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The

ELIOT

Washington University • St. Louis, Missouri

MARCH
1941

15¢





*"Lady, leaf-like
this costs plenty!"*

"But Luckies pay the price to get it!"
says Jim Hill, Jr., independent tobacco buyer

"Year after year I've seen Luckies buy the finer, the milder tobaccos and pay the price for 'em, too," says Jim Hill, Jr., of Winston-Salem, N. C. "That's why I've smoked Luckies 5 years and that's why most other independent tobacco men smoke them!"

When you buy tobacco, you get what you pay for. And Luckies pay higher prices for the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos. If you're smoking more today, *real mildness* is important. So take a tip from the independent tobacco experts—the buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen. Smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke.

Copyright 1941, The American Tobacco Company

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

ORIGINAL

*Sally Atwood
Junior*



DESIGNED BY

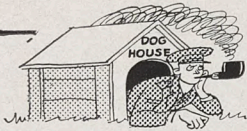
BERNARD

WORN BY

**CATHERINE
SPARKS**

Kappa Alpha Theta

Sally Atwood Originals Exclusive with Garland's in St. Louis



**PRIVATE KELLY'S PIPE
WAS SMELLY—**

but he's out of the dog house now!



"NO BLANKETY-BLANK rookie who smokes such blankety-blank tobacco can ever marry *my* daughter! Phew! Either *stay* away or switch to the Army's favorite!"



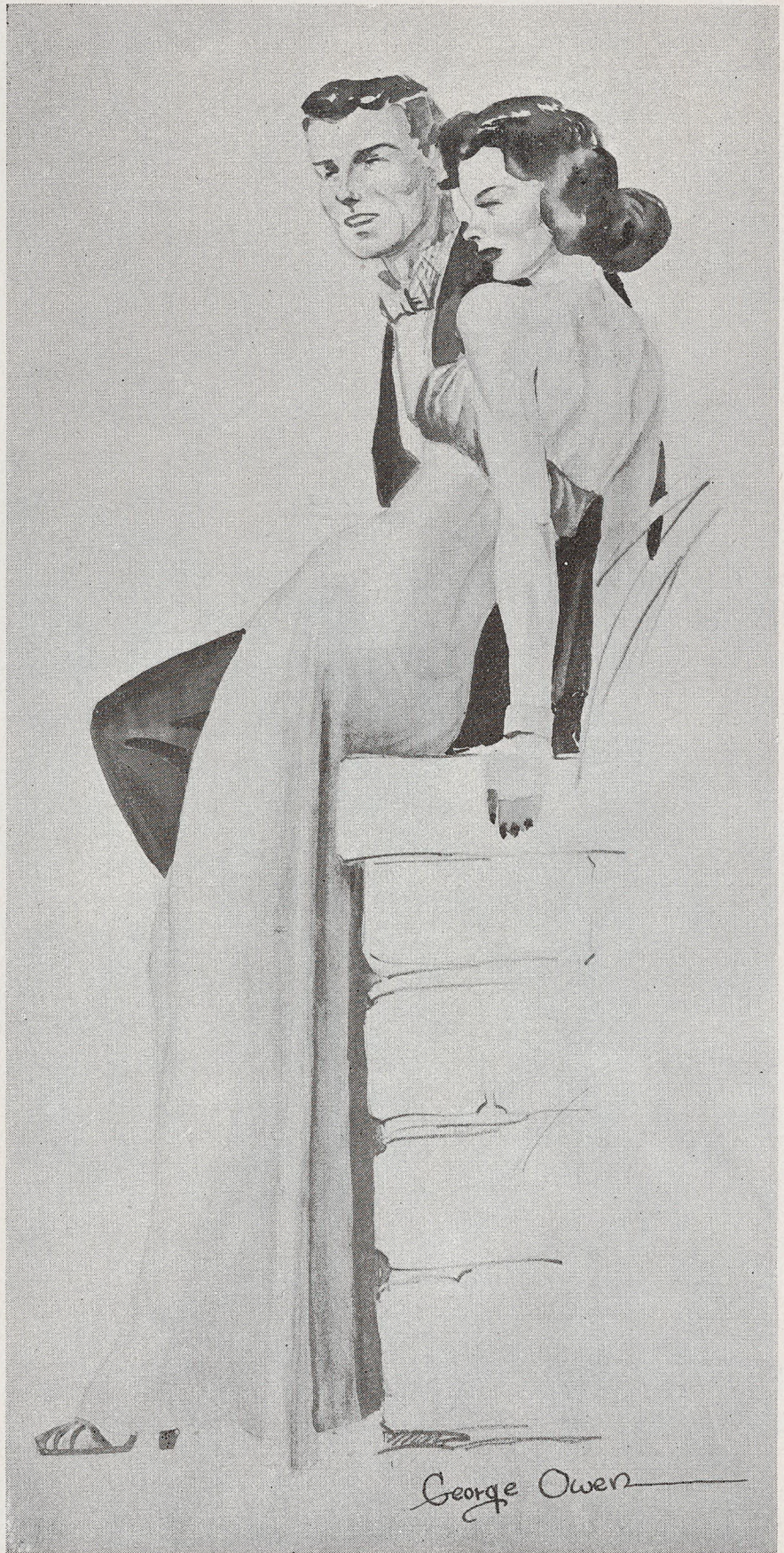
KELLY GOT DECORATED for fragrance under fire! You can, too! You puff Sir Walter in your pipe and every nose agrees it's the mild burley blend of grand aroma!"

New!

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



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



SEEN AT THE PROM

The ELIOT

MARCH 1941

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THIS WAY OUT

an alphabetical listing of places to go

Dinner, Supper and Dancing

Candlelight House—7800 Clayton Rd.

If you're going to dance here, don't worry about your date stepping on your toes. Somebody else will beat her to it every time. The food is good. The band is small but not soothing.

Castilla—1115 Washington Ave.

The sweet music of Mil Krisman's orchestra in a romantic, Spanish atmosphere. Moderate prices, dancing every Saturday night.

Chase Club—Hotel Chase (RO 2500)

The Chase Club has Leo Reisman and his band. You know the Chase Club, dress preferably formal, food good, mixed crowd. You'll get along fine here, probably see some people you know, too. Minimum charge.

Club Continental—Jefferson Hotel (MA 4600)

Tony DiPardo's orchestra. This is patronized by an older crowd, but you might try it if you're crazy about Tony. We aren't.

Crystal Terrace—Park Plaza (FO 3300)

Joe Winter's orchestra is at the Crystal Terrace, but that's not the attraction. You know, it's the Crystal Terrace, and it glitters. If you're going by yourself, be well-heeled. If you have a date you'd better set a limit, for your money won't go far.

Marine Room—Hotel Claridge (CE 7900)

You'll only be able to go here on Saturday nights for the rest of the winter season, but you'll be studying Friday anyway. Ben Moss, South African accordion and piano player, and Phyllis Walter, singer. Not many people from Washington.

Mural Room—DeBaliviere and Waterman (RO 4665)

It's rather attractive. You'll probably like it, especially the prices, which are reasonable for a place of this type.

Steeplechase—Hotel Chase

Every time you walk through a door in the Chase you find yourself in some sort of night spot. This is one of the two grills. There's always a large crowd. The music is suitably inauspicious.

Town Hall—Clayton and Big Bend

If you go here after a show or a game you'll be surrounded by people you know. It's attractive and not too bright.

Walnut Room—Gatesworth Hotel

Judging from the crowds here, everybody thinks it's the place to go. Wear a coat, preferably a loose one, because you'll be racing people for a table if you get here after nine-thirty.

Zodiac—Hotel Chase

This is up on the fine new roof. You'll be able to see the stars on clear evenings, for they roll back the ceiling. Nice if you don't mind sitting there right in the eyes of God.

“ . . . and Grill”

Busch's Grove—9160 Clayton Road

Busch's is one of the few spots around St. Louis that keeps the old traditions of good service, clean linen, and fine food and drinks. If you're looking for a quiet evening in pleasant surroundings, this is the place.

Culpepper's—4665 Maryland

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

Graham's Grill—Central and Forsythe

If you haven't been to Graham's yet, you must have gotten wonderful grades. Almost everybody of college age hits here sometime during the evening. Roy has opened a new place on Manchester and Berry that would bear looking into.

Max Weber's—Big Bend and University Car Loop

Weber's still doesn't take the place of Vescovo's, but it's getting better and better. The lawyers have taken it to their hearts, and the boys who live on the row find it to their liking. Good place for lunch and that late evening coke.

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.



