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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

# Eliot



FEBRUARY  
1940

15¢

### *In this Issue*

- Cordelia See,** *A Writing Job*
- Jack Cable,** *A Girl Has To*
- Bob Obourn,** *A New "Greek Letters"*
- Bill McDade,** *The Reverend Doctor Willie  
and the Yellow Bones*

# GOOD FRIENDS AGREE—

**"THERE'S EXTRA PLEASURE . . . AND  
EXTRA SMOKING IN CAMELS!"**

**N**ORTH, East, South, West, you'll hear the same story: One true yardstick of cigarette pleasure is *slow burning!* Kenneth E. (Nick) Knight (*below, left*) confirms the experience of millions of smokers when he says: "One of the first things I noticed about Camels was their slow burning. I figure that's why Camels smoke so much cooler, milder and taste so much better. Camels last longer, too." Howard

McCrorey agrees on Camel's slow burning, and adds: "To me that means extra pleasure and extra smoking per pack."

Yes, the *costlier tobaccos* in Camels are *slower-burning!* And of course the extra smoking in Camels (*see right*) is just that much more smoking pleasure at its best—*Camel's costlier tobaccos!* Enjoy extra pleasure and extra value in America's No. 1 cigarette...Camels!



**CAMELS — LONG-BURNING  
COSTLIER TOBACCOS**

Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—*slower than any* of them—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES  
PER PACK!**



Cigarettes were compared recently . . . sixteen of the largest-selling brands . . . under the searching tests of impartial laboratory scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

**1** CAMELS were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

**2** CAMELS BURNED SLOWER THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

**3** In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR LONGER than the average time for all the other brands.

**MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF . . .  
MORE PUFFS PER PACK!**

**PENNY FOR PENNY  
YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY**

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

## SPARE-TIME CALENDAR

February 18-25—George White's Scandals at the American Theatre.

Til February 23—Freddie Martin's Orchestra at the Chase Club.

February 22—Caesar and Cleopatra, George Bernarde Shaw, at the Little Theatre of Saint Louis.

February 23-24—Vladimir Horowitz, pianist, with the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra at the Municipal Auditorium.

February 24-26—Xavier Cugat's Orchestra at the Chase Club.

February 25-March 4—Three After Three with Simone Simone and Step'n' Fetchit at the American Theatre.

March 1-2—The Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra at the Municipal Auditorium.

March 4-11—Helen Hayes in Ladies And Gentlemen at the American Theatre.

March 8—Hugh Gibson, ex-ambassador to Belgium and Brazil, at The Principia.

March 8-9—Nathan Milstein, violinist, with the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra at the Municipal Auditorium.

March 15-16—Walter Gieseking, pianist, with the Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra at the Municipal Auditorium.

### *The Eliot Glamor Girl*

WILL BE THE GIRL WHO SELLS THE MOST COPIES  
OF THIS ISSUE OF *Eliot*

SHE WILL BE GIVEN A GALA EVENING ON US  
THAT WILL INCLUDE:—DINNER—SHOW—DANCING

HER ESCORT WILL BE CHOSEN BY HER, AND MAY BE  
ANY MAN ON THE CAMPUS; SO —

WATCH OUT FELLAS! THIS IS LEAP YEAR!

### *Who Will She Be ???*

THE GLAMOR GIRL WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN TUESDAY'S **STUDENT LIFE**  
AND HER CHOSEN ESCORT SHOULD SEE JACK CABLE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE  
TO GET THE WHEREWITHAL FOR THIS EXCITING EVENING

## Hell's A'Poppin'

HEY, HEY, HEY! Look here, what's here, its here. H Yowsa. Hell's a'poppin'. Come right in gents. Right this way. Two for a nickel, cigars, cigarettes, one pack lifesavers, any flavor, chewing gum, one serviceable paddle. Come and get it, gents, come and get it. Hell's a'poppin'—sure 'nough.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—two, four, six, eight. What's eight? Its eight—fraternity row. Eight, eight, eight—Ate what? Ate spaghetti—hands tied, no fork, all together, let's go. Where to? To the park. What for—for a sign—what sign—any sign—Monkey House—Sigma Chi, Theta Xi, for rent. More signs. Stolen signs. Stop thief!

