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*Bundling*

JUN 4 1947

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# ELIOT

TIME ISSUE



HELEN MCGAVRAN  
Retiring

*v3 #7*

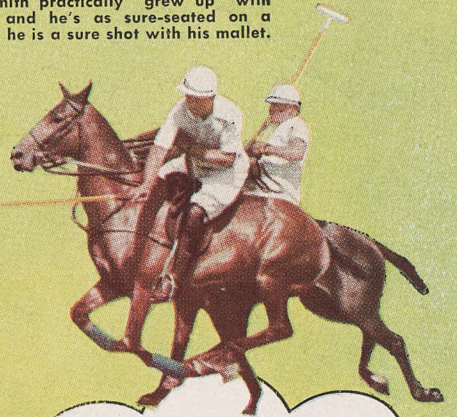
**EXPERIENCE  
IS THE BEST  
TEACHER!**

He's one of America's polo "greats"—Texas-born Cecil Smith. Veteran of many a famous international match.



*Cecil Smith*  
FAMOUS  
INTERNATIONAL  
POLO STAR

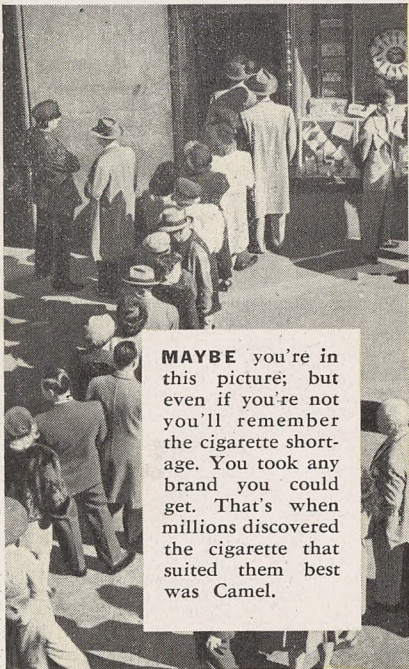
Cecil Smith practically "grew up" with horses; and he's as sure-seated on a pony as he is a sure shot with his mallet.



**EXPERIENCE IS  
THE BEST TEACHER  
IN POLO...AND  
IN CIGARETTES!  
CAMELS SUIT ME  
BEST!**

**More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!**

**Yes, experience during the war shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality.**



**MAYBE** you're in this picture; but even if you're not you'll remember the cigarette shortage. You took any brand you could get. That's when millions discovered the cigarette that suited them best was Camel.

**L**ET POLO STAR Cecil Smith tell you in his own words: "That cigarette shortage was a real experience. That's when I learned how much I really appreciated Camels!"

Yes, a lot of smokers found themselves comparing brands during that

shortage. Result: Today more people are smoking Camels than ever before in history. But, no matter how great the demand:

*We don't tamper with Camel quality. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.*



**YOUR 'T-ZONE'  
WILL TELL YOU...**

**T** for Taste...

**T** for Throat...

That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your 'T-Zone' to a 'T'.



**According to a recent Nationwide survey:**  
**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS  
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—in every branch of medicine—to name the cigarette they smoked. *More doctors named Camel than any other brand.*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



*You'll roll prettily along in  
pedal pushers by Hobbies*

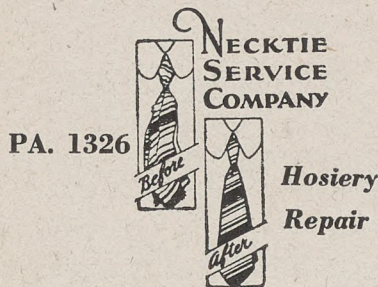
Thinking of a bright, sunny day, a gleaming bicycle... and you... Hobbies designed these fun-loving faded blue denim pedal pushers to make the picture perfect: With the colorful striped T-shirt, it's a combination that can't be beat for your summer scrapbook memories. Sizes 12-18.

Pedal pushers, **\$8.98**  
Cotton T-shirt, bright colors, **\$2.95**

*Too busy to come down?  
Mail your order or phone CEntral 9449  
SBF Active Sportswear  
Fashion Floor, Third*

*Stix, Baer & Fuller*

Ties Cleaned and Hand-blocked  
12 for \$2.00 — 30 for \$5.00



Glove Cleaning and  
Pressing of Distinction  
Quality Dry Cleaning of all  
wearing apparel  
356 N. Skinker

The Leading  
**Art Supply House**  
of the Southwest

**B A D E R ' S**  
CAMERAS and SUPPLIES  
1112 LOCUST ST.  
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Personalized Gifts  
Social Stationery

Smith-Corona Portable  
Typewriters

Greeting Cards

★  
**ATKIN'S**  
of Clayton

27 N. Meramec In Clayton

## LETTERS

Sirs:

I'll bet you got lots of letters telling you that Dr. E. Westmoreland Blotz (Prof-files, Eliot, April, 1947) could not possibly have gotten all those nice valuable premiums from saving the coupons on the back of Chesterfield cigarette wrappers. Chesterfields have no coupons. You no doubt refer to Camels. Boy, I'll bet the author of that article sure has a red face!

I've always wanted to write in to a magazine but I could never think of anything important to say.

This sure has been a swell opportunity for me. Thanks, ELIOT.

*Homer Sapien*

East Peoria, Ill.

¶ You're certainly welcome, Mr. Sapien. As to the subject of your letter, there were exactly 72 letters sent in about that error. But only two persons named the correct brand, Fatimas. As a matter of fact, Mr. Sapien, our author IS red-faced. He is a full-blooded American Indian.—Ed.

Dear Editor:

Being one of your readers, there is one thing I would like to suggest to improve the caliber of your publication. As one of the readers who enjoys humor with his literature, I would like to change the type of humor from the class of "Joe Miller's Joke Book" to that of the humor published in "Voo-Doo" and various other college publications that have a turn for the ribald and the risqué. Not only do I think that this would produce more "belly laughing" and "leg slapping" but would increase your circulation by far.

It should be noted that at present the average age of the college student is much older than that of yesteryear. The brand of humor indulged in on our campus is no longer that of "Why did the chicken cross the road . . ." but rather that of "Say, did you hear the one about the traveling salesman. . . ." It is my contention that "Let the student (?) be served."

If they are so young that they don't know what they are reading, it won't hurt them. If they do understand—let them laugh!

*The Perennial Sophomore*



"What does it mean when you dream you're downtown  
in just your Artemis Jr. slip . . . and you LOVE it?"

Designer-approved Artemis' Jr. slips are exclusive at  
**STIX, BAER & FULLER - ST. LOUIS**

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# ELIOT

## A LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

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### Dear Readers:

At this time the editors would like to take the opportunity to inform you of the openings on the ELIOT staff and also to explain our policy and aims for next year.

Our plans for '47-'48 are quite frankly nebulous. It is not that we have gone on blithely ignorant of the task undertaken; it is rather a case of wanting to incorporate new personalities and ideas into the magazine. We don't want this publication to be a closed shop; we are ready and anxious to consider any suggestions, orders, or criticisms.

In general we would like to outline a program which would include a large staff of contributors to increase variety of material, and alertness to the demands of the campus.

For the last issue this term we have made temporary staff appointments. However we want to stress that all appointments are temporary and no permanent posts will be offered until next fall. The purpose for this delay is to give anyone on campus, whether or not he has worked on ELIOT, a chance to let us know of his talents. All those interested are urged to let us hear about their interest or qualifications by postcard, letter, or personal appearance in Eads 13.

Positions in the editorial department open are various:

1. The Literary Board—a group of students who are chosen by the editor from a list approved by the faculty. The function of this board is very important. It is this body which accepts or rejects all literary material which goes into the magazine. Since there is naturally a variance of opinion in selecting material for ELIOT, we feel that a group recommendation is the best means and the fairest for passing on articles submitted.

By its very nature the board obviously must be carefully chosen from among members of a list selected by the faculty for the following qualifications. First, they must have ability to write themselves. Writing ability is essential so that they not only have some knowledge of what they are judging, but also that they be able to make contributions. Secondly, members of the Literary Board must be approved by faculty committee which has had some experience with the individual's work.

The Board has the final word on what actually goes into ELIOT. Any gripes must go to it.

2. Contributors—an open field. Anyone on campus is welcomed to contribute to ELIOT. Spasmodic, regular, or sole, contributions will be considered. There are regular writing jobs which are monthly features along with special features.

3. Art—although the illustration and cartooning in ELIOT is under the supervision of the Art Editor, a Fine Arts student, anyone interested in cartoons or illustrations is asked to submit work.

4. Research Department—has the job of tracking down information for special features, interviews, and gossip.

5. Office Staff—includes clerical jobs: typing, keeping files, general duties. This staff is very important especially in the rush just before a deadline. It is also important because small jobs lead to bigger ones.

You have it—our policy, positions open.

Sincerely yours,

*The Editors*

## LETTERS Continued

Dear Editor:

What's the matter with these strikers? They must be crazy. There they are, living off the fat of the land while me and my buddies sweat it out in this hell-hole. Don't they realize there's a war going on?

Don't they know there are thousands of young men like myself who have given up everything to serve their country?

*M/Sgt. G. U. Clinic*

Scott Field, Illinois.

Dear Editor of Eliot,

Up to the time of the issue of Student Life on April Fools day I was a devoted fan of that paper, but no longer. My whole life was wrecked by that issue. Maybe I'm stupid but on the strength of the picture of the new editor of Eliot I called her for a date. I should have known there was something wrong when she jumped at the chance without question. I really thought I was getting a good deal and had found the girl I

wouldn't mind being married to for a while. But what did I find when I went to pick her up?—You. Gad, it shouldn't have happened to a peasant. Never in all my days have I seen the likes of you. I was told, and I can now believe it, that you posed for the Eliot Girl of the Month picture last month. If your magazine is going to reflect your personality, I predict a magazine of blank pages.

Yours for speedy end of your editorship,

I remain,

*Bill Glastris*

Dear Editor:

I couldn't help noticing an article by some professor who says he don't think that the Washington student in the scientific fields (like engineering and home ec) gets a liberal education. I want to tell that professor that there's no sense in making guys take all this culsher stuff they don't like and which won't make them a living. The stamp of a

college man is there for anybuddy to see, I always said. Like I said anybuddy can tell I'm a college man and I'll lick the first guy that says he can't. What we really need at Washington is some good praktikle education for the Liberal Arts students. Hell, they don't know nuthin.

Sincerely yours,

*Alonzo Shtoonk '27.*

Dear Editor:

This is being written to you from a bed at Barnes. Before I got into this I was on the road to success. I was in line for a Phi Beta Kappa Key and O.D.K. But then I chose to leave the campus by the Field House parking lot steps. The first step I got by and the second but that third step gave gave from under me. I fell forward and started rolling. I didn't stop rolling until I ran into the driver's seat of a University car going east.

Please do something about them. See you in the here-after.

