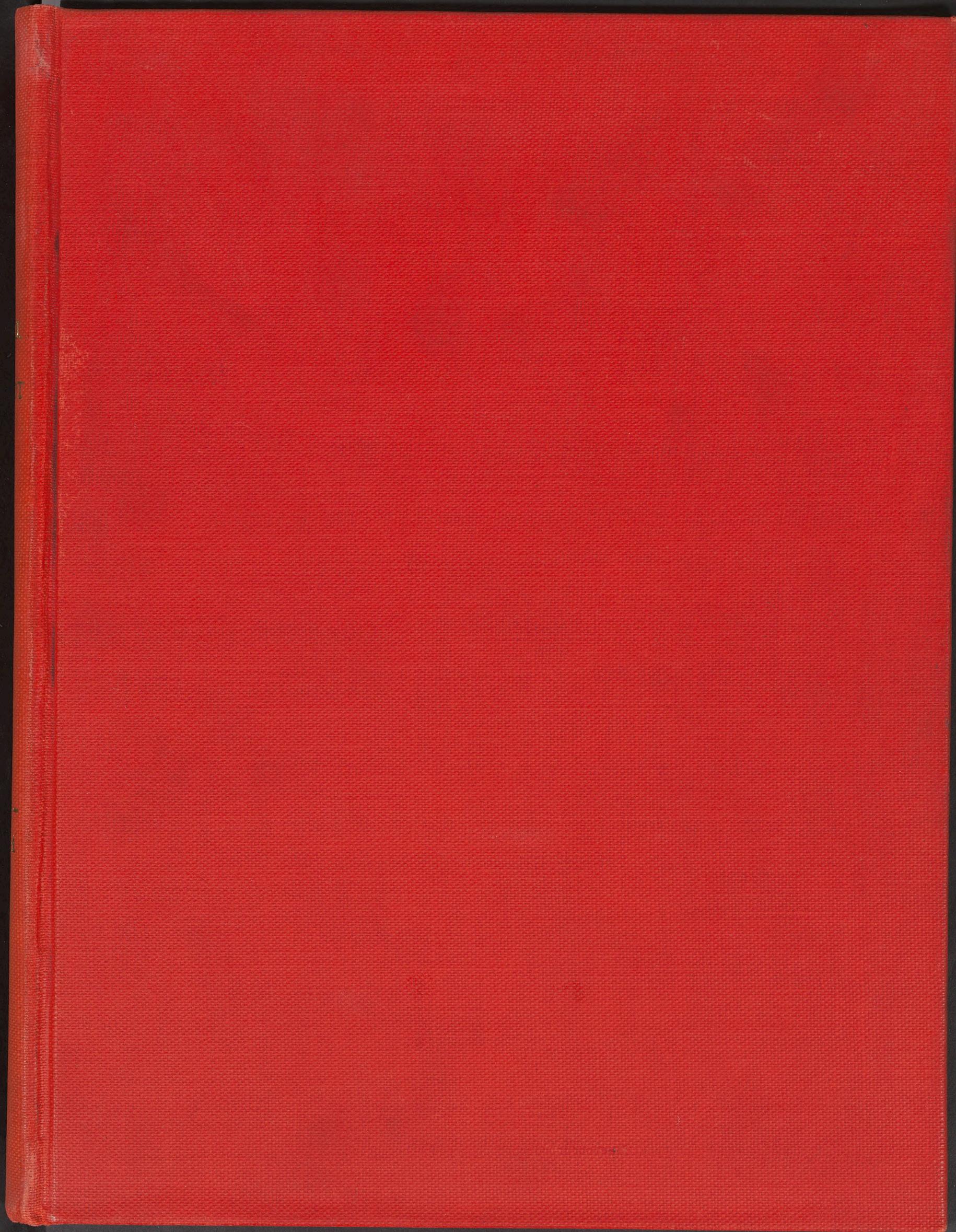
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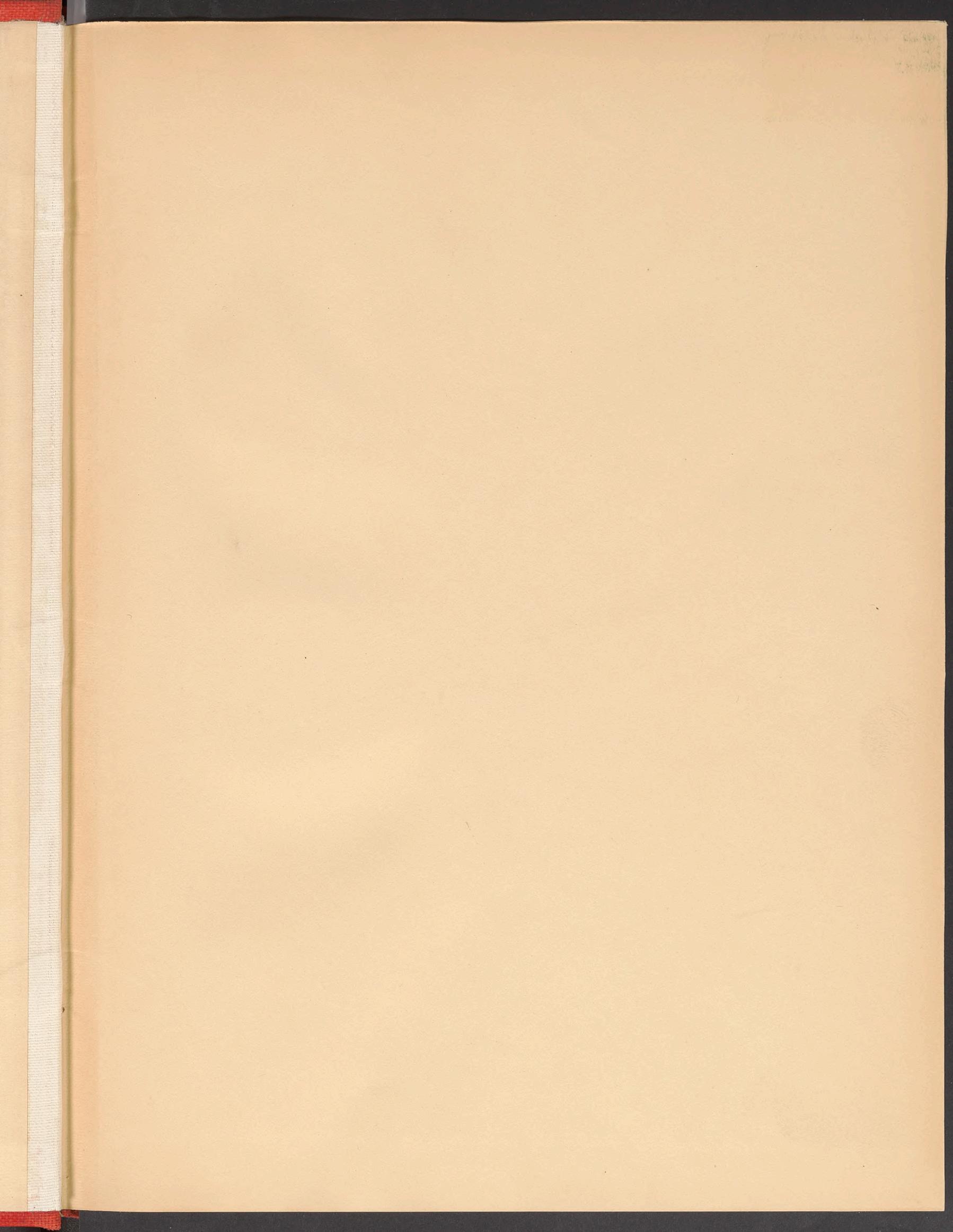
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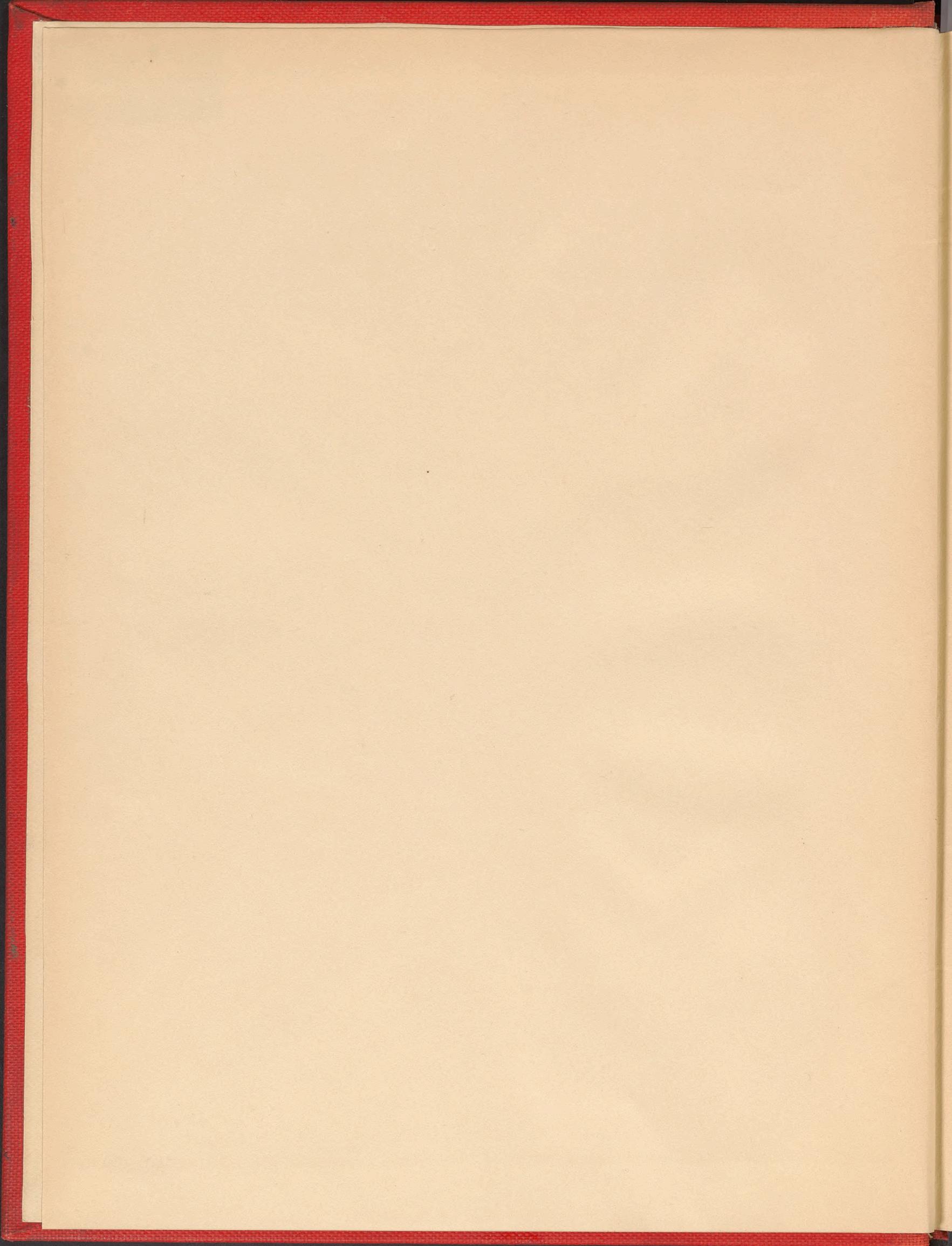
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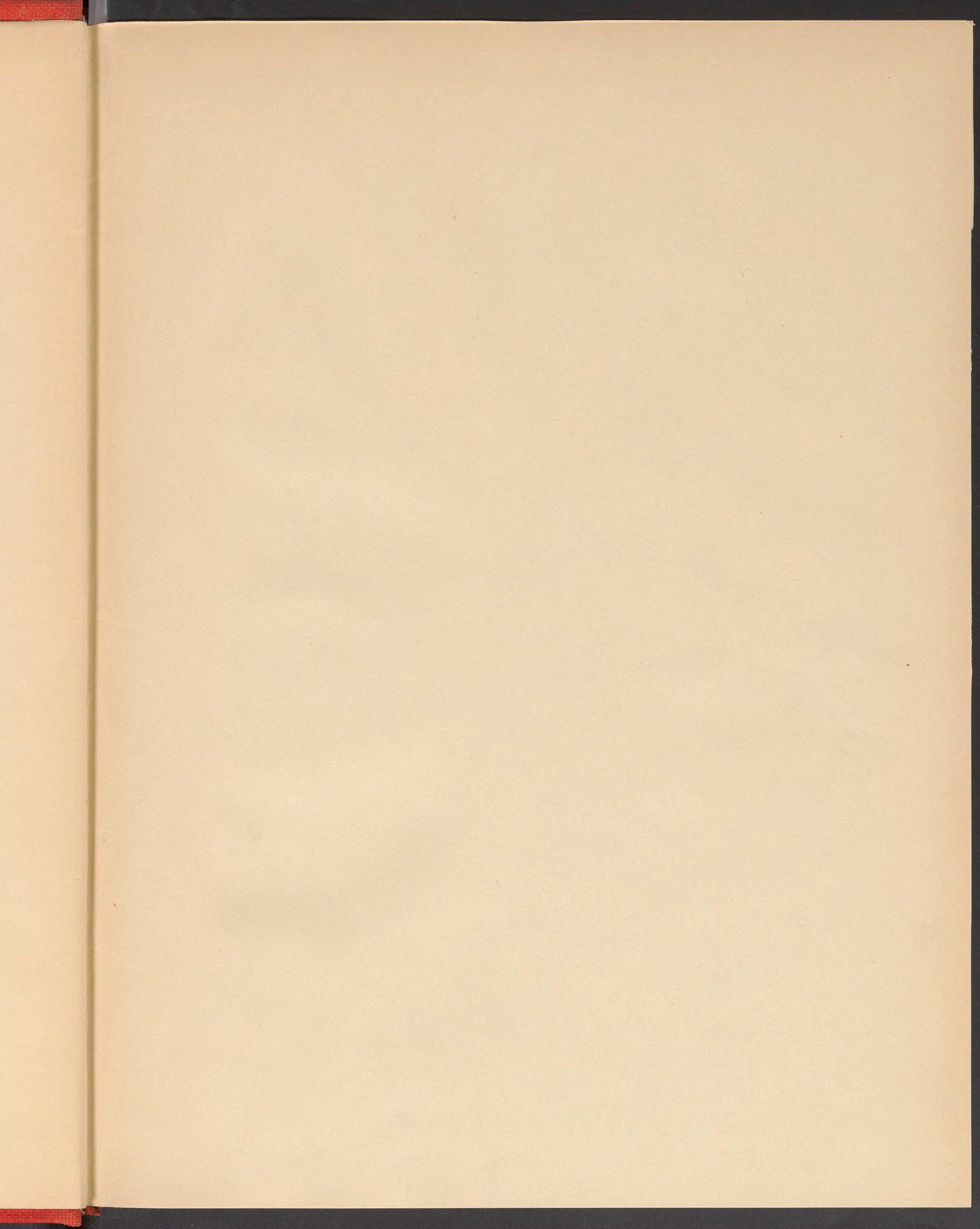
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St. Louis, Mo.







