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# ELIOT



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# CAMEL

CIGARETTES

## PRINCE ALBERT

SMOKING TOBACCO



GRAND  
GIFTS FOR  
SMOKERS!

● Every time he buries his pipe bowl deep in the fragrant gay Christmas treasure-tin of Prince Albert and tamps down a golden-brown pipeful of this mellow-mild tobacco, he'll think of you. The National Joy Smoke — on Christmas and every day of the year.

**1-POUND TIN**  
(ALSO IN 1/2-POUND SIZE)



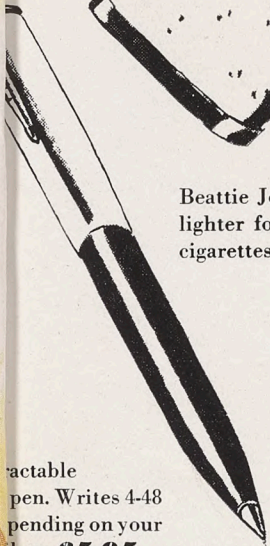
● Here's a grand gift that keeps on saying "Merry Christmas" long after that festive day is done. Two hundred rich, full-flavored, cool, mild Camels, all dressed up in a bright and cheery holiday carton. No other wrapping is needed. Your dealer has these Christmas Camels.

Black lace mantilla **\$2.69**

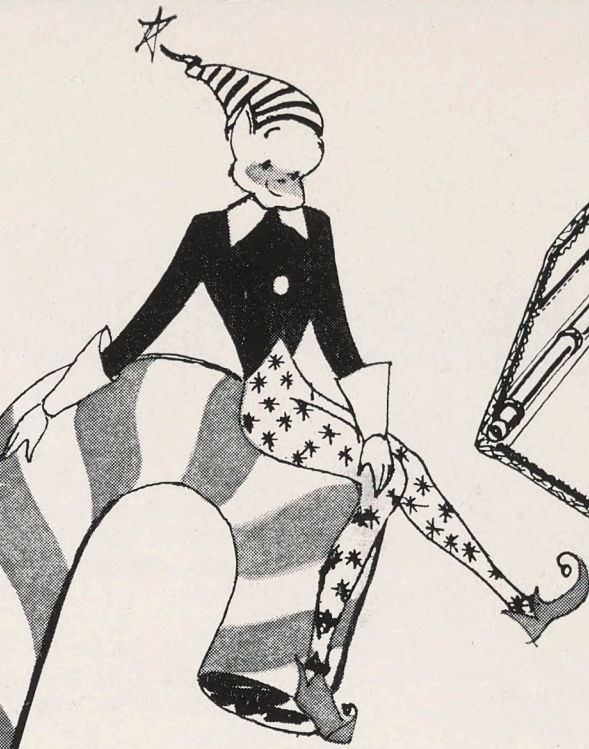


Beattie Jet  
lighter for pipes or  
cigarettes **\$6.50**

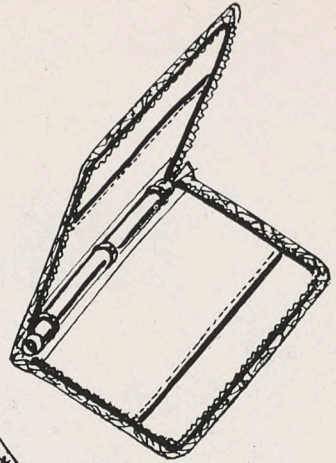
tractable  
pen. Writes 4-48  
depending on your  
dialage **\$5.95**



ure silk tie **\$2.50**

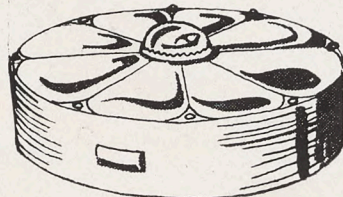


Buffalo ring binder **\$10**

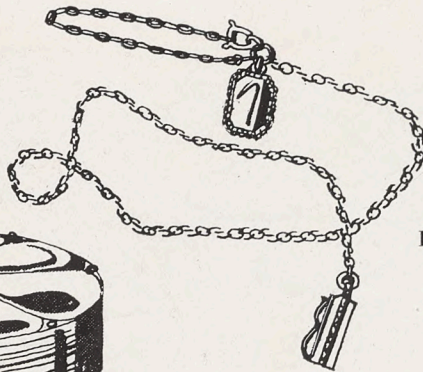


**Give something unusual...**  
**something to-be-remembered from**  
**SBF... Santa's best friend**

Just as an example of how amazingly easy it is to find something extra special for that certain somebody ... here are a few items we picked up from our Street Floor. Just walk in any entrance ... and right before you will be a wonderland of gifts for everyone on your Christmas list.



Evans compact **\$5**



Hickok key chain **\$7.50\***

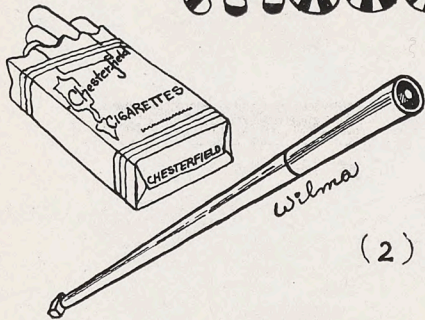
\*Plus 20% federal tax

*Stix, Baer & Fuller*

PASSEO

AND

PERFECT

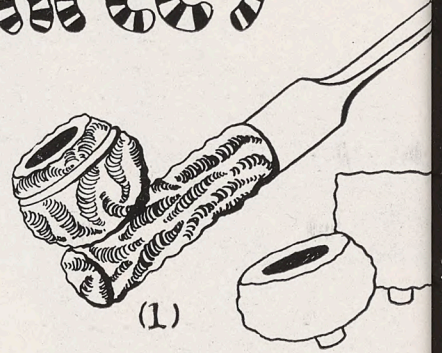


(2)

1. For a "MERRY CHRISTMAS" at home fill up a chummy CONVERTIBLE with your favorite mixture, and draw and dream. Three handcrafted bowls to suit the mood. Imported Algerian briar.

\$14.50

At WOLFF'S

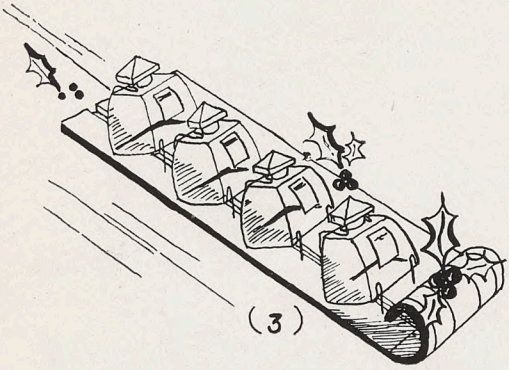


(1)

2. Cigarette holder for "Her" in red, white, shell, or black with sterling silver ejector tip.

\$5.00

MAIN FLOOR—STIX

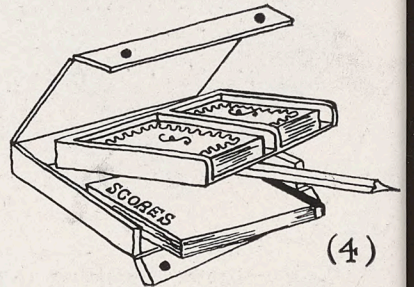


(3)

3. Toboggan filled with Coty's four odors:—L'aimant, Paris, Emeraude, and L'Origan. Each one third ounce bottle works wonders.

\$12.50

FAMOUS & BARR



(4)

4. All set for a cozy game of Gin Rummy? Two decks of cards, score pad, and pencil in a soft saddle-stitched leather case 4" x 6". Right size for a he-man pocket.

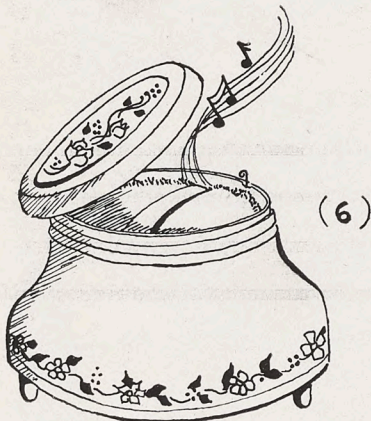
\$6.50

At JACCARD'S

5. Now for the Christmas spirit. You will love to be host with these cagey gadgets. Jigger-spoon combination with automatic release from bottom of jigger to glass. Napier's lacquered silver plate.

\$4.95. Matching tongs, \$2.75

HESS & CULBERTSON

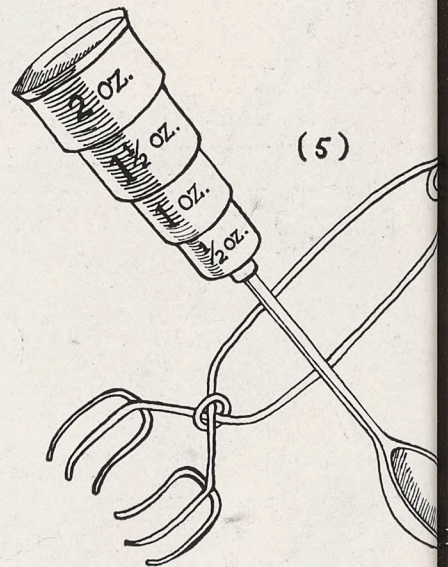


(6)

6. A strain of music soft and sweet. "Indian Love Call," "Carmen," "Rose Marie," and the fragrance of powder combined in music boxes. of iridescent rise, green, gold, or silver. Floral trims.

\$7.98

STIX, BAER & FULLER

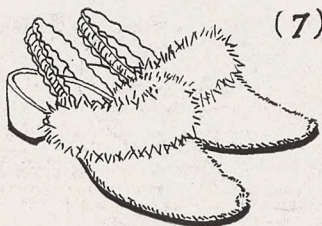


(5)

7. Soft as peach fuzz. "HONEY-BUGS" of plush and fur. Pink, blue, black, or white.

\$2.98

SONNENFELDS

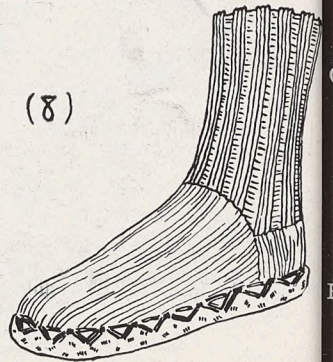


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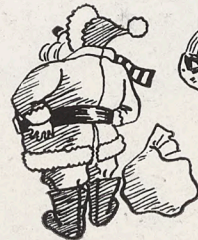
8. For "his" added comfort, LOAFER SOX. Soft leather soles, pigskin edge, stitched in bright yarns. Woolen uppers. Royal blue, canary yellow, maroon, and red.

\$3.00

SCRUGGS



(8)



# ELIOT

DECEMBER 1946

Volume 3

Number 3

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# AROUND TOWN

## DANCING

**AL'S**, 9012 Gravois Rd. (FL. 9826)—Addicts to fine food and good entertainment will relish this lovely place. The Boy Blue Trio, who combine groovy piano-trumpet-base melodies, play for dancing starting at 9:00 week nights and at 8:00 on Saturdays. Dining begins at 5:00. Minimum: \$1.00 per person.

**BEVO MILL**, 4749 Gravois Ave. (HU. 2626)—This rustic hostelry is reminiscent of the Eighteenth Century, with its hand-carved gargoyles, its apropos quotation from Goldsmith over the immense fireplace, and wooden beamed ceiling. The exterior is characterized by a huge windmill. Sam Jones blows pretty music throughout dinner and for dancing. The food is excellent.

