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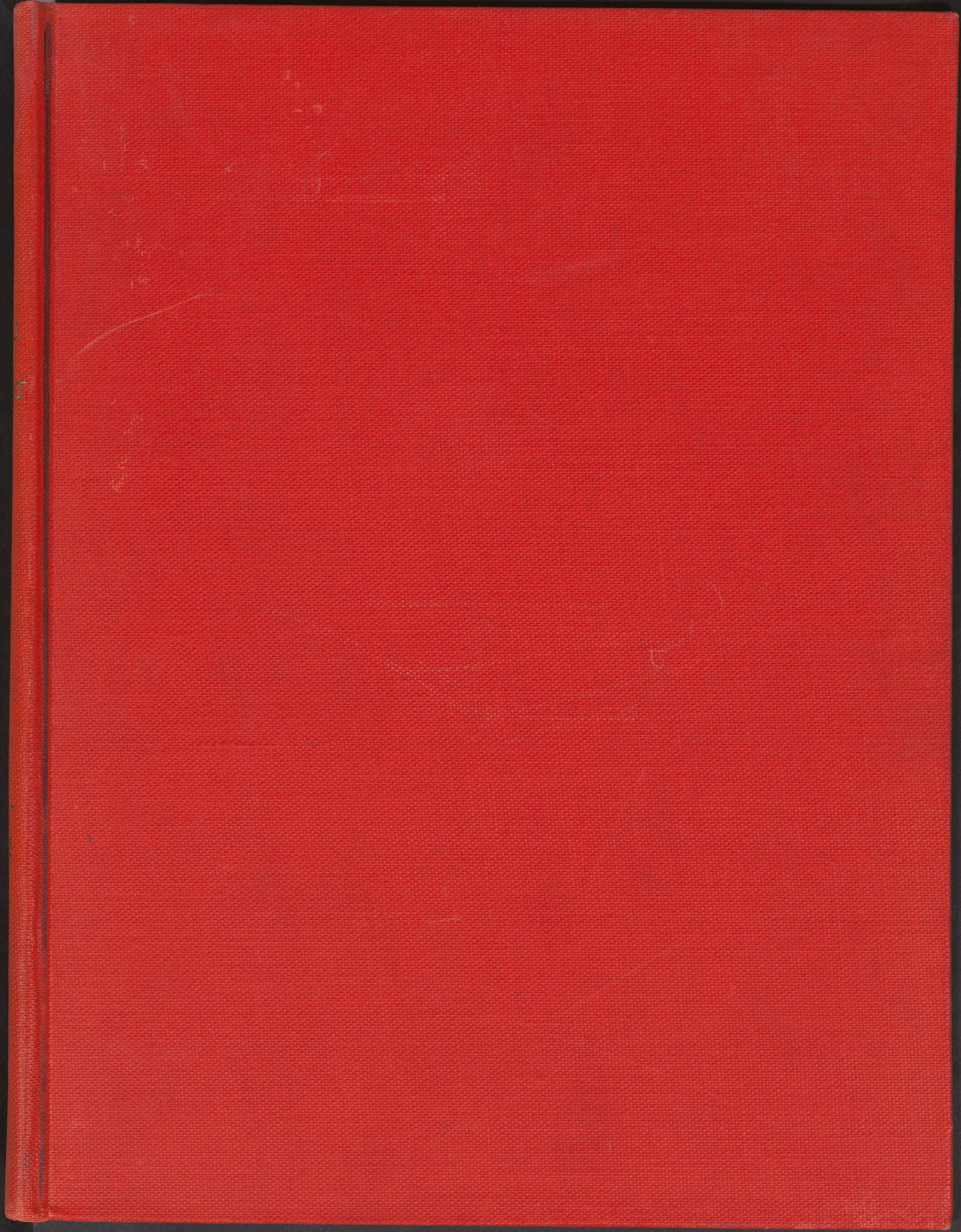
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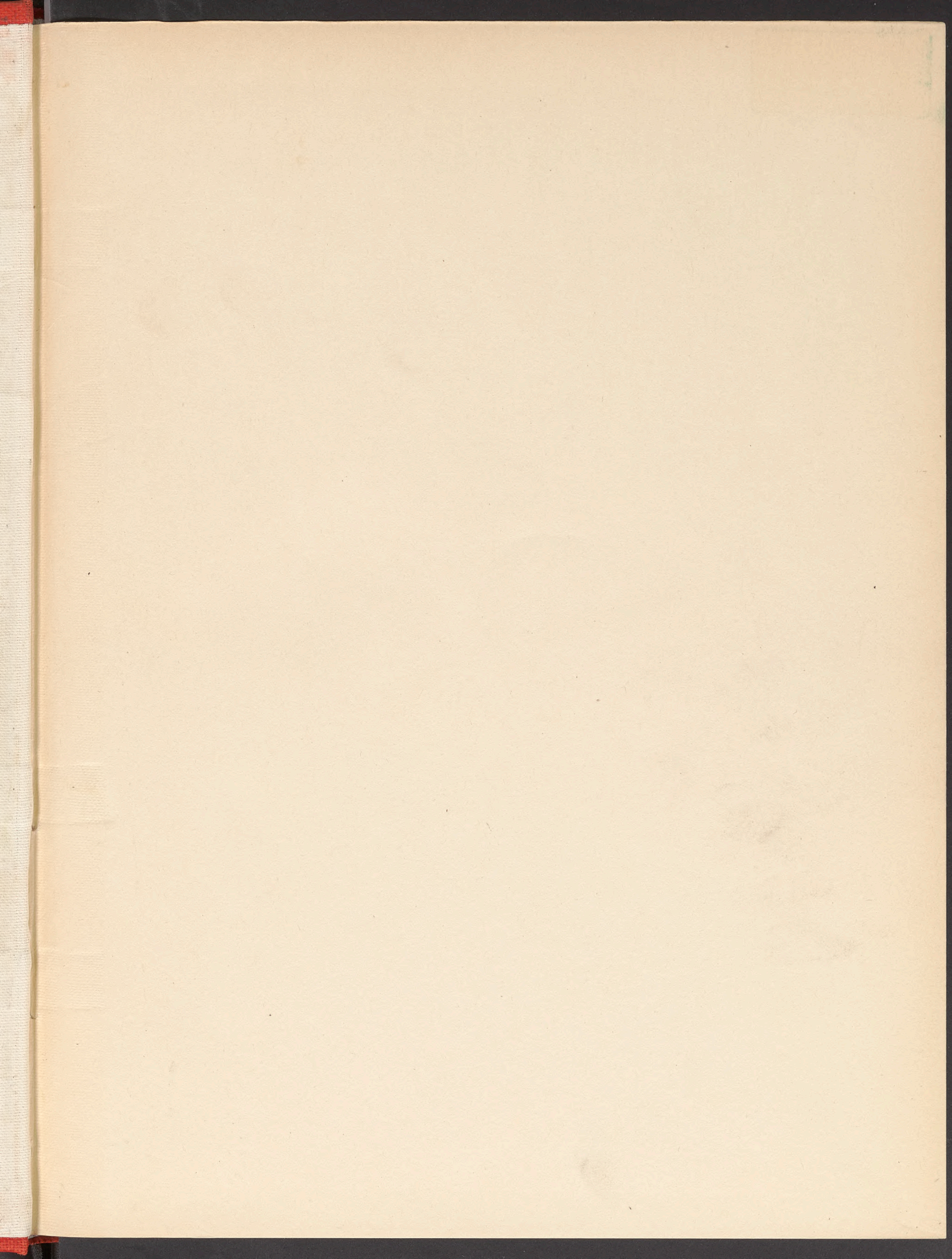
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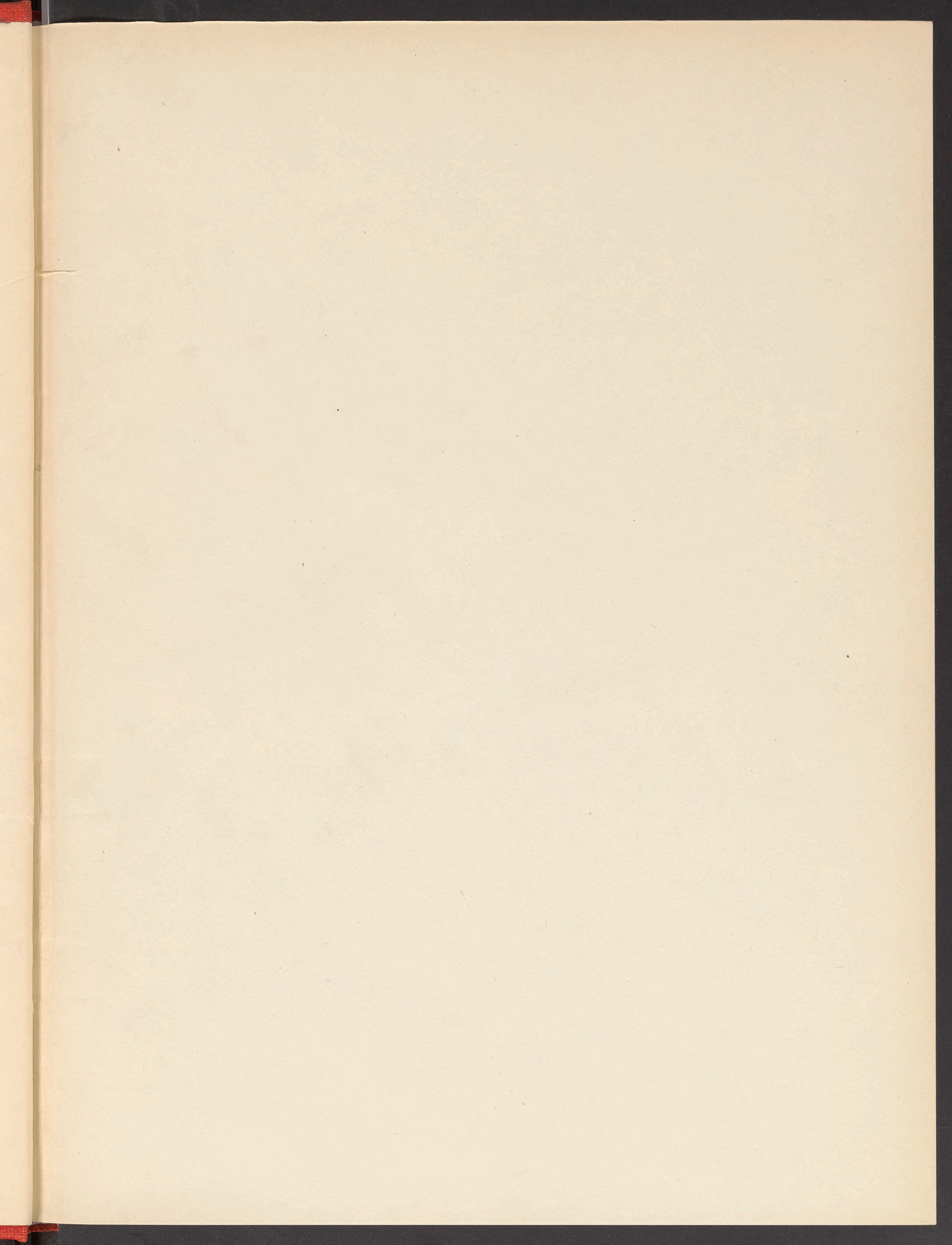
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The