No

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1

The

ELIOT

Washington University • St. Louis, Missouri

CTOBER

1940

15¢





● Actual color photograph—Bill Currin chants "Sold American!" at a tobacco auction.

Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine

As tobacco experts like Bill Currin will tell you, Luckies buy the finer leaf. These men know—they spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco.

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Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands*—less than any one of them.

Luckies, you see, analyze tobacco before buying it. So our buyers can select leaf that is ripe and mellow, yet milder—low in nicotine.

Remember, with independent tobacco experts, with men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1.



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★ NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

From January 1938 through June 1940
Lucky Strike has averaged

- 9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
- 20.55% less nicotine than Brand B
- 15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
- 4.74% less nicotine than Brand D

For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred.

With men who know tobacco best—it's LUCKIES 2 TO 1

THIS WAY OUT

an alphabetical listing of places to go

The Theater

Plays

American Theatre—619 Market St. (CH 6113).

The Little Foxes with Tallulah Bankhead—Mon., Oct. 21 through Sat., Oct. 26.

The Man Who Came to Dinner with Clifton Webb. Opens Mon., Oct. 28 for a three week engagement.

Little Theatre—812 N. Union (FO 1222)

Outward Bound — Mon. Nov. 4 through Sat., Nov. 9th.

Dinner, Supper and Dancing

Black Forest, The—6432 Gravois (FL 1830). If you like to pound your mug on the table and sing German songs, you will spend most of your time here.

Candlelight House—7800 Clayton Rd. (HI 3160). There is a small band and a small dance floor. You will get along fine here if you don't mind close quarters. Minimum charge Sat. and Sun.

Chase Club—Hotel Chase (RO 2500). This is the same old Chase Club, pleasantly formal with informal dress. Henry King and his band are there, and a floor show. Incidentally, they promise something colossal in their new roof spot. Minimum charge.

The Jug—Coronado Hotel (JE 7700). You won't see many college students here, but it's a nice place to spend a casual evening. There is a six piece band. Small minimum charge.

To Lift A Glass

Busch's Grove—9160 Clayton Road. Washington U. lawyers find this a pleasant place to spend the late afternoon. If you like tradition, good service, and excellent food you will be well satisfied here.

Coal Hole—Coronado Hotel. An informal, but strictly smooth gathering spot. Travelling men, and older people find this a pleasant place to relax.

Culpepper's—4665 Maryland. Culpepper draws a lot of the debutante crowd during the off-season, but not all that glitters here, is gold.

Crown Room—Kingsway Hotel. This is a nice place to go if you're attending a dance at The Kingsway.

Embassy Club—3514 Franklin. There's a minimum charge. After eleven thirty things are pretty high.

Forest Park—Forest Park Hotel. If you are a Washington University student this place will probably remind you of the Quad Shop. If you are not you will just find it pleasantly lively.

Graham's Grill—Clayton and Forsythe. The college students, the west side youth, and the county politicians hold down the stools here.

Huffnagel's—4967 Delmar. You won't see many college boys here, but if you want to stay up late you will find this a pleasant and inexpensive spot.

Little Bohemia—3522 Franklin. There Comes a time in everyone's life when this kind of thing seems glamorous. The waitresses are well worth the trip, however, and you won't have to worry about the closing time.



Tennessee (or Tom) Williams, who has been doing Mexico on advance royalties from a play recently sold to the Theatre Guild of New York.

Tennessee used to go to school here.

Medart's—7036 Clayton Ave. A good place for that mid-night hamburger or "Coca-Cola." You will also find this an excellent place for the more hasty "maids-night-out" dinner.

Merry-Go-Round—Park Plaza Hotel. The smoothest, and one of the most expensive of the "pre-dinner" lounges.

Piccadilly, The—Hotel Melbourne. An excellent spot for a short stop after one of the Grand Avenue shows. The songs are well sung and the electric organ melts inauspiciously into the surroundings.

Ramelkamp's—7817 Clayton Rd. When 'you lift a glass' here it has milk in it. The atmosphere's nice, and there is a juke-box for dancing.

Richmond Buffet—7014 Clayton Ave. The Sigs discovered this one, and if you like your fun loud and informal, we advise you to try it, as one of the best of the all-college spots.

Steeplechase—Hotel Chase. When you raise your glass you hit somebody else in the eye, if you move your feet you step on somebody else, but the victims all keep coming back for more. Three-piece band and singer nightly.

Burke's Stables—6201 Delmar. If you like to come home from work, take off your shirt, and put your feet on the railing of your front porch, you'll get along well with the crowd here.

Town Hall—6736 Clayton Ave. There is a place to dance in the basement, you can get your sandwiches on the first floor, and there is a little room on the East side where you can get all the "Coca-Cola" you want. All very informal.

Victorian Club—3719 Washington. Doctors find this an excellent place to eat, and amateur Tommie Manvilles like to stay up late here.

Walnut Room—Gatesworth Hotel. Drop in here if you want to see people you know. If you want to sit down, get here early.



**DOWN WENT
McGINTY—**
but he's out of the dog house now!



"SURE AND IT'S good riddance to an ugly-smellin' pipe!" snapped Mrs. McGinty, dropping the pipe into the water. Quick as an Irish temper, down went McGinty after it!



"NICE WORK, MISTER!" said a young lad on the dock. "But you better smoke a *milder* tobacco to stay out of the 'dog house'. Try the world's best-smelling blend of burleys!"

New!
Cellophane tape around lid seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!



UNION MADE

Tune in UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE
Every Tuesday night—NBC Red network
Prizes for your "Dog House" experience

WE HAVE WITH US . . .