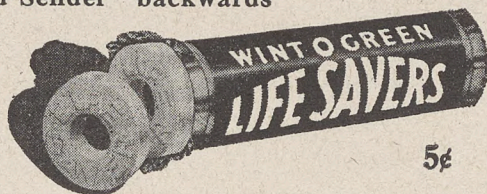
*Name withheld on request.*

Are you a  
**Rednes dilos\***



Do you win the gals with your *smooth* line—then lose 'em with your *rough* breath? Cheer up, chum! You can be a *super solid sender*. Just get hep to luscious Life Savers. Those dandy, handy candies keep your breath so-o-o fresh!

\* "Solid Sender" backwards



**This Month's Winner :**

I didn't know she was a golfer when she asked me to play around.

*Norman Glubok  
5077 Enright Ave.  
St. Louis, Mo.*



Can you do any better? All right, then try it.

Send the best gag which you have heard this month to the ELIOT. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved.



**F R E E**

**a box of Life Savers  
for the best wisecrack**

## CURRENT AFFAIRS

## THE TUNNEL

## Once Too Often?

The first girl was young, slight, and only moderately pretty. She had brown hair and a straightforward, sensible look about her.

"The first time I heard about these 'occurrences,'" she said, "I was disgusted. 'All those old maids,' I thought to myself, 'just looking for trouble and seeing danger in every little thing.' I wasn't going to stop working in Eads basement at night. There was a phone there, and it was quiet and convenient when I had to stay on campus late."

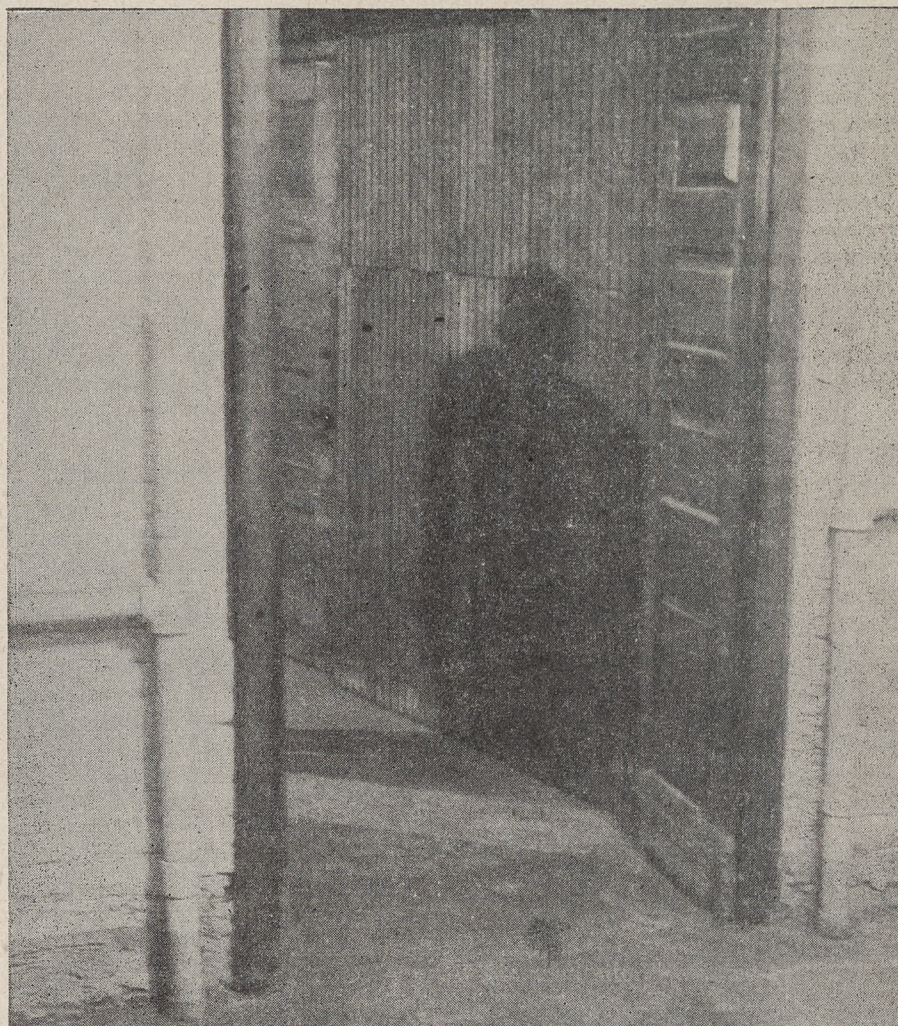
Further questioning revealed that she had been typing at about 9:45 p. m. one night (evening classes are let out at 9:30) with the office door open. She had heard footsteps coming down the rickety old wooden stairs and down the corridor. She glanced up, saw a man pass the door and heard him walk on down the hall. She went back to her typing. Some minutes later she looked up again.

"I never believed in that I-know-some-one-is-watching-me stuff before," she said. The shadow of a man was lying in the open doorway. She jumped right up and walked to the door. He turned and scurried down the hall. "The hall lights were on and I could see him plainly," she reported. "He was blond, with a turnip shaped head and a sort of crew-cut. He walked with his toes turned out and wore a navy overcoat. I got out of there fast!"

The second girl told much the same story. She was twenty-one and a student, husky looking and wore glasses. She had had the door of a basement room locked at 10:00 p. m. one Monday night and had noticed someone peering through the opaque glass of the door. The hall was dark. She put on her coat, got her books and went to the door. The man was standing with his face to the wall and his back to her at the bottom of the Stairs. As she passed him she asked, "Are you looking for someone?"

"No," he replied as she ran up the stairs.

A thirty-year-old woman in night school said she noticed a man lurking at the mouth of the tunnel running beneath the main Ridgley Reading room. She tried to call a watchman and for thirty minutes was unsuccessful. At the end of that time a sixty-five year old man,



*Prospective Jack-the-Ripper?*

armed with a hammer he had picked up along the way, appeared. He found no prowler however.

Some weeks later another girl student and the night school student were walking down the tunnel under Ridgley Arcade. The girl was ahead of the older woman and found her way blocked by large boxes which had been moved from their usual positions. A man approached her but the older woman rushed up and the intruder ran off.

\* \* \*

Administration spokesmen said:

¶ To call the Clayton Police as they could reach the campus within five minutes.

¶ Not to work alone at school at night.

They took the following measures:

¶ Employed an extra watchman so that two rounds of the basements instead of one could be made nightly.

¶ Keep lights burning in corridors until the buildings were locked for the night.

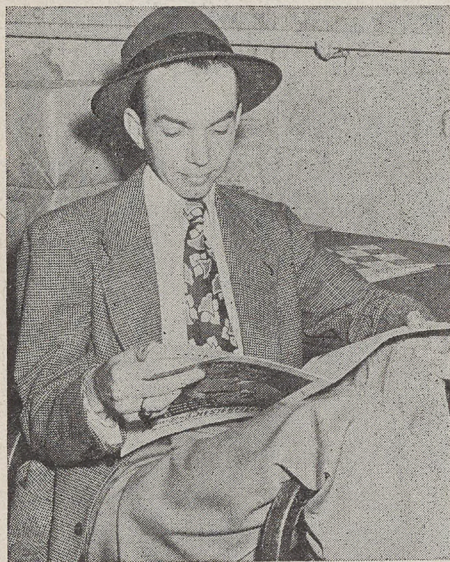
Even if their imaginations are working overtime and even if these "intruders" are merely innocent "visiting firemen," female residents and students at Washington University, alarmed by the recent nation-wide wave of sex crimes (*Time*, March 17), had only one question. In happenings of this nature, isn't even once too often?



**"I CAN'T BELIEVE IT MYSELF!"**

Pint-sized Harry Fey sits in his Stetson and Spauldings and waits and dreams. He is waiting for a go signal on his magazine—the *Banshee*. He has been waiting several months already. Although, to hear his story, he has met with no one who is not highly in favor of the proposed publication, there seems to be *something* holding him up. But Harry's enthusiasm, his ready tongue, and his bubble pipe never fail him.

Fey blew in from Missouri U. this February. He confided to us that this change was for reasons of "health." Whose health he did not say. Since his arrival Washington University has been the richer and Missouri U. the poorer, for Fey is one of those rare people, gifted with an unquenchable zeal and an uncontrollable imagination.



HARRY FEY  
Man with bubble pipe

Most of his enthusiasm stems from his efforts to start a new campus magazine. Question him on the progress of the *Banshee* and his eyes light up, his slight body tenses, and his eloquence becomes mighty. Advertising? "I have enough national advertising right now to pay for the book—a friend of mine can get me all I want. It will be only national of course—it wouldn't be fair to barge in on *Eliot's*, *Hatchet's* or *Student Life's* fields." Writers? "Really, I am amazed at the terrific staff we have piled up. I can't believe it myself. We have twelve on the crux [sic] of the organization, and at least fifteen contributing members."

What does the English department think? "Oh, I went up and talked to Mr. Campbell. He was concerned about the number of writers on campus, but I think I almost convinced him that two magazines might even be a good thing!" Plans? "Oh, we are going to have a magazine rather on the order of the *Post*—you know—funny short stories—good serious articles—." Where are we going to get them? "Oh, we have enough writers right now to fill several issues—and a number of the faculty are going to help—and of course we are going to have an exchange with good college magazines like *Lampoon*..."

Such enthusiasm warms the heart. We can find nothing but praise for Harry Fey's spirit. However, as all journalists are required to do, we had to verify his statements. (*Student Life* writers, are of course unaware of this requirement.) We found that, quite understandably, Fey's zeal had caused him to make a few slight exaggerations.

Mr. Ritterskamp said that the plan of finance the boys had outlined to him sounded good. While he could not say that it was impossible, he seriously doubted that it could be carried through.

We called several of the names Fey had mentioned as "staff." "Oh, the *Banshee*? Are those guys still working on that? Yeah, I talked about it a little a month ago..."

Members of the English department whom Fey had mentioned as sponsors or contributing members remembered that he had mentioned the project but little else. They also reported themselves puzzled as to the reason for a supplementary literary magazine. We regret to report that, far from being convinced by Fey's arguments, Mr. Campbell said that he had distinctly emphasized that there would only be one magazine on this campus.

We have been unable to verify any plans with the *Post* and the *Lampoon*.

Harry is the son of an advertising man in the city and grew up here. He went to Southwest High, and, according to his tally, was editor of his high school yearbook, the sports editor of the paper, also writer and producer of the Pan-American day show (a musical), and a champion golf player.

He went to Mizzou as a freshman and pledged a social fraternity, Phi Kappa Psi. His qualifications for starting a new magazine is experience on the *Show Me*, the college humor magazine there. He

was editor of that publication for a few months and did mostly makeup work. "The others on the magazine," he said, "were newspaper majors and didn't know *anything* about magazine makeup."

