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The

ELIOT

Washington University • St. Louis, Missouri

ANUARY

1942



15c



MARION HUTTON
Glenn Miller's Moonlight Serenade
"rings in the new"
with Chesterfield

It's CHESTERFIELD

... first for a *Milder* and decidedly
Better Taste ... first for *Cooler Smoking*

...and *right you are* because everything in
Chesterfield ... every bit of material used, is put there to
give you just what you want in a cigarette ... from the
Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos
to top-notch manufacturing methods.

MAKE CHESTERFIELD YOUR SMOKING PLEASURE OF THE YEAR *They Satisfy*

THE TOWERS AND THE TOWN

NEW BOARD MEMBERS

We are happy to announce the selection of three new members for our literary board. Out of nine nominations from the three advanced writing classes, the following three students were chosen: Peggy Campbell, Ann Carter See, and Sue Mason. Miss Campbell will be remembered as the winner of the English XVI play-writing contest and is a student of the short story under professor Webster. Ann Carter is a class-mate of Peggy's and can whip off a mean short story as well as sell twenty **Eliots** which makes her doubly valuable. Sue Mason was given the highest sort of a recommendation from Prof. Jensen and we expect great things of her.

The Creative Writing Group has been functioning now for one whole semester, and although it is still in the experimental stage, we feel very pleased with the progress it has made. The addition of three more writers is bound to add new life to the group, as well as the appointment of Philip Webb to the position of secretary, whose duties will be to call up members before meetings and to read the plays submitted. David Hughes, as literary editor, has proven to be an outstanding writer this past semester. We have just read one of his recent stories, **Soldier of the Soviet**, and we can vouch for the vividness of the descriptions and the realistic horror of the battle scenes portrayed. We are also impressed by the depth and understanding and poetic qualities of Genevieve Stewart's work. Genevieve has refused to compromise with the demand of the modern school for "stark realism" and the result is that she probes the hidden depths that lie behind the obvious. The Creative Writing Group more than justifies itself by stimulating superior efforts of this kind.

SALUTE TO THE NEW YEAR

With the stars and stripes in the background Honorary Officers, Alice Jane Love and Mittie Jane Sloan, in military garb greet the "war baby," 1942. This picture on the **Eliot** cover is more than a picture of two pretty girls; it is a symbol, clear and ominous, of what the new year has in store for all of us. It symbolizes the determined resolve of the American student and the resolve of all America to take arms once again in the de-

fense of our country. Already students of Washington have enlisted in the country's armed forces. Some have made the supreme sacrifice, and before the enemy is defeated, it is inevitable that more of us will be called upon to make similar sacrifices. In line with keeping our readers informed as to the whereabouts of former W. U. students now serving in the army or navy, we will publish articles from time to time as we receive information about these men.

BROTHER BEWARE

The day of reckoning is upon us. The curse of the ages re-appears. Exams again. If you're the student who burns the midnight oil with unhealthy regularity, then this is no time of tribulation for you, but if you're the happy-go-lucky guy who loafs through the semester in idle content and writes all his English themes by proxy, brother, beware! We recall the story of a fraternity brother who was vacationing in Colorado and, incidentally, going to summer school. He had two girl friends, one of whom he dated, and the other, who translated all his Latin for him. Exam time came along, as it always does, and caught him up the proverbial creek without a paddle. But Sandy was cunning and resourceful, and when the prof left the room, Sandy did likewise, through the window, and hot-footed it down to the corner drug-store where the studious half of his love life was waiting for him. In the space of thirty minutes the battles of Gaul were fought and Caesar crossed the Rubicon, while sweat poured forth from Sandy's brows. When the professor walked back in the room, there was Sandy back in his seat with a glint of triumph in his eye. It had been a close race, but when you're desperate you've got to take a chance. We recommend the ounce of precaution, or the drop of mid-night oil—perhaps that's the easiest way after all.

HECK WEEK

So they've taken the "hell" out of hell week. We have it on good authority that a delegation from Panhellenic council will parade regularly up and down the row during Hell Week to examine the "behinds" of all the pledges to determine whether or not they have absorbed an "unreasonable" amount of punishment. This

seems to us just a little ridiculous, especially since "Hell Week" has been virtually eliminated anyway by cutting down the duration to two nights with one night of "study or house work." Hell week has always been one time in the year that both pledges and actives can really "let their hair down" and enjoy themselves. A little relaxation from the commonplace of reading books and going to classes is good for everyone. In five years we have heard of but one individual suffering any harm from Hell Week activities. Anyone will tell you that if anyone suffers during Hell Week, it's the active rather than the pledge. Many incidents occur such as the time when the Teke actives were awakened at five in the morning by a call from the pledges who claimed that they had been arrested and were in jail for having stolen the "Anthropoid House" sign from the zoo for the purpose of putting it in front of the Sigma Chi house. Of course, it turned out to be a false alarm and the pledges were actually enjoying coffee and doughnuts at the home of a fellow pledge. However, they did have possession of the sign.

ORCHIDS TO KINNAN

At last Washington U. has a basketball team. After years of seeing the Bears take one shellacking after another on the basketball court at last, we repeat, at long last we appear to have a winning team. Five victories in eight games! Nothing short of amazing, this record of the Bears. And one of them a victory over Texas A. and M.! It is not that we have any better caliber of players this year than previously, for it is only this year that any effort has been made to attract basketball stars from the high schools to Washington U., and these are freshmen and ineligible to play. All credit for this fine showing must go to coach Bob Kinnan who has polished all his "diamonds in the rough" until they emerge as shining stars on the court. The case of Jack Darnton, the six-foot stringbean that coach Kinnan has converted into one of the best ball-players to grace the floor of Francis Gym in many a moon, and a player who is capable of playing 60 minutes of basketball to boot, is an example of Kinnan's ability to bring out the best that is in a man. Good luck, Bob, and more power to you. All of us are behind you one hundred per cent. You have built up a team that is a credit to the University.

THIS WAY OUT

an alphabetical listing of places to go

Dinner, Supper, Dancing and Grill

Belvedere Joe—1407 Brentwood Blvd.

This place has long been a favorite with some of the students. However, it has grown in popularity with people from the campus. The food is good and the prices are reasonable.

Busch's Grove—9160 Clayton Rd.

This place is full of old traditions, mounted animals, and good food. If you like this kind of atmosphere on a frosty, fall evening, then this is the place for you.

Chase Club—Hotel Chase

You can have fun here in a refined sort of a way. You will pay for everything you get, but there is good entertainment, delicious food, and usually a nationally-known orchestra.

Culpeppers—4665 Maryland

With the debutant season in full swing, this place is overflowing with local socialites. If you want to be associated with the upper-crusties then this is the spot for you.

Forest Park—Forest Park Hotel

This place really has a lot of life in it. The drinks are cheap and the entertainment borders on being good, sometimes.

Sid Gates—19 N. Brentwood Blvd.

Sid used to be down on DeBaliviere but he moved out on Brentwood Blvd. this past summer. It's a very attractive place, the drinks are cheap, the rathskeller is a barrel of fun, and Mrs. Gates makes you feel like it's your second home.

Graham's Grill—7901 Forsythe

Roy's corner place still is the one spot where you can be sure of finding a friend. It's dark and a bit on the stuffy side, but the students don't seem to mind and they all have a very rousing good time.

Bill Marritt's—Somewhere on Lindbergh Blvd.

Need I say more than All of us have been there and, no doubt, we will all go back.

Mural Room—DeBaliviere at Watermann

This place is one of the finest of its kind in St. Louis. You will always find a nice, refined, congenial group here. The food is better than excellent, the drinks are cheap and good to boot, and Bud Taylor at the organ furnishes the very best of entertainment.

Ramelkamps—7817 Clayton Rd.

When you "lift a glass" here it has milk in it. But the atmosphere is nice and you can dance by a juke-box.

Richmond—7014 Clayton Rd.

Bob and John will make you feel right at home at any hour of the day or night. It isn't very big, but there is always room for one more someplace. You can have a lot of fun but you have to make it yourself.

Steeplechase—Hotel Chase

There is no doubt that this is a good-looking place, but for my part I like to sit down once in a while. The drinks are better than average, but you will pay for them. The entertainment is pretty good and you will see a lot of people from the Alma Mammy that you know.

Town Hall—Clayton and Big Bend

This is a nice place from the rathskeller downstairs to the corner room upstairs. The next time you're in try their barbecued ham on bun, we guarantee it.

Walnut Room—Gatesworth Hotel

It's small, it's crowded, it's smoky, it's smelly, but for some reason you can always find some people from the hill in here. Maybe it's the entertainment, for corn it isn't half bad.

Vescovo's—Skinker and Delmar

If you like shiny walls, good food, and no privacy, then go here. Frankly, we preferred the beery, smoky atmosphere of the old Vescies.

Zodiac—Hotel Chase

Cordell Hull would go for this place in a big way. If you want to be Pan-American go here, you'll hear more rhumbas and congas in one night than you will any other place in St. Louis in a week. Incidentally, it's a bit on the crowded side.

• MEMO •

Jan.
14

Took Jane to Mural Room for cocktails and dinner.

Edith Gordon and
Laura Louise Elbring
at the Pianos

P.S.—Look for the
White Chariot

THE MURAL ROOM

St. Louis' Most Beautiful

Cocktail Lounge

DE BALIVIERE at WATERMAN

ELIOT

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Elmer brought her Van Gogh prints,
Peter brought a big bouquet,
Roger brought her Pep-O-Mints
And took her breath away.

MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath after eating, drinking, or 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 winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

WINNING JOKE FOR JANUARY

One evening a beautiful vision in blue walked into a Soph's room.
"Get out of here," said the Soph.
"Make me," said the vision.
And he did.

DOUG PROCTOR

METAMORPHISIS

WILL COLLEGE CHANGE A FRESHMAN

By GENEVIEVE STEWART

Here he was, a freshman in college. And he, young, innocent, courageous believed that opportunity lay all about him. Here was to be his life for four years. These should be the most advantageous years of his life. His personality, his beliefs and character had all been well begun, but now was the time for the final shaping. This was the new shuffling and dealing out.

It was a good school. That was what he counted on. His brother and sister had gone there and his father was one of the "old grads." Early in September, before registration, they had said to him—"Well, you're starting out your four years in a darned good school. There's lots to learn there." And he knew that. He'd thought about going away to school. He'd looked at a lot of catalogues with ivy-covered buildings on the front and read about gay life in college dormitories. But, somehow, he'd chosen Eliot. He had a close feeling to it and he was sure that it would give him everything he wanted.

The question was then, he guessed, what did he want from college? Why had he come? He wanted four years of college to give him first of all, learning. Not just book knowledge, but knowledge about humanity—and well, whatever else it was that made the world so complex. He wanted to come out of school as a finer individual. This, he supposed, was childish to think about. College was bound to make one mature. It was bound to keep one from being petty, narrow. You just couldn't go to school for four years and not be finer. And he wanted to get mixed up with tradition and tuxedos. This enthusiasm for the college spirit would die down with the coming of his junior and senior years, he knew, but just now it was essential.