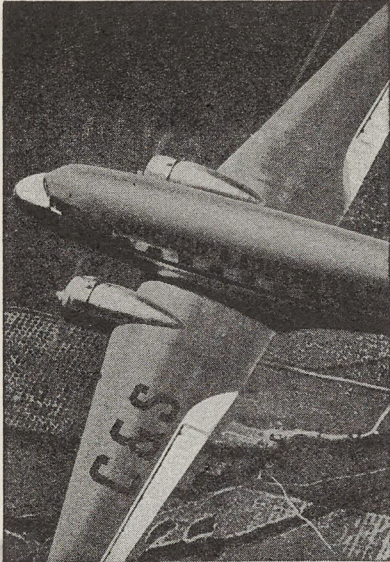
Bells, bells, bells—what bells, silver bells, phone bells. Ring, Ring, Ring. THREE RINGS! Where's a pledge? Get a pledge, beat him, swat him. Three rings!!! Shine

those shoes. Guard that [ CENSORED ], wipe it off, wipe it off—with your nose—on the floor. Get a little drunk. Fireman, fireman, save my child! Firedrill, fire-drill — firecrackers — dormitory — [ C-E-N-S-O-R-E-D ] Pop, Pop. What's that—what's this. Bang, Bang, crack, crack, five swats, fifty swats! Boom, Boom!

Pitch 'em, dodge 'em—dodge what?—rotten eggs! Hit 'em, miss 'em—fight, fight, fight! Who fight—Tekes fight—Sig Chis—Blow bugle, sound horn, charge 'em! Fling mud, swing paddle, turn on hose, more mud, more fight! Who's that!! Its the dean. It's the COPS — CAMPUS COPS — sour puss, big stick, kill joy — CAMPUS COPS — no good.

Hell, hell, hell, damn, damn, damn — Who said hell? That's not nice. Don't say hell — aw heck!

by DAKIN WILLIAMS



In early spring, Chicago & Southern will inaugurate a new fleet of giant Douglas DC-3, 21 Passenger Planes.

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and  
SOUTHERN  
Air Lines**  
"The Valley Level Route"

## WE HAVE WITH US . . .

**BOB OBOURN**, our new Greek Letters columnist claims "I do as little as I can do and get by." Actually Bob is house manager for the Phi Deltas, second lieutenant of Battery A, a member of Quad Show's stage crew, and for six years has written for the sports department of the *Post-Dispatch*. For two years he was sports editor of *Hatchet*, and he once spliced headlines for *Student Life*.

Bob's ambition, for after graduation, is to begin full time work for a St. Louis paper. His greatest conviction is that women are beautiful and that he has found the most beautiful of them all.

**DAKIN WILLIAMS**, who wrote our Gertrude Steinish impressions of Hell Week, insists that you would be more interested in hearing about his brother than about him. And it is a good story.

Brother Thomas Lanier Williams has just won the \$1000 first prize in the Rockefeller Foundation national play contest. When he came to Washington he flunked Greek and didn't even win honorable mention for his English XVI play. But somebody on the campus recognized genius, for he was a regular Eliot contributor.

Dakin tried Latin instead of Greek and got an A. So far he has steered clear of English XVI, but he's a member of Thyrsus. He strums a guitar, writes regularly for the *Teke* magazine, is a champion golfer, plays basketball, attends St. Michaels every Sunday, and, on the side, is a freshman in law school—which he says is twice as hard as the college. Last summer he pitched for the Colorado American Legion baseball team. The only clear parallel to his famous brother's career is his Eliot recognition. We hope he'll win a contest soon.

