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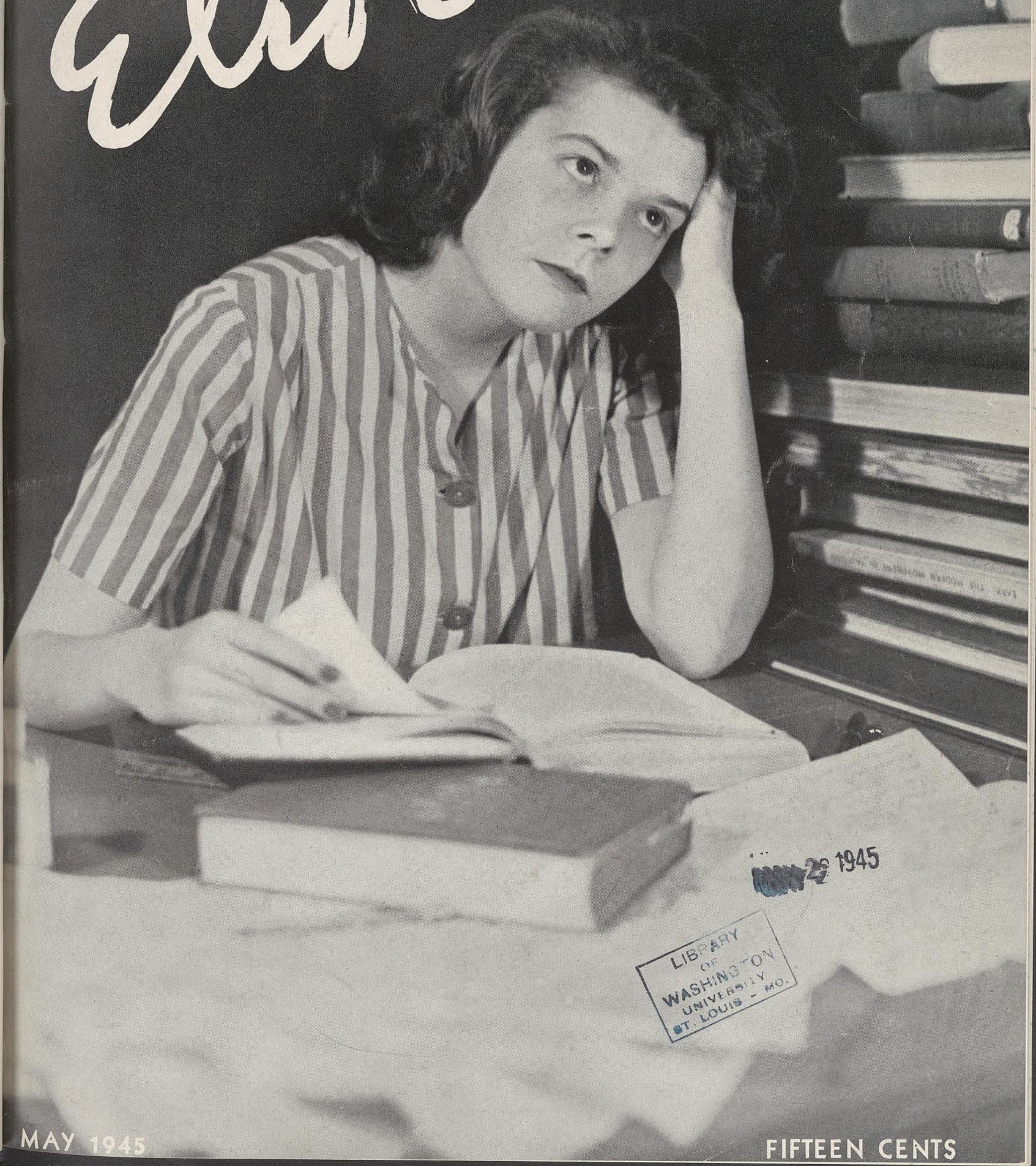
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Birds

# elist



MAY 23 1945

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FIFTEEN CENTS



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*Dress for the men in your life*

*Sold exclusively at*  
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**"CLUBHOUSE CASUAL" . . . A Carole King Original in crisp, white rayon sharkskin caters to your casual life this summer. Sizes 9 to 15, about \$13. Carole King Dresses are priced from about \$8 to \$15. For the name of the Carole King Store in your city write to CAROLE KING, Washington Avenue at 17th Street, St. Louis 3, Mo.**



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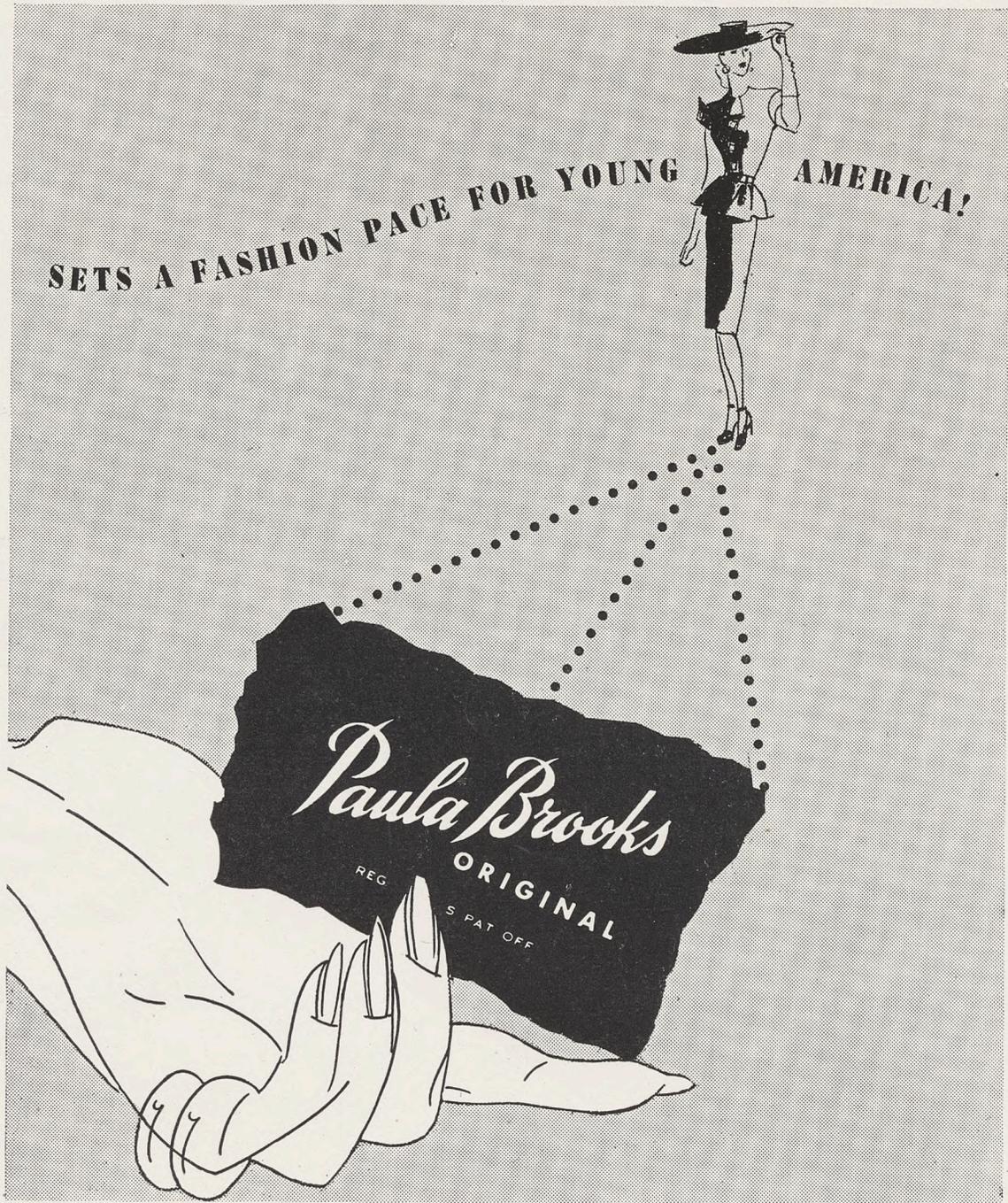
"The  
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WRITE US FOR THE NAME OF YOUR LOCAL SHOP... Doris Dodson ST. LOUIS 1, MISSOURI

