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*The*

ELIOT

*Washington University • St. Louis, Missouri*

EMBER  
940



5¢



# Holiday Greetings

from

## The Eliot Staff



# THIS WAY OUT

*or places to go in town*

## The Theater

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

### Philadelphia Story

Katharine Hepburn—16-21

### Time of Your Life

Eddie Dowling—22-28

### Ladies in Retirement

Flora Robson—30—There New Year's Eve.

## Dinner, Supper and Dancing

**Chase Club**—Hotel Chase (RO 2500)

Currently featuring Xavier Cugat and his rumba music, this is the place to impress that very special date. The lights are dim, the music, and floor show good. Pleasantly formal, with informal dress, the Chase is one of the few places in town that offers you the New York Night Club atmosphere. If you are planning to go there New Year's, you better get your reservation in now. Minimum charge.

**Black Forest, The**—6432 Gravois (FL 1870)

They serve a good dinner, while you sing German songs. The beer comes in mugs for you to pound on the table, and the fun is very informal. For a different place to go you might take her here.

**Candlelight House**—7800 Clayton Rd.

Frankly we are rather bored with Candlelight. They won't go out of their way at all to get the Washington trade. You pay a high minimum on Friday and Saturday night to get pushed around on a crowded dance floor. More and more of us are seeing less and less of this place. The food is good the service only fair.

## To Lift A Glass

**Busch's Grove**—9160 Clayton Road

This is one of the few places left where tradition is still intact. There is none of the overdone modernistic style, but the same clean linen tablecloths, the same good service. The Lawyers have for years found this a pleasant place to spend the late afternoon, the Phies traditionally celebrate the election of their officers in this college retreat.

**Dutch Rohlfig's**—6000 Delmar

Dutch, himself, is the center of the fun in this new fraternity meeting place. He makes his own chili, and the cheeseburgers are tops in our opinion. For a place to pound your glass on the table and cut loose with a song or two this is the spot. This is one of the friendliest places on Delmar.

**Max Weber's**—Big Bend and University Car Loop

Just over the hill from the fraternity houses, Max is close enough for you to drop in anytime. Catering to the college lads and gals, Weber's is fast becoming one of the meeting places of the campus. After fraternity meetings, especially, you can find the college gang taking advantage of the college prices and atmosphere.

**Walnut Room**—Gatesworth Hotel

You will meet almost everyone you know here. The cross-roads of St. Louis converge here around eleven o'clock. Everyone always seems to have a wonderful time.

**The Barrel**—5614 Delmar

Fellows, this really is a find. A lot of you already know about this spot, but to those that don't, take heed. The front is shaped like a Barrel and there is a barrel of fun inside.

Mel and Ernie will soon know you by name and you will return more and more. Frank, on the piano, can play any song you want him too; there is a juke box for dancing. Mel mixed one of the B.M.O.C. a Zombie the other night and you should have seen the fun.

**Town Hall**—Clayton and Big Bend

Ever popular for it's smooth service and good food, its Town Hall tonight for many of us after that downtown show date. Many parties gather in the basement after a dance to listen to the music box and drink cokes or cuba liberias.

**Richmond Buffet**—7014 Clayton Ave.

The football players will back the Sigs that this is one of the best all-college spots. Loud, informal fun is the keynote, and the bartenders are jolly good fellows.

**Steeplechase**—Hotel Chase

The faculty and students alike find this a good place to pass the time. When you raise your glass you hit someone in the eye, if you move your feet you step on someone else, but the victims all keep coming back for more.

**Merry-Go-Round**—Park Plaza Hotel

The smoothest, and one of the most expensive of the "pre-dinner" lounges.

**Graham's**

Here is some good news! Roy Graham has opened a new place out on Manchester and Berry. It's on the order of his Clayton place, if anything even less formal. We predict that this will become as popular as his Grill across from the County Court House.

*Introducing . . .*

## Betty Barrel

WHO WISHES YOU

A

MERRY XMAS

AND A

HAPPY NEW YEAR

DROP BY AND

WISH HER

THE SAME



# THE BARREL

5614 DELMAR

The New College Spot



Bad breath made Cora at each Ball  
A hapless flower (species: wall).  
But she tried Pep-O-Mints, and, sir!,  
Men stand in line to dance with her.



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

### FREE

#### A Box of Life Savers for the best Wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard  
on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may  
wisecrack yourself into a free prize box  
of Life Savers!

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 win-  
ning wisecrack will be published the  
following month along with the lucky  
winner's name.

#### WINNING JOKE FOR NOVEMBER

A backwoods mountaineer one day found a mirror which  
a tourist had lost. "Well, if it aint my old dad," he said as  
he looked in the mirror. "I never knew he had his pitcher  
took." He took the mirror home, stole into the attic to hide  
it, but his actions did not escape his suspicious wife. That  
night while he slept she slipped up to the attic and found  
the mirror. "Mm-n." she said looking into it. "So that's  
the old hag he's been chasin'."

BOB GATES

# WE HAVE WITH US . . .

BOB H. and BILL H.

**ROBERT HEITNER**—The boy who wrote our feature,  
Egyptian Interlude, which we think is a fine story. If  
you see any strange constructions in the story, think  
nothing of it, because Bob, although an English major,  
is also taking a lot of German. In fact, he is a member  
of Delta Phi Alpha, the German honorary. Then again,  
he is the president of Phi Sigma Iota, the romance  
language honorary. All in all, he is pretty well sur-  
feited with languages.

Bob's chief hobby is traveling, if you can call that a  
hobby, and he has done quite a lot of it. Perhaps one  
of the things that makes his story so convincingly  
authentic is the fact that Bob has seen the room that  
plays such an important part in his story. The incident,  
too, is a real one, although Bob admits that he used a  
few furbelows of his own. He seems to take that "get  
the atmosphere" theory very seriously. Anyway, you'll  
be seeing more of Bob's stories, because he has to  
write them for his short story course. Thanks Mr.  
Buchan.

**BILL HERBERT**—Has written Sports last month and  
this. Bill has been living sports for a long time;  
comes from a rather sporting family. His brother, who  
was quite an infielder, graduated to sports-writing for  
the Globe. Bill, in the old Herbert tradition, is also  
a fine infielder, and a sports-writer as well. On the  
other hand, he is out for freshman basketball, and  
doing pretty well from what we hear. What we're get-  
ting at is that Bill knows his sports thoroughly. If you  
want to know what Vince DiMaggio's average was  
three years ago, just ask Bill. Just for a little variety,  
Bill has been doing sports-writing for Student Life.  
Bill has other interests however. Don't get the wrong  
Impression, for Bill has an aesthetic side. He is quite  
interested in dramatics, and in writing, "all kinds of  
writing," he told us. He'll be a regular contributor  
from now on.

## JOKES!

Dear Voice of Experience:

The other night I was sitting on a sofa with my girl  
and she reached up and turned out the light. What  
shall I do?

(signed) Worried.

Dear Worried:

I'd do the same thing you did and be just as worried.

V. of E.—Log.

Did you tell anybody of your secret marriage?

No, I'm waiting for my husband to sober up—I want  
him to be the first to know.