CHARLES HEISER: he's the boy that translated that manuscript from Anglo Saxon. He told us he just found it kicking around, so he handed it in to Eliot. That's good enough. Considering the trouble that we usually have getting people to write stories and articles, having one just dropped in our laps without solicitation is a practice we want to continue.

Charlie comes from across the river, and went to Belleville Township High School. While there he was editor of the paper and sports editor of the Year Book. He told us though that journalism is just one of his interests. He was out for Freshman basketball last year, and he's thinking of majoring in science. When we asked him what his greatest aim was, he said, "I sort of want to right a Saturday Evening Post article, but you know, you have to start at the bottom. I thought I'd try Eliot."

JANET WILLIAMSON: the newest addition to our staff, and author of the story on page seven. We're awfully glad to have her around, because she has had a lot of experience. As a matter of fact, she's had a lot more than we have had.

She is a junior this year, and a transfer from Mills College. At Mills, she worked on the Mills Manuscript, the magazine, had her own column in the paper, and was also on the year book. She's at Washington to get her B.S. in Education. When we asked her if she was planning to teach, she replied: "I'm not planning for anything except war. I want to be a messenger pilot behind the lines."

Her chief interest, of course, is writing, and in the short time she has been at Washington, she has gotten on Student Life, Eliot, and has signed up for Hatchet work. Her greatest joy, though, lies in her rejection slip from The New Yorker, and a drink that we all turn to sometime or other.

ALAN GREEN: is the boy that wrote our drama column and well he should. He has been in numerous plays at the Civic Theater, the Little Theater, and Thyrsus. A trip to New York equipped him to write our previews, and also made him pretty enthused about the Stork Club, where he sat on the good side. The significance of that is that if you go to the Stork Club, you won't sit on the good side. Alan, as you may have guessed, is going into the theatre. While at Washington he hasn't been in much besides Thyrsus and Eliot, but that's understandable. We have known times when he was working in three shows at once. He hasn't had a lot of leisure time. He is in the College, and is majoring in English and History of Art.

JANE ALLEN: our new Managing Editor. She has been around Eliot office just about as long as the windows, and has, at one time or another, done almost everything there is to do on the magazine. She has never appeared in We Have With Us, so here she is.

Jane is a senior in the college, and has only been here four years. That, if you believe what people say, is pretty good. Her activities have been Eliot, of which she was Distribution Manager last year, and the executive board of the W.A.A. (It has something to do with women's athletics) She is a member of the Press Club, and Pi Phi Social Chairman. She doesn't do much else but knit, and most of that in Eliot Office.

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Every Kind of Smoker



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The ELIOT

OCTOBER 1940

EDITORS

Earl Sherry, Jr.

Courtney Heineman

MANAGING EDITOR

Jane Case Allen

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS—Janet Williamson, Nancy Roeder, Cordelia See, Wini Bryan, Fred Giesel, Charles Heisner, Alan Green.

ART STAFF—Allan Koken, George Owen.

BUSINESS MANAGER—Jack Cable.

PHOTOGRAPHY—Bill Dee.

EXCHANGE EDITOR—Edith Marsalek.

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IDEAL FRESHMAN GIRL



EYES

Winner

Rosalie Kincaid (K.A.T.)

Runners-Up

Petty Inman (K.K.G.)

M. Taussig (K.A.T.)

HAIR

Winner

Betty Ann Stupp (D.G.)

Runners-Up

M. J. Bartlett (K.A.T.)

A. J. Love (Pi Phi)

LIPS

Winner

Marianna Taussig (K.A.T.)

Runners-Up

Jean Bradshaw (Gamma Phi)

B. Sprague (K.K.G.)

FIGURE

Winner

Ann Page Sullivan (K.K.G.)

Runners-Up

Ann Hennigan (K.A.T.)

Ilda Smith (K.A.T.)

COMPLEXION

Winner

V. Kammerer (Pi Phi)

Runners-Up

Pat Wolf (K.K.G.)

A. J. Love (Pi Phi)

LEGS

Winner

Mary Anne Fotheringham
(Gamma Phi)

Runners-Up

Dot Brown (K.K.G.)

Gloria Elsner (Pi Phi)



George Owen

THE TOWERS and THE TOWN

The "Mixer"

AFTER exerting a great deal of "pull" we wormed our way through the red tape that surrounds the "Freshman Mixer," in order to give a look for Eliot. As soon as we entered the field house, we cocked an ear for the whoops and huzzahs of the freshmen as they cut their first college caper. The noise we heard was the frantic murmur of a crowd surrounding somebody who collapsed on the street. The freshmen seemed rather subdued, and a little embarrassed about having to dance with people they didn't know. Insidiously, we worked our way into the welter of dancers to see what they were talking about. We bring you here a conversation that we heard repeated numbers of times, in fact, almost any time we turned around. The boy, realizing that it was up to him, led off with, "Boy they're sure puttin' it to us, aren't they?" The girl came right back with, "Yeah, you bet." There was a long, tense pause, and then the boy looked over her shoulder and sighed, "Well, this is college you know." As we said, the freshmen looked rather unhappy, but the usual answer to our question, "How do you like the mixer?" was an emphatic, "Oh, I'm having a wonderful time." This answer was usually repeated twice, the second time thoughtfully, and with a glance around the room, to make sure.

The powers that ran the mixer employed several "figures" to keep the freshmen from dancing with the same partners too much. One of them resulted in an unhappy five minutes for at least one couple. The boys and girls were in two concentric circles, each moving in a different direction. When the signal came to stop, each boy was supposed to dance with the girl in front of him. When the circles stopped and partners were chosen, we noticed that two small

boys, not over five foot three or four, had ended in front of a behemoth of a girl. They looked sadly at each other, and, as if from long practice, produced a coin and flipped. They kept the results to themselves, but as one danced away with the girl, he looked over his shoulder at his friend and said wistfully, "Judas priest, you always win."

There must have been some that had a fine time. As we were on our way out, a freshman came rushing in front of us up to a friend and yelled, "Ain't this a haymaker though? wheee-ew!"

Yes Sir!

We know that this is not the time to be talking of exams and vacations, but this happened too late for inclusion in the last issue. Two friends of ours had just finished their last exam, and were walking jauntily, although a little wearily from Brown to Brookings. As they reached the door into Brookings, Dr. Lien came out, looked them over carefully, sized up the situation, and walked on, muttering, "Free men, free men."

Punch Boys, Punch with Care

The fact that Student Activity Books were given out in Eliot office this year has caused us no end of trouble. We have been deluged with people asking us to please give them their activity books, but that's not the worst. After we had seen some two thousand activity books given out, we began to wonder what in hell the punching of the numbers on the front meant. Perhaps you haven't noticed, but on the front of your activity book are the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and three of them are punched. By the numbers that are punched, or the position of the punches, or something that we have not as yet deciphered, the boys in the

know can pretty well tell whether it's your book or not.

A friend of ours is one of the boys that does the punching, but we haven't been able to find out anything from him. The punchers are a strange breed of silent men, sworn to secrecy, in the best interests of the university. We have puzzled over the problem with three or four of our friends' books before us, but every time we think we have a solution, we find that two completely opposite people have the same punches on the same numbers. In case you want to do a little figuring of your own, ours has six punches on it, one in 3, one in 9, and four in 6. We like to think that the four in 6 means that we are pretty hot potatoes, but deep inside we know that it just means that our hair hangs in our eyes, or we walk with a limp, or our signature is pretty fancy. If you figure it out, drop down to the office sometime, and we'll talk things over.

The English Department

We were trying to visualize, just now, what the first few weeks of school will be like, with professors and undergraduates trying to accustom themselves to some thousand freshmen. We keep recalling that cartoon showing the New York city hall writhing and groaning and letting off steam as Mayor LaGuardia blasted away in its vitals. Well, you can take our word for it that the south wing of Brookings does everything but tear its chimneys, while the English Department (which comes into contact with all the freshmen) struggles to inure itself to the pains that a thousand freshmen can cause. For the first two or three weeks the building just sputters and rumbles as the hissed threats and muttered curses of the English professors pepper against its walls. When the professors resign themselves to teaching the new addi-

tions, and only kick an occasional waste-basket around, Brookings settles back with an exhausted sigh. A quiet week passes, and then with a roar the building jumps from the ground and swells with the screeches of the English Department as it finds that the Sophomore English students, with nice illiterate summers tucked under their belts, are worse than the freshmen. A week more, and the wing settles despondently upon its foundations, giving only a slight shudder as the conferences take place. Conferences over, the English department grits its teeth, rolls up its sleeves and goes to work on freshmen and sophomores, while Brookings pats its mortar back into place and relaxes until finals.

Conspiracy

We were sitting at a professor's desk the other day, idly looking things over, when we found, on the back of an apparently innocent blotter, a few words of national significance. Typed on the blotting side was this list:

Washington University
Columbia University
United States Navy
United States Marines
United States Army
Underwood Typewriter Co.

What, we pondered, gave rise to this list? In what way are our armed forces linked to Underwood Typewriter Company? What, for that matter, is the link between Washington University and Columbia University? Is this strange alliance of education, militarism, and corporation to be confined to an Eastern and a Middle Western school? What about California? After careful consideration, we have decided that all this has something to do with the world situation, and our preparation for things. Here's the way we figured it out.

Washington University and Columbia University are to be either the recruiting or the training fields for

some strange new type of warfare that requires typewriters. This of course suggests propaganda usage, but we suspect something even more sinister. We haven't figured out the full proposition yet, but we can picture this new corps of Washington and Columbia University students going into battle pecking away like mad, adding the clatter of typewriters to the rest of the din. (We know that Underwoods are supposed to be noiseless, but we've been around.) We guess that it's all for morale. From everything that we've seen and read, ninety percent of the nation works in offices anyway. The commanders must figure that any man will go over the top with a typewriter clicking cheerily beside him.

We think they're on the right track. The possibilities of a typewriter corps are inexhaustible. Give us a portable and send us right on up, sir.

The Draft

We're in college, and therefore won't be drafted, at least until July 1, 1941. Not so some of our friends. They've been telling us their problems for the last week or so, with regard to getting exempted. Most of them have resigned themselves to their fate and decided that there was scarcely time for production either of children or disability. A southern friend was struggling to the last, though. When we saw him, the Sunday before the big Wednesday, he told us, "Ah've got a job stahnting Monday the foahteenth, but ah don't see how ah can possibly become indispensable bah Wednesday."