**BRENTWOOD COCKTAIL LOUNGE**, 8804 Brentwood Blvd. (Web. 2307)—Being remodeled at present, this glade will be reopened by Christmas. Jump racket is supplied by the Rhythm Islanders from 8:30-12:00 on Friday and Saturday nights. In addition, the dance floor's roomy, there is inexpensive food, and no cover.

**CANDLELIGHT HOUSE**, 7800 Clayton Road (HL. 3160)—The name epitomizes this establishment. Fat, white candles flickering on each table furnish light. For after-dark sight of plowed W. U. peasants, this place cannot be surpassed. Tommy Walters and his trio play smooth music for dinner dancing from 9:00-1:00. Dinner is served 4:30-9:30. Minimum, weekdays seventy-five cents; Saturdays, \$1.00 in the main dining room.

**CASA LOMA BALLROOM**, Cherokee and Iowa (RO. 8353)—Roland Drayer and his orchestra continue to concoct sweet musical strains in the beautiful C. L. Ballroom every night except Monday, and on Sundays from 2:30. Don Glaser takes over December 13, followed by Ray Robbins who opens the 20th. Kenny Kimes brings his aggregation the 27th.

**CHASE HOTEL**, 212 N. Kingshighway Blvd. (RO. 2500)—Chase Club—Dick Jurgens and his orchestra play lush lyrics for upper-bracket stompers in the opulent Chase Club. Between dances, Fay and Gordon, both easy-on-the-eye, caper in Veloz and Yolanda-like dance routines. Claude Thornhill and his orchestra move in Dec. 13 for a twenty day sojourn.

Gil Newsome is master of ceremonies in the Club this season. Minimum: \$1.00 per person week nights; \$2.00 Saturdays and holidays.

**ZODIAC**—The ultra-modern Zodiac with its chromium and cream-colored leather furnishings, its abstract murals, its nude statue, reposing in the middle of the circular bar, and its invisible glass walls, has comedian Sonny Mars, a terrific cut-up man, and Lloyd Bartlett and his orchestra, who play for nightly dancing, on the entertainment docket. There is tea dancing here Saturdays, 4-6:00.

**CLUB PLANTATION**, 3617 (FR. 2278)—A mecca for those who dote on accomplished Negro performers and who like to do night spots in gangs. The Hi-de-Ho man, Cab Calloway will continue to enrapture scorchy jazz lovers until the 13th when June Richmond will take the bandstand. For up-all-night holiday celebrators, dancing is until 5:00 A. M. Dinner after 8:00. Cover: \$3.00 per person, which includes set-ups.

**CORONADO HOTEL**, 3701 Lindell (JE. 7700)—The Greenwich Village-like **Jug** with its photo gallery of famous circus and vaudeville stars, offers the musical stylizations of Glen Young and his orchestra plus, sweet-warbling vocalist, Betty Ellis. Dinner and dancing 5:30-1:30.



**EDGEWATER CLUB**, 5500 Broadway (LO. 6725)—Admirers of the unconventional will be fascinated with the nautical, *en voyage* atmosphere of this club. The Harbor Room overlooks the picturesque bluffs of the Mississippi, and the bar is a duplicate of a ship captain's headquarters. Elmer Muellenbrock and his orchestra play for dancing from 9-1:00. The Club specializes in steak and chicken dinners, and in serving private parties who may choose the River View Room, the Edgewater Room, the Rathskeller Room, or the Blue Room.

**EL AVION**, Manchester Road, west of Lindbergh Blvd. (TE. 3-2750)—A romantic spot with dim lights, and sotto music furnished by Ray De Vinney's orchestra. Nice for an important date and for showy footwork because of the circular, large, and usually not-too-crowded dance floor. Dinner after 4:30; dancing 9-1:00.

**FRONTIER BAR**, 819 Lucas (GA. 7114)—This bower resembles the movie's version of a western saloon of the last century, complete with prodigious mooses' heads, crudely paneled walls, and all the other trappings. The exterior is characterized by a wagon wheel studded with green lights. Tom McHenry's orchestra plays for dancing from 8:30-12:30, nightly except Sundays. No cover or minimum.

**400 CLUB**, 3631 Grandel Square (FR. 1904)—An atmospheric, vaporous and dark catacomb where "Oh, Johnny" Bonnie Baker peeps simmering lyrics. Ella Mae Morris arrives Dec. 16. Dancing starts at 9:15, and for the benefit of up-all-nighters, the locking up hour is 4:30 A. M.

**JEFFERSON HOTEL**, 415 N. 12th Blvd. (MA. 4600)—The handsome **Club Continental** features Tony Di Pardo and his orchestra accompanied by the rich-voiced vocalist, Anne Ryan. Frank Payne and his artistic impersonations plus the McKays and their slap-stick dance stylizations continue to tickle the subdued clientele in a delightful floorshow. Minimum: \$1.00 per person week nights, \$2.00 Sunday and holidays.

**KINGS-WAY HOTEL**, 108 N. Kingshighway (RO. 1800)—In the **Crown Room**, Kenny Sheibal's Continentals present their

lyrical concoction, "Adventures in Music" starring Forest Alcorn, Windy Farrell, George Friberghaus, and Wimpy Weiser. Jump music until 1:30.

**PARK PLAZA**, 220 N. Kingshighway (FO. 3300)—**Crystal Terrace**—Carmen La Fave's orchestra plays torrid, Spanish bounce music good and loud in the glossy Crystal Terrace for nightly dancing. Minimum: \$1.50 week nights, \$2.00 Saturdays.

**ROOSEVELT HOTEL**, 4903 Delmar (FO. 4100)—Bob Price's orchestra makes subdued music in the **Wonder Bar**. This bar is unusual because of its aquariums of gold fish that wiggle contentedly inside a glass wall. Dancing is from 9-12:30.

**SHANGRI-LA CLUB**, 6600 Watson Road (FL. 6600)—Walter Padelford and his trio with Johnny Eck, vocalist, play specialty and novelty rhythms. Dancing 9-1:00, except Sundays. Complete dinners served from 11 A. M.-1 A. M.

**STATLER HOTEL**, 822 Washington Ave. (CE. 1400)—The sedately modern **Terrace Room**, done up in white and green leather is nice for intimate parle, leisurely dining and romantic gliding. Eric Corea waxes the baton for dancing until 10:00 week nights and 12:00 Saturdays. \$1.00 per person Saturday nights.

**TUNE TOWN**, 3517 Olive (JE. 6125)—Tony Pastor beats out jivey music here. Gene Krupa, Jeter Pillars, and Erskine Hawkins are scheduled to arrive later in the month.

**VAN HORN'S**, 9321 Litszinger Rd. (RE. 0948)—This cloistered-appearing place is made inviting by the host, Mr. Van Horn, a jolly Dutchman, Benny Rader's orchestra, an amusing floorshow, delicious dinners, and the dance floor which is the largest in the county. Van Horn's has scheduled an impressive, all-night New Year's Eve party, the cover for which is \$7.50, per person.

## MUSIC AND ENTERTAINMENT

**BELVEDERE JOE, INC.**, 1407 Brentwood (RE. 2828)—Long time hangout of dorm and fraternity house dwellers, this congenial place is notable because of its huge steaks and epicurean drink at a peasant price. They also cater to organizational banquets and parties.

**BLACK FOREST**, 6432 Gravois (FL. 1830)—A Germanic, noisy establishment with Budweiser bottles flanked on the chandeliers, which is frequented by uninhibited hilltoppers and characters. Every one dances the polka, the Schottish and plays Muffin Man with everybody else. Introverts can always find solace in beer and get a big chuckle out of all the goings on.

**CARASAL**, 1110 Locust St. (GA. 3587)—Novelistic, with its revolving bar and leather nooks, this elegant spot reverberates with the smooth strains of the Elmer Trutsch trio from 5:00 to 1:30 A. M.

**CHARLIE'S**, 4573 Laclede (RO. 9826)—A dim, divey place, sometimes known as the Forest Tavern, inhabited by P. Bet's and Nu Sig's at the tables as well as under the tables. The juke box plays wrapped recordings of lesser known but interesting songs. Further aesthetic horrors are handled by the med boys who harmonize on shady fraternity ballads.

**CHASE HOTEL**, 212 Kingshighway (RO. 2500)—The sedate **Steeple Chase** continues to feature the Joe Schirmer trio.

**FOREST PARK HOTEL**, 4910 W. Pine (RO. 3500)—Stuff Smith's trio make jazz improvisations, never played the same way twice in the ultra-modern **Circus Snack Bar**. Smith, winner of the *Esquire* poll's No. 1 Jazz Violinist of the country, fiddles on an electric violin; Wendell Marshall strums the string bass; and Charles Fox fingers caper at the piano from 8 P. M. until closing. There is a special Jam Session every Saturday afternoon, 4-6.



*Fine Food  
and  
Entertainment*

at

**AL'S**

9012 Gravois Road FL. 9826

Featuring

**THE NATURALAIRES**

Dancing

Steaks - Chicken - Frog Legs

**DESOTO HOTEL**, 1014 Locust (CE. 8750)—Roger Fox ripples the black and whites of the console organ in the ornate **DeSoto Cocktail Lounge** every evening.

**JEFFERSON HOTEL**, 415 N. 12th (MA. 4600)—The **Rendezvous**, a smoky, reserved dugout features Maxine and Her Men of Note—all of whom are unobtrusive and can do no harm.

**MAYFAIR HOTEL**, 806 St. Charles (CE. 7500)—Becalmed and lilliputian with overtones of the Victorian, the **Hofbrau** is stirred intermitently by sotto semi-classical music. There are excellent food and cocktails served by speedy and polite waiters.

**MURAL ROOM**, 401 De Baliviere and Waterman (RO. 4665)—The name of this establishment characterizes the interior. Its dark, subdued atmosphere is intensified by the in-the-background music of pianist-organist, Russ Haviland. Request numbers are in order.

**PARK PLAZA HOTEL**, 220 N. Kings-highway (FO. 3300)—The Novel-Aires, with Jean Webb as vocalist, give two shows nightly, at 10:30 and 12:30, in the **Merry-Go-Round**. They specialize in comedy and novelty numbers with the clowning of the four members of the unit—Chuck Freeman, Vincent Neist, Rene Favre, and Walter Knirr.

**SENATE**, 513 Olive (CE. 5172)—Conveniently located, good food, and snappy musical interpretations handled by Bill McGinnis' crew and Virgil, the Singing Bus-boy.



**LITTLE BOHEMIA**, 220 4th St. (GA. 8071)—Permeated with artistic atmosphere, the decor here runs to painted window panes, mural-covered walls, and abstract sculpture dangling from the ceiling. Tommy Ryan, frequently assisted by the "dwarf" and other customers, makes a wonderful racket on the piano nightly. During the day, one may play checkers and listen to an unusual selection of juke music played on one of the most impressive music boxes this side of the Mississippi.

**HICKORY HOUSE**, 2652 Hampton Ave. (HI. 9809)—Top-notch jazz and classical music dispensed by pianist Clarence Brandon, a St. Louis boy, who formerly played with the Slim Gaillard Trio in Hollywood. Their food is so famous that we feel it unnecessary to reiterate its merits.



**Ludwig College  
of Music**

Junior College Music Courses

Piano—Organ—Violin—Voice  
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*American Painting*

in coordination with  
Associated American Artists  
Galleries of New York

"Pictures should be hung where  
anyone can look at them. . .  
I'd like to show mine in a Saloon."  
—Thos. Hart Benton

December 2, 1946 to March 1, 1947  
two-twenty on south fourth st.  
at clark ave.

**Hickory House**

COCKTAIL LOUNGE

2652 Hampton Ave. HI. 9809

Piano Portraits in Jazz

By Clarence Brandon

direct from

Billy Berg's Swing Club  
Hollywood, Calif.