In high school, his parents had taken him for granted. In those four years he had made good grades, gone out for a considerable amount of athletics, and had been one of the most popular boys in his class, without a great deal of notice from anyone at home. He had gone from one term to the next with little or no direction in mind. He knew that they appreciated him in a quiet sort of way and that was all he needed. But now, it was different. They had begun to take an interest in his every decision. They talked to him about his courses and about fraternity life and gave him advice. After he had pledged his brother's fraternity, they made it plain to him that they would give him everything he needed. He was certainly not to worry about expenses. They talked vaguely of sophistication and being a man. At first he had not let it interfere with his feelings, but gradually, he found himself coinciding with their opinions.

Now, he had been in school two months. Day by day, he had seen himself change. This Monday night, after the pledge meeting, he had left the others and walked straight out to the front of the school. He stood at the top of the long stairs that led up to the administration building. He thought that perhaps, standing there alone, with the clearness of the city all about him, he too, might become clear in his own mind. He wanted the tall, white buildings to strike into his mind and wake him from his sleep. He wanted the lights from the windows to show

him the true path. What was he becoming? What had he let a few, short weeks do to him? He knew that essentially he was no different than the boy who had stood here two months before. The old core was still there. Only the yearnings were changing. He wondered if, when the yearnings change, does the center of a person, the inner-self, change, too?

He thought about his intention to come out of school with a finer spirit. This was the one thing in life that he had wanted to hold on to. He had wanted, and he smiled at an old high school term of his, he had wanted to "keep on the beam." He didn't really approve of fellows who went around trying to live by a motto. He liked people who were not invulnerable, who could make silly mistakes. But this stupid expression conveyed a lot of meaning to him. Whenever he had done something not too wise or too kind, he had said to himself—"That wasn't keeping on the beam, kid!" To him, the beam was a sort of path that went high up over his head. It was too perfect a path for him to ever follow thoroughly, but it gave him something to reach up to, and something to compare himself to. The requirements of this code were not too well defined, but he hated to think that he would ever be a snob. There were little things in it, like getting library books in on time. This was one of his weaknesses. He tried to get away from making generalities about people. There was nothing that you could really put your finger on. It was a code that pictured his better self. He was afraid that he was falling away from that now.

Already, he felt different from his friends who had gone through high school with him and had not been able to join a fraternity. When they had just been high school seniors, all going to Elliot together, with no knowledge of the ceremonies of rush week, and the rattle of the newly pledged, there had been a wonderful spirit among them. They were going through college together. There was nothing that could sever these friendships. And he hadn't intended them to be severed. It just seemed that there was a difference. He remembered how enthusiastically he had told some of them that he had pledged the Lambdas. And he had mentioned ever so casually that Smith Carl, whose father owned the County Dairy Company, was his pledge father. And then, after he'd talked awhile, they had turned away, after a very few words to him. At the time it had not seemed noticeable to him, for he had found a couple of pledge brothers, and they had gone down to the quad shop for a coke. He remembered it afterwards, though. In his own mind, he didn't know how to excuse himself for it. He knew that really he hadn't meant to brag. It just seemed that his walk of talking was getting changed.

He hadn't been to see his best friend of all for several weeks. This boy hadn't been able to go to college at all. Throughout high school, they had been inseparable friends. But now, he never seemed to have time for him. And when they were together, he wondered what the boys at the fraternity house were doing, and never seemed to be able to get himself interested in his friend's new job. He knew that this situation was wrong, and that

(Continued on page 20)

The Darn Thing's Finally Working

By DAVID HUGHES

The atom smasher is finally working. Maybe you have wondered about that mound of earth just west of the power house. Well, it houses the Washington University atom smasher, or cyclotron (as it is known in the best circles). In the spring of 1940 a steam shovel excavated a lot of dirt there. Some men came and poured concrete all over the place. Students began to ask what it was all for. The men made a chamber with their concrete and reinforcing rods, a chamber about as big as a large class room. Then they covered it all up with dirt. Students still kept asking what it was all for. They were told that it was for the cyclotron.

"For the what?" they asked.

"For the cyclotron, the atom smasher."

"Oh," said the students, still perplexed.

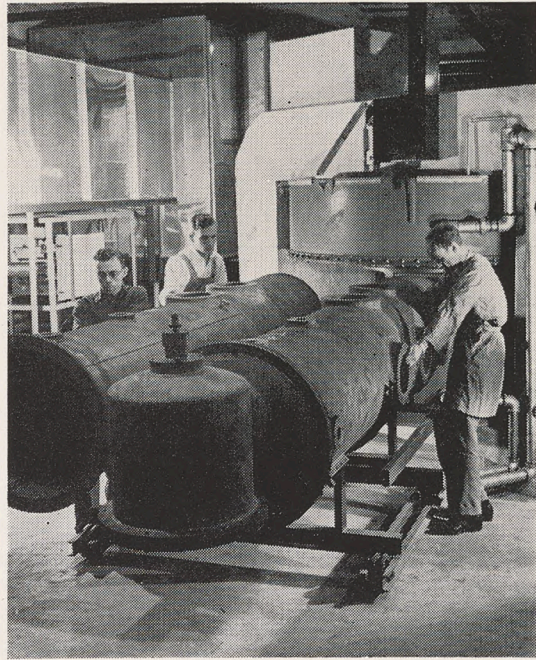
Every now and then **Student Life** sent a cub reporter over to the physics building to find out how things were coming. That didn't help much either.

Soon people stopped asking about the thing at all. Grass covered the mound over the chamber and its very existence was forgotten. Then, during the Christmas holidays, it happened. Dr. Thornton and his crew got their first baby proton beam. If you've ever seen a young boy with his first electric train, you will have a little idea of the radiant joy in their faces. If you've ever seen the love and tenderness in the eyes of a mother looking at her first-born, you will have an inkling of the look in their eyes. In sixteen and a half months from the time of the installation of the magnet, they had got it working. This does not mean much at first, but when you find out that it took the boys at M.I.T. twenty-two months for theirs, not to speak of thirty months for Harvard, you will see it in a different light. The sixteen and a half months is a world record.

The machine itself is pretty awe inspiring. It is hard to describe, but maybe you can figure it out in the picture. It is ninety five tons of copper, lead, brass, and iron. It cost a cool \$106,000. Most of this weight is in a gigantic magnet fifteen feet high, which is wound with fifteen tons of copper wire. To keep the copper wire from overheating, oil is circulated through the coils and from there to a mechanical cooler. This cooler also cools the tubes in the radio oscillator and air conditions the room. You can see the water tower for the cooler sticking out of the top of the grassy mound just across the road from Cupples II. This cooler is capable, if used in the right way, of making ten thousand pounds of ice a day. One third of the total electrical output of the powerhouse is used when the cyclotron is running. There is a hundred kilowatt radio oscillator involved in the apparatus. This is heavily shielded, because if it were used as a radio transmitter, it would have twice the power of KMOX.

It is an interesting fact that some of the operators, while adjusting this oscillator, have suddenly started sweating. The strong radiations induce an artificial fever in the body of anyone who stands in the wrong place. It would be good for aches, pains, and colds.

Except for the heavy hauling, all the work was done by five men. In charge was Dr. Thornton, a cyclotron man from way back. He got his Ph.D. at McGill University in Montreal. He helped build the original atom smasher at the U. of California, the one for which Lawrence won the



THE CYCLOTRON

Nobel Prize in 1938. He then built one at the University of Michigan. Then he went back to California. From there he came to Washington U. Now he is on the run again. Lawrence of California has recalled him to take part in National Defense. Dr. Alexander S. Langsdorf, Jr., is second in command. He is the son of our Dean of Engineering. He was an undergraduate here, and received his Ph.D. at M.I.T. He was then awarded a National Research Fellowship (not more than ten of these are given per year) and went to California, where he worked on the big cyclotron. Dr. Langsdorf married Miss Marty! Schweig two weeks ago. If you read your Post-Dispatch, you saw her as Bride-of-the-Week the Sunday before last. Next in line is Harry Fulbright, a man with a checkered past. At U. City High he was a radio ham. He started out in W. U. as an engineer. Then he became a biologist and worked with Dr. Schmitt who was head of the biology department. In his fourth year of school he turned physicist, and last June he graduated as such. Harry did most of the wiring. Not many a radio ham gets to fool around with a hundred kilowatt oscillator. The machining and skilled work was carried out by Barney Stone and Harold Huth. On these five men rested the whole burden.

Remember, we are in the big leagues. The W. U. smasher is the second largest in the country, having a 45" pole face. The only larger one is at the U. of California. There are two or three 42" machines and a whole raft of thirty-eight inchers and smaller.

As far as output goes we are at the top. The other day our smasher put out 375 microamps. That is an unofficial record. The best known heretofore has been 300 microamps. This might not beat California.

This cyclotron is one of the best protected in the country. The chamber has two feet of concrete and six feet of earth on top and lots more on the sides. All this, we are told, is to protect people on the outside from the dangerous rays. The operators do not stay in the room while the cyclotron is working, but control it from a room seventy-five feet away. A winding passage connects the chamber with the outside.

What an air raid shelter.

G R E E K

Well, school's begun again and we're back in the good old college round of merriment. Ugh! the storm before the storm with lots more good, bad, and new news.

During the discussion upon perception in the Psychology 201, Gerry Forrestal innocently asked, "Dr. Bunch, when you hear your conscience talking is that an illusion." From what we've heard recently it looks like most people have been ignoring that little voice of righteousness as just an illusion.

The TKE's really put on the dog for their Christmas formal giving each girl an orchid as well as a stunning compact with the skeleton crest upon it. We wonder if all that extravagance might not have something to do with the social chairman, Jack Bruninga, just being pinned and wanting to make a spectacular impression upon the little lady.

At last they've taken the fatal step and Mary Beth Greene and Hardy Glenn are pinned. Openly we mean. Confidentially it's suspected that M. B. has had the little trinket since last April. The young couple started their pinning off right by giving a pinned party for all the newly pinned people. You know it's a good idea to plan the congenial little parlor dates to help save money for future plans.

Late one night Newton Gorman—Diamond Newt Gorman to you since he received that S. A. E. pin big enough to be a police badge and the diamond stick pin—walked into the fraternity house and bumped into a boy whose looks he didn't like. Diamond took a mighty swing and the mirror broke.

Betty Stupp gave a big breakfast from 3 A. M. to 7 A. M. New Year's morning serving a lot of good strong black coffee. Imagine her surprise to see about twenty people she'd never met before. One man, the Mole, just ate, stood around, and kept silent. As soon as the food was gone, he was gone too.

Juanita Townsend, Alpha Chi pledge, has a badly burned finger. When asked how it happened, she said that Don Moore had hypnotized her with a candle and coming out of it she'd put her hand in the flame. That's a new way for a Harvard man to put a girl in a trance.

The Gamma Rho's had a room warming last Wednesday night and entertained the girls and their dates to try out the new furniture. It seemed a shame to let all those goodlooking new love seats go to waste on just girls.

Worm Carpenter and "Egghead" Kieffer picked up and went to Florida to have a rare time. Although they spent days on the beach, the only people they encountered were old women. But every night the beaches were packed with parked cars. Puzzle, where was the talent hidden or were the couples really looking at the view?

Whenever the Phi Delt's are asked for gossip they say, "Wait a minute, I'll ask Mother Pasely." There's more than one romance she's in on and more than one story she could tell if she only would.

