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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

JUNE 1946

FIFTEEN CENTS



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These are a few of the highlights of Summer in St. Louis, 1946. For sun-bright ideas, come to our Under the Sun Shop soon!

Stix, Baer & Fuller





Olive Walker, retiring editor, on our cover this month. If she looks happy, it is probably because *Eliot* is no longer on her mind!

We of the staff who have worked with Olive this year know that she has done a good job under sometimes extremely trying conditions. We'd like to compliment her on her work, and wish her the best of luck for the future.

ELIOT

June

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Who D u n n i t ?

Dear Reader,

Although our plans for *Eliot* are still in the formative stage, we can give you a few prevues.

1. A bigger and better "Finer Things." We're going to tell you what we think of the current cinema. We're going to discuss music from Shastokovitz to the Duke; books—high and low brow; radio; art; the mentionable entertainers in the night spots—and all with opinions flying.

2. More and better short stories and articles. We've discovered, to our, and your, sorrow, that merely waiting for the campus literari to give us the fruit of their pens doesn't pan out. So we're going to have a board of Contributing Editors, chosen on recommendation of the English department for their excellence in writing. These contributing editors will not only see that we get good short stories, but will insure adherence to a higher writing standard in our regular features.

3. Quality rather than quantity humor. We want to have more cartoons, and more short, humorous articles. We plan to have fewer "cut" jokes. We are going to comment on campus affairs—for we feel that the student body takes itself too seriously—in a manner suited to the topic.

4. Maybe we'll have a knock-down, drag-out feud for you—but that we can't promise.

You will notice changes in this issue, in the layout, cover and contents page. We are going to keep on changing and experimenting in an effort to find the medium that will best give expression to our group. If you don't like what we give you, tell us about it. But we hope you'll like it.

The *Eliot* Staff.

Designing Woman

We owe our cover to Aline Schulz, who also designed our Contents Page. Aline designed the cover for this year's *Ternion*, and will no doubt design the 1948 Hatchet cover. You'll see more of her work next year.

Monkey Business

Paul Campbell, author of "Marvin Was a Monkey," has time not only to rear a family and go to school but to do creative writing on the side. If you can tear him away from descriptions of the antics of his young son, Paul will tell you that he has done some professional writing and that he plans to stay in the writing field.

Of Men and Horses

Dorothy Brockhoff, retiring editor of *Student Life*, Mortar Board member, and B. W. O. C., writes a summary of her class years here—*The Summing Up*, page 12 of this issue.

Dorothy likes accordions, botany, steak, mountains, and most of all, horses. In fact if she had a choice between a horse and a man she would prefer the horse; and to all you horses, Dorothy does not know exactly what she plans to do when she graduates on the 13th of June.

As to places, she prefers Colorado to St. Louis. In the academic field, she looks to Chicago University for progress. With regard to journalism, the former editor is toying with the thought of combining writing, political science and botany. Just how she'll do that, we couldn't gather. But she is going to go on and get her master's degree in one of these fields.

Dorothy is a liberal and is vitally interested in world affairs—especially in relation to the campus. Her favorite subjects so far are International Law and Foreign Governments. She is an independent voter and would prefer Stassen to Truman in the White House at the present.

The Guise of Texas

The *Chicago Tribune* said that Jackie Walters was a member of the campus newspaper. We hate to have her branded in such an unrighteous way. We were a little hurt to have her labeled as a tried and true Student Lifer, although we certainly don't claim full rights to her.

Jackie has made her mistakes in giving her material to the wrong publication in the past, but please, Mr. McCormack, let's watch how we connect people.

Jackie has in her years seen quite a few things, and of them all, Texas is one of her favorite topics. A definite person like Jackie usually takes a firm

stand with such statements as, "Yes, I am wild about Texas," or "I can't stand cows, but I love cow punchers," but this girl seems to dodge such issues with a skill that makes one suspect that she respects the complexities of the Texan situation. Probably the best approach to her heart is not the conventional bottle of Johnny Walker, but some off-hand remark about the Lone Star State. Any such remark would have a double meaning to her, and might bring out anything, from an elegy to the Alamo to a tribute to Albert Payson Terhune. She even named her dog for her state.

Foreign entanglements or not, we would like to hear more from Jackie Walters, and perhaps erase that Windy City blight from her fair name. In this issue, see her feature on summer jobs.

Down Under

How the Art School strikes an average student in the business school is the subject of Don Williams "The Adventures of J. Q. Washington." Don told us that people don't give him very long to live (he's been in a lot of accidents—in fact, we think his parents have endowed a bed at St. John's). If the art students rise in defense of their institution, we'll have to second the common opinion as to his probable length of life—or anyway, provide body guards.

An Evanston Blonde

We are always happy to give one of the Eads Hall bunch a chance at the big-time, and in this issue we have done the honors for two. We will deal with Editor Willmarth right now and express our fondest appreciation for the piece of writing that she has done in her contribution to our pages. Probably the best comment we could make about her recent appointment to chief head-line writer is that we think she deserves it. She says that the thing that started her out on journalism was the good time she had working on her high school paper. There was no urge for expression or creative pressure. "I just had fun," she says. She thinks Truman is "sort of middle of the path"; John L. Lewis is "a pot," and she isn't very fond of the Russians. Solving that formula gives us "reactionary," but Ruth says she isn't, and points at the liberal policies of *Student Life* as proof. For her stand on a lesser, but just as controversial matter, see "A Ticklish Situation" on page 18.



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new junior love for day-
time or date-time!

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Leaves of Gas

1.

I celebrate myself and sing myself—
I am the jubilant passer and the jealous flunker,
And every grade point belonging to me belongs to
you.
I lounge in the quad shop and invite my soul.
I observe, with naked nerves, the leaves of a book.
Every atom of me is part of these halls and these
walls
The legacy of my parents and they of their parents
Of them and to them; of you and to you.
This is the song I sing:

2.

Because I heard Paul Robeson with fired ideals and
stinging palms,
Because I have scraped my shiny fenders in the
parking lot,
Because I have thrown exams the morning following
a dance,
Because I have blown the whistle and faked the
push-ups,
Because I have sweated-out the line in Lee Hall,
Because I have longed to escape the drudgery of an
afternoon lab,
Because I was elbowed at the Junior Prom,
Because I was awed by the pomp of the inaugu-
ration,
Because I have cussed the retreating street car and
hoped for a lift—
I am the teacher and the taught,
I am the faucet and the sponge,
I am the sunflower and old Phoebus.
I am all of these and none of these—
I am Washington University.

3.

I will say the student is no better than the teacher
And the teacher no better than the student.
I say that the school is no better than the student and
That the student cannot surpass his school.
And I say that as the student grows so grows the
school.

4.

I see the marriage of the intern to a Fine Arts
student.
I walk the watchman's beat through sharp black
nights,
I kiss my girl on the dorm steps with a minute till
curfew.

I danced to my car radio on a lonely road and cut
classes at Grahams.

I wrote a letter for the vets and for myself
For I knew that you were doing the same
And, knowing this, was convinced that you were me.
At the Quad Show I whistled for the girls and sighed
for the boys.

At initiation I was impressed by the solemnity of the
words.

At Senate meeting I fought for football
At the "Y" I plotted to make man better in spite
of himself

At Art Hill I took my first fraternity pin
At meetings one and all I cried, "Support! Support!"
And was crestfallen when it came slowly—
Yet was thankful for what came

For I knew that, as night is day disguised, that these
were me and mine

That the student is the school and that I am the
student.

5.

I played hard and I studied hard—
I tossed a ball at fraternity row and spent nights in
the morgue-like library.

I ran a touchdown in the four o'clock game and made
a C in organic chem.

I am the B.M.O.C. and the Walter Mitty.
I rallied for WSSF and left at noon for the Fox.
I groaned at Student Life (and even Eliot) and
wrote or didn't

Or I ate lunch from a paper bag in the tunnels and
talked of grades.

I walked in the Quad and watched the 45 degree
angles—

And I went from school to the night shift or spent
afternoon over a typewriter in an office.

I slept in night classes and went to rush parties in
fraternity row.

I saved to go to the Prom and made it up on Sunday
morning.

And I say I am the school and you are the school
And when I do this you do this.

6.

I wave the cars away from in front of Brookings.

I run the ice plow at fifty cents an hour.

I get A's and F's on blue books; I am understandable
and intranslatable.

And, I say, if you do not understand this editorial—
try another.

All we want is your fifteen cents, anyway.

The Editors

Marvin was a Monkey



Marvin was a monkey. And thereby hangs a tale. It wasn't his fault he was a monkey especially, anymore than it was Jigger's fault he was a freshman. Being a monkey in Borneo had been fun. There had been lots of monkeys there, and no one particularly cared what they did.