Jazz Concerts Every Saturday, 3 to 5  
Featuring

Well-known Instrumentalists

We Cater to Private Parties

EXCLUSIVE PATTERNS  
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Fine Apparel for Men, Students and Boys  
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Open 9 to 9 Daily to Christmas  
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**BADER'S**

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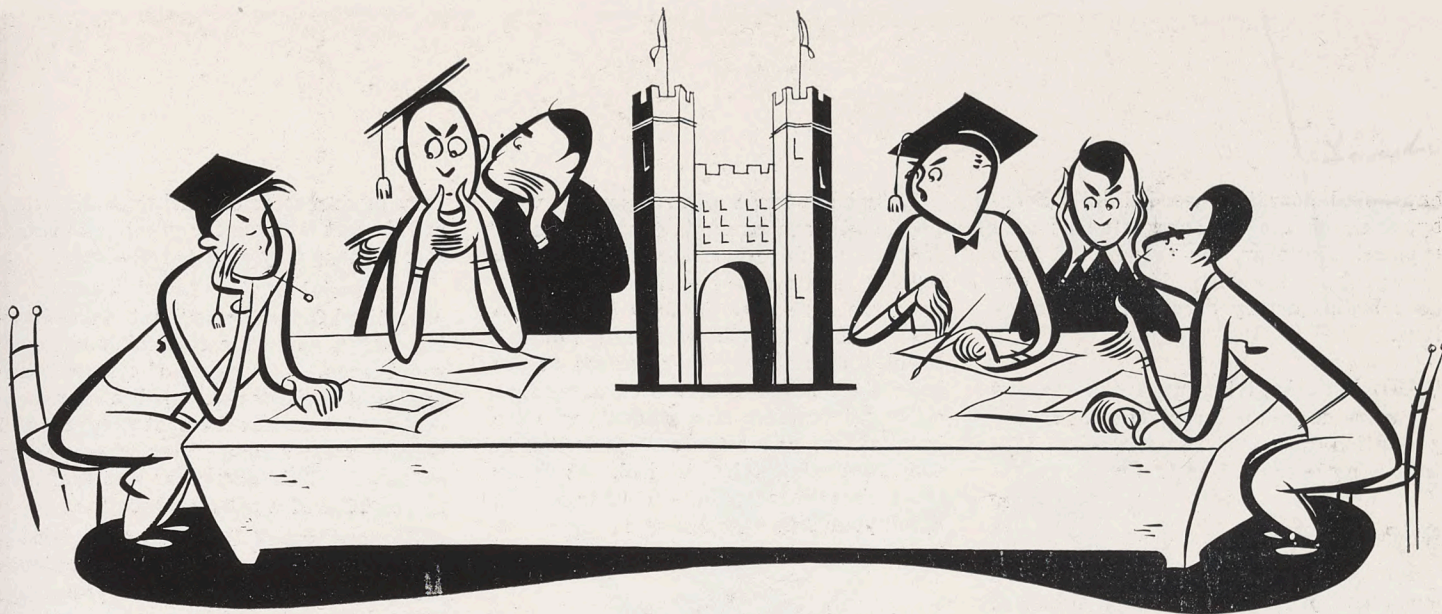
**KLINE'S** juniors



**The Eliot girl-of-the-month... wearing a Carlye original... only at Kline's...**

**Miss Betty Widmer**, outstanding Kappa Alpha Theta athlete... junior in the School of Liberal Arts, was Eliot's choice to model this Carlye original. Miss Widmer's junior figure is sheathed in rayon crepe with rhinestone highlights... sparkling atop gold kid arrows. Wonderful date dress this, in black, gray, powder blue, aqua; sizes 9 to 15. **29.95**

**KLINE'S junior shop, second floor**



## THE TOWERS AND THE TOWN

With the smell of holly and Tom and Jerry's beginning to clutter up the olefactory organs, the *Eliot* has gone all out for a bang-up Christmas edition, complete with gift lists. By now the thought of what to get cousin

Althea has ceased to be a source of irritation and has become a major subject, along with baby finals and the more dignified mid-semesters. We, as befits the members of an institute of higher learning, fully appreciate that the



spirit of the giver is more important than the gift. One student expressed it very nicely when he said, "I don't know what Dad is getting me for Christmas, but I sure hope he doesn't dent a fender on it when he drives it home."

There is no doubt that gift selection will be simple for the man who wishes to convey a thought to his lady friend. There is no passion that is not expressed in perfume. A recent report states that a pair of perfumes were introduced named "Saint" and "Sinner." The latter has out-sold the former approximately twenty-eight times. The exact psychology behind this is in question, but the key may be the caption to "Saint" which reads ". . . to be loved and adored." The male who has less violent tastes than "Sinner" may select something called "White Flame" which is merely "Heady. Haunting. Electric. The scent to set her heart afire." Perhaps a more fitting present for the holiday season would be "Intoxication . . . It goes to your heart." Less lethal but with dangerous implications is "Conquete . . . A provocative passive perfume." For the mire aggressive male who is quite unabashed by the opposite sex the perfect



gift would be "*mais Oui* . . . the frankly flirtatious perfume" followed up by a quick squirt of "Taglio . . . for momentous moments." If there is no rush "Taglio" may be replaced by "Intimate Hour . . . timeless."

Here at school we are blessed with so many gifts for which we are thankful that we don't want another thing. The school has given us twelve presents, and they start Dec. 23. (All this and football, too!)

All of us down here in the caverns of Eads, the lair of *Eliot*, wish all you up there in the sun and clear air, a very happy holiday.

### Here and There

#### Confusions Resulting from the Reconversion

There was a sign plastered across the front of a small restaurant on Delmar. "Whipped Cream: Something New."



SOME of the more rotund members of our student body have probably gotten a great deal of satisfaction out of the speech that Professor Hooten, Harvard anthropologist, made last month. He stated that the best husbands were the "butterball" type. Perhaps this sort of a thing being drilled into the Harvard gridders was the reason for their 13-0 loss to Rutgers. With football on the schedule for next year, Washington might well examine its faculty for tendencies to this type of undermining statement.

*Student Life* (not to be confused with *Bear Facts*) gave the story of an in-

terview with Dr. Usher. Although he is a history professor, the article was, with typical *Student Life* pertinacity, "slanted" towards his reading of mystery stories. The report is that the doctor is a great fan of whodunits. This, of course, is nothing new to the students who have shared a blue book with him.

WITH Gil Newsome's new show on Thursdays, the leaders of different activities will not only be required to have such qualifications as scholarship and personality, but also good radio voices.

RECENTLY, the school of social work presented movies of the "dynamics of groups." The groups were divided into three classes: the Democratic, the Autocratic, and the "Laissez Faire." The latter group were very energetic though they had no group focus and were very unproductive as a functioning unit. More than one member of the audience saw direct comparison between the behavior of this group and that of the Student Senate.

THE military people were hoping to have Woody Herman and his fine band for their ball last week. The deal fell through because of a mix-up in schedules. However, Woody Herman did come to St. Louis and did make an appearance here. There was an opportunity for the students at Washington to see one of the greatest assemblages of jazz musicians. There was the chance to have a concert or a mixer, perhaps called on the spur of the moment. Other schools have done it. Williams has long preserved the tradition that the administration may on some sunny day announce a holiday from classes by the ringing of their chapel bells. The spontaneity of such a thing is not impossible even here. We cannot, per-

haps, find beautiful wooded hills nearby, such as the Williams student may explore. However, the thought of some change from the daily drudgery of our dear brain factory does strike a happy tone.

**T**HIS Thanksgiving gave the campus more than the usual cause for appreciation of our blessings. *Student Life* took a much needed rest.

### Birds and Bees

Love and marriage (as if there wasn't enough already) is now being discussed in a lecture series here on the campus. We sent a representative around to the "Y" to get the low-down on the head of the "Area." Strangely enough there were two in charge, and of equal interest, they were male and female. We found red-headed Jean Scott, who excused Tom Smith's absence with what we hoped would be research, but which turned out to be only a class. Jean said that the series is an annual thing and is not necessarily directed toward any group of students but to the campus as a whole. Arno Haak, head of the "Y," procured all of the speakers and helped Jean and Tom in their planning of the program. This, we found, is merely one of the "Y" functions, here at Washington and outside the campus. Tom and Jean have been working on the current series since last summer. She said that these lectures have "a definite part to play in campus life and should be presented as a course."

"I get darn tired of people referring to it as the 'sex area,'" she said and we thought back over the preceding conversation to check our references and terminology. There have been no other reverberations according to Jean. Before we could pursue the subject any further she announced that she had another area meeting, and chased off to Lee basement.

### Wot — No Beer?

As most Juniors and Seniors, know, the Hatchet group has been sending out-postcards with time, place and cost of yearbook pictures to everyone in the two upper classes. The other day they got a postcard themselves, it said:

Received your appointment notice for a picture.

My wife and two children need that \$1.05 more than you or they need my picture in *Hatchet*.

Unable to make appointment now or later—however I wish you luck with your 1947 *Hatchet*.

Things are tough all over, and we wish people who are screaming for big league football would remember that a large portion of our fellow students would not have the necessary \$2.00 or \$3.00 for a ticket. And people who are howling about the inefficient book service at the book store might take a look around at other universities. And students who are complaining about the cost of butter in the cafeteria, take a look at your mother's grocery bills. In other words, drink your beer and shut-up!



### Information, Please

The University bulletin board, through years of faithless service has successfully established itself as an institution of lower learning. Even though history students violently disagree with this point (they oftentimes refer to the bulletins in preparing their lessons), young moderns usually find nothing of importance posted there. Past events invariably rate a more prominent billing than those in the offing.

Last week veterans were still being informed by a bold proclamation that they could enroll in the evening classes for the term beginning October 4. A hasty check of pocket calendars among prospective students revealed that the classes had been in session for eight weeks. Evidently, some persistent person was attempting to impress on the vets that *had* they read the board two months ago they would not be missing those wonderful night classes.

A board just down the hall from this one announced to all readers—should they be looking for excitement last October 17—that the radio club would be meeting at 3:45 p. m. in Cupples II. Such a timely announcement, made a good six weeks following the session, should certainly encourage attendance.

Checking the bulletin in the corridor of Cupples I, one can always find that he has just missed a rousing hay ride—

by a mere matter of weeks. A discovery of this sort is cause for great disappointment among high-spirited students.

The social-minded found Campus Y advertised October events late the following month while the November calendar was barren. As a result of college training, most socialites were polite enough to register interest in the past program and refrain from asking, "But what's going on now?" This demeanor demonstrates the benefits of a college education.

One resident of Lee Hall, while browsing through important communiques posted in the dormitory, yesterday, learned the fate of his one, long-missing white shirt. The untimely passing of his only broadcloth was foretold in a yellowing, typewritten notice, which painfully jogged the student's forgetful mind. It read:

"Students who have laundry at the Justin Flint depot . . . must pick up same by Friday, Sept. 27, as the depot is closing at that time."

Such notices are cause for hari-kari.

**W**E were surprised to find, after our recent *Prudent Guff* issue, there was a strange little man rummaging around in our waste basket. Further investigation proved that it was merely an over-active *Student Life* reporter. This might account for some of the amazingly clear and to-the-point editorials that have been appearing in that publication.

### Ternion

Seldom in his career has this reviewer been able to say with such complete honesty that he is glad to see a book appear.

Here is a perfect example of clear diction and flawless phrasing. For example, on page 109 is this classic line: Svetsinsky, Reginald .....WU. 4285

That this volume is the product of constant revision and unusual care can scarcely be doubted. Note the lack of superfluous wordage—and the complete coverage of the topic. We recommend this slender booklet highly, for it contains facts as necessary to the alert student of today as were rules of conduct to the knights of yore. We quote a few comments from noted book reviewers.