He says that the lack of school spirit on this campus is due mainly to the lack of "healthy" inter-fraternity rivalry, but he thinks that the majority of students are "nice" people, though a little more serious than his former associates at Missouri U. He insinuates that "people on this campus need to have more get up and go, more imagination, more dreams." We think one dreamer like Harry Fey on this campus will keep us well supplied.

**JOY IN VOUIZERS**

School spirit made a noble effort to return to this campus in the shape and form of the revived Beaux Arts Ball. The Bixby Bohemians went all out in their efforts to bring their annual affair back in a blaze of glory. From the comments overheard as the band played "Good Night, Ladies" they were more than somewhat successful. It was obvious that those who were able to dig \$4.88 from the family coffers were sorry to see the clock reach around to one.

Our artist friends did themselves proud on the decorations of the hall and although it seemed that they were trying to gild a lily it was one of the most tasteful jobs of gold plating in many years. The arrangements were made through Mr. Desloge for the use of his sunken garden, a modest little ball room that would cause the courts of Louis XIV to wax envious. The walls were covered with brilliantly executed murals and gigantic papier-maché heads were suspended from the ceiling.

The advance notices, which were tastily done, set forth the proposition that there was to be a dance. There was very little dancing since the major part of the evening was given over to the awarding of prizes and coronations of sorts. Looming above all the rest was a despondent dinosaur that appeared to have lost its mate and was certainly not dreaming of blue Archaropteyx.

As a dance the ball was not outstanding, as a very enjoyable evening it was the best offered thus far on our sometimes mossy campus. If the other campus organizations could catch up the lively pace the Bixby Beaux have set we would soon have the spirit and temperament that is so lacking and so badly kicked about.

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## CURRENT AFFAIRS

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### LABOR

#### Supply and Demand

For three years of his college life the average student is unconscious of any labor problems except those presented by trig, German, or physics. Or maybe he is just unconscious—. In his fourth year, he may begin to feel twinges of insecurity. Then someone hands him a diploma, and he is thrust out into the cold, cruel world where people have to work for a living.

For seniors and other forward-looking students, ELIOT herewith presents some helpful admonitions and information about the job situation. First of all, don't expect your A.B. to be a magic key to success. Knowledge and intelligence are worthless if you do not have a sparkling personality to go with them. If you suspect that your personality has been dull and listless lately, we recommend that you read a priceless little volume by Homer Spfftk titled *The Book of Charm*. A lesser-known work by one Dale Carnegie might also be helpful. You will find, too, that many of the academic subjects which you have taken are of little practical value out in The World. You may have rated an "A" in chemistry, but could you invent something to take the place of Duz? Or will that course in 18th century poetry help you to write clever radio commercials like: "OOOOh-wee-wee! You should treat the famiLYYY to Killarny's 1890 French dressing?" Frankly, we doubt it.

If poverty is breathing down your neck, and you do not have time for the additional training required in the aforementioned fields, we can suggest a couple of things you might be able to do with only four years of college education. If you have had two years of psychology and a smattering of physiology, you you might write a *Home Book of Psychiatry*, or a tome sure to be equally popular with the masses, *How to Be Happy Though Neurotic*. On the other hand, if you want a steady job with short hours, no worries, long vacations, and atrociously high salary, try teaching school.



#### AGE TO THE FORE

Not to be outdone by the youngsters on campus, two unidentified faculty members *cavort* on the Field House floor. They are illustrating a new dance step called the "Skip-the-Obstruction-Hop." In the background stands a circle of admiring students. The performers will leap high in the air in a moment and will execute the difficult maneuver, bumps-a-daisy. This will be followed by violent and unrestrained shaking of the head and body, accompanied by frequent "tsk-tsk-ings" and cluckings of the tongue.

It is believed that the new obstacles on the campus roads inspired this novel display.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS

### ART SCHOOL

#### Glory Kaiser Hung

The avant-garde of modern art was convulsed to learn that Glory Kaiser's latest painting, "The Irresistible Anthropophagist," is at last being displayed



GLORY KAISER AND FRIEND  
... idle dreamer?

in the Ladies' Lounge of the City Art Museum. Although given her choice of locations, Miss Kaiser, a student at Washington University, selected this one because it afforded more time for contemplation. She vehemently denounces gallery-goers who rush through museums, sprinting from picture to picture and consequently retaining only a confused impression of the heterogeneous whole.

"What of the artist's unique vision?" cries Miss Kaiser. "The trouble with modern art is that the common layman (please excuse the expression) sees too much of it at once. In order to be fully appreciated, each picture should be viewed alone and for some length of time. Perhaps the best solution would be to have small cells containing just one picture, in which the art-lover would be detained until his time was up. The length of the viewing period could be pre-determined by museum policy. But the museum directors must be lenient to allow those who can not or should not return to the outside world, to remain of their own volition.

"But then, I am probably just an insecure idealist, an idle dreamer," she sighed wistfully.

When asked to explain her painting, Miss Kaiser replied simply, "If you do not feel it, mere words will not suffice.

The haptic experience is the important one. However, I may as well warn you that the danger of emesis is ever present when viewing art of this type. And it should be approached with an open mind and a clean, brave heart."

Miss Kaiser went on to explain the significance of "The Irresistible Anthropophagist." "The potential omphagy of the pentadactyl in conjunction with the buccal position may be assumed to be highly significant. To those who feel that this is mere sciamachy, let me hasten to assure them that reality is where you find it."

Miss Kaiser plans to be an anti-religious painter. "Enough Bible illustration!" she exclaims. "Now is the time to be *real*. As Gestalt says, 'The total man reacting in his total environment is a modification of both.' If this isn't art, what is it?"

"Some people feel that art is over their heads. To those people, Miss Kaiser concedes, "In the case of the Sistine Chapel, this may very well be true. But most artists are simply the plenipotentiary of the realm of visual experience, and should be accepted as such. I *hope* I have made myself completely understandable," she sighed.

Miss Kaiser then concluded modestly, "It would indeed be gratifying to say that I am a self-made artist, asking no questions, telling no lies. But to be perfectly truthful, I must confess. All that I am and all that I ever hope to be I owe to the Oestrous Cycle."

### THE COLLEGE

#### Un Peu de France

Spring descended upon the campus of Washington University last week.

Somehow, the young man couldn't keep his mind on his book. Through the windows of Brookings, he seemed to be staring at the many small groups of students chatting gaily and basking in the warm sunlight on the bright, green quadrangle. He gazed across sun-swept campus, but his mind was 5000 miles away—in Paris.

It would be springtime in Paris, too. And on the left bank of the Seine, in the heart of the Latin Quarter, the sidewalk cafes would be overflowing with students sipping vin rouge, discussing politics, or simply watching the crowds stroll by. Across the Boulevard St. Michel, in the Luxembourg Gardens, as they had been doing for centuries, other students would

be sitting upon tree-shaded benches, poring over their books. Only two Métro stops away, he could picture the Cité Universitaire.

The Cité Universitaire had been his home for almost a year while he was attending the Sorbonne under the Army Education Program. He thought of his friends in the Swiss Building, in the Swedish Building. He wondered who had moved into his old room in the United States Building. Then he marvelled, as he had done so often before, at that amazing example of international understanding which had been working successfully for these many years among the students of the many countries living at the Cité.

Before Larry Carp returned from Paris, last July, he planned that after he was released from the army, and when he returned to Washington University, he would try to transplant the Cité Universitaire idea to St. Louis.

As he stared across the campus, dark, pensive Larry reflected the events of the past year. True, there had not been many foreign students on the Washington campus. But there had been American students interested in foreign languages and customs. And even if there could have been no French Building, no Spanish Building to house the students from these countries, now there was a French Club and a Spanish Club to serve as substitutes.

When Larry Carp returned to school last fall, he had already made some plans for establishing a Cercle Francais. If it could be shown that one club concerned with a foreign country was accepted enthusiastically by the students, other clubs, centering around other countries might spring up and become active. Meeting in November with two fellow-students and Professor Bernard Weinberg, Larry outlined his plans. The tiny group decided upon a course of action.

When told of the plans for the club, most people were certain that it would never be successful. Others had tried. But, within a few more weeks, the group of four had grown to ten. And Larry had the nucleus he wanted.

During the Christmas vacation the group made their plans for organization. Announcements in the French language classes, in the St. Louis societies, Alliance Francaise and Societé Francaise, and in the local newspapers, publicized the first meeting in January. The re-

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS

sponse was overwhelming. And when President Larry Carp arose to read the telegram of greeting from French Ambassador Henri Bonnet, he faced a gathering of over 115 people. Le Cercle Francais was born.

But Le Cercle Francais is not just "another club" on the University campus. It has become a part of the community. For, in the European tradition of making the University the center of cultural life of the city, membership in the club has not been restricted to Washington students. Instead, interest in France and in things French is the only requirement. And the membership is varied. At a recent meeting were to be found students, not only from Washington University, but from Mary Institute and Lindenwood College. There were a few French war brides, many French-Americans, and several young gentlemen from the Taylor School—ages 9 to 15.

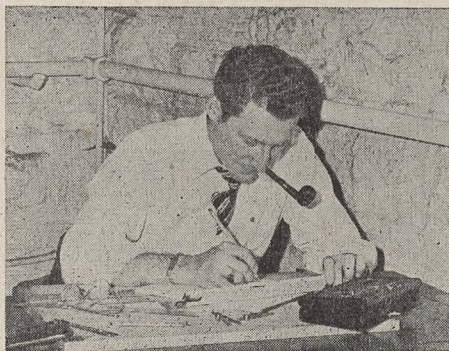
To provide for the multitude of interests of its many members, Le Cercle Francais, has organized smaller, "interest" groups. Each Wednesday evening the conversation group meets for dinner at Lee Hall. There, only French is spoken. Thursday night may find the Current Events group meeting at one of the member's houses to discuss the latest French philosophy, Existentialism. The music group gathers to listen to the works of French composers, and those interested in art and literature meet to discuss Pissarro or Emile Zola. Here, in a sense, is the Cité Universitaire of Paris transplanted to Washington University.

And as Larry Carp regards, through the library window, the groups of students congregating on the quad, he dreams of more ways to establish at Washington University, the atmosphere of the Sorbonne.

### ENGINE SCHOOL

#### Things Are Looking Up

Spring descended upon Washington University last week. And in the far corner of the campus, deep in the basement of Cupples II the good word was spreading. One jubilant engineer, a senior, elatedly announced, "Well it looks like I won't have to take that job in the filling station this summer, after all. Have you heard, DuPont has decided to build a new plant over in East St. Louis. They've developed a new type of plastic bath-tub mat. And they're going to employ over 1,000 mechanical engineers, all from this



MYRON BECKER  
*He dreamed of doorhandles*

area. Why the man was over this morning. He signed up the whole senior class and half the junior, too."