MIL KRISMAN'S 10-Piece ORCHESTRA

playing every Saturday Night at

CASTILLA RESTAURANT

1115 WASHINGTON AVE.

75c Minimum

Open for other engagements

Call **PA**rkview 5622

THE TOWERS and THE TOWN

Come On, Robin

We have still to see our first robin, but spring is just around the corner. As far as we know, there haven't been any buds yet, no birds flying north, but we have great faith in little indications that never fail us. For example, just the other day we found a very revealing scrap of paper in the library. Scrawled on it was this neat little quatrain:

Your eyes are like the stars.
Your teeth are like pearls.
Your lips are like a magnet,
And I got lots a iron in me.

Obviously, spring is the only excuse for this.

There are other signs of course. As we came down the walk in front of Rebstock not so long ago, we noticed two engineers lined up side by side with their telescopes or what ever they use for surveying. They weren't looking at the usual red and white poles; not these engineers. They were watching girls come out of the Women's Building. Deny, if you can, that spring is almost here. Of course, the thing that convinces us, is our own lethargy. Our inclination is just to lie on the grass in the sun. As soon as the grass is dry and the sun is warm that's what we'll be doing. You can find us there anytime, but please don't wake us.

Go It, Mandrake

So you're worried about those nasty old Nazis, eh? Well just take out your evening paper and see what Jane Arden did to them today. Feel better? Nobody has taken national defense so much to heart as the newspaper comic strip artists. With a whoop and a holler, almost everyone of them has taken advantage of the national crisis to liven his strip. The invaders vary, it seems, according to the artist's private fears; but every man to his own danger we always say.

In a way, all this fabulous danger gives us the jitters. We watch for

malta fever in our milk, a bomb in our car. Any day now we expect to read of some big old gun factory being blown to bits, along with all the people for five miles around. We know if we lived near a munitions factory, we'd get hell for leather some place else. On the other hand, we're reassured every evening when we sit down with the papers. We figure we're plenty safe, protected by: an old man who never bathes; a famous detective; a hypnotist; a kind-hearted, patriotic gangster; a girl reporter; a red-headed young man named Bradford; a man with sinews of steel and heart of gold; a daring young man from another century who deals with rocket-ships; a heavyweight champion prize-fighter; a free lance flyer; a naval officer; and a small but tough man who makes a specialty of catching saboteurs. The heck with you, Mr. Knudsen; we'll climb into our Menace Meteor and take on any twenty planes you say. And as for you, Edgar Hoover, watch that Easy go. He can trace down a subversive germ with only a flagellum or two for a clue. The country may be conquered, but they'll never take Mandrake the Magician; not while he has that gleam in his eyes.

Measles

By the time you read this, we will undoubtedly have or have had measles. Every time somebody comes down with them, we realize with a start that we spent the previous day with the afflicted one, when he was most infectious. We figure now that the chances of our getting by without them are slim. It's all a matter of when we'll find the little red spots. We wish we would have them and get our two months' immunity. The office seems like a death house when we don't know whether or not to plan for the next weekend. Our suggestion, inhumane as it may be, would be to infect everybody and make them immune for a while. It

would all be very simple, an injection day, two week incubation period, and then a week's vacation while everybody watched their spots appear and disappear. We could even have a little game; "Last one with spots is a nigger baby."

Sabotage

We thought the Prom was fine, tying up aid for Britain and Washington University in an indissoluble knot that even sabotage couldn't harm. Well, we're only assuming that it was sabotage, but we have a pretty good idea in our noodle. The delay in the lowering of the orchestra platform for the coronation ceremony was due to the fact that someone had removed a vital fuse from the controls. As we see it, the steal was pulled by some saboteur, hoping to delay the ceremony, so that people will demand return of their money, and in this way holding up aid for Britain. You can say what you will, we know sabotage when we see it. Who but a diabolical saboteur would do his work in the dark that way? Anybody else who wanted to fix things would have let fly with an egg or two. Humm, now that we think about it...

Your Cards, Please

Freshman research themes cause a lot of trouble for everybody, professors as well as students, but the professors are used to it. Obviously, the freshmen are not. A glance into the library any Saturday afternoon before the themes were due would have convinced anybody. For most of them it seemed equivalent to flying a Spitfire after an hour's training in a cub. We know of at least one boy that was plenty puzzled. He had just taken out a book, and was showing his companion the date card. "Look," he said, "I have to keep it out for two weeks!"

The Seed

We have noticed the Washington grounds crew in action, and we wish we knew how to stop them. We'd like to talk to them like a father, and tell them that whatever they do to make grass grow, Washington students will undo. There's hardly a student in school who doesn't take a branch laid protectingly across tender grass as a direct challenge. We have seen people go out of their way to jump the branches and trample the seeded ground. Our solution would be to remove the branches entirely. The traffic couldn't be as heavy as it is when people are doing their hurdling. There's such a temptation about a barrier that... Boy, watch me take that branch.

Join, Brother

Well, well, well, so we have national unity. Don't tell us. Anybody who says we have national unity is crazy with the heat if you want our frank opinion. The rest of the country may be unified, but not our armed forces. No sir! Maybe they would hang together when it came to fighting, but in advertising it's war to the teeth; Army, Navy, and Marines all firing great fusilades of slogans. First we're told, "Serve your country in the Navy." Then the Marines come along and assure us that the Marines build better citizens. "Learn a useful trade in the Navy," answer our sea forces, and even that old saw, "Join the Navy and see the world." The army, obviously lacking in good advertising men, just says, "Join the Army." Just now, we aren't giving it an awful lot of thought, being under draft age, but the time will

come when we will have to make our choice. If it comes down to being shot or being drowned, we'll stay in jail if it's all the same with you. With conditions as they are, we can't imagine anything much nicer than a little cell to call our own, a few embezzlers for companions, and a handy little rock-pile for exercise. Excuse us while we toss a brick through some store window.

The News

We have been having a terrible time digesting the news in the past couple of weeks; we sort of need re-orientation. After some ten months of following the course of the war by looking at the situation in the air, our reactions to sea losses are strange to say the least. A headline stating that Britain just lost twenty-two ships just has us speculating about whether they were fighters or bombers. If they really want to get the idea across to us, they'll have to change their headlines. Heads like, "Twenty-two Steamships Lost," will make us sit up and take notice, but we still won't get the full significance. We figure that if the United States is sending airplanes, that's what the British had better be losing. There has to be cooperation somewhere along the line. Steamships indeed.

Next Case

If you happen to have a dozen or so students following you around and don't know what to do with them, we have a suggestion. Just send them over to the Law School for jury duty, they'll be treated like princes. A law student would no

sooner think of letting a good jury go to waste than he would a cold beer. Of course, the jury is much harder to get than the beer; dodging jury duty seems to be an inherent trait with the average American citizen, and his children. Anyway, who wants to sit in January Court Room on a sunny spring afternoon, listening to evidence. Certainly we don't. If the lawyers have any ideas about getting a jury from Eliot staff, they can forget them right now. We spend the springtime contemplating nature, thanks, and we couldn't even tell a subpoena from a constable.

Barney and Bill

We don't give a hoot one way or the other about the coming mayoralty election, but we rather enjoy reading the rival posters. They give promise of a protracted conversation, carried on at the rate of about fifty dollars a word. The Republicans started the whole thing, we're afraid, when they distributed posters advising: "Now smash boss rule in St. Louis—elect Becker." The Democrats answered almost immediately with a series of posters informing us: "Boss rule? Bunk! Continue good government with Dickmann." For a nominal fee, almost nothing in fact, we'd be glad to map out the whole conversation for both sides. The next step, of course, is an answer by the Republicans. How about: "Like fudge it's bunk. Elect Becker." "Bunk, Bunk, Bunk," the Democratic posters could answer, "Elect Dickmann." By that time the election should be over. If not, we have another suggestion which we offer to the Democrats for what it's worth. "Don't Bicker with Becker, Dicker with Dickmann."

D R A M A

THOMA, KAUFMAN AND HART

MARCH brought us winds this year, as usual, but also unusually, it brought us laughter. We're sailing into April on a gale of laughter as a result of the Quadrangle Club's production of *Three to Get Ready*, and the Thyrsus presentation of *You Can't Take It With You*. Laughter is something we can take with us, and it's still with us. We are very beholden to both of these organizations for their gift.

Three to Get Ready came first, on the 6th, 7th, and 8th to be exact. The book by William E. Thoma was no great shakes, (at times one doubted its existence) but it provided a framework and that was really all that was necessary. Percy Ramsay did all he could with the material at hand, and gave the show speed and sparkle which made up for its inadequacies. Neither his services nor those of the cast could help the first act much, but in the second act *Three to Get Ready* became good entertainment. Thoma went back to the court of Henry VIII for his setting, and the names of some of his characters. Otherwise this Tudor court was pure Thoma and no more English than "trucking," and no more truthful to history than *A Connecticut Yankee*.