# The ELIOT

DECEMBER 1940

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## WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY ELIOT

SKINKER and LINDELL

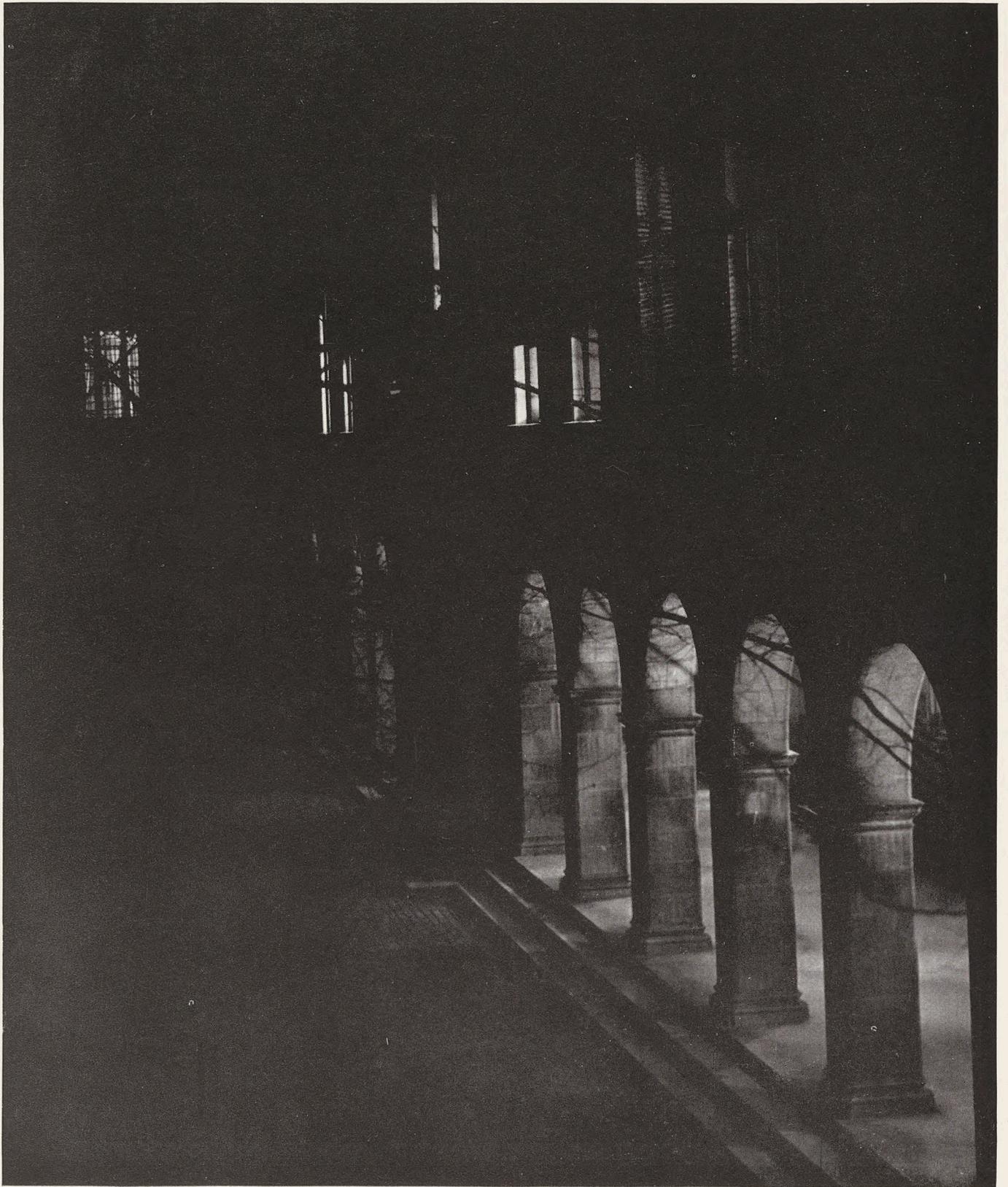
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WASHINGTON AT NIGHT

# THE TOWERS and THE TOWN

## *The Italians*

We have been awfully puzzled lately, with regard to the Italians. Mussolini has made so many claims in the past few years about Italy's being a vigorous country, the Italian army the true successor of the Roman legions, Italy a major country of the world, that we had gotten to believing him. Now that Italians have begun to fight, however, it looks as though their military training was done with a stopwatch. What we want to know is how Mussolini is explaining his military forces' wrong way speed to the Italian people. We imagine his communiqués are modeled after the famous Spanish Loyalist one: "Our glorious army has advanced steadily without losing a foot of ground." Even with a communiqué, such as that Mr. Mussolini can't gloss over the fact that the Italians are being pushed all over Albania by small, wiry men in over-sized uniforms and that when they reach the Albanian coast there will be nobody but the British navy to receive them. All this retreating has to stop sometime. We expect, any day now, to see a newsreel of Mussolini coming hell for leather through the Brenner pass, with Mr. Hitler right on his tail. We'd stay for the double feature, though, if Churchill were pounding along right behind Hitler, with a Spitfire in one hand, and a razor in the other.

## *Dodge*

We were up at the polls, last week, when the elections for class officers was in progress. We kept our eyes open, looking for all sorts of corruption, but nothing turned up. What we were looking for in particular was the Tasmanian Dodge. Nope, not once. Ask Mr. MacKenzie about that.

## *The Army Now*

A friend of ours, a first-lieutenant in the regular army, was in town the other day, with a story that makes army life sound like something out of an old Keystone Kop movie. Seems that the first night he got into camp, he was placed in a room next to the Colonel's, the colonel in charge. He woke in the morning to the tune of reports from an automatic pistol. Looking out the window, he saw, running down the street, a prisoner from the army prison up the row and right behind him, a guard, shooting his automatic like mad. The chase went right under our friend's window, down the street and around the corner. He went back to bed, only to be awakened by someone muttering at his window. There was the colonel, his face grim, gazing moodily out the window. When he saw that our friend was awake, he turned to him, and said viciously; "Prisoner escaped. Damn guard fired fourteen shots, missed him every time. Put a hole in my gas tank, let out twenty-five gallons. Harrumph, ought to be court-martialed." Then he stalked back to bed.

## *"Something for you, Professor"*

We suppose that all of you have your presents bought, with Christmas just around the corner. Among other things, you must have bought that professor something, to make up for all the apples you didn't bring this semester. We don't know why it is, but the English department seems to be the chief recipient. Somebody is sure to sneak around the room, class before last, and whisper, "Gimme a dime for a bottle a scotch for the old boy." We're not sure how the professors feel, but we think it's a fine plan. Makes for gracious living, we always say.

## *Only Four*

We think that the government and the newspapers and the newspapers' foreign correspondents ought to get together on their statements on American warplanes. We have read so many contradictory items now that we have just about decided to forget the air-force and learn all about those marines. The thing that first aroused our doubt about the effectiveness of our fighting planes was a series of articles by Ralph Ingersoll, just returned from England. Mr. Ingersoll, after talking to what he described as "Literally hundreds of pilots," said that the English didn't use the American pursuit planes for first line battle; sent them down to Egypt and out of the way places. "The modern warplane is primarily a gun-platform," he quoted one pilot, "and the American planes don't have enough guns, only half as many as a Hurricane." That statement gave us one sleepless night, tossing about as we thought of our Curtiss pursuit planes being riddled by the eight machine guns on a Messerschmitt 109. The next night, however, all our fears were calmed. There was a statement in the paper, an official air-force statement, which said that the defects of American planes, as proven in the present war, had been corrected on the newest models. We were still a little dubious, but we took the Air-Force at its word. The next paper bore a statement by our military observer in England, Maj. Cheney. He listed the defects of American planes in England as: "Not enough armor for the pilot, not enough protection for our bombers, and not enough guns on our pursuit planes." There we were again, not enough guns. We started worrying again, the air-force statement giving us scant hope. To top everything, the next Ingersoll article listed another grave defect in our planes.

"The American planes," said one English pilot, "are a joy to fly. But they're too complicated. It takes twenty minutes to get the plane set for fighting once you get in the air." That gave us another bad picture, and one that has still to be erased from our mind. We can see that pilot in his American pursuit plane, struggling to set the pitch of the propeller and balance the gasoline mixture, while two Messerschmitts fire eight guns apiece at him, and he can't even take time to fire his measly four. The more we think about it, the gladder we are that we didn't take that CAA course here at school. Our suggestion is that they start Henry Ford to work on those planes, and give us a seat at that desk in the general's office. "The American planes are a joy to fly, but . . ."

### *Fashion*

We thought those handbills that Thyrsus printed for *Fashion* were fine, authentic, and right down the line. Almost everybody we talked too agreed with us about them, liked them a lot. We know of at least one boy, though, that seemed to think them a bit overdone. He was bending down reading one on the wastecan in front of Ridgley. "Geez," he said, "Shouts of ap-pro-bashun."

### *Quad Show*

We see that the Quad Show machinery has gotten under way. When it gets rolling, it's just like one of those sixty-ton tanks that we've heard so much about. First there's the creaking of the publicity department, announcements of tryouts and rehearsals, announcements of meetings. Soon we'll have the full flood, interviews with principals, sidelights on rehearsals, instructions for getting tickets. Eliot and Student Life begin to look like bulletins from the Quad Show desk. We suppose that we ought to resent all the free advertis-

ing, but we don't. We like Quad Show much too much. We're proud of it. It seems to condense every bit of campus spirit, the spirit that's lacking all year for games and rallies, and pound it all into the tremendous organization that puts on the show. Of course, we're prejudiced, but when you see the way things hum, there's not much you can do but hop on the wagon. Pass us that big trombone.