**BILL McDADE** is back among our contributors again with a story he wants us to enter in the Redbook \$500 prize contest. Read it and give us your advice.

Just now Bill is busy writing radio skits for Prof. Webster, and planning to produce three of his own one-act plays in an off-campus venture. Louise Hilmer and Dave Hennigan will collaborate with him on this.

As usual, Bill has begged us to give a plug for Thyrsus. Because of the appendectomy that snatched him from the cast of Margaret Smith's prize winning English XVI play last fall, Bill's first Thyrsus appearance of the year will be as Thurio in "Two Gentlemen of Verona." Production is still several weeks off, so to date he simply says the part and the play are "marvelous." Before the actual performance, we're sure he'll be using Hollywood adjectives. Do see it.

**RAY COX** is perhaps the only man in school that Ternion omitted, and his phone number has been changed since last year's edition. So as a service to our subscribers, we'll tell you you can reach Ray by calling EV 4503.

Ray is a member of Press Club, editor of the Campus Y Bulletin, contributor to *Hatchet* and *Student Life*, publicity writer for Quad Club, member of the Moose Club, and an independent basketball player. He plans to stay here until he gets a master's degree in English, and just now in the senior journalism course he is specializing in writing for *Esquire* and the *New Yorker*. All told this ought to mean some mighty good Eliot reading if we can keep a little of his work on the campus.

**BOB GAMM** has been drawing for us all year, but this month he actually signed his basketball pictures. Perhaps this is because he's on the squad. Bob is active in most intermural and was a member of the Phi B D's championship speedball team. That's as far as we've been able to trace him. It's a hard job trying to publicise a boy who doesn't sign his work.

# Eliot

January 1940

## STAFF:

EDITOR.....Jack Cable  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....George Smith  
MANAGING EDITOR.....Cordelia See  
ART EDITORS.....Bob Gamm, Geo. Schneider  
BUSINESS MANAGER.....Randolph Lorch  
EXCHANGES.....Edith Marsalek  
TYPIST.....Martha Page  
COPY READER.....Al Rosenfeld

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Mary Wilson, Sid Goldberg, Bill McDade,  
Helen Hewitt, Sue Mason, Peggy Woodlock,  
Bob Obourn, Ray Cox.  
ART STAFF:—Floyd Garlock, Frank Hoffelt, Peggy  
Wood, Jim von Brunn, Nancy Holmes.  
PUBLICITY AND ADVERTISING:—Ralph Neuhoff.  
BUSINESS STAFF:—Bill Nebe, Harold Goldberg.  
CIRCULATION:—Peggy Woodlock, Sally Alexander,  
Betty Kentzler, Jane Allen.

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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY ELIOT

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## *This Month's Quickie*

### PROFESSIONAL COURTESY

by BOB OBOURN

JOSEPH BINKS, ex-watchmaker from Brooklyn, tensed to the alert. His long slender fingers toyed with the grips of the machine gun as his gaze shifted back and forth across the muddy waste before him. He sensed rather than observed the motion behind the rolling ground which stretched away in front of his gun. Slowly a grey helmet rose from the mud bank. Joe waited until half of the helmet was showing then caressed the gun trigger. A grey clad soldier sprang from the ground, tearing at his helmet strap as he came to his feet. Suddenly he collapsed at the knees and began to roll and flop around in the slime.

Christ, he had killed before, but there had always been enough men so that you shot the enemy rather than a man. Better to finish him off than to let him raise hell like that. Why not send him out in style? Joe swung the muzzle of the gun to bear on the quivering form and caressed the grip. A definite staccato rhythm resulted. Tum, Tum, de Tum, Tum, de Tum, de Tum, de Tum. The funeral march. A little trick he had learned at training school. Not a bad send off for the poor bastard out there.

Joe relaxed again, his gun once more pointed out over the wastes.