All hands connected with *Three To Get Ready* deserve some measure of applause. The dances, directed by Lalla Bauman, were excellent and well conceived. The ballet in the second act was particularly memorable. Such ballets as this frequently punctuate the productions of the Municipal Opera, and of its type it was outstanding. The singing chorus was well drilled by Stanley Frederiksen and had an excellence of tone quality that was most admirable. Without meaning to carp at the good work of Mr. Frederiksen, it must be admitted that the static choir formations of the ensembles were out of place in a musical comedy. Such attempts as this at demonstration of a-capella belong in a Glee Club concert and not in a fast moving musical show. Bernard Lange designed a nicely effective set which was at all times satisfactory and appropriate. The costumes as designed by Margaret Wolcott and executed by Mickey O'Connor were properly lavish and colorful. *Three to Get Ready* was at all times a feast for the eyes.

The stand-out performance in the show was undeniably that of J. Richardson Usher. His Herman was an hilarious creation. Whether hoarsely pleading for a boat or joyously and madly leaping in the air, Usher had his

audience. His is a remarkably sure comic sense, and his timing and general stage deportment were of the finest. Feminine honors in the show go to Gladys Watkins as the amorous Mrs. Quigley. Miss Watkins was handicapped by the worst lines in the show, but the authority she brought to the role overcame this difficulty. Pretty Anne of Cleves, who masqueraded as unattractive, in order to deceive Henry, was Edith Marsalek, and she was delightful. The Archbishop of Canterbury was in the capable hands of Kendall Capps, who gave an easy and sure performance. His professional training was at all times in evidence—too much so in places. Carabelle Murtfeldt was Kate, and a good one, too. She was somewhat uncertain in the first act, but in the second, got into her stride. Clifford Venarde and Courtney Heineman made much of the parts of Henry and Norfolk. Venarde was the more outstanding as Heineman had little of importance to do.

In the aforementioned *Farmer's Ballet* in the Second Act, Betty Morse and Lucille Cartier scored as ballarinas. Both of these young ladies demonstrated undeniable talent as well as competent direction and choreography. The one really fine moment in the first act was the *Henry, Prithoe Go to Bed* number. This was sung and danced by Robert Huette, Paul Kummer, Edward Mason, and Leonard Siebels. The four young men made this the most hilarious single sequence in the show, and demonstrated the imaginative and ingenious direction of either Mr. Ramsay

or Miss Bauman. Only at one time were the writer and directors of *Three to Get Ready* guilty of bad taste; that was in the rather unnecessary and unforgivable introduction of *Land of Hope and Glory* into the show on two occasions. * * *

Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman, it is now pretty generally recognized, have written a very genuine and enduring comedy in *You Can't Take It With You*. Its humour and delights are unallayed by the passage of the years and its frequent repetitions on the stage and screen. The little moral which the play points out, that "you can't take it with you," always seems important and true until one considers the dreadful consequences attendant if all should take this as the lode stone of their lives. One shudders before the prospect of a world dominated by Sycamores. Here is isolationism in its most virulent aspect.



The production given *You Can't Take It With You* by Thyrus was one of the dramatic organization's most worth-while achievements. As directed by Wm. G. B. Carson and Alfred O. Wilkinson, the play had pace and variety. At all times the transitions were contrived with skill by both the directors and cast. The cast was one of uniformly good quality. With but a few exceptions, the large cast was more than competent.

In what has come to be considered the starring role in *You Can't Take It With You* was Henry Fick. His Martin Vanderhoff was one of Fick's finest achievements in a long series of splendid characterizations. If anyone may have been said to have stood out in the cast it was he, and Grandpa dominated the play just as he did his family. Running Fick a close second for the acting honors was Eugene Davis, a newcomer, at least to this reviewer, who played Grandpa Vanderhoff's antithesis, Mr. Kirby. Here is a most talented actor with an authority and authenticity to his acting that will contribute immeasurably to subsequent productions. He and Fick, by the excellence of their contrasting portrayals, gave an incisiveness and clarity to the play's conflict that was of incalculable importance to the whole play.

One of the most memorable characters in the play is Mrs. Sycamore, the effervescent Penny. Marcia Toensfeldt played this role, and played it well. Hers is a nice comedy sense, and one well suited to the part. The other Sycamores were Barbara Davis, Jim Sisk and Valerie Brinkman. Miss Davis and Sisk added to the comic element, and to Miss Brinkman went the romantic role. Playing opposite her was Charles French, who made an admirable Tony Kirby. His fine performance bore out the promise he showed in an earlier production this year. Another who added to the general hilarity was Sandford Snyderman as Boris Kolenkhov. This reviewer is a devotee of Russians, and Snyderman was a fine one. Mention must also be made of the worthy contributions of Ann Vinsonhaler and Terry Kurrus.—Alan Green.

The Chemistry of the Fairer Sex:

Symbol—Wo(e).

Member of human family.

Specific Gravity—Variable; molecular structure exceedingly variable.

Occurrence—Can be found wherever man exists.

Physical Properties—All colors, sizes, and shapes.

Generally appears in disguised condition; natural surface rarely free from an extraneous covering of textiles or film of grease and pigments.

Melts rapidly when properly treated. Boils at nothing and may freeze at any moment.

Ordinarily sweet, occasionally sour, and sometimes bitter.

Chemical properties—Exceedingly volatile, highly inflammable, and dangerous in the hands of an inexperienced person.

Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum, and precious stones of all kinds.

Capable of absorbing astonishing quantities of expensive food and beverages.

Reacts violently when left alone. Turns green when placed next to a better appearing specimen.

Ages rapidly.

JOKES!

Zoo Visitor: Where are the monkeys?

Keeper: They're in the back making love.

Visitor: Would they come out for peanuts?

Keeper: Would you? —Punch Bowl

Mary had a little pet.

'Twas neither lamb nor gopher,

For Mary had her little pet

Upon the parlor sofa.

—Miss-a-Sip

Agent: Sir, I have something here which will make you popular, make you happier, and bring you a host of new friends.

Senior: How much is it a quart?

He says to me, "Drink?"

I says, "Who?" He says, "You!"

I says, "Me?" He says, "You!"

I says, "No!"

He says to me, "Smoke?"

I says, "Who?" He says, "You!"

I says, "Me?" He says "You!"

I says, "No!"

He says to me, "Neck?"

I says, "Who?" He says, "You!"

I says, "Me?" He says "You!"

I says, "Well, that's a different story."

—Texas Ranger

Did you hear about the girl who went to a masquerade dressed as a telephone operator and before the evening was over, had three close calls?

—Awwgan

SAE: "How about a date?"

Pi Phi: "Indeed, no!"

SAE: "Oh, I don't mean now. Some nasty, wet winter afternoon when there's nobody else in town."

—Awwgan

From Observation:

"What is the greatest Greek tragedy?"

"Phi Delta Theta."

—Exchange

LAST LAUGH

By DAVID F. HUGHES

JOHNNIE smiled to himself as he walked home from fraternity meeting. Things had been going along fine in the past few weeks. He had brought a new girl into the lives of two of his brothers. Now they no longer wolfed on him. They spent their time making dirty cracks at one another behind fraternal smiles. Thus he had a clear track as far as social life was concerned. Some one had tried to make him Eminent Warden of his chapter, but the election had gone against him. One vote had saved him from a semester of cleaning up the meeting room. To top that off, he had just been given a new convertible, black with red and chrome wheels and two spotlights. Now he would really be smooth. And then there was that little joust with Officer Reilly of the local constabulary. That, thought Johnnie, was the crowning glory, the victory *sans pareil*.

The week before he had been hightailing it along the boulevard, somewhat in excess of the accepted speed limit, doubtless, but nothing to worry about, when he heard the low, breath taking, law-enforcing sound of a siren.

"What's the matter, bud? Didn't you see us flash the light at you? Say——" the cop squinted at Johnnie, "Aren't you the guy I warned last week for speeding?"

Johnnie took a deep breath. He prayed for a bad memory on the part of Officer Reilly. Reilly was what his name turned out to be.

"You must have been mistaken, Officer. You haven't said anything to me before."

"Are you the only one who ever drives this car?"

"Yes, it's my own." Johnnie lovingly patted the gleaming black side.

"Oh, one of them rich pups who have everything come easy to them. Well I'll soon check up. I've got a list of license numbers of everybody I ever stop. I'll go back and check on it."