2761

ELIOT

Washington University • St. Louis, Missouri

OCTOBER

1941

15c



In the Army..In the Navy..In the Marine Corps..In the Coast Guard

ACTUAL SALES RECORDS IN POST EXCHANGES, SALES COMMISSARIES,
SHIP'S SERVICE STORES, SHIP'S STORES, AND CANTEENS SHOW...

Camels are the favorite!



The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28%

Less Nicotine

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling
cigarettes 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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CIGARETTE OF
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...yes, it's *Camels* with the men in the
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who stand behind them, too. For Camel
is America's favorite.

Join up with that ever-growing army
of Camel fans now. Enjoy the cool,
flavorful taste of Camel's costlier tobac-
cos. Enjoy smoking pleasure at its best
—extra mildness with less nicotine in
the smoke (*see left*).

SEND HIM A CARTON OF CAMELS TODAY. For
that chap in O. D. or blue who's waiting to
hear from you, why not send him a carton
or two of Camels today? He'll appreciate
your picking the brand that the men in the
service prefer...Camels. Remember—send
him a carton of Camels today.

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average
of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—
slower than any of them—Camels also give
you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



THE ELIOT

OCTOBER, 1941

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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY ELIOT

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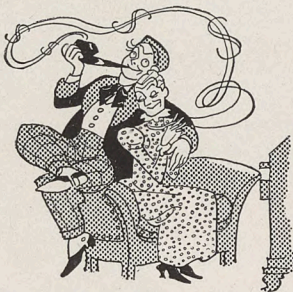




**PIPE MAKES AUNT
CRY "UNCLE!"** —but her
nephew's out of the dog house now!



HECTOR BOARDED (free of charge) with his rich old aunt. But his pipe smelled like a Fourth-of-July punk, and one day it made *her* explode. She chased him out for good.



WHERE THERE'S A WILL there's a way to get mentioned in it. Hector switched to Sir Walter, the *mild* blend of fragrant burleys . . . and see how it worked! Try it, men. 50 pipe loads, 15¢.

**KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE
WITH SIR WALTER**

This NEW Cellophane tape seals flavor in, brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!

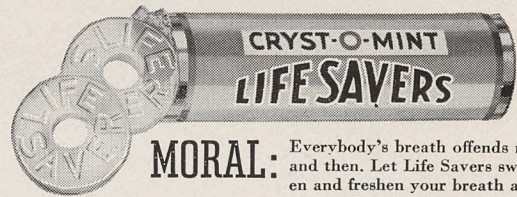


**UNION
MADE**

Tune in UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE
Every Friday night—NBC Red Network
Prizes for your "Dog House" experience



Every place that Mary goes
She hands out Cryst-O-Mints;
Now she has so many beaux
She really should be quints.



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 OCTOBER

Pi Phi: What was up when you left that cocktail party so suddenly?

Theta: My fifteenth drink.

GLYN HERRICK



THE TOWERS

What is Eliot?

Eliot is the magazine of the students of Washington U. It is not solely a literary magazine, but we hope it contains some of the best campus literary efforts. It is not a joke book, or humor magazine, though we like to think it has a lot of good humor. We like to think of **Eliot** as a mirror reflecting the high-spots-literary, social, humorous, that stand out in the mind of the Washington University student, as he looks back over the past month of his life and those of his fellow students on the campus of our alma mater.

What is Parnassus?

Parnassus is a campus organization like many another campus organization. It has officers, it has members, and like Ceaser's Gaul, it is divided, but not *in tres partes*. In fact, there are four parts to Parnassus—two of which are more closely related than first cousins to **our Eliot**. The creative writing group is perhaps the most important, for it furnishes **Eliot** with its short stories, etc., and is charged with the general supervision of the magazine. The poetry division supplies **Eliot** with "the poet's corner."

Parnassus also has two other sections, more distantly related, but nevertheless, important as they affect the fiscal side of the magazine: the music Group and the Drama Department.

Same --- The Creative Writing Group

The creative writing group, as we have just stated, provides the literary material for **Eliot**. It is presided over by the literary editor of **Eliot**, and membership is open to anyone who is a student and walks in the door. Discussion of the stories that are submitted for **Eliot**, is the principal function

of the group. At the top of this group is the literary board—a select circle—who receive their appointment from the editor, the literary editor, and the faculty advisor. Three are chosen from the creative writing group, and three from advanced English classes in composition. It is the literary board that has the vote as to which stories are to appear in the magazine. There are plenty of opportunities for advancement in this group for the literary board, and the editor of the **Eliot** are chosen from members of this group.

Meetings will be held regularly in Brookings 101 at 4 o'clock, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month.

Garfield 2511

Along with one of the campus vigilantes, we stopped a freshman girl the other day. She didn't know the Alma Mater. She refused to button. She was attractive. She refused to give us her telephone number! For this last offense we threatened to turn her in to the proper authorities. We could see she was duly impressed and got out our note-books expectantly. Then she said, "You want to know my number, all right, here it is—GARfield 2511." We gave up—freshmen are simple incorrigible; there's no getting around it.

The Merit Plan

Much credit for the passage of the Civil Service amendment must go to Dean McClain of the law school, and Oscar Orman of the library. But we claim some of the glory for ourselves. For along with many other of the future barristers, we went out and campaigned for the passage of the bill. One day in the heat of the campaign we were lunching in Garavelli's and for want of something better to say we asked the lady on our right just who it was that was opposing the bill and suggested that it might possibly be the Republican office holders. The next day, while riding home on the bus, we happened to look over the shoulder of the gentleman who was sitting in front of us for the purpose of reading his newspaper. Think how we felt when we saw a photo of the self same woman whom we met at G's, with this caption written underneath — "Mayor's daughter comes out for Civil Service Amendment."

Foreign Policy

This is a very touchy subject, but at the instigation of one of the staff, we consented to express our views on the subject. Since our views it happens—do not coincide with those of said staff member, we shall give him an opportunity to rebut them in the next issue. We believe Hitler must be stopped — by Russia preferably; by England, if possible; by us, if necessary. We have two reasons—(1) to free Europe from slavery and to remove the threat to our own security, and, (2) because we feel that it's true what they say about doing business with Hitler—it just can't be done. For moral and economic reasons we favor the Administration's policy of all aid to England, and if it becomes clear that we must accept a "negotiated peace" or go to war, we choose war.



and THE TOWN

SUMMER STORM

By GENEVIEVE STEWART

THIS isn't the story of Mary. But it is about her. We never really knew the whole story ourselves. It just happened that her life and ours came together every day for a few hours. Too long a look, and Mary is out of sight completely. Now, we're home from a summer vacation with just some short talk to remember her by. No pictures, no souvenirs, but only a whirling memory of bright red hair and sand and wind on beach.

How I should describe her to you. I don't know. To begin with, she was about four years old. Maybe that comes as a shock to you. Maybe you thought Mary was some sweet thing with heavenly legs, stretched out on a beach blanket. No, Mary was a little girl. She was a little girl that lived by the ocean. I think she had more to do with that ocean than anybody else on the whole beach. There was a friendship worked out between the two of them. The ocean was always there when we vacationists had gone on our way. The ocean was her eternal friend. If you ever wanted to find her in a hurry, you only had to plough through the umbrellas, and towels and beach goers, right to the water's edge. There you'd find her trudging around in an after-wave and most likely she'd be carrying a water-logged stick or a bottle that the ocean had washed in for her. These were her toys, together with old Quaker Oats containers. She kept these last more perishable delights up at the side of the board walk.

The first thing you'd notice about Mary, though, wouldn't be the bottle or the faded sweater, or the fact that she might be in the water with her dress on. (I don't think she really owned a swimming suit.) The first thing you'd notice would be her hair. People generally did. They'd see her playing far down the beach from them, and they'd pick their way through all the turmoil that goes with a day at the beach just to get a better look at it. Mary knew that it was beautiful and she never denied them the pleasure of admiring it.

She lived in a boarding house that her mother managed. It was an ugly building such as you find in beach towns close to the downtown section. Her mother was young and pretty, but taking care of Mary's little sister, and a lot of school teachers from Iowa was far too heavy a task for her. She seemed to be running on never-ending errands, and always, Mary's younger sister went wailing after. I don't think Mary knew how to cry. She knew what it was to be sad for she was often lonely, but she was too independent to cry. There was always the ocean to go to.

We never saw Mary's father. Whenever we asked of him, she had the same amazing answer—"He's down at the monkey house." This turned out to be true, for he tended one of the monkey shows in the amusement zone. She never had anything else to say for him.

Mary fascinated us for a long time. No matter how early we got down to the beach, she would be there before us, usually alone. After the arrivals had all come, she made her way from blanket to blanket, but she never lingered long. We used to flatter ourselves with the notion that she stayed longer at our blanket than at any of the others. Perhaps she did. Perhaps it was because we made a special effort to please her, and because we never treated her as a child.