But, even if they had not been included in the DuPont program, many of the Freshmen and Sophomore engineers were far from discouraged. Said second-year student, blond, bright-eyed Myron Becker, "No, I'm not worried about the future. All this talk about a business recession and an overabundance of engineers on the labor market is the bunk. Haven't you heard, Lever Brothers has developed a new skidless soap, and they're going to manufacture it right here in St. Louis. Why, I understand that they need 2500 people—all mechanical engineers. And, wait until Ford builds his gear shift knob plant and McDonnell starts production on his aircraft door handle. They'll need thousands of mechanical engineers. No, us engine students don't need to worry about the future anymore."

When asked to name the sophomore courses which he considers will be most useful in skidless soapmaking, Becker replied, "Well Mechanics is a very useful course. If you want to know the stress and strain of materials like concrete blocks and steel beams you can figure it out easy. Bridge builders use mechanics all the time. And there's Calculus, too. Suppose water is flowing over a dam and is being discharged through a river on the other side of the lake. Well, by Calculus you can figure the rate of rise and fall of the lake bed. Now, if you want to build a dam. . . ."

When asked which of these jobs he was planning to prepare for—whether he was going to specialize in bath mats, soap, or gear shift knobs, Becker replied, "Well, to be perfectly frank, I'm taking no chances on this recession. I'm transferring to the business school next semester."

### JANUARY COURT

#### Kase Wins Case

To tired, overworked students in the Law School, the court's decision was as a gift from heaven. To keep up with the fabulous amount of work required, law students had been resorting, for years, to artificial devices—canned briefs, co-ops. But it was a losing battle. The law students appealed to the courts for aid.

"We need more time," claimed handsome, able Arthur B. Kusnetzky (known professionally as A. B. Kase) attorney for the students.

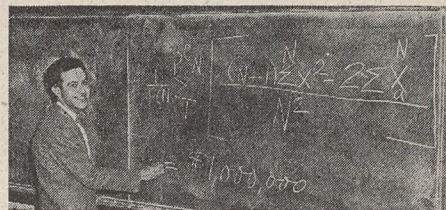
Transferring the action to a court of Equity, fiery, persuasive Arthur Kusnetzky (Kase) argued passionately that such an injustice must not prevail. This week, the court rendered their decision. Hereafter, the Inn of January shall be allowed twenty-six hours in every day. The extra two hours will be known as January Saving Time.

As so often happens, the administration had the last word to be said. From the Office of the Dean came the joyous news. "Through the utilization of the twenty-six hour day, the administration hopes to save enough time throughout the year so that they will be able to offer next Easter—a complete three-day holiday."

### BUSINESS SCHOOL

#### Get Rich Quick

From the cloistered halls of Duncker came heartening news to a world tottering on the brink of a business recession.



PAUL BUKSTEIN  
*Beautiful dreamer*

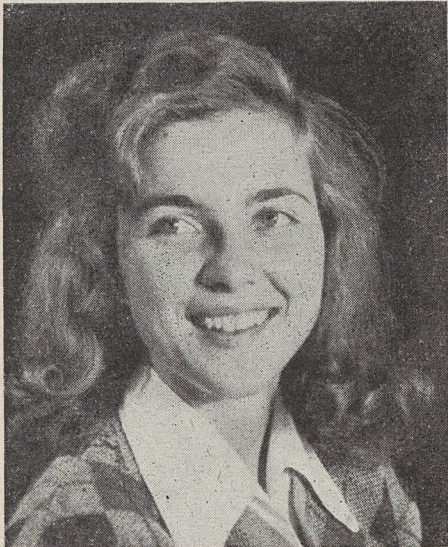
After months of tedious research on his master's thesis, blond, affable Paul Bukstein had produced the answer to the nation's economic woes. Concluded Mr. Bukstein simply, "It's all down here in black and white. Ol' Lippy was right. If you want to earn a fortune, you gotta buy low and sell high. If you want to accumulate a fortune, why simply earn more than you spend—much more!"

## THE PRESS

### MARRIAGE vs. LETTERS

#### Erstwhile Editor

(See cover)



MCGAVRAN

You've seen the name of Helen McGavran in connection with more campus organizations and activities than we have space to print. You've also seen her ribbed in another school publication under such "punny" names as "Melon McCavran." Now that she is no longer our editor-in-chief, we can at last say what we think of her! She's terrific! What's more, she was a darn good editor.

Helen says that she has led a perfectly normal life except that she has a few more memories than most kids her age. We'll let you judge for yourselves how normal her life has been. She was born in India where her parents were missionaries. She went to the American school there until her last year of high school, which she finished at Muncie, Indiana. After her graduation, she returned to India to teach English at a prep school for Indian princes, no less!

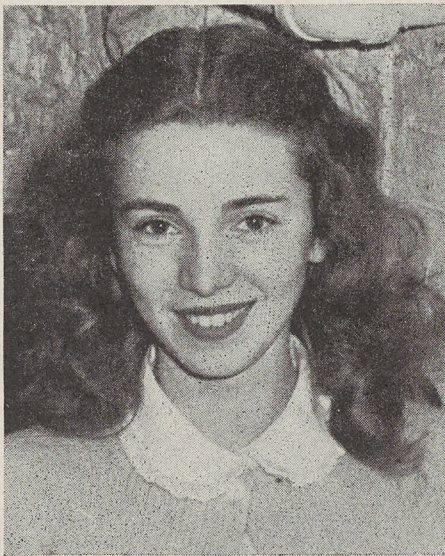
Here at W. U., McGavran is taking a liberal arts course, majoring in English and history. She says she got involved in a tangle of extra-curricular activities, including Student Senate, A.W.S., and the Board of Student Finances, all because she once wrote a short story for ELIOT. A year after that story appeared, she was our editor. Her offices are now running out, and she is retiring to "private life" to concentrate on the problems

of marriage. She already has the man, and personally, we think that solves nine-tenths of the problem. A career, possibly writing, will have to play second fiddle to the man in her life.

Helen really has no violent dislikes, though she is always fuming that she "can't stand" something or other. She likes outdoor recreation, such as long hikes and trips. And not to be outdone by other famous people who always leave last words, McGavran bows out with, "God pity Moore!"

We think she's left her successors with some high standards to maintain and with some good advice for the future.

#### Erstwhile Editor



WHITEHOUSE

Doll-faced, inefficient-looking Jean Whitehouse bossed the '47 *Hatchet* staff with "Ipana" smiles and a modicum of rhetoric; soothed fretted workers by sardonic remarks and proffering Camels. Jean delivered her baby, the thickest, most original and ornate yearbook in Washington's history to the printer in March, and, but for Recording Secretarial duties for Delta Gamma, practice teaching, and five stiff courses, is now comparatively irresponsible.

Jean's agenda for next year is indefinite, but will probably include graduate work here in either English or Spanish. After becoming an M.A., Jean dreams of securing green-teaching pastures in South America.

### TELEVISION?

#### Erstwhile Editor

Last month Washington University's newspaper, *Student Life*, witnessed the "passing" of another editor-in-chief. Tall, dark, cigarette-smoking (one pack a day) Leigh Doxsee slid back from the copy desk in Eads 100 to make room for tall, blond, one-cigarette-a-day Geraldine Heyne, who took the editorial reins from the retiring Liberal Arts senior.

The ceremony was brief. Said Doxsee as he lit a Chesterfield, "It's all yours." And thus, in three words, the paper had changed hands.

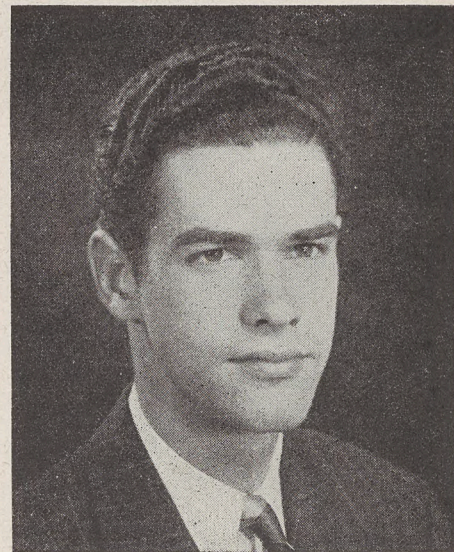
But Doxsee actually had a lot more to say—and said it later to reporters.

Said Chief Doxsee "*Student Life* made great strides in the past year. We were able to set up two complete staffs to resume semi-weekly publications in the fall. We established the precedent of extras. We put forward a plan that reorganized the Board of Student Finances, so that campus organizations now submit their budgets to the board for approval, rather than the board allotting specific amounts to organizations as formerly.

"*Student Life* has gained the respect of the faculty and students by voicing student opinion (example: on tuition hikes) and printing sincere replies from the administration.

"Our press cards are gaining more recognition each week from campus organizations and activities."

Stubbing out a short cigarette butt, Doxsee said goodbye and left his old office to join the news staff of radio station WTMV.



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## MOVIES

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**"Love Laughs at Andy Hardy."** Having seen the picture it is quite easy for one to see why love laughs at Andy Hardy. Mickey Rooney, looking pudgy and middle-aged, pursuing women is not funny in the stricter sense of the word.

From another point of view, it is lucky that love laughs at Andy Hardy because we noticed that no one else in the movie was laughing. In the past Hollywood has stooped pretty low to make a movie, but we see that there are no limits on how bad a picture can be. This one has set a temporary record but it is to be expected that its record will be broken any minute. Perhaps Mickey Rooney will make another movie. For years we've hoped each would be his last. If he does make a sequel we suggest that the title be "The Death of Andy Hardy." I guarantee that it will be his most successful movie. In fact, I'd like to see it twice.

**"Carmen"** is a conglomeration of long, dusty equestrian races and sultry Latin looks. The hackneyed story is taken from the opera of the same name; the story simply is that of Vivianne Romance (Carmen), the come-on bad girl who seduces and then involves the innocent youth, Don José, in her bandit outfit. Throughout the entire reel there's a continuous shift between arduous races of bandits and the gendarmes, and violent love making with Vivianne as the principal and various gentlemen. If this film does not go over with American audiences it will be because they have not developed the technique of forgetting sub-titles.

**"Dead Reckoning."** Lizabeth Scott and Humphrey Bogart combine efforts to give the movie public a hair-raising hour and a half of grotesque absurdities. The theme of the movie might be summarized in the ad I noticed in an old beaten up newspaper I have been wearing in my shoe to cover up a very painful hole. The ad showed Liz Scott leering at Humphrey Bogart and Humphrey Bogart leering at the unwary reader. Said bold, brazen type in quotation marks, "What does a girl have to do, turn herself inside out to make you see?" That is the theme of the movie. For an hour and a half Miss Scott turns herself inside out much to the satisfaction of Mr. Bogart and, we hope, a few drowsy movie goers.

**"The Late George Apley."** The title of this movie was a great mistake in the eyes of this humble reporter. The title suggests that George Apley is late. As it turns out he is as punctual as Lord

Elgin and very smug about it. He is always referring to his watch and the lateness of others.