But Marvin had been away from Borneo for a long time, and he had been in trouble almost constantly since Jigger Martin had bought him from a native trader in Sandakan after the little soldier from the north had gone. Marvin had been dressed in a sailor suit like Jigger's, and had received much attention aboard ship. He became company mascot. He got seasick regularly, but he had had a big time until Jigger was sent home for discharge. Soon other sailors followed in Jigger's footsteps until there was only one of the old company left. The day Marvin hid the Chief's binoculars in his benefactor's locker he was shipped to Midwestern University and Jigger's benevolent care.

Now Marvin did not like his first view of the city. The snarling old freight-handler who slid the freight car door open was the last straw to Marvin. He had been beaten, starved, and frightened for two weeks by an assortment of human beings he didn't know existed. This one climbed in the box car and hit Marvin on the hand with a box hook as he was retrieving a piece of food. Marvin's hand hurt, and so did his feelings. He raised hell.

When the cursing man took hold of the crate to move him to the freight truck, Marvin bit him thoroughly. Marvin also bit some of the men who came to help take him out of the freight car. He enjoyed the sensation he was creating tremendously. For a long time the men stood around swearing, and his happiness was complete when he spotted Jigger hustling up the walk with the baggage master a close second. He didn't understand why Jigger was wearing the funny clothes, or why his face was flushed and angry, but he recognized the sharp black eyes and the tightly curled black hair that belonged to his master's face, and he screeched merrily.

Once out of the crate and on Jigger's shoulder Marvin kissed Jigger affectionately, and busied himself rearranging his master's hair. Jigger contained himself until they were out of the station and then he said angrily.

"You damn monk, ya wanta get me sued? Why do you always have to do something to get me in trouble. It's bad enough I gotta take care of you without you always bitin' somebody."

Marvin listened attentively, but was unabashed. He knew he was supposed to be quiet for awhile after Jigger talked like that, but it didn't mean anything.

Across the street from the depot Jigger put Marvin in the side car of his battered motorcycle and cranked up the motor. They made a fast trip under a sweltering sun to Midwestern University, the only interruption being Marvin's attempt to adjust the carburetor. The resulting backfire chastized him sufficiently for the remainder of the trip. He didn't even object when Jigger stuffed him into his book satchel before they left the parking lot in front of Yager Hall.

In the privacy of the men's room in the building Jigger zipped open the satchel and lectured Marvin severely.

"Now look, Marv, I haven't got time to park you any place so I'll have to take you to Geology with me. Ya gotta stay in the satchel and keep your mouth shut. Understand! I got too many cuts already or I'd skip class and take you to my room. This is a high-class joint, see, I'm supposed to be learning something about a bunch of rocks. There will be a lot of people around. If you holler or do something to somebody we'll get kicked out. Ya gotta . . ."

At this moment their privacy was disturbed by a janitor, who walked in, took one look at Marvin sitting in the wash basin, shook his head, and turned around and walked out. The ten o'clock bell rang and Jigger shoved Marvin back into the book satchel and ran upstairs to Dr. Metzger's freshman Geology class. Jigger took his seat next to a good-looking babe named Margie Fuller. He put his book satchel under his seat and proceeded to forget all about Marvin.

"Hello Margie. You're looking mighty sharp today." Jigger liked her unpretentious getup of plain brown skirt, and yellow sweater, and her soft, mildly curling, auburn hair. Margie's face was nice too. It shone with freshness and disarming naivete. She started to speak, but closed her pretty mouth abruptly as Dr. Metzger rapped the desk for attention.

Dr. Metzger smiled sadly and put on his best hurt expression. He remonstrated with the class for its slowness in coming to order. The auditorium gradually hushed into a silence disturbed only by sporadic coughs and sneezes inspired by the epidemic of spring colds. But no sooner had the professor turned his back on the class and begun to write the day's outline on the board when he was brought sharply around by a series of piercing shrieks. He took off his pince-nez and peered intently at the apparition which was bounding in great leaps across

the laps and notebooks of his seventh row students. It looked a lot like an ape.

"Marvin!" Jigger called hoarsely, "Come back here, ya nut."

Margie looked incredulously, first at Marvin leaping from the window sill to a convenient sycamore, then at Jigger, who, flushed and excited, was sitting helplessly on the edge of his seat.

"My God, Jig, does that thing belong to you?"

"Yeah, sort of. Marvin came this morning. I just met him at the depot."

"It's a monkey, isn't it?" Margie said, somewhat indignantly. "I think it bit me. Why do you always have to get into trouble? Aren't you satisfied with practically flunking out in here, and cutting half your classes, without bringing that . . . that . . ."

"Aw, take it easy," Jigger whispered miserably. "I couldn't help it. Marvin was mascot for my company in the Navy. When the outfit broke up they sent him to me because I bought him in the first place. I didn't have time to park him this morning before class. Guess he didn't like it in my book satchel."

Professor Metzger was rapping loudly for order. At the same time, he was carefully watching that section of the classroom occupied by Jigger and Margie. He was not sure who brought the ape to class, but he had ideas, and was trying to be scientific in his approach to the matter. Many were the trying situations with which he had been confronted in his twenty years of teaching, but this one beat all. The wife would get a kick out of it. Mustn't let these young folks get out of hand, though, they had raised Cain for ten minutes now.

"May I remind you, dear pupils," he said, with indulgent severity, "that this is a class in freshman Geology, and that our time is very limited." He lowered his voice as the pandemonium subsided. "As we have stated, we will begin this morning our discussion of Igneous Intrusions." Metzger allowed his gaze to wander, past the various expressions of his students to the window whence Marvin had disappeared. His face twisted peculiarly, and his words came in a strained manner. "Now our topic . . . illustrates . . . a . . . very . . . interesting . . . thi . . ."

Marvin leaped from the window sill to the floor, struggling and screeching. He held an angry chattering squirrel by the neck and tail, and headed unsteadily between two rapidly evacuated rows of seats. He went straight to Jigger, who was the only one to remain in his section of the room.

Jigger looked wistfully at Dr. Metzger

as the monkey held the writhing squirrel out to him. Here was nothing else to do, so he gingerly took the furry animals in his hands. But the squirrel was angry, and when Marvin released his neck he sank his sharp little teeth in Jigger's wrist. Jigger yelped with pain, and ran to the window, trying to shake the squirrel from his arm.

Marvin, seeing that his master did not appreciate his gift, seized the squirrel by the tail and yanked it loose, tearing a chunk of flesh out of Jigger's wrist. The squirrel left for parts unknown via radiator and window sill.

"Sardius!" called Dr. Metzger sternly as the uproar subsided.

Jigger shuddered. The old boy must really be on his muscle to violate their "gentleman's agreement" not to use the name on Jigger's registration card.

"Yes sir," he said weakly.

"If that creature is in any way related to you, I believe the class would appreciate it if the two of you would absent yourselves from our presence for the remainder of the hour, so that the rest of us can accomplish something."

Jigger withered under the accusing stare Dr. Metzger steadily directed at him. He lingered a moment longer, then noisily picked up his books and satchel, took the now meek Marvin's hand, and with all eyes mirthfully upon him and his unholy partner, made an unhappy exit through the rear door. A smile flickered across Dr. Metzger's face, and the class would have laughed uproariously had he not waved them down. The closing door squeaked in mockery.

* * *

Ten o'clock that night saw a miserable young man walking the beautiful Margie Fuller home from the local movie house. Although untried by Marvin's insistent presence, the atmosphere was distinctly frigid. The most discerning passerby would have never guessed that the high-headed young coed was the acknowledged best girl of the glowering Jigger Martin, who scuffed curiously along, first on the curb, then in the street.

"Sardius Martin," she said at last, "I might have forgiven you for bringing that monkey into class, and all the other times you've embarrassed me, but this is the end. If you use that trick to cheat on Professor Metzger's final examination, we're through. I can stand anything but a cheat."

"But Margie, you know I've never been able to memorize anything. I had the same trouble in the Navy. We have to know that damn Geologic Time Scale for the test. I'm on probation now. If I flunk this test, I'll be booted out of

here. That's why I spent a whole night last week putting the chart on a tissue paper roll that turns in this old watch. I thought you'd think it at least took some brains," Jigger added defensively.

"A cheat's a cheat," replied Margie flatly. "If you take that watch to class Monday, I'll . . . I'll . . . , well, you just needn't come around any more."

Jigger was silent as she approached the dorm steps. The moonlight flickering through the leaves of the old elm felt strangely cold. No use trying to kiss her tonight, he thought. He didn't feel much like mugging anyway. He stopped at the bottom of the steps, and waited while Margie fiercely climbed the short flight. When she reached the doorway he spoke timidly.

"Did you mean what you said, Margie?"

"Yes."

"You're not being fair."

"It's never fair to cheat." Margie turned and opened the door in the startled face of the house mother, who was just in time to catch Jigger's parting shot.

"Okay, the hell with it. If that's the way you want it, then that's the way you'll get it."

Jigger was mad now. And all the trying experiences of the past few days surged up inside him as he walked rapidly toward the opposite of the campus. He had a lump in his throat, and he was closer to crying than he had ever been in the Navy. Women were unreasonable, everybody knew that, but they were so unexpectedly unreasonable. That was what got you. They picked the most trying times to be difficult. Well, he would have cooled off some by morning, and some more by Monday. But one thing was for sure, he had spent a lot of time on that watch gismo, and he meant to use it, girl or no girl.