Did you ever see so many boys with new sweaters, and all of them home-knit? Dennis Woodside has a lovely new rust sloppy jalopy with slightly puffed sleeves. Shirlee Jones and Jane Ellis were knitting sweaters for Del Cummings and Alex Ham respectively. When the sweaters were completed Shirley's was way too small and Jane's too big so they traded. Guess the girls are practicing on the home boys before they knit for the army.

Lover McLean's two flames both walked out on him over the holidays. Mickey Lupton went south and Marjorie Knight used him as a Martha Carr to find out how to win Kenny, the Webster Romeo from Duke. Poor Wallie says that he's open for new talent. (Wallie, don't you know that you have to pay for advertising space?)

Gloria and Juanita Moore, the Alpha Chi twins, kept trading dates New Year's Eve. That's one way of checking up on your sister.

At the Phi Mu dance part of the floor was blocked off by a screen to hide the stacked up chairs and tables. Several couples went back to see what was going on only to return covered with scotch tape. Someone had played a practical joke on all wandering young folks. The dance floor isn't the only place to be stuck.

Pet saying on campus this week, "Gosh, you must have had a wonderful time over the holidays — you look terrible!"

Jane Clark and Marjorie Kammerer, bloody rivals, both took Red Jolley to the Gold-diggers Ball. After the dance at one of the more popular eating places, first Jane had Red's pin, and then, Marge had it. Suddenly the lights went out, and the much coveted Beta pin was nowhere to be found. That's one way of saving an argument, Jolley. P.S.—Marge got a safety pin from Mr. Jolley for Christmas. We wonder what Jane was awarded.

Speaking of the Gold-diggers Ball, Bill Wiesert took out his electric razor and went to work down at Vescovi's. Guess that puts the girls in their places.

Phi Mu Virginia Becker visited the boy she was pinned to up in Champaigne over the holidays. Ginny came home raving about a couple of Yale boys. Moral — get pinned to meet the best people.

The TKE's are all outdoing each other with good looking cars, but "Skiatook" Oklahoma took the cake with a satin seat covered, chromium trimmed, two tone, Indian orange Chevrolet.

LETTERS

Linc Coleman and Mary Wilson alias "Be reasonable, Mary" are still going with each other. Every night they talk over the phone for hours with Linc interjecting every so often with a "be reasonable, Mary."

Saddest story of the year . . . Harvey White crying his heart out at the Grange because his two best friends, the Ross brothers, were having a little set to with use of the fists.

Dick Devine presented Gerry Forrestal with a wrist-watch for Christmas and, likewise, Jack Roelkh to Rosalie Kincaid. That certainly is a super gentle hint for a couple of girls to be on time for a change. Dick and Jack must be a little tired of entertaining the family.

Several Kappas came upon Jane Ellis diligently knitting in the sorority room. Upon asking her what she was doing, she innocently replied, "I'm picking up a neck."

First remark upon hearing that Roy Whisnand was in the navy. "Bet he'll make a good sailor!" Get it?

Poor Bill Cassily can't follow the popular fashion and join the navy. They claim that he is so colored blind that he couldn't even scrub the deck. The markings would be in danger and the dirt left.

At the big Sigma Nu Christmas dance Hardy Glenn, the jolly Santa with his fat literally rolling off of him, pulled a big box of Ry Crisp out of his bag for Barbara Zumwinkle. If you look closely maybe you'll notice the change or maybe that is a result of all those late nights.

Ceylon Lewis and Dean Maize have the perfect understanding. Dean went to Chicago over the holidays to visit a friend of her and Ceylon went to see his Stephens girl. Now they're happily back together again with no questions asked. No telling about those strong, silent, Western men.

The football players are all going around shivering in the cold because the letter sweaters are being held back until all the goods that was taken from the Indianapolis Hotel is returned. When questioned as to how much all this goods was, it was found to consist of about one small bathmat. Of course, as they say, it's the principal of the thing that counts, or something like that. Honesty was so impressed upon one player that he took back a bath towel that he'd taken from the Duke Hotel in Des Moines, Iowa, but still no sweaters.

During the Phi Mu dance the juke box broke. Every time someone would play a sentimental song such as, "This Love of Mine," the Nickelodeon would shake the rafters down with "The Chattanooga Choo Choo."

In Philosophy class during a discussion upon the reasoning in logic, Dr. Cory came out with the surprising statement, "The trouble with you, Miss Bryan, is that your middle is not well distributed." A very observing man. Quite a logical statement, but hardly varified by fact.

There's a very romantic snapshot in the Hatchet to be to symbolize the end of a perfect day. The photographers worked for nights trying to get just the right shot. They hung from their heels from roofs, hid behind shutters, and they even might have visited your house, but all to no avail, much to everyone's surprise. Finally, the perfect picture was taken on a double date from the back seat. Isn't that a dirty trick to play on your best friend? It's strongly suspected that the boy's initials are B. S., and that he is a Beta.

Some of the Gamma Phis gave a bridge party over the holidays. You know how dull honeymoon bridge is. Well, two poor people played it from 8 to 12 waiting for a third and fourth. Finally, about twelve-thirty the culprits, Kay Reardon and Harry Davis walked gayly in—no explanations given. Maybe they were still working on the New Year's Eve savings plan.

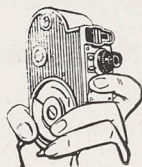
Drury King and his off-campus date pulled the same trick. You'd think they could have at least invented a flat tire story, or is that too touchy a subject to even be kidded about.

Local practice blackout was held at the Pi Phi dance concocted by a scheming stag. These blackouts may be good protection against air raids, but that's all.

Last night, Sandy Snyderman, TKE, received a phone call from one of his numerous girls to come quickly to the Quad Shop to help her out of a jam. Naturally, big hearted Sandy went. He hadn't gone more than half the distance when ten husky boys caught him, tied his hands to his feet, removed the essential part of his suit, and slipped a black satin evening dress on him. The next thing Mr. Snyderman knew he was standing in front of the Fox Theater with everyone laughing at him. A dubious taxi driver drove him back to the fraternity house, only to have him again snatched away and taken to Clayton road. There's going to be a pledge massacre at number two fraternity row.

Well, till the draft gets you! If you don't like our gossip, get busy and make gossip for next month.

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WE PRESENT

High up on our list of men who have done things and gone places stands Clarence Turley. In case you don't know him, Clarence, whose nickname is "Turkey," is that sandy haired, genial lad who plays right end on the football team, and third base on the baseball team, and can usually be found either in Ridgley Library with Gloria Elsner, down in the Quad Shop with Gloria Elsner, or at the Theta Xi house with Gloria.

A brief history shows that Turkey came from McKinley High School, is taking a course preparatory to becoming a football coach and is a member of Theta Xi fraternity.

Clarence has really gone a lot of places and done a lot of things. Before getting the job whaling in Alaska last summer, he was required to take an eighty hour training course in apprentice blubbering at Foulke Fur Co. The best six or eight students of this course were sent to the Pribiloff Islands in Alaska where they averaged about three hours of work a day, sometimes working a half hour, some days five hours.

The gang usually finished their work in the morning, keeping their afternoons free. While they were there this summer, the Aleut Indian girls gave two dances for them. Turk says the girls there dance regular American style fairly well, but much prefer a Shottish which was far too fast and strenuous for the men accustomed to nothing harder than a little plain and fancy jitterbugging.

Each year the Americans in the blubbering group play the Indians a few games of baseball and as yet have not won one game. This year the boys came closer than ever before, just losing both games in the ninth innings. To save their faces, they talked the Indians into a game of basketball and won by one point. The natives prove poor losers. At night they stretched ropes across the roads and talked the little boys into throwing rocks at the visitors.

Sometimes Turk and the boys would go to watch the Indians kill seals. They surround a group of about thirty of them and then move in and beat them on the head with large clubs. This year they killed 95,000 seals and didn't even dent the herd. The skins are used for coats, etc. The meat is a major form of food there. When asked how it tastes, Turley said he'd stick to steak.

Turkey returned with a lot of pictures of seals, Indians, boats and Indian girls. He said that some day he would like to go back and do it all again.

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DO YOU KNOW?

DR. JACOB ORNSTEIN

Wisconsin's loss and Washington U.'s undoubted gain is Dr. Jacob Ornstein who is new in the Spanish department this year. Short, blond and young, Dr. Ornstein is doing an excellent job of "selling" Spanish to his students. By helping to start and maintain an active Spanish club and by bringing South American speakers and entertainment to our campus, he has done much to convince his students of the advantage and need for a closer relationship with our "good neighbors."

When Dr. Ornstein first came to us his every sentence started with "At Wisconsin we did so and so . . ." Now accustomed to our "foolish" weather, the administrative proceedings and the southern accents, Dr. Ornstein roots with us and for us and proudly and aptly represents Washington U. in frequent radio forums.

Enthusiasm is the keynote to his personality. Complimented by frankness and a certain naturalness, this enthusiasms gives us a truly unique and interesting character. A boundless energy prevades his every action, from selling tickets to Spanish club functions to giving instructions in Spanish pronunciation.

A distinguished scholar, Dr. Ornstein knows eight languages and has recently passed the civil service exams in six of them. Unlike most professors, he is willing to admit that cramming has its value and pulls many students over the border line.

He is widely traveled in and well acquainted with Latin America and ever willing to share these experiences by giving fascinating accounts of his visits "south of our border."

His quick wit, ready laugh and genuine interest in people will make you want to know him.

We would like to introduce Harriet Campbell, Pi Phi pledge, who has danced in the Municipal Opera dancing chorus and is to take part in this year's Quad Show.

Harriet started to take dancing lessons because her mother thought it would teach her grace and poise, and she took lessons for about fourteen years, first with Clark's Dancing School, and later, with Lalla Baumann. In addition to dancing with the Municipal Opera chorus last summer, she has danced in numerous recitals and benefits, including "Fun to Be Free." She specializes in toe and ballet.

Harriet says she would like to keep up her dancing career, but she is not sure whether she will want to do anything with it or not in view of uncertain conditions today.

Harriet has traveled extensively with her family, having been in every state in the United States, and Canada, Cuba, and Mexico. She likes fried chicken and she says her greatest desire is to have a whole roomful of furry toy dogs.

After attending Soldan High School, she attended and graduated from University City High. She is taking a Pre-B.S. course in education.

Harriet is rather slight, with large blue eyes and curly blond hair. In spite of her small size, she surprises everyone with a low laughing and singing voice.

Q.: "How many in that berth?"

A.: "Only one. Here's our ticket."

—Hoolihan's Weekly.



MUSIC



By MARY JANE WALDEMER

Two concert pianists are to appear in St. Louis in the next two weeks; one, though only 37 years old, is a world famous veteran of the concert stage, and the other, is a member of the younger generation of American pianists. The former is the Russian born Vladimir Horowitz, who will play Brahm's 2nd Concerto on January 23 and 24. The latter is a pupil of his, Dalies Frantz, who will play at Principia, January 16.

In 1928, at the age of 23, Horowitz made his American debut with the New York Philharmonic playing the Tschaiakowsky Concerto. His steely brilliant performance created a sensation. In 1932, Toscanini chose him to play the Beethoven Emperor Concerto with the New York Philharmonic. Horowitz visited Toscanini at his villa on Lake Maggoire the following summer, and in 1933, he joined music's "royal family" by marrying Toscanini's daughter, Wanda. By 1935 he was a tremendous success having 350 sold-out United States concerts and earning \$300,000 a year.