Sold Exclusively at STIX, BAER & FULLER



FINE FASHIONS DESIGNED FOR YOUNG FASHIONABLES

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT STIX, BAER & FULLER

# Eliot

MAY, 1945

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The weary gal with the "Examination Blues" is Pat Keeble, a junior in Liberal Arts. An English major, she loves speech work, and has been in the Little Theatre. Any and all music is strictly all right with her, and with colors she's accommodating, also—she likes white. Pat will probably have a good chance to wear white—she plans to be married to a senior in the Med school in a year. Strange as it may seem, she met him in someone else's wedding party. Her postwar dream features the med student looking dreamily into her eyes over a couple of nice juicy steaks.

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JAMES BLAIR, *Art*  
JACK FINK, *Literary*                      WM. RICHTER, *Literary*

■ Rudy bit down hard on the side of his index finger. "Look at that," he said, "I need a good pair of nail scissors!"

"When's your birthday?" I asked lazily. We were just finishing our dinner.

"Haven't I ever told you?"

"Maybe," I suggested, "you've been afraid of being obvious."

He was serious; "I mean haven't I ever told you the story of my birthday?"

"I can guess: you were born on it."

"Never jump to conclusions, my girl. I certainly was not!"

"Only to you—," I began, then changed my mind. "Tell me about it now." Such a thing could only have happened to Rudy of course; fate always seemed to tangle his footsteps. But he grew huffy when this was pointed out to him. He tried once more to get at the hangnail on the side of his finger, missed, and gave it up.

"Well," he began, "I have six older brothers and an older sister, as you know—"

I knew.

"And after my mother died, when I was two, Dad had quite a time with all of us. So to expedite matters, he put family celebrations on an assembly-line scale. Every Christmas morning we each got ten dollars and on our birthday we got five. When I was about four, I realized I'd never received that five dollars on my birthday, so I asked Dad when my birthday was.

"Funny how you can remember a thing like that—we were all sitting at the dinner table when I asked. Dad put down his fork; 'Ann,' he said—that's my sister, Ann—'when's Rudy's birthday?' She didn't know. So Dad sent my brother Harry to get the family bible. When Harry couldn't find the bible, Dave admitted that he'd taken it to school for some course he was taking and lost it. I was pretty disappointed—I think I might have even started to cry—"

"Four is pretty big to cry," I observed.

"Well, I was small for my age," returned Rudy, determined not to be nettled. "Anyway, Dad comforted me by promising that I could pick any day I wanted for my birth-

day. I chose June 7th because it was Babe Ruth's birthday. And every June 7th I got my five dollars; until I was ten years old.

"The year I was ten I began to worry about not knowing when my real birthday was. Somebody told me they kept records of people's birthdays at the city hall. I decided to go down there and ask about mine. City halls in small Wisconsin towns are invariably hideous, gloomy structures. Ours was no different. I asked the first person I met, he must have been the janitor, where they kept the birthdays. He pointed down a long, dark corridor with the mop he was using: 'Right in there, sonny,' he said.

"I found myself in a big, airy room. A lady asked what I wanted and I said I wanted to know when my birthday was. She must've thought I was crazy—"

"A common error, no doubt," I interrupted, rudely enough. Rudy didn't hear me, perhaps.

"Because she told me to go home and ask my parents," he continued imperviously. "Finally I made her understand that they couldn't remember when it was. After nearly laughing her fool head off, she went to look it up. Pretty soon she came back. 'We've got birthdays for seven Smiths, but none for Rudolph Oscar Smith,' she said.

"That scared me; I could only think that I must've been adopted. At school we used to tease hell out of some poor kid we knew had been adopted.

"Little barbarians, weren't you?"

"All kids are. I asked the lady if she thought I'd been adopted. She said she'd never heard of anybody with seven children adopting an eighth, which made me feel a lot better. Then she went back and looked for my birthday again. Come to think of it, it was awfully nice of her. Those birth certificate files are really something to go through. Anyway, she couldn't find any evidence that I'd ever been born at all. So I went on home.

"From then on I was content with June 7th for a birthday until I went down to the University. There I hit a snag. At Wiscon-

# e Lost Birthday

sin they used to give you a stack of forms an inch thick to fill out when you registered. On every one they asked for year, month, and day of birth. Not wanting to endanger my college career by giving the University any false information, I left the spaces for month and day blank. But the registrar, an eagle-eyed old buzzard, discovered those blank spaces and sent me a notice to report to him immediately. I went.

"When did you stop being so prompt?" I asked.

"What are you talking about? I was only eight minutes late tonight. And all freshmen at Wisconsin used to live in deadly fear of that registrar. He asked me what I thought I was doing, leaving blank spaces on registration forms before I had time to catch my breath. I explained to him that I didn't know when my birthday was, and hadn't wanted to lie to the University. Somehow—maybe he had that sort of a mind—he misunderstood me. 'That's all right, Smith,' he said, 'many a fine man has triumphed over an unfortunate parentage. Look at Alexander Hamilton, look at—' all of a sudden I realized what he was thinking. In four letter words I told him what I was thinking. . . . don't laugh so hard, you'll choke. Luckily for me, he was too embarrassed to remember to expel me.

I wiped my eyes, still laughing. "I should think you'd had about enough," I said.

Rudy admitted that he had indeed had enough. "The registrar's mistake was really the last straw. The next weekend I went home, determined to find out when I was born if I had to hire a detective. The first thing I did was call Doc Johnson's widow—he brought all eight of us kids—and ask her if the doctor kept any sort of record of which babies he brought and when. She was deaf as a doornail, but I finally made her understand what I wanted. She said she'd kept all the doctor's bills—she would have—and the one for me was probably among them. The next day I went over to see the bill. It had been paid for eighteen years, but she wouldn't let it out of the house. The bill was

*(Continued on page 18)*

**B. KANTOR**

**Illustrated by GOLDSBOROUGH**





■ The Pi Phi's win the Eliot cup for selling the most subscriptions. Dean Martin presents it to President Mohlemann. Gaskell and Stein are on her right. Congratulations Pi Phi's.