Johnnie lay back listlessly on the seat. There were several courses open to him. He might back up quickly, run over the cop, and then beat it. They did that every now and then in Gang Busters, but, of course, they always got nabbed by the long arm of the law. No, that was out. Anyway the fellow was out of range by now. He could run to the policeman and say something like "I confess, Officer. I did it with my little convertible." That didn't sound very good either. Then, of course, he could always give the custodian of the law a monetary present. He had never done that before but had heard it was done in the best circles.

Reilly returned. "So, a smart guy, eh? One of these gay blades who think they can get away with murder. So I never warned you, eh? Of course I didn't, not more than three times. Well, bud, I'm running you in. Don't

ever try to put something over on the law. Remember, straight shooters always win." The man unconsciously struck a pose similar to that of Renfrew of the Mounties just after he has got his man. Probably he had a secret longing to join that picturesque Canadian force. John brought himself back to the business at hand. He had to find some way of getting it across to this chap that there was something in it for him if he were a little more sensible. He made the plunge.

"Officer, there's about five dollars in it for you if you erase this little matter entirely out of your consciousness." That was getting the idea over, Johnnie thought. Just a "yes or no" proposition, a "take it or leave it" ultimatum.

"Don't you rich esquires know when to stop? Attempting to bribe an officer. Five dollars, indeed." Officer Reilly snorted contemptuously. He was a man who knew his worth.

* * *

At the police court Reilly was generous and only charged Johnnie with exceeding the speed limit. Johnnie felt proud of the fact that he kept on fighting. He felt like Churchill or somebody.

"How far did you follow me, Officer?"

"Address your remarks to me, young man." A bespectacled magistrate looked down on him. "How far did you follow him, Reilly?"

"About a mile, your honor."

"And you charge him with exceeding the speed limit? How fast was he going?"

"Sixty, your Honor."

Johnnie stepped into the scene once more.

"Your Honor, ask Officer Reilly how long he followed me."

"Who's running this court, young man, you or me? I mean—you or I." The Justice of the Peace corrected himself hastily. "Well, Reilly, how long did you follow him?"

"About three minutes, your Honor. He was pretty hard to catch."

"Ah-ha!" shouted Johnnie. "He followed me one mile. He followed me three minutes. A mile in three minutes is twenty miles an hour, and he charged me with sixty per."

The magistrate banged the bench with his gavel.

"Silence! silence! You are out of order." But he smiled down at Johnnie with admiring disapproval.

"I guess that answers you, Reilly. Case dismissed." Johnnie and Officer Reilly walked out side by side.

"Better luck next time, old fellow," Johnnie said pleasantly. Reilly scowled.

* * *

Yes sir, reflected Johnnie, as he walked up the driveway to the side door of his home, yes sir, that had surely been his crowning glory. He had every reason to be happy. Socially he was on the up and up with the little blonde; he had luckily escaped being Eminent Warden, *alias* Chapter-room Janitor; and to top it off he had that new iron in the garage. Johnnie glanced up the driveway towards the garage. His heart skipped a beat. The open doors revealed an interior which even in the darkness could be seen to contain nothing. He ran around to the front, hoping against hope that the car had been left out there. A quiet, blank street greeted him. There wasn't a single car parked along the whole block, much less in front of his house.

Johnnie was a boy of infinite resource. He went into the house and called the police. It was darned nice to have an efficient police force. He could almost see the numerous prowler cars combing the highways and byways of the metropolis. He even felt kindly towards Officer Reilly. That man of incorruptible caliber and questionable I.Q. seemed, in his mind's eye, to be wearing a halo above his dark blue cap.

Johnnie went upstairs. As he passed his mother's room she called to him and asked if it had been a good meeting. He told her of the missing automobile.

"Why Johnnie! You drove it to the Fraternity meeting."

"I did?" To say that Johnnie was stunned would be an understatement. "I did?", he repeated, "I did?" The monologue was fast becoming trite.

Johnnie decided he was one of nature's most absent-minded creatures. He put on his coat. He took it off, turned it right side out, and put it on again. Wearily he set off for the long walk back to the fraternity house.

* * *

The feel of the leather upholstered seats and the powerful response of the motor to the throttle made Johnnie feel at ease. He drove to Parkmoor to get a chickburger as a sort of thanksgiving snack. At Parkmoor he met some old pals of high school days. An hour later he started for home. When he came to a stop sign, he made a full stop and shifted all the way into low. There was no sense in tempting fate any more. Things had all turned out so well. He began to wonder if the powers that be were merely giving him a breather before they hauled off and hit him with a sledge hammer. The rising sound of a siren confirmed this possibility.

Suddenly the picture came to him of grim faced guardians of the peace speeding swiftly through the night in the execution of their appointed tasks. Tonight one of their appointed tasks was to run down a stolen convertible, black with two spotlights. The police car didn't stop behind, but whipped past him and ran him into the curve. A spotlight shone in his face. He shaded his

eyes. When his vision cleared, he found himself looking into the open end of an automatic.

"You're under arrest."

"What for?" Johnnie had a pretty good idea, but he wanted to make sure.

"For stealing an automobile."

"But there is some mistake. This is my car."

"For a little while it was. But that is all over now."

"But it is my car. I was given it for my birthday."

The other cop shouted from the scout car. "Is anything wrong, Flaherty?"

"No, Reilly, this punk is trying to make up an alibi. I'll ride with him to the station. You follow."

As the officer went round to get in the other side, Johnnie contemplated the situation. Poor Reilly, thinking he had captured a robber in a hot car, would be fooled again. He could just see Reilly's face when he realized whom he had caught. He would have to watch out in the future. Reilly would be gunning for him.

When they got to the station Johnnie tried to explain everything. The magistrate questioned him. He seemed very interested in Johnnie's itinerary that night.

"Young man, when did you call the police?"

"About ten o'clock."

"When did you realize that the car was not missing?"

"Ten minutes later."

"What time did you pick up the car?" His Honor's voice was assuming a threatening tone. Johnnie didn't know just what to make of it. He thought that the best course would be to answer precisely and to the point.

"I found the car at a quarter to eleven."

"What did you do then?"

"I went to the fraternity house and became involved in a bull session."

"A what?"

"A bull session. You know, a sort of male discussion group, a seminar on athletics, politics, and—well you know."

"I see. Proceed."

"At about eleven twenty I rode to the Parkmoor. An hour later I started home. At twelve thirty I was picked up."

"Is the phone in your home in working order?"

"Yes. That's how I called the station in the first place."

"Is the fraternity phone in working order?"

"As far as I know it is." Johnnie couldn't see the point of this interrogation. The obvious course was to forget the whole situation with apologies all round. Probably the old geezer behind the desk was only curious, but he sure seemed off the ball. What difference did the telephone make?

"Young man do you know that over one hundred and fifty police cars in the city and about fifty more in the county were looking for your car? They were looking for it for two and a half hours. You could have called

them off by phoning from your home. You could have called them off by phoning from your fraternity house. But no, what did you do? You got into a bull session at the fraternity house. Then you went to Parkmoor and ate hamburgers or chickburgers or whatever you call them. You stuff your face while over three hundred men drive through the night in search of your car."

Johnnie felt ill at ease. He wasn't in too good a spot. A side door opened and Officer Reilly came in. He hadn't been present before.

"Young man, are you listening?"

"Yes sir,—I mean yes, your Honor."

"Well what have you to say for yourself?"

"I'm very sorry." Somehow that didn't seem to be the correct thing to say, but what could one say in a situation like that?"

"You will be sorry all right. You can think things over in solitude. You will stay in jail tonight."

"But, your Honor,——" Johnnie's voice trailed away. He had done enough talking already. As he passed Officer Reilly, that sterling fellow grinned at him.

"Better luck next time, bud."

Johnnie scowled. These cops sure have warped senses of humor.

S P O R T S

FOOTBALL AGAIN

RICHARD WEIR DEVINE, better known as Dick to his basketball friends and football associates, will play the guinea pig, and Frank "Butch" Loeb will be the experimenting scientist in what may prove a most valuable move for next year's football team. There'll be some changes made to put out the 1941 edition of the Washington football team and the shift of Devine from end to halfback is a crucial one in the business of climbing back to the once-proud position the Bears held in Valley football.

On the face of things it looks a little foolish to change a successful end into a halfback of uncertain ability. It's no exaggeration, certainly, to call Devine a successful end. Honored with recognition on the second all-Missouri Valley team in his sophomore year, Devine surprised everybody with his sterling play. Tall, with sticky fingers and an unorthodox run which confused defensive backs, Dick would repeatedly shake loose to grab a Schwenk pass and use his speed to carry on from there.

But there's another factor to be considered and that's Devine's ability to learn new plays quickly. He never played freshman football but stepped out as a sophomore to become a first-stringer on the varsity and a very valuable one at that. With very little basketball practice,

he became an alternating center on a better than fair team.