### *Those Gnomes*

Washington has gnomes, and we have seen the proof. You can scoff, but we know, and we think it's rather colorful. It's not every school that can boast of a bunch of hard-working gnomes. Perhaps you haven't noticed the door to their workroom in Brookings, by the stairs, but we have. After much skulking around, we found it open the other day, and with our heart pounding we crept inside. There we found their tools, their materials, and their workbenches. We dipped our fingers in a pot of gnome glue, and we dabbed a bit of gnome paint. We feel fine about our gnomes. Now if we could only track down that poultergeist.

### *That Picture*

It is high time, we think, to stop the taking of pictures at football games. The best plan seems to be to bar cameras entirely, or the decision on football games is going to be decided in the darkroom instead of the gridiron. Take, for example, the Washington-St. Louis U. game. Perhaps the most decisive play of the game was called back, because the referee said Lindow was out of bounds when he caught a beautiful Schwenk pass, on about the twenty-yard line. We got up and yelled "robber" with the best of them, but in the back of our mind, we kept recalling all those articles we've read by referees, saying that the spectator

is too far away to really tell. Here, three weeks later, our Eliot photographer Bill Dee, turns up with a picture that proves decisively that Lindow was in bounds, and therefore, that Washington was robbed of a mighty good chance to take the game. The camera seems to be too potent a force for human frailty to compete with. Let's just take pictures of the boys playing for sixty minutes, develop them, and announce who won on Monday. Cornell wouldn't like it, but Washington should benefit, plenty.

### *Their Work Is Never Done*

Our friends down the hall in the Student Publications Bureau have a hard time of it. Every time we walk in, somebody's raving, "The dirty obscenity said that they don't do any college advertising." The great cliché around the bureau is, "They won't be in this issue." They're a bitter bunch of boys in the bureau. We were talking to one of the salesmen the other day, and he poured out all his troubles. "What can we do?" he asked. "If the students patronize a place, the management gets cocky, and says they don't need advertising." He frowned, and went on. "Take Candlelight for instance. Almost everybody in school goes there, lunch, dinner, drinks. Why the place is jam-packed with Washington students Friday and Saturday nights, when there's no room to dance or do anything. They pour out more money there than any other single group. Yet, when we talk to Candlelight about advertising, they tell us, 'We get all the college trade anyway, why should we advertise?'" Our friend sputtered in impotent rage and stalked out. We sympathize with the boys for more than one reason. The advertising they get is money for the Eliot. Anyway, in return for the college trade, anybody should be willing to advertise. If anybody has five dollars lying around, just go in the bureau. They have an ad to suit anybody's needs.

# D R A M A

## F A S H I O N   W A S   F I N E

Thyrus' costume show of the year, and second full-length production, *Fashion*, played Friday and Saturday nights, December thirteenth and fourteenth, to the huzzahs of the largest audience of the year. Seldom has a Thyrus show, or any Washington show for that matter, provoked such enthusiastic plaudits from faculty, students, and what Thyrus terms as "adults." The consensus of audience opinion seemed to be that Thyrus had presented the right show, in the right sort of way, and this reviewer has few bones to pick with the consensus.

It might be well, before I go farther, to say that *Fashion* was undoubtedly one of the best staged plays ever produced in Brown Auditorium. Great care was taken, with regard to costumes, music, direction, and settings, in order that the show should retain as much as possible of its original flavor and presentation. This careful, almost painstaking treatment, was one of the greatest factors in the success of *Fashion*, which doesn't read as too good a show. By using the original songs, very effective backdrops (designed by Mr. Wilkinson, who also directed the show) and 1850 background and entré acte music, the merits of the play itself were ignored by the audience in the general hilarity over the 1850 embellishments. They hissed the villain, they applauded lines such as Trueman's (Earl Sherry) praising good "republican simplicity," and had a fine time participating in the show.

The cast, like most Thyrus casts, was for the most part, adequate, but unlike most Thyrus casts, this one contained more than its quota of excellent performers. The unquestioned star of the show, and one who gave more than her share of sparkle, was Valerie Brinkman, in the role of Mrs. Tiffany. To a role that was a cross between Mary Boland and Billie Burke, Miss Brinkman gave her own interpretation, and a fine one it was. She resisted the temptation to over-act, (this part offers a strong temptation) and gave a performance which may best be described as professional. There was polish and life in Miss Brinkman's characterization. Either would have made the interpretation good, both made it excellent. Her singing of "Walking Down Broadway" will not soon be forgotten by any who saw and heard it.

Second only to Miss Brinkman in general excellence of performance was Courtney Heineman, as Snobson, the villain of the show. Mr. Heineman was faced with the task of doing a villainous villain whom everyone would

like, nevertheless. By means of an oily voice, a slouch, and a laugh as smoothly nasty as anything since Fu Manchu, Mr. Heineman made the audience alternately laugh and hiss him. That is what the role required, and, to coin a cliché, he did it up brown.

Earl Sherry's performance as Adam Trueman was very good in spots, and rather bad in spots. He shone in his transitions, and on most of his long speeches, but his role as a whole revealed a need for a greater familiarity with his part. Someone should be brought to task about Mr. Sherry's makeup and costume. His smock was perhaps the only costume in the show that did not attest the skill of Mrs. Wilkinson who both designed and made them.

Others in the show who were particularly effective were Morry Yaffe as Zeke and Betty Warfield as Prudence. Gilbert Hogan was effective, but tended to be monotonous at times.

Tribute should be paid to Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson for their part in the production; to Mr. Wilkinson for fine direction and attractive drops, and to Mrs. Wilkinson for another set of her always excellent costumes. Mr. Wilkinson should receive an extra pat on the back for making the show move right along. It kept up interest.

### T Y P E W R I T E R S

WE SELL THEM

WE RENT THEM

WE REPAIR THEM

### C O N W A Y — E A V E S

13 No. Central, in Clayton

DElmar 1291

The Best in Liquid Refreshments

at

## D U T C H R O H L F I N G ' S B U F F E T

6000 DELMAR

DeLuxe Cheeseburgers • Home-Made Chili  
Hamburgers a Specialty

D R O P   B Y   D U R I N G   T H E   H O L I D A Y S

# S P O R T S

## BASKETBALL, HOCKEY, THE PASS

A BASKETBALL empire is what we're liable to get, it would seem, with one of the finest groups of sophomore material seen at the Hilltop in years, several ready-to-run lettermen, and a new coach who seems to be taking the whole thing seriously. No matter how fast you roll them off, the three have a way of adding up, and to many observers the answer looks like big-time basketball.

Some sore of compensation for the football doldrums Washington reached this fall is very likely to take the form of the cage sport in this and the next few years. Some signs of change are reflected in the Bear schedule which this year brings Yale University to the Field House for an early game, in addition to the usual Missouri Valley rivals. Then, for 1941-42, Southern California and Notre Dame, two of the country's finest, pay visits here while passing by.

Most encouraging of all is the new coach, Robert Kinnan, who not only knows basketball but who also knows how to make other people interested in it. Graduating from Iowa State University in 1931, where he starred in basketball and track, Kinnan took the coaching job at Muscatine (Ia.) High School, turning out three teams which either won or finished runner-up for the state championship. A stickler for fundamentals, he believes in adapting his system to the available material.

Kinnan is trying to interest the students in the game more by bringing it to them. Here is his five-point program:

1. To encourage frequent basketball pep meetings and cheer-leading at the games.
2. To provide double-headers instead of single games, letting a "B" team, or junior varsity, play an early game before the varsity starts. This, he believes, will let students see some basketball when they're going someplace else later.
3. To try to persuade fraternities and sororities to plan dances for other nights.
4. To encourage high school attendance by having some of the players give demonstrations.
5. To sell season tickets at a reduced price to spectators other than students.

Quiet-spoken and popular with his players, Kinnan is almost certain to make a hit with the other students. Another deal of his making was the new uniforms which feature silver satin pants.