Hans Meissner on Hill 37 swung his field glasses in the direction of the gun fire. A thin stream of smoke drifted out of what appeared to be a plain mud bank. Looking closer Hans saw the gunner settle back relaxed.

Damn clever camouflage! Been hard to spot if the gunner hadn't thumped out that definite rhythm that he had been told to listen for. Too bad to kill that gunner. There weren't many men who could thump out a funeral march on a machine gun.

Hans eased the barrel of his rifle through the screening brush and brought the cross hairs of his telescopic sights to bear on the center of the gunner's chest. Hans continued to watch the gunner after the rifle kicked back against his shoulder. The late Joseph Binks slumped

forward over the breech of his machine gun causing the muzzle to tilt skyward at a rakish angle.

Captain Jones finished giving instructions to the new machine gunner and turned to Lt. Barton.

"Harry, you might run up to that grenade pit opposite Hill 37 and try out those new grenades H.Q. sent up on the sniper that got Binks. Good man Binks."

Lt. Barton watched the explosive effect of the new grenades on the brushy top of Hill 37. Two discharges cleaned the top completely. Barton thought, "Too damned bad that sniper had to be killed. It took a good shot to hit Binks from the top of Hill 37."

### LAMENT FOR VESCOVO'S

Yet once more, O ye students, and once again  
Fill the air with your cries of pain;  
For Vescovo's is gone, destroyed in its prime,  
The home of many a high old time.  
It's a pitiful sight to see only charred walls  
Which before the fire echoed the calls:

"Small ravioli and a beef on bun;  
Same for me—fix me up one!  
Jeez, look back there at the Scotch and gin,  
Emil really laid a stock in!"

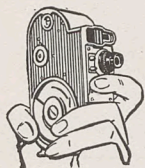
With all the burnable buildings in town  
Why was it Vescie's that had to burn down?  
We miss the old place and we're all of us filled  
With the hope that Emil soon will rebuild.

—Ray Cox.

### MODERN MUSIC

Seething, searing, soulless rhythm  
Trilling, turning, tuneless torment  
Moaning, mourning, muted trumpet  
Flaming, fighting, fiddling viols,  
Slamming, slapping, low voiced basses  
Whirring, whining music races.  
Multicolored jungle hymn  
Black-faced god and seraphim  
Writhing, restless new elation  
Music? No! Exuberation!

—Mary Ann Chiles.



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# JAM and JIVE

by JOHNNY DAVIS

Woody Herman has at last recorded for Decca his famous "March of the Blues." It features Herman's fine work as alto sax and is a killer. Woody, currently at the Famous Door in New York, is the blues gift to swing....

"Calling All Bars," as recorded by the Sextet of the Rhythm Club of London, is a swell new arrangement featuring solo guitar work by Albert Harris—This little outfit, introduced last year by Leonard Feather, English swing critic, has something on the ball...

Bob Crosby's latest, "Between 18th and 19th on Chestnut Street," seems pale in contrast to his former discs. Although Jess Stacey on the piano holds up well, it is not enough, and the band seems to lack that old drive. "I Wanna Wrap You Up," on the reverse side, has a good clarinet chorus by Irving Fazola. Where are Eddie Miller, Bob Haggart, and Ray Bouduc on this one?

Crosby's former piano man, Bob Zurke, has really waxed some sour stuff with his new band. Where is the fine playing that established him as one of the leading pianists?

You'll want to beg, borrow, or steal, Charlie Barnet's "The Right Idea" and "Ogoun Badagris." This record features more of Barnet's fine trumpet section, more solos by Charlie on the sax, and more fine Basie style rhythm. "Ogoun" is a simple stomp arranged along Ellington lines....

Erskine Hawkins and Glenn Miller have both made good recordings of "Tuxedo Junction" Erskine's "Tuxedo" is one of his best discs.