Dorsey and Company

Washington received a visit not long ago, from a figure very prominent in popular music circles. Far better known on the campus, we must say, than Mr. Stokowski or Mr. Toscanini will ever be. I refer to

Tommy Dorsey, the dean of modern dance-band leaders. (Mind you, I said **dance band**). His first stop on the campus, was at the Phi Delt house, where he and an entourage of twelve ate lunch. He had with him Joe Bushlein, his piano player, **The Pied Pipers**, Sarah L. Ray, his secretary, and several business associates. After lunch, he stayed at the Phi Delt house long enough to play a bit himself, and to allow the Pied Pipers to sing a few songs. Then, he moved next door to the S.A.E. house, where he and the Pied Pipers repeated their performances.

From the S.A.E. house he moved on to the Sigma Nu house, where we picked him up. There he was joined in his playing by a freshman drummer. The freshman restrained himself on the first piece that he and Dorsey and Bushlein did, but on the second, he took a prolonged and uninspired ride on the drums, while Dorsey and pianist strung along. Dorsey was indulgent about the drumming and the time it took, much more so than we would have been. He and the Pied Pipers finished the rest of their program without further interruption, and when the crowd had cleared, we stepped in for a good look at the maestro. Dressed in a dark gray pin stripe suit, a dark red tie and white shirt, he looked, as has often been remarked, like a very scholarly young man. However, just in case any of you girls have been thinking along "Mrs. Dorsey" lines, I must report in the interests of accuracy, that his hair is liberally sprinkled with gray.

Dorsey's parting remarks were in the nature of repartee with his piano player, who, when the maestro was through, put his trombone in case and started to carry it out. "Did you carry Bunny Berrigan's trumpet when you were with him?" asked Dorsey. "No," replied Mr. Bushlein, "I carried his wh-wh-whiskey. But who was there to c-c-c-carry me after I got through carrying his whiskey?"

GOD'S WILL BE DONE

JANET JEFFRIS WILLIAMSON

THE one electric light hung from the ceiling and blazed down menacingly, like some omnipotent and hostile eye. The top of Pop Riordon's head damply acknowledged its gaze, and the hairs along the backs of his hands stood out separately and darkly, casting faint, short shadows on the outspread newspaper. His eyes, though fixed on the headlines, were unseeing and vague. The headlines read: RIORDON HIDEOUT KNOWN TO POLICE. Police Learned Today From An Anonymous Source Where Riordon Is Hiding, Expect Capture Tonight. There followed a column of news story and a picture—a broad Irish face, the mouth hard, the eyes narrowed. Pat Riordon—Gangster.

A fly buzzed slowly over Pop's head, its circle of flight narrowing until it settled on his forehead. He reached up one hand and brushed it away, eyes remote. It buzzed angrily, lit again. Cursing, Pop shifted his gaze. The brown wall opposite was lit by the regular flashes of a neon sign. He traced the pattern up one side, down the next. He lit a cigarette. The light of the match seemed incongruously yellow in the brilliant electric light. A thick cloud of smoke rose to the ceiling, circled slowly, came down again. A thin, wavering spiral followed it as the cigarette rested unnoticed in Pop's hand.

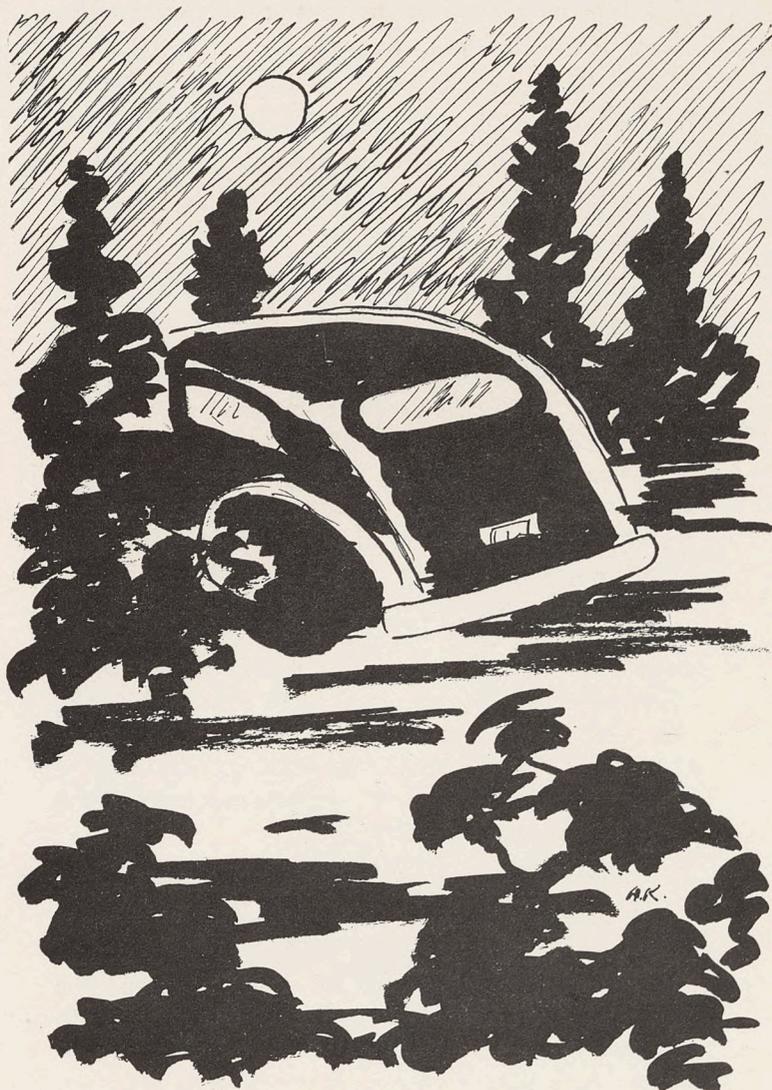
He rose heavily, went to the window, careful that his shadow didn't show through the blind. He pulled the shade back cautiously. The light of the street lights was isolated, chilled. There was the droning of a car a block away. Silence. A woman's shrill voice raised in anger. The light from the neon sign hit Pop's face rhythmically. He let the shade fall back into place, and paced to the opposite end of the room, turned back to the table. The fly lit on his arm, rose to the top of his head, in senseless daring. The cigarette, short in his fingers, burned, and he threw it to the floor with an oath.

Standing slumped against the wall, Pop let his gaze wander around the room, slowly, unnoticing. The heat and the smoke made him perspire; he drew the back of his hand across his mouth. A tear in the window shade threw a line of soft light across his upper lip, down to his jaw line.

The sound of shots. Pop stood rigid. More shots. He went to the window. He remembered the light, went back and turned it off. Again he stood, looking

through the crack in the shade. From a doorway opposite came four men, their figures blurred in the vacuous light. Three cops, a square figure in the center. Hurt. Defiant, though. They got into a car waiting at the curb and drove off, the headlights cutting hard through the darkness. The sound of the motor, loud in first, roaring in second, swiftly drowned in the steady throb of traffic.

Pop stood motionless. Perspiration stood out bleakly on his forehead. The neon sign made his face unreal, grotesque. His breathing grew more heavy. His shoulders shook. His lips moved—"Oh, Mary, Mother of Jesus, he's my son. Mary, Mother of God, have mercy on him. Have mercy on me. It was God's will I did, it was God's will."



"Maybe so, but what have I got to gain?"

AN ILL WIND AND A WILD OAT

E. C. SHERRY, JR.

THE OLD alarm clock on the piano in Miss Brewer's studio dutifully rattled, ending the hour, and the eighth and last music lesson of the day. Miss Brewer arose, walked to the door with her student, came back to get the music which he had forgotten, and giving it to him, opened the door so that he might leave.

"Goodbye," she said, then added brightly, "and to hell with you."

She closed the door, and turned around to look at the room. There it was, just the same as it had been twelve years ago. If it hadn't been cleaned every day since I've been here, she thought bitterly, the dust by now would have filled the room. Still thinking this she walked over to the piano and picked up the ticking metronome. The dust would have filled the room. She placed the metronome on the floor in the middle of the room. If it hadn't been cleaned every day . . . Walking back to the piano she picked up the alarm clock, and returned to stand directly over the metronome. She held the alarm clock even with her forehead, took sight on the metronome, then let the alarm clock fall. There was a crash, and the ticking stopped.

"Tick for tock," she said, "and the hell with both of you, too."

Miss Brewer felt much better as she walked over to the mirror. In fact she hadn't felt so good since the day she arrived, twelve years before. She leaned over and peered into the mirror to see how much she had changed. She was studying a woman of thirty-five with brown hair, a pretty face, and a good figure which had started to slump despondently from a lack of success. I've got about as much snap as a four-year-old corset, she thought. I've got about as much life as a flower that has spent ten years in a family Bible . . . or twelve years between sheets of music. Twelve years, that's a hell of a long time. You know it. She paused thinking it over, started to speak, but think of the swear word she was about to use, paused again. Then she opened her mouth and answered her own question aloud.

"You're Goddamn right it is." She felt even better.

"My dear Miss Brewer," she said bowing to her image in the mirror, "we are about to do you over. We're going to take the bones out of your corset, and the black ribbon from around your neck. We're going to give you some life, some personality, and plenty of charm. And, Miss Brewer, if your new dress and some old paint don't complete the job, why martinies will."

At exactly seven-fifteen she was sitting comfortably in a taxicab watching the driver walk from the door he had closed behind her, to the front seat. When he had seated himself, she said:

"I should like to be taken to the section of town containing the greatest number of bars . . . in the smallest area."

"Well, lady, that's exactly two blocks away."

"Oh," she said, and paused. "Well, then, I . . . ah . . . I suppose you think it's awfully silly of me to take a cab."

"It may be silly, lady, but it's awful nice."

They went two blocks, turned the corner, and pulled up in front of a bar.

"This is Ballentine's, lady," he said. "Just start in here and work East." She opened her purse, leaned forward paid him, then, having shut her purse, she opened the door and got out. When she turned around to close the door she saw him sitting there watching her. He was sort of half grinning, half laughing at her. He said:

"Liza, lay out my best gown tonight. I'm going down to Ballentines, and from there to hell." She slammed the door, and turned angrily as he waved goodbye.

"Now why did he say that?" She opened the door of the bar and went in. "Trying to kid me? Why I've lived in this town for twelve years." She climbed awkwardly up on the bar stool. "Twelve years between the pages of the family Bible." She was beginning to feel panicky when the bartender came up.

"Yes ma'am?"

"I'd like three martinies," she stammered, "one here, one here, and one here." The bartender looked at the three fingerprints. He started off to fix the drinks, but after a few steps he paused, and turned back. He pointed to the third fingerprint.