The fine sophomore material, led by Charley Heiser and Dick Devine, centers, Harold Globig, guard, and Jack Darnton and Mel Kranzberg, forwards, adds much-needed size to the Bruin ranks. Every member of this group is over six feet tall, and Globig, especially, com-

bines his brawn with a clever ball-handling skill. Globig, who formerly played at McKinley High School and later in local Munny League, is one of the slickest guards seen here in years. Skillful at dribbling and passing, he can also connect on long shots and shines in setting up plays.

Dick Devine, who showed his grab-bucket hands to advantage in football, is currently scrapping it out with Charley Heiser for the starting center position. Heiser and Jack Darnton, looking very much like twins on each side of the free throw lane under the basket, both have long, lanky builds and blond hair, are both eager, if awkward, and are both four-star specials in Kinnan's future book. Kranzberg carries his unusual heft with amazing grace and has the accuracy of a Tennessee squirrel-gun on those long, one-handed shots from the side.

A sure short for one of the guard posts is senior Bernie Lieppman, a part-time operative last season and definitely improved now. Guy Calloway, a standout returning letterman, takes care of the other forward post and is a definite scoring threat when the points are needed. Otto Schwartz, 140 pounds of deceptively-labelled dynamite, will see spot service at forward or guard, with Dutch Lutz, Bud Schwenk, and Al Lindow coming in for their moments.

● ● ●

Hellzapoppin' in the hockey situation. Everything is so good its wonderful. "The best team we've ever had at Washington" is the modest appraisal Co-coach Tommie Duncan puts on the 1940 edition of the Polar Bears, and when you look at the figures in the case, you have to admit the boy has a point there.

Ten lettermen, including Duncan himself, are back to provide the better part of two teams. The team will be sparked by a speedy forward wall of Clarence Kurdas, Neil Humphreville, and Alex Ham will be backed by Ken Ruemmler and MacEachern, defense men, and Duncan at goal. Kozak, Solwosser, Kowalchuk, Earl Sherry, Frank St. Cyr, and Jack White are substitutes.

That ain't the half of it. Tentative plans are being made for games at Rochester, Minn. Colorado University, Illinois U., and others for the league winner. Other members of the league are St. Louis U., Concordia, Eden, and Baden.

● ● ●

WE WUZ ROBBED . . . In the picture you see Allen (Red) Lindow catching an important Schwenk pass IN BOUNDS in the St. Louis game . . . It's too late now, though . . . Maybe Loeb's can use photographer Bill Dee on his team next year—BILL HERBERT.

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**the rally, the Hay Hop, the Goldiggers' Ball, and the Woman's Building stag line.**



Photography by  
Bill Dee



A look at Ceylon Lewis will tell you that this was the night of the Goldiggers' Ball. He and Hennigan aren't footing any bills.



Whatever Charlie Dee is saying, it has Paul Lashly and Dwight Curry pretty disgruntled.



# MAX



In case you didn't see last month's Eliot, the couple third from the right are French and Hennigan, jeering like mad.

The unhappy girl on the left is Maribeth Greene, but the Misses Zwilling, Martin and Dunn don't seem to be affected.

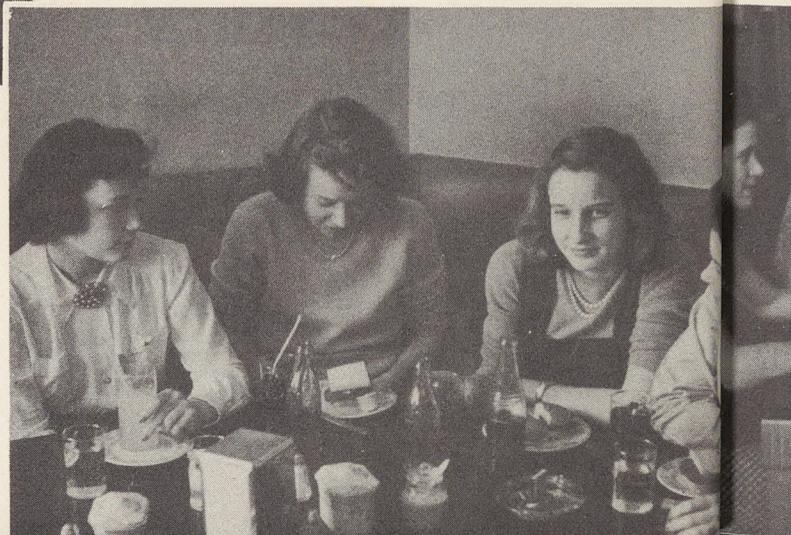
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A few stags from the Goldiggers' Ball. They're sitting at the bar, but it doesn't mean a thing. It was closed.

This is obviously candid. The Betties, Stevens and Thompson, were really hungry.



# WEBER

## Max Weber's

For you who haven't, let it be said that at the prices for college students are the meeting and greeting at Weber's. During Washington's own gathering spot. Special



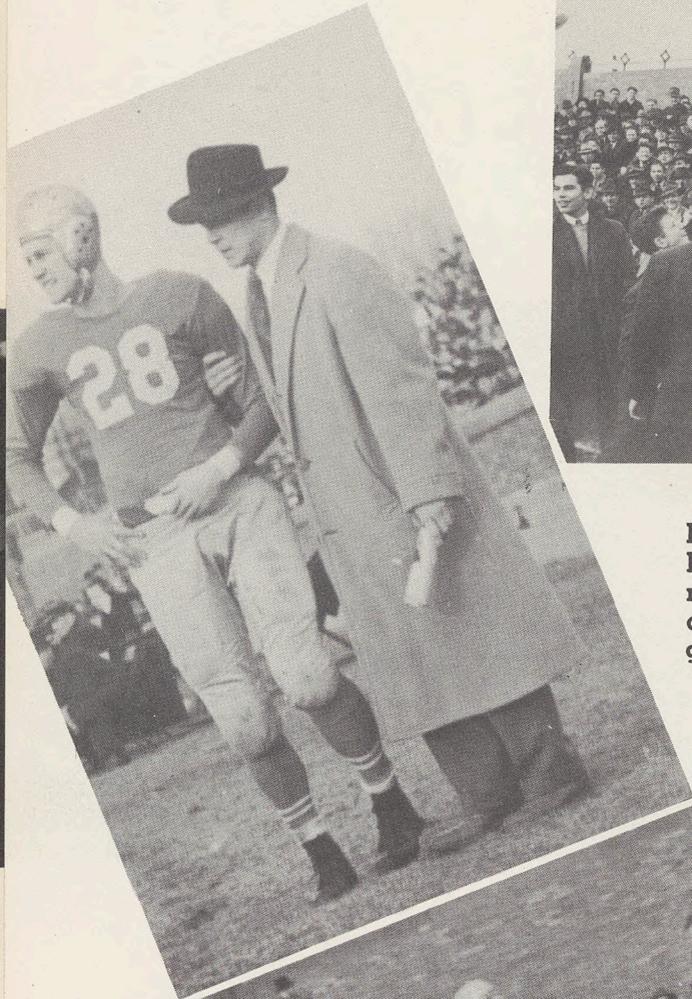
Miss Stoecker didn't want to see something, probably that corsage in the middle of the table.