Then, for five years, Horowitz absented himself from the concert stage and convalesced in Switzerland after an appendectomy complicated by phlebitis. Many rumors circulated in Paris and America to the effect that he would never play again. Horowitz did return, however, and brought cheers from the Carnegie Hall audience after playing the great Schumann's C Major Fantasy. Critics praised him as a sensation and saw new depth in his interpretations. Audiences had not forgotten his electrifying performances of the Tschaiakowsky Concerto. In 1940 only three artists (all world-famous veterans) could top his earning power—Paderewski, Hofmann, and Rachmaninoff.

Horowitz practices only three or four hours a day now, but he **plays** a lot. In spare time he likes to climb mountains and see movies. On rare occasions he enjoys visiting night clubs and hot spots. He never drinks or smokes cigarettes. His prize possession is a photograph of Liszt, which he had in his pocket at his American debut.

Dalies Frantz is giving a recital at Principia on Friday night. Born in Denver, he has studied with Guy Maier in the United States and in Europe with Arthur Schnabel and Vladimir Horowitz.

If anyone is among the missing from classes these days just look into **As You Like It**. He'll be leaning back, feet propped up, carving initials on the Autograph Wall to Woody's "Blues in the Night" or that old B. G. "One O'Clock Jump." After all we must catch up on sleep.

The Day after New Year's, Mary Jane wasn't cooking with gas. Some bright boy asked for Miller's "Moonlight Cocktail" and she said, "If you want Miller and Moonlight it's Sere-nade or Sonata." That afternoon about a hundred Moonlight Cocktails came in.

She could have qualified as a court

reporter that morning when three different fellows Limped in after a wet celebration that ended in the station, and others said "Happy New Year" on the way to the Policemen's Ball with tickets for left turns and seventy M. P. H.

Love is desperate,
Love is mad,
Love is futile,
Love is sad.
Love's a sorrow,
Love's a curse;;
But not to be in love
Is worse.

—Green Gander

JOKES

Pi Phi: I had to change my seat several times at the movies.

Theta: Gracious, did a man get fresh?

Pi Phi: Well, finally.

—Owl.

Diner: "Do you serve crabs, here?"

Waiter: "We serve anyone, sit down!"

—Varieties.

Sig Nu: "How are you this evening, honey?"

Alpha Chi: "All right, but lonely."

Sig Nu: "Good and lonely."

Alpha Chi: "No. just lonely."

Sig Nu: "I'll be right over."

—Varieties.

D. G.: "I think dancing makes a girl's feet too big, don't you?"

Teke: "Yeah."

D. G.: "I think swimming gives a girl awfully large shoulders, don't you?"

Teke: "Yeah." . . . (Long pause) . . . "You must ride a lot, too."

—Bison.

First Girl: "I don't like your boy friend."

Second: "Why?"

First: "He whistles the dirtiest songs."

Visitor: Is your mother engaged?

Little Boy: I think she's married.

—Yellow Jacket.

A new cook explained her family affairs to her mistress as follows: "Yassum, I got five chillun. I had two by my fus husban', an' one by dis same husban' I got now—and den, I had two by myself."

—Yellow Jacket.

S. A. E.: There are fifty liquor stores in this section of the city, and I'm proud to say I've never been in one of them.

Gamma Phi: Which one is that?

—Yellow Jacket.

I have a horrid little mind

That mustn't ever show

And so I wear my face before it
Everywhere I go.

I'm glad my mind is in my head
And hidden in my hair

Because I'm sure that everyone

Who finds my face quite fair,

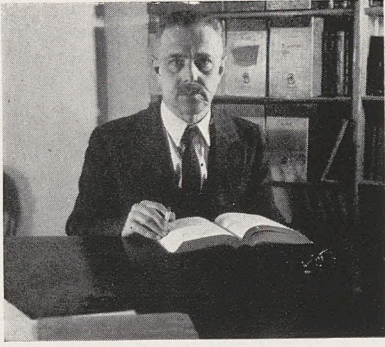
Would think me very hideous

If they should ever find

My nasty, vicious, creepy-crawling,

Horrid little mind.

—Soilen.



Dr. Roland G. Usher

Suppose you're a freshman taking History 101 with Dr. Usher. We have three little hints for you that will make it impossible for you to get anything less than an A. First, learn to write with both hands at the same time so you can fill twice as many redbooks in the same amount of time. Second, it is also advisable to sit near the door and be the last one to leave the room. The conversation outside the door is most helpful. Third, tell the good doctor you're a Catholic and positively refuse to talk about the Pope like that.

★ ★ ★

PROF. McCLURE

Pop's finals are usually appropriate for bulling. Never ramble too far afield, though, and always back up your statements as far as possible. He may give you a problem requiring a lot of judgment and this is the one to think hardest about. Figure out some clever, complete solution and present it logically step by step. Above all, keep things orderly and well-organized, because Pop likes them that way.

Usually these finals do not require much studying ahead of time, but good close thinking in the exam and logical presentation.

★ ★ ★

DR. DUFFY

If you're taking freshman Greek or Latin, you are probably gnawing your fingernails by now at the thought of the final. However, if you have Dr. Duffy, there is still a chance of reviving that strong D—. All students should arrive ten minutes early for class and be prepared to start flapping pages frantically the minute the door opens. Discard lipstick or razor as the case may be, and cultivate a glazed look. (It can be caused from studying, you know.) And if you really don't understand, ask for a conference. Dr. Duffy never flunks anyone who is really trying.



Dr. Charles Cory

Beware, all you students of philosophy and related subjects! Beware, all you Coryites! In about a week there will be an exam that you will have to take and more particularly, an exam that you will have to pass.

However, to make your burden lighter, here is some advice from a person who knows. In the first place, you'd better take a couple of evenings off to formulate your own philosophy of life. That may be a question on the exam, and then, even if it isn't, it would be good to fill up space. Then gargle well and try to get a philosophic look on your face for that famous Cory oral examination. If you don't naturally have a glib tongue, at least try to make yourself look interesting. But then again if you're really smart you can pull the trick that some person we knew did. He walked into the office, and before Dr. Cory had a chance to open his mouth the student was probing him with questions about the course. By the time the hour was up, Dr. Cory realized that he had been doing all the talking. In this way the student achieved a two-fold purpose. In the first place, he passed the oral with flying colors, and secondly, he had a thorough enough knowledge of the course to take the exam that afternoon. His grade for the year was an A.

★ ★ ★

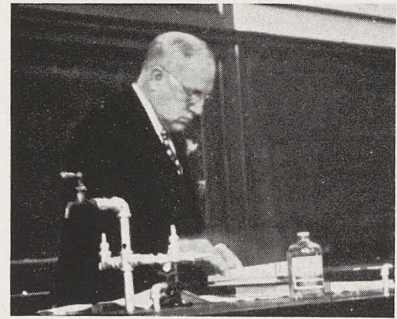
DR. TAYLOR

Or perhaps you're a pre-med student in zoology. When you meet the inevitable stumper, yell loudly and beautifully, "Is there a doctor in the house?" (Announce first that Dr. Taylor is excluded at this special time.) Then quickly faint. If the doc who arrives can't help you in **two** distinct ways, either the question's unfair, or he's no doctor!

They'll D

We on the **Eliot staff** have been at quite other upperclassmen find, this a teacher is almost as obtuse as is hard w into and-ing.

This page is not quite whout to be very clever and to le facts about the od ju proper use made it downe fac (cenus.)



Dr. LeRoy McMasters

And for the Chemical Engineer we present this little preview of something probably still in store for you. Time — two class days before finals. Place: Busch Hall (better known as "Ye House of Odors"). Dr. McMasters enters carrying books, test tubes, bottle of acids, etc. "Students, since finals are only a few days off, I had better tell you we will cover the first thirty chapters on the final. I will finish chapter twenty in class today, so you had better study the last ten for next time." We warned you!

★ ★ ★

DR. BODENHAFFER

Bull, bull, bull. Dr. Bodenhafer's finals are an excellent opportunity to show what you know (or should know) in the most possible words. Don't expect altogether what you get on the monthly tests — lots of specific one-word answers. You may get a few on the final, but you can make up the deficiency on these by good, long wind, details, and ingenuity on the discussion questions.

But don't let your subject run away with you—keep to the point as far as possible. And it is a good idea to know your notes well—many of the questions are taken from outlines and statements in the notes.

For b wo weot's



Dixie

"Alas, new h well." Our qu tions bards if y want to cKenzie course or test h about twitons fr plays of You sp the quotethe situ tion wasThe gre est Shak Dr. Mc Kenzie's name Ed Kear and c will be wt apped ance wofacKenz always and h handkers sleeve Keep yo

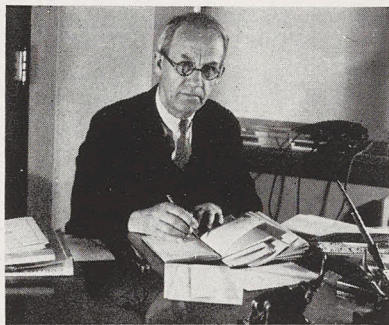
A neou mig remembers fro **The Temed** by bear."

To You!

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this a psychological study of the
obtaining high grades
and intelligence,
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Dr. W. H. Roever

MATH PROFESSORS

Math exams are exceedingly simple. If you remember all the formulæ, make no mistakes, and get only correct answers you are well on the way.

★ ★ ★

DON FISCHER

If you have Don Fischer, the new Engine School prof, whose lecture runs somewhat like this, "Good morning, boys! For next day we will have numbers 1, 3, 5, 7 (etc. for ten minutes), 51, 52, 53, 54, (etc. for fifteen minutes), 103, 103, 105, 109. The lecture? Oh Yes! Any questions? No? Good day, gentlemen." Fear not, boys. Don promises his first set of finals will be easy. No quotes please.

★ ★ ★

ENGLISH PROFESSORS

Do you quiver when you think of English finals? Do you dream that your English prof has a Charlie Chaplin moustache and combs his straight black hair down over his forehead? Worry no longer. Take Carter's little liver pills and your final will read just like Chaucer. They can't read his stuff either.



Dr. Frank L. Wright

There is something kind of satisfying about taking an examination in Education. When you see a test which you don't like, you have the consolation of thinking that someday you will be in the teacher's chair with a smile on your face, watching your own students squirm. Be that as it may, the fact remains that to get there you have to pass your own exams.

If you're one of those people who takes a course under Dr. Wright, we would like to give you a few pointers. In the first place, above all, don't read the text. It seems that the book isn't the important thing in this course. What really matters is what color the latest edition of Educational Digest is. This is one of those questions which he will undoubtedly ask. Before you go in for the slaughter, study up on your magazines. If you're color blind you might as well give up right now. You haven't got a chance.

★ ★ ★

DR. LIPPINCOTT

If you're taking Economics, we sincerely feel for you. Probably at this point you are still wondering when you are going to begin catching on to what it is all about. Econ is usually a foggy subject for all except those few who have an innate feeling for it. But cheer up, because even though you may walk into the final quite confident that you don't understand the first principles of money, credit, etc., you may know more than you think you do.