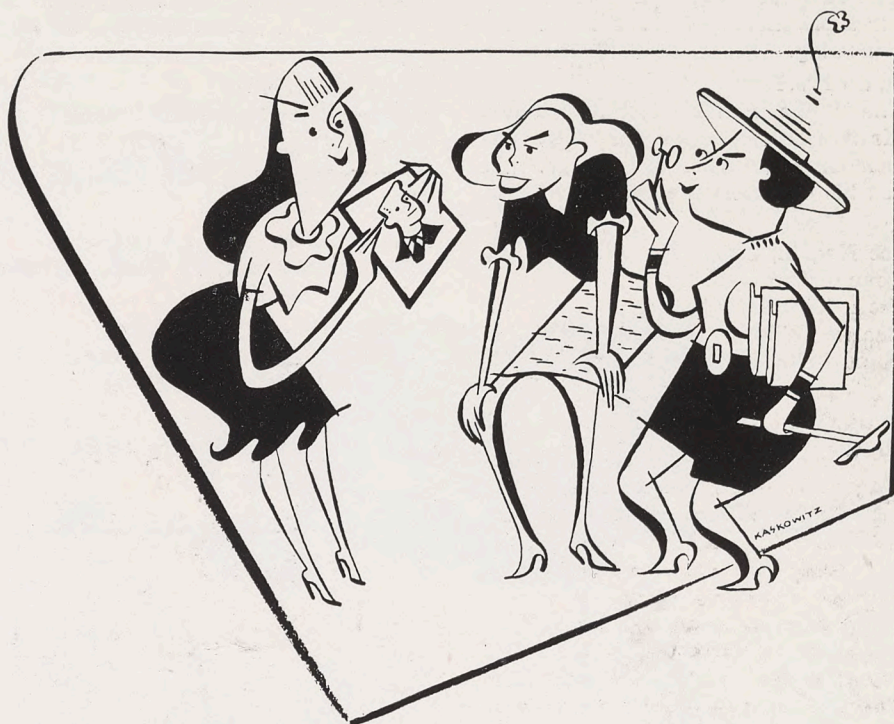
"A treasury of pertinent information." Ruth Gocart, *Student Life*.

"Enthralling reading." Mr. Proxee.

"A *Small Classic*." Bear Facts.

"The most delightful book I have read in many a day . . . a book good for long continuance and present delight." Bob Covington.

# BETWEEN BELLES



Wrapped up in big red and green ribbon . . .  
 Sprinkled with the glitter and gold of yuletide . . .  
 And filled with the joy, the fun, and a good old campus spirit of hilltoppers working and playing together . . .  
 That is your Christmas present from the belles. . . .

## The Christmas Song

### *I Love You for Sentimental Reasons*

Johnny Fleetwood, Kappa, and Jack Payne, Phi Delt, pinned!

### *You're a Wonderful Person*

Sings Beta Jack Thompson to Mary Ann Seipker, Theta pledge.

### *Ain't That Just Like a Woman*

Anita Heinrichmeyer, Delta Gamma, dividing her time between Sam Strother, Bob Flori, Sigma Nu, and Lee Winkler, Nu Sig.

### *I'll Walk Alone*

Wyatt Woods, SAE.

### *This Isn't Sometime, This Is Always*

Beverly Ralph, Alpha Chi pledge, engaged to tall, handsome Fred Farmer.

### *Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?*

Bill Harrell, SAE pledge, being mighty good to Shirley Shaughnessy, Delta Gamma, what with orchids and private airplane rides constantly.

### *A Little Bit Independent*

Pat Moore, Pi Phi.

### *For You, For Me, For Evermore*

Don Main, Theta Xi, engaged to Dot Rodgers, Tri Delt.

### *That's the Stuff You Gotta Watch*

Pat Herbert, Kappa pledge.

### *All Through the Day*

Dorothy Roucka, Phi Mu, and Howard Weber, Pi KA, forever strolling around campus together . . . must be something.

### *They Go Wild, Simply Wild, Over Me*

Andy Schleiffarth, Phi Delt.

### *For Me and My Gal*

The bells rang loud and clear for Jimmy James, I.W.A., and Larry Sayre, of Rolla School of Mines. Their elopement of Aug. 24 is just being revealed.

### *Good Time Charlie*

Charlie French, SAE.

### *Stardust*

Peggy McElwee, Pi Phi, with George Hibbard's Sigma Chi pin.

### *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*

Jean Child, Kappa pledge, and Don Howard, SAE, in the smoke and fog of it all.

### *Pigfoot Pete and Mary Lou*

Ask Mary Lou Fandos, Delta Gamma, about Pete. He goes to Mizzou, is an

SAE, and is pretty wonderful from what we hear.

### *Constantly*

Vince Fausek, Sigma Chi, and Kathie Altpeter, Pi Phi pledge.

### *It's About Time*

Bill Brown, TKE, finally pinned to Louisa Nolan, Tri Delt.

### *Knit One, Pearl Two*

Who is Dutch Jordan, Theta, knitting those socks for?

### *Your Feet's Too Big*

Tom Mooney, Phi Delt

### *One Alone*

For Ray Forbes, Sigma Chi, and that one Gamma Phi Nancy Pothoff, who has his pin.

### *Stormy Weather*

Marie Prange, Delta Gamma, and Ed Lanche, Sigma Chi.

### *Taking My Chance with You*

Pat Noonan, Kappa, and Joe Martin, Beta.

### *Close as Pages in a Book*

Beta John Brown and Tri Delt Sophia Coker, plus wedding bells.

### *I'm Beginning to See the Light*

Johnny Larson, Sigma Nu, and Jane Campbell, Pi Phi.

### *Lips That Touch Liquor*

Charlie Georgi, Beta

### *Why Don't We Do This More Often?*

Jo Ann Beamsley, Kappa, and Bob Elsemeier, Sigma Chi.

### *A Man without a Woman*

George Burton, in spite of his remarks at recent sex lecture.

### *Rumors Are Flying*

Harry Recker, Theta Xi pledge and Marybelle Donnan, Delta Gamma.

### *Don't You Notice Anything New?*

Yes Mariana Sinz, we see that pin belonging to Milt Gehlert, Sigma Chi, next to your Pi Phi pledge pin.

### *There Must Be Someone, Somewhere in the Night*

Phi Delt Bob Buhmaster's theme song.

### *And Then It's Heaven*

Sue Fischel, Pi Phi and George Nelson, KA, exchanging vows on Nov. 23.

### *I'm Hungry for Beautiful Girls*

Bill Glastris, Phi Delt.

### *Can't Get Out of This Mood*

Sighs Joan Hewitt, Phi Mu. Must be that discharged Navy man or something.

### *We'll Get Lilacs*

Martha Graef, Gamma Phi wears a beautiful new corsage every Monday to sorority meetings, and we hear they are from Frank Gotie.

### *That Girl That I Marry*

Rosemary Back wearing a wedding ring nowadays.

### *Symphony*

Sweet and low harmony for Jim Henderson, Phi Delt, and Sue McIntyre, Theta pledge.

*Changing My Tune*

Next number for Gil Newsome . . . Helen Lant, ZTA pledge. He has given her a beautiful watch and an engagement ring.

*You, So It's You*

That's the mutual feeling between Marilyn Lamm, Alpha Chi pledge, and Don Carter, Sigma Chi pledge. She has his engineering pin from Purdue.

*Nursy, Nursy*

Joe Moquin, Sigma Nu pledge, dating a nurse from Jeff. City.

*I Get a Kick out of You*

Charlie Wilson, Theta Xi, and Pat Page, Delta Gamma.

*Got the West on My Mind*

Gloria West, Gamma Phi pledge. Tell all, Glo, who is he?

*Nobody Else But You*

Betty Sinkosky, I.W.A. and Bud Lake have announced their engagement and plans for a June wedding. Here's to you.

*Sweet and Lovely*

Mary Betty Meyersieck, Theta

*Come Rain or Come Shine*

ZTA pledge Jean Ann Saltsman waits for her sailor boy.

*Now and Forever*

Stanley Portnoy, Pi Lamb, marrying Dorothy Demba.

*Gotta Get Somebody to Love*

Frank Haley, SAE pledge. That shouldn't be too hard Frank.

*Seems Like Old Times*

To see that Rosemary Snider, Delta

*Dreamland Rendezvous*

Handsome Bill Topp, Theta Xi, pinned to lovely black-haired Sandra Shaner. Nice couple don't you think?

*You're Grand*

Seems mutual between Lois Livingston Kappa, and Ton Kensha, KA.

*I Don't Know Enough About You*

Dave Murry, Beta pledge, and Mary Conzelman, Theta.

*Sentimental Journey*

Marion Burchard, Gamma Phi, visited Rolla and a certain engineer there for Homecoming.

*The Things We Did Last Summer*

Marion Herz Sneed, I.W.A. . . . mainly getting married.

*Boo Hoo*

Cried all the snagged Theta Xis after their Sadie Hawkins Day race. Bill Stamas even got new saddle shoes so he could run faster, too.

*Isn't It Wonderful?*

Of course we mean that Carol Dierking, Gamma Phi,—Bud Miller, Beta combination.

*Coax Me a Little Bit*

Bob Jostes, Phi Delt.

*If You Were the Old Girl in the World*

Thelma Parks, Phi Mu, is the only girl in the world as far as new hubby Bob Bonds is concerned.

*Margy*

Seems to be the favorite song of Phi Delt Jack Nolte. In case you didn't know the girl is Margy Ferris, Delta Gamma pledge.

*A Romantic Guy I*

Taylor Strubinger, Sigma Chi

*Making Believe*

Peggy Krimmel, Gamma Phi, making believe heart throb at Mizzou here at W.U.

*Scatterbrain*

Audrey Dick.

*Waiting for the Train to Come In*

Pat Horch, Kappa.

*You Put a Song in My Heart*

Ann Scott, Tri Delt, and Lee Kassab, Sigma Nu pledge.

*I Ain't Lazy, I'm Just Dreaming*

Tom Barkman, SAE pledge.

*A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody*

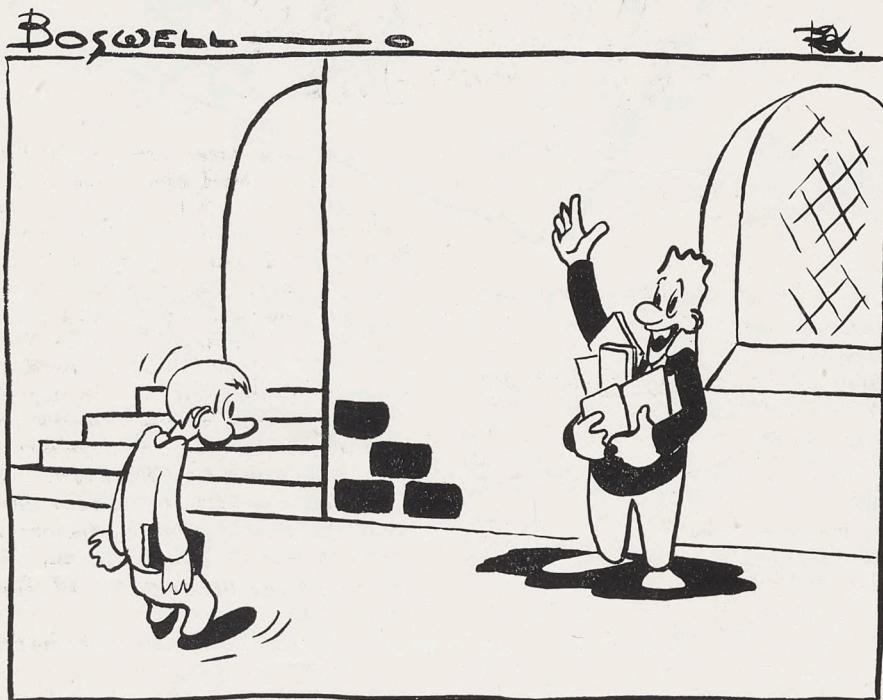
Sally Zumwinkle, Pi Phi pledge.