## Big Bend and University Car Loop

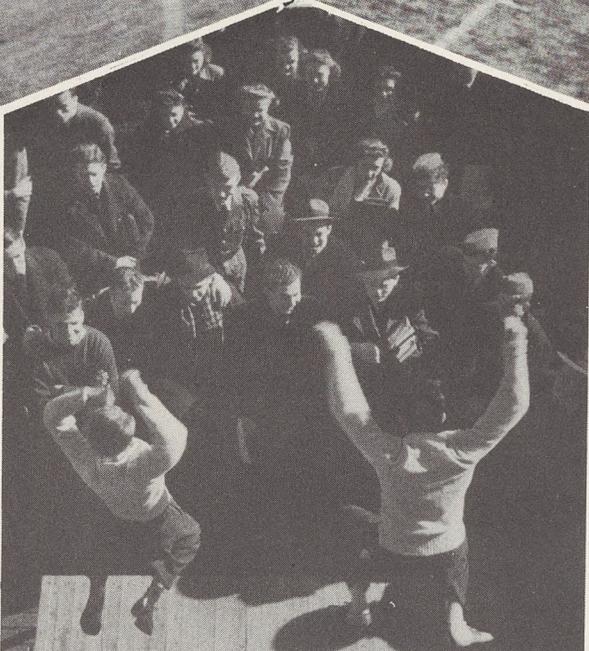
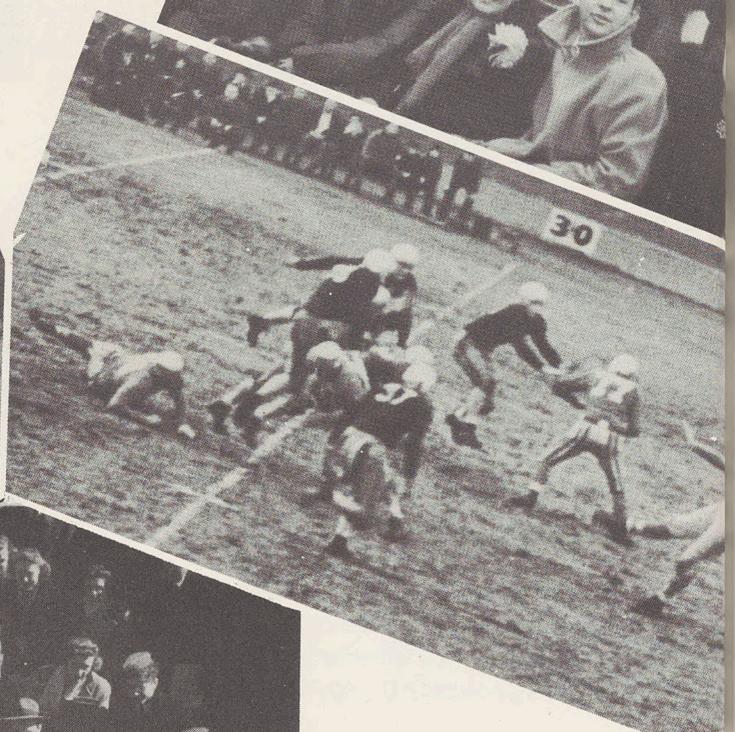


Margaret Georgi, on the right, said something mildly amusing, although Jean Raith seems a little disdainful about it.

Photography by Bill Dee



Football is gone, but here are a few reminders of the Rally and the St. Louis U. game.



# EGYPTIAN INTERLUDE

By ROBERT HEITNER

I KNOW a room as loathsome as only that place can be which has seen frivolity turned abruptly into gruesomeness. It is a large room in a French Rococo villa which is situated absurdly, in the very heart of Cairo, on the summit of the Citadel, and in the shadow of the fabulous Alabaster Mosque. The walls of this room are decorated with pale, chipped murals in the airiest style of Fragonard and Watteau, but otherwise its considerable area is bare and desolate, the chandeliers gone and the furniture removed. The floor-length windows in one wall reveal a wild and stunted garden of sickly European trees and sand-ridden grass. The casements opposite open startlingly on a sheer cliff, at the foot of which the crowded city lies like a dusty topaz in the desert. No African sunlight pierces the clouded glass into the tawdry room, however. The glistening walls of the mosque keep it from the unseemly villa, which is oppressed by a musty gray coolness. Thus there is nothing to relieve the drabness of the chamber's perpetual gloom. In it one feels trapped and uncomfortable, despite its size, because its only entrance is a narrow door, gained by means of an equally narrow hallway. One is conscious of contrasts so sharp as to be incomprehensible: that between the Rococo salon and its first, Mohammedan possessor, and—that between the levity of the painted figures and the huge reddish blotches on the unpolished wooden floor. All around the room these stains are visible, darkest and widest about the little doorway, lighter and more separated along the walls, then thicker again at the windows overlooking the precipice. Such is the throne room of the first king of Egypt.

• • •

The brassy sun approached its highest level as the first gray stallions galloped up the winding streets of the Citadel and thundered through the heavy fortress gate. A moment later they arrived at the wrought-iron portals of the villa and down from their backs swung some swarthy youths, well-knit and fierce in their colorful garments. Close behind these came other horsemen, then many more, until the wall-bound streets rang with hoofs and barbarous cries, so that black-veiled women flattened themselves in fear against the bulwarks or hurriedly disappeared down a score of tiny passages. When the riders reached the villa's enclosure they greeted those already there and together strode proudly into the incongruous dwelling.

Mohammed Ali, viceroy of Egypt by grace of the Sublime Porte, was holding a feast.

For two years the Mamelukes and he had been at odds, ever since, at his arrival, he had put to death one of their number as assassin of his predecessor. It had been

two years of constant quarreling, of edicts being published and ignored, of attempted assassinations and counter-attempts of the same nature. Every night he had looked down from his windows on the magnificent tombs of the Mamelukes and wish those graves were another time as full. At last he had had to admit the tribe was too powerful and deeply entrenched in the history and organization of Egypt to be overthrown. Therefore he had prepared this feast, which was to be a peace-offering, and the scene of an unwritten treaty with Hassan Bey, the patriarch.

Men of various ages were assembling in the courtyard and halls of Mohammed Ali's villa, until exactly four hundred and fifty stood about, talking, jesting, and swaggering. These, the leaders of the Mamelukes, were powerful in body and in authority. They were the commanders of a vast army, privately maintained, and they owned in common nearly all the property in Egypt. Last of all came the twenty highest-ranking princes, riding majestically about the sumptuous litter that was the vehicle of Hassan Bey.

From the upper floor Mohammed Ali watched the dignified procession ascend the Citadel and scowled at his body servant.

"The old one arrives at last. Help me to dress. I must not let him see me in the costume of the West." The viceroy arrayed himself distastefully in heavy, rich wool robes, and substituted full, light pantaloons for his modish satin small-clothes. He put his unaccustomed feet into tarbooshes, wrapped a finely woven shawl about his shoulders, and descended the winding staircase. Greeting no one, he walked out through the garden, just as the patriarchal litter stopped at the gates.

Mohammed Ali bared his teeth in a gracious smile as he made a polite show of assisting old Hassan to the ground. Each bowed low in honor of the other and exchanged long compliments. Thereupon the viceroy turned to the twenty companions of Hassan Bey and saluted them, every man in his turn. Not until then was it meet for him to extend a common welcome to all the others. When the ceremonies were ended, Mohammed re-entered his house by the side of the tribal ruler and proceeded to the room in which was laid the banquet.

From a special table set upon a dais, where he reclined on a circular divan in company with Hassan and the twenty elders, the viceroy gazed down at the throng in the dining-hall.

"They stuff like beasts!" he thought, but his smile continued unabated.

He saw nine round, low tables laden with meats and fruit—huge polished disks surrounded by the lords of the Nile-land—the Mamelukes. For five hundred years

Egypt had been their estate. Upstart Circassian slaves, they had become sultans. Though fallen somewhat, they still controlled affairs to such an unconscionable extent that he, the highest authority in the land, was forced to appease them. Mohammed Ali drew tight his lips for a moment, then resumed his smile.

Hassan Bey from his place of honor on the blood-red cushions also looked down, and he saw with satisfaction the multitude of his family. This was a day of triumph for the patriarch. Mohammed Ali, as he had admitted often to his council, was the strongest man who had ever come against him. Other viceroys had been obsequious from the beginning, or, as in the case of the last one, had been easily subdued. This fellow, however, was crafty and bold, and had given Hassan Bey much annoyance, until he finally realized the insecurity of his position in comparison to the might of the Mamelukes. Yet he would be worthy of future watchfulness! Hassan Bey was not one to be caught unaware. Still, today, in the midst of all his followers, he could surely relax and enjoy his victory. Were there not half a thousand fighting arms gathered here, pledged to protect the honor and safety of the head of the Mamelukes? Sooner the viceroy who should look to his defenses.

As the feast continued, hour after hour, Mohammed Ali strove to exert his charm over the aged chieftain. Mohammed counted versatility among his faculties. Although he faced the West and imitated its ways with all his strength of will, he could assume the role of Oriental with alacrity. By dint of subtle compliments he took Hassan Bey off guard, and once a vent was driven into the adversary's armor he poured blandishments through it with marked success. The old man felt himself drawn to his host. Perhaps he had judged the man too harshly. Certainly Mohammed was graceful in his defeat and even seemed genuinely well-disposed toward his guests. And such a banquet as was being served—

Tall Nubians were bringing in silver trays in endless succession: great steaming roasts with thick spicy sauce, inlaid wooden bowls of savory tas kebab, heaps of Grecian olives and Anatolian nuts on Mother-of-pearl and ivory platters, hills of fowls baked in their feathers, huge copper pots of sweet Turkish coffee and heady Egyptian tea—and secretly, without the old man's knowledge, slender glass and silver decanters of mellow wine.