"How about making this one water?"

By eleven o'clock she had moved three blocks, covered fifteen bars, and started to sing selections from her favorite operas. She was standing with her back against the center section of the bar surrounded by a great number of stags. She was pretty proud of them. She had been picking them up in small groups for the last hour. They, in turn were happy about finding her, and were growing more interested in her with every drink she took. As she finished her drink, and unsteadily turned around to get another one, her stags moved in on her. Those who weren't smoking cigarettes lit them.

"I'd like a little drinkie," she said archly.

"Now listen sister," said the bartender, "I'm going to buy this on the house, and it's going to be bicarbonate of soda." He looked at the stags, and added, "Why don't you boys go choose up sides and play hai-a-lai." The stags knew the bar, they knew the bartender. They were puzzled.

"Why leave the movie right after the newsreel, Al," said one. And they all laughed and winked over the bar at him. He didn't wink back or smile back. They became uncomfortable around him, for the first time since they had known him. They left. Al watched them go away. He knew them all, and liked them. He spent half his time arguing with his wife about these young guys. "I know, Margaret," he'd say, "they are a little wild, but after all, they're away from home, and lonesome. That's really the only reason they act that way. "That may be very well," she'd say, "but Father Donlevey thinks your bar and your customers should be thrown out of town, and so do I." "Father Donlevey can go to hell!" he'd shout, and storm out of the room. Then he'd have to spend half the night Ave Maria-ing to get his time in purgatory back to normal.

He turned back to the girl. "Listen," he said, and stopped short. Standing in the middle of the bar was the only customer he had ever kicked out. Al noticed with disgust that his hair was still too long, and still

too wavy. That he used his hands too much, and when he didn't use them kept them on his hips.

"This," said Al, "is perfect. This makes everything wrong."

He turned back to the girl. Then the idea hit him. He leaned over the bar and called the pretty boy.

"Hey you," he said, "come over here I'd like to talk to you."

The pretty boy hesitated. "It's all right," said Al, "I just want to talk to you." He stuck out his hand as the pretty boy got to the bar.

He said, "How are you?" and winced when the boy shook hands and said, "Fine dear."

"Oh, aren't you wonderful and beautiful," said Miss Brewer to the pretty boy, and passed out in his arms.

"I've chosen you, out of all the stags in the bar, to take her home," said Al, with a happy smile. "And if you don't . . . well there is no use going into that."

The pretty boy carried Miss Brewer out as though she was an old lunch wrapped up in a soiled newspaper.

Al watched them go. He felt good.

"Two scotches, Al," said a customer.

"Ave Maria," said Al. "With seltzer or water?"



"All right, I'll go and live in the Y.M.C.A."

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NIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE

(Prose translation by Charles B. Heiser)

Introduction: The following MS. has come down through the ages until it finally fell into my hands. Seeing that it would be a great contribution to Old English Literature I hastened to translate it. It is with the one thought of seeking to enrich the literature of the world that I present it. The original I have attributed to various authors, knowing that no one man could write such stuff. Probably parts of it were written either by King Alfred, Chaucer, Thomas Chester or/and the Pearl Poet, and it is thought to have been written sometime between 500 and 1500. C.B.H.

LO! we have heard of the glory of the glory of the Knights of the Round Table in the days of yore, how these knights wrought deeds of courage.

Sir Watts and Sir Anderson had traveled many a day (alack-a-day) through the Woods of the Literature of England and the valiant, brave, faithful, gallant, courageous knights were fain weary, for they were beginning to feel that in vain was their search for the Round Table and its goodly king.

Perplexed were they and desirous of going back to their fair ladies to whom they had promised to be steadfast and faithful ywis. Little adventure had befallen them on their journey. Only three dragons had they met and killed (of course), sixteen wild beasts, whose names they knew not, and several wild men of the forest which they hued down without a thought with their trusty swords, Stickalot and Cutalot. (I do not lie!)

Now harken how it happened! Sir Watts, nephew of Sir Hrothulf, nephew of Sir You Cad, Sir and Sir Anderson, nephew of Sir Andersen, (Note the uncle-nephew relationship. Very important in Anglo Saxon literature C.B.H.) were fain tired. Yet never before had they broken a pledge, but now they felt like giving up their search and returning to their mistresses forthwith, but scarcely had the thought entered their minds than their stout hearts sayeth, "Nay, by God" and sent it forth again. This happened many times.

Now I will tell you that far hence (probably meaning far away. C.B.H.) they saw a castle rise from the mists. Verily they were astounded, for it was the court of King Arthur, the comeliest castle ever beheld by mortal man. They could tell it by the round tables, and they were happy, verily gleeful and straightway they sojourned.

"Speak thou," sayeth Sir Watts as he spurred his trusty steed onward, "for I be speechless with wonder and amazement."

Sir Anderson spake in true Anglo Saxon manner (or was it Middle English? C.B.H. Original not quite clear), "Siben be sege and be assaut watz sesed at Troye, be borz . . ."

"Cut the mush," interjected Sir Watts.

King Arthur and his knights, twelve, (do I need name them?) came forth to meet the weary travelers, clad in knightly raiment as fitteth them.

The gracious king spake (I do not lie), "How fare ye? Welcome to my kingdom such as it be."

And in a glorious speech Sirs Watts and Anderson accepted the good king's kindness and forthright loved the king and everything of him and his.

"Thanks, pal," said Watts.

"Gramercy," said Andy.

And unto the court (there is no concealing the fact) they were led and fed a glorious feast, the first repast they had had for days. First they were served (Why lie about it?) meat, venison, and then they had fish, carp, and then they had meat, the ham of a boar, and then some more fish, buffalo . . . (Omitted here are several other courses similar to those given. C.B.H.) Finally they could hold no more and sayeth, "Alas!" for they were full.

"Whither now, thou?" asked the reserved Watts.

And the king spake, "Ye shall again be dressed as knights as fitteth your rank, and then you shall behold the wonders of my court — women!" And the visiting knights remembered their ladies and again promised themselves to be faithful still.

Accordingly they were clothed full clean as befitteth knights of their rank. Shoes were given them and hose were given them and shirts were given them and bright and beauteous brass helmets to top them off.

"How much?" asked Sir Anderson.

The knights then gathered for a bull session, and thereupon long and loud did they boast and drink until their stories got pretty tall and wild. And they were knights, true and gentle, modest and moderate, throughout for the nonce. (We suggest that you look this one up yourself. C.B.H.)

I do not need to tell you of the women. First there were led twelve fair damsels into the hall, wonderous beautiful, and Sir Watts felt his heart jump into his mouth. Then twenty-four more maidens were led into the hall, fairer than the first, gaily decked in ermine. And then entered more ladies in silken apparel and white throats (The fashion of the season. C.B.H.), still fairer than the preceding ones.

And then came five of the fairest maidens in the whole kingdom, and as the climax Queen Guinevere came forth, she of the lissome body, surpassing even the beauty of the new bloomed petunia, clad in radiant garments. She was the fairest of them all.

"This ain't fair!" hollered Sir Watts, remembering that he was trying to be faithful. "Heu mihi," he sighed. (You look this one up too. We think it's Latin. C.B.H.)

"Shut up, by Saint Giles," quoth Sir Anderson and forthright slugged him one. "Remember you're a knight. And thus it was that Sir Anderson kept himself and Sir Watts on the straight and narrow . . ."

(Fortunately the remaining pages of the MS. were lost in the Middle Ages. C.B.H.)

THE DRAMA

SOME PREVIEWS AND A REVIEW



Mr. A. O. Wilkinson

—Took fifteen minutes off the record—

THYRSUS opened its season with a production of Samson Raphaelson's *Accent on Youth*. The play is a favorite one with amateur groups having been given in St. Louis several times, most recently at the Civic Theatre.

The story of *Accent on Youth* is the fairly old one of December and May love affairs, but Raphaelson has given the hackneyed story several new twists and the result may well be a charming play. It must always be remembered when directing this play that it is a romantic comedy and not merely a comedy. The misinterpretation was at all times evident in the *Thyrsus* production. The direction of Alfred Wilkinson unfortunately was geared at too fast a pace, and, while highly admirable for a production of *Boy Meets Girl* or *Three Men on a Horse*, caused the complete slurring over of the poignancy which is one of the most important qualities in the play. The accelerated rather than leisurely tempo was most noticeable at the end of the second act

wherein Steven Gaye, in a *Cyranoesque* manner, gives up the girl he loves to his younger rival.

All the players in the production indicated understanding and appreciation of the roles they assumed. Most outstanding in the cast was Annabelle Palkes who, with her delightful portrayal of Genevieve Lang, may be accused of theatrical grand-larceny. Miss Palkes was not only attractive, but she gave all the shadings and charm that the role demanded. She was particularly good in the first act. Linda Brown, the young secretary whose amours provide the plot of the play, was played by Valerie Brinkman. Her performance was completely sure and smooth, although at times she was inclined to be strident.

Harry Gibbs made an adequate Steven Gaye, however, his interpretation seemed sometimes to be more that of a successful business man, than of a worldly and cynical playwright. Morris Yaffe was excellent as Frank Galloway, the elderly actor. Flogdell, the butler, was played by Earl Sherry, who, while reading the lines splendidly had an odd and distinctly unservile manner about him. It was more akin to the Groucho Marx crouch than anything else. The third member of the triangle, Dickie Reynolds, was done by Henry Niedringhaus who labored magnificently under the acute burden of flagrant mis-casting. Niedringhaus displayed evidence of complete understanding of the role, but he just wasn't Dickie Reynolds; that was all. An effective if brief performance was contributed in the first act by Louise Hilmer as Miss Darling.

★

Autumn presages dramatic activity as ineluctably as it does winter, and St. Louis is to be singularly fortunate this season in having a wealth of brilliant attractions. *Thyrsus* has already opened its season with *Accent on Youth*, and the American with Gertrude Lawrence in *Skylark*. (Although *Tobacco Road* played its annual fortnight earlier.) The Little Theatre opens its doors for the first time on November 2nd with *Outward Bound*, a splendid play which is always welcome. To follow *Skylark* Paul Beisman has announced (not promised) Tallulah Bankhead in *The Little Foxes*, The Man Who Came to Dinner, Katharine Hepburn in *The Philadelphia Story*, DuBarry Was a Lady, and many others.