■ The S. A. E.'s and their cup-winning turtle race booth at the Thurtene Carnival. Hitt, screams, "Ya can't play horses, but ya still got turtles." V-E Day has given us back the horses.



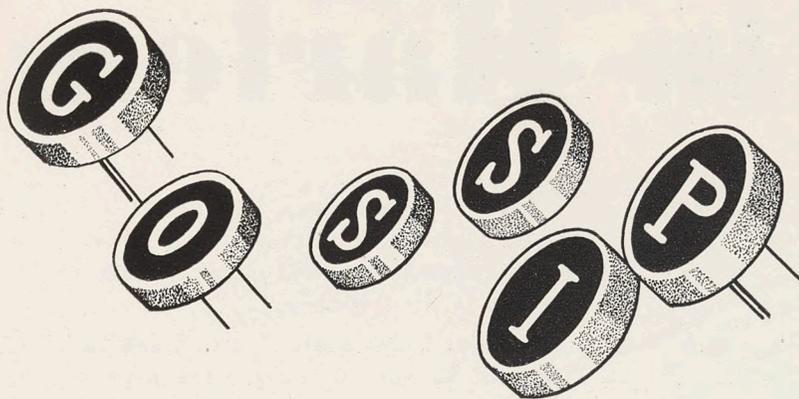
# FLASH



■ Eliot makes its three station radio available to anyone who cares to listen. The tense looking group came from all over the campus to hear the official confirmation of the Associated Press flash that Germany had surrendered. Official confirmation did not come until the next day.



■ V-E Day after Chapel Services. The facial expressions of these students impart the sober reaction of the entire campus to the news.



Frannie Ingram, Delta Gamma, making excited plans for a June wedding to Frank Grindler, former Campus King . . . Bobbe Knodel, Pi Phi, being seen rather regularly with med student Jack Barrow, Phi Rho Sigma president . . . Polly McKinley, Zeta Tau Alpha, and Bill Lake, Beta, getting along just fine . . . It must have been something when the John Eisenbien, Sigma Chi, came to a meeting the other day for a change. What an ovation! . . . Betty Heideman, Delta Gamma, disproving the man-power shortage with special emphasis on the med school . . . Harold Gilbert, Kappa Alpha, and Dottie Stiers, Theta, making it a very happy birthday for Dottie . . . Janie Collins popping up with an announcement of her marriage to "just-returned" Hudson Dempsey. May 22nd was the date . . . Little "Ev" Dante, Beta, the cheery guy with the 54" waistline out with Sophie Coker, Tri Delt, with the 24" midriff . . . You know what they say about spring and a young man's fancy -- well, that's just swell for Mary Anderson, Kappa, and Sam Watkins, Phi Beta med student . . . Al Governick, of the Veterans, going back into the service--that's what we call giving more than enough . . . Pi Lam, Norman Spitzer, former Washington U. student, home safe after nine months in a German prison camp . . . Ted Bryan, Nu Sig, med student dating "Gloria" (Don't ask us, they told us 'nuff said?!) . . . Pledge Clyde Hurlt has tried to borrow pins from several actives to make a TKE sweetheart of Jean Spurling . . . George Murray, Beta pledge, and Ruth Willmorth, Theta, rapidly acquiring that "off in a world of their own" look . . . and speaking of people with that "look," the Theta sisters are doing all right; for there's Sherry Kettler, Beta, and Glo Moncur, Theta; and then there's Bill Glastris, Phi Delt, and Nancy Schwarz, Theta . . . Dorothy Hanson, Delta Gamma, revising an old song hit to make it read, Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Bud." (Wish people would turn in last names to this column--who's Bud??) . . . Looks like June will be Kappa month with both Peggy Echols and Betty Foerster taking the final plunge then. Just to keep the records straight, Peggy is marrying Clarence Ladenberger, navy flier, and Foerster's lucky man is Mitchell Perry, senior medic . . . Harriet Arey, Gamma Phi, and Rudy Catanzaro, Sigma Chi, floating cheek to cheek on a cloud . . . Betty Ann Sindelar, Pi Phi, and Johnny Good, Beta, good, good, good! . . . That Dental School skyscraper, Paul Bly, Delta Sigma Delta, has been giving Mary Lou Wahleret, Gamma Phi, a lot of attention lately, which just shows that the Dental School hasn't lost touch with the outside world . . . Don't look now, but maybe Fred Sudekum is settling down--at least Jean Jordan, Kappa pledge, has the inside track at this point . . . From what we out on the hill have heard that Junior-Senior med school party (at the Starlight Roof) must really have been something. The gals blushed furiously, but luffed it off--oh, for the hardened bride of a med student.

# Tragedy in Harlem



■ It was just a cheap baseball glove, but from the way the little Negro kept looking at it you'd think it was made out of gold. Nothing else in the store window seemed to exist; he looked at it as if he was blind to every other object in the world, the way kids always do when they've wanted a football, a doll, or a pair of roller skates until their entire lives become centered on that object. The glove itself sold for \$4.98, and Tom Mathewes had been looking at it for three months now, ever since the baseball season had started in March. As he looked at it he remembered how he always had to wait for someone to get up at bat before he could get a glove to use, and when the fellows were having a catch he was completely out of luck.

He was just about to turn around when he felt someone push him from the side. Not a hard push, a friendly one that just made Tom lose his balance and have to step sideways. He turned and saw Bobby, white teeth gleaming in a shining black countenance.

"What do you keep looking at it for?" Bobby asked. "You know with your old man in the hospital you will never be able to get the five bucks together."

"I guess I just look at it to think of what it would be like to really have a glove like that. What have you been doing since you went up for lunch?"

"Made myself a rock and half." Bobby said, grinning a twelve-year-old's grin. Then he looked from pocket to pocket for the money, until he remembered that he had it in his watch pocket where he always put money when he had more than a dollar.

"How did you make a buck fifty in an hour?" Tom asked.

"Rockey gave it to me."

"I guess I could get the glove if I did what Rockey wants me to do, but I just haven't got the nerve."

"You know this rock and a half is extra and I can spend it anyway I want to. That's what I like about getting money from Rockey; the old lady doesn't know about it."

Tom Mathewes turned towards the store window again, but for the first time in three months his gaze passed over the glove and on to the row of baseballs on the top shelf. "Why don't you buy that official National League ball for a buck forty-five?" he asked without turning to look at Bobby.

"Jesus, for that price I can almost get six 'Rockets.'" Bobby answered in that half sarcastic, half annoyed way that people use to answer a very silly question.

"Yea, but we hit a Rocket three times and the seams start opening. Then you have to spend a dime to tape it up, and it gets so heavy that you can't hit it past second on a fly. You used to say yourself that if we had the money a good ball would be cheaper in the long run than a Rocket."

Bobby looked up at the ball. It certainly would be great having a Big League ball; and besides then the fellers would have to come to him for it, and then he could play whatever position he wanted to. "Alright," he said slowly, "I guess I'll buy it, but why are you so hopped up about me getting it."