*You Call It Madness*

But they call it love. . . . Ed Hewitt, Sigma Chi, and Pauling Henderson, Theta, married.

*Ain't Misbehavin'*

Cliff Schrader and Jim Kohl, Phi Delt, savin' their love for two little girls off campus. Gone two more Phi Delt pins.



Hi Boswell

*Pickle in the Middle*

Don Winsby, SAE, deciding between Marge Deutman, Kappa pledge, and Frances Ritzinger, Theta pledge.

*Blue Skies*

Fair and warmer for Kappa pledge Fay Smith and Bill Gerstung, Phi Delt.

*Somebody's Walking in My Dreams*

Margie Ritter, Pi Phi pledge, and Lee Breece, Sigma Chi pledge.

*Battle Cry of Freedom*

Alpha Epsilon Pi's all shout loud and long that they're confirmed bachelors and glad about the whole thing. Come on, fellows, I think you all are just waiting for the Day.

*Honey*

Virginia Hiser, Phi Mu.

Gamma pledge, and Tom McKelley, Sigma Chi combination at it again.

*The Old Lamplighter*

Dropping his magic on Tom Heck, KA, and Bobbie George, Pi Phi, 'cause things are lighting up.

*Honky Tonk Train*

Carries Ray Rawlings, veteran, to New Jersey quite often. You can guess why. There's a certain girl in the picture, and I think we're going to hear wedding bells in the not-so-distant future.

*Ginger and Spice*

Betty Brown, Pi Phi, and Don Granger, Sigma Nu.

*Lovely Lady*

Jan Nicholas, Delta Gamma pledge.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

14 November

Dear Miss McGavran:

May I congratulate you? The November *Eliot* has an eminently sane and well-reasoned editorial on school spirit, which it is a pleasure to read. I hope this admirable presentation of the subject may have the wide attention it deserves.

Sincerely yours,

E. K. Harrison, Dean of Men

starry-eyed illusions were shattered. *Eliot* was again becoming an instrument of the futile reformer. The pieces of our broken hopes are not completely lost; they can be mended if you choose. How about it?

M. M.

Dear Editor,

I should like to question your attitude toward *Student Life*, the campus newspaper. As a refresher, I want to point



Dear Editor,

It is usual to start off a letter of this sort with a few flattering remarks about the magazine and then lambast it like all fury. I'm no exception. I am talking now about your editorial policy. You started the year off with an opening issue which promised a new era in *Eliot*. For once the staff appreciated the fact that we, the readers, do not want stern moralistic remarks on affairs of the world and nation. Then the November issue hit the market and all of our

out that aside from previous quarrels you have re-opened the wound in this fight with your first issue. In self-defense *Student Life* made an answer which was complete and adequate. However, you were not satisfied. In your next issue you widened the breach with a burlesque of *Student Life*. Now I, as a reader of both publications, would like to know at what you are driving. As far as I, a disinterested observer can see, *Student Life* and *Eliot* are entirely different in character. *Eliot* is a "literary" magazine; *Student Life* a newspaper. There is no reason for rivalry. One reads the *Times* and the *New Yorker*, not one or the other. So what's your point?

Irritated

Dear Editor,

It's an old, old story, but I think it should be brought up again. I realize that Christmas is a time of good cheer and happy holidays. There is something lacking on the Washington campus during this season, though. We have the good times attitude all right. What is missing is the true spirit of Christmas. Of all times in the year this is a person's chance to do something for the less fortunate. The students seem to forget all about this. In my opinion it can't be emphasized too much.

Virginia Morgan

And then there was the minister in New York who phoned a minister in California. "Is this a station-to-station call?" queried the operator.

"No," replied the reverend. "It's parson-to-parson."

### St. Louis Women

Lois Selkirk, concentrating on Alton, Ill., at present . . . and John.

### Crazy Me

Jean Gonz, Alpha Chi.

### Hands Across the Table

Nell Brown, Sigma Nu, and Marilyn Baker, Webster College gal.

### Together

Mary Crooks, Delta Gamma pledge, and Neil Buckles, Theta Xi.

### A Heart That's Free

Jack Smylie, Phi Delt.

### Playmates

Betty Dangerfield, Pi Phi, and Jim Kneist, Sigma Nu.

### I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave

George Murray, Beta.

### Nobody Knows What a Red Head Mama Can Do

Janet Feuerborn, Alpha Chi and Bud Berri.

### Romance

Joyce Lehr and Harold Serenco announcing their engagement Nov. 17.

### Sophisticated Lady

Ace Knighten, Kappa.

### Orchids in the Moonlight

Mickey Stead, Delta Gamma, loving Phi Delt Stewart's frequent orchids.

### I Got Rhythm

Beverly Steele, ZTA.

### I Love the Ladies

They both love the ladies . . . Walter Stradel and Ralph Rice, Beta pledges, and their ladies go to Monticello.

### Temptation

Mary Lou Cartwright, Alpha Xi pledge.

### I'll See You in My Dreams

Harry Alexander, Theta Xi, and Mary Anderson, Kappa.

### Runnin' Wild

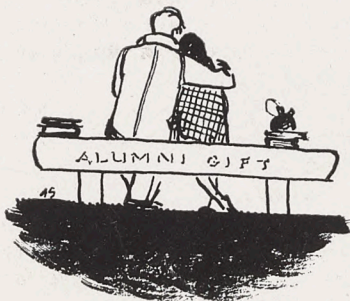
The TK's. They haven't got time for just one girl.

### Peg o' My Heart

Peggy Berger, Theta, and Ed Murphy, Beta, pinned two whole years.

### A Man and His Dream

Buck Lawrence, SAE, and Norma Sackey.





deck the halls

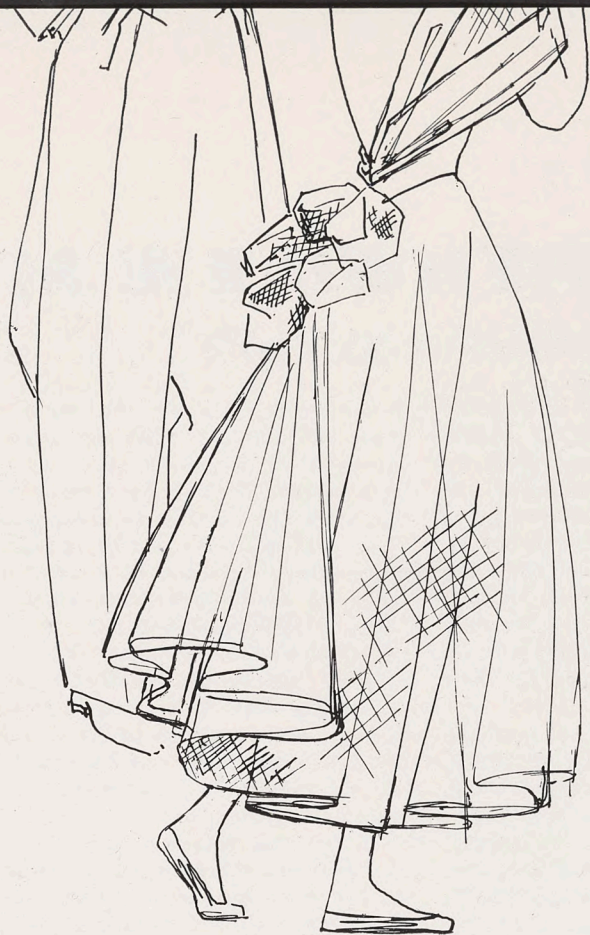


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**WITH BLACK MAGIC.** Dramatic black against the background of smooth ivory shoulders. Sparkling silver sequins in two rows around the hipline enhance the net formal, adding to the festive mood. Emphatically bare, this strapless dress is shown here with detachable sheer net cape to keep off the chilly air. Jeune fille sophistication at its best.

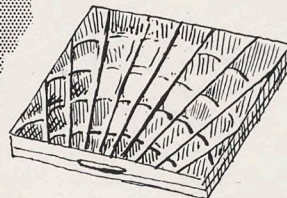
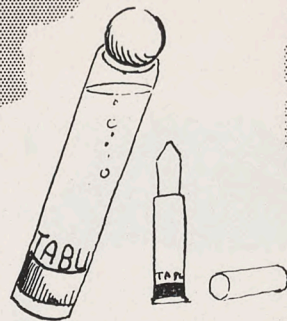
**WITH PARTY PINK.** Ice pink for flattering femininity. This new ballet-length formal gives expression to the gala holiday season. Tiny puffs of pink fluff forming a bustle effect belittle your waist. The softly draped off-the-shoulder neckline which is popular as ever slants down to a striking V in the back. The flaring bouffant tulle skirt ensures the success of this fashion dream.

**WITH FABULOUS ACCESSORIES**

A small vial of exotic Tabu perfume to send its enchanting fragrance straight to his heart, packaged conveniently in the head of this gold-cased, Tabu-scented lipstick. Both charged with holiday excitement.

A treasure find—a solid-gold compact covered with unusual spiderweb design to ensnare your fancy. Inside, the indispensable powder puff and powder.

Black suede high heels to add height to the season's merriment. Betwitching midnight soulies with twice encircling ankle strap to dance you through holiday soirees.





## PROFILES



Mr. Alfred O. Wilkenson instructs the young of the University in English, yet conforms to our definition of a celebrity because he is even now engaged in directing the production of "The Little Foxes," a drama of notoriety which is to be played by Thyrsus.

Our first objective was to locate Mr. Wilkenson and make an appointment for an interview. The Thyrsus supervisor was said to be in Brown, where he was holding tryouts for *The Little Foxes*. Indeed, there he was, sitting on the left side of the auditorium with his wife, Ginny, who is his Good Man Friday on Thyrsus shows. Perhaps it would be a good thing to give a short description of the Wilkenson family right here including Sue Ellen, the third member. Al is a rather tall, quite handsome man, so his feminine students tell us, with gray-ing hair, and a slow easy manner. Ginny is a very striking person. The first thing one notices is her very black hair which is done in one thick braid around her head. Sue Ellen, born the year of Judg-

ment Day, 1941, is, so her father says, the cute one in the family. She has a pretty little turned-up nose and very winning ways. In an effort to do some briefing on Al, we struck up a conversation with her and gleaned much in knowledge of the next generation. She had us make up a hop-scotch and go to the Quad Shop for two small bits of information, one being that her daddy was "good" as Tommy in *The Male Animal*, the other that he had spanked her only a few hours before for spilling milk on her school dress. This ended the first interview.

The second was formally set at 11:00 a. m. in the office which Mr. W. shares with Mr. Carson and Wayne Arnold, who also share in directing Thyrsus plays. We started off hoping that our subject would pour out the story and secrets of his life. We had noticed before that he was slow and easy in manner and today was no exception. "When were you born? Where did you go to school? What exciting adventures have you had? What are your great aims in life?" These questions supplied the following biography.