Samson Raphaelson has written in *Skylark* what amounts to merely a vehicle for the delightful English star. The play is for the most part, tiresome and dull, except when the lovely Miss Lawrence is on the stage making small moves, chortling as only she can, and generally injecting into her performance all the tricks at her command. Those who have seen Gertie before know that her theatrical legerdemain is equaled only by

that of the late Howard Thurston. She is helped enormously in carrying the show by the fine talents of Glenn Anders who, while somewhat lacking in variety, is most amusing as a brilliant but drunken friend. John Emery plays Miss Lawrence's husband. His performance is unfortunately so much a reflection of those of the star and Mr. Anders that it is almost embarrassing. Vivian Vance plays an ex-chorus girl from the tip of her well-turned ankles to the top of her peroxide hair, and adds much zest to the proceedings. The play is intelligently and carefully directed by the author before one of Donald Oenslayer's most attractive interiors.

A preview of some of the plays to follow was had by this reviewer in a recent New York holiday. It is safe to wager that there will probably be no production given in St. Louis this winter which will be more worthy of the playgoers' attention than the Robert E. Sherwood play, *There Shall Be No Night*. Not only has Mr. Sherwood poured into the play his most literate and thought provoking dialogue, but Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne bring to the starring roles their superbly disciplined talents. The play is a passionate plea for intervention in the European war, and the playwright lays his scene in Finland. The theme is necessarily tragic, but the earlier portions are enlivened by sparks of the brilliant comedy playing of the two stars. Neither Miss Fontanne nor Mr. Lunt has ever given a finer performance than in *There Shall Be No Night*. Miss Fontanne has a moment in the last scene wherein she reads aloud from a letter written by her dead husband. This moment, by the simplicity and clarity of her performance, becomes tremendously moving. Mr. Lunt has two long speeches which are unforgettable, particularly the second one. This is made memorable as much by the brilliant performance of the actor as by the beauty of Mr. Sherwood's lines. The speech is that one in which Mr. Lunt as a Finnish pacifist voices the hopeful note on which the play ends, while at the same time, announcing that pacifism is not for these days and that men must fight so that sometime there shall be no night.

Another play to be placed on your must-see list is the Pulitzer Prize play, *The Time of Your Life*. This William Saroyan play has its violent partisans and an equally violent group who detest it. To one group it is an excellent play that is notable for its humor and, above all, for its humanity. Let every man thank Mr. Saroyan for the compliment, for *The Time of Your Life* is one of the greatest tributes to the goodness of man ever written. The play is just a series of evenings spent in Nick's Bar. It derives its appeal from the varied and perfectly conceived characters that the writer has created. Only when he writes of women does Saroyan fall down; each of his women is but the mouthpiece for a thesis. This may be somewhat responsible for the failure of Julie Haydon in the leading woman's role, but the greatest blame must rest with the actress herself. To all those who were impressed by Miss Haydon's performance in *Shadow and Substance* her Kitty Duval will come as a disappointment. Eddie Dowling plays Joe, the center of the play, with

the understanding and artistry that one would expect from the man who produced Maurice Evans' *Richard II*, *Shadow and Substance*, and *Here Come the Clowns*. That Mr. Dowling is one of our most gifted actors cannot be doubted after seeing him in this play. His performance is one of subtlety and rare sensitivity and he consistently dominates the stage. Arthur Hunnicutt, Celeste Holan, and Leo Chalzel stand out in an excellent supporting cast.

Grace George makes one of her occasional sorties into the theatre in *Kind Lady*, which Thyrsus presented successfully a number of years ago. The American has not booked this show, but it is to be hoped that Miss George will decide to tour after the close of the New York run. *Kind Lady* is a melodrama and of the most terrifying sort. Miss George is the kind lady of the title and she takes into her house, one Christmas Eve, a charming young man who subsequently adds his wife and friends to her household. Soon the lady regrets her rash kindness for she is made a prisoner by her "guests." It is a nerve-wracking ordeal watching Miss George outwit her captors, but it is the sort of emotional masochism that most theatre-goers relish. The star is splendid and is ably supported.

Late this month, St. Louisans will have an opportunity of witnessing the Kaufman-Hart comedy, *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. It is an uproarious farce and one that is still playing to packed houses in New York after more than a year. The American necessarily will have the second company which is headed by Clifton Webb. Monty Wooley heads the New York company as Sheridan Whiteside, whom everyone knows by this time, is Alexander Woolcott. Mr. Wooley, who is known in the fashionable bistros of New York as "The Beard," gives a rollicking performance as the wily and malevolent writer-lecturer. Appreciation of *The Man Who Came to Dinner* demands a sadistic predilection for the discomfiture of others, as Wooley, from his wheel-chair hurls insult upon insult at the other members of the cast. These other members of the cast range from the very good to the very bad. Of interest to Washington is the appearance in the cast of Mary Wickes (Wickenhauser) as the particular victim of Sheridan Whiteside's barbs. Miss Wickes is apparently thriving under the treatment. The direction is typical George S. Kaufman, that is, all gags are hurled at the audience in the belligerent manner that demands laugh or else!

—ALAN GREEN.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, 'tis said, some of the ladies of the court liked to curl up with a good book, while others preferred simply to curl up with one of the pages.—Exchange

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

—Awgwan

THE CLOTHES CLOSET

THE college girl is always a popular model for dress designers with her slim figure and her easy to fit size sixteen measurements. For the last few years sloppy sweaters and baggy skirts have been the vogue for the up and coming young lady, but this season we can at last bid good-bye to our droopy clothes and usher in a host of stylish and smart winter outfits. With the sound of bombs banging in our ears the coed goes patriotic, featuring red, white and blue. Flags are very good this season in the form of buttons, studs, and pins which grace all the clothes from the sports outfits to the more formal afternoon costumes. The knee high wool socks, supposedly the perfect thing for the college girl, have not gone over so well and they probably will pass as most of the odd styles do in the course of time. At any rate we hope so.

A requisite in any girl's wardrobe are the good looking tweed suits now being shown at Stix, Baer and Fuller's very smart Collegienne Shop. One of the most popular models is the station-wagon shortie which comes in brown, blue and maroon plaids. The box jacket is the new finger tip length, trimmed in novelty leather buttons. Another suit in the higher price range which sells for \$29.95 is plaid and camel's hair. The jacket is reversible and is also the finger-tip length. It features the ever popular white pearl buttons and patch pockets. Plaids and tweeds are very much in demand this season. One of the best selling of the spectator sports dresses is one which comes in jersey wool of all colors. It has gold square buttons and slanted pockets. Pin pleats encircle the skirt and there is one pleat in the back of the waist. This model sells for \$14.95.

Even if the sophomore slump has hit us rather hard, we can't be without the ever necessary date dress. Again this year black is the best color, with blue and brown running a close second. Stix features them ranging in prices from \$7.98 to \$29.95. Gold trim predominates. In the moderately priced group is a black crepe with a jet cardigan neck. The regular contour is broken by an accordion pleat on one side of the skirt and the other side of the blouse, caught with very stylish black jet bows.

Now we come to that important part of the young girl's wardrobe, the formal. Last year's dress just won't do for that most important of dances and the Collegienne shop is doing its best to give you just the dress at a price that might please even your father. For the girl with the perfect figure, (That lets a lot of us out) there is a lovely slipper satin dress which comes in luscious pastel shades. It has sherring on the small puffed sleeves and the bodice. The sweetheart neck and low waistline adds a demure touch, and best of all it's only \$10.95. Now there's a buy for you. For the more sophisticated type there is a stunning black taffeta, also with the long waist. It has a full skirt and long sleeves

edged in white lace. At the neck there is a velvet ribbon and black jet buttons mark the center of the waist. For the more practical ones of us who demand a dress that will serve for dinners as well as for formal dances Stix has several very attractive combination formals. One is a black taffeta with pink Bengeline trim. The sleeves zip in and out and pronto the dress is changed for after dinner. Imagine the look on your date's face. Another is the ever popular jacket formal, this time combining wool and chiffon. It sounds rather odd, but the materials are very good together and add a smart contrast. The dress is powder blue chiffon and the jacket is the same color in wool.

And I've left the very best of all for the very last. This year Stix is selling those wonderful white bunny fur shorties for as low as \$12.95 to \$25.00. Imagine a bargain like that, and they're really wonderful looking. Another very popular evening wrap is in wool cloth and comes in red, white and black. It has princess lines and form fit. It also features the new military collar. This stunning formal wrap costs only \$19.95.

—WINI BRYAN



He: "Why wait till we get home to tell me whether you'll marry me or not?"

She: "I'm scared; this is the very spot where my father proposed to my mother."

He: "What about it?"

She: "Well, on the way home, the horse ran away and father was killed."—Spartan.





Mike Vranesh

This year's addition to Washington's long list of illustrious centers.

S P O R T S

ODDS AND ENDS WITH VEHEMENCE

WELL I'll take a deep breath, and start this column off on the exhale. It seems a hell of a shame that Washington University students, who, this year, seem to be the only people with season tickets, should have to sit in the worst seats in the main stands. It should be remembered that these tickets cost most of us \$5.10. With twenty-five hundred students in the school that goes a long way toward paying for those new yellow drawers the team is sporting this year. So, Coach, why don't you put us where we can see what we have paid for? The place from which to see a football game is high in the stands. Therefore, I see no reason that the students who want to (and are brave enough to) sit up further in the stands should not be allowed to do so. If the student section was placed between the thirty-five yard line and the ten yard line, as it was last year, there would be plenty of room for all the students, and the students

would get a better view of the game than they now do in the lower stand.

Now that you have taken your seats let's look out on the playing field . . . Yes the playing field. Take your eye off that baldheaded man in the band, and watch Washington kick off to Maryville. When that ball rises in the air the 1940 season will have begun, and we'll be looking at that brand new, completely uncoiled, superbly de-emphasized team of ours. There is the whistle, the ball rises in the air, descends and is taken by a Maryville man on his own thirty-five yard line. Maryville's ball, first down, sixty minutes to go, and nothing but the fence at the end of the field to stop them.

What? Okay, you're right. I am being completely unfair, and to an extent inaccurate, but I, like the rest of the people who like football, am disappointed. When I wrote this column last spring I was perfectly aware of the fact that football was to be de-emphasized, but I was also aware that approximately the same team that had won the Valley championship in '39 would be back for the '40 season. Then in the middle of the summer, the athletic board wrote a letter to the players announcing the end of any University aid to athletes. This letter seems to have cost the school and coach four of the best players on last year's varsity, and all of the players that would have been on this year's Freshman team.