If we can overlook this atrocious error however, we find George Apley is an amusing escape from the usual blood and thunder we expect from Hollywood. George lives in Boston. That is the point the movie tries to make and in a mild sort of way I think they make it. There is the Boston Common and there is Beacon Hill and dry remarks like, "A Harvard man" and, "Not Boston, you know."

Toward the middle of the movie George Apley's children grow up, break with tradition, and reform him to the extent that he reads a little Freud, much to the satisfaction of the children themselves and any Freudians that may be lurking in the shadows of the movie house. From hereon out the picture goes wild with the idea, as wild as the Hayes office will allow, and more people fall in love than we could count.

Suffice to say, this movie will not be banned in Boston or anywhere else, but that is not saying that it ought not to be.

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## BOOKS

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**Ibso Facto**, by Raymond Gorch, Quad Shop, \$50.

The most exciting dirty stories in many summers have been written by one Raymond Gorch. Mr. Gorch's book deals with his roamings as a youth in the Bad Lands of East St. Louis.

The characters, Maud, Gracie, and Evie are thrown on a gay background of downtown East St. Louis at midnight. It is raining all the time. Odoriferous wiffs are wafted from the cattle yards. In a small dingy, shabby, run-down, second-rate hotel the once-beautiful Maud and the once-beautiful Gracie and the once-beautiful Evie live together in squalor and privation. They are poor most of the time and hungry. All at once their luck changes. The war comes and with it the army and with it wealth and happiness for Maud, Gracie, and Evie.

**Silly Slepperman**, Quad Shop, \$60 plus \$20 Quad Shop tax.

Something new in westerns. Instead of being laid in the wild and woolly west, *Silly Slepperman* is a western about eastern Vermont. In fact, in the strictest sense, it should be called an eastern.

Nevertheless, Silly Slepperman, the alleged hero, holds up milk trains to satisfy his insane desire for cream and the funny papers in the mail car. After many exciting chases and much shooting Silly runs afoul Sly Eye, a Pinkerton detective, who cleverly conceals himself

in a milk can and goes "Gurgle, gurgle," when Silly tries to drink him. In the ensuing struggle, Silly gets away but drops a piece of paper giving away his plans for holding up a local dairy.

The climax of the tale comes when Silly Slepperman is trapped in the cheese room of the dairy and shot down in cold milk.

**Lady Fiddle's Fiddle**. Quad Shop. Shop Quad, \$36.50.

If you liked "Forever Amber," you will like *Lady Fiddle's Fiddle* even better. It is the same stuff only more so.

Lady Fiddle is the young and charming wife of Lord Fiddle, first Earl of Cowshank. The earl rises early every morning and pursues the fox o'er hill and glen. (Glen is an old friend of the earl's who sometimes accompanies him and gets in the way.) This sets the scene for all sorts of interesting complications. Young, charming, Lady Fiddle, neglected by her spouse for the fox hunt, finds solace in the arms of Lord Thomas, Lord Richard, and Lord Henry, Count Fracous (a French Errol Flynn), Somewhat Shy (the Earl's gamekeeper), and Filo Fullgrave (a strolling player).

However, it is only in the arms of Horace that Lady Fiddle finds the love and devotion she has searched for unsuccessfully all her life. Ten years pass and the Earl's suspicions are aroused. Driven to desperation the lovers decide to flee the country disguised as silver foxes. The climax comes when Lord Fiddle raises the cry on the unhappy pair and in the ensuing chase both are caught by the hounds and torn to pieces. Lady Fiddle gets the farthest because she has better wind but the tail of her fox fur becomes caught in a fence and she is horribly gored by the hounds (who recognized her, but alas, too late).

Note: These prices are subject to change without notice.

**Her Heart Said No**. Faith Maudlin, now running in *Homespun Journal*. \$20.00 per year. In the late summer of 1946 Faith Maudlin answered the telephone in her lavish New York flat, only to find that her interlocuter had the wrong number. Unperturbed Miss Maudlin entered whole-heartedly into a conversation which ultimately produced this little narrative "Her Heart Said No." Miss Maudlin's unusual experience has given rise to a book which displays not only her woozy technique and elusive style, but also manifests a deep insight into the most intimate secrets of a young girl's heart; an insight which has not been apparent in the author's earlier work.

## EDUCATION

### PEACE MONGER

Dr. Theodore Lentz is above all else a baffling mixture of scientist, farmer, and general radical. He claims that perhaps the fact that he was born on Halloween night might account for some quirk in his personality, a complicated series of contradictions. His fellow professors claim that he is quite at home with all types of people in all professions. He will walk out of a meeting with some researchers in atomic energy and chat with the fellow who is cutting the grass in the quadrangle. Yet when he is asked if he is democratic, he counter-questions, "What is democracy?" Dr. Lentz has been associated with the faculty here at Washington since 1932 when he joined the staff as a lecturer in the school of education. Since then his theories and techniques have spread over that department. It is not uncommon to find his students having class over a cup of coffee in Lee Hall Cafeteria.

Many of his students are not quite sure what they have learned when they have finished one of his courses, but most are in agreement that it was an interesting experience. He seats his students in a circle so that there are none with their backs to anyone else. Through a test that he developed, he seats them according to their radicalism and conservatism. During the course of a semester there are many questions that come up which he gives to a committee for solution. His grading is done on this basis. He lets the "grading committee" decide how the class should be given marks for the semester. These groups meet on their own time and he accepts the findings of them and presents them to the class for discussion. These committees do function and it is true that, as his acquaintances say, Lentz has a great faculty for making people follow him.

Yet his greatest current interest, to save the world from another war, does not, he says, have the active support of his colleagues. He begs for help from them in faculty meetings and, although he gets their interest, he cannot make them take any stand on what he believes is civilization's final test. Through the Attitude Research Association, a national organization of which he is the Washington U. member, he has written questionnaires, held meetings, backed radio programs to try to break the back of American complacency. One of his favorite questions is, "What are you planning to do next year to stop an atomic war?"

Dr. Lentz left his parents and four sisters on a farm in Platte County, Missouri, and went off to Park College to become a minister and "save people from Hell-fire." During his stay at Park he got interested in the Y.M.C.A. and decided to "save the world from illiteracy." Never one to do things in a small way, he went to Columbia in New York for his Doctor's degree in Education, which he obtained at the age of 25, and then came back out West.



LENTZ AND FRIEND

He got his name in the "Encyclopedia of American Scholars" through his work on a questionnaire concerning Conservatism and Radicalism and has since then been mainly interested both financially and intellectually in his work in the Attitude Research Lab here on the Hill. His "C-R opinionnaire" has such statements as "The age of six is the logical time to start school."

His life is devoted to finding what attitudes are behind the thoughts that people have. In this way he plans to give support to the man who needs supporting. His manner at talks and lectures is faintly reminiscent of the revival technique and he has convinced many that

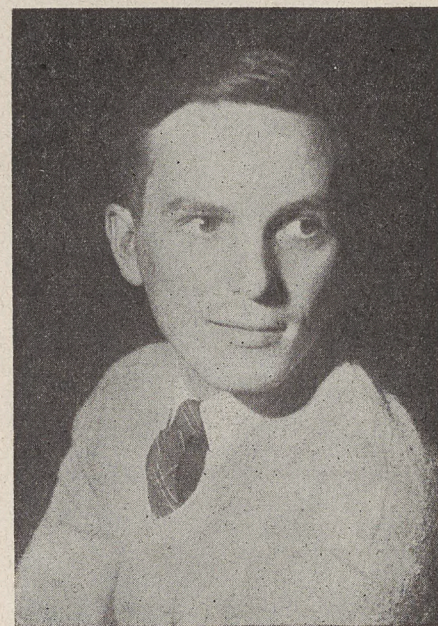
they must save themselves from the atomic bomb with the same approach that Jonathan Edwards used to pull the Puritans away from the path of Hell-fire.

What recreation he finds is not in competition but in cooperative games, such as square dancing. He is of the opinion that competition is not democratic. He questions everything and is intellectually horrified at the idea of a dogmatic thought. He is afraid that perhaps the current educational processes create a group of automatons, who have no thoughts of their own and therefore find active democratic living impossible.

Fearing that the atomic bombings are closer than we think, he has started a movement to hold a nation-wide peace meeting here in St. Louis to impress on the citizens that we must lose our nationalism and become more world-minded. So far he claims the school has given him little or no aid other than intellectual pats on the back.

### EDUCATOR OF THE MONTH

Harry Lazarus, personal assistant to the Chancellor, has been chosen by Eliot as educator of the month in our regular bi-weekly contest. Harry is well-known to many members of the student body for his activities as an under-graduate. He graduated, incidentally, from the Engine School, magna cum loudly, and is fully qualified to serve as conductor or brakeman on the N. Y. Central or Long



HARRY LAZARUS  
*Magna Cum Loudly*

## PEOPLE

Island R. R. One of his many redeeming features, however, is that he was at one time Co-Chairman of the Student Senate and everybody knows that is a redeeming feature. An old edition of *Eliot*, November, 1945, states that he "likes any kind of music, women," which is rather interesting, and that he dislikes "English, languages and history," which is as good a reason for going to Engine School as any we know. Another item from the November, 1945, *ELIOT*, which for our money takes the cake, divulges the information that he was a member of the "R.O.T.C. band." That is all the data we have been able to amass as to his present activities but for the judges of our Educator of the Week contest it was enough.

### MANNERS AND MORALS



G. E. JUBJUB AND FAMILY  
... Sociable

Mr. George E. Jubjub, LL.B. '05, whose hut in New Guinea stands as a protest against St. Louis housing conditions discussed enthusiastically, "Living Together and Liking It." Said Jubjub, whose wife and children tenanted parts of four apartments simultaneously in St. Louis at one time this year: "It's more sociable this way."

### MILESTONES

#### MARRIED:

Bob Phiamboles, curly-haired internationalist; Ruth Vohs, reserved Gamma Phi.

Don Wiehe, Phi Delt, baby blue-eyed, male prima donna; Beverly Lueders, Pi Phi, pretty faced, fashionist.

#### ENGAGED:

Ann Elder, Theta, this year's candidate for charm girl; Bud Schleicher, Phi Delt, compensated man in more than one way.

Don Carter, Sigma Chi, singing engineer; Marilyn Lamb, potential B.W.O.C.

#### PINNED:

Monty Louis, Phi Delt, short, crew-cutted Casanova; Barbara Brent, (unknown to us) Smith College.

Jane Killen, Kappa, quiet, efficient, advertisement for beautiful suits; Bob Kling, Beta, sufficient.

#### TRIANGLED:

Wally Klostermeier, Phi Delt, jumbo-sized giant; Connie Conzelman, Theta, pep girl; Buckets Stubinger, Job in modern dress.

Lloyd Lee, Phi Delt, stringy junior Weissmueller; Johnnie Leinberger, blond bombshell; Teddy Taylor, Beta, handsome country yokel.