AGE

Smothering quiet since all have left;

Warm sunlight on the floor.

And out of the past—the distant past,

Some melody

Comes as a vanquished thief,

To hold, to torment me.

Each friend who has gone has left his mark,

My constant seeking in the dark,

To find the lost—the ashen spark,

To awake a sad—a lonely heart.

—Edwina Schmechage

Jigger stepped momentarily from the sidewalk and booted an unoffending beer bottle into the gutter. He smiled his satisfaction as it preceded him up the street, and spun neatly into a storm sewer, disappearing in a tinkle of broken glass. He felt better.

* * *

Monday came and Dr. Metzger's geology students rapidly scanned their notes. But even in their last minute cramming, in their rooms, in the library, on street-cars and buses, on the college benches and steps, it was evident to all that this was an extra special beautiful spring day. To all but Jigger and Margie, that is. They were too preoccupied to be concerned with the fleecy little clouds floating gently along the light May breeze. Nor were they impressed by the contrast between the morning's cool tangy air and the sultry weather of the past week.

In the classroom at test time the students took their seats, leaving every other one vacant, and waited impatiently as the proctors distributed test books and questions. Margie, arriving late herself, was alarmed to see that Jigger was not in the room. The bell rang. The examination began, but still no Jigger. Margie began distractedly to answer the questions. Could Jigger have been fool enough to quit school? Was he drunk? She could have kicked herself for being so hard with him.

A breathless Jigger Martin burst into the test room five minutes past classtime, grabbed a test book and question sheet, and flopped panting into a seat two rows in front of Margie. She saw him open his book and begin to write. He began slowly, but was soon writing rapidly. His face relaxed, and from where Margie sat she could see no evidence of his looking at his trick watch. She leaned farther over to see if he had it on his other wrist.

"Please keep your eyes on your own paper," said the proctor standing at her elbow.

Margie reddened perceptibly, and did not again lift her eyes from her paper till the end of the hour. She had to hurry to finish in time. Poor Jigger, there was his dreaded Geological Time Scale, big as life.

Margie handed in her examination at the door and took up her stand directly outside where she couldn't miss Jigger when he came out. She was ready to forgive and forget. Cheat or no cheat, Jigger was her guy and she meant to keep him. She waited there for some minutes, fidgeting nervously, wondering what he would say when he did come out, whether he would blame her, whether he'd even

speak to her . . . although she rather thought he would.

Nevertheless Margie was surprised at Jigger's "Hi, beautiful, how'd you make out?" He came out of the classroom on the double.

"Why I did all right, but what about you? You were the worried one."

"Damnedest thing you ever heard, Margie," Jigger said exuberantly. "I looked all over for my watch gismo this morning, but couldn't find it anywhere. I was scared stiff. I didn't know whether to go to class or not. But I had nothing to lose so I went anyway. When I came to the Geologic Time Scale I found I knew it perfect. Wouldn't that slay ya? I guess I learned it while I was making the roll for that watch."

"So you didn't cheat after all." Margie smiled benevolently. "I've got a confession to make. I would have forgiven you no matter how things turned out."

"No kidding, Margie? You're pretty swell, and from now on I'll try not to stretch your principles too far. If I can learn that stuff once, I can learn it again. I'll be legitimate if it kills me."

"I have to run," Margie gave Jigger's hand a little squeeze. "I have another class. Why don't you come around this evening and we'll talk things over? Bring your monk if you like."

"I'll be there eight sharp," Jigger called after her as she ran through the open doorway and across the open stretch of grass between Yager and Johnston Halls. He watched her out of sight, and listened lackadaisically as the bell rang for the next class. He had had all the excitement he could stand for one morning, he decided. English would have to get along without him today. Wonder what happened to that watch?

Jigger saw that he was alone in the Yager Hall lobby. He walked slowly down the basement stairs and slipped out of the delivery entrance, enjoying the illusion that he was keeping out of sight of his English instructor in the next building. He mounted his tired-looking motorcycle in the parking lot and rode home. At the rooming house he had to pacify the landlady because Marvin would not let her in the room. When she had gone Jigger lay down on his bed with Marvin sitting on his stomach, and went promptly to sleep.

* * *

Jigger and Margie were supremely happy that evening as they sat on a secluded bench under Midwestern's stately elms. They had been enjoying Marvin's antics in the gathering twilight for some time when Margie noticed a

(Continued on page 20)

The Adventures of J. Q. Washington

As John Q. Washington enters the Art School he tingles with the inborn curiosity which resides in all who gaze upon that sleek structure. Making an impressive entrance (naturally), he decides that the basement corridor holds no intrigue until suddenly he leaps back and throws his books into the air in a sign of surrender. Advancing down the hall are two "fine art Fannies" with dangerous looking umbrellas leveled at some lethal spot. After climbing out of his imprint in the plaster, John delves further into the depths of Artonia. He is delighted to find that just behind the two swinging doors which laid him out at lunch hour on a previous attempted entrance is located the only "Artesian Cigarette Machine" on campus. This machine is reputedly well stocked from sunrise until sunset.

Jauntily advancing down the hall, John Q. is fascinated by the assortment of body parts, which remind him of an auto graveyard near his house. Scattered about on the walls John also notices an intriguing collection of modernistic art which brings to his mind the last time he drained his radiator. On his right John finds the ceramics department which recalls fond memories of a night he spent in a hotel without plumbing, and as he "barfs" down the hall he decides to enter a doorway on his left. Inside this door he finds the clay modeling room filled with more undressed statues and by sheer accident he saunters through a small passageway into another room. Staggering back to a less conspicuous vantage point, John decides that this clay modeling business definitely has its points. However, he is certain that the lovely blond model must be "Nancy with the Laughing Face" who can turn the winter into summer or else she'll catch a darn good cold.

At the end of the hall John is swept into a locker room by a flow of Artesians. One glance at the incoming and outgoing products, and J. seats himself on the steps, sniffs the air for popcorn and waits for the circus to begin. Having become somewhat acclimatized, John passes the Jewelry and Leather works department and ascends to the second floor, walks to one of the large inviting windows and leans far out to express his sentiments at this point. Suddenly the air is shattered by a shout, "Don't do that, the milk will spill out!" John wheels about, panic stricken, only to be confronted by two short, shapely, blond



"That's right, boys, be nice to your sister"

lasses whose names we de-Kline to mention for lack of Warren-t. Eyes blazing, these blond blitzes quickly name John the "Streak," for all artonians have nicknames, and a lock of John's hair conveniently suggests this title.

A rumble is heard in the lower hall, a clatter on the stair, and then all is silent. The mail carrier has just passed. John catches him on his return trip and he Lang-uidly explains that the necessity for haste is a result of "pencil point combat fatigue." They keep pointing pencils at you as if you were dead and presented a complex drawing problem, the mail carrier explains. Passing on to the head of the stairs, John is confronted by a bevy of comely lasses seated just behind two inviting doors. Upon catching sight of John one of the bevy suddenly crosses her eyes and protrudes her tongue. By now John realizes this must be a sign of salutation and he retaliates with a masterpiece of facial distortion. Without warning the entire class bursts forth into a frenzy of laughter and deeply depressed John pokes his head through the doors . . . only to find that he is not the cause for mirth. The statue called "Josephine" has the hiccups again, which of courses presents a very difficult drawing problem.

Once again out in the hall John Q. revels in the country club atmosphere of the "torso trimmers." Wandering into

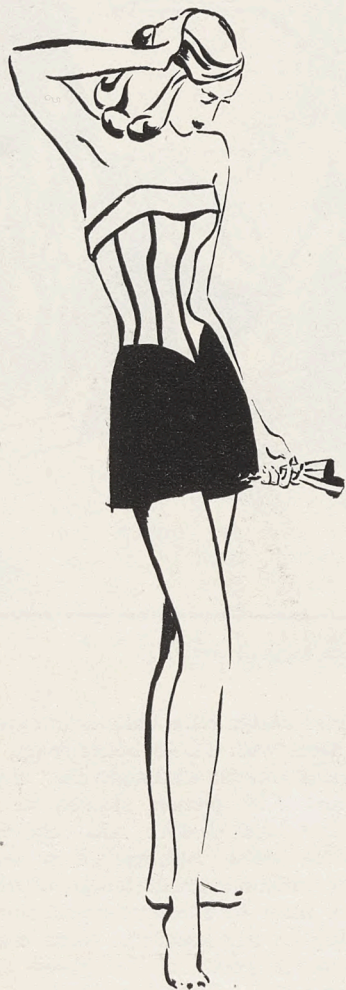
the dress design class John is intoxicated by a dress with a beer bottle design and he looks about for a straight line. Sneaking past more picture frames he finds the Still Life Classes still. Spying a sparkling water fountain he is dazzled by the brilliant green water which he decides must be a common phenomenon, befitting its surroundings. John takes a lazy cool draught of the green water only to find a paint brush getting familiar with his tonsils. John finally succeeds in making his way to a window again, and far below he gazes upon a ravishing spectacle of beauty. He reassures himself that there must be a strong wind and yet those young artonettes with skirts elevated don't seem to be the least perturbed. Dashing down the stairs John passes the bulletin board just in time to be nailed up with a notice forbidding further sunbathing on the front steps. Hardly able to tear himself away, John Q. Washington takes leave of Artonia and sums up the impression of his harrowing experiences in these famous last words: If you ever dream that you are awake, and when you wake up, you are asleep, your approximate location is the Art School.