She had a way of walking about on the beach half on her toes, in a pompous sort of way for such a little girl. She'd stop every once in a while and listen to the water pounding in at the shore. You'd almost think she could hear the waves talking. Her little face was round and pretty. Her eyes were sea blue. And oh, her hair! She wasn't very big, but you got the feeling that she was sturdy and unafraid. When you picked her up and held her—a thing she rarely let you do—it wasn't as though you held ony doll in your arms. She sat quietly but briefly. She came out with startling bits of conversation every once in a while.

"Where do you live?"

"We live up there, Mary. Do you see that white house far away? That's where we live."

"Well, if it isn't too far from the ocean, then I shall come and live with you."

"But what about your mother, Mary? What will she say?"

"My mother? Why of course she will cry, and I will be sorry for that. But she will not cry long."

And when she saw us coming down the street the joy of seeing her two friends seemed to overwhelm her and she'd come running down to greet us with a happy fury that was frightening. It seemed that she was always trying to get to us, to our hands, to our minds, and into our hearts. She threw her sea-sprayed self about our legs with the fiercest kind of affection, and then having greeted us, she left quietly until we would take further notice of her.

Mary always wanted to go out farther in the water than we wanted. She had complete confidence in her abilities to dodge undertow and riptides. California children spend their early days in the water so that they get pretty used to it. But the ocean leaps up at you. One



minute you're standing in water that's a half-foot deep and the next minute it's over your head. Mary was amused at our fears. Often we'd see her red hair completely covered by a rush of blue water, and we'd have the same vague fear about her coming up again. She'd always be there though, thrashing about and diving for another wave.

Then one day there was a storm. You could see it coming far back in the mountains. You could hear it in the wind, too. The sand whipped up hard against your face and got into your mouth. The lifeguards began beckoning people out of the water and scurrying the rest off the pier. We could see Mary far across the beach, under the pier. As she dug for sand, her golden hair draped over her sea castle. Nobody paid much attention to her then. Suddenly the storm lit. It had been gathering momentum all the way from San Bernardino and by the time it reached Long Beach, it was really big. The sea became dark and beautiful. Those of us who had been chased off the sand stood huddled in the doorways, with our bright towels and blankets wrapped around us. We looked very ghastly in the dismal light, and our brown skins were like long shadows.

Then one of the men yelled: "My God, there's Mary!" and I looked up just in time to see her being pulled out with the outgoing tide of a large rip. She didn't look to be fighting the water at all. She went straight out and

then down. The lifeguards ran out to the end of the pier and jumped off, but the old timers standing around with us just shook their heads and murmured: "It's too late." In our hearts we knew it was. The life guards stayed out in the water for some time. The storm was getting worse, and they had a hard time holding on to the life-lines. As soon as they came up to the surface of the water, they dove again. Soon the people started going home. And so did we. There wasn't anything else we could do.

In the morning paper, we read that there had been a storm and that Mary Kilpatrick, aged 4, had been washed out into the water and drowned. That was the first time we missed going down to the beach.

This wasn't quite the way I wanted to put her across to you. Maybe we idealized Mary. Maybe she wasn't quite all we dreamed she was. Maybe she was just an ordinary little girl. But we didn't think so. We always felt that here was a little sunchild we had found, landed from some sun paradise. I don't think she meant to be drowned. I think she just walked into something that she had always known, and always understood. I don't mean she walked into it, but when the wave came over her, I think she felt as she had when so many waves came over her head, strong and unafraid. And when we talk about her now, that's the way we remember her. She's always standing down in the water, the sun running competition with her hair, and her hands reaching out for the next wave.

THE POET'S CORNER

TO SYLVIA

I do not ask thy soul:
How can I breathe on that
I do not see
Th' exhalation of æsthetic love?
Your beauty only let me venerate.

Kindness, you say you have offered?
Fidelity, your whole unsullied chastity?
What vain gifts these—I ask not even your name.

Your beauty's precious essence let me have:
In marble let it be enshrined—or sapphire
Or beryl,
Or amethyean gold

For finally your proffered love
Lies only here made perfect.

Oh grant to me this fragile excellence
Ere blighting years and melanean veiled Oblivion
Wind 'round thee her dark impenetrable folds,
And mock, no eye to see this sempeternal essence
Not preserved.

—Charles Hensley.

SALIENT

Undoubtedly—
Spring is sentimentality
For Winter is Woe
And Autumn is aged
For Summer is saturated
With living
Intensified.

—Betty Meyer.

Oh pity the poor Exchange Editor
The man with the scissors and paste
Oh think of the man who must read all the jokes,
And think of the hours he wastes.
He sits at his desk until midnight.
How worried and pallid he looks
As he scans through the college comics
And reads all the funny books.

This joke he can't clip—it's too dirty.
This story's no good—it's too clean.
This woman won't do—she's too shapely.
This chorus girl's out—it's obscene.

The clips must be clean for the mothers,
The clips must have sex for the boys
The clips must be packed full of humor
Or the editor raises a noise.

The cracks must have fire and sparkle,
Sprinkled with damn, louse and hell,
The blurbs must be pure—and yet filthy.
Or the manager swears it won't sell.

O pity the man with the clipper
He's only a pawn and a tool
In trying to keep his jokes dirty and clean.
He's usually kicked out of school.

—Awgawn.

Two men and a young lady were on the Pullman for California and decided they had better get acquainted.

One man said: "My name is Paul, but I'm not an apostle"

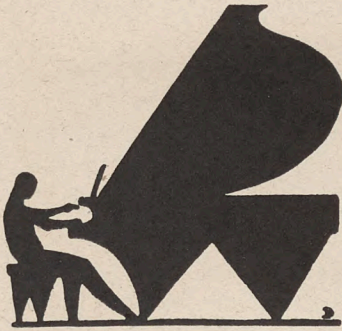
The other said: "My name is Peter, but I'm not a saint."

The girl: "My name is Mary, and I don't know what to say."

—Wet Hen.



MUSIC



Some people know that winter is coming when the trees start losing their leaves, but others can foresee icy breezes by the appearance of announcements of symphony soloists and pictures of opera stars. This winter's music season opened this month with the performance of "Martha," starring Helen Jepson and James Melton. Two other works grace our opera season this year: "Tosca" with Grace Moore in the title role, October 25, and "Falstaff" with John Charles Thomas and Dusolina Giannini, November 10. "Martha" and "Falstaff" are especially enjoyable this year because they are being sung in English. Though operas usually sound better sung in the language in which they were written, much of the meaning of the action is lost by the audience because few people are familiar enough with foreign languages to understand them in opera.

Everyone who is going to see "Falstaff" should be interested to know that Mr. Stanley Chapple will give an illustrated lecture on this opera. Though an English citizen, Mr. Chapple has made a name for himself in America, not only as a lecturer and conductor, but as an authority on modern English music. Mr. Chapple was conductor of three of our Little Symphony concerts last summer. Mr. Chapple will speak October 31, at 8:15 p. m., in the Tower Room of the Congress Hotel.

The Civic Music League will present five outstanding concerts this year with world renowned artists appearing as soloists. They are Sergei Rachmaninoff, Nathan Milstein, Lily Pons and Donald Dickson. The fifth attraction will be the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra which has become outstanding during the last few years under the baton of Fabien Sevitzyk.

Vladimir Golschmann will conduct the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra for the eleventh consecutive season and he will present many new American works. Besides six orchestra programs, twelve outstanding soloists will appear with the orchestra.

Mr. Golschman has chosen for his first program on October 31 and November 1 works by both classic and modern composers. The program will include: **Overture and Allegro** by Francois Couperin, 17th century French composer, orchestrated by Darius Milhaud, French composer, now living in America; Beethoven's Third Symphony, the beloved **Eroica**; an overture by Eric Delamarter, Michigan composer and teacher at Northwestern University; excerpts from Debussy's **Le Martyre de St. Sebastin**, and Bach's **Toccata in C. Major**, orchestrated by Leo Weiner.

In conclusion I should like to say something about music at Washington University. Though very little attention is paid to music on our campus, a few steps have been taken this year that should make the student body more music-conscious. One is the coming of Mr. Charles Galloway to direct the Washington University chorus. Mr. Galloway's excellent musical background and his contagious enthusiasm should go far in making our

chorus a really good one. It is about time the student body became interested in the chorus and gave it full support. Other musical activities on campus this year will be record concerts and recitals sponsored by Parnassus. I believe that music should become more a part of our college life. Most large universities have schools of music and concerts given at the school. We have neither of these but we do have the opportunity of hearing one of the best orchestras in the country every week. One of the organizations on campus bought two season tickets to the symphony concerts so that by the end of the year each of its members will have had an opportunity to hear one concert. I think this was an excellent idea and a good way to introduce many people to the wealth of pleasure found in music.

—Mary Jane Waldemar.

PLATTER PATTER

Buying records in groups of more than ten at a time is quite a job. We discovered an excellent method the other day while checking the current "Jazzy" tunes at "As You Like It" at 7716 Forsythe in Clayton. A group of men from the S. A. E. House were there, and they would ask Mary Jane Monnig (known as Brown on this campus) to bring out about 15 records at a time. The boys grabbed them, disappeared into three of the booths, and shifted from booth to booth on each tune. They really bought the records in a hurry! After this display of "mass production" we approached Mary Jane. The list which follows is the result of her efforts.

The best record of the past several months is "Basin Street Boogie," recorded on Col. 36340 by Will Bradley and Ray McKinley. "The Six Texas Hot Dogs," a band within the band, hit a slow blues tempo aided by the fine brush work of Ray McKinley, ex-Jimmy Dorsey, drummer. Will Bradley plays his greatest trombone on this disc backing up Ray on two vocal choruses. An open trumpet with a clarinet ala Goodman, combined with a solid bass and a boogie piano played by Bill, Beat Me Daddy, Maxted all help to make this platter terrific. Be sure to hear this record but not for the flip over—"Call It Anything Its Love." This is a fair popular tune waxed by the entire band plus a Terry Allen vocal.