Study the outstanding highspots of the book and lectures, and actually concentrate on the reasoning processes. If you completely understand a few of the important techniques, you will have a little more confidence. When you see the questions of the final, you will be lost at first, but don't give up hope. Just be as logical as possible, use all the common sense you can summon, and try to see all sides of the problem. You will think you have failed, but you will probably have done much better. Good luck.



Dr. Walter F. McCourt

Getting around the geology final is one thing we never quite figured out. All we can say is to study your notes, write as much as possible without making your answers seem thin, keep your answers logical and orderly. Be neat—don't bring ponies, they won't help much—and pray. If you think you made an A, you might as well expect a C, and if you think you have flunked, don't worry about it—you may have made a high A. After you have turned your paper in, don't think back over it—trust to Providence.

★ ★ ★

DR. BUNCH

The only thing to say about Psych true-false finals is to know as much as you can, and know it exactly. Read your notes and book carefully as far as possible, because these exams are based on precise statements that you can recall if you have studied closely. Be calm when you take the exam, and by all means if you are sure that you don't know an answer—don't guess. A question omitted is worth one point more than a question missed.

★ ★ ★

DR. ORNSTEIN

An A from Dr. Ornstein will take consistent plugging. A last-minute spurt will do little. Boys should make the supreme sacrifice and wear coats and ties — you can stand it for three hours a week. Ask the first question that comes to your mind and take copious notes on the answer, down to the last semicolon. Always greet his philosophizing on the opposite sex with a knowing look, and in extreme cases, a wink if necessary.

★ ★ ★

PROF. TY WILLIAMS

Freshman lawyers are reported on the anxious seat in regard to the coming Contracts exam. We don't blame them. Ty, as they affectionately call him, has a reputation of laying out the course cold and expects his students to do the same on their exam papers. However, Ty has a kind heart and is inclined to give the uninitiated freshman a break, for after all, coming into law school is not at all the bed of roses that the Engineering School undoubtedly is, and Ty takes this into consideration.

GOOD GIRL

SHE LEARNED ABOUT MEN FROM WALLY

By ANN CARTER SEE

No, Pearl, I wouldn't trust that slick looking guy up at the next counter. I don't trust none of 'em. Huh? . . . Oh, sure, he looks like an all right fellow. Maybe he is. Maybe he's good as all get out and up to his neck in honorable intentions. Sure, he probably is. But, just the same, he's not for you.

Oh, now, don't take it that way. I didn't say he was better than you. Go out and raise Hell with him if you want. Just don't trust him. That's all I say . . . Dutch? Well, yes, I trust him. But nobody else. Course I used to. But that was before I met Wally. He wised me up about a lot of things. Men mostly, I guess. I don't know—sometimes I'm kind of sorry I told Wally off. He was O. K. But then it was his fault. He kicked himself in the teeth. If he'd kept his mouth shut I wouldn't be here now trying to sell these slazy stepins. Gee, sometimes now even I wonder if I done the right thing . . . I get to tinkering what it would be like to be living like a swell. . . . Oh, he promised me a lot of things and he meant it too. I know that. And then, well there was something about him that just got me. He was, I don't know, somehow the kind of a man that you can't keep away from. It's been almost a year and still I wake up in the night shaking all over thinking about him. If for only one night I'd let him have me, I think I'd feel better. Thinking about what it would mean to marry Dutch just makes me get clammy all over. It's a funny thing, because I love Dutch and Wally never meant that much to me. He was—well, it's like Ma and Harry, he's the bartend down at Krumps. Ma just goes crazy when she sees Harry. She's been running out with him for years. But lately I've come to figure that there's something between her and Pa a lot more important. Maybe it's just the way I'm looking at things now. She almost shot him a couple of years ago when he wasn't working. But now when he's out of the house most of the time—he's got a W. P. A. job you know—there's something about them that—I don't know exactly what it is, but it's good. Yeh, it's sort of queer, Wally making me see all that . . .

Oh, didn't I ever tell you about Wally? I thought sure I had. It was pretty wonderful in a way. I met him a couple of years ago when I was working down on that dancehall job. What a racket! Don't ever let them get you into that sort of thing, Pearl. This damned basement's a lot better. A couple of months more and I'd of been cheaper than the junk we're trying to pan off. I only worked there a little while though. And I was green. What with all the goings on around our flat, I don't know why. But I kind of figured that it was up to you to choose. I was right in a way. But what a hell of a time I had! Most of the dames down at the dancehall were burnt out already. And I was young. And, well I've always been kind of pretty. Dutch says it gives him a kick to see all the fellows turning around and whistling when he walks me somewhere. They didn't whistle at the dancehall but they didn't waste no time either. It was a good fight from the start. And of course I had to play along for a while. But I always managed to get out in time. Then one night I got caught. There was two big fellows that I'd been kidding around with. They were dirty messes,

but they always come up to me first, so I had to lead them on. Then I'd duck out a side door at closing time and get home all right. But one Tuesday it was they saw me as I was getting onto the car. And I knew the next night they'd be waiting for me. I was scared, and right about it too. They cussed me out something fierce that night and told me I couldn't get away with it any more. I tried to phone Dutch to see if he couldn't take his cab around and be waiting for me. But I couldn't get ahold of him. And anyway he was down at the station beat and would probably have been canned if he'd come to that part of town. So I was plenty scared. I didn't know what to do.

Then it was that Wally come up and danced with me. I knew what kind he was the minute I laid eyes on him. You know, the kind that calls it slumming. Most of the girls didn't like them. But I didn't mind. Made me feel like dirt usually but at least they was clean. And Wally, I liked him real well from the start. The band was playing a hot number. But he pulled me close up to him and danced it real slow and dreamy-like. I don't often like that kind. A hot number may get you tired, but it cools you off in a way. They can't keep snuggling so tight. But Wally, he did it in a different way. It made me shiver all over and feel good. We didn't say a word for a while. We just danced like we was dreaming. I began to feel soft, helpless-like you know, and real happy. I forgot about the big guys.

After we'd danced a couple of numbers Wally held me away from him and looked at me. I bet he could see that I was quivering. Then he smiled real sweet-like and told me his name and asked me what mine was.

"Rose," he says, repeating it after me. "That's a pretty name, Rose. Would you like a drink with me?"

I said sure, and we walked over to one of the tables. Then when he asked me what I wanted I told him I didn't drink nothing but champagne, like we was supposed to do with swells. He didn't argue a bit, just told the waiter to bring us two glasses of champagne. But when we got them he switched the glasses and then yelled at the waiter for bringing him gingerale. There wasn't nothing to do but for the waiter to bring him another glass of the real stuff. It was funny. He laughed real hard and I couldn't help laughing too, though I didn't want to really drink the stuff. But he made me.

"Look," he says, "we've got to celebrate together, Rose."

I told him I didn't drink, but he just laughed again.

"Come on, it'll make you feel good," he says, and lifts the glass up to my mouth.

I took a sip and it did taste nice. Pretty soon I'd drunk the whole glass. And then he give me another. I began to feel like—well, I'd never been tight before and it really hit me. I pushed over real close to him and he held me there tight, but somehow kind of tender, and fed me little sips out of his glass. He talked a lot in a low soft voice, but I just giggled and snuggled my head down on his shoulder. I knew Mr. Martin was lookin' daggers at me. He was the manager and a louse if I ever saw one. But I didn't care. I don't think I ever felt so good.

Then all of a sudden something knocked me out of my

chair. I looked up and vague-like I saw it was one of the big lugs. Al was his name. He was fighting mad, and lit out on Wally like a bull. I don't know what would have happened but Wally ducked quick and Mr. Martin came over and started yelling at us all about there being no fighting in his place. He called the bouncer over and had Al kicked out. Then he jerked me up and told me I'd better start dancing. There was a new fellow come in who was watching me. I could hardly stand up but I started to go over to the new fellow. Wally pulled me back though. He laid something down on the table and Mr. Martin picked it up. I don't know what it was but it must have been pretty much. Mr. Martin bowed and smiled.

"Maybe you'd like the rest of the evening off, Rose," he says.

I didn't know what to say, but Wally put his arm around me.

"She sure would," he says.

Some how I managed to get back to the dressing room and get my things. Then Wally was helping me outside, whispering something about everything being all right. I knew what he was going to do, I thought, but I didn't care. I think I cried a little when we got in his car, but I didn't feel sad at all. And I was real surprised when he asked me where I lived and took me straight there. He carried me up to the door and left me there. And I just crept in and went to bed, clothes and all.

I felt awful the next day. Dutch came by about three to take me out. He was driving the taxi nights and we used to spend our afternoons together. But that day I told him I didn't feel good. He didn't say anything then, but he told me later that he knew I'd been drinking if nothing worse. Anyway I just stayed around the place. Ma kidded me a lot. She kept asking me who the fellow had been that had taken me home. She seen him. She wouldn't believe me when I told her it wasn't what she thought. Looked like she was kind of pleased to be able to yell about a daughter of hers being no good. So I just told her it made my headache worse to hear her and that what I'd done was my own business, and she went off chuckling down to Krumps.

Well, that night Wally come back again. He come back every night after that. Most the time he'd just set around and watch me, but always he'd take me home. Gee, it was swell having him there. And I guess it weren't more'n about a week before he kissed me the first time. Jeeze, I'll never forget that! 'Course Dutch had kissed me, and some of the other kids. I never did see what was wrong with a little petting, least ways not until after Wally had ——. Well, anyway, Wally's kissing was something different. He put everything into it, more'n most people have. I'd felt weak-like with him from the start, and once he kissed me—I didn't care which way I was going long as he was there.

Funny thing, long about that time it was that Dutch asked me to marry him. See, I was seeing him all the time, too. He didn't know nothing about Wally, don't now far as I know. Sometimes I kind of think he knows, but I guess that's just what's happened inside of me. Anyway, Dutch he fell off the deep end for me then. I was sort of smiling and singing-like all the time and he figured it was for him, righter'n I figured. So he proposed real touching, took my hand and said it so sweet-like, 'bout him and me being made for each other, never saw Dutch so romantic. Made me feel so, well you know how a girl feels about getting married. But then he kissed me and I wished it was Wally kissing me. If

he'd of asked me right out I'd of said, "No." But lucky thing he didn't. He told me about having to give most of what he made to the old lady, so he couldn't say anything definite for a while. So I just smiled and it was all right. Wish I could smile thinking of the old lady now.

Yeh, it was a swell setup for a while. I didn't worry about nothing. There was Dutch just awaiting for me and loving me quiet-like. And Wally—the dancehall didn't seem so bad with him around. And afterwards; it was sort of like Dutch says, something that's bound to be, looked like I just fitted in his arms. And he made me feel so good. He thought I was beautiful. And he said I was the nicest girl he'd ever known. Maybe he didn't mean it, but I think he did. And I sure did then. He told me he was going to give me everything I wanted. And he did give me lots of things, not fancy jewelry; he wasn't that kind, but things I could use. And then he'd bring me flowers, maybe just one.