—Don Williams

Definition of a professor: One who talks in other people's sleep.

Summer Fashions

Bradley and Lustkandl



worn to change the cotton dresses about.

Whether you are going cruising with your man on a palatial yacht or in a row boat, clam diggers and T-shirts are inexpensive and comfortable. One nice thing about T-shirts is that they don't need to be ironed.

If your tan looks anemic or if you "ain't got none," try our Bronze Glo suggested on page 11. Here's a tip: use an old bath powder puff to apply the Bronze Glo. You'll get a smooth, even tan in seconds. It's a stain, not a powdery substance and it will not rub off. (Honest, we've tried it!)

Speaking, or should I say, writing of suntans, bathing suits enter the picture. Well, hubba hubba!!! Have you seen the new ones? We have seen everything from très risqué two piece ones to those

resembling grandma's strapless corsets of the gay 90's. You will easily be able to get one to fit your personality. Having trouble finding a bathing hat? Well, here's a hint. Braid your hair, slick back with vaseline, and stick in a posy. We guarantee every hair will stay in place and you'll be the belle of the beach.



Going home? We may help or hinder your vacation with our suggestions for your summer wardrobe, that is, but with good intentions we'll try to give you our idea of clothes that will take you anytime, any place, and anywhere this summer.

Whether you are headed North or S-o-u-t-h and whether you are traveling by plane or train or thumb, a suit of a crease-resistant fabric in a neutral shade will take you to your destination and you will arrive fresh and dainty. Top the suit off with a crisp white blouse, flat heeled shoes, dark purse and gloves, and the crocheted derby mentioned on page 11.

Are you going to be a lady of leisure or a working girl? For work or play, cotton, cap sleeve dresses are cool and attractive. The working girl will need many of these, and to avoid monotony, wide belts, boleros, and scarfs can be



Lustkandl

If you want to torture your big toe, thong sandals are new. They are being worn for play and formal wear this summer. Incidentally, you'll want one of the new, frivolous cotton formals with the low scooped neckline or drop shoulder. They really have the old fashioned look, like something out of "Carousel" or "Oklahoma." The ever-present ballet shoes look best peeking out from under your billowy skirts.

Now that you all are fixed up with clothes for the summer months, we can sit back and relax. Personally, we're going to a nudists' colony.

Passed and Perfect

Bradley and Lustkandl

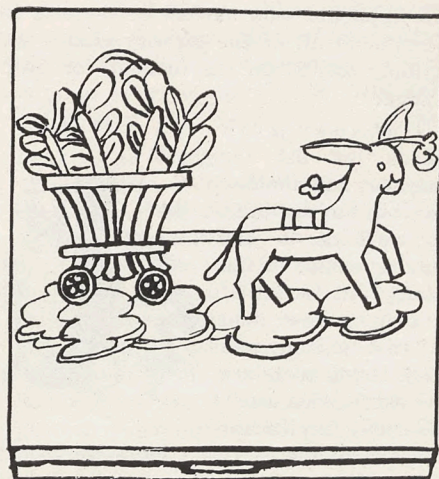
Drawings by Lumpee

Having quite a time getting a sun tan? Just use Elizabeth Arden's Bronze Glo. It's a stain; there's no need to worry about a powdery substance rubbing off. It is perfect for face, legs and arms. \$1.00 and \$1.50.

All of you who are working this summer will appreciate the dress we discovered at Peck's. It's a fresh looking, two piece dress of cotton twill trimmed with eyelet. It comes in black, navy, tan, and gray. The skirt will be wonderful with all your blouses. \$16.95.



Especially for your trip home, you'll want one of the black crocheted derbies at Peck's. They are straw and are trimmed with a pert grosgrain ribbon. They are cool as anything and only \$.50.



Gals, have you bought your swimming suit for this summer? We saw a darling one at Boyd's, a Caltex of California design. It is two piece and is made of pique with a doodle design. It comes in a combination of three colors; red on white, blue on white, and black on white. \$8.95.

Peck and Peck have the cutest gold compacts. They are 2½ inches square and make ideal graduation gifts. If you prefer, Peck's have round ones with little birds. Cost, only \$1.95 and guess what, no tax!

And What Are YOU Going To Do This Summer?

Many students will be thinking about getting jobs during the summer vacation. To help in a small way, I am listing a few of the jobs available to college students.

Swimming pools open soon, and each pool needs a life-guard. The requirements for this job are easily met. All that is necessary for the applicant is: the ability to wear a Jantzen well, a Senior Life Saving Certificate, a few gallons of suntan oil, and dark glasses. Optional is a water-proof wrist watch. I mention the water-proof watch merely for the applicant's own protection.



Caddying is a job for strong-backed men. This is another type of outdoor work which might appeal to suburbanites. Comfortable shoes, suntan oil, diplomacy, tact, and deafness to profanity are the necessary qualities of a good caddy.



An applicant who has all of these is in demand at all of the country clubs—the author, too, is on the lookout for such a man.

Outdoor work heads the list for summer, and another job out in the open is working in the lumber camps of the northwest. A lot of brawn, a few loud plaid shirts, and high lacing boots are needed for this work. The work is pleasant—from all the movies I have seen—and the pay is good (as if money interested you).



There is a great demand for young men and women in other fields, too. Truck drivers, bell hops, car hops, baby sitters, stenographers, typists, file clerks, salesmen, and book keepers are wanted, but believe me, you'll make the most money working in the mint.

The author is looking for a position as a chauffeur and companion to a twenty-two year old millionaire. If you hear of anyone who would like a chauffeur to drive his Cadillac and a companion for golf or bridge, write the author in care of this publication. I'll take the job—regardless of the wages, if any.

—Jackie Walters



The Summing Up

In a matter of weeks now the class of '46 will be alumni. Four years of active Hilltop life will become just a memory as the seniors scatter to distant parts of the country. But regardless of their destination, few of those freshmen of '42 will ever forget the war years when they were going to college.

What was it like four years ago when the class of '46 first climbed the hill as frightened frosh? Dog-eared copies of *Student Life*, buried under stacks of History and Geology 101 notes far back in the closet give the key to the answer. Some things were different then. Orientation lasted nearly all semester, and the girls belonged to frosh families. The Quad Shop wasn't even there and if you wanted a coke you bought it (if you could find it) in the Book Store. Student Senate hadn't been born, and *Student Life* was a bi-weekly.

Despite these discrepancies, however, W.U. wasn't a very different place from the University of today—except that we were at war! The Japs had blotted out half of the fleet the year before, the draft began to sweep men off the campus; the Red Cross Unit was organized on Hilltop; and the army marched in and occupied the fraternity houses and even McMillan Hall. Air Crew, Basic Engineers, Advanced Engineers, Language students, and Meteorologists began to liven up the campus as they tramped to class, singing songs we had never heard sung before—on the W.U. campus.

And then it was '43 and we were sophomores. The Army-Navy exams began to be given, and Chancellor Throop announced there would be no Homecoming. And in December, plans began to be organized for the establishment of a Student Council on campus as a result of a proposal by Bill Gonterman.

Beverly Lipton was crowned Engineers' queen that winter, and the Stu-

dent Council was approved on January 14 in Brown Lounge. Arline Leeds was named editor of *Student Life* the following spring semester, and the campus bond drive opened. Company D presented their musical revue, "Don't Tell Omaha," and the Y split the campus in two by sponsoring a presidential campaign. Despite a Republican victory on campus, F.D.R. was elected president later that year.

In April an all-school picnic sponsored by Senate was announced, and held. Laverne Rosenow was elected Hatchet Queen. Two hundred and thirty-four received degrees that June, and most of the class of '46 spent the summer like Rosie—riveting in a war plant—and just waiting for the fall semester.