Gene Krupa scores again as he has consistently done since he added Roy Eldridge to his aggregation. The full band cut "Old Rockin' Chair's Got Me" on Okeh 6352, which features Roy and his trumpet. This boy Eldridge has what it takes and this record conclusively proves it. His knowledge of chord progression is amazing and his upper register superb. The reverse is a Krupa special "Tunin' Up," which sounds like the band could use it. The entire ensemble screams and rants with only a lonely clarinet coming out clearly. This side is definitely poor.

Frank Sinatra, Tommy Dorsey's fair-haired boy, turns sinner as he records "A Sinner Kissed An Angel." This is a brand new danceable tune sporting a great second chorus by Frank. This record should definitely be on your must list. The reverse of Victor 27611, "Two In Love," is a second rate copy of the former side but never the less very good.

—Bill Kohl.

Coeds On Vacation



Patty May, a good tan in the making.
 Jo Ellen Kidd be careful, don't drop those.
 Trudy Griese and Sue Simpson with that far away look in their eye.
 Bernice Ziegler and Barbara Zumwinkle relaxing in the sun.
 Jane Sackett and Ann Purnell sitting in the drink.
 May Ruester and Charlie Duke—sounds like a good story, Charlie.
 Arline Peterson on deck.
 Clark, Ellis and Stevens, here's your cue, Quad Show.
 Mary Jane Bartlett sitting on the rail.
 Gloria Sprick and pup.
 Hold that pose Patty.
 Dotty Schneider you take me, I'll take you.
 Gladys Hill at the pool.
 Mary Maack the merry mermaid.

D R A M A

Last call, curtain going up on the *Thrysus* dramatic season, when ye old theatregoers bow to the habits of "The Male Animal." A rickety sort of a play, with barely enough clothes to cover it, "The Male Animal" manages to captivate by its impish tongue and subtle wit. "It resembles a dinner party where there isn't nearly enough food but where the conversation is so amusing that nobody minds."

The plot on the surface is concerned with nothing more world shaking than the marital misunderstandings of young Professor Tommy Turner who believes his wife has fallen for her ex-sweetheart football player, returned to the alma mater for a glance at love and football. His attempts to be reasonable about the returning rival and the ghastly state of affairs that arises when it is publicly announced that he plans to read a slightly-read letter of Sacco Vanzettis to his class in English composition provide excitement for the full three acts. Never before in the 20th century has a more hilariously absurd example of the classic duel been fought on the stage. Realizing that all previous attempts have been feeble and emboldened by too much of the bottle, Tommy decides to use the ways of the bull elephant, the swan and the crab—to "fight" for his mate. He becomes the infuriated, slightly intoxicated male animal. From that point on the

play moves with an exhilarating rapidity hurling Tommy from that life with his fellow elephants to a crude awakening with a horrible headache and a loving wife.

The other eve I viewed the cast in full rehearsal. They are turning out a speeding vehicle. Courtney Heineman treats Tommy Turner with all the delicacy due the milk toast hero, who has big things to say. While in direct contrast, Earl Sherry rips up the stage as the great Joe Ferguson whose magnanimity appears only skin deep. Phyllis Rosentrater turns in one of the best bits of acting I've seen on campus, as Ellen Turner, the sensible and terribly attractive wife of the young professor. Dotty Schue wraps the average coed into a more than average bundle. Both of these girls are newcomers to the *Thrysus* stage and certainly should have a great future. Morry Yaffe assumes the stiff dignity of Dean Damon with—but heaven's, we all know Morry. He and Jean Hausman, as Cleota, the colored maid, play comedy up to a high. Others in the cast are Dixon Gleeson as the student editor, slightly radical and set in his ideas; Betty Warfield as Mrs. Damon, who delights in her "Spuds;" and Joan Rozier and Alan Teugle as Mr. and Mrs. Keller—the biggest voice on the Board of Trustees and his wife. Perhaps I sound far too "pro *Male Animal*"—but it's a great show—we all know that—and if the cast raises and lowers the curtain next Friday night like it did a few nights ago—*Thrysus* has another hit.

GLAMOR BOYS

What this campus needs is bigger and better glamour boys. What the missionaries did for darkest Africa we wish someone would do for glamour-barren W. U.

To start with, of course, it's a help if you're six foot two-ish and have football shoulders but little freshmen don't be discouraged, height and breadth aren't essential but here is something that is: one stubborn damp little curl that will fall over your forehead no matter how much you brush it. It's important too to have a tiny crescent-shaped scar at the hairline and a darn good story to go with it. (P. S. Don't tell them your kid sister beamed you one with a pea shooter.) Your whole attitude towards women should suggest that under your tenderness you are actually a seething volcano of fire kept in check by your will power. A far away look in your eye when you know she's watching will add that note of silent brooding, which is so romantic. For glamour boys who'll go the limit for their glamour you might add a woody perfume something like "Russian Leather." Naturally you will use it with finesse, we hope, just a dab on the breast pocket handkerchief. A bit of a foreign accent does wonders, perhaps just an odd word now and then—in French if you're the Boyer type or in Spanish if you're like Tyrone Power or maybe you could mix the two and keep her guessing. You never walk—you drive about in a low slung convertible with all the gadgets and foreign license plates. (P.S. Available in the 10c store but don't tell anyone.) You like dogs and have your own horse that can be handled only by you. (A sort of Lone Ranger modification.) You're not always around on the week-end and your fraternity brothers don't always know where you've gone but you come back with an exciting account of a hepped stay in Chicago or at times you just come back and don't say anything and laugh at the first person who tries to pump you; smiling wickedly in a mys-

terious way. When girls ask you to sorority dances weeks ahead of time you never tie yourself down because it would be unfair to them if you were suddenly called out of town and then, too, it doesn't make you seem too anxious, and of course they won't dare ask another date but they'll wait around with their fingers crossed begging you not to leave town. You, by all means, never talk about your past even when prodded by adoring females, you simply smile discreetly and let their imaginations roam. Just let them imagine you as the third party in a continental love affair too hot for the papers, etc., etc.)

Your wardrobe is extensive and casual except for formal wear which is strictly correct. Everything is monogrammed and borrowing from the brothers is tabu; but now and then you condescend to permit an adoring brother to wear your imported Scotch coat for which he will type out your chemistry reports for the following week. Etchings, of course, are passe, but let it be reputed that you have a world-famous jade collection which only the few have ever seen. You have pet names for all your women friends, like Dark Night or Kitten and naturally all the girls on campus are aching to be called something like that by you. You know women's clothes and can spot a Schiaparelli clear down Brookings steps but you are subtle in your praise—your rare compliments are awaited breathlessly and talked about for weeks afterwards. Your fraternity brothers boast about the pictures which cover your dresser and desk and those of your roommates, too. One is of your kid sister who is a knockout in her own and who is now at Bryn Mawr and one of a famous actress, inscribed of course with "love and kisses."

There are countless others from girls all over the country, one of a French countess and one of a model of whom you **never** speak. You're ready to go to work now so may Washington U. soon boast the best and biggest glamour boys yet to blossom from an unsuspecting American campus.

—Marilyn Schowengerdt.

GREEK LETTERS



1. We know that "Night Must Fall," but here we are—a column still in the dark. Why doesn't somebody do something . . . and then let us in on the secret. The Alpha Chis have been spending their time rescuing their books which a conscientious room chairman has been blithfully throwing out of the window in an attempt to keep the room clean.

2. Welcome to the Women's Building, Gamma Rho!!!

Gamma Rho is the newly organized club occupying the heretofore only unoccupied room in the Women's Building. Organized last spring under the guidance of Dean Starbird, Gamma Rho had sixty-two charter members, and has gained over thirty new members this fall. Now although the baby of the sororities, Gamma Rho is one of the largest in membership.

One of the main problems in organizing a club of this sort has already been overcome—that of furnishing the new room. The Congo furniture, designed by Count Stannisslovsky, with which the room is now furnished, was recently given a full page spread in one of the downtown papers. With this problem out of the way, Gamma Rho is ready to start on its program of social and extra curricular activities.

3. Many new lines were exhibited up and down The Row last rush week. How much weight they carried with the more discerning rushees is a question we won't endeavor to answer here, but our guess is that it wouldn't approach that of the Phi Delt tandem which piled the path up and down Fraternity Row with a rushee in the front seat and a Phi in the rear.

4. The Sigma Chi's newly formed "duck club" has been having a hard time finding bird dogs. They seem to have enough pointers: however, they would like to have a few more setters.

5. The Beta's exhibited a new technique which caused their Teke neighbors more than a little concern until a suitable antidote was devised. Whenever a pledge entered the Beta House he was met by an active who told the pledge, in as subtle a manner as possible that there

was no two ways about it—he was Beta Material. The Tekes counter-attacked by taking the same pledge out on the lawn, and pointing up to the Beta chimney (which was undeniably Beta Material). It's no secret that the rushee fell for it like a "ton of bricks."

6. The K. A.'s drafted ace rusher Parks Stillwell for hot-box duty during the crucial rushing period. Parks graduated last year from law school, but his lawyer's forensic ability served the K. A.'s to good advantage. When all else failed, Parks told the timid frosh about the horrors of hell week and how K. A.'s had eliminated this by having their pledges wash windows and scrub floors instead. As if **that** wouldn't be hell!

7. The Sigma Chi's have a new brother combination—Rowe and Jack Griffith. The Beta's told him that he was Beta Material too, but then they're no competition for one "good" Sigma Chi brother.

8. At the end of the Pi Phi's Monday night meeting, a large box of candy was delivered. Four separate wrappers exposed a card which said, "Sorry, girls—no pin, but thanks for lending the Theta's your spotlights." (Incidentally, one of the spotlights which absolutely would not work at the Pi Phi dance shown beautifully at the Theta dance the next night.)

9. Arnold Rohlfing sat down in the Student Life office the other day to use one of the many typewriters, and—a moth flew out. Tsk. tsk!

10. Lest we forget, has anyone noticed the rain—and a quick-thinking girl who left the cafeteria the other day wearing instead of the proverbial 'kerchief—a bathing cap. But then, it is really the job of this correspondent to applaud all original ideas!