The shift is not very hard to understand. The experimenting Mr. Loeb would repeatedly have to face the problem of either using Devine as halfback, a sensational end on the offense but weak on defense, or Pufalt, a tough performer when the other side had the ball but somehow lacking the speed or savvy to become a pass-catching scoring threat. Then always he'd lean to Devine. The present plan makes it possible for Butch to utilize the special abilities of both.

The remodeling of Devine into a back suggests the possible influence of one, Mr. Conzelman, who last fall left Washington for the greener fields of the professional game. As he averred in several *Saturday Evening Post* articles, Jim had a lasting respect for the abilities of talented backs but regarded the lineman as a necessary phase of detail work. Left to his own devices, Conzelman would scout for promising high school backfield talent and pick his line from the biggest ex-coal miners in the school. Butch, too, probably hated to see Devine's exceptional speed, timing, and ball-handling ability go to waste on the line.

It's going to be interesting.

—BILL HERBERT.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN

By CHUCK LYON

THERE WAS nothing particularly strange about the evening, except that when I climbed into the bath tub I disappeared. I know, it sounds a little strange, I thought so myself at the time. The surface of the water was indented, as with the entry of a solid body, but there was nothing there. I immediately jumped out again, and in my haste, fell down. I struck my head on the tile floor quite sharply, and became unconscious. When I awoke, I could see my limbs in their entirety and was completely visible again. This experience was a little on the disturbing side, as you must admit. I had heard of hallucinations occurring after a sharp blow on the head, but never, never, before.

After three days the occurrence had slipped into the back of my mind when the strange phenomenon occurred again. I was walking home from my classes at the university when I stopped to observe the vagaries of a small river over which my way led me. As I gazed down into the waters from the lichened stone bridge, I caught my own reflection in the slow moving waters. The striking thing was that between the upturned collar and my great coat and my cap, there was nothing. I hurriedly wrapped my muffler completely around my face, pulled down my cap, and rushed to my rooms. A glance in the mirror confirmed my fears. Those features which, I publicly declared insufferable, seemed now the dearest and most necessary things that I possessed. And my hands! Those friends who needed but a thought, to do my every task instantly. I could not pick up a bottle without upsetting it nor scratch my face without fear of losing an eye. Those sensory organs which supposedly inform us as to the position of our members, rely more on sight than biologists would have us believe. If you cannot see where your hand is going when you stretch it forth, you are apt to miss your target by feet, not merely inches.

Needless to say the seriousness of the situation impressed itself upon me immediately. I couldn't go about the town and the university scaring everyone out of his wits. Yet such a unique experience could not but have definite scientific possibilities. On becoming unconscious, I had once before become embodied, and so

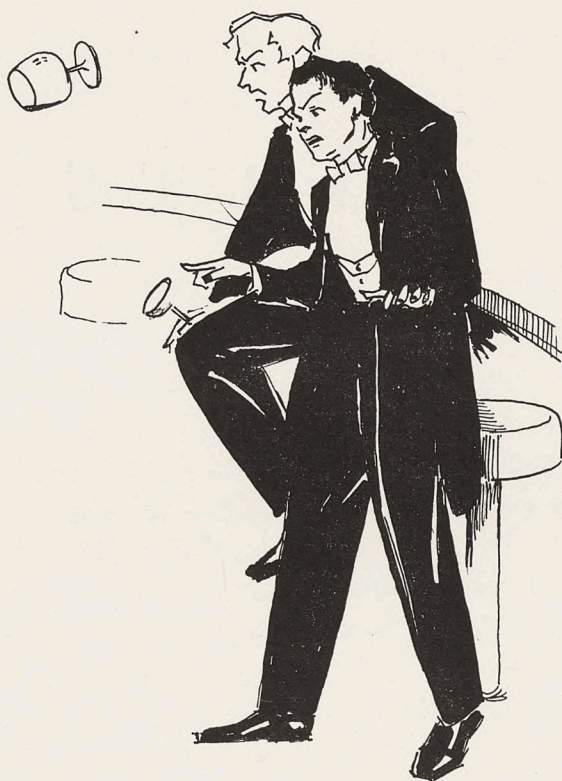
it was reasonable to believe that once more this method might be efficacious. But, what if this remedy failed? What if I were compelled to forever go about with this gift (or curse) of transparency? I could not imagine any board of examiners at a university passing a person whom they had no way of watching as they questioned him. Indeed, there would be some who might even empirically insist that I was not even there to examine. The old question of Reality might even rend the fabric of philosophy once more. Could I thrust my personal

misfortune on a world which would only recoil in shocked terror and revulsion? Could I destroy, at their very foundation those basic concepts which I had been taught to accept as sacred? The answer was of course clear. I was resolved to keep my dread secret.

I remained in my rooms constantly for four days, with nothing to eat but a rather fuzzy piece of chocolate, which I discovered in a pocket of an old pair of trousers. I occupied my time practicing picking up things, and in avoiding the furniture. I picked up a rather nasty wound, I imagine, in trying to shave. I slipped several times in the pool of blood which collected from it, before I guessed at it's origin. Finally I was driven by hunger, and curiosity, I must admit, to forego the privacy of my rooms. I

removed all of my clothing, and stood approximately in front of my mirror. I held my breath, jumped up and down, and still there was no reflection. Then I went out.

There was a difficulty most immediate, and unforeseen. The stairs leading up to my room were treacherous and difficult to descend. I had no idea where my feet were going when I advanced them, and consequently I tumbled ignominiously to the foot. As I lay controlling my temper only with the greatest difficulty, the mistress of the establishment came rushing to the foot of the stairway. She looked up the stairs with no little wonderment, and then bustled away muttering something about drunken students. This, needless to say, fairly set my blood to boiling. Being a temperate person myself, I am as much out of sympathy as anyone, with the student whose only concern is in becoming unconscious through strong liquors.



Once in the street, however, I was soon of a cooler head. In fact, it was January, and the brisk air all but froze me into immobility. I started running, to restore my sluggish circulation, and in doing so rather upset a few people. I had as yet not gained full control of my movements. I hurried at once to a tavern which some of my classmates frequented, hoping to obtain a little food, in the bustle and confusion which I understand, are always a part of such places. I entered behind another person, and so spared those inside the annoyance of seeing the door open and close by itself. Once inside I seated myself in a corner, and rubbed myself briskly, till sensation returned to my body.

Seated near me were two ruddy, and robust gentlemen who seemed a little the worse for wear. Before each of them was an untouched plate of food. They had been drinking for sometime, no doubt and food did not seem very attractive. Choosing my opportunities carefully, I devoured the contents of first one, then the other plate. The two gentlemen congratulated each other on their appetites, and ordered another glass of beer each. While they were animatedly discussing the shortcomings of their respective wives, I endeavored to appropriate the contents of one of their glasses. However, I soon found that they kept a close eye on their stimulants, if not on their food. When I had the glass half way to my mouth they both stopped suddenly, to stare at the glass suspended in mid-air. Their response was terrifying. They both jumped up shouting most unnervingly and fled. In the excitement I dropped the glass, and had nothing for my trouble but the satisfaction of seeing two drinking gentlemen completely reformed. As darkness had fallen, I appropriated a great coat, and cap, and went out. There was probably trouble about that too, but nothing soul disturbing, I hope.

It was good just to be out in the air again, after my confinement, and I walked a considerable distance. In the gloom of the night the passersby were unable to make out anything disturbing in my figure, and so for a while I was happy once more. Stupidly then, I walked full in the light of one of the rather infrequent street lights. Unfortunately also, there was a policeman across the street, who saw a great coat walking down the boulevard without legs. He gave tongue, and pursued me. I dodged into a gloomy courtyard, and hurriedly stuffed the coat and cap in a trash container. He was right in after me then, and left only after rousing all the members of the household, much to their distress. Being blue with cold, or at least so I surmised, I determined to enter some warm home, if possible, and spend the night there, if I could do so inconspicuously. I was much too cold to go all the way back to my own lodgings, and luckily a young couple passed by very soon. I followed them closely, and managed to enter a large house with them. Entering the sitting room with them, I watched them sit down, and gathering by the conversation that he was courting her, I determined not to listen.

I amused myself for a while, by teasing the cat, but soon found that their conversation, boring though it was, captured my attention. It seemed that she was angry or something, and wouldn't let him kiss her. The poor chap obviously was so discouraged at this that I was bound to help him if I could. Looking around, I noticed that the windows were frosted nicely, so I wrote with my finger on one of the panes, "GO AHEAD, HE'S A NICE CHAP." Then I tapped on the pane a little. She thought he was playing a trick on her, and became more angry than ever.