"Here's a perfect rose," he'd say, "for a Rose that I love more." Something like that. Nobody else ever give me flowers. I've still got most of them, all pressed in a book, like he taught me. He give me the book too; it was poems, real fancy about love. Jeeze! It was pretty wonderful. I guess all the time I knew what it was leading up to, but I didn't mind, just wondered why he took so long. I wasn't thinking much then, till one night.

It was Christmas Eve that Wally first told me how much he wanted me. We was setting in the car up on a hill out in the county looking down at the pretty lights in front of some houses. He'd been kissing me but after a while we just sat there snug and real happy and feeling more like Christmas than I ever felt. Most the time Wally didn't waste no time just setting with me, not that I wanted to. But that night was different. I'd felt it all along. Then all of a sudden Wally turns to me and looks at me long and serious.

"Rose", he says, "I want you real bad." His face sort of puckers up like a kid's and he puts his head on my shoulder. "I never felt like this, Rose," he says, "not about anybody. I'm crazy about you honey. Sometimes I don't think I can stand it another minute." Then he straightens up. "No," he says, "Not like this. Not here, Rose. I can get you an apartment somewhere." Then he says—

Gee, I forget what all it was. I never did pay so much attention to what Wally said. And with that feeling come over me like it had, I couldn't think or say anything. I just wanted to be in his arms again. But something kept me from it. I don't know what it was. So I just sat there staring at him. And Wally, he stared back at me. I didn't know what he was going to do. It kind of startled me when he started the car up real quick and drove like Hell towards town. I wanted to say something and couldn't. And I was awful worked up. After we'd drove a while though I began to feel things getting loose. Without realizing it I began to cry. Then Wally started talking again. He'd been looking real angry-like and not saying a word. But then he began saying all kind of sweet things again.

"I'm a heel, Rose," he says. "You're so sweet and good and wonderful. But I'm just too nutty about you to know what I'm doing. "I'm sorry, honey. I wouldn't ever do anything to hurt you. You know that. It's just that I want you so much. Oh, Rose, don't you want me just a little? It kills me to see you cry, Rose. But I can't stand not having you. Don't you see," he says,

"it's written in the stars. It's like a play. You and I were made for each other."

Funny, him saying the same thing as Dutch. It sort of struck me, not then but later when I was lying in bed thinking about him and wanting him. I was lying there crying like Hell again when all of a sudden I remembered 'bout Dutch using almost them same words, and I shot up straight out of bed. It was morning, daylight outside, I got to bed so late, and my mind was real clear. Somehow I'd never thought about him and Dutch at the same time before. I guess that was all that happened then. But after that things wasn't the same.

Dutch, he didn't notice much, just thought I wasn't feeling so good. I'd go to dreaming when I was with him, and he'd say,

"You'd better get some rest, Rose. Do you want me to go?" Then when I'd say no he'd say, "You lie down then, and I'll just set here for a while."

And Wally didn't notice either, didn't let on much anyhow. Men don't catch on easy at all. Sometimes I'd draw back a little when Wally was kissing me or when I figured he'd gone too far, but it didn't bother him much. I think he'd kind of expected it all along. And after coming out with it once looked like he couldn't help telling me every night how much he wanted me. But he never asked me direct again. Sometimes I would of said yes. But he never really give me the chance.

I guess I was about a month figuring things out. It's sort of hard to tell, Pearl, just what happened. You can feel those things and think them so clear it seems, but you can't put them in words. Anyway there I was first with Wally, then with Dutch. Seemed like two different lives. And home—Jeeze, Pearl, that was the important thing! I'd never realized it till then. Home's always been—Hell, you know, you met Pa when he come by for me the other night. Ever since I remember he's looked like a beat dog. When he wasn't working he set around the house all day the most miserable looking thing I've ever seen. And now he's got the W. P. A. job it's just as bad; just don't see him so much. And Ma, I'd sort of got used to her running around and coming in sick and screaming like a—well, like I wish my Ma wouldn't do. There weren't nobody much better around, and I'd never thought much about it. I'd always wanted to get away but so does everybody else. When Dutch started talking about marrying me, it come to my mind I wouldn't have to be home no more. And the same thing when Wally told me about the apartment, and how swell it would be. But it didn't really hit me till then. After that Christmas Eve I begun to think all my life was hell. The dancehall too, that the worst of all. I had to get out of it, and quick, and real out of it. I made up my mind, and one night, about the end of January I decided I'd talk to Wally.

All that night I looked for Wally to come in. There was a lot of men wanting to dance with me, but I kept sticking my head around, watching the door. I began to get scared he wasn't coming, but finally about four he come in. Soon as that dance was finished I walked up to Wally.

"Wally," I says, "could you give Martin something? I want real bad to go out with you now."

Wally looked surprised. Then he smiled knowing-like and said sure. So I went and got my coat and things. He was waiting for me when I come out and said he'd spoke to Martin. So we hurried on into the car and started driving. I figured Wally knew what I meant, but I wanted to be sure. I felt real calm and brave-

like that night, even though I was awful excited another way.

"Wally," I says, "I've been thinking."

He says, "I know that, Rose. What have you decided?"

So I tells him all about what's been bothering me. I'd been kind of afraid to tell him about Pa and Ma before that. But he was real nice about it.

"You've had a Hell of a life, haven't you, kid?" he says. That's all.

So I went on and told him about how I'd decided to get out of it all. Talking about it made my eyes get wet, kind of like now. I remember I says, "I'm tired of living in the dirt, where everything's ugly. I want to live where everything's pretty and clean and rich. I want to get out of it, Wally." Then I remembered that wasn't being very nice to him. I wanted to tell him that I loved him, too. "Wally," I says— ?

But he stops me right there. Jeeze! I'll never know why he stopped me there. If he'd only let me say three more words—'Scuse me, Pearl, I've got my handkerchief right here—Well, anyway he did. I'll never forget it.

"That's all you need to say, Rose," he says. "I knew you was different from the start. I was just kidding myself because I wanted you so much. Of course you want to get out of the dirt, darling, and I won't keep you in it." That was the only time he ever called me darling. Gee! . . . Then he goes on. "You're good, Rose. I don't know how you've managed it but you are. You're good and sweet and innocent. You're innocent or you'd never have paid any attention to a low down so-and-so like me. And you—you deserve the real best, Rose. Don't ever trust a guy like me. That's not for you. Only trust yourself, kid."

Then he looks down, like he was going to cry too if he wasn't a man. He stops for a second. I could see him swallowing. Then he starts talking again, with a smile that like to break my heart. "Rose," he says. "I know what you've decided. You're going to marry that boy who drives the taxi." See, I'd told him about Dutch wanting to marry me. Then he asks, only real firm like it wasn't a question, "That is what you decided, isn't it Rose?"

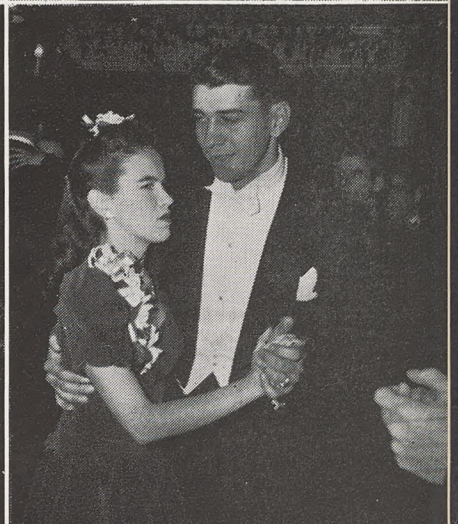
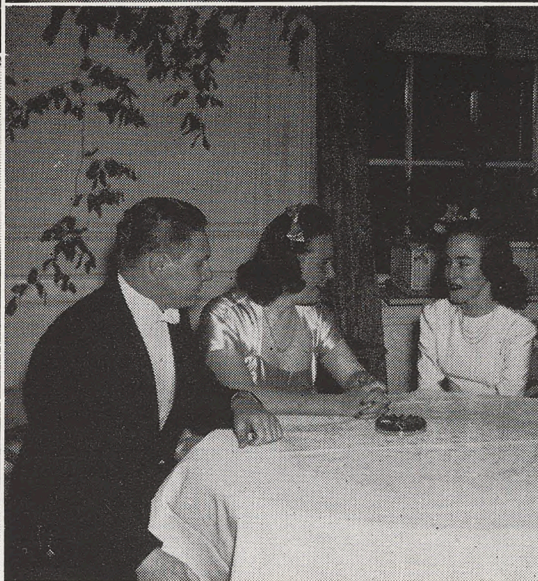
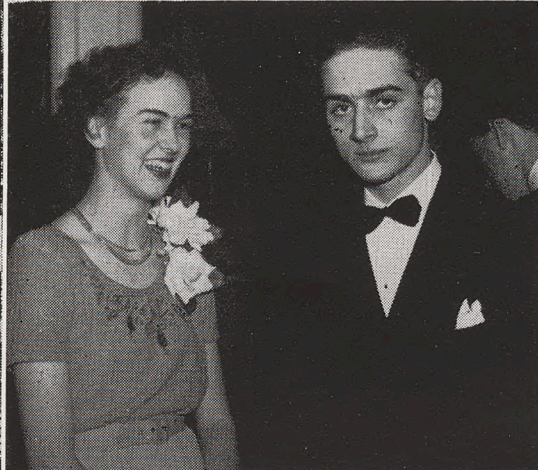
At first I didn't realize that it was my own voice that said, "Yes." You could of knocked me over; I was that surprised. But suddenly, when I did realize it, I knew he was right. That was what I had decided! Christ! . . .

Huh? Oh, nothing much happened after that, Pearl. We went on talking a little, but I don't remember what we said. Just I remember when he leaned over and said goodby and kissed me. It wasn't like he'd ever kissed me before, or like Dutch either. It was like, well, like sometimes when I was little I think Pa kissed me. Funny, Wally wasn't like that. . . . And then he took me home and I've never seen him again, never once. The last thing I saw of him was when he walked down the stairs arm where he'd left me at the door. I was standing watching him go when he turned around and looked up at me.

"Rose," he calls, "don't work in the dancehall anymore." Then he runs down and disappears. And I just stands there for a long time. . . .

Finally I realized how tired I was and went in and went to bed. I didn't try to think about it that night. I didn't expect to, but I slept real good. And when I woke up it felt like my mind had always been made up. I'd always known I really loved Dutch. Loving Wally was,

(Continued on page 19)





BETWEEN BELLES

WIRES CROSSED AND UNCROSSED



We admit it! The same old stuff—people getting pinned and unpinned—but then we defy even the STUDENT LIFE to find something different around here. It must be the holiday spirit—just another hang-over!

The holidays set a record for pinnings! as if you didn't already know! Alice Jane Love, Pi Phi, and Rex Caruthers, Beta; Patty Dunbar, Pi Phi, and Bill Rider, Phi Delt, and Helen Goerts, Pi Phi after having Wally Close's Sigma Chi pin since November 7, finally wore it out—there's certainly no question about the Pi Phi's having the Pan-hel spirit.

The Alpha Chi's didn't even bother about the "pinning stage" of college romance. Marjorie Stauss announced her engagement to Joe Ady while Nancy Sue McConnell announced hers to Jack Jones.

There might be a draft, but it's certainly no breeze. Ann Clark Lewis, Theta, had to go all the way to Arizona to see her love, Dick Antrim, over the holidays.