By **HOWARD HESS**

Illustrated by **COOKIE VOLLMER**

"Come on let's get away from the store and then I'll tell you." With that Tom started walking down Lenox Avenue toward 116th Street with Bobby shuffling along after him. When he got near the end of the street, he sat down on the curb, and Bobby dropped down next to him. "You remember Willie Moore bought his glove in Shultz's last week." As Tom talked he gazed across the street at the pool room he would soon be old enough to hang out at, and then raised his eyes to view the black looking tenements that seemed to engulf the pool room and the other stores below it. But the kid wasn't seeing those things just then, for his eyes were filled with the blank stare of thought. Then he looked right at Bobby again, and started talking very fast. "Well, Willie told me that the Charlie Keller glove that I have my eye on is kept right out on the front counter with some other gloves on display. And I know for sure that the good balls are kept on the shelves in the rear of the store."

"Whew—" Bobby whistled through his front teeth. "And you're the boy who hasn't the nerve to make some easy money Rocky's way," he said as he lazily pushed his feet far out into the gutter.

"Maybe I haven't the nerve for this; I don't know yet, but I had it all planned for three days now. It's simple. You just have to go to the back of the store with Shultz, and keep him busy buying the ball. Just make sure he is always facing the rear of the store; then I'll just have to step into the store, grab the glove and run out." As Tom talked he nervously outlined everything he was saying with his finger.

Mr. Shultz was a short fat man in his early fifties; and he had had this same store on Lenox Avenue for almost eighteen years now. At first the men in the Yorktown beer halls he frequented would kid him about having a store in Harlem, but by now he did not care very much as the store was making very good money. He had gotten to know the Negroes pretty well during those eighteen years; well enough to know that they naturally distrust white store keepers; but that if you give them a break on things the first

few years you're in business they become steady customers, and then you can make them pay through the nose. Yes, they really pay through the nose he was saying to himself as he watched the young colored boy walk in. "What would you like to see son?" he asked Bobby.

"You know that National League ball you have in the window that sells for a buck forty-five?"

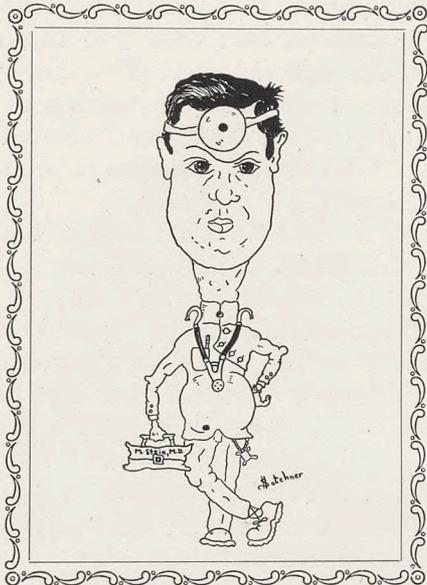
Shultz looked at Bobby questioningly; these kids never bought anything but quarter Rockets, and now the most expensive ball in the place. Well it was all right with him, but he certainly would watch the kid. "They're in the back," he said, walking to the rear of the store with Bobby following him. When he reached the back of the store he got up on a step ladder and started looking for the ball, which was on the top shelf. As he did so he peered up at the mirror that lined the top of the shelves, and saw a young colored boy with his hand in one of the boxes on the front counter. Mister Shultz got off the step ladder with surprising agility for a fat man, and began running towards the front of the store. At the sound of Shultz's feet hitting the floor, Tommy looked up. The kid's body just seemed to freeze, as he watched Shultz come at him, and he felt as though someone had driven spikes through the soles of his shoes, preventing him from moving.

"Drop that glove, you little black thief!" It was Shultz's voice that relaxed the kid's body, all except his hand around the glove. Something inside Tom would not let him drop it, and as he turned his fingers were still clutched around its brown leather. As Tommy reached the street, he shot up Lenox Avenue toward 125th Street. He did not know what made him take that direction; he didn't know anything except that he was running away from a white man who was chasing him. Tommy kept gaining on his fat pursuer and he thought that he could certainly lose Shultz by the time he got to the corner of 119th Street.

McCullen had just been relieved for the

*(Continued on page 19)*

# Meet the Staff of E



*Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
Stein has enough schmalz,  
For the whole damn crew.*

Chubby Stein, M.D.—no he hasn't received his doctor's degree as yet—has had an awful lot (we also speak English) of practice doctoring accounts.

Without wishing to drive the future patients from Stein's door, we ask you—what kind of combination is business and medicine? Patients who recover from Stein's operations will die on receipt of his bills—speaking of Bills, Richter should die. Our advertisers die like flies around here—Stein and Hotchner, the mayors of Washington Avenue, have done a bang up job in selling the different advertisers. Either the advertisers buy or they bang them up.

Chubby is responsible for our financial success here at Eliot. Maybe this is because of his vivid imagination. Our financial success is purely imaginary.



*Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
Kinsey is rugged,  
Just ask Lou.*

Anne McMillen Kinsey comes from good stock. She is well *stocked*. Anne's father is a professor of zoology and does research work for Rockefeller Institute. Anne was born in the middle of his research. What he was searching for we don't know.

Eliot is entirely responsible for Kinsey's reputation as a fashion expert. No member of the staff, however, has ever seen her wearing anything—but a sweater, skirt, and pearls (fooled you, didn't we?). Anne is the co-author of Eliot's "Passed and Perfect"—her days are *past* and she's far from *perfect* (just ask Lou). Kinsey, however, is one of the top dress designers at the Art School.



*Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
If you had Hotchner's face,  
You'd be in the zoo.*

Hotchner, who bears a striking resemblance Harpo Marx (have you noticed?), is rapidly going as fat. However, much to most people's surprise (take notice Richter and Fink) "Hotch" is mute. The only likeable thing about Hotchner (any girl), is his b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l foxy red hair. So we call him Pinky. (We don't mean a communist but it does rime with Finky, which incidentally rimes with stinky.)

Hotchner and his brother Hotchner—this becomes involved, let's walk it around the block. We mean, our own little pinky Hotchner and his older brother, Aaron, are the first brothers who have both been editors of Eliot in the history of the magazine. That is the only printable item in the magazine's history, as a matter of fact.

Oops, we thought the staff might like to know that pinky's first name is Selwyn—not Sylvia Ann, you silly you.

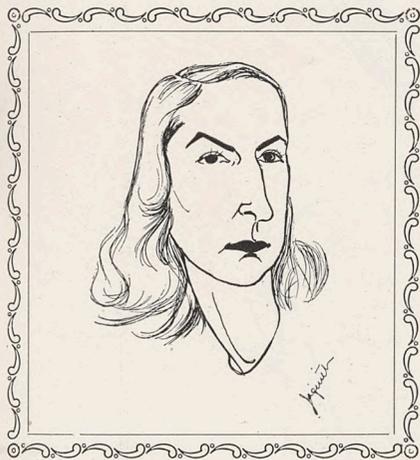


*Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
Mohler has dimples,  
Pigs have too.*

Dottie Mohler is the managing editor of Eliot—she manages never to come to staff meetings. By accident one day Dottie appeared at a meeting, and after several minutes she was exasperated by the conduct of a member of the staff; she turned to him and said, "Look here, Art Looby, I'll take care that you won't be the biggest fool on the staff as long as I am here." That's our girl!