Frances Ritzinger, Theta, "the other woman"; Newel Baker, Beta; Ganine Schulenburg, Theta, woman with family connections.

Sue Siegel, Theta, erstwhile tape measure model and instigator of international coup d' Etat; Bill McAllister, Beta; Bill Simmons, Phi Delt, muscleman.

#### CONSTANT:

Bill Gerstung, Phi Delt, athletic all-American boy; Barbara Tabor, Theta, intellectual songbird.

John Ellis, supercilious woman-stealer; Sue McIntyre, Theta, tall condescending blond.

Bill Carter, Beta, tall blond and blank; Peggy Cox, sun-tanned, long-haired, Pi Phi president.

Dick Donnelly, Beta, pretty-boy; Marilyn Haley, Fontbonne, long-haired pianist.

Jack Baron, erst-while pseudo Blackstone; Carol Dierking, amazin' Gamma Phi.

Big Jim Turner, Beta; Betty Lentz, no kin to Theodore Lentz.

Shirley Oswald, D.G., unconquered, shy, activity girl; Ted Sauer, Theta Xi.

#### DIVORCED:

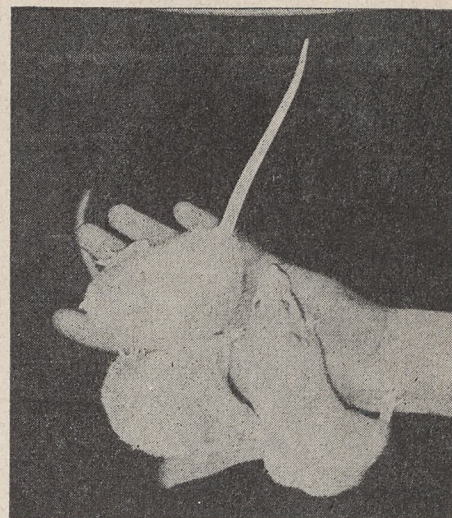
Jim Evans, Sigma Chi, air-minded plutocrat; Pat Noonan, long-haired, flapper of K.K.G.

### MISCELLANY

#### Enigma

Psychologists, psychiatrists, zoologists, and experimental psych students fretted in Eads' basement last week over the still knotty explanation of a white rat's behavior. Ninety-nine of the laboratory's hundred rodents learned to respond to a bell, the conditioned stimulus, anticipating the electric shock, and the unconditioned stimulus by January after a few trials! Last Wednesday, however, after Joe Zilch just sat and squeaked at the five-hundredth presentation of the bell stimulus, lab white-shirts, perplexed, conferred. It was too much even for the hardened psychologists; the department announced it would cease attempts to educate Joe; then called in a zoologist, locked themselves in Eads' dark room and set to work to explain Joe's aversion to acculturation.

Joe, in spite of his resistance to instruction and his indolence (lab charts



JOSEY ZILCH (RIGHT)  
... indolent

indicate he sleeps twenty hours a day, eats for two hours, perambulates his cage rarely), seems normal, comes from superior stock, and experimenters believed that Joe would hurdle his learning plateau, running when the bell sounded instead of masochistically enduring the aggravating voltage.

Dr. E. A. Meadow, frowning, admitted he felt jaded: "Joe has always known security, never manifested Oedipus tendencies. . . . His mate is precocious. . . ." Two doctors (both requested that their



## PEOPLE

names be withheld) theorized significantly: "Of course, . . . Joe's . . . perhaps . . . a slow learner. . . ."

Prominent humoral pathologist, Dr. W. L. Sniveloid, advanced the hypothesis that Joe has too much phlegm. "To effect a cure," Sniveloid maintained, "the elements must be equated."

### FATHER

#### Red and White Tie

Amid whoopie and hollerin', Father Divine took a bride last week, his first. The lady was Beulah Fitz, 21, white. Fanatics danced in the street, lustily sung hymns and danced old cake-walks.

Garbed in a white suit, red and white bow tie, and a broad grin, the Father radiated good-will. Addressing his subjects, he said: "Thank you, brothers and sisters. Next time I wear a blue and white tie."

### MRS. RIDGLEY LIBRARY

#### Quad Shop Cutie

**Anxious War Bride.** The editors recently received a letter from Pango Pango, dated January, 1946. Because of its heart-warming appeal and because of the urgent character of the letter we wish that we had the space to publish it in its entirety. (It covers eight closely written pages.) It is from Mrs. Ridgley Library, a native girl, who is seeking information concerning her husband who claimed to be a Washington University student. Although Ternion contains no student named Ridgley Library, we feel it is quite possible that such a student may have returned to the campus and will recognize himself in the heart-rending words of this letter.

Mrs. Library writes that her husband was a soldier at the time of their marriage and that shortly afterwards he was "shipped," "Put on a beeg boat," are her words, and that she has not seen him since. He was "handsome" and "veree polite." He said his name was Ridgley Library the Third, the last of a long line of Librarys. Occasionally he would say things like, "Baby, you should be in Art School," and refer to her as his "Quad Shop Cutie." Shown with Mrs. Library is R. Library IV.

Mrs. Library has been vainly trying to trace her husband for over a year. She luckily came across a copy of ELIOT (which, by the way, has quite a few readers in Pango Pamgo) and of course contacted us at once.



MRS. LIBRARY AND CHILD

### GLOBAL EDUCATION

#### Snickersnack, Brillig, et al

With flourishes and alarums the recent additions to the faculty of Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., which included four transfer dons (*See picture*) from the Gold Coast, S. Africa, were announced by Chancellor A. H. Compton. "Four of the leading educators of the scholastic world have joined the teaching staff in a global effort to increase the spirit of internationalism which pervades the political scene."

John P. Snickersnack, D.L.D. (extreme left), exponent of the Snickersnack theory of Longitudinal Diametrics, arrived early in the week in order to make necessary arrangements for his countrymen. Upon arrival he was quoted as saying, "I do not wish at this time to be so bold as to mention the subject which is near and dear to all of our hearts; the topic you most eagerly want me to discuss—atomic energy. However I would like to say, and, gentlemen, I want you to understand that this is not opinion but actual fact, founded and based on pure unadulterated truth; I would like very much to say that without the Snickersnack theory of Longitudinal Diametrics the A-Bomb would never have existed." With these short words Snickersnack joined the ranks of Washington educators.

C. G. Brillig and S. Toves (second and third from left respectively), long haired, big eared twins, school friends of



Dr. Snickersnack, announced their arrivals in brief three minute speeches over the P.A. system to the assembled student body. Said Brillig, M.Q., "I believe in T. S. Eliot; he is a great man, the greatest. When I learned of this great man's connection with this University, I said, this is the *worst*." S. Toves, Brillig's colleague, closed the gathering with these momentous words, "In all institutions it is the man with his eyes to the fore, his nose to the grindstone, who is a success. I have followed these principles since childhood. For this reason I am now asking that all who wish a grade of A or better in my course, 'International Bicycles: Gold Coast Rummy, South Side Pinochle, Quad Shop Bridge-764' provide me with a quart of shelled peanuts daily."

Starry-eyed, aloof, pug-nosed M. W. Borogove stood apart from his colleagues. The fourth member of the Gold Coast quartet, clothed in nondescript light tan, presented an unkempt appearance. When questioned he answered, "By nature I am quite handsome, but here I want to melt into the student group; I want to become one of the great family. I want my students to feel that we are equals; that they are free to come to me at any time with their problems."

¶ Said spokesman for the Administration, "We are happy to welcome new blood to our staff. It is our fond hope that the student body will accept these additions and help them to integrate with our great institution."

¶ Said V. Rodriguez, Co-chairman of the Student Senate, "The Student Senate would like to recommend student cooperation."

### OUTSTANDING MAN

In a recently conducted poll among persons named Bill Glastris, Bill Glastris was chosen Outstanding Man of 1947. Mr. Glastris has long been associated with this group in the capacity of president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer but it was only recently that he was recognized with this award.

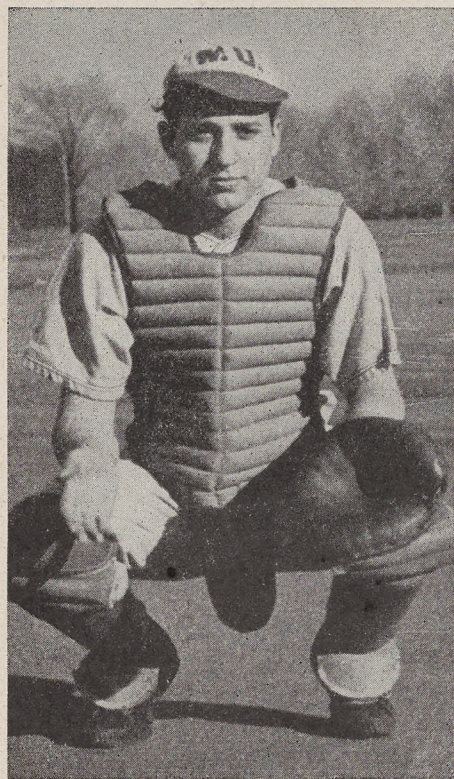
Mr. Glastris was presented with the plaque at a small informal dinner of the club member.

## SPORTS

### MALE

#### Baseball Yet

Raymond Blake, this writer's favorite coach, has changed street suit for sweat suit, and the transition from basketball season to baseball season has taken place. The weather, to make a further distinction, is a little warmer sometimes, although that is scarcely relevant to this discussion. The action, or the alleged action, is done outside, as opposed to the great in-of-doors where basketball is played. I mention this to acquaint the lay reader with the subject at hand.



ART SLONIM  
*Capable workman*

Blake's present ball team, at this writing, has lost contests to Notre Dame and Illinois and Oklahoma A. and M. It has won two stirring victories over Western Michigan, one by virtue of a rousing base knock by Jack "The Tortoise" Vahlkamp, of whom more should be said later. Space does not permit, however. The Tortoise is the writer's candidate for rookie-of-the-year, a fact apparent by his position of third place in the batting order and second paragraph in this article.

Since it is easiest to examine a ball club position-by-position, we will do it that way.

At first base, Don Schleiffarth is back again and is regarded as a fixture, but like all fixtures, is reluctant to surrender his hold to the realty, especially when pursuing ground balls. At the bat, however, Don's inertia is not so obvious, and he is a terror. Since last year he had remarkable success in sending line drives straight to the outfielders, it is generally believed that the law of averages will catch up with him this time and those hard, well-hit balls should fall safely to give him the type of average he's always deserved.

Swede Lawson, a uniformed spectator last year, is Blake's second baseman in the absence of Bob Walters, whose .365 batting average last season thrilled Blake, also a demon statistician. Lawson will not hit as Walters did, but his *savoir faire* in the field should justify his powder-puff approach at the plate. Lawson is a defensive genius who concentrates on no other chore. His companion down the middle is Johnny Palcheff, a shortstop with an amazing arm of much power but little direction. Palcheff is competent at the plate.