Bored again, I wandered over to the piano, and without giving it a thought started to pick out a few chords. Glancing over at the two young people I saw them clinging to each other, and shaking with fright. Sorry that I had frightened them, I said, in as harmless a voice as possible, "Don't be frightened; I am the spirit of Christmas Past." Somehow this was not very encouraging to them and they fled upstairs. I hurried out in the young man's coat, and returned to my lodgings. The coat, by the way, was a very beautiful one, and if I only remembered the street, I would return it to him—I think.

The next morning I was disconsolate. My every act in relation to my fellow men resulted in their discomfort. I was an outcast, as surely as though I had been stricken with dread leprosy. Suddenly a ray of hope came to me. Of the learned men at the university, there was one in whose judgment I trusted implicitly. Dr. C—— was such an understanding person, that I was sure in him I would find a solution to my great trouble.

On reaching the doctor's study, I found that he had not arrived, and so I devoted myself to writing an explanation of what had befallen me. I knew that it might be more credible to read it, than to have a voice from nowhere try to explain. At last the good doctor came in, and started reading the note, which I had placed in the middle of his desk. The more of the note he read, the more he laughed. I never would have believed that such a little man could contain so much laughter. His eyes streamed, and he rocked back and forth on his toes. When he reached the last line he was practically ill from laughing so hard. I had written, "I am now seated in the large armchair in the corner." He glanced over at the chair, and laughed again. The morning sun streamed in its brightest rays. He staggered over to the chair, and sat down... in my lap. His body stiffened, and his hand crept down ever so slowly, till he felt my arm. His fingers brushed my bare flesh lightly, and then he stood up slowly. He walked over to another corner of the study, and stared at the chair. Then he came back, and moved it, pushing it out into the center of the room. He kept muttering, "A marvelous illusion, a most remarkable illusion indeed." Then I spoke, a little huffed, at being called an illusion. "Well doctor, do you imagine the voice is an illusion too?" This rather got him I think, but he was by now at my side, taking notes, and trying to think of some way to apply pigment to my skin, so that I might be visible again. All that day we talked, and far into the night, and at the end we had arrived

nowhere. It was the problem of precedent more than anything else, which bothered the learned doctor. "Not," he said, "that I haven't the faith in you that I should have, Fritzi, but I cannot reconcile you to my basic doctrines." Why he called me Fritzi, I can't imagine, for my name is Ghon. By midnight he had decided that he was too old now to disregard precedent so completely, and therefore, that I didn't exist. I tried to leave my address with him, in case he reconsidered, but he was adamant. I pinched him, tickled him, and hid his hat, still he shouted loudly, that I didn't exist. Finally I left, but first I locked him in his study.

That, kind friend, was seven years ago, and until now I have never spoken to another human being. The lack of faith of that great man (since become director of the university) broke my heart completely. Since then I have lived in the country, where I can do some good. The simple farm folk take me as one of the "little people" and when they see something move by itself, they are grateful, because they have something to talk about. I have lost a lot of weight lately, I think, because my footprints aren't so deep. No, I don't suppose I will ever become visible again, because your world is gone for me. Once having experienced the refreshing experiences that lie beyond human experience, you will never be satisfied with being contained within that shell which is visible, and once having burst it you will always in some measure, be invisible. Would you like to eat one of my butterflies?

RIVER FRONT

SID WILLIAMS

He barged heavily in the doorway, tromped to the little heater—the one in this corner—and warmed his hands.

From the other corner of the room, where the big cushion chair was, she was sitting and relaxing. He was the most regular person she knew. Life was raw and cold on the river front, but she preferred this place where men were men.

He let one frozen boot fall on the other one; the heel met the toe. Off came a boot; it fell in a corner. My, he was rough. But she liked him—these men of the river front.

He lifted his other foot to the bed, placed his heel there on the edge. A boot fell to the floor, and ice from it scattered on the cover. Here, here, there's ice on the bed, but we'll fix that.

He stood there in his red flannels, and she met his smile with a yawn. He was so childish.

He climbed in bed, and still he looked as if he were wondering about something. She met his eyes directly, without wavering. She gazed at him without a flaw in her countenance.

Slowly and surely she came across the room.

She stopped at the foot of the bed, leaned very near

to the post with it making an imprint in her soft and flexible body.

He looked at her again—the question on his lips and the wonder in his eyes.

But she came no closer. She felt that she was the most dignified of all creatures. She stuck her tail in the air, rubbed the post and purred.

He wondered no more. His bare feet hit the cold floor, and he cursed. He picked the cat up, took it to the ice box, and poured it some milk.

—Yellow Jacket.

JOKES!

Father—Remember, my boy, beauty is only skin deep.
Son—Deep enough for me. I ain't no cannibal.

—Drexer

People who live in glass houses shouldn't.

—Texas Ranger

"You can't arrest me. I came from one of the best families in Alabama."

"That's O.K. buddy. We ain't arresting you for breeding purposes anyhow."

—Rammar Jammer.

Tri Delt: What's the difference between dancing and marching?

Phi Delt: I dunno.

Tri Delt: I thought so.

—Awgwan.

A Scotchman was leaving on a business trip, and he called back as he was leaving, "Goodbye, all, and dinna forget to take little Donald's glasses off when he isn't looking at anything."

—Old Maid.

There are, to me, two kinds of guys
And only two that I despise:

The first, I'd really like to slam—
The one who copies my exam;

The other is the dirty skunk
Who covers his and lets me flunk.

—Yellow Jacket

"What kind of teas do you like best?"

"Striptease."

—Spartan

"Let me show you something new in a snappy sedan," suggested the salesman.

"I don't think you could," she sweetly replied.

—Columns

MUSIC

"GEORGES" FOR THE SEASON



OUT ON the west coast a couple of weeks ago the Hollywood people gave themselves their annual pat-on-the-back for "artistic achievement." Certain individuals who stood out in one way or another during the past year were presented with little gold-plated statuettes that fit onto mantleplaces.

These (the statuettes, not the individuals) are called "Oscars".

I mention this at the beginning of an article on music because of a rather unusual coincidence. It just so happens that at the end of every St. Louis symphony season I distribute so-called "Georges" to those soloists, pianomovers and others whose work I have particularly admired. I won't say what these "Georges" are, for fear of embarrassing the recipients, but I can assure you that they aren't little gold-plated statuettes that fit onto mantleplaces.

The first two "Georges" go to Marjorie Lawrence and Helen Traubel. Miss Lawrence sang an unforgettable *Salome* finale, a performance upon which it would be easy to lavish a score of superlatives. I thought the *Salome* finale the most perfect collaboration of soloist and orchestra this year. However, Miss Traubel's rendition of the Bruennhilde Immolation would not rank more than a step behind.

And now I have a "George" for Joseph Szigeti, who in a year when St. Louis concert-goers heard some exceptionally fancy fiddling, took top laurels. His interpretation of the Beethoven concerto wasn't one to make you sit up stiff and straight in your seat, your spine all-a-tingle. It wasn't an interpretation that made you feel you were "hearing the concerto for the first time" (unless you actually were hearing it for the first time). But, as it was a highly intelligent, accurate and satisfying performance, I believe that Szigeti deserves one of these "Georges."

Another violinist to whom I doff my hat is Nathan Milstein. He did wonders with the Lalo *Symphonie Espagnol*. I suppose I should give Heifetz some kind of recognition for letting us hear the Walton violin concerto before its New York premiere. However, four months after hearing that particular work, I'm afraid I'm just as unenthusiastic as when I first heard it. It's too bad Heifetz didn't play the Sibelius concerto, leaving Guidi to struggle with the complexities of that Walton score.

The pianists weren't anything sensational this year, but we might give Artur Schnabel a "George" for his appearance with the orchestra in the Beethoven G Major Concerto. Then too there was E. Robert Schmitz, who,

like Milstein, although to a lesser extent—made a work of minor worth sound like something special.

I have a great big "George" for Vladimir Golschmann, but if it's all right with you I'll wait another paragraph before officially awarding that one. Before getting around to Mr. Golschmann's "George", I want to present Jose Iturbi with an "Albert". Iturbi, you will remember, appeared again in his customary dual role of pianist-conductor. His conducting of Dvorak's *New World* Symphony furnished further proof (if further proof was needed) that Iturbi's proper place is on the pianist's stool. It was a listless, dead-tired and uninspired reading of the *New World*. His interpretation of the Beethoven C Minor Piano Concerto suffered from the fact that he had to nod and wink at the orchestra from time to time and was unable to give full and proper attention to the solo instrument. Back to your piano, Jose, or you're going to get another "Albert".