Mohler is blue-eyed, blonde, and dimpled—sounds good, but it isn't. Nevertheless, she is pinned to Harvey. You can draw your own conclusion about Harvey. Dorothy is *quite* a writer, we can't *quite* understand what she is writing about. Dottie Mohler, however, has really worked her head off for Eliot. The staff hopes that she never finds it. (So does Harvey.)

Eliot is your magazine. On these pages are brief sketches of Eliot's staff. Read and be thankful that only the magazine is yours.



*Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
If you did as much work as "Peg,"  
You'd be skinny too.*

Peggy Hope is long, lean, and creamy-skinned. The male staff members of Eliot, a chivalrous and protectively inclined group, think this makes Peggy look as if she is going to collapse any minute. They were wrong, it took two minutes.

If Peg thinks our watch was fast, let her sue us. We would rather welcome a law suit (any suit would do—Stein needs clothes) around here. There hasn't been any real excitement since the day we discovered Peggy's bookkeeping on circulation was absolutely accurate. The staff collapsed in a body ("on a body" won't get by Billy and Finky), and the only one left to revive them was—you guessed it—our lean and languid Peggy.

Remember, where there's life there's not Hope.



*Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
Ann just got married,  
The rest's up to you.*

Mrs. Hank Bauer, formerly our own Ann Perrine, is a blushing bride (we use the term loosely for Ann is very anemic) of almost a month. Ann and Hank spent two weeks on a honeymoon; the only thing Ann has to show for those two weeks is the after effects of a bad sunburn. You can be Ann's friend for life if you'll just scratch her back. Immediately after the honeymoon Hank beat a hasty retreat to the West Coast without his bride. What could've happened? We know what you are thinking because we thought the same thing until we remembered that Hank is 1st Lieutenant Bauer, Army Air Corps.

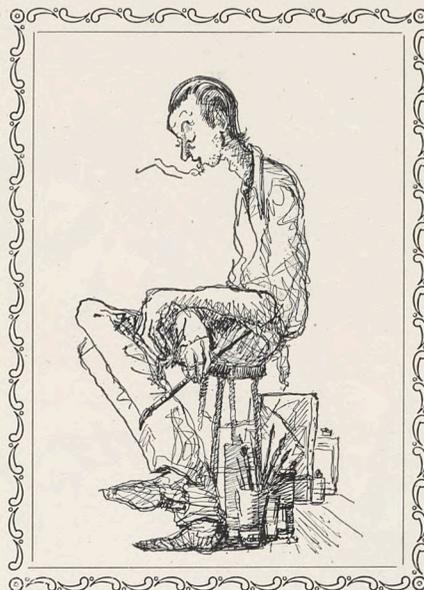
Mrs. Hank is the other author of "Passed and Perfect"—her days are *past* and she doesn't have to worry about being *perfect*. (Poor Kinsey, Lou is only a corporal.) Ann is turning from the designing of junior miss dresses to little miss dresses.

*Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
Pete's poor head stopped,  
While the rest of him grew.*

Willis Peterson, better known as Pete, resembles a billiard cue with an eight ball at the end of it. An eight ball has more hair than Pete. Willis has a king sized body with a pea-sized head. Pete's small head is not the only thing on his shoulders for much of the responsibility for Eliot's sharp layout also rests there.

Pete took an advertising course from Mr. Blair. He has been trying to give the course back to Mr. "B." ever since.

Willis is quite the conversationalist. He is known for the great gobs of silence that he contributes. Since we mentioned the word *gob* we may as well tell you that Pappy Peterson is a sea-bee.



*Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
What happened to Poth,  
Shouldn't happen to you.*

Harold Poth, president of A. S. A. (absent-minded students of art), truly does not know which end is up. After looking at his paintings, we don't know which end is up either. Harold at the age of four already had a sprained brain. "Mother, mother, mother, turn the hose on me!" sang little Harold, as his mama was dressing him one morning. "What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Poth. "You've put my stockin's on wrong side out," he said. Recently Harold was heard to say the same thing as his mother was putting on his stockin's.

Harold has talent which is clearly seen in his slick illustrations that have appeared in Eliot. Harold also has ducks—we don't mean he is their father. Poth always has to get home early because of his ducks. Whether he shoots ducks, eats ducks, hatches ducks, or draws ducks, we don't know; what's more we don't care. But Poth definitely has ducks.



FOUR



# RING CIRCUS

■ Under the big top of the summer sun your activities are as varied and there is as much to hold your interest as a four ring circus. Your plans may include camp, a summer resort, school, or a job; and so the clothes featured were chosen for an all-round summer wardrobe wherever you may be.

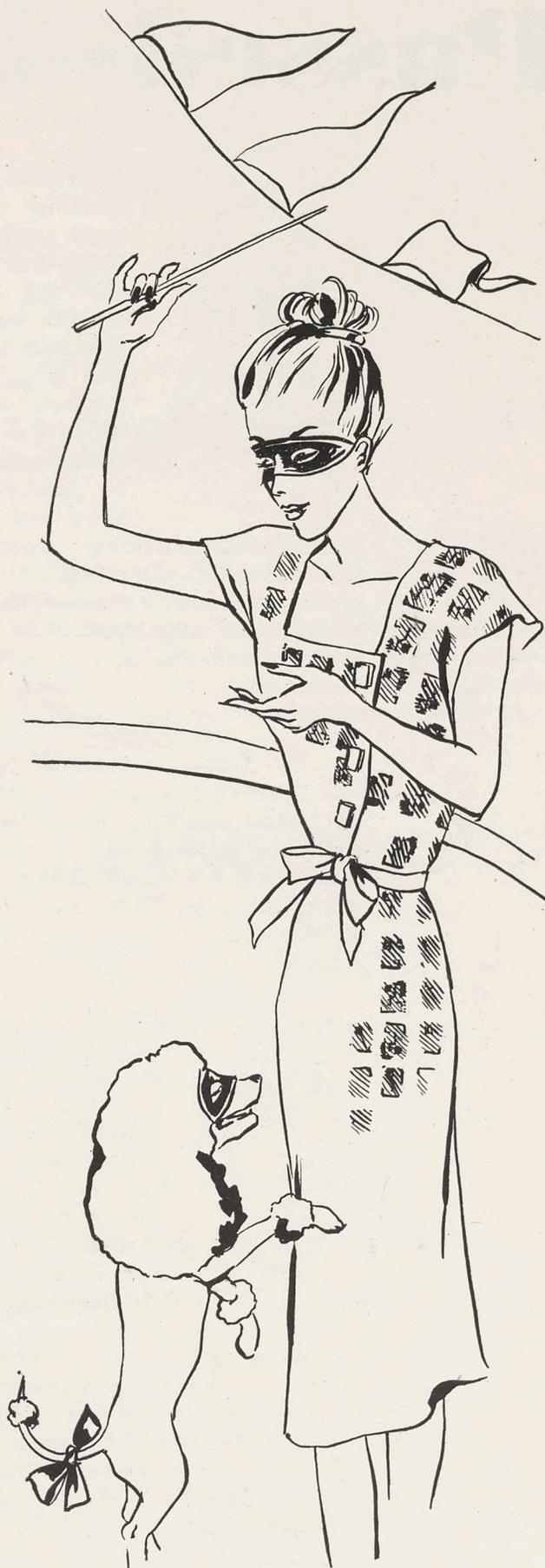
The tight rope walker toes the line in a bathing suit easy on the eyes yet perfect to swim in. The new choker neckline is deceptively modest in this suit so perfect for acquiring a tan. White buttons trim the black suit giving a fresh and young look as well as creating a color scheme that ranks first on the list for summer. V-shaped side vents repeat the neckline design and add an intriguing touch to the fitted trunks. Stix, Baer, & Fuller will outfit you for this occasion in the sportswear department.