Hassan Bey beamed and answered Mohammed's suave remarks with great consideration. When at last the ebony servitors with their scar-slashed countenances ceased carrying in food and brought instead the hookahs, the viceroy asked permission to make an announcement.

"I shall hear your words with pleasure, my friend," answered the chief of the Mamelukes, whom surfeiting had made drowsy.

The viceroy signaled for silence. "Mamelukes, great and noble race of kings," he said to the assembly, "forever shall I look upon this day as the beginning of our

mutual peace. In the past there have been unfortunate differences between your venerated father and myself, but I pledge to you that today sees an irrevocable cessation of them. My brothers, I have feasted you with best of my poor fare, but this is only half the bond I want to make. Now is time to feast your eyes and hearts, O Mamelukes. I have had sent from the capital of the world some dancing girls, the favorites of Constantinople who shall dance for you. You are too great a multitude, however, to be seated together in the chamber I have prepared for the spectacle. Therefore, if it pleases you, draw lots to determine who shall be first, and who later."

Mohammed Ali clapped his hands and at once his servants entered bearing small baskets filled with folded cards. On each card was written in scarlet ink a number from one through five. Everyone drew except the member's of Mohammed's table, who were of too high a rank to submit to any sort of lottery. As the viceroy had planned, the men were divided into five sets. In a moment the first group of ninety left their places in eager anticipation. Mohammed Ali and Hassan Bey continued their conversation, and Hassan was quite interested in the dancing girls. The viceroy was extremely patient and courteous, answering all questions with equanimity. Some fifteen minutes passed, and a servant murmured a message to Mohammed Ali.

The viceroy turned with a smile to Hassan Bey and said, "Ah, the first performance is over, and the dancers await the next group."

Hassan Bey looked disappointed. "The time is very short," said he.

Mohammed's voice was coated with oil. "My dancers are so overpowering no man can endure them long, my lord."

The second group went out, laughing among themselves. Hassan asked, "Where are the first ones lingering, Lord Mohammed?"

Smoothly, lightly, the viceroy answered, "Very probably they have gone out to enjoy my gardens, in order to cool their inflamed breasts somewhat."

Hassan Bey, old though he was, began to have a great curiosity to see the extraordinary dancers, but Mohammed quieted him, saying, "Wait, I beg you, eminent father, when all the rest have done, I will have the dancers give a special performance for you and your worthy counsellors, that will surpass all they have done before."

Now and then faint noises came to the ears of those gathered at the honor-table. Down below the commotion was too great for the Mamelukes to hear anything but themselves. Old Hassan noticed it, however, and remarked on it to Mohammed. The viceroy smiled and suavely said, "It pains me, lord, that my servants are so noisy, but they are slaughtering more animals for the feast. I will send instructions to have them work more quietly."

Finally the last group left the feasting-hall, and it was empty save for Mohammed, Hassan Bey, and his counsellors. Hassan was becoming ever more impatient. "They do not return," he said with anger. "I will go and send them out. It is not right that they should leave their ruler unattended thus."

Mohammed grew oilier and his smile became wider, more ingratiating. "Perhaps they would not leave the dancers, and stayed and crowded the room."

Hassan waxed more impatient and curious to see these dancers. "Come, Mohammed, let us tarry no longer. I am consumed with curiosity and chagrin."

The viceroy led his guests of honor out of the feasting hall and through ornate rooms and hallways. All along the way were stationed his great Nubians, armed with shining cutlasses. When they arrived at a narrow passageway, Mohammed Ali stopped. He bowed low before the aged chieftain of the Mamelukes.

"Please honor me, my lord" he said, "by stepping in first with your illustrious counsellors."

Hassan, delighted with the viceroy's deference, was about to step grandly forward. Then suddenly a piercing scream rang out from the room into which the narrow corridor led. The chilling cry was followed by a scuffle, muffled curses, and silence. The old man jerked himself back and looked at Mohammed. The viceroy's smiling visage had changed. His eyes were hard and bright, and his teeth were still bared, but in a fierce grimace. The counsellors cried out "Treachery, Treachery," but it was too late. Mohammed's Nubians had gathered in back of the Mameluke potentates and were pushing them through the passageway. When Hassan Bey saw the room into which his followers had disappeared he uttered a shrill cry of despair and horror. Piled up on the floor, along the walls, legs twisted crazily, stiff armed and clasp-handed, four hundred and fifty headless bodies filled the room. In one corner lay heaped up like coconuts four hundred and fifty bloody, wild-eyed heads. In a surprisingly short time, Hassan's twenty counsellors joined the bloody company on the floor. Then Mohammed Ali seized the throat of the trembling old chieftain of the Mamelukes, and forced him to his knees.

A deep shudder ran through Hassan's weak old body. His face grew ashen pale and his throat gurgled and choked under Mohammed's furious grip. Yet it was not quite time for him to die.

Mohammed Ali barked an order, as blood soaked through his shoes and soiled his long robes. "Open the windows and throw the bodies out and the heads after them."

Then in a madness of sadistic fury he dragged the frail old man to the window. Hassan, limp and half-conscious, was sodden with the blood of his family. The viceroy's men flung open the windows and began hurling the decapitated corpses in their bespattered finery down the steep cliff. Down they went, ten, one hundred, four hundred, four hundred and fifty, four hundred and seventy Mameluke bodies, bumping and breaking down the

cliff-side with a horrid succession of thuds. Then down they threw the heads, a ghastly rain, down in the direction of the handsome tombs of the Mamelukes. When the last was gone, Mohammed Ali lifted Hassan Bey high in his arms, cried out, "Now follow your family, O last of the Mamelukes, and learn who is the master of Egypt," and hurtled the little body into the street two hundred feet below.

The viceroy turned around and faced his men. His face regained its color. "Clean up this room," he said slowly. "It shall be the first throne-room of the line of Mohammed Ali." Without another word he went upstairs to change his clothes.



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# MUSIC

## THE SYMPHONY AND SOME ALBUMS

With the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra nearing the half-way mark of its 1940-41 season, a few comments on the concerts thus far might not be amiss. Although it's difficult to generalize, I think one generalization nobody will deny is 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 all of them kept the St. Louis symphonygoers figuratively on their toes. And, in my opinion, everyone of the new works merited a hearing.

The one to create the greatest sensation was the Shostakovitch Symphony No. 5, presented at the concerts of November 29-30. Although in some respects an uneven work, it is on the whole a tuneful, energetic, colorfully-orchestrated symphony. Mr. Golschmann gave it a rousing performance. Another newcomer that was accorded a hearty welcome was Jaromir Weinberger's *Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree*. This is a series of clever variations on an old English folk tune rounded off with a fugue that is the spitting image of the same composer's infectious *Schwanda the Bagpiper* fugue.

The greatest disappointment was the Walton violin concerto performed by Jascha Heifetz at the November 15-16 concerts. Although played with all the matchless skill of Heifetz' virtuosity, Walton's tuneless shambles of a concerto failed to impress either the local concert audiences or the professional critics. We have had two piano soloists thus far, Artur Rubinstein and E. Robert Schmitz. Rubinstein gave an extraordinarily poetic interpretation of the Beethoven G Major Concerto and joined the orchestra in Falla's *Nights in the Gardens of Spain*. Schmitz played the Prokofieff Concerto No. 3 in C Major with an astonishing brilliance. Both Schmitz, playing and the concerto lacked emotional depth, but there is no denying that the performance was a notable one. The only other guest artist has been Sir Thomas Beecham, who conducted the December 13-14 concerts. Perhaps the most valuable service he performed was the introduction into the program of the Handel *Faithful Shepherd* suite and the Mozart *Linz* Symphony, two works which might never have been heard in St. Louis had not Sir Thomas come to town.