11. We thought that the S. A. E. "lights" went on forever. And so did they—until a "bright" pledge conceived the brilliant idea of gently removing the fuses during meeting. Now they're in the dark, too!—N. R.

Tall Tales of Rush Week

Said President Pete Farris of the Phi Beta Alpha house in "hash" meeting when the name of Rushee Jack Martin was brought up for a vote, "Consider this man carefully, fellows. Don't be hasty because Martin has a new Cadillac convertible or because of his \$150 a month allowance. I realize he is probably a lot better looking and twice as smooth as any brother in this house, but after all, we do have to raise our scholarship. According to Martin's prep school garde sheet his average is only 1.75 and we'd better not take any chances." Martin was bailed.

When Rushee Jim Donovan, son of Henry J. Donovan, oft-times styled as the champagne king of California, invited three of the fellows from the Epsilon Phi Delta house to his room at the Chase Hotel for a party the third night of rush week to sample some of his father's stock he had brought along in an extra trunk, Member Joe Thomas declined, saying, "I'm sorry, Jim. We'd like to come but you know the rules—no contact with the rushee after 10 p. m."

—Columns.

That haircut he got makes him look as if his mother was scared by a whisk broom.

Pi Phi: "I had to kiss him, I felt so sorry for him."

Gamma Phi: "Was that after you had accepted him, dear?"

WE PROUDLY PINT

Compiled at Fresher by
Nancy Roeder, Pegr and

Name	Sorority or Fraternity	General Type	Description	What Do You Like Best About W. U. So Far?	How Do the (Men-Wo)ampus
MARIAN SCHOENBECK	Delta Gamma	Sports Girl	Blonde Blue Eyes	Delta Gamma	Well, Pre Taller Than d
BILL SCHWEIKERT	Independent	Sporty	Joe College	Good-looking Girls	
JACK TRACEY	Beta Theta Pi	Athletic	6' 2" Brown Hair	All Its Possibilities	
LOUIS KASTNER	Sigma Chi	Retiring, Athletic	Tall and Good-looking	People	The Met Area
DON STOCKER	Pi Kappa Alpha	Good All Around	Blond and Thin	Fraternity	I Havenough of
JEANETTE KOENKER	Zeta Tau Alpha	Attractive	Hazel Eyes Brown Hair	Sorority	M
LESTER FELDMAN	Sigma Alpha Mu	Smooth and Interesting	Dark Medium Size	The Swimming Pool	Th
ERIC ROSS	Zeta Beta Tau	Sauve	Dark Sharp	Getting an Activity Ticket	No
JEAN RUEHL	Delta Delta Delta	Cute	Small, Blonde, Blue Eyes	Being a Co-Educational School	
LOIS BAER	Gamma Rho	Moonlight and Orchids	Dark Nice	Campus	
MARJORIE SINGER	Alpha Chi Omega	Nice Date	Tall, Dark, Brown Eyes	The Whole Spirit	I
JANE GEIGER	Kappa Kappa Gamma	Glamorous	5' 2", Eyes of Blue	The Quad Shop	
NANCY DAVIS	Phi Mu	Athletic and Attractive	Blonde, Blue Eyes	Whole Thing!	
VIRGINIA WINSLOW	Independent	Piquant	Small Dark	The Campus	O.F.
HAROLD CLARK	Tau Kappa Epsilon	Short and Snappy	Brown Eyes and Hair	St. Louis Women on Campus	
DAVE MILLER	Kappa Alpha	Interesting	Blue Eyes Brown Hair	The Women	th
ELWYN EBERHARDT	Sigma Alpha Epsilon	Good-looking	Brown Eyes and Hair	Women!	v
PEGGY RIDER	Kappa Alpha Theta	Sweet and Sophisticated	Blonde	Different and Confusing	
GENE MEYER	Pi Beta Phi	Lovely	Blonde Blue Eyes	It's All Wonderful	
GRACE DELLERT	Gamma Phi Beta	Cute and Vivacious	Blue Eyes Brown Hair	Everyone Is So Friendly	v
BILL FOX	Theta Xi	Personality Boy	Grey Eyes Brown Hair	Theta Xi	Good and
KENTON McGEE	Independent	Tall and Good-looking	Hazel Eyes Brown Hair	The BOYS Are Fine	
TOM MOONEY	Phi Delta Theta	Likable	Brown Hair and Eyes	Outside Activities	A Fed Up
FREDDIE MARTIN	Sigma Mu	Fun-loving	Grey Eyes Blond Hair	Sigma Mu Women	the WoStar Att
NORMAN SPITZER	Pi Lambda Phi	Good-looking	Blond Blue Eyes	Social	
EDNA TIEMANN	Alpha Xi Delta	Pretty	Brown Eyes Brown Hair	Life	I

PINT CLASS OF '45

Refreshed by Marian Grimm,
Peggy and Newton Gorman

	What Is Your Suppressed Desire?	What Is Your Pet Hate?	What Do You Think of Freshmen Rules?	What Do You Expect to Achieve at W. U.?	High School
Pre Taller Hand	To Be a Singer	Mosquitoes	Lot of Fun	Highest in Everything	Beaumont
	Cream Convertible with Plush Upholstery	Brunettes	O.K. — Confusing, But Amusing	Get \$1000	Beaumont
	To Go to West Point	Women Drivers	Essential to Every College	Civil Engineering	Soldan
he Met Are	To Graduate		O. K. So Far	Three Letters and a Diploma	St. Joseph
average of	To Make Average	Answering Fraternity Telephone	We Ought to Keep Them	To Get a Wife	Can't Remember
M	To Get Married	Rain	Not Enforced Very Well	Education, Etc.	Cleveland
Th	To Be a Great Journalist	Redheads With Big Noses	They're Not Strict Enough	Not to Get Hooked By One Woman	Soldan
No	None	(Censored)	I Don't Think They're Very Strict	Fame, Fortune and Friendship	Clayton
	To Grow	Silk Stockings	Not So Bad	Education (!)	Clayton
	To Graduate	Little Men	They're Plenty Lenient	Law Degree	Clayton
I	To Be a Spanish Interpreter	None in Particular	Not Much So Far— Good Idea	Better Life	Beaumont
	Haven't Any	Mathematics	Fun	I Don't Know	St. Joseph's Academy
	To Know Who My Math. Teacher Is	Crew Cuts	Not So Good	To Get Out in 4 Years	U. City
O.F.	To Be a Blonde	Chewing Gum	Fair	Professional Career	Burnhan School for Girls, Mass.
	A Brunette	Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors	Haven't Gotten Around to Them Yet	Made Physician Be a Doctor	Westport Kansas City
th	None	Freshman Rules	Just ask Me!	Adequate Knowledge	Webster
V	To Love and Vice Versa	None	Don't Know	Phi Beta Kappa Education	Beaumont
	To Find a Dream Man	Buttoning	Terrible	Expect to Get an Education	Webster
	I Don't Have One	Riding Street Cars	Help to Get Acquainted	To Attain Education	Normandy
V	To Be a Gym Teacher	When People Call Me "Gracie"	Help Build School Spirit	Be a Theta Xi	Webster
Good and	To Get a Real Good Date	Jitterbugs	Swell — Creates More Interest	A Scholarship to M. I. T.	Granite City
	To Go Steady With About 5 Girls	Buttoning	Off Hand, They're a Lot of . . .	Have a Good Time,	Classen High in Oklahoma City
A Fed Up	To Iron Out a Misunderstanding With B. Sprague	Betas	Very Silly	Make Phi Beta Kappa	Western Military Academy
e WoStar Att	To Make All A's	None	All Right	To Meet a Lot of Women	Southwest
	None	at All	O.K.	A Lot of Things	Clayton
I	To Make Good Grades	Studying	So Far, O.K.	Degree and Good Time	Aftton

SEPTEMBER KATIE

By BILL HERBERT

IT IS LATE September now, and it is cool, and there is a crispness and inspiration in the air you find no other time of the year. The air is crisp and inspirational, I say, and I don't mean football or bacon or covert slacks or guest artists. I mean love.

Yes, I'm walking over to the window now and when I sniff that air I think of Washington University and hope very much for another Great Adventure to happen to me. I mean starry-eyed visions and walks on the Quad, harvest-moon hayrides and teasing good-night scenes, library jelling and Women's Building Cowboys, and most of all Katie Hill. And that means love.

You've never met Katie Hill? Well, that's too bad and in a way, too, pretty good. There's a wonderful story to that girl, at least there is to me. It's a wonderful story, as I say, a marvelous story. It isn't a bit complicated — I mean there weren't fraternities or sororities or dances or any other of those meaningless features of college life — but there was enough pathos and inner warmth and even ironical humor in it for any man to take before dinner.

I guess you'd call it a story of Autumn Cheer, although most of it isn't cheerful at all. As a matter of fact, I suppose Katie herself was the only cheerful thing about it, cheerful, that is, in the heart-filling, mind-forgotten way I figure girls were meant to be. But there was a brooding, pensive sadness about her, too, a mental quality about her which nobody could understand.

And through that sadness I came to discover and lose her—all in the space of an emotion-crammed week I'll never forget.

When I said there weren't fraternities and sororities, I meant that to me there weren't. There was to Katie. I really believe, on looking back at it now, that her simple mind will always behold Greek-letter organizations as the collective ultimate of human achievement, the ready-made F.O.B. answer to the good life. And the organizations themselves were arranged in a careful, balanced sort of hierarchy which no act of God or fashion could disturb.

Yet the sad thing about this whole story of Katie, which I am trying to get around to, is that she wasn't qualified by temperament or background either to have any idea of the sort. It's quite all right for that great element of kids to use the fraternity-sorority structure to express an alleged individualism, their claim to which is more often than not based on nothing more than a good family and attractive physical makeup. But Katie, to give her an unwarranted garland, had no more than a little of each.

I came to learn in that week of last September that she was striving to keep up a front she didn't possess and—worst of all — was trying to suppress the one thing that made her stand head and shoulders above the rest of the Gammas, a heart.

It is sacrilege, I imagine, for a Tau Beta to talk that way about the Gammas for there is an affinity of the two organizations which has been built up for several years by dating, brother and sister combinations, and disproportionate numbers of stag bids to Gamma dances. It's a healthy relationship, I admit, but a blind man, no, even a Tau Beta freshman, can see that all is not right when the Golden Gamma Arrow is buried in his girl's back.