Stanley Rosenblatt, the Bear third-sacker, is a ballplayer and make no mistake about it. He fields well, runs well, hits well, and talks extraordinarily well. Rosey is the club's barber, a small-talk artist whose glib tongue can upset the opposition. He sat somewhere in the neighborhood of .290 last season, but was without a conversational equal. Unofficial records gave him about 624 words per minute, which is close to a national outdoor record for third basemen.

Last year Blake had two of the most valuable hitting theorists extant, both catchers. They were Ray Diering and Art Slonim, both equipped to give outstanding diagnoses of the science of hitting and both capable workmen behind the bat. Blake has alleviated one of last year's problems now by switching Slonim to left field. This way he can get the philosophical contributions of both in the lineup at the same time, and the neophytes can profit accordingly.

The two other Washington outfielders are Mel Kolker, in center, and Andy Schleiffarth, in right. Kolker is the leader and the brains of the outfield, has a fine batting eye, is terribly fast on the bases, and has an arm somewhat better than a rifle in that he is never required to waste time in reloading it. The power is always there. Schleiffarth is a reformed pitcher who confines his batting

to actually matching bat to ball, a rarity in the academic atmosphere but a highly regarded procedure elsewhere where the game is played.

Blake has three pitchers given mention here. One is Don Schultz of the buggy-whip fast-ball; the second is a fellow named Miller, one of those rare owners of a curve that can be controlled; the last is Syl Robinson, an honest workman enthusiastic about his work.

### FEMALE

#### Basketball Still

Returning veterans find varsity basketball dominated by pointing, scoring, amazons. Basketball at Washington today is played almost exclusively by coeds, the game being considered too rough for the average Washington U. male. Said one returning veteran, a nine year letter man before the war, "I 'played' with a few of the girls at the beginning of the season and they were entirely too rough for me. I guess I'm just not the man I was before the war."

Said one rather obscure coach in charge of make-up and hand lotion, "The girls have really shaped up."

Coaches of teams that opposed Washington U. last season complained that their men could not concentrate on the game because the Washington U. girls would always be losing bobby pins and asking them to pick them up. It has been suggested that the girls wear hair nets or else braid their hair to avoid this difficulty.



HANPETER, MOORE, ET AL  
*Really shaped up*

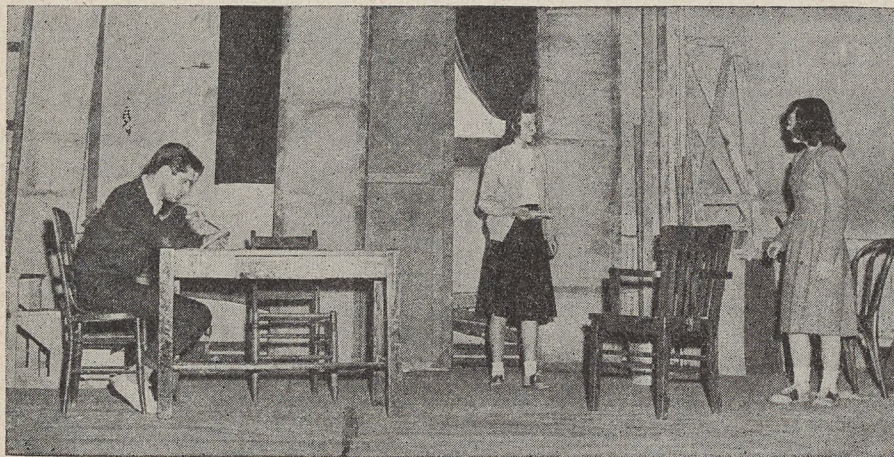
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## THEATER

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### Papa Is All

"Papa Is All" is the story of a family of Pennsylvania Dutch Mennonites, very much dominated by the tyrannical Papa. Papa is a very pious man who considers picture shows, singing, telephones, electric light, and fancy dresses all "delivces of Beelzebub." Lancaster, the near-by



PAPA IS ALL  
*In production.*

city, is a den of wickedness—especially at night. When a nice surveyor invites daughter Emma to a movie, she daringly sneaks out with the help of the rest of the family while Papa thinks she is snug in bed. A talkative neighbor sees her in Lancaster in the "Ford car" to kill the "surveyor," a supposedly fatal accident occurs, and son Jake returns home to announce that "Papa is all." The family is both sad and relieved, and observing that "it don't take so long to mourn nowadays somewhat," they immediately set about installing the modern "conveniences" which Papa opposed. Ah, but this is not the happy ending. There are more complications which you will have to see at the public performances on May 15, 16, and 17.

The play is billed as a comedy, but often it is a comedy close to tears. At times it carries as much emotional impact as some other plays which are labeled as drama with a capital "D". However, the uproarious dialect will keep you from ever getting to the point where you tie your handkerchief in knots. For instance, the children ask Mama why she ever married Papá. (After you meet him, the same question will occur to you.) Mama replies thoughtfully, "When you're thirty somewhat, it ain't so many men popping you the question. . . . But it was some dumb of me whatever!"

The excellent cast, directed by Mr. Al Wilkenson, is headed by Joana Swanson as Mama and Bill Hammack as Papa, both of whom turned in four-star performances in the recent Thyrsus venture, "The Little Foxes." Daughter Emma is played by Pat Gogin, and son Jake by Wiley Hance. Pat Broeder does a convincing job of the gossipy neighbor, Mrs. Yoder, and Bill Grisham plays Brendle, a state trooper, who gets in for a few pages of the last act.

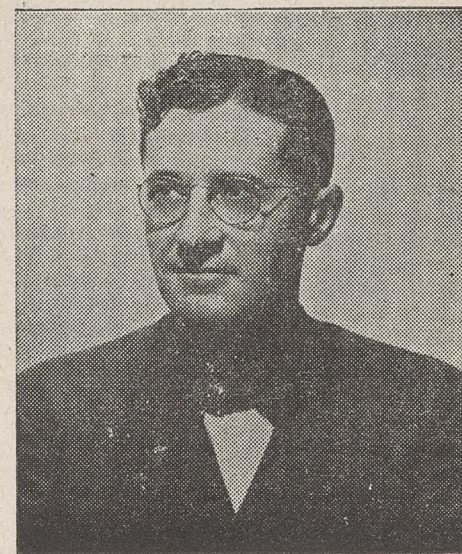
it features as regulars George Brunis, Albert Nicholas, Joe Sullivan, "Pops" Foster, and Baby Dodds. Each week there is a guest or two. Examples: Louis and James P. Johnson. Of the mainstays, Brunis sounds by far the best.

Members of the Kenton organization expect the band to reform in about three months. Stan's reason for breaking up was that he "just couldn't make it anymore," and he felt that if he was to go on he would need a rest to repair his health. Actually, the whole crew was driving too hard. His break-up now leaves the colored bands as the only ones afloat. Perhaps we are witnessing the end of the big band era started by Goodman in '35. The biggest white swing bands are gone now, and it was B. G., ironically, who was first to quit.

Rumor has it that Kenton and Pete Rugulo are now writing a new library for the band's return. Whether Safran-ski, Musso, Childers, and Manne, particularly the last two, will come back remains to be seen. There is reason to believe they will not. If they don't, Kenton will have to go far to find replacements for men like them.

Ray McKinley brought his band to the Field House for the Junior Prom May 9, and it was its usually fine self.

The band justly deserves the praise it has received in the past few months. Though the break-up of many of the big bands has probably upped his position, McKinley's success can be attributed to: a fine bunch of musicians, including trombonist Lee Friley, the great backing of McKinley himself at the drums, the wonderful pioneering ideas of arranger Eddie Sauter. It was too bad that Sauter's pieces like "Borderline" and "Hang-over Square" could not have been heard more.



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## MUSIC

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### Name Band

Went down to Tune Town last month with the hope of hearing trumpeter Clark Terry with George Hudson's band. Unfortunately, Terry for some reason had stopped off in Chicago during the week Hudson was here, and so we didn't.

Like most of Hudson's band members, Terry is a St. Louis product. He is touted as one of the really great comers in the jazz world, and is the subject of the "File for the Future" section in the May Metronome. Those who have heard him describe his style as Dizzy-like, but less frantic and with better tone. Gillespie himself thinks a lot of him. So he'll be a must on our list when Hudson pulls in again at the end of this month.

Hudson also plays a good trumpet in front of the band. The crew has received well-deserved praise, especially in the East, and is currently on a return stay at Harlem's Savoy Ballroom. Willie Parker is the other featured soloist.

For those who like their jazz of early thirties vintage, there is an excellent live talent show called "This Is Jazz" coming through KWK and Mutual each Saturday afternoon at 1:30. Run by Rudi Blesch, author of "Shining Trumpets,"

## ART

### COWSLACK SCHOOL

#### Posterior Exegesis

"Metaphor in a Paris Garden." At a recent exhibition of modern British painting the latest work of Sir John Higginbottom was shown for the first time. Sir John's "Metaphor in a Paris Garden" proved to be a fine example of the Cowslack school of posterior exegesis which has pervaded the work of contemporary British artists. The great feeling that overwhelms a lover of art who views the painting for the first time is one of mixed revulsion and delight. One is quite in doubt whether to laugh or cry. The whole history of mankind is pictured in a magnificent sweep of canvas, unrestrained, uninhibited without form or shape. The degree of plasticity and elan of this masterpiece can not escape the viewer because who would wish to copy it. It is too complete. It is too final. Je ne sais quoi.



*Yeah, but he gives lousey lecture notes.*



*This is what I like about spring—the damn outside.*

The second painting, Sir John only painted two before he was mysteriously and brutally murdered, is of an old Gothic outhouse that struck his fancy in Sussex. No lover of the soil can view this painting without being moved. It is the spirit of nostalgia, of longing for the days that are no more. To view this masterpiece is to share Sir John's feeling for the subject.

These two painting bring home a mighty lesson to this generation of cynics and disbelievers. "What profits a man if he gain the world and lose his own soul." Sir John retained his soul. He painted rural life and country lasses to his heart's content. Sir John never heard of an atom, or a B-29, or even plumbing. His were the simple pleasures of life, the open hearth, the winding lanes where he took his simple country lasses walking. None of these painted dolls for Sir John! It is of interest to speculate as to what Sir John would have done had he been a Washington U. student. Ah, there is no telling.

*(See pictures)*

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**AROUND TOWN**

**Yacovelli's**—Fine place in a mighty convenient location—as most of the university has discovered. A remodeling job has just been completed, adding much to the interior attractiveness. A partition now separates the bar and the eating part for the fastidious who prefer to enjoy their food without observing the inebriated. Pretty good food, although the prices are a bit steep. Drink is abundant and the service is okay—the waitresses are nice and able to take a joke.