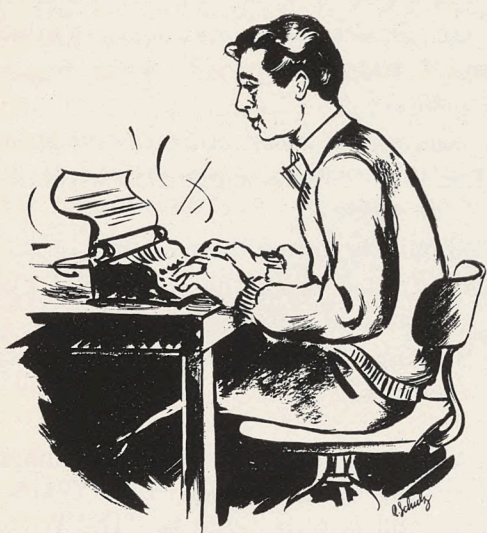
Coming back to school that autumn, we met Dean Martin, who had just come to campus to be Dean of Men. Harry Brookings Wallace was the acting chancellor, and Dean Stead was appointed Dean of the business school at Vanderbilt University. Charlie Heiser was coaching the basketball team, and "Casablanca," the little white war bond booth, was open on the Quad. Miss Pearl Heuer submitted the winning name "Q-X" (Quad Shop Annex) in the *Student Life* contest, and in November the army students started to leave. Homecoming came back that fall, and Pat Jaquith was crowned queen.

That winter the chorus sang for the Coast Guard show and Thyrsus produced the "Second Shepherd's Play." In March Quad Show came back after the usual war absence with "Come and Get It." *Eliot* was reintroduced to campus, and we elected a Dandelion Queen. Dr. Arthur Holly Compton was announced as the new chancellor of Washington U.

The Y held a mock San Francisco Conference late that spring, and Mickey Stead was elected Hatchet Queen. W.U. had an open house—even an open cyclotron. Sixteen members of our class were tapped for Mortar Board. In May we went to Chapel in honor of V-E day. Sherry Kettler presented the lamp of learning to Harry Lazarus, and we suddenly found ourselves seniors at Hilltop.

The record of this last year you all know. Ruth Malone—and a *Hatchet* on time. Harry Lazarus and Cecelia Ramsey—and oh, those Senate meetings! Jane Brown—and an active Mortar Board program of study help lectures and tutoring. Betty Knoke—and orientation, with beanies; plus Student-Faculty lunches for A.W.S. Jack Wallace and Nancy Sutter—and the Y, booming as usual. "Big John" Blumenfeld—and

(Continued on page 18)



Slonim on Sports

The Bear baseball team has shown that it can be counted on either to win or put up a darn good fight. Baseball fans on the campus have not been let down.

At times brilliant, at times a bit "amateurish," but always hustling, the Bruins are two and three deep in every position and are well-stocked with hurlers.

An analysis of the first string team follows:

Both behind and at the plate, veteran receiver Ray Diering has been a tower of strength. He hits consistently, cuts down baserunners with deadly accuracy, and plays a good defensive game. Ray's sixteen hits give him a batting average of .340.

At first base Don Schleiffarth has played steady, and at times sensational ball. Although he hasn't hit up to his ability at this writing, big Don is a menace to any pitcher and occasionally comes through with tremendous drives. Last year he ended up the season batting in the .370's, as well as doing some mound chores.

At second base speedy Bob Walters, though not flashy, has usually been reliable. Bob swings a potent bat, hits to any field, and is adept at base pilfering. Walters is hitting .314, owning sixteen base hits.

Shortstop "Whitey" Kallmeyer, an extra-base clouter, is improving defensively after a poor start. Gene's throw to third has already cut down many imprudent base runners.

Third baseman Stan Rosenblatt has been a sparkplug in the infield and high man in the important RBI column. Stocky Stanley has drawn many walks besides collecting his share of bingles.

Left field is covered like a blanket by one of the finest collegiate ball players you might ever see—hard-hitting, flawless fielding, and pressure-immune Ray Douglas. "Doug" has walloped two homers, a triple, and three doubles; he's hitting a cool .444!

Balls return from center field as though shot from a cannon. Mel Kolker roams the center pasture with great finesse and displays a peg which runners soon learn to respect. Mel, a left-handed hitter, hits consistently enough to be an ideal lead-off man.

Besppectacled Bill Herbert, right fielder, has proved himself quite a hitter. Bill, second baseman on previous Bear teams, is a left-handed pull hitter. He peppers the right field line with sharply hit line drives.

The Bruin pitching staff has not measured up to pre-season expectations. Although it is true that in some games Bear pitchers have been "victimized" by miscues committed behind them, the hurling has not been effective enough to make the team a consistent winner. Lanky Andy Schleiffarth, Webster Groves product and war veteran, is the proverbial hard luck pitcher of the squad. In every setback errors by his teammates have militated against him, and have set the stage for the base hits which beat him. His record is two wins and five setbacks.

Joe Dean has been the most successful chucker to date. Little Joe fires a fast one which belies his size and, when his control is there, sets down the opposition with regularity. In 28 innings pitched Joe has whiffed 19 hitters.

Ronnie Goodrich, Dick Roth, Pete Pashus, Red Grimes, Don Granger, and Bill Brown have shown promise on the mound. Goodridge and Roth each have one victory and no defeats.

Outfielders Mike Manzullo, Jim Shulenburg, and Bob Garlich have all seen service this season, as have infielders Lawson, Stergos, Moreland, Berger, Kern, and Slonim.

All in all, the diamond season has been a successful one to date and gives promise of increasing attractiveness. The Bears have a lineup packed with power, which, when the defensive chores are properly taken care of, spells victory. With unstinting support from the school, the Hilltoppers will continue to give a good account of themselves against the toughest opposition. —Art Slonim

Coeds: Girls attending college looking for bachelor's degrees—two of them, that is.

Borrowed from Iowa State's *Frivol*

Uncle George's Opinion

Dear Uncle George,

All of my psychological problems depend on the answer to this one question, which, undoubtedly, YOU should know. Please tell me—where can I buy some beer?

Thirstily yours, D.T.

I should suggest that you try pledging Beta Theta Pi.

Uncle George.

Dear Uncle George,

I have a problem which is affecting my whole life. I am depending on you to help me, as nothing else I have tried has.

Since I have no gentlemen friends, I am considered unpopular. Although I use Lifebuoy and Colgates, and Lux my undies, I am still a wallflower. A friend suggested that I send my picture and address to a lonely hearts agency, but they sent it back, saying that since all those war brides came over there are no male lonely hearts. Uncle George, is there any hope? What do you advise me to do? I need your help. May I come to see you?

Desperate.

A visit will not be necessary. My advice to you is: Go to a girls' school. There, at least, you will not be alone.

Uncle George.

Dear Uncle George,

I have absolutely no problems in my life. This is driving me to distraction, for all I do is worry about it.

Am I dull or normal?

B.M.O.C.

You are probably neither dull nor normal, but a faithful reader of this column. If you need further distraction, or something to worry about, why not take Political Science?

U.G.

Dear Uncle George,

I have been in love with him ever since we attended Klidenhalsher's Pre-School Kindergarten together. Somehow, now I begin to wonder whether he really cares for me. I am now 50 years of age and must tell you that he is somewhat shy and has never asked me for a date, but I feel that he is coming around to it—he nodded to me this morning. Yet I am getting no younger and I feel youth slipping from me. What would you advise?

Wagelia.

My advice to you, Wagelia, is to try a little strategy. Fix yourself up, be glamorous, try a black negligee. Secondly, be indifferent to him—limit yourself to looking through the slats of the Venetian blinds, don't raise them. We men seem to thrive on ignorance—on being ignored, that is.

U.G.

SING A SONG OFS

Are you in tune with the times? The old timers, your grandparents that is, were inspired to praise the archway and quadrangle in song while they attended this university. Today, however, the only time a student ever thinks of writing songs is when the Quad Show contest rears its head, and then the songs usually aren't about Washington, somehow or other. But, back in the "good old days" songs were written about the architects, by the engineers, for McMillan, and of the myrtle and maroon of the dear alma mater.

Delving back in dusty, musty old files, the author found a Washington University song book, published in 1888, in which a variety of verses appeared. Among them were words written to such Gilbert and Sullivan tunes as: "His Object All Sublime," "Tit Willow," and the "Policemen's Chorus," plus "Old Dog Tray" and "What Can the Matter Be?" An example of the lyric-writing wizardry of the time can be found in "The Fusion of Kindred Spirits" to be sung to the tune "Tit Willow" from the "Mikado:"

Near a prominent lamp-post a graduate stood,

Singing, "Physics, meta-physics, meta-physics."

And I said to him, "Graduate, whence comes this mood

Of '—Physics, meta-physics, meta-physics?"

"Is it a lack of plethoric bank-book," I cried, "Or a pressure of brains on your poor head's inside?"

With a shivering sigh and a groan he replies:

"Oh!—Physics, meta-physics, meta-physics."

On the opposite corner another young man

Sang, "—Namics, dynamics, dynamics."

And his soul seemed absorbed in an intricate plan

Of "—Namics, dynamics, dynamics."

But his voice was outrageously, dreadfully bad,

And I certainly would not have felt very sad

If an officer then had arrested the lad

For his "—Namics, dynamics, dynamics."

But a beautiful thought in my bosom arose
Of "Ethics, sweet ethics, sweet ethics,"
And I whispered aloud on the tops of my toes,

"Oh, ethics, sweet ethics, sweet ethics."