It will always remain a secret to me that the Gammas ever took Katie to begin with. I just told you she wasn't the type. She wasn't at all. She was reasonably pretty, to stretch a point, but lacked the aggressive personality and ready-to-run line, which is standard equipment for a Gamma. She had the greatest of hearts, I said, but a girl can't cash them in for dates.

Well, if I keep on talking this way I'll have us all in tears and I didn't mean to do that at all. If I can find my way out of the misery of the situation, you'll be able to see how the events make a story of Autumn Cheer. They do as sure as you're looking around for some conversation now. But Autumn Cheer is a funny kind of happiness, like crying when you're happy, or being warm on a

sleighride, or something. I repeat that to me the story doesn't include fraternities and sororities and big dances and queens at all. Katie is Katie to me and always will be.

No, I'll take that back. Sure, I was nuts about Katie for being Katie and not a Gamma, popularized in Washington rumor and fact as the sweetheart of Tau Beta Chi, but the Katie I know now, or rather, will run into occasionally this fall on the campus, is by no means the Katie I first saw one afternoon trying out for the movie star part in "Stage Door."

I was wasting my time on the campus at the time and dropped in on the tryouts in search of something interesting. She was reading her lines in competition with some of the older coeds, and there was fire, strength, real feeling in her voice.

With all the self-assurance that only a self-styled B.M.O.C. can muster, I straightened my tie, stroked a beardless chin, grinned at the pompous-looking professor-director, and leaned over to whisper to a brother.



"Who's the tomato?"

Bob Hartwig glanced down at me tolerantly, excused a forced smile at the youthful expression. "I don't know but she's a Gamma freshman. You could get in there early and do good."

"Yeah . . ." My voice trailed off. Visions of social recognition accompanied a more natural physical disturbance. She had that impersonal prettiness, as I said, and I was readier than a rabbit for the social opportunities.

Katie was going great, unaware of her good fortune. She was running the emotional gamut and the beating of my heart didn't hurt her performance for me in the least. In my mind's eye I could see her standing on that boardinghouse bed, telling the rest of the girls where to get off. Then somebody in the back of the room snickered.

That snicker brought her back to reality, the reality of thin superficiality which Katie's real personality had momentarily taken her away from. I regret it now and am ashamed of myself when I think it was a selfish motive which enabled me to discover Katie. At any rate I was the only person in the room who didn't laugh when she ran to the door, stripped of that thin veil of sophistication so essential to the Tau Beta-Gamma conception of collegiate success.

The age of chivalry is alive and kicking. I followed her outside the room in all the glory of indignant youth and looked on sympathetically as she weakly put her handkerchief into effect.

The situation was a natural. I'd be wasting space to give you the superfluous account of how I felt. Katie let my handkerchief alternate with hers in the attempt to regain her composure, and I believe my gangling hands were given one of their infrequent furloughs from the confines of my trouser pockets. And the whole thing was conducted on a sympathetic plane.

I really believe Katie looked beautiful throughout this whole experience. Of course, it is difficult to appraise an emotional experience of a whole year back, and I must confess my narrative will doubtless contain inaccuracies in part and vague, clouded accounts in other parts. But, as I said, it is late September now, and it is getting cool. The crispness and inspirational qualities in the air have a definite way of spelling Katie Hill.

This will be over shortly, but I am trying to say that I never was so spiritually close to a girl as I was then. I sincerely believe that for a few hallowed seconds our souls actually communed, or did what the eighteen-year-old equivalent for it is. There was beauty in Katie's every movement, beauty in her speech which was to come later, and a beauty in her eyes which seemed to crystallize all the crispness and inspiration and anything else you've ever discovered in the September air.

Sometimes I figure it was an hour, and at the time it seemed like a year, but thirty seconds seems like a more logical estimate of the time which elapsed between the drawing of my handkerchief and my first words. At that, it showed a mastery of an emotional upheaval when I asked her what her name was.

Katie's misty eyes showed the faint resemblance of a smile at once. Her voice made it on the second try.

"Kath — Katherine Hill." I felt relieved. "But my friends call me Katie," she added with a smile and invitation for me to enter that category. All this and originality, too.

I fumbled for an unnecessary rationalization of my behaviour.

"I — I thought that maybe you — maybe you were kinda' upset."

She smiled.

"Thanks." Then she dropped her eyes and sniffled some more.

Sure, it was me. Gone, brother, gone. Well, we thought the University Soda Parlor might serve as a safety valve for our emotions while we each felt each other out, conversationally, to get the vital statistics. I don't have to weary you with the talk, except to mention such stimulating topics as whom each of us knew at the other's high school and how tough the courses were. Still, I enjoyed every word of it, every golden word of it, as a matter of fact.

I'd say that her voice was like music, but I think that's been used before, and Katie is in a class by herself. Katie is Katie, it will be remembered, and in a few days I began to realize that with me it was Katie is Katie and not Katie is a Gamma. That's important.

Returning outside the situation was different. Katie and I were oldtime buddies now by our bond of sympathy for her, but it was impossible to stand pat in our face-saving rationalization which had to come later. The idea of friendship on an intellectual plane was impractical for two obvious reasons and you guess.

Well, we didn't try. It was different, I tell you, not like anything else you've ever seen or heard of. If you weren't with the girl, you never missed her, but if Katie was with you it was like a thousand maggots playing field hockey on your intestines. You spoke to her and the rest of the room would up and evaporate. And when you spoke, it came out half base, half soprano.

"Katie," I would say, "Katie, we'd better get back to the library and study." And then I would just look at Katie and see all September mirrored in those blue-gray eyes, we both knew I was just talking.

And so it went for a whole week—Katie this, Katie that, eat Katie, dream Katie, love Katie. Shut up. I know I'm getting silly and I don't mind admitting it. If you had seen her, seen her, I mean, like I saw her, you'd be paddling with your ears, too. Like I was a couple of nights later at the Women's Building.

Katie was saying she'd have to go and I was saying, "Well, wait a minute." It went on that way for several minutes, her smiling underneath her halo and me keeping my foot in the door.

"I suppose — er — I guess you **do** have to go, Katherine." I was fumbling.

"Ye-es, I really must . . ." I couldn't even see myself then. The silence was golden and eloquent. Then some Gammas came along and broke up the whole thing in their characteristic clumsy manner.

They didn't say anything. They didn't have to. They just breezed by, smiling at us and then themselves. Real smart, you know.

I didn't think it was so smart. I looked at Katherine then, and she looked back at me, and there was an eternity lost there we'll never find again. I forgot to mention that dates had intervened, dates in which we had almost come to know each other, but not quite.

A glowing crimson permeated Katie's face. It was a crimson of bewilderment and indecision and shame. It was a crimson of all those things.

Katie looked down at my foot in the door and then at my anxious face. Then her glance swept by me to in-

clude the waiting Gammas.

There was a second's hesitation there, and that second has since caused me to read into it every possible human motive my mind and heart have ever heard of. I was on the anxious seat, waiting; Katie found her answer.

"Well," she sang out gaily, "I suppose I'll see you in English tomorrow." She turned to her buddies. "Let's go up to the room."

* * *

Maybe it would have been better if I hadn't told you about this whole thing but, as I may have mentioned before, it is near the end of September now, and the crisp-

ness and inspiration in the air have a way of reminding me about the incident. Maybe Katie isn't, or wasn't even then, what I thought she was, but time continues to lend enchantment to the entire affair. At any rate, I'd rather go on fooling myself.

Usually, as a matter of fact, I can fool myself with no trouble at all. It is only now and then that in thinking of Katie I am faced with no sweetness but much light.

Besides, it was getting near October when the incident came to a close, and October, to me, is in no way like September. It is much too cold.

THE END.

THIS WAY OUT

Dinner, Supper and Dancing

Belvedere Joe—1407 Brentwood Blvd.

This place has long been a favorite with some of the students. However, recently 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.

If you like to sit in a big room on a fall evening, this is just the place for you. It's quite cozy with good food and drinks and lots of old traditions thrown in. (Not the food.)

Chase Club—Hotel Chase (RO. 2500)

The Chase Club is featuring Henry Busse. For the place to go, this night club still holds its place as tops. You'll pay for everything you get, but there's good entertainment, delicious food, and usually a well-known orchestra.

Culpeppers—4665 Maryland

A pleasant atmosphere, and plenty of sophistication are the main attractions of Culpeppers. The debutantes all hang out here, but maybe you will be able to find a table in some corner.

Le Chateau—Clayton Rd.

This place is slowly becoming a college spot. The food is good, prices moderate, and there is an added attraction of glass tables so you can look at your date's legs all evening.

" . . . and Grill"

Forest Park—Forest Park Hotel

Plenty of activity and a lot of fun. Everybody here just bubbles with energy and if you're not too sleepy, this is just the place.

Graham's Grill—Central and Forsythe

It's dark and it's smoky but you can always find an extremely congenial group of Washington U. students.

an alphabetical listing of places to go

Max Weber's—Big Bend and University Loop

The Campus crowd is more and more gathering here for its hang out. You can't go wrong. Good food, and it's inexpensive.

Mural Room—DeBaliviere and Waterman

You haven't lived if you haven't been here. For quiet refinement coupled with a lot of fun, you can't beat it. The prices are reasonable, and the food and drinks are good.

Ramelkamps—7817 Clayton Rd.

When you "lift a glass" here it has milk in it. The atmosphere's nice, and there is a juke-box for dancing.

Richmond—7014 Clayton Rd.

When you go to this hole-in-the-wall you'll have fun. You have to make your own entertainment though, as the Richmond has very little to offer.

Steeplechase—Chase Hotel

If your feet hurt and you want to sit down, don't try the Steeplechase on Saturday nights, because you won't get a chance. There's standing room only. Any other night it's good and we approve.

Town Hall—Clayton and Big Bend

It's the spot for informal college get-togethers and the upstairs is equally popular. We'd rather confine it to lunches, but it's a good place to go after the movies if you're hard put to it.