King of Swing, Benny Goodman's new quintet recordings are outstanding. Notable is his "Flying Home" and on the same record his "Rose Room." Goodman and John Kirby are tied for first place in small band combos...

Andy Kirke's finest record to date is "Big Jim Blues" named for trumpeter Harry "Big Jim" Lawson. "Blues" is a slow arrangement that has swell trumpet and clarinet work. To those interested, Kirke is appearing in town shortly at the Castle (colored) Ballroom.

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*... But*

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# THE TOWERS...

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## Money for an ELIOT Story

The Editors of *Eliot* and the Editors of *Redbook* agree on at least one thing: namely, that it's a good idea for the big national magazines and the smaller college magazines to co-operate with one another.

The Editors of *Redbook* have made the first move in this direction. They have announced a \$750 college magazine short story contest. And the Editors of *Eliot* have made the second. They decided to enter *Eliot* stories in the contest.

The *Redbook* magazine has agreed to purchase at least one story by an undergraduate that will have appeared in a North American college publication during the scholastic season of 1939-40. *Redbook* will reprint the story purchased as an "Encore of the Month," and the author will be paid five hundred dollars for it, and the college magazine in which it first appeared will receive two hundred and fifty dollars.

This looks to us like a golden opportunity for both *Redbook* and *Eliot*. *Redbook* is obviously out looking for new talent, else it would not make such an extravagantly attractive offer. *Eliot* is also looking for talent but couldn't hope to offer anything like five hundred dollars inducement. Under the terms of this contest, however, *Eliot* is placed in an advantageous position. Aspiring Washington U. authors interested in this contest will be required to submit their manuscripts first to *Eliot*; then if our editorial board considers them of sufficient merit to publish in our magazine, we will re-submit them at

the end of the year to the Editors of *Redbook*.

It is our opinion that there is no better way for a college student interested in a career of professional writing to get started than to win this contest. In the first place, by winning the contest, he would do much better financially than if he sold his story outright to even one of the best paying of the national magazines. And, in the second place, he would receive a lot of first-class publicity that should make it a great deal easier for him to sell his stories in the future.

The Editors of *Eliot* will do everything they possibly can to co-operate with interested contributors because we are also interested in winning the magazine prize of two hundred and fifty dollars, and in the resulting publicity it would give us.

We feel too that there is a very good chance that some Washington University student might write the best story. Each month, we see fifty to sixty exchange magazines from other schools, and it is our honest opinion that there are few general college magazines that have literary standards higher than those we are trying to maintain. Also we are remembering that in an institution the size of Washington University there are bound to turn up every now and then a Fannie Hurst or a Josephine Johnson or an Ed Mead or perhaps

even a—— So, you see, it's not too much for us to expect *another* *Eliot* writer to make good.

## Is Chivalry Dead?

Ever since our first few days of college, we have heard romantic young girls bemoaning the fact that chivalry was dead, that there were no gentlemen left in the world. And, for a long time we believed them. But we don't anymore.

One day last month, when the snow was melting and it was very slushy underfoot, we saw Mr. Dave Kammerer of the English department and one of his freshmen classes coming out of Eads. An attractive female student was walking immediately in front of him, and we couldn't help noticing that she was wearing some very inadequate foot-gear. Mr. Kammerer also noticed, and, taking pity on the poor girl, he picked her up in his strong arms and carried her to the shelter and dryness of Ridgely Arcade.

We think that this is almost as grand and noble a gesture as Sir Walter Raleigh's spreading his cloak for Queen Elizabeth.

## Sticking Our Neck Out

In the next regular issue, we are going to introduce a new full page feature entitled "In the Wake." It will be a letter column, and readers of *Eliot* are invited to send in letters criticizing anything about the magazine and its policies or anything else about the University that they might happen to feel strongly about. The only requirements is that every letter be signed by the author's real name.

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# and THE TOWN

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# A WRITING JOB

OUR MANAGING EDITOR INTERVIEWS EIGHT PROMINENT ST. LOUIS JOURNALISTS  
AND PERSONNEL DIRECTORS ON HOW TO GET ONE.