Well !! Where is that silver lining? What good are all these ill winds blowing? The person who started the move to de-emphasize football is President Hutchins of Chicago University. He thinks that by playing unsubsidized football with a ten cent admission charge (in college stadiums which have cost thousands of dollars to build) the emphasis would be placed on studies instead of on football scores. In the first place, this department believes that the majority of students put the emphasis on the academic side of college life, and regard good football only as an amusement like a good play or movie. In the second place subsidization allows a large number of men, who otherwise would have been unable to go to college, a chance to gain an education, with results in the later lives of these men that are a tribute to the sport. In the third place the plan of "ten cent" football probably wouldn't even pay the taxes on a fifty thousand dollar stadium and is economically as unsound as it would be to build a Hai-lai court for a game of tiddily winks. Let those "ill winds" blow the unlined clouds away. These two proverbs are of no help in this situation.

In other words, if you have come this far, this department, and this magazine want a football team, a good football team, and a subsidized football team. We know that we have alumni that are willing to put up the money. So what about it! — E. C. S., Jr.

CUP de GRACE

EXPOSE—I

ONE MORNING as I was about to get up for my 8:30, a rush of warm air fanned against my cheeks and a fragrant scent curled around my nostrils. Through the ether swayed a bluish mist, and I knew that the "GREAT GENII" was going to appear, just as he had at yearly intervals, since I was seven. At each of these previous visits he had related to me the solution to one of the unsolvable mysteries of the universe. I shall disclose the exact words of the "GREAT GENII" as nearly as I can recall them. Here is his story of the disappearance of the intramural cup.

The long feather on the top of the huge green turban swayed gently, and the misty oval face of the "GREAT GENII" seemed to nod as he drooped his eyelids and began to drone monotonously: "One night while pursuing my long vigil observing the little man-animals that inhabit the planet Earth, I saw three youths setting out on an adventure that completely diverted me from the antics of the two puffed-up little chameleons on the other side of the big pond. The three drove along a row of eight houses at one end of a hill, on which seemed to be organized some type of penal institution. They stopped at the last house on the row and waited for the occupants to lay down their dice and cards and go to bed. Whenever headlights announced the approach of a car along the horribly pitted road in front of the houses they scurried to the floorboards like rats. Eventually, all of the lights in the house were out save those that glowed on the first floor. Whereupon two of the little band stealthily approached the front door, whilst the third started up the car motor and opened the doors preparatory to a quick get away. Through the window in the great oaken door of the house the two glimpsed their intended prize, standing all alone, unguarded, in the place of honor. In sudden decision the grim older youth thrust open the door and pointed the way for his faltering, green-capped companion. The two crept softly into the dimly lighted room, paused to see if they had been heard. Slowly they picked up the huge shining object, and bent over by its weight, rushed softly to the car to deposit the precious cargo on the back seat. Just as they reached their car, there came around the bend in front of them, another car, the illumination of its headlights stemming from the very source their flow of blood. As they tried to break a basic physical law,

by compressing the incompressible and conspicuous silver cup, the light was upon them. Obeying neither their first or second impulses, which were namely to drop dead, and to flee precipitously, they got in the car and sped away. Well could I understand their fear, for the object which they had taken was the cup which all of the line of houses strove yearly to obtain, called by them the Intramural Cup.

As the two boys hugged the huge trophy to their bosoms, their driver companion sped to one of their houses, stopping neither for signs, cars, nor intersections. When the car slid to a stop, they spirited the cup into the house to lie veiled with blankets until they should decide what to do. For two days they waited for some reaction from the boys from whom the cup had been taken. Strangely, no mention of the cup was made. The thieves, for such they were, decided that the trophy would be safer with more people around to keep their eyes on it. On Monday night, they again lifted their prize into the car and sped to the same row of houses from which they had taken it. However, this time, they stopped before the house at the opposite end of the row from the original possessors of the cup. After a quick glance around, they hurried the well covered cup into the house and downstairs into what the boys called their chapter room. When all of the boys were assembled (This was the night of their meeting) the three culprits called for attention, and with a whoop and a flourish unveiled the cup which rightfully belonged somewhere else. The unveiling was greeted by a sickening silence, and then a great hubbub. The most common exclamations were, "Oh my God!" and "Good lord, we're ruined!" The president turned green, the conservatives sank in swoons, and the meeting turned into a shambles. What were they to do with their unwanted possession? How could they return it without losing face? What could be done about keeping it a secret? What would the boys at the other end of the row say when it was found that it was in the possession of their rivals? What to do, what to do.

The answers to these and other questions will be answered in next month's *Eliot*. Watch for the *Odyssey of the Cup*, wherein the story of the strange course of the trophy will be followed, until its final return to its rightful owners.

MUSIC

GUEST ARTISTS AND NEW RELEASES



THIS is no time to listen to music, I've been told. This is the year 1940, the year of the great conflagration, or the year just preceding the great conflagration. The whole world has gone mad, they tell me, and about the only thing for me to do is to get ready to go mad too. Listening to music (and I refer to good music) at a time like this is just sticking your head in the sand. It's escapist, that's what it is. The present just isn't the time to sit in a concert hall listening to Beethoven or Bach, when, outside, things are happening and news is breaking!

Well, my only answer to that is to say that if the present is any time for *Oh, Johnny! Oh, Johnny!* and *I'll Never Smile Again* (500 times every day) it can also spare an hour or two for Beethoven and Bach. That really isn't my only answer; it's just my flip one. I will also reply that it's impossible to conceive of just one world and that a world of war and hatred.

To settle down to business now, after these introductory paragraphs, I will come to the point and say that the world on which this column will comment is that of music. And when I say music I do not refer to the selections rendered by such persons as Fats Waller, Artie Shaw and Rudy Vallee (Although I have a certain amount of restrained admiration for these gentlemen and their confreres). I refer rather, as you may have guessed by now, to the music that Vladimir Golschmann and the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra will play in the Municipal Auditorium on Fridays and Saturdays from November through March; the music that the great orchestras and soloists of the world record each month for Victor and Columbia Records.

The local guest list is an impressive one, including Jascha Heifetz, Artur Rubinstein, Sir Thomas Beecham, Nathan Milstein, Marjorie Lawrence, Jose Iturbi, Joseph Szigeti, Helen Traubel, Igor Gorin, and E. Robert Schmitz, all of whom will be heard with the Symphony Orchestra. The Principia Concert Series will present Dorothy Maynor, Lawrence Tibbett, Frederick Jagel and Eugene List, and Civic Music League soloists include Richard Crooks and Robert Virovai. Now for a city of St. Louis' size and geographical location this is an excellent and representative group.

As usual in St. Louis, the month of October has been fairly slack as regards concert entertainment. In fact,

there was only one concert before the last week of the month. That was the recital of Dorothy Maynor, Friday night, Oct. 18, marking the opening of the Principia series. Miss Maynor is the colored soprano who first came to the attention of the public when she sang at a picnic of musicians and music critics at the Berkshire Music Festival in the Summer of 1939. She was immediately hailed by this group of experts as one of the great singers of her race, deserving a place alongside Marian Anderson.

The new season will begin to blossom the last week of October, when Richard Crooks opens the Civic Music League series Tuesday night, Oct. 29, and then Friday and Saturday, Nov. 1 and 2, the St. Louis Symphony inaugurates its sixty-first season with a pair of all-orchestral concerts. Vladimir Golschmann returns for his tenth year as conductor.

This flurry of activity will usher in what promises to be an unusually exciting month of music. Artur Rubinstein, always a favorite with local concert-goers, will be heard in two selections with the Symphony Nov. 8 and 9. He will play the Beethoven G Major Piano Concerto, considered by many authorities—if not by music audiences—as the master's finest work in that field of composition. Rubenstein will also be heard in DeFalla's colorful *Nights in the Garden of Spain*. That same Friday Principia will present a recital by Eugene List, talented 21-year-old pianist.

The following week's symphony concerts should mark a real highspot, for Jascha Heifetz will introduce to this city William Walton's violin concerto. Walton is one of the crop of promising young English composers serving in the British Army. Certainly Heifetz needs no introduction. Admittedly the greatest violin virtuoso of his generation—if not of our time—he has a reputation for bringing to light deserving works (such as the Walton concerto) which other musicians have neglected. It was Heifetz who first "plugged" the Sibelius concerto, now a standard work in most violinists' repertoire.

A younger artist who gives some promise of following at Heifetz's heels (not in his footsteps, mind you) is Robert Virovai. He will appear under the sponsorship of the Civic Music League in a violin recital Nov. 19.

To climax the month of November, Vladimir Horowitz was to be the symphony soloist in the Brahms B Flat Piano Concerto. However, due to an inflamed hand he has cancelled his fall concert tour. This means that there will be two consecutive week ends of all-orchestral features, including one or two works not heard in St. Louis previously.

I am not going to have much to say about the record releases for the month of October; for at the time of writing none of the Columbia sets had been received by local dealers and two of the important Victor releases were not in.

The Victor sets still to arrive were (1) Lily Pons in operatic selections and songs (Album M-702) and (2) Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony (M-600) as recorded by Jose Iturbi and the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra. Miss Pons sings eight selections, which range all the way from Mozart to *The Last Rose of Summer*, but with the emphasis on opera. If you are a devotee of Mrs. Kostelanetz, you will want to buy this album at the new reduced price. Formerly it would have cost you \$7.50; now it's \$4.25. Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony is what you might have expected from Jose Iturbi when he got around to making another recording. Like Iturbi on the conductor's podium or at the piano, it is brilliant and showy but frequently lacking in more substantial musical qualities.

Victor has also issued Ernest Bloch's *Schelomo* (Hebrew Rhapsody for Cello and Orchestra) (M-698) recorded by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra with Emmanuel Feuermann, 'cello. This is an item that a lot of collectors are going to ignore completely, which in some ways will be too bad for them. In composing *Schelomo* Bloch states that he sought to translate into music the Hebrew spirit which he felt within himself. Now I don't know whether he has done

that or not. I do think, however, that the rhapsody contains some profoundly beautiful passages. The character of the music is tragic, as reflected in the mournful, melancholy theme that so often predominates, but there are at times passionate, violent, truly rhapsodic utterances. These are qualities we associate with the name of Tschai-kovsky. Here, though, any comparison between the two composers ends, for there is none of the Oriental coloring and harsh dissonances of Bloch in Tschai-kovsky's music. Needless to say, Stokowski with his great flare for the dramatic has made the most of the Hebrew Rhapsody's climactic moments of deep feeling.