Vescova's—Skinker and Delmar

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

Zodiac—Hotel Chase

Well, here we are back at the Chase again, this time in their star-lit roof. The ceiling really rolls back and there you are under the stars. Very romantic but a little on the crowded side.

• Mural Room •

Oct.
21

MEMO . . .

Don't forget date to take Jane to Mural Room.

"BUD" TAYLOR
at the Organ

P.S.—Look for the
White Chariot

ST. LOUIS' MOST BEAUTIFUL COCKTAIL LOUNGE

DELICIOUS FOOD

2 FOR 1
COCKTAIL HOUR 3 TO 5

DE BALIVIERE at WATERMAN

Rush Week and the Mixer

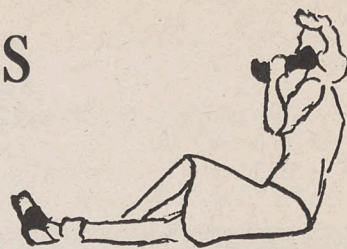


Gloria Kradke getting a line.
 Freshman at the Mixer. How did you get in there Pat?
 A couple of smooth freshmen, Spoor and Wisman.
 Rush talk for Carl Kohl between games.
 That's O.K. freshman, just a camera.
 Gassmen and Clark getting acquainted.
 Stocker getting interviewed for **ELIOT**.
 Davis stringing that line.
 Kohl and rushees going hungry, no food at the **S. A. E.** House.
 Littlefield twins, Pete and Steve, become pledge brothers.



BETWEEN BELLES

WIRES CROSSED AND UNCROSSED



Flash . . . We're back again to start a new year . . . and with our first edition we bring you our interpretation of the latest war news. (And we hope it is released by the censor.)

All Quiet on the Western Front

Marguerite Widerholt, Pi Phi, and Courtney Heineman
Helen Wallis, Delta Gamma, and Fred Clauser, S. A. E.
Alice Jane Love, Pi Phi, and Rex Carruthers, Beta
Doris Hartman, Delta Gamma, and Peyton Gaunt, Beta
Patty Dunbar, Pi Phi, and Bill Rider, Phi Delta Theta
Lou Ellen Barr, K. K. G., and Burke Stoute, Sigma Chi

Blitzkrieg—List of Those Conquered

Betty Rasbach, Pi Phi, and Charlie Bland, Sigma Nu
Betty Moline, Gamma Phi, and Mill Weisert, K. A.
Jean Wenzlick, K. K. G. and Paul Fullerton, Beta
Harriet Lloyd, Theta, and Bob Lewis, Beta
Louise Hilmer, Gamma Phi, and Johnny Murrell, T. K. E.
Doreen Dunwoody, Theta, and Ted Young, Beta
Marianna Taussig, Theta, and Louis Holekamp, Beta from
Westminster

Pepper Throop, Theta, and Northcut Coil, Phi Delta Theta
Jean Verbary, Delta Gamma, and Bob Miller, Kappa Sig

Summer Maneuvers

Jimmie Otto, Theta, and Gene Pennington, Beta
Marjorie Kammerer, Pi Phi, and Lou Matthey, Phi Delt
Betsy Mills, Theta, and Jack Hunstein, S. A. E.
Mary Watson, K. K. G. and Carter Ellis, Phi Delt

Blackouts

Trudy Griese, Delta Gamma, and Verne Purvines
Patty Wolf, K. K. G. and Jack Cotter, Beta
Rodee Pistor, Gamma Phi, and Dave Fullgraf
Betty Sprague, K. K. G., and Harry Cheshire, Sigma Chi

Treaties Broken—Possibly Due to Fifth Columnist Action

Ann Netherland, K. K. G.—Frank Bubbs, Phi Delt
(5th columnist action by Jordan Singleton suspected.)
Dotty Tracy, Pi Phi—"Rolla" Rohlfing, Beta
(Actions of Jack Melitio, Phi Delt, suspicious.)

Future Campaigns

Suzonne Buckner, Gamma Phi, and Bob Mason, Phi Delt
Jean Greenlee, K. K. G., and Randy Russell, Beta

Successful Campaigns—Allies United

Eleanor Schwebel, and Bill Brown, T. K. E.
Marjorie Johnston, Theta, and John Flemming, S. A. E.
Joan Vernon, K. K. G., and Ike Johnson (Missouri)
Dottie Schnure, Theta, and Allen Gilbert

A. W. O. I.

Katie Sparks, Theta
Doreen Dunwoody, Theta
Betty Thompson, Kappa
Jean Richardson, Theta
Jane Ann Morris, Pi Phi
Jean Buchta, Pi Phi

Re-United Allies

Barbara Hart, and George Owen, Phi Delt
Irmagild Warmber, K. K. G., and Johnny Weber S. A. E.

So much news was made this summer, we think it's only fair to mention some of it. Gone but not forgotten . . . and now they call him "One-Beer" Carruthers. This summer the frosh prexy of Beta slipped from the straight and narrow and after his first bottle of "Bud" spent his time vainly trying to climb the mast of a sailboat. Now, don't deny it, Rex, we have witnesses.

The summer vacation couldn't break up the Milton Warren-Lucy Cartier combine; it's stronger than ever.

"Glamour Boy" Kassabaum, Sigma Chi, is now on the loose after being chilled by the flame at home during the summer.

Along with our summer reminiscences, we seem to remember an abundance of "Henny Penny" Venarde of the Sigma Nu lodge in the capacity of Washington's chief "glamour-boy and clothes horse." And Venarde, in still another roll, was and still is being co-starred in the Venarde-Betty Stevens, K. K. G. romance.

Wes Gallagher, S. A. E. is again a free man; it seems that Margaret Horsting (his li'l theta love) went home and got herself engaged to someone new. Too bad, Wes, Chicago is a wicked city.

Clark Garrison, Beta, is now supporting the Pi Phi Chapter as well as the Theta Chapter. Summer interference was played by Jane Allen. Mary Maack, Theta, and Steve Murray, Sigma Chi, make up the other two sides of this puzzle? It's got us stumped. Now you try to figure it out.

Business as usual at the Sigma Chi House: Burns and Toensfeldt; Reiner and Andrews; Stout and Barr. Burke and Lou Ellen seem to be making Ridgely Arcade their afternoon rendezvous. Don't engineers have labs, anymore? Forrest Stone and Marjorie Johanning are still playmates. While Andy Carver spends his spare time being inquisitive about a certain Dartmouth fellow, Lisle Hughes is dividing his time between intramurals and Kansas U. The Love bug finally gets them.

Bob E. Lee (just call him "General") is true to tradition and is definitely interested in the Kappa's new pledge from way down South, Glyn Herrick.

Who said there was no funny business going on around here? It certainly looked like nonsense to us when Betty Stupp, Delta Gamma, wore Fred Clauser's S. A. E. pin for about an hour and then turned it over to Helen Wallis, who, after wearing the pin for about another hour, then turned it back to Fred. Fred just won't stop making the news. There's another story circulating about the afternoon Fred brought an off-campus girl up to the S. A. E. House only to find Helen already there. With his usual poise, Clauser introduced the two and spent a happy afternoon keeping them entertained.

Naomi Brown, Gamma Rho, who was a decoration in the law library many nights last year is now wearing for her own decoration Manny Lasky's legal frat pin.

While the cat's away the mice do play, the cat being Ethel Voges, K. K. G. (now at Ohio Wesleyan), the mouse, Frances Royse, and the cheese, Eddy Rhodes, Phi Delt.

Johnny Lewis, S. A. E. and past editor of Student Life, can't seem to stay away from the Old Alma Mater. We suspect the reason to be Delta Gamma's Shirley Settle.

There might be a general shortage of men of draft age, but not for Barbara Goldberg, Gamma Rho, who is making "A Hundred Men and a Girl" her theme song. She's the sole female member of the frosh law school.

Herb Wiegand, has finally parted with his Beta pin—and after four years of keeping a loving eye on it. It

seems Marie Hiendricksmeier walked away this summer to New York with Herb's heart and pin to become a John Powers model.

Barbara Chivvis, Theta, wants to be elected president of the "Lonely Hearts Club" since Sam Murphy, S. A. E., left last summer for Detroit. But she's being run stiff competition by Eugenie Andrews, Kappa, who feels she is just as qualified for the job since Pittman Orr, S. A. E., is at Northwestern this year studying medicine. Eugenie and Pitt have set quite an example on the campus the last three years. Still pinned and now going on to the fourth year and without a quarrel to their record . . . and that is a record. . .

Before Al Rosenfeld, Pi Lam, left for Columbia U. this fall he was seen wearing his pin, which had been conspicuously absent for some time. What's the story, Emily?

Quickest pinning and unpinning of the new semester took place recently at the Theta Xi house when Gamma Phi pledge Mone Jane Shuttleworth put on Bob's pin, ate lunch, and as an after dinner thought, returned the pin back to Bob's manly chest.

It has been heard that Helen Megel and a certain Sigma Nu have taken mutual interest in the "White Star." Another Gamma Phi also has the lovelight in her eyes. Kay Reardon and Charlie Jacobs are twoing it these days.

President Maize of Kappa and President Lewis of Beta have a mutual interest these days . . . and we're not referring to politics.

At the Phi Delt picnic, Neil Humphryville and Jack Melitto seemed to take quite an interest in Delta Gamma pledges Lucy Lou Free and Dotty McCoy . . . Watch this column for later developments.

"St. Louis Blues" might describe the situation at the S. A. E. house since Katie Sparks, Theta, went down to North Carolina, leaving Dave Hughes behind to keep the home fires burning.

"Delta Gamma Sweethearts"—or "Melody for Two:" S. A. E. pledge, Elwyn Eberhart; and Jean Verbarq and Bob Miller, Kappa Sig transfer from Washington and Lee.

Genn Stewart, Alpha Chi, is taking no chances of losing Gordon Gilbert's K. A. pin. She's having it chained to her own pin for security.

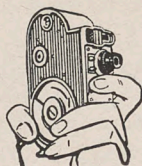
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CHARM NOTES

What do you say when you're in a pinch? Do you sit and squirm or do you say something, the right thing and gracefully wiggle out? Note these charm notes gals and guys and lead a smoother life.