**DO YOU READ A LOT?**

**DO YOU WRITE A LOT?**

**DO YOU WANT TO BE A JOURNALIST MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD?**

THESE are the three characteristics of a successful writer which were most frequently suggested in a series of ELIOT interviews with prominent St. Louis journalists and personnel directors.

They are all agreed that if you can write really well, there is a place for you. Writing skill is the one essential to journalistic success.

Personality factors are extremely important in the advertising field.

An A.B. degree was generally preferred to one in journalism. Opinion was divided as to the value of including any sort of technical journalism course. Advertisers respected them more than newswriters did.

Individual advice by those interviewed follows:

## FAY PROFILET

Fay Profilet, witty feature writer for the *Post-Dispatch*, has earned her living by journalism since she was fourteen years old. She has written for every department of the *Post*—"even sports!" and now special columns are created for her. She declares:

"Writing is like flirting. If one is going to do it one needs no training and nothing can keep one from it.

"The two essentials are tolerance and a sense of humor. Travel is wonderful, and it helps to be crazy."

Miss Profilet emphasized the fact that a reporter must be able to take orders. He should never criticize his editors or what they do to his stories. She advises you to cultivate a fanatical interest in detail, and to remember that every person is a potential news-source. Above all, learn to be a good listener. "The place where you talked is the weakest point in every interview."

Miss Profilet's specific advice for women is:

1. Never dress conspicuously. Avoid showy earrings and bright nail polish.
2. Dress so smartly that people will remember you.
3. Dress to look intelligent and to be ready to go anywhere.

## MARGARET RULE

Margaret Rule, gracious society editor of the *Post*, speaks as a prospective employer:

"When you come to ask for a job, have your facts well marshalled so that you will take as little as possible of the editor's time. Be prepared to show examples of what you have done. Tell why you want to work and why you want to write. You should have self-confidence, but don't be too aggressive.

"There is nothing you can study. The ability to write makes or breaks you. You must be able to type, but anyone can learn that."

Knowledge of people about St. Louis is necessary in Mrs. Rule's particular department. She selects as essentials for any newswriter:

1. Writing skill.
2. Accuracy.
3. Interest.
4. Charm.

Your letter of application should be typed and should state:

1. Who you are.
2. Where you live.
3. Your experience.
4. Your education.
5. What you have had published.

When you apply for a job, Mrs. Rule advises you to go straight to the department editor for whom you wish to work.

## HAROLD MEEK

Harold Meek, *Post* copy editor, asserts, "Getting a job is a matter of:

1. Being at the right place when there is a job.
2. Being able to convince the employer that you can come near filling the bill.

"Survey yourself first. Then look for the field that uses your possibilities.

"Journalism courses are a complete waste of time and I speak as a graduate. Come with an open mind and a willingness to absorb what you are taught.

"It's better to start on a small paper, and skip around to gain experience. No cub ever amounted to a damn on the paper on which he started.

"Write a letter before you apply. This provides a means of sieving out the impossibilities. Don't ask for an appointment. Just mention that you will be coming in to ask for a job."

Mr. Meek was fired, by Frank Taylor of the *Star*, in a letter accusing him of a bad temper and limitless capacity for trouble making. He sent this letter in to O. K. Bovard and was welcomed to the *Post*. However, he insists that ordinarily trick approaches don't work.

"What should you do to get a job!" Meek exclaimed.

(Continued on page 16)



# A GIRL HAS TO

by JACK CABLE

Illustrated by GEORGE SCHNEIDER

"OF COURSE, I don't care anything about him," said Ann May, as she picked up one of her roommate's cigarettes and plopped down in the only comfortable chair. "He's just another boy."

"Well, then, why are you making such a play for him?" asked her roommate.