Talk about crazy people, we think Barbara Wright, Kappa, and John Ramsey, S A E, get the prize!! Ask them about the joke! But when the joke was over the pin went back.

And then there's the story about Betty Stupp's car freezing late one morning out in the country—

After Bill Nebe, Beta, gave Helen Baumgartner his pin—It kinda put Roy Whisnand in the mood again—and his pin went back to Jane Ann Morris.

Well! Well! Margie Jo and Forrest Stone have broken up again—this time it has the ear marks of the real thing—What does Billy Herbert, and his youthful antics have to do with this?

Bob Decker is back in the Gamma Phi chapter again—this time concentrating on Inky Hartleb.

The Gamma Phi dance, the moon, and romance. Helen Megel took Al Holsting's Sigma Nu pin. Peggy Wood and her old love Dick Jones are beck together again. Louise Hilmer is wearing a ring—but it's on the wrong hand!

Ask Harriet Lloyd and Bob Lewis to sing you the Alma Mater of Jones, Jr., High. It is absolutely pointless, but it's a joy to watch the two scream with laughter at the end.

Peggy Rider and Jack Meletio are still in Love—Chuck Forsythe out in the cold.

Joe Peterson is quite happy about the Jimmie Otto-Gene Pennington break up. It seems this is the chance he's been waiting for.

Dotty Frier decided that a year of freedom was enough and she's again wearing Bob Ech's Pi K A pin. A lot of good Dutch Lutz's six month's deferment will do him now.

What's the fascination that Herb Keller, Sigma Nu, has for Charlie Bland's glassware—and what makes him blush when you ask him about it?

We certainly hope Bill Cassilly's MacMurray love gets to St. Louis soon. Then maybe he'll be able to concentrate on getting the Hatchet out.

This isn't for national defense—but start saving your old shoes and get a monopoly on rice. You'll need both from the looks of things (engagements, of course).

June Hess, D. G., and Bill McDade.

Doris Mae Blanton, and Dick Horn, S. A. E.

Sybil Goldenson, Gamma Rho, and Irv Goldfarb.

Howard Bergen, TKE, and Velma Esselbruggee.

Francis Kislingsberry and Barry Telfair.

Betty Ann George and Dick Stoughton, TKE.

The Theta's had their share of pinnings but didn't quite come up to the Pi Phi record. Mary Maack took Roger Noyes, Sigma Chi pin, Marg Stauffer took Des Lee's Phi Delt pin. Both claim there's no institution like love!

Newt Gorman was just being polite when he introduced Glyn Herrick, to his best friend, Bud Griesedieck, but now he's sorry he was such a gentleman. Newton "Martha Garr" Gorman is now playing cupid.

Naomi Zwilling is knitting argyles of a new kind. The strange looking garment is a sweater for her puppy "Cricket".

Jane Ellis, K. K. G. had quite a problem on her hands when Alex and Ed both arrived home at the same time. Somewhat like a crossword puzzle.

Ginny Herring received two "heart" bracelets identically alike for Christmas. Each from a different "love", and she hopes that "never the twain shall meet."

Tri Delt Lois Jo Mills took Buzz Withington's pin. Absence makes the heart grow fonder. It may have to! Buzz is out on the West Coast and in the army like all the rest of the boys.

The Theta Xi's don't put much faith in pinnings—at least one of them didn't. Don Kilker just up and married the girl—Marge Blattner.

Wini Stewart—sun tanned and happy—after a trip to Florida to see an old flame!

And then we heard the story about Bill (love at first sight) Barnes and the amazing thing about it was that he took a second look and was still in love—southern drawl

Marge Gravely found something about a uniform that made her heart a flutter—It happened at West Point.

Kiss the Boys Goodby! Harvey White, for one would love it. He's rather sad about having to give up his white vest and blue jeans for the Marines.

Lois Chiles, Tri Delt, is pretty serious about Captain Joe Brooks—they are seen together everywhere.

Which line does Joe Forshaw feed which girl! If Pat and Bobby ever got together there would be fireworks—Forshaw being the Firecracker. However, we don't know who the "two-timer" is in this case. Patty Wolf and Bill Harting are being seen more and more together.

Life insurance rates have taken a sudden jump for Washington U. Students. Reason—Addis Bardwell's 19xx Maxwell is on the loose. The car isn't too bad, but with Bardwell behind the wheel, anything can happen.

A fine example of the persistence of the Sigma Chi men is the pinning of Babe Higgins of Fontbonne by Wesley Shoeltz. It was a long fight, but he won.

Love always brings changes, but Ilda Smith has gone so far as to give up smoking to prove to Darold Mountain that he's "head man".

Betty Forrester, formerly exclusively K. A., has switched allegiance to the S. A. E.'s due to some undue influence on the part of Emerson Foote.

Bob Pierce switches flames with amazing rapidity. The current one is Ginny Pease, but we wonder how long he can stick.

"Glamour Girls" can also be found off campus—ask the S. A. E.'s—especially Jack Murphy and George Lupke—they were so convinced that they pinned the girls. But Jim Von Brunn is still on the loose.

We were just wondering why Marion doesn't take a cue from the other Pi Phi sophomores and turn up with George Burton's Beta pin, making is "Gruesome twosome."

Jim Beck, Beta, seems to be muddying up the waters in that old Ziegler-Monnig arrangement. Well, may the best man win.

Betty Knodel, Pi Phi pledge is remaining true to Scott Field—the boy is Al Yaeger, and he is from Louisiana—southern drawl, and all!

The cold wave is here; At least you'd think it was to see the icy stares that Margaret Georgi and Terry Kur-rus are exchanging nowadays. It's JOLLEY? Isn't it?

Leo Miller is strictly concentrating these days on blonde Mary Jane Parks.

Gloria Elsner's Dartmouth man (Jerry Peterson) is thinking about coming to Washington next semester. Jerry says the reason is that he wants to enter Dunker and get a little business training before he has to go in the army. Do you believe that? We don't either.

Bev Reynolds, who's circulation is almost as large as Charlie Duke's, has taken a shine lately to Janie Dier-berger.

Bob Moehle, TKE, and Jean Hausman, Gamma Phi, are back together . . . AGAIN.

These people who just go around together for years in such a nice quiet peaceful way are a jinx to this column. Please make some gossip . . . and if you're in doubt to whom we are referring . . . Marguerite Wiederholdt and Courtney Hieneman, Eunice Haddaway and Rowe Griffith, Doris Naylor and Harold Gilbert . . . and we could add Betty Stevens and Cliff Vernarde, but then they're not so peaceful . . . you should hear them fight . . .

Al Lindow . . . looking mighty uncomfortable in army clothes . . . is being seen now and again hanging around the old Alma Mater. Is it homesickness or G. G. Spoor?

Pi Phi Isabel Pring won everyone's sympathy all during the holidays by having her hand swathed in bandages. Imagine everyone's surprise at a recent party when Isabel calmly unwrapped the bandages to disclose an engagement ring. The lucky man is George Edwards.

Janet Sapper decided to buy Hardy Glenn a very appropriate present for his birthday party—especially since Jack Flint had told her that Hardy was now in the Marines. We guess Hardy is just kinda dumb. He didn't even see the connection when Janet handed him a little toy submarine.

Bud Graves is singing songs—What a stanza—the title is "Anita".

A W. U. coed was xxx xxx xx in her cozy little room one evening last week. She also xxx xxx xx. **You see what we mean by this damn censorship!**

TO ED AND BETTY COED

In this Holiday Rush we pause to wish you a Very Merry Christmas—and hope that you in your Hunt for Gifts, your favorite magazine or drug supplies, —Remember

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"WE NEVER CLOSE"

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THEY APPLAUDED TONI MORETTI

By WINI BRYAN

Toni Moretti glanced at his watch as he walked down the street. Ten after nine. He took a deep breath. He still had twenty minutes. His symphony was not scheduled until the half hour. He had purposefully got off the streetcar at twentieth street so that he might have a while to walk. He wanted to think.

He looked at the long paved street which was strewn with papers scuttling along behind a strong wind. He felt the cold air brush his cheek. He wished he could hear it. An occasional car or bus was the only thing which broke the monotony of the scene, or the deep vibrations as a streetcar rolled by. He recalled the many times he had walked down this same street on his way to the symphony concerts at the auditorium. He smiled to think of himself, a young boy, a foreigner and a musician—what a combination. Well, he had changed.

He thought of Peter, dear old Peter, who was even now sitting listening to the symphony waiting for the music which was Toni's. How much he owed to Peter—how much! Practically everything. Toni had come to America when he was sixteen, a poor refugee with no family and not even a speaking knowledge of English. Those had been hard days, trying to keep body and soul together, and he often wondered what would have happened if Peter hadn't come along. Dishwashing in a greasy Greek restaurant had been his job and Peter was one of the waiters. Toni had hated the joking which had gone on behind his back, the remarks which he could not hear and the cheap advantage that the others had taken of his malady. But Peter had been different, he had felt sorry for the Italian refugee and had taken him under his wing. From the moment they had first seen each other there had been a bond of sympathy—a bond of unity as each in the other saw a friend. After that he had gone to live with Peter in his smelly room. Little by little, Toni had told the story of his life to Peter, who never coaxed him, but listened intently, as Toni recalled the old days when he had lived in Italy.

Toni's father had been a music teacher of no mean note in Venice and to his school had come the best of the musicians of the day. His life had been his music, and this life he had passed on to his sons. From his earliest memories, Toni could recall his father teaching him the fundamentals of music, the chords and harmonies—and best of all the works of the old masters.

Toni trudged along thoughtfully, lost in reverie. He could hear the chords of that music even now in his mind—Beethoven, Bach. And then when he was eight years old—then had come the tragedy—the end of it all. In the course of two short weeks, Toni had become sick and lost his hearing. He remembered so well how it had been; where there had been melody and song ringing in his ears, now there was only silence—a stony eternal quiet which knew no sound and no music. Life had been unbearable that first year. He still sat with his father when he listened to the music, and in vain he strained his ears to hear, but only silence—a silence without beginning or end.

Then, with the coming of the new Italy, his father's school had lost its place and finally come to an end.

Toni's brothers had joined the army and his father had sunk into a lifeless lethargy.

It had seemed like the end to Toni and he had come to America—the land of opportunity and plenty. Well, it had yielded nothing to him in those first years. He smiled wryly to himself. How hard it had been at first. He had been deaf and knew only the noisy stillness of the deaf. And then in those first years, the songs had returned. Yes, all the lost music of his childhood had come back. He remembered the long, hard hours he had spent with his arms elbow deep in greasy dishwater, as the old familiar chords came to him again and played in his mind. He was deaf, yes, but in his mind he could hear and hear he did—music which no one else could hear—music that had no time, no place in the world, but a music which held an eternity in the palms of its hands.

All this he had told to Peter, and somehow he had understood. Peter wasn't much on words, but Toni knew that he had understood. Then they had pooled their savings and added an old upright piano to the room. The piano had come from a dance hall down near the levee and at times bespoke its lowly origin by a reeking odor of beer. However, it had risen to the occasion and resounded loudly to the new music which Toni coaxed from its bowels.