**Cousin Hugo's**—A small place, it is usually jammed with familiar faces. The drink flows like water and this, supplemented with potato chips and pretzels is a fine way to spend the evening. Cousin is a cheerful, friendly person and makes this one of the most popular spots. Highly recommended to any who have not yet sampled its chorus.

**Sid Gates**—Undoubtedly more Washingtonites to be found per cubic inch in this rendezvous than any place in the county with the possible exception of Cousin Hugo's (see above). Announced grand opening of the rear veranda on May 1. The atmosphere is bowery though and conducive to getting better acquainted with fellow students.



**Al's**—Not very well known among the W. U. populace, this place should be more cultivated. Intriguing atmosphere for talking. The Boy Blue Trio provides excellent music for dancing on weeknights at 9:00 and on Saturdays at 8:00. Try this rather out of the way haunt and let us know your reactions.

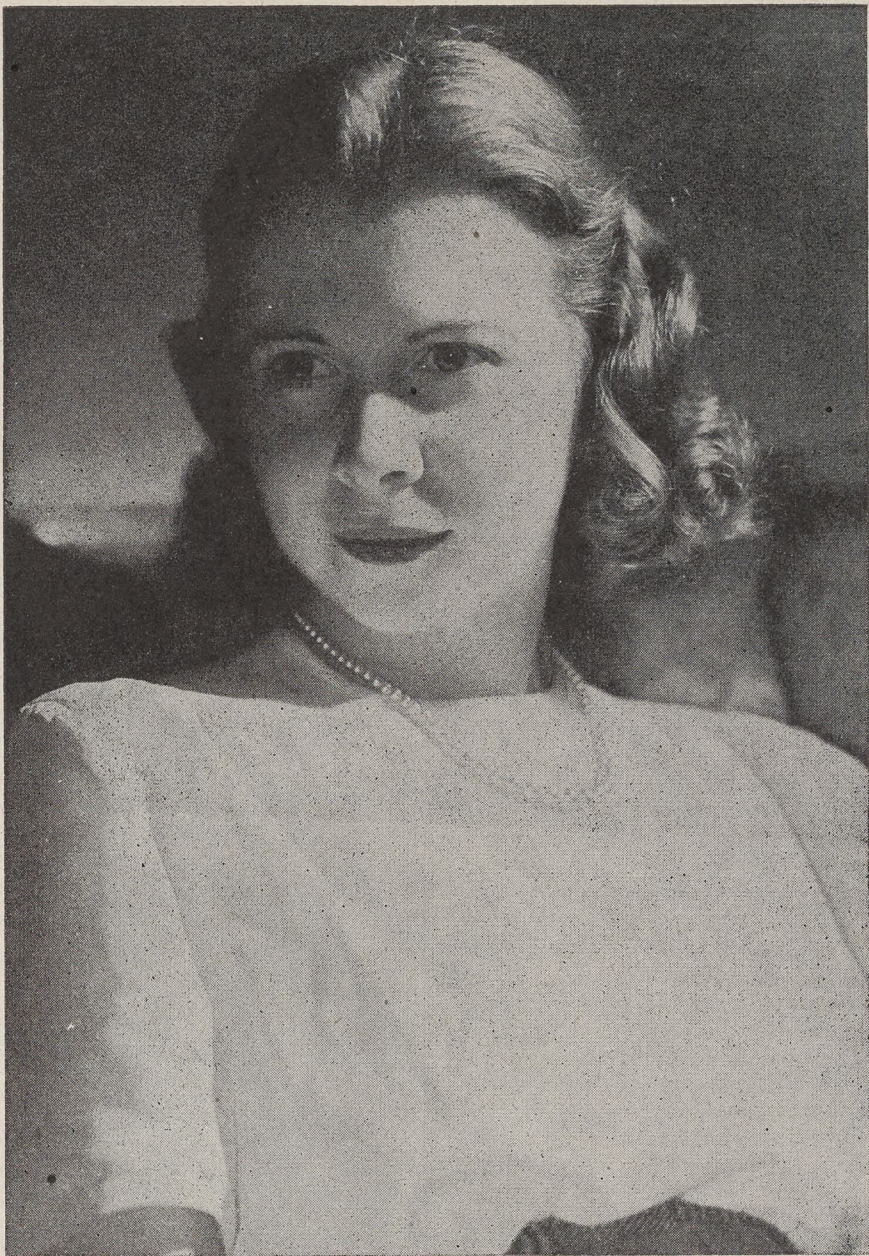
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*Eliot*

*Girl*

*of*

*the*

*Month*

*Mona Shuttleworth*

Small, piquant, turned - up - nosed, Mona Shuttleworth has been chosen by the A. A. of P. J. (American Association of Pulchritude Judges) as the girl best qualified to be the May ELIOT girl of the month. Said R. R. Whiting, president of the A. A. of P. J., "Miss Shuttleworth filled every qualification for this month. She is beautiful. She is redheaded. She is small of stature and sound of mind."

Said R. G. Hatter, business agent of the Association, "Mona is a cute little redhead with lots of personality. She is active on campus, too. She worked on Quad Show and is head of make-up for Thyrsus. She is a member of Gamma Phi Beta."



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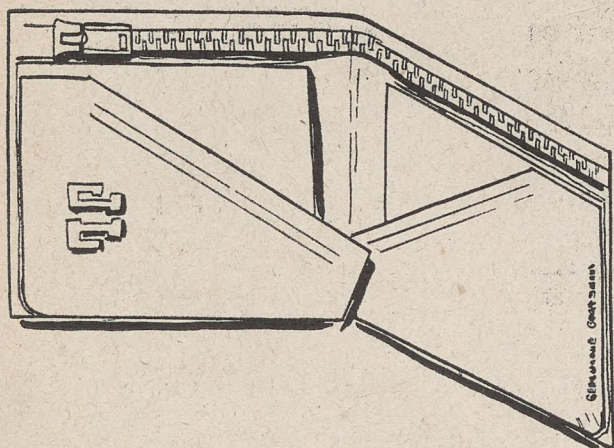
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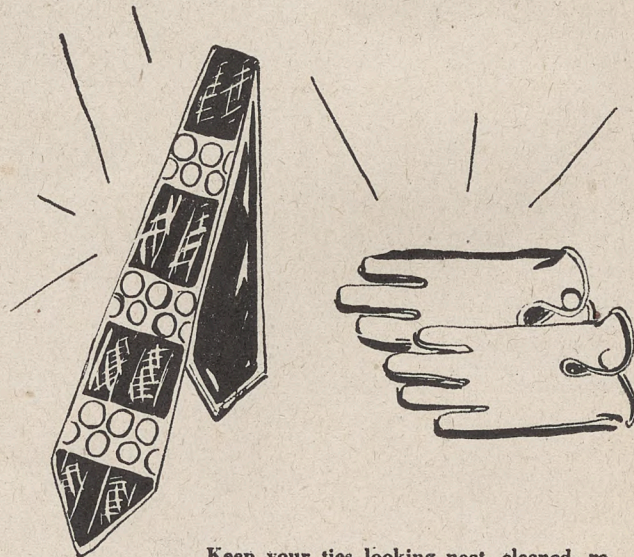
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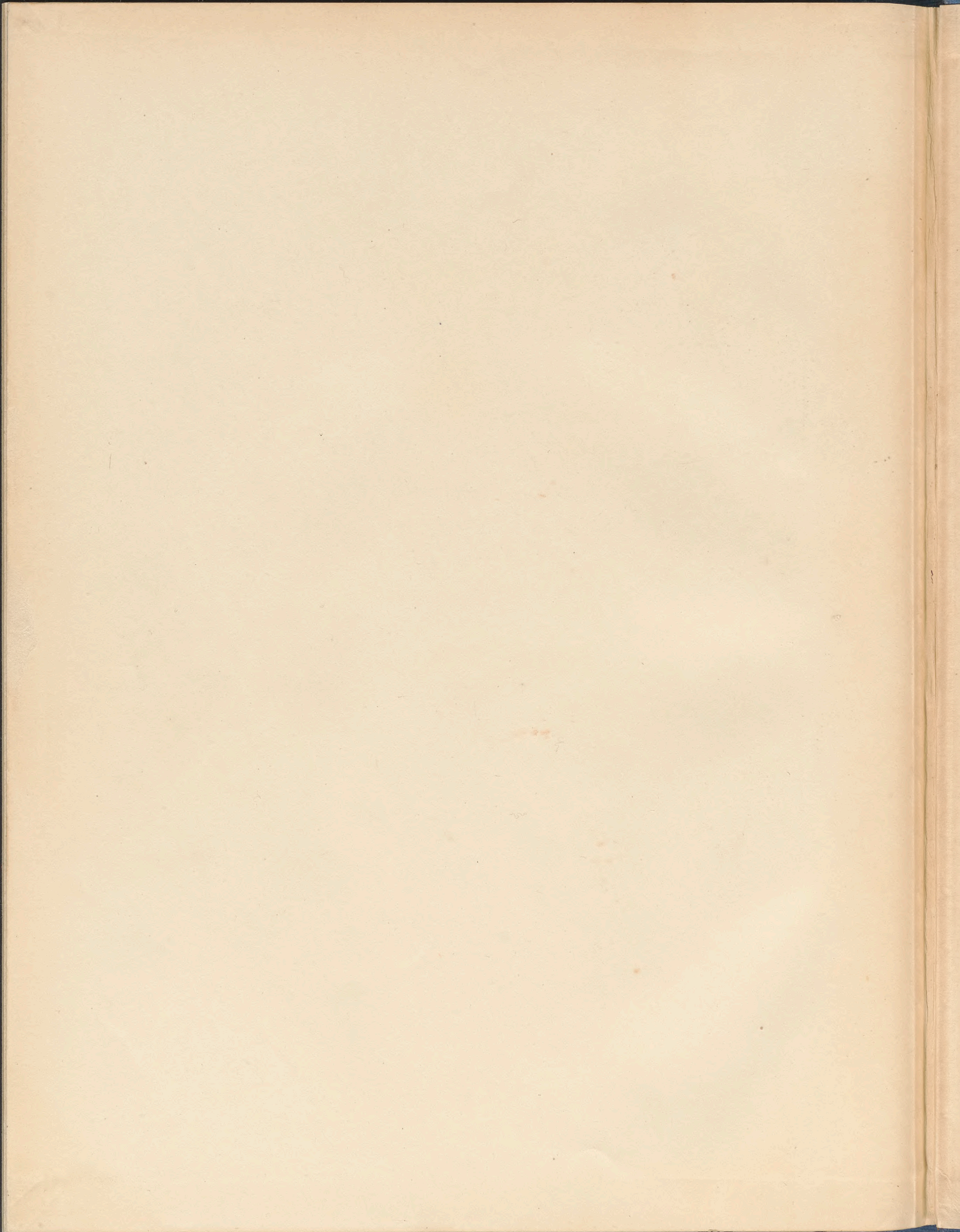
*Just around the Corner*











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