Then they took my suggestion without words or strife

And quickly united their objects in life,

And strolled down the street just like husband and wife,

Singing, "Ethics, sweet ethics, sweet ethics."

Another song which is also published in later song books is called "Last Year's Graduate" and is to be sung to "The Wandering Minstrel" also from the "Mikado."

"A new Alumnus I,

A thing of pondrous knowledge
Quite newly fledged from college,
A walking dictionar—ee.

My list of subjects long,

Thro' every science ranging,
To every language changing,
I'm one of this learned throng.

"Theorem, binomi—all

And diagrams of stresses,
Or spherical excesses,

I revel in using them all.

The curve of Nth degree with tangent asymptotic,

Though in its way exotic,
Is normal quite to me.

"To set the world a-fire,

Is my sincere intention,

A fact which pray don't mention,

Until I've a chance to retire.

The conflagration dire shall be without exception,

The most sublime conception

This side of eternity."

We may defend the modern writers of college songs, in that many of them do write original music, but the lyrics they turn out are not quite as complicated as the 1888 vintage seem to be.

About 1919 the "University 'Him' Book" appeared, containing songs actually sung by students at the time, and also those of local



SCHOOL DAYS

origin. On the first page appears the "Alma Mater," supposedly well known to those in attendance today. It was written in 1907 when the Glee and Mandolin Clubs went to Cape Girardeau for a concert, and two members, M. B. Roshenheim and George B. Logan felt that such a song was necessary. In one of the pages farther along is found another faintly familiar ballad—that ditty entitled "The Architect's Song." It is sung (need we tell you?) to the musical score of "The College Y.M.C.A."

I

"Now if you are an architect you're certainly rather cool,
If you are an architect you own the whole blamed school
We're gentlemen of culture and of mighty intellects,
Come join the rollicking chorus, Hurrah! for the Architects!

Chorus:

We are, we are, we are, we are, the jolly architects,
We are, we are, we are, we are the jolly architects,
We're gentlemen of culture and of mighty intellects,
So join in the rollicking chorus, Hurrah! for the Architects!

II

If you want to be an architect you'll learn to drink and swear,
You'll learn to dance the tango and the naughty grizzly bear,
You'll learn to borrow money and borrow it to keep,
and you'll learn the ways of women, but you'll never learn to sleep.

III

He came to dear old Washington as green as Gloomy Gus,
and all our friends, they pulled our legs and made a mark of us;
at we learned some things at Lippe's and we're members of the bar,
and now King Edward greets us with a "Howdy! How you are?"

IV

Fatima is our Patron Saint, she surely is a queen,
She comes forth but once a year to sport upon the green;
She makes a prayer to Allah that we will never flunk,
And then we go into exams and shoot a line of bunk.

V

The architects are athletes, as strong as Hercules,
They can lift two men and an engineer, with much apparent ease,
And when the stunt is over, and he has taken his plunge,
Where did you get that rendering bowl?
Where did you get that sponge?

VI

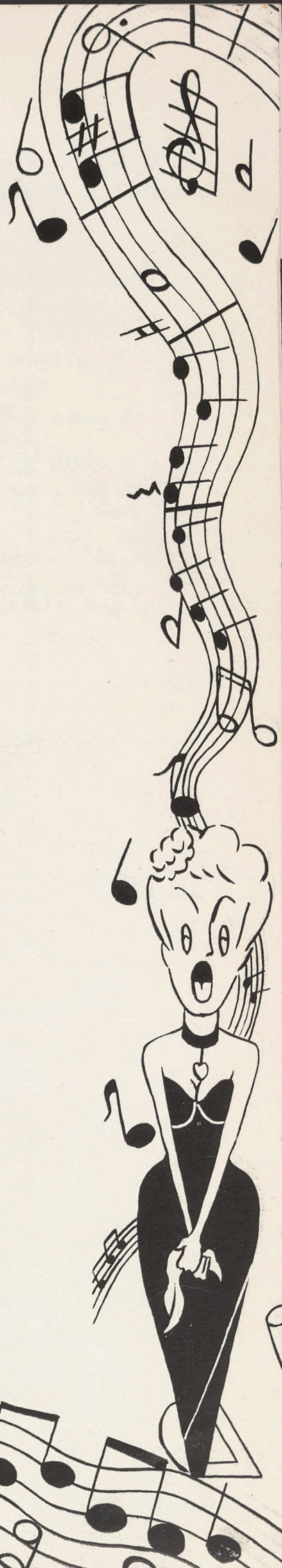
When we have grown old and grey with babies on our knee,
We'll teach them that an architect's the only thing to be:
We'll send them out to Washington, and start 'em in, by Heck,
And let them kiss the Sacred Moose and be an architect.

VII

Some day the architects will die as other people do,
And as a band of angels they will mount into the blue;
And when they reach the pearly gates and give a rousing yell,
St. Peter will stick out his head and say, you go to h—."

In the red bound edition of the 1922 Song Book are included many songs published in in previous issues of song books. Hugh Ferriss and Arthur W. Proetz wrote the "I'm the Darling of McMillan" which sounds a great deal like one of our recent Quad Show hits:

"If there's anyone gallant whom the Freshman Debutante
Tries to flutter from and can't—why it is I!
If there's one who knows the art of location in a heart (Please turn to next page)



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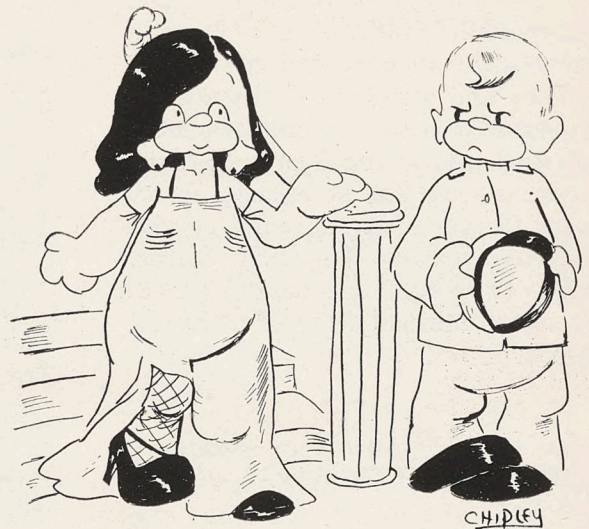
Now at 913 Locust - GARfield 1685

The right place for Cupid's dart—why I'm
the man!
If you want to cultivate in a charming tete-
a-tete
The right virtues for a mate, you're on—
Should Terpischore but glance, I'm master of
the dance
From the Gym to Liederkrantz, I'm it!

Chorus:

I'm the Darling of McMillan and I think
you will all admit
That I'm quite the catch of all the varsities—
The dainty Savior Faire of the gallant
Debonnaire
Is an art I've mastered most exquisitely.
If you want to know today why I'm just a
bit blase
It's because they say I'm such a charming
villain
It's because the fair elite are all kneeling at
my feet
And have labeled me the darling of Mc-
Millan.

Tho' I'm many miles away from that dear
Champs Elysees
From the Latin Quartier of Paree



IS IT POSSIBLE THAT YOU RECOGNIZE ME, NORMAN?

Tho' its only in my dreams that I visit dear
Maxim's
Still my fatal charm it seems, clings to me.
Tho' I can't make rendezvous in the places
that I choose
The fair turtle dove still coos as it did—
And when e're I say "Je t'aime" to a daintly
little dame
She will answer just the same (spoken)
"O'h you Keed!"

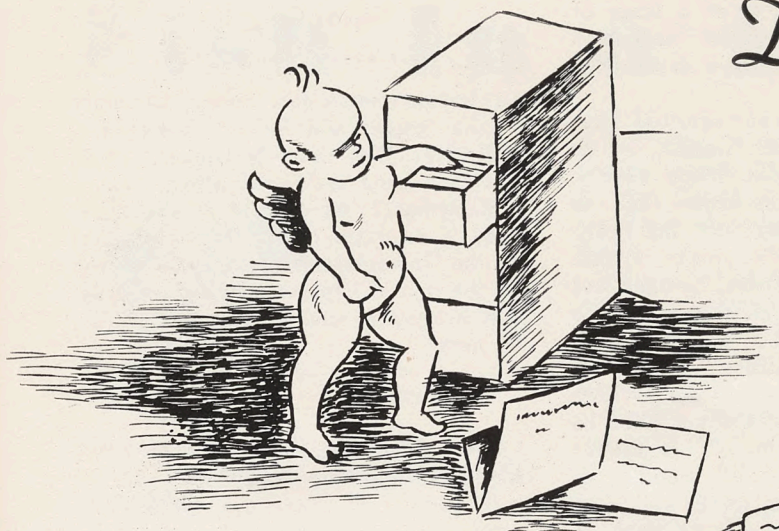
The only indication we can see that the
lyric talent is still extant on the campus is
the present Junior class song, written to the
tune "Swanee" by Gloria Moncur and Julie
Wissman.