Mr. Wilkenson was born in Webster Groves. (At a later date we learned that the exact location in which he spent his childhood, high school days and college years was 760 Tuxedo.) He attended the public schools of Webster. At this point, Mr. Carson turned around and said, "The grade school has never been the same since." However, the high school changed the career of Mr. Wilkenson but not Mr. W. the career of the school. He was a senior at Webster, looking around for a snap course when he wandered into a dramatics class. He says that somehow he got a part in a play. Since he couldn't think of an excuse fast enough, he had to go ahead and take the part. From this point on, Mr. Wilkenson's life has been largely a matter of acting, play-writing, directing, making sets, and painting scenery. His most recent role was Tommy, the college professor, in *The Male Animal*.

The next chapter of Mr. Wilkenson's life opens on the site of Washington University where he has been ever since with the exception of three years he spent in the South Pacific, where he took pictures of the beautiful scenery and was commanding officer of "fleet gunnery schools." While he was an undergraduate, he became a member of Thyrsus. In this era it seems he took part in three important productions. "And I suppose you'll want all day tomorrow off," is the famous line Scrooge Wilkenson remem-

bers in his debut in *A Christmas Carol*. With a sneer of his lip he recited the line, and told us that he used a screw driver to stir his porridge. Here it was that Mr. Carson helped out again. He brought out a picture of Al as he appeared in *Charm & Lightning*. What a man; in one he was an unsophisticated hero who holds his girl by applying the directions in a book on charm, in the other he was the lineal descendant of Rip Van Winkle whose two loves in life are drinking and telling stories. Just to keep things lively he had a few stories of his own; one was a long narrative about how he drove a swarm of bees across the plains in the middle of winter. If this didn't perk up the audience, he said, "Ah, more champagne."

About this time, we thought it wise to leave rah-rah college days and to ask a few more questions. "Where did you meet your wife? What are your hobbies?" Again the theatre played a major part in Mr. Wilkenson's life. Mrs. Wilkenson was studying dress designing at Stephens College the summer Al played in a stock company there. His only remark on the subject was, "It wasn't hard to switch from dress design to costuming." Whether it was hard or not, it was certainly done, and then some. She designs and makes both costumes and sets. The set for *Outward Bound* was a Ginny Wilkenson production as will be *The Little Foxes*' set and costuming. Close in line with this information come Mr. Wilkenson's hobbies. First and foremost he places the theatre, second, tuck pointing. It seems that he bought a pile of bricks in Richmond Heights which needed tuck pointing. "Do you know the difference between a hawk and a hand saw?" I was challenged. Ashamed of my ignorance, I admitted I did not. The ardent tuckpointer explained that a hawk is a tuck pointer's palette and a hand saw is a handsaw. Mr. Wilkenson got his Masters at Washington and has worked toward his Ph.D. in speech at the University of Michigan. He would like to see the revival of a degree given for Dramatic Arts at Washington which would use Thyrsus as a laboratory.

At noon my subject had to leave for class; so I implored Mr. Carson to tell me some exciting adventure Mr. Wilkenson had experienced. "Oh yes," he said looking at Wayne Arnold, "remember the time the girl was caught on the roof and Al tried to rescue her but she slipped?" He turned to me, "You can still see the grease spot under Brookings Arch."

Mary Ann Moore

# GIL NEWSOME ON RECORDS

Eliot's guest commentator for December

To keep up with the latest releases of records by all the different recording companies one would have to be like one of Virgil Partch's cartoon characters—you remember, the guy with the adding machine inside his head? And the mere thought of trying to listen to all those records is enough to drive most anyone to drink! Like grapes and bananas—they always come in bunches. If you've heard Slim Gaillard's recording of "Jumpin' at the Record Shop," then you have an idea of what I mean.

When it comes to reviewing the latest records (or even the oldest) problems arise in such numbers that—Oh, well—I might as well quit stalling and get down to business. I'll begin by taking the artists in alphabetical order. But I won't promise you as to how this will end! I may wind up by classifying records under "tuba solos," "one-man bands," etc.

Skipping through our ABC's (where have I heard *that* before?) we come first to Count Basie. The Count has dedicated a new Columbia disc to the fellow who helped him get started as a bandleader—the "King of Swing," Benny Goodman. The tune is entitled "The King," but doesn't feature a clarinet after the Goodman manner. Instead, it highlights the tenor sax of Illinois Jacquet, one of the foremost artists of "le jazz hot." The flip on the "King" features the Basie blues shouter, Jimmy Rushing; the Count's piano; and Irving Berlin's "Blue Skies." Both sides are, like most Basie renditions, very good.

Tex Beneke receives help from a vocal ensemble for "Uncle Remus Said"—a new novelty from the Disney production "Song of the South."

Artie Malvin, since replaced in the band by Gary Stevens, does the backing—a new ballad titled "Anybody's Love Song." Billy Butterfield has a new Capitol waxing of his "Stardust" trumpet solo, destined to make the country "Butterfield conscious." Yours truly—G.N.—is always conscious of the "Butterfield treatment" and it is his personal opinion that Butterfield's work on "Stardust" is the best of many.

"The Christmas Song" by the King Cole Trio is the most popular version of Mel Torme's wonderful tune. "The Christmas Song" has been a consistent

winner on the "First Five" program. Of course, I wouldn't think of plugging my own programs—not even the Bandstand Revue, heard every morning at nine, Monday through Saturday, over KWK. To think that I would mention the "First Five" (6:15 p. m., Monday to Saturday; KWK—1380 KC) is preposterous! (?)

Benny Goodman fans will like "A Kiss in the Dark" (not to be confused with the Victor Herbert classic) with sweet singer Art Lund. Art is another refugee from a name band, having left Goodman to enjoy the California sunshine. Flip is by Eve Young "For You, for Me, for Evermore." First side is better.

Gaillard comes before Goodman but not here (I warned you). Slim Gaillard's Trio does "Yep Roc Heresy," "Jumpin' at the Record Shop," "Atomic Cocktail," and a few others. These Atomic recordings feature the Greek "scat" singing of Gaillard. The strange thing about it all is that Slim Gaillard *does* speak Greek and uses it to accentuate his singing style! He learned the language in Greece, where he traveled with his sea-going father.

A re-issue of Erskine Hawkin's "After Hours," with Avery Parrish at the piano, is making a bit hit. Ditto for the new "Ebony Concerto," which Stravinsky wrote especially for Woody Herman. "If I'm Lucky" by Harry James, with vocalist Marion Morgan, adds to the glamour of the picture by the same name. Willie Smith chants the plattermate, "One More Kiss."

The new Stan Kenton album by Capitol includes numbers: Four, Five and Six of Kenton's "Artistry" series. First came "Artistry in Rhythm," in straight mood; "Artistry in Boogie," the eight-beat version; "Artistry Jumps," the jive version; a Swing Rhumba titled "Artistry in Rhumba;" "Artistry in Percussion;" and "Artistry in Bass." The new album presents Stan Kenton's top musicians in a more subdued mood, with more accent on melody.

Another Capitol Album of note is "Piano Portraits" by Diana Lynn. It contains some of the old favorites with piano and orchestral background, and a very wonderful arrangement of the title



song from the motion picture "Laura." Diana, by the way, went to Hollywood as a pianist and, as usually happens, was grabbed off for pictures as a featured actress. Her last picture was "The Bride Wore Boots."

Gene Krupa score again with "There Is No Breeze," with Carolyn Grey doing the vocal. Carolyn and Buddy

Stewart (rumored to be leaving Krupa) join forces for "Aren't You Kind of Glad We Did." All for Columbia, naturally.

A new quartet has swept into popularity recently. In two short months the Joe Mooney Quartet (he's a graduate of Paul Whiteman's accordion section) has set New York critics agog, snapped up a choice spot on 52nd Swing Street, appeared on scads of radio shows as guest show-stealer, and signed to make Decca records. The first Mooney spinners are due to be released in early January. These will be *must* items for all collectors.

Artie Shaw (Forever Artie) has a veritable flood of records released by Victor. Best sides are "Gentle Grifter" and "Scuttle-butt" by the Gramercy Five; and "A Foggy Day" from "Damsel in Distress."

To wind up this resume which, after all, only skims the surface of "zillions" of new records, here's some of the Christmas tunes that have been put on wax. Capitol records has released "White Christmas" and "Silent Night" by Jo Stafford; "Winter Wonderland" by Johnny Mercer and the Pied Pipers; and "White Christmas" by Gordon Jenkins.

Victor offers a Perry Como Christmas Album with eight sides. Columbia has Frank Sinatra doing "White Christmas" and "Adeste Fidelis." And for Decca, of course, there's the Crosby version of "White Christmas," and all the other seasonal tunes the "Old Groaner" has turned out in the past few years. Tony Martin does "Christmas Candle" and "Nazareth" for Mercury.

A fat lady stepped on the scale not knowing they were out of order. The indicator stopped at 75 pounds.

An inebriated gent who had just emerged from the corner tap room watched her intently.

"My God," he marveled. "She's hollow."



# SHE WAS

The interne, Dr. Ralph Redfearn, walked to the small open office at the end of the corridor, where the patients' charts were kept. The student nurse at the desk arose as he approached. He had eyed her before and found her attractive, with a finely shaped aquiline nose, small ears, and black eyes, alert and quick. She looked like the kind of girl he'd like to know more familiarly, but he had never spoken to her before, so he began in his professional tone.

"I want to see the medication order on the new admission."

She took out the order book and turned to *Copley*. "There's nothing ordered, sir," she said.

"As it should be," he replied. Then he wrote, "Absolutely no sedation."

"The new patient," the interne explained, "is a drug addict. If he can't get morphine, he may try for some other drug. Most addicts are nuisances that way—and tricky. He'll probably pace the floor most of the night, trying to work up sympathy. But even if he doesn't get any rest the first few nights, there'll be no need to ask about sedation."

"Yes, sir."

"And discourage his staying up and smoking nights."

She nodded.

Ralph was especially interested in mental illnesses. Often the mind seemed like a clock you couldn't open. You could hear it tick and see what sort of time it kept; but if something went wrong, you couldn't be sure whether the mental balance staff was broken, or the gears dirt-clogged. Psychopaths—the drug addicts, habitual alcoholics, prostitutes—were particularly intriguing to him, for they wore the mask of sanity. They showed how the partition between the normal and the abnormal could be so very thin that one might not notice it.

He liked to talk about them. "Have you ever seen a drug addict before?" he asked.

"Yes, one," she replied with interest.

He dropped his formal tone, though much reading made his speech sound academic. "This patient is exceptionally bad. Very restless. Most D.A.'s aren't so ill mentally, though some show greater physical deterioration."

"I wonder what it's like."

"Well, I guess the subjective experience is pretty gruelling. He's become so dependent on the drug that life's miserable without it."

"I didn't mean quite that," the student interposed. "I mean, I wonder what morphine is like."

"Haven't you had any when you were ill?"

"Not that I can recall. Of course, I've heard what it's like, and I've given it. But you can't tell by that. You've got to experience it."

"Perhaps." He paused. "You want to try it, then?"

She smiled and nodded yes.

"But why?" Ralph queried.

"I'm not sure. I've heard so much about it, I'm curious. The D.A.'s must see something in it . . ."

He smiled wryly. "Try everything once, eh?"

"I suppose so. Why not?"

"Yeah, why not." A carefree "Well, why not?" was the by-word of the psychopath, and it annoyed Ralph. He began to wonder: What kind of girl is this?

"They keep such a close watch on the stuff," she went on. "They even raise Cain about codeine. Marge Clark got dismissed, when . . ."

"I know."

She laughed sardonically. "Sure. . . . Look who's talking. Pretty tough losing two years of training."

He shrugged his shoulders. "She should have known better."

"Maybe. But it's tempting."

If only she were less persistent, Ralph felt. He wondered what lay behind her interest—behind the mask. She *looked* young and innocent all right: one might say ingenuous; but that told little about her personality. He admired the vivacious expressiveness of her features, for he hated an immobile "deadpan" kind of beauty. Perhaps it was this, the way her face betrayed her feelings, that made her seem so innocent—almost naive.