"My dear child," said Ann May, turning toward the serious wide-eyed little freshman girl who had been assigned to the other bed in her room in Mack Hall. "A girl's got to get around."

"But I don't see why you—"

"You will, my dear," said Ann May, lighting up the borrowed cigarette. "You will before you've been in this school very long. Just take it from me, darling. If you ever expect to go anywhere or do anything around this joint, you've got to know how to work your men."

"But what if you don't believe in working people?" protested the younger girl.

"Then you just won't get around," said Ann May importantly with the air of one who knows everything. "You don't think I was playing up to Bill Landay for

nothing, do you? He's going to take me to the Junior Prom."

"I don't care," said the other girl stubbornly, "It just isn't right to lead a man on like that."

"Oh, come on, now," said Ann May, looking pityingly at the attractive, but naive little girl who was sitting on the other bed. "Be your age, darling. You're in college now. This isn't high school stuff."

"Just the same—"

"Listen here," interrupted Ann May, squashing out her borrowed cigarette, "You want to be popular and have dates and go to all the dances and football games and everything, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, you've got to get a man and start work-

(Continued on next page)

## A GIRL HAS TO

(Continued from preceding page)

ing on him. Or rather several men. And just being pretty and polite and sweet isn't going to get results."

"But—"

"Look at me," said Ann May, getting up from her chair and going over and standing in front of the other girl and pointing at herself. "Look at me! Two years in this dump, and I haven't missed an important dance, or anything else worth going to. Why? Because I know how to handle my men."

"You mean the way you and Bill—"

"Yes, more or less. But you don't have to go that far at first. Just keep 'em interested. When you get in your date's car, for instance, don't worry about your skirt. It isn't going to hurt a man to know that you've got a good pair of legs."

"I think that's cheap," said the younger girl.

"O.Kay, Deanie," said Ann May, shrugging her shoulders. "It's cheap. But it sure gets results."

"If I had to do that to interest men, I'd—I'd—"

"Yes, darling," said Ann May, smiling sweetly, "you'd probably do without. But not me. I need men to take me where I want to go. And it's my theory that you've got to tantalize the brutes before they'll even think about doing what you want."

"I think that's disgusting," protested the younger girl.

"It it disgusting to have a date every night in the week?" countered Ann May.

"No."

"Is it disgusting to go dancing at all the best hotels?"

"Of course not, but—"

"Then listen, darling. Wake up. Look around. What I do is just what any smart girl does."

"If that's being smart," insisted the younger girl, "I guess I'll just have to go on being dumb."

"Then how do you expect to get any fun out of college?"

"I don't know," replied the girl slowly. "I want to go to all the dances, but I don't like the idea of taking advant—"

"You poor ignorant child. You're not taking advan-

tage of them. They love it. Why do you think they always come back for more?"

"Well, I—"

Ann May was looking intently at the girl, and suddenly she got an idea. "Look!" she cried, jerking the girl off the bed and dragging her over to the mirror. "Look! Look at yourself! You're pretty! And say! you've got a cute figure. And those big innocent eyes. If you would just learn how to use what you've got, you'd go over **big** with the men here at school."

"Do you really think so?" gasped the girl.

"S-u-r-e."

"But, just the same," warned the girl, looking very thoughtful and serious, "I'm not going to go teasing some man just to get him to take me around."

"You don't have to, Darling, just leave everything to me," said Ann May. "Leave it to me, And I'll fix you up with a date that'll take you any place you want to go. I'm planning to start you out with big time stuff."

"What? . . . Who?"

"Bill Landay."

"Bill Landay?"

"Yes."

"But . . . I thought he was yours."

"Mine . . . We-e-ll. He's taking me to the Junior Prom. But, after that, I'm through with him."

"That's right. You told me you didn't care anything about him."

"Of course, not."

"Then, what makes you think I'd want to go out

with him? I don't want to use him."