You may remember that last month I suggested you start building up a collection of concert records. Well, I can think of no better time to start than right now. With Christmas in the immediate offing, you might start dropping hints to your friends and relatives about records you'd like to get. And just in case you're not sure yourself what records you want, I'm going to give you a few suggestions. There won't be any particular order to this; I'll just mention the sets as they come to my mind. (And, although this paragraph may have sounded like a radio commercial, you may rest assured

that I have no personal interest in what kind of records you buy or where you buy them.)

Arturo Toscanini is the conductor of many superlative recordings. Of them all, one that I like especially well—even though it's comparatively old—is his magnificent version of the Beethoven seventh symphony with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. The word "definitive" is bandied about a good deal, but I'm positive that it's safe to apply it to this recording. Other Beethoven symphonies that Toscanini has recorded are the first, the fourth and the sixth with the British Broadcasting Company Orchestra, and the fifth with the NBC Symphony Orchestra he now directs. It is rumored that he has recorded the *Eroica* with the NBC for release this winter, but in case you don't care to wait around to see whether the rumor is confirmed, there is a first-rate version of it by Felix Weingartner. If you're interested in the Beethoven piano concertos, you will find that Artur Schnabel has made recordings of them all. There is no finer interpreter of Beethoven than Schnabel.

There are recordings of both the compositions which met with such acclaim when introduced to St. Louis concert audiences this fall. Artur Rodzinski and the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra have turned out Weinberger's *Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree*, while Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia group have given us a first-rate recording of the fifth symphony of Dmitri Shostakovitch. Stokowski is also responsible for the many magnificent transcriptions of Bach. However, if you want your Bach unadulterated, I suggest you try some of Wanda Landowska's harpsichord recordings or the Little Organ Books of E. Powell Biggs. The B Minor Mass has been reduced in price to \$18.00 (it was formerly \$25.00) but I wouldn't advise buying. The recording, which is by "Famous Artists, Philharmonic Choir and London Symphony Orchestra," is not an exceptional one, although the solos and duets are adequate enough. I am afraid no record will ever catch the grandeur of the B Minor Mass choruses.

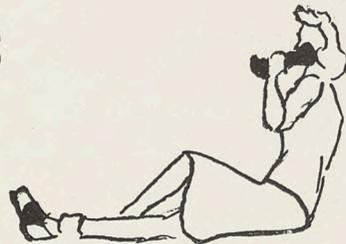
If it's a violin concerto you're after, the answer is Heifetz. The only major violin concerto that Heifetz hasn't recorded (so far as I know) is the Mendelssohn and I think it's safe to conclude that he'll get around to it before long. With the aid of various top-flight orchestras, the distinguished violinist has recorded the Beethoven, Brahms, Tschaikowsky, Sibelius, Mozart A Major and Prokofieff G Minor Concertos. The last of these to be recorded was the Beethoven with Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra. Some critics carp that the acoustics weren't just right for this recording, but I've listened to it a number of times and it sounds o.k. to me. By the way, if you're dead-set on that Mendelssohn concerto and too impatient to wait for Heifetz to do it, there's a fine recording Joseph Szigeti and the London Philharmonic under the baton of Sir Thomas Beecham. Kreisler and Menuhin have also recorded the concerto.

Serge Rachmaninoff has at last recorded his own third piano concerto. I haven't heard it yet, but I have heard the Vladimir Horowitz version of the concerto and don't see how the composer himself can possibly better this fiery interpretation.



# BETWEEN BELLES

THERE IS MUCH CONFUSION



AT LAST, we believe that we've seen the true spirit of fraternity brotherhood. We believe the Betas and the Phi Delt's deserve real praise, for after years of feuding each chapter sent practically a blanket bid to its dance to the other fraternity. There was a slight mix-up though, for both dances just happened to be on the same night. After all, it's the spirit of the thing that counts.

Although Alice Jane Love is surrounded by the love of the Washington boys, she is still looking forward to the Christmas vacation. And the feud goes on between Neidringhaus and Carruthers while Alice Jane sings the "Michigan Alma Mater."

It seems that Johnny Weber is quite annoyed at this column. Over a month ago he gave his S.A.E. pin to Irmgild Warmber, Kappa at the U. of Illinois, and the last issue failed to notice the great event. Our apologies, Johnny.

Dotty Frier has again given back her Pi K.A. pin to Bob Eck. She has decided to spend the week-ends in town and at Washington, and let the week-end bus go on to Rolla without her.

Gene Pennington was rather mixed up as to his date to the Gold-diggers' Ball. Patty Wolf, it seems asked him for a date, but later decided to let Rosalie Kincaid have the honor. Pat then went to the Phi Delt chapter and asked Bob Gates.

At the Phi Delt barn dance "Mother Allen" was getting a small rush from one Dick Koken, who graduated from this school a couple of years ago. The next Sunday night his car was seen pulling up in front of her house. We thought that this was over a long time ago, Jane? ?

It must be the weather, the holiday season or love, but we have another list of pinnings to present: Roy Whisnand and Jane Anne Morris; Norma Sacks and Bob Dekker (he gave her the pin after a two weeks' romance, which is the fastest thing that we've seen around these parts since the 1927 tornado); and Chuck Lyon and Estelle Frauenfelder. The unusual thing about this Lyon-Frauenfelder pinning was that it happened on Art Hill at twelve o'clock NOON!!!!

The long distance operators have been overworked lately—calls are coming in from all parts of the country. Shirlee Jones hears from Annapolis, Dartmouth calls Jean Buchta and Nancy Roeder, Purdue calls Marjorie Johanning (who, by the way, spent the Thanksgiving Holidays at Purdue) Rolla calling Jane Clark, and Memphis calls Berta Smith. We're wondering who has whose number.

As we turn through the pages, we find that Martha Page has been seen here and about with Bud Hartman,

a Phi Delt from Westminster, while sister Tish and Gil Coughlin have that romantic look. Page Lloyd, seen frequently on campus with Ted Beckemeier, has been seen just as frequently off campus with John Huxley.

"Dutch" Lutz is dating (for the first time on this campus) some of the local talent. Among them Dean Maize. It is reported that he and the-gal-back-home have parted company. Dutch has been hiding his talent too long as was proved at the Backwards dance a couple of Saturdays ago when he was crowned Kampus King.

Since Jo Sippy has been taking flying lessons, we have heard many reports about a mad Russian. Come on, Jo, what's the dope on all these flyers who put up posters and write you tender letters offering to protect you from this so-called mad Russian.

Alice Oliver has been true to the Phi Delt's, at least, while Jack Peat is away. Besides dating Cal East and Bud Reichardt, she is, at present being rushed by Wally MacLean. Jean Richardson after a five year romance with a Websterite, has broken off connection in favor of Bobo Simmons. Jimmie Otto also favors the Phi Delt's and especially Joe Funk. The Forrest Stone-Johanning romance is still running smoothly.

We don't know the answer, but maybe you do. We can't figure out whether Betty Sprague likes the S.A.E.'s or whether the S.A.E.'s like Betty Sprague better. Anyway she's been dating Jack Hunstein, Bob O'Connell, Dave Hughes, Bill Cartwright, and Fred Clauser. Her preference seems to be Cartwright, though, for "He is," she says, "the only one who will drink milk with me at Weber's."

Kay Ruester and Bob McDowell have been going together and that's news—or maybe you don't remember the big write-up about this well-known couple last spring when they broke up.

Girls love football players and Allen Lindow loves the girls, for he is reported to have five dates a week, and each night with a different girl. Nice going, Allen. A couple of weeks ago someone purloined a pair of his gloves, and he suspects one of his football team mates who is a Phi Delt. About this he says, quote: "Not only do the Phi Delt's steal other peoples' women, but I think they took some of my wearing apparel—which is far more serious."!!!!

Along with Homecoming and football came romance for Jane Ellis. She now carries on a daily correspondence with a V.M.I. cadet. He's plenty cute and just ask Jane whether or not he's a first-class man.

Although it has been on the way for a long time, a feud, or better still a civil war seems to have broken out

in the Gamm Phi Beta chapter. Neither side can come to an agreement, and we agree that the question can't be settled half way. The Gammas, it seems, want the love seat on one side of the room, but the Phi Betas won't leave it alone and are always pushing it back to the other side of the room. Push it in the closet, girls. It's dark in there and out of everybody's way besides.