She looked at him sharply. "Say, you wouldn't know where I could get a quarter grain?"

"I might."

Again she smiled suggestively. Her eyes asked, "Where can I get it?"

He shook his head disapprovingly.

"Oh, well," she sighed.

Ralph's curiosity was now aroused. He wondered how far her carefree attitude extended, whether she might be loose in other respects. He did not want to judge her too quickly. Her enthusiasm might be a phase of a behavior problem—or it might be just a carry-over from adolescence. Students at his hospital were all

supposed to be college graduates, but that did not make them emotionally grown up. A least, not in every respect.

He had an idea.

"Ever been hypnotized?" he asked.

"Why, no."

"Perhaps it could be arranged. That's if . . ."

"If I'm interested? Sure."

"We'll arrange it then."

"But who?" she queried.

"Myself."

"Of course!" she beamed. "Oh, how wonderful! How do you do it?"

"A number of ways. I prefer hypnotic drugs."

"Ooch. Sounds interesting. What do you do when the person's hypnotized?"

"That depends. Get them to talk freely mostly. Loosen inhibitions, you know. Aids the memory. Reveals the subconscious."

"You mean if you hypnotized me you could get me to say *anything* you wanted?"

"I see you haven't had too much psychology. No . . . not quite. Almost anything."

"I don't know if that's good or bad."

"That's part of it. That's being hypnotized. Complete submission on your part."

"Yes, you're right."

"Still interested?"

"I'm game."

"Okay," Ralph said casually, "it will take about half an hour. Why don't you drop over to my apartment when you're off duty?"

"After supper, say?"

"Fine. Come over at about quarter to seven. Number 27 . . . Oh, say, one thing we've neglected. I don't know your name."

"Jean Roberts."

"See you at a quarter to seven, Jean."

"Swell."

Ralph's apartment building, in which nearly all the internes lived, was but a five minute walk from the Nurses' Home. He had two rooms and a bathroom. One of the rooms he used as a study and library, the other as his bed room.

Before Jean arrived, he took off his shoes and shirt to be more comfortable and then, somewhat forcefully, dropped upon the bed to relax and to think.

Ralph had just eaten and he was tired, so he felt more like sleeping than getting ready to meet Jean in half an hour. He began to feel that he had stuck his

# SWILLING

A Short Story of a Girl and Hypnosis

By Harold Heye

neck out too far. After all, he rationalized, her business was her business and he had no right to pry into her private life. And why should he worry about her personality?

Her personality? Ralph's thoughts drifted. How deep did her attitude go? Could it be shaken, broken? He knew from experience that it was useless just to muse about it. If hers was just an immature, unconsidered curiosity, then there was hope, and he might be helpful. A shocking experience, a bad taste in the mouth associated with it, might direct her curiosity into better channels—if this was curiosity. If it was an incipient psychopathy—well, that was something else. If it was, though, he should know about it. Something would have to be done.

Ralph rubbed his eyes. Something would have to be done . . . that was a vicious circle. Anyway, one thing he didn't want to do—that was to hypnotize her. If only there were some other way—some other way to discover how much she cared about the way in which she acted. . . .

The doorbell rang several times. It jolted his ears. The dresser light was still on, but he had dropped off to sleep. "Damn it," he sputtered, jumping up. He walked to the door to the corridor and called "Just a minute, please." Then hurriedly he dressed. He had no time for a tie, but he combed his rumpled hair.

When he opened the door he found Jean looking even more attractive out of her uniform. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. I was just changing clothes," he explained.

"It wasn't long," she assured him.

Ralph studied her a moment and nodded his head in satisfaction. "A sweater girl, I see."

"It's a little cooler."

"Yes. Well, it's more becoming than a uniform. Let's see. Do you want to begin now?"

"All right."

Ralph walked toward the bed room. "It is more comfortable in here," he explained. "You should be comfortable." He pointed to a plush, deep-cushioned sofa. "Sit down and relax."

"Thank you," she replied, as she leaned back. "Say, you can really sink away in this."

He sat on the arm of the chair. "You know," he began, almost grimly, "you hardly know me."

"Oh, I've heard others speak of you. You know how things get around here."

"Sure. Some things. General impressions. Interesting tidbits. But you've hardly an inkling of what I'm really like, have you? You've never gone out with me. We met by coincidence."

"You sound as though you were trying to be mysterious."

"Don't get me wrong. I'm not trying to be. The situation has its reverse, you see. More important, I hardly know you."

"Is that so important?"

"Very."

"How so?"

"Well, to go about this properly I should know you well. I'd then know what to ask or have you do. I may want to probe deeply—to find out how far your instincts, uninhibited, would carry you."

"Need we go that far?"

"That is what makes it interesting."

"I see."

"You must be willing to do anything I say. You must trust me completely."

"Well, I guess I can."

Ralph arose. "That is good. I am glad you can, since you really do not know me. Good."

Ralph walked to a cabinet in the study. "Either she is a fool," he thought, "and doesn't know what she might be getting into, or else she knows—or thinks she knows—and doesn't care." If she wasn't concerned about how she might act if uninhibited or how she might behave with a young man whom she hardly knew and to whom she had given herself, then she would feel no concern in other situations.

He returned to the bedroom with a small hypo syringe, and little glass ampules of sterile water and of sodium amygdal, the hypnotic drug he preferred.

"Say," asked Jean, "are you going to give me a little idea of what this is going to be like? What are you going to ask me?"

"That I'll tell you afterwards."

"Oh, oh! You won't get too personal, will you?"

"That I can't promise you. Personal things are the most interesting—both for you and for me. It's all confidential. Afterwards your answers may be very interesting to you."

"That's what I'm afraid of. I mean, I don't want to write my autobiography."

Ralph said nothing. He broke the glass ampule of sterile water and drew the liquid into the syringe.

"Are you ready?"

She grated her teeth. "Say, couldn't you stay clear of just a few subjects?"

"I could, I guess. Let's see. You went with Ken Rose. Skip that, for instance?"

"Well, that, for instance."

"I might. Of course. . . ."

She gripped the sofa arm. "Now surely you can do that."

"I guess so."

"You know, I'm beginning to wonder."

"Look, you want to be hypnotized, don't you?"

"Yes."

"All right, then." He walked to the sofa and displayed the syringe.

"Perhaps," the interne said, "it would be best if you lay down on the bed. It will be more restful."

"All right." She pulled her shoes off and set them on the floor next to the bed, then lay down. Ralph sat down on the bed next to her.

Suddenly she smiled broadly.

"Why do you smile?" he asked.

"Can't you see?"

"I can imagine several things."

"Can't you imagine people raising their eyebrows at such a thing? You invite a girl to your room. Some would question that in the first place. Then you have her lie down on your bed."

"And then she says," he added, "that she will do anything I ask her to do."

She began laughing. "That's it exactly. Ha. Ha."

"And," he continued, chuckling, "to tell the truth, you really don't know me well, do you?"

"Well, maybe I don't."

He surveyed her face and body. "And you are, I might say, quite appealing."

She grew more serious. "It's so very strange."

"Yes . . . you have a lovely body."

He rubbed her arm with alcohol cotton. "I'll administer the drug by degrees. Gradually you'll become semiconscious."

Suddenly she sat up on her elbows. "Look here. Can't you give me just a little idea of what you are going to have me do?"

"It's better to wait until afterwards."

"Yes, but put yourself in my place."

"I could tell you a number of things. Perhaps, though, while you are hypnotized I shall change my mind." He smiled. "Who knows? You aren't afraid are you?"

"I guess not. . . ."

"Good."

"Except. . . ."

"Except that you are afraid?"

"Maybe. I don't want to do anything that. . . ."

"That you'll regret? . . . But come now. Who cares? Give yourself completely over to me. Relax."

She stayed up on her elbows, rigid. "It's not right. I've got to know something."

Ralph pulled her bent arms out from under her, so that her head fell back upon the pillow. With his left hand he gripped a portion of her arm between his fingers. His right hand was set to push the needle in. Then, deliberately, he hesitated.

Jean pushed his arm aside. Forcefully, as with decision, she sat up. "No," she cried, resolutely, "I'm not going to do it!"

"No?"

"NO!" she repeated with emphasis.

She walked to the sofa. "Look," she said, "I appreciate your willingness to do it. You are very willing, I know. . . . But maybe I was too hasty. . . ."

"Backing out?"

"Well, I think I'd better."

Ralph said nothing. She put her shoes on again.

"I think I'd better go."

"If you prefer," he replied.

He led her to the door and opened it. "Shall I see you out?"

"No, it will be all right. Well, I'm sorry. But thanks just the same."

Ralph smiled in a friendly manner. "That's quite all right. Now about your talk about morphine. . . ."

"Oh," she interrupted, "I guess I better think about that a little more."

"Perhaps that's best. Let me know what you decide."

The interne walked back to the dresser and picked up the syringe. He had not broken the glass ampule of the hypnotic drug. He smiled as he placed it back in the cabinet.



## SPORTS

Haymond Blake, The Mind, currently in command of the basket-ball Bears, is the guiding genius of a movement that for sheer historical and sociological interest is without parallel at Washington University. Blake, who would laugh at any reference to himself as a reactionary, is at the present time inaugurating what this writer would call a revival of feudalism. And at the same time, Blake is establishing himself as the foremost exponent of physical condition, barring possibly Bernard McFadden and Gene Tunney although Blake, a staunch athletic leader, is conceding nothing to anyone.

This long-winded introduction is simply to point out that Blake is reducing his basketball charges to the status of serfs, peasants, or coolies, while he assumes the role of the lord of the manor, or Simon Legree, as you will. During the first few basketball practices, Blake ran his squad around the track at Francis Field and around the indoor track at Francis Gymnasium so frequently that the employees considered petitioning the NLRB for a hearing.

Blake, adamant in the control tower, gave no ground whatsoever.

"This squad," he confided to a representative of the *Eliot*, "will be run harder than any squad in the country."

Blake has adhered religiously to that ideal. He has dedicated himself to that end.

Your writer is reminded here of the promotion of one Don Gutteridge, a journeyman baseball player, into the major leagues in 1936, when he became third baseman for the St. Louis Cardinals. An erratic fielder, impotent at the bat, and owner of a throwing arm primarily con-

structed of glass, Gutteridge had one redeeming quality.

He could run.

Baseball prognosticators in 1936 declared that Gutteridge would be the leading base-stealer of the league. Of both leagues, as a matter of fact. As a matter or further fact he would instill a renaissance of base-stealing into a game that had become essentially of, by, and for the hitters.

Only one critic existed to point out a sour note.

"He may be fast," the gentleman declared, "but how is he going to steal first base?"

Accordingly many vital and sincere people are wondering how Blake's boys are going to run the ball into the basket.

When queried as to this point, Blake did not have an answer. He has, of course, the inimitable Stanley London, leading point-getter and toast of the Missouri Valley Conference last year. London, possessed of that singularly endearing young charm of being able to place the ball through the hoop with unusual regularity, was lovingly called "Tiptoe" by a group of fans one evening as he exhibited his wares. This appellation has a reference to his peculiar gait in the heat of play. But Tiptoe, last season, was surrounded by a group of tulips, and it is the belief of many conscientious observers that Blake's garden grows no better this time.

They may be wrong. If there is any strength in numbers, the Bears will get by. One hundred and thirty answered the call to the colors this fall, and perhaps when it is white-up time, the Bruins may find five basketeers in that group.

At any rate, this writer is going to wait and see and hope for the best. With an activity book already purchased, there is no other honorable course.