"We're Juniors of '47, '47,
That's what they call us.
This makes the third long year
We've been working here.
So let's stand up and give a cheer for '47, '47,
That's how they'll know us.
And we don't see why we shouldn't win,
We'll never give in,
So bring on the gin,
We're Juniors of '47.

This choice ditty proves conclusively that
the Muse of Poesy still walks these halls as it
used to long ago. You may like Sunny Skyler
—but give us the lyric makers of Washing-
ton U!

—Jackie Kratky

Dean Cupid's Filing Cabinet



Conflicting Courses:

Peggy McElwee, Pi Phi
'nuf said!

Gloria Dunham

Marge Haddad

Dick Brust, Sigma Nu

Marriage Majors:

Mary Stewart, Tri-Delt
Hal Lindstrom, Sigma Chi

Sally Lou Bowman, Kappa
Sonny Nuetzel, Phi Delt

Elsa Muench, Pi Phi
Jack Hunstein, SAE

Kay Kesel, Kappa
Dennie Aylward

Audrey Wolters, Delta Gamma
Charles Stewart, Phi Delt

Pat Carmitchael, Pi Phi
Bill Varner

Sue Brown, Pi Phi
Jimmy Rowe

Accelerated Courses:

Ginnie (cork) Hanlin, Pi Phi
Harry (bottle) Bott, Sigma
Nu

Joyce Travis
Bob Hyatt, Sigma Nu

Bob Metcalfe, Beta
Liz Skinner, Theta

Gloria Gross, Pi Phi
Jack Reed, Phi Delt

Bill Bloss, IMA
Pat Hughes, IWA

Libby Sherman, Theta
David Boyles, Phi Delt

Dropped:

Gloria Moncur, Theta
Dick Gabbert, Beta

Jack Barron, Beta
Ruth Lambert, Alpha Chi

Jane John, Kappa
Joe Parks, SAE

Shirley Ann Allen
Gorden Zimmerman, Beta

Just Registered:

Dick Gabbert, Beta
Nancy Schwarz, Theta

Jane Schroeer, Pi Phi
Art Wissman, Sigma Chi

Curtis Beam, Phi Delt
Connie Ringham, Theta

Nancy Humphry, Theta
Monroe Lewis, Phi Delt

Notes from the Dean:

Nancy Beebe, Delta Gamma,
taking a flyer to New York
for four days furlough fun
with fiance, Bill Bennett.

Marge Welek, Pi Phi, Glen
Millering with four escorts.

Ginna Wesley, Delta Gamma,
Quadshopping daily with the
bridge playing Sigma Nu's.

Credit Hours Completed:

Bud Lang, Beta
Jackie Kratky, Theta

Georgia Diecke, Kappa
Gordon Monroe, Beta

Merle Moehlmann, Pi Phi
Vernon Barry, Kappa Sig

Joe Kelly, Beta
Mary Wyman

Bonnie Maynard, Theta
Jim Miller, Kappa Alpha

Marilyn Field, Pi Phi
Gerard Bryan

Shirley Frazer, Theta
Lee O'Dell

Evie White, Kappa
Bud Dawson, ATO

Bill Bergesch, Phi Delt
Cele Ramsey, Theta

Bobbie Kriege, Alpha Chi
Bob Cain, SAE

A Ticklish Situation

We've come a long way since Delilah first applied her scissors to Samson's pride and joy. Civilizations have arisen and fallen, and, correspondingly, men's whiskers have grown and been whacked off.

Of late years, that is since Grandad's mustache cup has become a dusty relic, the smooth shaven man has been the rage, the dream boat, the out-of-this-world hero of the female population. Rudolph Valentino, who always looked to me like the kind of man who could have grown a powerful beard, slinked his way through innumerable silent movies with a bare chin. Bing Crosby, too, could probably have crooned through an under-the-lip brush without any trouble. There is some question, however, whether Frank Sinatra has the strength to grow even the meagerest goatee.

But the observant person will note that there seems to be a post-war revolt faction springing up against the Barbasol and Burma Shave users. And if this group has its way, the luxuriant beards of Santa Claus and Old Father Time will be a commonplace sight on Main Street. This movement may have arisen as a result of certain rugged individualists stationed in remote army posts during the war who came home on leave and astounded their girl friends with the living bushes on their faces. Their excuses usually were that they ran out of razor blades.

Then along came a set of ambitious men who discovered that a flowing beard can whip up quite a sizeable group of admirers where none were before. It is doubtful if the caustic wit out of the mouth of the man who came to dinner would have been half so charming to the feminine audiences if he had not been so wooly. Anyone who has seen radio commentator Robert St. John will realize that there is one man who is not going to let the listening audience be disappointed in his actual looks, as is so often the case with other radio idols. St. John is as dramatic off the air as on, with his tall cossack hat, his red woolen scarf, his long cigarette holder, and his air of just having stepped off the boat from the farthest reaches of Siberia. But his crowning glory and perfect accompaniment to his style of lecturing is his rugged, aggressive, big brown beard.

Of course, this is all very well for women who like to worship their men from afar. Flowing whiskers look very well

on a lecture platform or on a stage or even on a judge, a school teacher, a tramp, or a king. But on a sweetheart, or husband?

Women don't like to be neglected. That is a well known fact. Ladies, let us examine this situation more closely. Skipping time-worn problems such as whether to go to sleep with the beard outside of or under the sheets, a man has to spend a lot of time, thought and care on the growth of his beard. He has to take it into account at all times, even when buying his clothes—usually a rather negligible subject to the average man. The bearded gentleman must be careful in the selection of his attire; for instance, a raccoon coat would be to his whiskers like a camouflage suit is to a commando. Also there is no point at all in wearing bow ties.

Besides the matter of clothes, there is the even more important subject of food. Imagine any sensible man with, say, a white beard, eating a hamburger with catsup on it. Or a juicy blueberry pie.

If all I have said so far is not enough, ladies, to make you put a determined foot down when your gentleman friends show signs of neglecting their razors, let me leave you with just one more thought. Remember, a beard may make a man look virile, handsome, and distinguished from a distance, but upon proximity, it becomes a very ticklish situation.

—Ruth Willmarth.

Passing Thought

Rain of Winter—Winter rain,
Cold and sharp,
Pound deep into the waiting earth,
Wet brown leaves.
From the phantom nude-like trees,
Caress the limp ornaments of lost emotion.
Please! Clean rain,
Cut into my brain;
Wash away this discontent.

—Edwina Schnechage

"I can let you have a cot in the ballroom" said the clerk in a Washington hotel, "but there's a lady in the opposite corner. However, if you don't make any noise, she'll be none the wiser."

"Fine," said the tired lieutenant, and into the ballroom he went.

Five minutes later he came running out to the clerk.

"Say," he shouted, "that woman in there is dead!"

"I know," was the answer. "But how did you find out?"

Summing Up

(Continued from page 12)

an election commission. Selwyn Hotchner — and "Sugar and Spice." Bogutski — "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Mike Levinson—and the Senior Prom. . . .

Remember? We do, and we know that 1946 is so much better than 1943 that all the Underclassmen have to do is keep up the rate of improvement shown in the last two years—and we'll have a college, by heck!

—Dorothy Brockhoff

She's the type that whispers sweet little nothin' doin's in your ear.

—Wampus



"My son is specializing in speech and languages at Washington University."

"Is that right?"

"Yes, I got a bill that said \$20 for French, \$50 for Spanish, and \$200 for Scotch.

Professors Four

I. THE OBSCURE THINKER

To the precision of thy speech!

To the clarity of thy knowledge!

Just one question I beseech:

Tell me—, is *this* college?

II. THE SCHEDULE-KEEPER

I take my notes at a hundred per,

Ask careful questions when in doubt,
And read the chapters fully, sir—

But what the heck are you talking about?

III. THE BORE

Good sir, you've memorized the book;

T'was writ with wit, originality.

But recitations bore, and look—

Don't you have any personality?

IV. THE "CHARACTER"

The professor's full of impulse, dash;

He plans his classes to entice.

But all my notebooks sound like hash—

How about more sense and a little less spice?

—Monica Ribstein

Fish In a Barrel



Records

As the last two semesters have rolled by this column has purposely dodged the pop ballads and stuck to a strict jazz curriculum. The reason for this exclusion was the time span between writing and publication—the records were past tense by the time the article was distributed. Now, at the end of the season, just for the sake of the records (pun unintentional) here is a list of this individual's favorite records for the past season.

Dick Haymes did some of his finest crooning on a song from his movie "State Fair," "It Might as Well Be Spring" (Decca—18706).

"Hey! Ba-Ba-Re-Bop" (Decca—18754) is Lionel Hampton's wildest and most quoted record on Decca with some very neat trumpet work on the ride-out.

Peggy Lee, who seems to be going places in the vocal department, did her best torch carrying in the American jazz album (Capitol A-3) last year. Since the fall her "Waitin' for the Train to Come In" (Cap. 218) is her best effort, though it does not come up to some of her earlier work with B. Goodman.