Then he had started trying to play the melodies which sung in his mind. Briefly he had explained them to Peter—what they should sound like, and then pounded them out on the sturdy upright. Peter would lean against the piano with his eyes squinted, puffing on his pipe and listening intently. And then, at the conclusion, Toni would look up eagerly—"No, Toni, that's not it," or "yes, my boy, that's it, just as you said." Peter did not know about music, but Toni knew that he understood it.

Last year, he had written the symphony. He wondered about it now. He had been ambitious. But his pieces had been selling. He had been able to add a little to the meagre allowance that he and Peter had between them, and somehow he knew that he couldn't have helped writing the music. The melody had been ringing in his ears, when he went to bed at night, and when the first glaring rays of the sun slanted across his cot in the morning. In his mind it was complete; in his mind it was finished to the final movement, and in his mind he knew that it was great music. Then had come the long gruelling hours of trying to transfer it to paper, with Peter listening quietly—working, working, until at last he heard Peter say with a light in his eye . . . "Yes, Toni, that's it." Those had been hard days.

Toni looked at his watch as he entered the side door of the auditorium—9:25. In five minutes it would be played—his music, his symphony, his—Antonio Moretti's.

He made his way to the chair which had been saved for him on the stage just behind the curtains. He liked to sit there, because he wanted to see the faces of the people as they listened. As he took his seat in the wings, the members were returning from the intermission, and one by one taking their seats on the stepped platform. They greeted him as they passed and several put their hands on his shoulder with a friendly smile. He did not

see, though for he was looking for a face in the audience—sixth row center. Yes, there he was. Peter was smiling at him, encouragingly. How strange he looked. Small and bright in the sea of upturned faces. Toni smiled back and waved his hand slightly.

All at once a hush fell over the house; the conductor raised his baton and the orchestra broke into music. Toni closed his eyes and in his mind he heard the first strains of his symphony. First the somber opening chords by the brasses, leading into a sustained hymn-like section. Gradually the theme, a first whispered by the violins became more and more insistent—demanding to be heard. After the lyrical second movement the original theme returned in the final movement, voiced this time by the whole orchestra. Toni heard the music rising deep within him, the crescendos and weeping diminuendos. And then the melody at the last with the entire orchestra weaving variations around the first song. At the end, there was the final chord, and Toni reached out his hands as the or-

GOOD GIRL

(Continued from page 14)

I told you, like somebody else loving. And after what Wally had said—imagine him being the one to say it!—I knew I'd never trust no other man. I knew what they was like. I went over and quit my job right then. And Dutch — I started talking that afternoon about marrying him. It made me feel shy. He hadn't said a word about it in a long time. But the minute I mentioned it I knew, it was all right. Yeh, I've known ever since then, the only way is marrying the man I love.

Huh? Oh, sure, sometimes it seems awful silly. We'll probably be just like Ma and Pa, and maybe, and maybe we'll never get married. But—it's like I said, Pearl; Wally wised me up. Don't trust them slick-looking guys. Don't trust none of them.

Beta—Let's get married?

Tri Delt—All right.

(Long awkward silence.)

Tri-Delt—Why don't you say something?

Beta—I've said too much already.

—Log

Kappa (eating in night club): I feel like dancing.

Sig Chi: What is it—the music?

Kappa: No, the food.

—Varieties.

Customer (over the phone): "Is this the Department store?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you flesh colored stockings?"

"Yes, ma'am. What'd yu' want, Pink, Yellow, or Black?"

—Malteaser.

"Do they have any restrictions at your university?"

"Only one."

"What is it?"

"Don't get caught!"

"My son is specializing in languages."

"Is that right?"

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

—Awgwan Flash.

chestra all joined the last sound—all eternity, all time and all feeling—sound, melody and then silence.

Toni did not open his eyes for a minute. "Oh God," he thought "I have wanted them to hear it as I have heard it." He felt the unearthly silence of the huge room as all motion was suspended. A brief second and then—then he felt the throbbing in his feet, rising through his body, reaching the ends of his fingers, the vibration of wave after wave of applause. The floor shook under him and his whole body felt the dull rhythm of the clapping.

Slowly he opened his eyes and brushed aside the blur before his face, leaning forward to seek out in that mass of hands and shining eyes, the face of one person—sixth row center. Yes, there he was; there was Peter, sitting in his seat with tears streaming down his cheeks. In the sea of movement, Toni saw only that one movement as Peter's face nodded up and down, and he watched the words as they formed on his lips . . . "Yes, Toni, just as you said it. That's it. That's it," and he knew that they had heard.

It's funny, but when a man goes out to sow wild oats he always starts with a little rye.

—Rough Rider.

TO A SORORITY GAL.

Your hair is so floozy, your clothes are so sloppy;
Your skirts are so short, your shoes are so floppy.
With a line very fishy, the suckers you bait,
You'd cut your own sister's throat for a date.

It was intermission at the dance and everybody came inside for some fresh air!

A cultured woman is one who can pull up a shoulder-strap without going through the motions of a small boy scooping his new hat out of the mud.

Flirt—A girl who got the man you tried to get.

—Purple Parrot.



METAMORPHISIS

(Continued from page 4)

therein lay a failing. He knew that he had changed in many ways and that he had not fought the change. It was up to him stop now, if he could.

He was trying hard to see the answer. If only it would fling itself up out of the lights and white, solemn buildings. How could he fathom the answer, when the question was so unsteady in his mind. It would have been easier if there had been someone to show him the answer, someone who would say—"Here, my boy, is the beam. And here you are, way over here, away from it." That would be simple. Then he could struggle right back on and everything would be straightened out. He made a half-resolution to try. It frightened him that he could only make a half-resolution. He wanted to be decisive and firm. He wanted to change with one strong command.

Then he got tired of thinking. He cut around to the back of the building and made for the quad shop. He had expected to find only night school students, but over near the recording machine, he saw two of the boys from the house. They were actives that he didn't know very well, but he knew that they were some of the top men in the fraternity. They smiled at him, and he went over. They were talking about an accident that one of them had found on his car that morning, after one of his classes. The whole thing sounded terribly important to the listening freshman. The two actives looked calm and poised. They talked like people who knew the world. And he was the poor child, eager to be a part of all this glamour. The accident to the car was evidently very trivial, but the owner was angry and swearing in a very profound manner.

He listened to the conversation for quite a while. Then he felt that somehow he had to have a part of it. He wanted to be startling and wise. He wanted to impress them with any little thing. So he burst in with—"It was probably some damn Jew!"

Then there was a quick, strong hand that reached into his heart and crushed it into long, striding pains. Oh, God, what had he said, what had he said? This was the new self, the new being. The hate of it, the hate of himself choked up in his throat. He walked swiftly towards the underground tunnels, past the grinning signs of college spirit and college life that echoed back his shame.

PAT PARRIS

Photographer

THE POET'S CORNER**PROBLEM**

The dead inhabit such a crowded city
The rents they pay must be extremely high;
I do not see how we, the working classes,
Will solve our housing problem when we die.

Of course, it's possible that we'll be given
Some Chance to arbitrate where we shall dwell,
To choose between the tenements of heaven
Or charming modern cottages in hell.

By Tom Williams

MODE

Bells are going out of style,
I've noticed.
On Sundays and faintly at the hour
I've heard their dim clash,
But no more
The lunging, sorrowful bells
Deep in the throats of steeples.

DEATH

So lately
The cool hand has been laid on the brow.

Lines are erased
And sorrows well bowed down.

Cities are misted away,
Towers and mountains released
From their long heritage,
Gone with the trappings of night.

So lately
The cool hand . . .

The slumbering body
Dreams the dream of life that was . . .
Cities are misted away
Hearth and dwelling,
All the impact of being.

So lately
Misted away.

By Genevieve Stewart

THE HOUR GLASS

Life is an hour glass of time
Wherein the years are grains of sand
They pass on to eternity
Relentlessly, relentlessly.

As hour on hour the days slide by
And winters ripen into spring,
Our lives are spent we wait the end
Expectantly, expectantly.

The hour glass when death draws nigh
Is filled with deeds of years gone by
Theirs is the secret to unfold
Our destiny, our destiny.

By Dakin Williams

The ELIOT Staff Wishes You the Best of Luck.

May all your grades be A's.

The ELIOT Staff Suggests That You Study.

From now on you had better work from dawn till dusk and from dusk till three a. m.

The ELIOT Staff Suggests That You Learn Your Subject.

If you don't know your subject, you can not pass the exam without a pony, or a smart fellow in the adjacent seat.

The ELIOT Staff Suggests That You Study Harder Next Semester.

As soon as your last exam is over, go to all your teachers and find out what you can do on next term's work. You will have about six whole days in which you can study and get ahead, goodness knows how far. It is very important that you don't go to dances. It is very important that you don't go out at night.

The ELIOT Staff is Full of Bull.



An Outboard Steeplechase at Cypress Gardens, Winter Haven, Florida

HE Doubles in Danger!

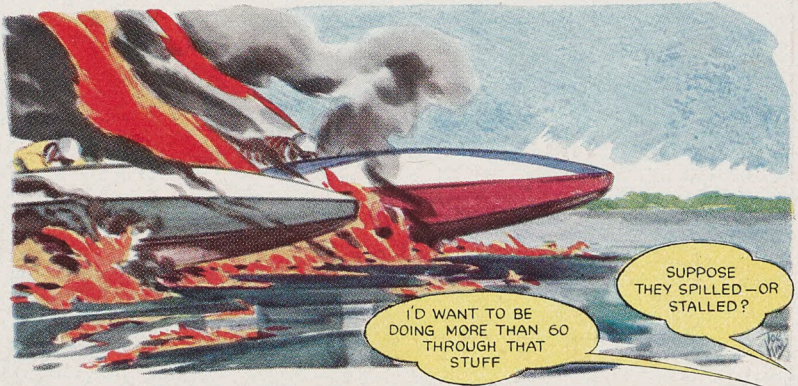
STUNT ACE MALCOLM POPE, WHO DOUBLES FOR THE STARS, CRASHED THE MOVIES AT 60 MILES AN HOUR



THAT'S MALCOLM POPE LEADING

THERE GOES ANOTHER ONE OUT. HEY, THIS IS DANGEROUS!

WAIT'LL THEY HIT THE FIRE HAZARD



SUPPOSE THEY SPILLED—OR STALLED?

I'D WANT TO BE DOING MORE THAN 60 THROUGH THAT STUFF



40 Feet through the Air From an Inclined Platform Jump



The Last Hazard!

THE ONLY FINISHER—AND THE WINNER—MALCOLM POPE!



GREAT RACE, POPE. I'VE GOT A MOVIE CONTRACT FOR YOU. LET'S CLINCH IT WITH A CAMEL

A CAMEL ALWAYS GOES WITH A HAPPY ENDING. THEY ALWAYS TASTE SO GOOD

THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR ME. A CAMEL IS JUST WHAT I WANT

MALCOLM POPE, Stunt Ace

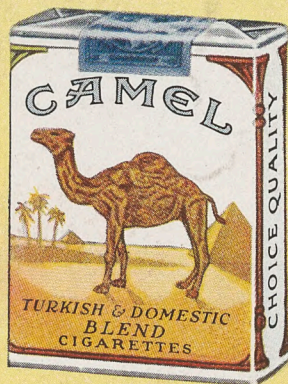
The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself! The smoke's the thing!

CAMEL

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