Star of the show is the equestrian gayly attired in a checked gingham play dress from Peck and Peck. Equally as interesting as the shorts she displays is the tied shirt front which can be reversed and worn as a sun back top. The shirt, shorts, and skirt are gayly trimmed in contrasting ric rac, black on brown, red on black, black on red, etc.

Master of all occasions is this beautifully simple dress which the ringmaster wears. A classic, in "Sandswept," it rings the newest fashion note with its kimono-like sleeve. The raffia belt controls the front fullness and adds the finishing touch to this dress carried by Boyds. Keep the center of attention by wearing it in lime or shocking.

The performing poodle fairly struts with pride, because his mistress is wearing a B. H. Wragge in the new Serenade print. A lovely dress for summer evenings, the crepe print is composed of abstract guitars in shades of blue and brick red on a white background with buttons repeating the print. Scruggs, Vandervoort, & Barney carry this and also the Wragge Serenade print in a long sleeved blouse coupled with a white sharkskin skirt.

This four ring circus is reasonably priced and planned as a short preview of the sort of costumes you will wear this summer in your work and play program.



# Passed--and Perfect



1. RINGS THE BELL—Wedding cake decorations are another item which has become increasingly hard to find; so when we walked into Garnholtz's at 15 Mera-mec Place in Clayton and saw a large case filled with beautiful decorations, we wanted to pass on the good news and save you hours of futile hunting. They are in all sizes and shapes—beautiful bells, brides, and grooms, and even the newer idea of service men. Prices range from \$1.25 to \$3.00 depending on the size and elaborateness of each decoration.

2. COOL AIDE—for those of you who will spend part of your summer as Nurse's Aides or hospital assistants, Rozina Backy puts out white leg make-up that is definitely more comfortable and hardly distinguishable from white stockings. Find it on the first floor of Stix in the cosmetics department. \$1.00 a bottle.



3. RING AROUND OF ROSES—field flowers or violets—add a few leaves and plenty of veiling and behold the greatest success story in summer hats—a wreath. You may want yours thicker in front or with most of the flowers on one side. Perhaps a bicycle clip, half-hat effect, serves your purpose best. And wreaths are the perfect answer for holding up any unruly hair when hot summer days make braids piled high the best possible coiffure. Nothing could be easier or more fun to make, and when you see the marvelous selection of flowers Winston's (4954 Maryland) has to offer you'll want to make two or three immediately.

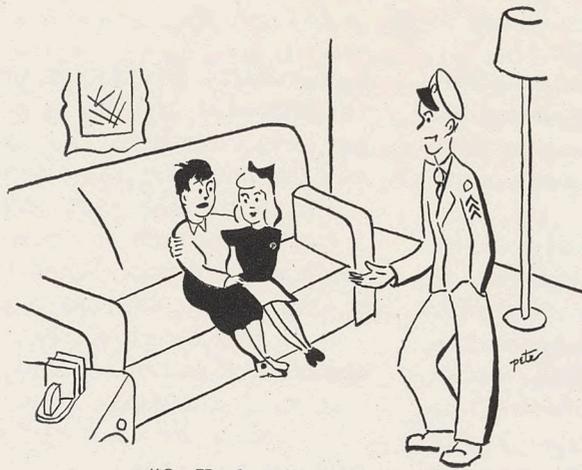
4. SUMMER IS SUCH—that you look for comfort first, and the classical ballet slipper which has swept the country this year gives you just that. It is cool, light weight, and comfortable and can be worn with many costumes ranging from play suits to formals. Famous carries ballet shoes with an inset arch support in yellow, blue, and wine for \$4.45. Sizes range from four through eight in a medium width. Find them on the third floor.



5. NO PROBLEM HERE—in finding gifts. The only problem is making up your mind which gift to choose because they are all wonderful. The earrings shown on the left are just one of the many things we found and loved. They are finely wrought in gold. The clever bug is \$9.15 including tax, and the cute ducks are \$8.54. Another eye catcher is a bill fold of fine, soft pigskin with gold corners and a small gold plate ready for the name to be engraved; yours for \$7.30, tax included. And the George Jensen kits which come with either the shaving lotion, etc. for men or the sachet spray and bath powder for women are made of a soft pre-war quality leather. These fitted cases are \$9.50 plus federal tax—and again are waiting for the owner's stamp in gold. If your ideas for gifts have been exhausted, Selden Cooper will help you make your gift hunting fun instead of the usual problem. It's located at 8015 Forsythe in Clayton.

6. A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS—when written on a postcard. And many's the time that this space is ample for your message or the short time you have to jot a note. Jaccard's has the perfect answer for the occasion in personalized postcards of grey or pale blue edged in white and waiting for your white initials. Allow two weeks for the printing of a box of 36. Price, \$1.00.

# Yuk, Yuk!!



"O. K., here's a quarter!"

The East, which has given us Gypsy Rose Lee, George Washington, and five-cent beer, now sends along this little incident which flickered across the pages of time. 'Twas in one of the swank collitches, and the badly knobed prof was marking down the erring souls who had cut class. "Sidney Anker," he called out, peering over the well-greased locks of the stewnts. No answer. "Isn't Sidney Anker here?" For a brief moment there was that same stillness and the prof was about to proceed in his alphabetical way, when that wee, inevitable voice from the rear piped up, "Anker's Away."

Some profs draw circles on the blackboard and then go around in them.

Prof: "What's a Grecian Urn?"  
Bright Student: "About 50c a day unless he owns a restaurant."

Mary had a little lamp,  
She filled it with benzine,  
She went to light her little lamp,  
She hasn't since benzine.

"Boy, call me a taxi."  
"All right, you're a taxi."

She was only a fireman's daughter, but, oh, what a siren was she!

She's so dumb she thinks cesspool is a kind of billiards.

The green between them as soft as swan's down. The two moved noiselessly toward each other, one as pale as a ghost, the other, blushing red. The space between them grew less and less—they met, an instant later, they kissed. Then—damn that luck—a little more English on the white ball and it would have been a billiard.

She was only the optician's daughter—two glasses and she made a spectacle of herself.

First Inebriate: "I found ((hic) a half-dollar."

Second Inebriate: "Itsh mine, itsh got my name on it."

"Whatsh your name?"

"E Pluribus Unum."

"Yea, itsh yours."

Then there is the girl who said she would not go to hear the lecture on appendicitis because she was tired of organ recitals.