Anything to be different, Betty Moline is now an official member of the Moose Club! We knew there were still a few bashful boys left in the world, but imagine our surprise when we found out that Johnny Spafford, after thinking about it for over a year, finally got a date with Rodie Pistor.

Is Jerry Hughes just naturally disgusted with women, or is he still brooding over the beautiful brunette in Kansas City? He seems to be trying to ignore the girls around here. Maybe we'd better tell Jerry that the best way to fight women is with you hat—grab it and run.

And then there's the very funny story of the girl selling Health Buttons who pinned L. J. Grigsby. (Ed. comment: this sounds as if it should be in Student Life.)

We feel it our duty to warn the girls on campus not to get angry or jump at any conclusions when you're around Hi Neuwoehner, you see Hi is in the silk stocking business now, and he is just trying to learn the business from the ground up.

This publication, being "on the ball" (?) as usual, was covering a style show given for prospective freshmen by the women of Washington U. While we were sitting our old unobtrusive selves and meditating on figures and such things, we were rudely jolted awake by the appearance of Cal East as a model. Will someone please explain it?

Is it true that Alan Green really had to argue forty-five minutes to get out of the feeble-minded institution that the psych visited, or were the doctors just joking?

Joe Forshaw's usually bright face fairly gleams these days, because with the coming of Christmas Holidays comes Jackie Davis back to St. Louis for the Holidays. Since Jackie's departure last fall, the Student Life has sunk to even more fathomless depths. Maybe she can strengthen it again, but we believe it would take a stronger arm than Jackie's; in fact, it would take a stronger arm than any we know. We're just kidding, Rosie.

Before we close this month's column, we want to present the questions that have bothered us most. If you know the answers, let us know!

1. Is Dave Hughes really carrying a torch with a lot of Sparks in it?
2. Is Bud Schwenk dating Kay Reardon or Eunice Hadaway the most?
3. How many cokes a week does Court buy for Wiedie?
4. "What is this thing called love" by Rudy Dallmeyer and Posy Oswald?
5. Why did a certain little gal from Detroit upset all of Bob Skinner's plans for the Military Ball?

6. How come "Dutch" Lutz took Margie Kammerer to the Football banquet, and then on the same night Ginny Kammerer took him to the G. Digger's Ball?
7. And last but not least, who is our "secret agent No. 25063" ? ? ? ? Thanks anyway, and good-bye until next time. And please do something during the Holiday to make news for us ! !



Mr. Jones, what do you know about French syntax? Gosh, I didn't know they had to pay for their fun.



Overheard in a department store: I'd like to see something in silk stockings.

Oh, you men are all alike.



KA: "Your eyes ARE green."

Girl: "It's about time you looked at my face."

—Collegian.



Pi Phi: "Would a stocking hold all you want for Christmas?"

DG: "No, but a pair of socks would!"

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SELLING ADVERTISING

## THIS MONTH'S COVER

The picture on this month's cover, like most of Eliot's pictures, was taken by Bill Dee, our ace photographer. We think that Bill has caught a side of Christmas that is usually pushed into the background these days. The wintry serenity of the chapel at dusk is, to our mind, a perfect symbol of the fervent serenity of the day we celebrate for the birth of Christ, the fervent serenity of *Silent Night*, of a snowy Christmas eve. No matter how much hustle and bustle there may be, no matter how hilarious the Christmas cheer, there is and must always be something a little solemn about so important an anniversary as Christmas. Our chapel on a wintry evening, the observance of the birth of a child in a manger bear a relation that we hope will not be forgotten.



Do you believe kissing is unhealthy?  
I couldn't say—I've never . . .  
You've never been kissed?  
I've never been sick.

Overheard at a nudist camp:  
Who is that old fellow over there?  
He's a new member.  
Was he just initiated into a  
fraternity?

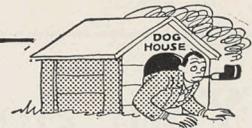
No, he just backed into a hot  
stove.

Your're one in a million, kid.  
So are your chances.

He made a perfect thirty-six on the  
golf course today.  
Nine holes?  
No, a Powers model.

What's a chiropractor?  
A guy who gets paid for what I  
get slapped for.

Phi Delt: Where's the menu?  
Waiter: Down the hall, three  
doors to the left.



**HIS SMELLY PIPE WAS  
OVER-RIPE—**

*but he's out of the dog house now!*



**"OUT YOU GO, PETER!** I won't marry a human smoke-screen! Where'd you get that tobacco anyway—in a fire sale? Snap out of it! Switch to a mild and fragrant blend."



**PIPE AT A WEDDING?** Sure! Pete made such a hit with his mild, grand-smelling Sir Walter Raleigh burley blend that even his mother-in-law smiled her approval!

*New!*

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



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HOUSE  
FINE FOODS**

for  
waffles,  
a steak,  
or  
a snack

At any hour

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*It's Been  
A Pleasure...*



to have served you  
these past three  
months and we hope  
your holidays will be  
pleasant ones.

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**NOW AT...  
The  
QUAD SHOP**

• This new ultra-modern drink contains the essential Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, and is a perfect pick-up in a tense moment. A good mixer, too. Try it.

# Is Your Spiritual Life Old Fashioned?

ARE YOU Prepared to live your life after this war, no matter how it turns out? What have you in view? Do you claim to have no responsibility in helping to prevent Hitler from creating a youth in America "from whom all would shrink?"

Dr. Bunting, rector of The Church of the Ascension at St. Louis, is inspired as to the meaning of this war. He has a deep conviction that the Church's answer to the challenge of neo-paganism is Prayer. This book contains his noted war sermons, with which have been assembled parts of his well-known books "The Radiant Life" and "The Secret of a Quiet Mind."

The vestry has considered this an opportunity to impress upon the minds of all America, our actual spiritual need and has published this wonderful book and will distribute it in a national way. From it we may all learn how our lives may be changed after the war.

## THEY MUST BE DIFFERENT!

This book will make a fine Christmas present.

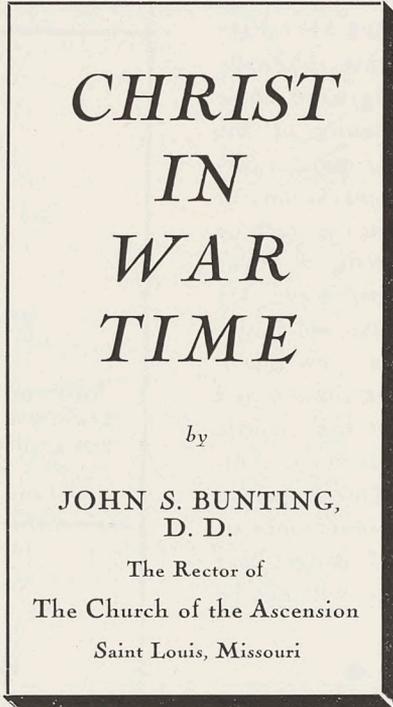
The Vestry of The Church of the Ascension,  
Cates and Goodfellow Avenues,  
St. Louis, Missouri.

Please send me a copy of "Christ in War Time."  
I enclose \$1.60 (Including Postage).

My Name .....

Address .....

City .....



## POPULAR RECORDS

If you're trying to think of a gift for someone who loves that stuff, here are a few suggestions, some albums for Christmas.

**Boogie-Woogie Music**—A number of orchestras have recorded this one, and you'll find several fine piano solos as well.

**Boogie-Woogie Solos**—These are by Jimmy Yancey, and a fine lot they are. Almost everyone who knows boogie-woogie knows that Yancey is one of the finest of the boogie-woogie pianists. These records are proof.

**Dixieland Stuff**—These are fine recordings by the master of Dixieland himself, Bob Crosby and his orchestra.

**From Bach to Boogie Woogie**—A novel item. Done by Sylvia Marlowe on her harpsichord.

**Garner's Music Store and Studio**  
7207 MANCHESTER

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one

HE January Eliot will  
be out soon after the  
holidays, watch for the  
date. A feature for  
everyone. \* \* \* \* \*



*for Christmas*  
...give the  
cigarette that satisfies

A carton of Chesterfields  
with their **MILDER BETTER TASTE**  
will give your friends more  
pleasure than anything else  
you can buy for the money.

The attractive Gift  
Carton that says

*Merry Christmas*