In awarding Mr. Golschmann his "George" I again wish to commend him (as I did at mid-season) for presenting so many new works on the programs this year. That several of these works were rather shallow affairs (*The Incredible Flutist*, the Bela Bartok Piano Rhapsody, *Sierra Morena*) does not alter the fact that we were given an opportunity to hear some of the music of representative modern composers. Quoting from my comments in this column at mid-season, "Nobody will deny that the modern compositions Mr. Golschmann has presented have injected life into the local concert season. Some received ovations, others were accorded merely a polite patter of applause, but they all kept the St. Louis symphonygoers figuratively on their toes."

(To go into a brief parenthesis about one of the new works, I'm afraid I don't agree with Dr. Serge Koussevitzky's estimate of the much-discussed Shostakovich Fifth Symphony. I don't think it's a work that will take rank with the great symphonies of Beethoven and Brahms. Perhaps with the Tschaikovsky symphonies, but not with Beethoven and Brahms. Tschaikovsky and Shostakovich seem to have a lot in common, such as the fact that the music of neither of them improves with repetition. I have listened to the Shostakovich No. 5 a number of times, and I think I liked it best the first few times I heard it.)

And now a "George" to the entire orchestra without any attempt at singling out individuals in the group who have stood above their fellows. In reality, individuals haven't stood out, for our orchestra is not a collection of virtuosi; rather than that, it is one instrument and, I believe, an exceptionally good instrument.

In closing, there's one last "George" and it goes to the St. Louis Symphony Society for the fine group of soloists it has booked for next year. It should be a banner season.

NIGHT OF NIGHTS

OF ALL THINGS

“COME EARLY, if you want to dance” was the word passed around school the week before the Junior Prom, and apparently everyone did, for most of the guests had assembled by nine-thirty and were already swinging to the inimitable music of our maestro, Benny Goodman. The three stags sneaked sheepishly in at about ten or thereabouts through the back entrances, and rather reluctantly started cutting. One boy remarked that he thought his shoulder was itching when someone cut him, and nearly had a stroke when he turned around and saw a lone wolf with an apologetic grin on his face. When the cutting began the difficulty of locating your date again came up. We saw one poor male who looked all fagged out and swore that he had walked at least a mile searching for his date who had on—of all things—a white dress. In spite of minor difficulties such as these the dance was a howling, jam and jiving success.

At eleven o'clock, not on the dot, the coronation ceremony was begun with a short introductory speech by Charlie French, vice-president of the junior class. The two men who judged the Hatchet Queen were introduced—our own maestro, Benny Goodman and Professor Quiz, who rushed across the stage dropping a few words in the microphone as he passed. At about eleven-thirty the curtain at the rear of the stage was raised disclosing the retiring Hatchet Queen, Miss Libby Goetch and her escort, Hank Nelson, editor in chief of Hatchet. Miss Goetch was gowned in a white dress with a lace bodice and net skirt, and tiny puffed sleeves. The dress had a sweetheart neck outlined with daisies, which also encircled the waist. The retiring queen carried pink roses.

A fanfare announced the entrance of the first maid, Miss Mary Gendler, who entered escorted by Bob Brereton to the tune of “Tea for Two.” Miss Gendler wore a white Grecian type dress of silk jersey with a gathered neck edged in gold kid leather leaves and rhinestones. She carried red roses.

The second maid to enter was Adrienne Palan, who is a student in the School of Fine Arts. Miss Palan, who

was escorted by Irvin Birenboim, was totally unaware that she was to be the future queen. If you don't believe in predestination or something, we'd like to tell you the story we heard about Adrienne. The jeweler who fitted the crown was out at school the week before the Prom looking for a girl—just any girl would do—to use as a model. He accosted the first one who walked by and asked if he could borrow her head for a minute. The girl nodded her assent and after he had fit it to his own satisfaction, he thanked her and walked away leaving Adrienne Palan with a couple of locks out of place and a rather perplexed look on her face. That's the story and it's supposed to be true. At the Prom,

Miss Palan wore a white organza gown with bands of Chinese red lace and matching red slippers. She carried Talisman roses.

To the tune of “Only Make Believe,” Marianna Taussig, the third maid entered escorted by Bill Cassilly. Spot lights played on Miss Taussig, gowned in a charming dress of turquoise

chiffon with a pleated bodice and draped skirt caught up with fresh gardenias. She carried yellow roses.

The fourth maid who entered was Katie Sparks who was escorted by Frank Grindler. Miss Sparks was also dressed in turquoise with a lace bodice and net skirt. The dress featured a low waist which terminated in a full skirt encircled with countless rows of ruffles. She carried Talisman roses. Her bow was one of the most graceful. If you want one man's opinion as to Catie's appearance at the Prom, ask Dave Hughes.

Harriett Lloyd was the last maid to enter. Her dress was white marquisette, off the shoulders, with rhinestone straps and sequins in the skirt. Miss Lloyd, who was escorted by Harry Cheshire, carried red roses.

With the court assembled the editor of Hatchet placed the crown on the head of Adrienne Palan, who assumed her role as Hatchet queen for the ensuing year amid much applause. Dancing was resumed to the melodic strains of “Perfidia” as played by Benny Goodman and his orchestra. Slowly the couples came down to the floor and joined the queen and her maids in the dance.



Only milder forms of jitterbugging were indulged in by the more courageous of the guests. Bruce Schwartz and his date performed with a series of fast intricate steps to the amazement of the onlookers. Most of the guests, however stuck to the more conservative steps and either watched the orchestra during the faster pieces or shifted rather uneasily from one foot to the other with wry grins on their face trying to keep up one of those double dance conversations above the din of the music.

A perfect evening was concluded with parties at all of the local night spots, including Garrivelli's, Weber's, and the Chase Club. It was an epoch-making night in the life of every Washingtonian, because even if you weren't there (and that seems highly improbable considering the high-pressured salesmanship before the

Prom and the mob that attended) you will still be hearing about it for weeks to come. Saturday morning was a blue time for everyone, for through a maze of history notes and the drone of econ. lectures we could still hear the lingering melodies of Benny Goodman. At twelve-thirty we closed our books with a sigh of relief and went home to catch up on some much needed sleep while the more sturdy of our friends lingered on the campus to exchange bits of gossip from the night before. It's hard to decide which is more fun, the dance, itself, or the gossip about it afterwards, but whatever your opinion, it was a night which we will never forget and we'd like to take off our hats to all of the people who worked behind the scenes and were instrumental in making the Junior Prom of 1941 what it was.

WE'RE ASKING YOU

About the middle of March we conducted a small poll in this same vein for our own edification and everybody was so interested that we resulted in getting ourselves kicked out of every library in the school. At any rate people seemed to like it so we'd like you to try it. All you have to do is write down the girl or boy who best fulfills the particular qualification in your opinion, and put it in the ballot box in the Quad Shop sometime this week. We found the stronger sex a little reluctant to express their opinion on some of the following items, especially lips, but the poll is absolutely secret so you can be completely uninhibited. The results will be published in the next issue of the magazine. We in the Eliot office have our own opinions and now we're asking you.

Girls:

Best all-around
 Most attractive
 Most happy-go-lucky
 First to be married
 Best dressed
 Best lips
 Best figure
 Best eyes
 Best personality
 Peppiest
 Best sense of humor
 Best apple-polisher
 Most naive
 Most sophisticated
 Most gullible

Boys:

Best all-around
 Most happy-go-lucky
 Best line
 Best physique
 Best personality
 Best looking
 Best sense of humor
 Best dancer
 Best apple-polisher
 Most naive
 Most sophisticated
 Most likely to succeed
 Most faithful
 Best jellier
 Best athlete



BETWEEN BELLES

LOVE GOES TO COLLEGE



Beginning Love 101

Helen Wallis, D.G., and Fred Clauser, SAE
Marybeth Greene, KKG, and Hardy Glenn, Sigma Nu
Doris Naylor, Pi Phi, and Harold Gilbert
Patty Wolf, KKG, and Jack Cotter, Beta

Advanced Love 404

Courtney Heineman and Marguerite Wiederholdt, Pi Phi
Dotty Royse, KKG, and Gerry Bailey, Beta
Janet Schiller, Theta and Burt Smith, Phi Delt
Barbara Chivvis, Theta and Sam Murphy, Sig Alph
Suzonne Buckner, Gamma Phi, and Bob Mason, Phi Delt
Janet Spratte and Sandy Tuthill

Diplomas (pins)

Kay Ruester, Gamma Phi and Bob McDowell, Sigma Nu
Nancy Chase, Theta and Parks Stillwell, K.A.
Bob Obourn, Phi Delt and Debby Higby, (Lindenwood)
Jean Richardson, Theta and Bobo Simmons, Phi Delt