Little Boy: "My sister can ride and play tennis and golf and do everything a man can do."

Companion: "I'll bet she can't scratch a match like my Daddy does."

# Don't Fence Me In

SELWYN HOTCHNER

■ Wasn't that they didn't love him at home, but a fella likes a little freedom, and then all that mauling and petting. Gee, it sure made him mad when they picked him up and started talking baby stuff.

The day had been beautiful—and gosh, he just wanted to get his share of the sun. It was the most eventful day in his whole five years of life. The door of the house had been open and he just had to push the screen—and then, freedom. Well, why shouldn't he go out alone? At five years a fellow knows how to take care of himself. The day was sure swell, and no one around to say you gotta go this way or that way. That sun beating down on a fella's back felt good! Made you feel sorta drowsy—why not lay down on that green patch of grass over there? Grass felt like a soft green carpet—and the sweet smell tickled the nose.

Hey, what's that crawling in the grass over there? Never saw one of those things before. Sorta same color as the grass—look at that funny tongue. It keeps sticking out. There's a robin over there. First time I've seen one up close—usually just see them when I look out the window back home. Wonder if they miss me back home? Guess not, it ain't time yet for my afternoon feeding. Sure feel sleepy—think I'll just catch a wink or two.

What happened? Must have fallen asleep. Aw, aw, who is that big man with a badge

on his shirt? His shirt is sure sweaty—come to think-of-it, the day is pretty hot. Better get away from here; that man might see me, and I'm not ready to go home yet.

I'll go through that break in the hedge. I can fit through it. Sure thirsty, wish I could get a drink. When they took me for a walk didn't we pass a pond? Believe it was in this direction. No, maybe it was in the other direction. Funny how a fella gets lost when somebody from home isn't with him. Sun's sure acting funny—it's disappearing, and wasn't as light as it was a little while back. Golly, there's that big guy again with the badge on his shirt. Oops. He's seen me. Better run before he can get me. Hey! what just fell on top of me—can't run anymore, feet all mixed up with each other. There's that big man again—and he's going to pick me up. Maybe I should bite him—better not, he might not like it. What's happening now? Why is he looking at my collar?

Sure was good to be home again. The man with the badge had just looked at his collar, and then brought him home. Somebody said he was the town dog catcher. Oh well, a dog's life wasn't so bad, and he was glad to be home. Wasn't so much fun to go out by himself anyway.

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"Gee Herbert! Since the last drink everything looks different."

# On Your Way--



■ When you and the rest of the students on campus are griping about the "toos" of final exam week (too much to do in too little time) think of Mary Jo Zucchero who for the fifth consecutive year will be going to dance rehearsals at the Municipal Opera from ten to five and eight to eleven every day during her finals.

As the opera is the highlight of St. Louis's summer entertainment, I cornered Mary Jo on campus a few weeks ago so that you might know what actually goes on behind the scenery and tremendous oaks on stage.

Back stage is a heterogeneous mass of unused props, dressing rooms, and hot dogs with mustard. During the day there is sunbathing on the ramp, but knitting and bridge go on irrespective of the position of the sun.

Frequently visiting celebrities who got their start at the opera return for memory's sake. Once after Cary Grant had made an appearance the dance director said, "All right kids, let's take the number again—this time with your feet on the ground." During torrid love scenes both the singing and dancing choruses crowd the wings to watch and drool.

The opening night of each show is just a glorified dress rehearsal as it is the first time both choruses and the leads have an orchestra accompaniment instead of the piano. No one is sure of his cues, the costumes are only half finished, and fingers are

crossed backstage as the heroine tries for her high note. After this first performance one-fourth of the opera is generally cut out in order that the concluding number may be heard before 12:30 A. M. The cast then adjourns to either the Walnut Room of the Gatesworth Hotel or Joe Garavelli's to recuperate for the next day's strenuous rehearsal.

This year the Municipal Opera starts June seventh, and lasts through September second. You'll be able to hear such old favorites as "New Moon," "Cat and the Fiddle," "Firefly," "Bittersweet," and "Roberta." If your money runs out there are always the free seats.

Still along the music line is a "Pop Concert" at the Kiel Auditorium tentatively scheduled for June second. Beer, bourbon, and ham sandwiches are served against a background of music.

May 30 is a red letter day as it brings back the Admiral, Forest Park Highlands, swimming, and golf. Canoe and motor boats will also be available then in the park. Pick your means of conveyance according to the opportunities.

Not to be forgotten either is the fact that when real June weather arrives the Starlight Roof of the Hotel Chase, and the terrace of the Jug, Hotel Coronado, will again open. Here's for an early summer with a late frost.

*Betty Knoke*

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## THE LOST BIRTHDAY

(Continued from page 5)

for delivering a baby boy on May 12th, 1914.

"At last," I murmured.

"Oh, no," said Rudy. "Did you think it was as easy as all that? Dad didn't think May 12th sounded right. He insisted on calling Miss Ingram, the nurse Mother always had. Miss Ingram kept records too, but her records showed I was born on May 24th. Dad and I argued for a while over it, but I convinced him that the doctor's records were more probably right than the nurse's. So we filled out affidavits to the effect that I was born on May 12th, 1914, and when I went back to school I took them up to the state capitol—it's right there in Madison—and filed them in the State Bureau of Vital Statistics. Then I went to the registrar's office and wrote May 12th in the blanks on all my registration forms. The registrar ignored me, and I ignored him.

"That year Dad sent me five dollars on May 12th and my sister sent me a big chocolate cake. I spent the five bucks on beer and had a party in my room at the dorm. That was strictly against the rules. For some reason we weren't caught. The beer—it was my first experience with beer in great quantities—made me sick, but a letter I got the next day made me even sicker. It was from the State Bureau of Vital Statistics. 'Dear Mr. Smith,' it said,

*We regret to inform you that, since receiving affidavits to the effect that you were born on May 12th, 1914, we have discovered a birth certificate made out on the date of your birth; May 24th, 1914. Therefore your legal birthday is now May 12th and your natural birthday is May 24th. Sincerely hoping that we have not caused you any inconvenience in this matter, we remain . . . .*

and so on and so forth.

"Oh no," I groaned. Rudy nodded, gratified by my sympathy.

"As I told you," he said, "the State Bureau is right there in Madison. I forgot how sick I was and ran all the way down there. The girl sitting at the desk in the lobby told me where to go, but I was too mad to pay much attention to her and went into the first door I came to. A tight-faced little man looked up from a big desk as I burst in, shouting that I had two birthdays and had to get rid of one of them and what was he gonna do about it. He seemed a little startled. 'Sit down and tell me all about it, my boy,' he suggested. So I did. Why he bothered to

listen, I'll never know—I found out later that he was the director of the whole Bureau—but he agreed with me that, after almost eighteen years of not having any birthday at all, two at once was too many.

"Meanwhile he had sent a clerk after the affidavits and birth certificate, and I saw definite proof at last of where I was born, when, and to whom.