You're the only one who knows everybody and so it's your job to make the introductions. You're all flustered and you mix up everyone's names and forget those you've known for years. Do you blush, throw your hands up and leave things in a muddle or do you take a deep breath, forget about being embarrassed and say, "Come on, let's start all over?"

You just hate those clumsy, bulky argyle sweaters the girls insist on, and you don't hesitate to air your manly opinion. Just then your date unzips a reversible only to reveal one of those same sweaters in rust green and yellow. Does your face turn ketchup color and do you let out a silly laugh and fumble around for an excuse? Or do you swallow that gulp and retaliate with a "It's a shame the other gals who wear them don't look as smart as you do in yours. You're positively the only type that can show argyles off to the best advantage." Now then you're out of it. It took some fast clicking but you saved your face and your date feels complimented.

Somebody besides you likes your new dress and tells you so. Do you just flutter, pat your hair and say nothing or do you chalk another one up and gracefully accept this compliment with, "Thank you, I'm glad **you** like it?" Now he thinks you value his opinion and from here on you can wind a swell line; if you want.

—Marilyn Schowengerdt....

The landlady brought in a platter of extremely thin slices of bread and butter, which rather dismayed her hungry boarders.

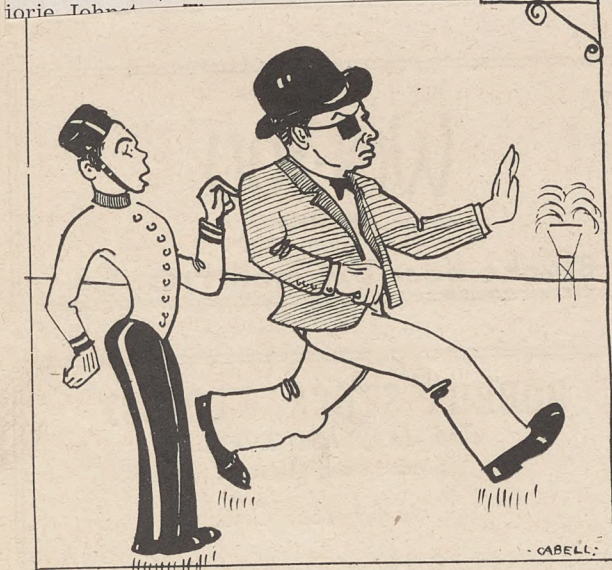
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THE NEWEST THING

By BOB DECKER

The coming of fall brings along with it the need for the complete change of wardrobe for the College Man. Football Games, Fraternity Dances and Luncheon dates all require a change from the apparel worn during the earlier part of the year. As far as Football Games and Campus life are concerned, the general trend is still in the direction of heavy and rough materials. The double-breasted Camels Hair coat with box shoulders and a half belt will still be as popular as ever.

The lovat tweed overcoat in plaid will still be the mode in double-breasted styles. Double-breasted top coats will be worn a great deal due to the added warmth they afford. Along with these top coats will be worn heavy tweed and coveart cloth suits.

For Football Games, mufflers of bright plaids and solid colors will still be fashionable. As always; light tan pigskin gloves will predominate with some bright plaid cotton and wool gloves.

Covert cloth, Tweed and rough Shetland suits will still be the vogue for daytime wear. These materials have been steadily gaining in popularity and will continue to do so this year.

Shoe styles are becoming less flashy with a trend towards grained unperforated leather. Argyles, plaids and camel hair socks will be worn a great deal; although, these will probably become more expensive due to the lack of woolen materials from England.

On the campus, sweaters of bright plaids are being seen more and more. Cashmere and Camels Hair will

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again predominate in style with a ever popular natural tan as the favorite. Slacks of gray flannel will again stand out along with the ever stylish grey tweed with red and blue over plaid. There is a trend towards longer trousers with not too small a bottom. Though not many ties are seen on campus the most popular by far is the solid color knit and the English Foulard. These pieces of neckwear may be worn with practically any suit or top coat.

Besides the daytime life on campus and football games, it is necessary to consider the Washington U. night life. Here the trend is toward more conservative clothes with a distinct lack of flash. Suits made of basket weave, darker tweed and sharkskin will be as popular as ever. Three-button models with center vent are still the most favorite by far, although some double-breasted four-button models are being worn. The top coat for evening wear is the Chesterfield model made of natural covert. This style has broad box shoulders tapered to a slim waist. The back is beltless and has a center vent. The Chesterfield model has been increasing in popularity immensely and with the war effecting clothing styles should be unbeatable.

The camel's hair top coat may be worn for school and fraternity dances as well as for afternoon wear. Again at night English foulard ties will predominate. High colored shirts are strictly taboo, and are being replaced by button-downs and wide-spreads in both solid colors and British stripes.

As ever, the brown felt snap brim hat with the darker band is by far the best seller.

For strictly formal wear the tuxedo is being replaced by the tail suit. This creates a more formal appearance

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I shouldn't take up your time like this, really. But I long ago promised the first time I found a tobacco I could smoke for a month or more steadily without tongue-bite, throat irritation, dizziness, and at the same time enjoy the flavor every time I lighted the pipe—when I found that kind of tobacco, I was going to write the manufacturer and tell him about it. *Thanks for Edgeworth, gentlemen!*

(Signed) G. T. Fleming Roberts

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and yet affords as much comfort as the tux. The solid black Chesterfield formal coat is being worn more and more, but the camel's hair still remains popular. The solid white muffler in silk and wool, and the grey pigskin gloves go to complete the strictly formal ensemble.

That's all for now, but with the changes in styles becoming more prevalent, we will be back next month with more news and comments from the style front.

Wise Guy (boarding a street car): "Well, Noah, is the Ark full?"

Conductor: "Nope, we need one more jackass; come on in."

—Exchange.



JOKES



ME—OWWWW!

Once I had a little bird,
And his song—
Was the sweetest ever heard,
He is gone—
Some cat got him!

Once I had a white pet mouse.
He was great—
Wiggly dancing little mouse,
He is ate—
Some cat got him!

Once I had a lovely beau,
He had a bus—
Lots of cash to spend, you know—
I could cuss—
Some cat got him!

—Ski-U-Mah.

The victory-mad horde swarmed on to the field, intent on reducing the goal posts to a mass of souvenir kindling. Down went men and girls in the maelstrom of humanity, and chivalrous gentlemen rushed to the rescue. An elderly gentleman was acting as pilot for the rescuers who were carrying the injured girls out of the crowd. He halted one fellow carrying a limp form in his arms, shouting: "Give her to me. I'll carry her up to the stands!"

"Oh, yeah?" panted the fellow. There's plenty more in there. Go get one of your own." —Chaparral.

"Goodbye, Mom, I'm going out to play."
"Come back here. You can't go out with that dirty neck."
"Whatdayah mean, dirty neck? She's a nice girl!"

—Long Horn.

In the darkness his arms seemed to grasp her more tightly, more passionately. Then they suddenly relaxed. "What's the matter," she queried softly, "Don't you love me any more?"

"Oh, sure. I was just resting."

—Awgwan Flash.

"When I grow up, will I have a husband like daddy, Mother?"

"Yes, Betty."

"And if I don't get married, will I be an old maid like Aunt Susan?"

"Yes, child."

... Deep thought for a minute ...

"Well, I sure am in a fix."

—Bison.

Virtue is learned at mother's knee, but vice at some other joint.

—Rammer Jammer.

Theta: My date was good and tight last night.

Alpha Chi: Well, that's an unusual combination.

—Rammer Jammer.

S. A. E. (disgustedly): I think I've got a flat tire.

Kappa: Oh, gimme me a chance, we're not a block from town yet.

—Yellow Jacket.

Dr.: I'd like to have a quart of blood for transfusion. Can you give it?

Stude: I can only give you a pint. I gotta shave tomorrow.

—Urchin.

Bob (as plane goes into a spin): "Quick, what do I do now, instructor?"

2nd Student: "Hell's bells, aren't you the instructor?"

—Yellow Jacket.

Drunk: "Shee the angleworm."

Second Drunk: "Sh' a cute angleworm."

Drunk: "Sh' not, sh' a right angleworm."

Second Drunk: "Don't be so damn geometrical."

—Bored Walk.

W. U. Coed: I wish to buy a fashionable dress.

Clerk: Yes, miss; will you have it too tight, too short or both?

—Yellow Jacket.

Pledge Son: "How can you tell when a man's drunk?"

Active: "Well, you see those two men over there? When those two men look like four, then we know you're drunk."

Pledge Son: "But, pop, there's only one man over there."

—Yellow Jacket.

Mother: "After all, he's only a boy and boys will sow their wild oats."

Father: "Yes, but I wouldn't mind if he didn't mix so much rye with it."

—Duke 'n' Duchess.

"Daughter, your hair is all mussed up. Did the young man kiss you against your will?"

"He thinks he did, mother."

—Chicago Phoenix.

Gent from West: "Waiter, take this steak out and have it cooked."

Eastern Waiter: "But, sir, that steak is cooked."

Gent from West: "Cooked, my eye! I've seen a cow hurt worse than that get well again."

—Sir Brown.



It's for national defense, officer. Surely YOU'VE heard of Ickes' plea to conserve gas!

D. G.: "These short skirts are an optical illusion."

Sig Chi: "Zatso?"

D. G.: "Yes. They make the men look longer."

—Showme.

Visitor (at an asylum): "Do you have to keep the women inmates separated from the men?"

Attendant: "Yes sir. People here ain't as crazy as you think."

—Awgwan Flash.

Neighbor: "Say, have you folks got a bottle opener around here?"

Parent "Yeah, but he's away at college now."

—Exchange.

Then there was the girl who had her boy friend take another quarter of Freshman English. But it never helped him; he continued to end his sentences with a proposition.

Removing his shoes, he climbed the stairs, opened the door of the room, entered, and closed it after him without being detected.

Just as he was about to get into bed, his wife, half aroused from slumber, turned and sleepily said "Is that you, Fido?"

The husband, relating the rest of the story, said: "For once in my life I had real presence of mind. I licked her hand."

—Yellow Jacket.



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