On Probation

Catie Sparks, Theta and Dave Hughes, SAE
Marjorie Johanning, Theta and Forrest Stone, Sig Chi
Posy Oswald, Gamma Phi and Rudy Dallmeyer, Phi Delt
Jean Hausman, Gamma Phi and Bob Moehle, TKE

Flunked Out

Estelle Frauenfelder, KKG and Chuck Lyon, Phi Delt
Peggy Stoecker, Pi Phi and Ed Buford, KA
Joyce Schoenbeck and Major Shaw, Sig Chi
Jimmie Otto, Theta and Joe Funk, Phi Delt

Correspondence Courses

Jean Buchta, Pi Phi and Ernie Grennell (Dartmouth)
Shirlee Jones, KKG and Del Cummins (Annapolis)
Mary Garland Maack, Theta and Roger Noyes (Pensacola)
Ilda Smith, Theta and Joe Glenn (Westminster)
Patty Inman, KKG and Charlie Kilgen (Mizzou)
Harriett Lloyd, Theta and Bob Lewis
George Owen, Phi Delt to Barbara Hart

After last spring's sensational period of specialization in the Beta chapter it would seem that the worm has turned and a reaction set in. The boys are playing the field in noteworthy fashion. An outstanding example of the new style in romance is Ceylon Lewis who has

been seen dividing his attentions this last week between Kappa's Edie Marsalek, Nancy Roeder, and (quick work) Bunnie Wiechert. A couple of boys that are casting longing looks back toward the old system are our ever present Rex and Alice Jane Love, and Bill Cassilly, whose attention seems to have shifted from Marg Georgi to A. P. Sullivan. When we saw Rex at the Candlelight alone and Alice at the Quad Show unalone, we couldn't rest till he assured us that it was only her tri-monthly night off.

Speaking of the love and romance that generally runs riot in this column it is to be noticed that Gary Suppiger and Dutch Lutz are no longer wearing their pins... and that one wonders WHERE they are? And while on the subject of K.A. pins and unpins, we wonder if anyone has noticed how Ed Buford has been making a trio of it with Margaret Georgi and Pi Phi Peggy Stoecker?

We learned about love yesterday. One of the girls in education class arrived very much prettied-up for her 8:30, and bubbling over with excitement. Questioned, she informed us that she'd have to cut her 9:30 in order to get married at 10:30 at the City Hall but that she expected to be back for her afternoon class because she couldn't afford any more cuts. We call the attention of the administration to this fidelity and suggest that she be given Phi Beta Kappa for effort.

We all realize by now, after Glen Miller and all, that Capps is a fine tapster, but we wonder if everyone noticed that his wasn't the only dancing of special and individual merit... Charlie Hodgson certainly shook a mean rumba shoulder when he trucked out leading the singing chorus onto the U.C. stage.

Hatchet Queen Candidate Mary Gendler seems to be having quite a time with her date book. She returned Sam Marcus' pin, and now we know (the hard way, by trying) that Sam won't buy a ticket to the Junior Prom... tsh, Sam, never let anything interfere with your school spirit... even HIM.

Flash! Estelle Frauenfelder is again in circulation... we hesitated to print this, for fear of damage to le Chateau in the rush. And incidentally, Betty Mills, now has a free field with Chuck and S.A.E. prexy Jack Hunstein.

We are sad to announce that the Age of Chivalry has at last uttered it's last gasp in the Sigma Chi chapter, whose neglected duties were taken over by a Beta. Hello, Andy. We are referring to the Quad Show Party, you know.

Kappa's beautiful new pledge Bunnie Wiechert went to the Engine Masque with Al Lee of Phi Delt, and gave

the fellows and gals a taste of what they can expect on the football field next year with a Drum Majorette.

Keyhole murmurs...that Paul Kummer has ceased going out for exercise and has taken up breaking chairs instead...George Curtis is taking advantage of those Junior Prom coke bargains to jelly with Jo Sippy...Charlie Mattes has become a veritable kitten with his new haircut, and we wonder who played Delilah...Frank Eldracher liked the Quad Show party so well that he was the last one to leave it...we are divided between Hitler and Stalin as the prototype for Bill Dee's latest moustache...shave it off and stop our worrying...

Thoughts at random...perhaps its that fine chapter of Kappa Sig at Missou that's keeping Doris Hartmann from appreciating the full glory of the local Beta chapter...these almost spring days, as one watches Harold Rapp and Dotty Tracy wander about over the campus, we think ain't platonic love amazing...Rody Pistor had a lot of competition as a Harem maid at the Engine Masque from Venita Schnitzer who wore a lovely costume of silver sequins...

Here today and gone tomorrow...at least that's the story we heard about Louise Hilmer's little frat pin she sported around for one day.

Ho Hum! Romance...Joe Funk is back in the Theta chapter again...This time dating Marianna Taussig...'lil Rosalie Kincaid, Theta, and Jack Roehlk, S.A.E. have been seen together lately and frequently.

"A trip down fraternity row, or the loves of Ann Page Sullivan."

Two group projects taking on new life with the second semester slump are the "singing S.A.E.'s" and the "Bowling Sig Chi's."

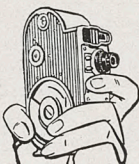
Ah! yes, Gate...and have you seen Schwenk roller-skate?...we did, and it was quite a sight to see the grid-iron appollo flex his muscles to the Skaters' waltz.



Dick mumbles, "Sweet as honeydew!"
Janet sighs and quavers.
Dick says, "No—I don't mean you,
I mean these swell Life Savers!"



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath after eating, drinking, or smoking.



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

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

WINNING JOKE FOR MARCH

A freshman took in a strip tease one New Year's Eve, and next day went to an oculist to have his eyes treated.
"After I left the show last night," he explained, "my eyes were red and sore and inflamed."
The doc looked him over, thought a minute and then remarked: "After this, try blinking your eyes once or twice during the show—you won't miss much."

ART RICHMAN

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JOKES!

The Circle

Frat House.
Ring around the bathtub,
Fourteen inches high,
Four and twenty brothers,
All as sore as I.
When the door is opened,
The bird that leaves the ring,
Is going to be a sadder sight,
Than the guy who used to sing.
—Exchange.

He—Please!
She—No!
He—Just this once!
She—No! I said.
He—Aw-hell-ma!—All the rest of
the kids are going barefoot.
—Malteaser.

"Mother, are there any skyscrapers
in heaven?"
"No, son. Engineers build sky-
scrapers."
—Texas Range.

"Professor, do you think it's right
for me to sit on your lap when you
explain your theory of reincarna-
tion?"
Why not? We only live once."
—Stanford Chaparral

Shell of a Thing

Have some peanuts?
Thanks.
Want to neck?
No.
Give me my peanuts back.
—Texas Range

Question

A serious thought for today,
Is one that may cause us dismay,
Just what are the forces
That bring little horses,
If all of the horses say "Nay"?
—Froth

"Waitress, what's wrong with
these eggs?"
"I don't know. I only laid the
table."
—Bored Walk

It is one of our pet theories that
when a girl is asked for a kiss, she
can't think of anything to save her
neck.

—Punch Bowl

It isn't what our girl knows that
bothers us—it's how she learned it.

—Aggievator

Outraged Wife: "Couldn't you
think of anything better than coming
home in this drunken condition?"
Erring Husband: "Yes, m'dear,
but she was out of town."

—Jester

Pi Phi—I like your new boy friend.
He seems so easy going.
Theta—Yes, but he isn't easy
stopping.

—Duke 'n' Duchess

TKE—Why is your tongue so
black?
Beta—I dropped a bottle of liquor
where they're tarring Pershing Ave.
—Sundial

"What kind of work is your sis-
ter's boy friend engaged in, Willie?"
"I think he prints free theater
tickets."
"You think he prints free theater
tickets? What ever gave you such an
idea?"
"Well, I heard Sis say he was al-
ways making passes."
—Sundial

"You're the first girl I ever kissed,
dearest," said the senior as he shifted
gears with his foot.
—Yellow Jacket
—Aggievator

"When I'm in training there's no
wine, women, or song."
"What do you do for entertain-
ment?"
"Break training."
—Aggievator

DID YOU EVER GET ACID-INDIGESTION FROM A DINNER CHECK?



Did You Ever Get a Check That Made Your Acid Rise and Your Heart Burn? Here's What To Do!

Were you ever the "fall" guy for an unexpected dinner party? Or did you ever dine at one of those plushy places where they add the headwaiter's age on the check?

Then you know what it is to have your acid rise and your heart burn.

There are many things that will give you acid-indigestion, but nothing so quickly as a playboy's dinner check!

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The thing to do is carry Tums with you all the time. Then, when your dinner check outrages you, or your horse has lost by a nose, or your best girl has stood you up, all you need do is slip a Tum or two in your mouth.

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