"Thank God," I said. "I was beginning to be worried myself." Rudy paid no attention to this. "While I was still fingering my real birth certificate in awed admiration," he went on, "the director broke the bad news. 'Smith,' he began, clearing his throat, 'your situation is a very difficult one. How you got yourself into it the Lord only knows, but getting you out is going to be even harder. Some good lawyer is going to have to prove that you were under the impression that May 12th was your natural birthday when those affidavits were made out. It'll cost money and it may take months. Why don't you keep both birthdays?"

"But I wasn't going to let myself be persuaded. I told him I could think of a much quicker and cheaper method, and with that I picked up those damned affidavits and tore them to bits!

"My hero," I cried.

"Uh huh," said Rudy, implying the opposite. "The director was still yelling about violating the laws of the state of Wisconsin when I left, too happy to listen to him. I went back to campus and sat in the registrar's office all afternoon, erasing May 12ths and writing in May 24ths on those registration forms. Then I told the registrar what I'd been doing and made my peace with him. Life looked better to me than it had in months.

"When May 24th arrived I spent my own money on beer and another cake and had another party. This time I got caught. The dean of men refused to believe my story, but he had to admit it was the fanciest alibi he'd ever heard. He suggested that I ought to go to law school—if they'd let me in with a drunk and disorderly party on my record—and as you know, I followed his advice."

Rudy leaned back in his chair and smiled at me, waiting for comments.

"My God!" was all I could say. He laughed heartily and began to bite at the same hangnail that had been bothering him before. I felt a dim affection for the hangnail by then. But a story like the one I'd just heard de-

served its just reward.

"Get your hat," I told Rudy, "there's a drugstore in the hotel lobby. I'll buy you a pair of nail scissors right now. We won't wait till next May—by then I may not have the money, and you may not have a birthday!"

He grinned at me reluctantly and rose to his feet.

### TRAGEDY IN HARLEM

(Continued from page 9)

day when he saw Tom come running up the street, and heard Mr. Shultz's cries to stop him. Another easy arrest he thought, and a couple of more and he might be able to get transferred out of Harlem. "Stop kid, stop!" he shouted. Tom looked up at the sound of the voice, and saw the menacing figure in blue on the other side of the street. He was afraid to give himself up, and he was afraid to go on running. The cellars, the cellars, why hadn't he thought of them before; they could never catch him if he got under the tenements. In a split second, his mind was made up and the thin legs began to churn down the side streets. "Stop, stop, or you'll get hurt!" McCullen shouted again. Then he saw the kid race diagonally across the gutter towards the nearest alley between buildings. When Tom got to the middle of the gutter the cop raised his arm and winged his night stick at him. The stick landed about twenty-five feet in back of Tom and the sharp click of the lead end striking the asphalt made Tom turn his head, and as he ran he watched the billy bouncing crazily along the gutter. Tom thought the stick would miss him, but at the last moment it swerved towards him. You could actually hear the kid's bone break as the lead end struck his leg between the ankle and the knee. With a shrill cry of pain the boy fell to the ground unconscious.

The ring of brown faces kept glaring their hate, as McCullen stood over the injured boy. "All right, keep back, give the kid some air." It wasn't my fault, I told the kid to stop; besides I didn't want to hit him. I just threw the stick to scare him into stopping. Did that guy call for the ambulance? All right, I told you to keep back." As McCullen kept talking Mr. Shultz bent down to pry Tom's fingers off the baseball glove he was still clutching. And standing along side of him Bobby kept muttering over and over again through his tears, "But Jesus, mister! All he wanted was the glove. All he wanted was the glove."



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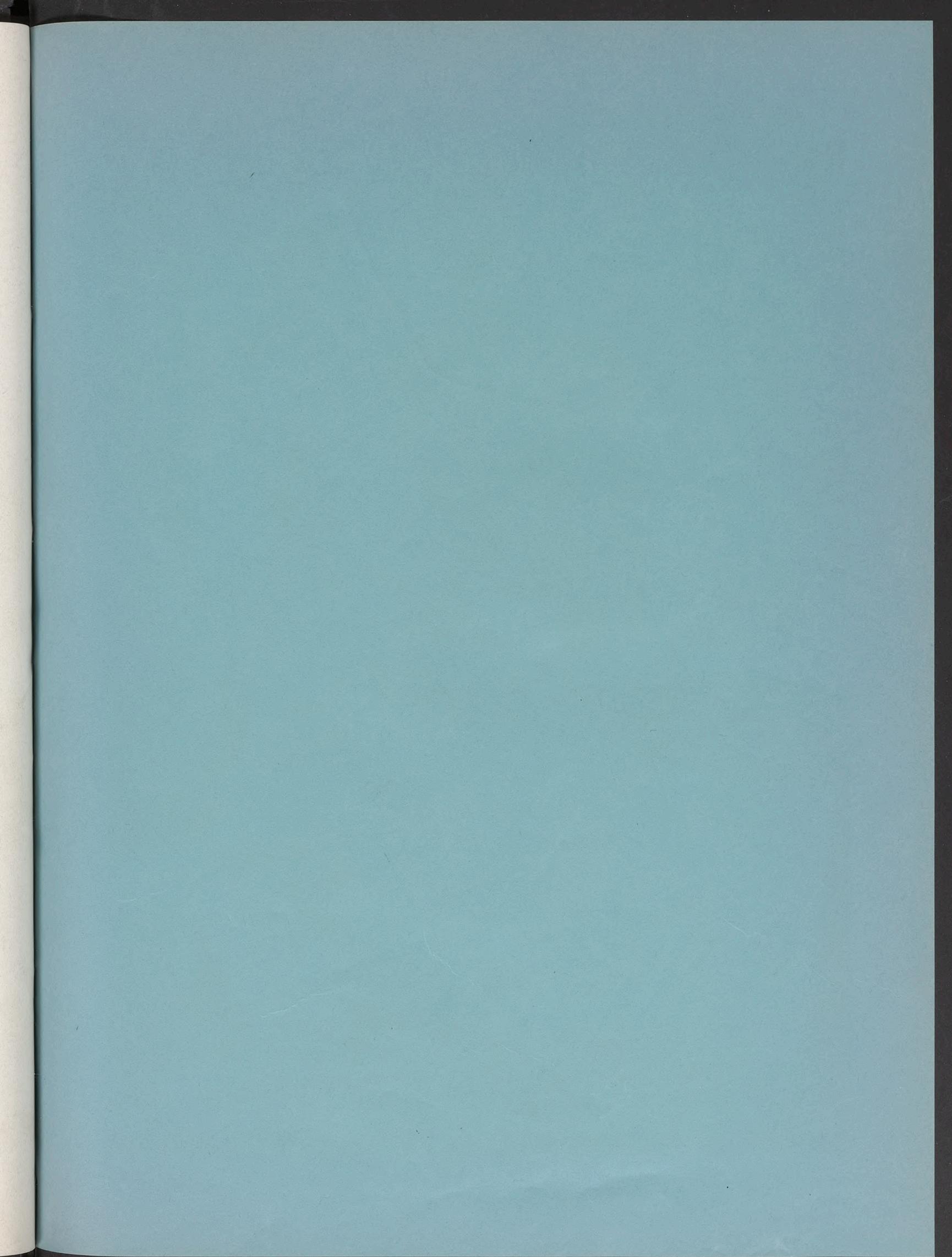


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