If it's Mozart you want, there are two choices: the rondo from the *Haffner* Serenade (17220) as transcribed by Fritz Kreisler, whose fingers remain remarkably agile; and the Bassoon Concerto in B Flat Major (M-704) recorded by Fernand Oubradous, bassoon, and an orchestra conducted by Eugene Bigot. The concerto, composed when Mozart was the age of a college freshman, doesn't seem important, except for one of those serene slow movements.

Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony have turned out another polished, flawless performance for Victor, the single-record *San Juan Capistrano* (17229) by Harl McDonald. So far as I can discern after considerable study, this is a better number than *When the Swallows Come Back To Capistrano*.

—WOLFGANG ILYICH EPSILON.

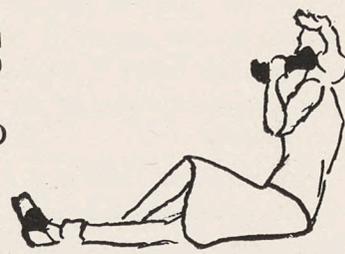


"I see the Phi Delts won another Speed-ball game."



BETWEEN BELLES

WIRES CROSSED AND UNCROSSED



WE predicted in the last issue of this rag several affairs that would last forever 'n ever. Well—we were wrong. Ernie Ohle has trotted off to Harvard after his P.H.D. and little E. Meier is once again foot-loose and fancy free. Some have survived the summer and are doing nicely now, thank you. For instance Betty Jehle and Bud Cory, John Logan and Jane Bonnell, Dolly Pitts and Ed Sherwood, Betty Kentzler and Stu Hines, and Carol Gates and George Throop.

There were the usual quota of returned badges: Mary Ramsey's has gone back to Sig Chi's Bud Ferring; Shirley Jones' has gone back to Del Cummins; and Jean MacGregor's has been returned to Carol Cartwright. Since Nancy Roeder has quit underwearing Clark Garrison's Beta pin, he has been unable to find anyone to take her place.

At the Theta houseparty this summer a great many interesting things happened—things of lasting interest. In fact, they lasted all the way back to Saint Louis. Betty Mills, Doris Gates, and Eleanor Johanning are still at this late date partying with some of the Northern Romeos.

Betty Halliday and Bill Harting have called it quits after four years, and Bill took one of Betty's sorority sisters to their pledge dance. Seen in the Quad Shop three days in succession: Kappa's Betty Thompson coking and smoking with Bob Skinner.

Girls—Theta's and Gene Pennington's Patty Lou Hall has gone to live in Texas, and so Gene is once again an unpinned man who can be worked on. For those of you who don't know him: he's free, white, and twenty-one, a pre-med student, Beta president and from the hills of Tennessee. Here's another recommendation: Phi Delt's transfer from Colorado U. His name is Chuck Stewart, he's a senior and an engineer, has sung with Big Name orchestras and according to his brothers he's a "smoothie." Hop to it, girls, there are only three more months left in Leap Year.

The Doris Hartmann-Peyton Gaunt affair is still burning and Des Lee has been a-wooing Theta's 'lil Margie Stauffer. In the meantime Margie Johanning hasn't let the grass grow etc. and she and Forrest Stone are having a fling.

Pi Phi pretty Alice Jane Love has been getting the rush from several B.M.O.C.s for the last week, mainly Neil Humphreville. Estelle Frauenfelder, Kappa cutie has not only been rushed by K.K.G., but also by Phi's Chuck Lyon. They went down to Columbia to the foot-

ball game together one weekend. Marion Grimm and Ceylon Lewis are twoing it already and Ilda Smith and Wally MacLean are quite clubby. What happened to Tek Pfeffer, Wally? After tearing out to Lebanon all summer to see her, she went off to New York to school, and all of Wally's work went for nought.

The freshmen, as usual, have walked off with all the upper class men—Edie Marsalek, Jane Allen and Eleanor Johanning had better watch out, because Nancy Chase, Betty Ann Stupp, Frances Jo Ross, Margie Gravely and Pat Wolf are plenty cute gals.

Some of the newer pinnings are Gloria Sprick and Brooks Barnes, Mill English and "Carolyn," Allen Cook and Sara Alice McDade, Marion Endres and Harvey Johnson, Kay Ferricks and her Phi Psi man and Dotty Frier and her Rolla Engineer.

Two S.A.E.s have hopped on the bandwagon for East St. Louis to see Ann Page Sullivan—Wes Gallagher and Bob Dekker. Gamma Phi's Kay Ruester got out of the Phi Delt lodge when she broke up with Bob Obourn and then got right back in again with Charlie Hodgson. Bob Lynch and Louise Hilmer get our vote for one summer romance which has really lasted.

We have definite proof that glamour can last even without moonlight and roses. Jane Taussig was in the dentist chair with her mouth propped open and Ken Marshall asked her for a date to the Sigma Chi dance. Maybe he asked her then because he knew that she couldn't say no.

At the Phi Delt convention this summer a great many astounding things happened. If you are interested, you might ask Chuck Lyon or Tom Stauffer about their blind dates for the dance. From what they say, Minneapolis isn't so full of beautiful women. And incidentally, some of the Betas DID walk a mile to see the Pi Phis at their convention last summer. And Kay Kyser played "Moon Over Sun Valley," dedicated to the Kappas, this summer at their convention at Sun Valley.

The formidable Major Shaw has developed a new greeting, it seems, and this column wishes to state that it has seen more subtle ones which we think are more effective. Instead of saying "Hello" or "Button, Freshman" to all the pretty girls on the campus, Major says "Gladto meetyouareyoupinned?" If we follow his line of thought and we think we do, then we say that Shaw is jumping the gun a little bit.

There is a blond Phi Delt pledge from Belleville that they call "Powerhouse." What interests us most is what

he has done to acquire that name. Why don't you bring your talents out in the open, Rocky?

As we understand it, there are at least two pins being under-worn at this time. One is on a Kappa and the other is on a Theta. The other day a blue purse was found up at the Women's Building and no one would claim it. In it was found a Phi Delt pin. Maybe the reason it has gone unclaimed is because of the pin—or maybe she really lost it.

Our congratulations to Keith and Helen Vickers Yenne and also to Johnny Leutwiler for pinning Gladdy Watkins. Ask Johnny about the convention this summer and why he always says "Don't talk about Maxine!!!!" It doesn't look as if Maxine has anything on Gladdy though—'cause Gladdy got the pin.

Your wondering reporter saw Edie Marsalek the night of the Kappa dance, just as she was coming in from the parking lot after an intermission. With her were two men and just as they reached the Women's Building, her date appeared. Ask her what happened after that.

Doreen Dunwoody is another Med School widow along with Dorothy Tracey. Every Thursday they breeze down to Barnes and take their men out to lunch.—Tracey gets Rollo, and Doreen gets—Ted Young!!!!

Some old people are dating some new people these days—like Suzonne Buckner and Carter Ellis, Mary Beth Green and Harry Cheshire, Jane Andrews and Bill Ericson, Jimmy Otto and Harry Arthur (from Principia), and then there are the same old combinations from last year—Sleepy Williams and Margie Kammerer, Maggie Johnston and Jimmy Rowan, and Wini Bryan and Tommy Duncan. By the way, Tommy Duncan is much better now, and to celebrate he has sent Wini orchids twice in one week.

Jane Taussig and her "Red-headed Shadow" have parted ways and they aren't even speaking to each other very much anymore. She's been dating lots of other people lately, which doesn't seem to bother "Red" at all.

After two dates, Jean Richardson and Bobo Simmons have just about decided that it's the real thing this time and he's seeing her more and more. Jerry Forrestal and Leo Miller, who saw each other lots last year have both been looking around for someone new. Pepper Throop and Northcut Coil are still twoining it—maybe it was her blue purse that was found?? Mrs. Sippy's daughter Jo has been jellying with some of the school's new acquisitions like Rocky Pool and Cal East. She's also talking with Jake Lashley some, these days. Keep up the good work, Jo, we approve of your taste! !

What this column misses most is Shelton Voges' varied activities on the campus of this great institute of learning. We regret that he has at last graduated and we shall have to start a search for a new goat. So long, Voges—we'll miss you, and so long everybody else—we'll be back next month with more of the same.



Bad breath made Cora at each Ball
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—Yale Record



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THE ARTICULATE READER

Dear Eliot Editors:

It is regrettable when a publication under new management and certainly sincerely desiring to please the student body, presents in its first issue material which cannot help but be objectionable. We speak specifically of the panhellenic column in the Eliot just released. It has, to put it mildly, aroused much unfavorable comment. There are two bases for what has been said. The first is the very biased nature of the column; it was hardly necessary for it to be signed—it was quite unfortunately apparent that Kappa and Beta were favored over other groups.

The second is that it bordered on insulting more than once (the title used for the panhellenic column by the former Eliot editor applied much more than the one used in this issue). We are not of a group that was the object of any of this thinly veiled and rather childlike satire, but object because we feel very definitely it is hard on your magazine. You cannot possibly know the discontent which has been expressed in all quarters by the injudicious handling of what is, at best, a most ticklish problem.

Sincerely yours,

Peggy Brereton
Betty Moline
Peggy Wood
Ruth A. Finke

Dear Editors—

I, for one, would be willing to pay a quarter for an Eliot that has more cartoons and pictures. Most other schools' magazines have cartoons and photographs of campus life. Why don't we too?

And why don't you print previews in addition to reviews of plays and movies? Everytime you print something about a play, it has already traveled on to a new town two weeks before the article is printed. Why don't you preview briefly, and in plain language, some new movies, so we won't waste Friday and Saturday nights sitting in Class C picture shows.

We pay fifteen cents for a thin little magazine that comes out once

a month, if we're lucky. It has ads, a sport article (that only the boys read anyway), some re-written hash on what a girl should wear and some dull jokes all of which I've heard before. Please give us some good stories and a lot of cartoons that are funny, and I'll even try to sell your magazine for you.

Sincerely,

Marguerite Wiederholdt

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the apple*

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Eliot is the magazine of Washington University and not the magazine of some special group in the University. It is a magazine of general college interest and has no desire to become merely a comic or an undergraduate gossip column or a fraternity and sorority journal or even a purely literary magazine. It desires, rather, to become a medium for the expression of all those things in Washington U. which are, or which should be, of interest to the majority of the students, faculty, and friends of the University.

—*The Staff*





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