Bobby Sherwood just got under the wire with his very popular "Snap Your Fingers" (Cap. 231), which has some nice pre-war arranging.

Gene Krupa surprised the whole music bunch by bringing out some very Miller-ish sleepers, one of which we shall put on the list, "Are Those Really Mine" (Col. 36890). Buddy Steward does the vocals in a very convincing way.

This column has been pounding the drum for that wonderful Woody Herman outfit since last fall. One of their dreamier sides is "Love Me" with Francis Wayne moaning oh, so sweetly.

Sinatra has, as usual, put out quite a few sugary things. What about his "Full Moon and Empty Arms" or "Nancy"?

Kitty Kallen and Mr. Betty Grable melt together nicely on "I'll Buy That Dream" (Col. 36833).

The Goodman Sextette (Slam Stew-

ard, Teddy Wilson, Red Norvo, etc.) probably made "I Got Rhythm" before the fall, but it is the best thing Columbia released under his name this past season.

Mercer and Stafford were both at their respective bests when they grooved "Conversation While Dancing" (Cap. 195). Just for fun, try Mr. Johnnie's "If I Knew Then."

Besides introducing June Christy to the world, the best thing that Stan Kenton did was his "Artistry Jumps" (Cap. 229).

"Prisoner of Love," Perry Como, is about all that can be said about the record.

Tommy Dorsey showed a little of the old spark in "Chicago" and the singing group (Sentimentalists) had a bit of Pied Piper style to back up Sy Oliver's best vocal.

"You Won't Be Satisfied" was given a resounding tossing around by everyone. The best were by Les Brown and Doris Day on Columbia or Ella Fitzgerald on Decca.

The Mills Brothers do their usual stuff to "Don't Be a Baby, Baby" (Decca 18753) and as usual it is very danceable.

Bing Crosby has kept the Q-X alive with his Decca waxing of "Talk of the Town."

This list is not all-inclusive but is an attempt to get at some of the records that have been slighted in preceding issues. There has been no mention of the instrumental recordings of the less popular brands. The King Cole Trio has not put out anything that is significant within the dates that were set. Correspondingly, the "Glen Miller" group has not issued anything that is up to the Gene Krupa recordings in the same vein. For a parting shot, a prediction; Dorothy Collins, who is currently singing with Raymond Scott, will soon be either soloing or featured as a song stylist with a band. She rates in the Dinah Shore area for vocal freshness and relaxation.

—Mal Topping

Books

During this dark and dismal "final month" the books will be omitted. Some say they have trouble finding time to read "Lil Abner" during testy times; however, if they do not take "Amber" out of that book store, there will be at least one student learning Folkways and Folklore the hard way.



Classical Music

Beginning in late June, the familiar Quadrangle will echo with the lovely formal strains of Mozart, Haydn and others of the great composers. Every Friday night, for five weeks, the Little Symphony, under the direction of Stanley Chapel, will charm its audiences with music conducive to either sleep or listening, as one prefers. The soloists will be drawn, as usual, from St. Louis' group of younger talented artists.

For those who collect records, Columbia has put out a superb album of Offenbach's *Gaite Parisienne Ballet*, Efreim Kurtz conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. The music is gay and evidently intended to set your feet tapping. It is perfectly suited to this time of the year, for spring runs through every groove of the record. Price about \$2.50.

And of course we want to remind you of the Summer Opera. The program—including the "Desert Song," "Wizard of Oz," and "Robin Hood," sounds better than ever, and in addition to all this you may be able to recognize some local Washington University talent behind the spotlights.

—Judy Specter

Cinema

With all the comment raging about the the hill concerning the Hughes production "The Outlaw," *Eliot* decided that they would find some person with a candid mind and use him as a test case for public opinion. The individual was willing so we hustled him on a University car and sent him to the first public showing of that controversial movie in St. Louis. We waited with fingers crossed until the tester came back with his reactions set. About six on that memorial Tuesday he phoned and asked if he might see the show once more before he made his report. He mentioned something about a scene in the shadows of a moonlit barn, and confessed it needed further investigation. We saw

him the next morning and found out that he was waiting for the sun to come up in that scene before he made any comment on the merits of the show.

We saw the thing later and say that it is not so much what is in the show that is controversial as what is left out. We were, as is any person, very impressed with Jane Russell's striking figure. However, to us the movie seemed to contain much more than the over-publicized Miss Russell. We had not seen any cowboy shows since the days when we threw pop-corn from the first row and "The Outlaw" is a first-rate western any way you look at it. The shooting is some of the best we can recall. Buck Jones or even Tom Mix never shot a gun quite as fast as Billy the Kid does in this movie.

Another new thing in this western was the lack of sway-back horses. Every Saturday we used to get quite a good laugh out of an old broken-down nag who would suddenly appear when the plot seemed to be breaking into nothing. All of the horses in "The Outlaw" were quite normal and were twice as fast and intelligent as Tom Mix's Tony. We were not disappointed in the show, even with all of the advance publicity excitements. We agree that it might lead some men to drink, but we also think that perhaps these men would find another reason if they didn't have the "Outlaw."

"Kitty" was written up in *Life* as the first post-war production of a pre-war variety. If this is true we wish that normalcy will never be attained, for the story had that "Gone With the Wind" tendency that seems to be sure-fire box office stuff but gets pretty tiring for a steady diet. We could not help remembering that "Forever Amber" will be coming and that this was the same thing in miniature. Kitty is probably much more respectable in this version than in the book. She is cunningly made a victim of circumstances in every love-affair. And after Ray Milland has rebuffed the advances of Paulette Goddard for the fifth or sixth time we forgot that he was playing in this movie and put him back into the role of the alcoholic who didn't know what he was doing.

If you liked James M. Cain, don't go to see "The Postman Always Rings Twice." The picture does not follow the book, in mood, characterization, or power. But if you haven't read the novel and like your suspense with a strong dash of sex, you will no doubt get your money's worth out of the picture.

Randolph Scott lopes over the stage

in his usual taciturn manner in his latest effort, "The Virginian." Give us Errol Flynn any day—he doesn't have that horrible moral tone about him.

—Brown Woolcoat.

Marvin Was a Monkey

(Continued from page 8)

strange metallic glint on the monkey's hairy arm. It shone in the moonlight occasionally and excited her curiosity.

"I didn't notice that bracelet on Marvin before," said Margie. "Can I see it?"

"What bracelet?" Jigger disentangled himself and reached for Marvin's chain, which he had had the discretion to use for the evening.

"My watch!" Jigger exclaimed as he pushed back the hair on Marvin's wrist. "My trick watch. He must have had it all the time."

"Oh, Jigger," cried Margie convulsed with laughter, "what a joke on you. Let him keep it. He did you a good turn by taking it anyway."

"Not till I take the scroll out." Jigger slipped the elastic banded watch over Marvin's hand, and quickly removed the offending contents. Marvin indignantly snatched back the watch and with some difficulty put it on again. He scowled severely at Margie who was laughing so hard that tears were running down either side of her nose.

"I don't know whether to love him or spank him," Jigger said at last.

"Then love me," Margie said softly. She was no longer laughing, and her eyes were warm and tender.

—Paul Campbell

First Kiss

I belonged to the conventional, congenial teen-age group as a sophomore in high school, and as such groups do, we gave a dance one Saturday night at the school cafeteria.

One of the neighborhood boys asked me out, probably more as a favor to his mother who was an old friend of my mother's, rather than out of any special partiality for me.

The night of the dance I wore a new white print dress. I had always thought that I looked particularly good in white. Aside from the special dress, the evening seemed as if it would be no different from any other, but how was I to know what great and wonderful thing was impending. Bob probably had no idea either.

We had the usual difficulty starting the car. I got the usual number of cuts, not too many, for I was no belle, drank

the watery punch, and the dance progressed in the traditional manner.

As midnight grew near the twosomes paired off, leaving the dance arm in arm. Now I was no prude, but—holding hands was far enough for me. Bob started the car, and we rolled down the hill.

The moon was beautiful and the sentimental music, soft lights, and whispered goodbyes had left us both feeling warmly toward each other. Bob edged over and put his arm around my shoulders. It felt protective and good, and the casual warmth of it dispersed the chill of the early spring night air. We passed the park where the local neckers were firmly entrenched. Neither of us commented on the scene, but each of us knew what the other was thinking.

Bob pulled up in front of my house. The big apple tree cast a heavy shadow over the lawn. Dad had forgotten to leave the porch light on, and the house and grounds were smothered in darkness over which the silver moon cast its eerie, watery shimmer. It was very lovely.

We sat there a minute, just gulping in the fairylike quality of the scene, and then embraced. It was as if a magnet pulled us together for one long moment of ecstasy. My heart stopped and my vision whirled dizzily, then slowly settled back to normalcy.

It was the perfect moment, the once in a lifetime, the first and most beautiful kiss of all: for in that second youth, not ourselves, surrendered to the enchantment and the witchery of the unknown.

—Sarita Loeb



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