Bill Herbert

A gentleman in the optical business was instructing his son in the technique of chiseling a fair and honest price out of a customer. He said, "Son, after you've fitted the glasses to the customer and he asks, 'What's the charge?' you should say:

"The charge is ten dollars."

"If the customer does not flinch, you say: 'That's for the frames; the lenses will be another ten dollars.'

"Then you pause again, but this time only slightly—and again you watch for the flinch.

"If the customer doesn't flinch, you say: 'Each.'"

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*Eliot*

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*Bets Widmer*

Men who are not domineering, who have a good sense of humor, and who refrain from criticism, are the men who please Bets Widmer, December girl-of-the-month. Bets is a Theta and a psych major. She wants to be an airline hostess. Although the name "outdoors girl" brought cries of horror from Bets, she is an unusually good tennis, badminton and basketball player. She comes to school in a jeep with the rest of the Webster car pool, and says she "just loves bubble gum."



movies

### Ruins, Romans and Rhetoric

The best criticism of *Open City*, Italian film recently shown at the World Theatre, that occurs to this reviewer is an excerpt from its dialogue. The German chief-of-police or commander or SS supervisor—in any case, the “bad man”—says to a prisoner he is interrogating: “You Italians are all given to rhetoric.” In my mind the action, script—even when all you get of the conversations is brief sub-titles—and story are all “too given to rhetoric.” For example, the priest, who has been aiding the underground, meets his death at the hands of a German firing squad with the words: “It is not hard to die well. What is most difficult is to live as one should.” Ingrid, an evil spy, has tricked an emotional actress into betraying her lover and pays her with a fur coat. The girl is cleverly brought into the torture chamber, God knows how, and faints when she sees

fish in a barrel

her lover's dead and mutilated body. Ingrid takes the coat off of her prostrate form and says with an evil smile: “For the next one!” That statement has our nomination for the most cliché of the year, but there are many others in the course of the story which are not far behind.

The plot concerns Manfredi, a communist, and his fight against the Germans in Rome. He is chased over most of Rome, involves his friends and helpers in the mess, and is captured, along with a heroic priest, because he has spurned the love of his former mistress, who then betrays him, unknowing of the consequences. Manfredi is tortured to death while the priest is tortured mentally by having to watch the spectacle. The priest is shot for treason, but neither one talks before his death.

We must expect propaganda in such a film, but in a supposedly artistic production it should have a certain subtlety. Here we are shown two brutish Germans slaughtering two innocent lambs for meat—“the beasts!” I would hazard a guess that during the recent meat short-

age in this country there were many such beastly acts among our upright citizenry.

Despite its melodrama, *Open City* honestly portrays living conditions in Rome in 1944. Hollywood could learn from this film. The actress does not have a palatial dressing room; it is dirty, cluttered, and sordid. Fourteen people are shown living in one flat. There is unmarried motherhood. There are crippled children. The realism in the first half of the picture, which deals with everyday events and occurrences, is far more effective than the much vaunted realism in the latter half where the Gestapo is shown in action.

To my mind, an interesting film—but not as important as the foreign movie worshippers would have us believe.



books

For the lover of the detective story (maybe you don't admit it) P. W. Wilson's *The Old Mill* combines real mystery and excellent writing. Laid in England

just a little short of the Scottish border, *The Old Mill* is a story of the mysterious demises of a North County doctor and the Squire, who die from imprudent bicycling. A whimsical picture of northern England some thirty years ago, it is told in a quiet manner which makes it better than just another mystery. Give it to the old man for Xmas; you'll love it.

If you're looking for a bargain, buy *Holdfast Gaines* by Odell Shepard. Here's just the thing for the person who seeks the escape of this sordid, mechanical world, wanting to plunge himself into the days when men were men and “hosses” were “hosses.” An historical novel of the times when Andy Jackson was young, *Holdfast Gaines* boasts a list of more than nine leading characters among whom are Old Hickory himself, and Jean Lafitte.

Kids of your own, little brother or sister, niece or nephew? Don't forget *Alice in Wonderland* by Lewis Carroll. Alice is a character anybody enjoys knowing, aside from the fact she is a classic and a must. Don't think you're

being high-brow or virtuous in giving any kid this charming tale of Alice, the White Rabbit (“Oh, my dear paws”), the Red Queen (“Off with his head”), etc.

There are a lot of Christmas weddings, and some joker always gives the bride a cook book. Okay, if you want to do it. But take our advice. Mrs. Rombauer's *Joy of Cooking* is a fine book, expertly written in a fine style and to the tune of by-gone years. Her book is famous; any book seller will throw it in your arms, collect your two and a half bucks, and send you on your way. This is a famous volume, of course, but if you can find anyone these days who can put a pound of butter, a dozen eggs, and two pounds of sugar in one recipe, you're good, brother!

*The Portable Lardner*—Edited with an introduction by Gilbert Seldes.

Here is a pocket-size Lardner, which is naturally terrific because Lardner is. It contains such classics as “You Know Me, Al,” “Alibi Ike,” “Haircut,” “Champion,” “Some Like Them Cold” and many others. We admit about half the book could have been omitted without great loss; however, the other half is pure gold. If you like Lardner, this is for you.



classics  
jazzin

### Little Brother and Sister

“Tubby the Tuba,” narrated by Victor Jory, Cosmo

Series:

Graphic Educational Productions

“Why Do I Have to Go to Sleep”

“Why Are Bees Busy”

“What Makes Rain”

Capitol

“Rusty and Orchestraville”—BC 35

“Bozo and the Circus”

Margaret O'Brien—“Stories for Children”—CC 21

Fibber McGee and Molly—“Nite Before Xmas”—CC 20

Gildersleeve—“Brave Little Tailor”—CD 33

Victor

Singing Games—Y 305

Original Walt Disney—“Snow White and Seven Dwarfs”—Y 6

Columbia

Gene Kelly—Vol. Nursery Songs—J 26

“Jack and Jill”—J 26

“Little Red Hen”—MJ 27

“Shoemaker and Elves”—MJ 29

“Peter Rabbit”—MJ 30

#### Brother and Sister

Harry James—Old Time Favorites

#### Perennial

Decca

Bing Crosby and Andrew Sisters

“Merry Xmas”

Capitol

Johnny Mercer and Pied Pieper—CD

36

Columbia

“Whale Who Sang at Me”—6400

Mill Bros.

Famous Barber Shop Records—A476

Andrew Sisters

Reissues of Old Studies—Dec 458

Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire

“Blue Skies”—Dec. 481

Porgy and Bess Selections, orig. cast.

Dec 145

Andre Kostelanetz

Music by Sigmund Romberg—Col M

635

Music by Jerome Kern—MM 622

Show Boat Excerpts

Chorus and Orchestra—Col. MM 611

#### Mother and Dad

“Appassionata Sonata,” Beethoven

Rubenstein—Victor Dm 1018

Carmen Excerpts

Swarthout—Victor DM 1078

“Daphnis and Chole,” Ravel Kussovitsky and the Boston Symphony

—Sp 1

Tchaiskowsky Symphony No. 5

Beecham & London Philharmonic—

Col MM 470

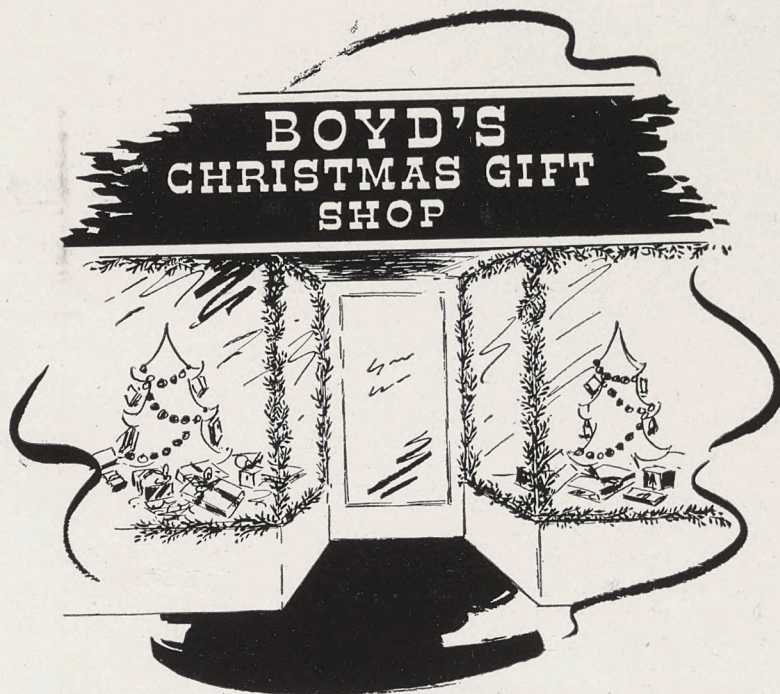
Swan Lake Ballet

Darati, London Philharmonic—Col.

MM 349

“Pathetique Sonata,” Beethoven

Rudolf Serkin—Col. MM 64



**To lighten the load of your Xmas shopping**

## **Boyd's Christmas Gift Shop in Clayton**

**brings together on one floor**

**a galaxy of gifts for men, women,**

**little boys, and teen-age boys and girls.**

# **Boyd's**



# Christmas Characters

## I. Inebriant

*Appellation:* Robert Ole Taylor.

*Habitat:* Behind any old bottle that happens to turn up at any party that happens to be in progress at the time of investigation. (Note: many of this variety will be found behind bottles of 100 proof during the holidays. . . . Do not be swayed by this, the species has been known to carry its own labels.)

*Identifying Characteristics:* Great friendliness with, or general hate for his fellow beings—(depending upon the time that he has spent in his habitat).

*Usual Greeting:* "Jeeze, you should have seen the (date, party, drunk, or fight) I had last night."

*Typical New Year's Resolution:* Either to give up natural habitat or to stay in it more often.

*Notes:* This creature is usually nocturnal in its habits, however there have been isolated cases of the species being seen in its habitat at almost any hour of the day.

Typical morning call of this variety is: "My god, someone switched heads with me last night."

The species is a fairly tightly knit organization and is, in many cases found in pairs or more. . . . Heaven help you if there are more at your tea party.

## II. Brain

*Appellation:* Mary Eager.

*Habitat:* May be found in Ridgley; stacks, reading room, reference room, or (when Ridgley says "Uncle") at her desk.

*Identifying Characteristics:* Has bent back from carrying many books. Commonly, in discussion with friend, will have a great many facts to back up any stand that she may take. (Frequently this species has no friends so the facts are sort of useless.)

*Usual Greeting:* "I can only talk for a while because I have gotten behind on my study schedule." (The sure test for this variety is that after making this statement she actually does talk a short time.)

*Typical New Year Resolution:* She will in most instances resolve that she will make eight A's next semester rather than her usual six.

*Notes:* This creature is one of the harder varieties to observe in that it is found in libraries where the appearance of the specimen is protective both in color and form.

Many of this variety carry brief cases in which (not as some law students) the contents are strictly that of paper and ink, not intoxicating. Do not look for any specimens at Graham's.

## III. B.W.O.C.

*Appellation:* Matilda Legacy.

*Habitat:* Sorority teas, dances, and meetings. Some have been found at fraternity teas, dances, and parties. These will be identified by their stick-together-ness.

*Identifying Characteristics:* A great mass of teeth that are seemingly showing at all times in what is called by her fellow species, "The friendly and warm smile for the rank and file." This group will, at the drop of a fraternity beanie, be in high heels and party dresses. At hayrides the host may depend upon the high heel group.

*Usual Greeting:* "Get me a coke, pledge."

*Typical New Year Resolution:* Not to take more than six fraternity pins this year and to wear them one at a time (except when wearing a coat with lapel.)

*Notes:* This variety has been found in combination with Types I and II.