"Listen, child," said Ann May, becoming somewhat irritated. "I've told you that you've just got to use men if you expect to go anywhere or do anything around here. And Bill Landay's one of the best men you could get. Oh, I admit, he's a bit of a droop. But he belongs to a good frat and has a swell car and scads of money. Golly! What more could you want to start out on?"

"Not much, I guess. But supposing I don't like him," said the girl in a small voice.

"My dear child," said Ann May, "what difference does that make?"

"It makes a lot to me," replied the girl.

"Now look here," said Ann May. "You may not like

(Continued on page 12)

\$500<sup>00</sup> for a  
**Short Story**

**T**HE Editors of the Redbook magazine will purchase for their "Encore of the Month" feature at least one story which has appeared in a North American college publication during the scholastic season of 1939-40. They will pay for the right to reprint that story in Redbook five hundred dollars to the author and two hundred and fifty dollars to the college publication in which it first appeared.

At the end of the school year, the Editors of **Eliot** will submit to this contest all the published stories which they think worthy of the judges' consideration.



Watch the change to Chesterfield  
says **DONNA DAE**  
**CHESTERFIELD'S JANUARY GIRL**  
starring with  
**FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS**

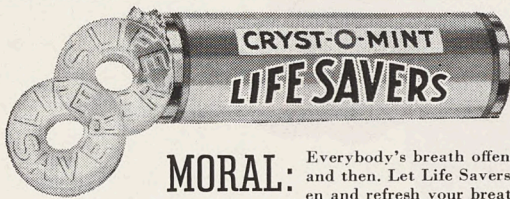
**FORECASTING MORE SMOKING PLEASURE FOR 1940**

*Chesterfield*

Change to Chesterfields and you'll get  
what you want...*real mildness and better taste.*  
You can't buy a better cigarette.



A darn good skate was Rose Marie,  
But, boy, her *breath* was just Grade Z.  
Won't you or someone else please hint  
That she should try a Cryst-O-Mint?



**MORAL:** Everybody's breath offends now  
and then. Let Life Savers sweet-  
en and refresh your breath after  
eating, drinking, and smoking.

## FREE! A box of Life Savers

to

Edward Mason

for the following reply:

She: "It's a beautiful kitten. Won't you please take it. Why he's half-Persian."

He: "Don't cast any half-Persians on me."



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 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.

## A GIRL HAS TO

(Continued from page 10)

him. But you've got to remember that Bill can do a lot for you.

"Then, if he's so good, why do you want to pass him on to me?"

"Well, because he's. . . . he's just the boy to put you in circulation."

"Oh."

"And, besides, I won't need him anymore after the Junior Prom. Not after I meet those two senior lawyers."

"You're pretty sure of yourself, aren't you?" ventured the younger girl.

"Yes," said Ann May, smiling and throwing back her shoulders and taking a deep breath. "This always gets them."

Then, after watching the other girl cannily for a moment, she said, "How about it. Shall I fix things up with Bill?"

"We-e-ll, maybe."

"Now you're talking," said Ann May enthusiastically. "You know it's not every freshman that gets a chance to go out with a big social man like Bill Landay."

"And, if you're nice to him," she continued, "he'll take you to the Chase and a lot of expensive places."

"But," asked the younger girl, "what's he going to say?"

"Oh, he'll probably mope around a while. But he'll get over it, especially if you get in there and do your stuff."

"Are you sure he'll get over it?" asked the girl.

"Of course, he will. They all do."

"Do they?"

"Sure. Just look at these," cried Ann May, running over to her dresser and pulling out a packet of letters. "Look at these! Every one from a boy I used to go with. Here read this one," she said, tossing the letter on the bed. "It's from a fella at Dartmouth. I was his date for the Winter Carnival last year. He was really a sucker for my line. And here's one—from a man in Chicago. Good-looking man, too; but—he didn't have any money. Was all broken up when I moved out on him. Said I had ruined his life. But he got over it. Last I heard, he was having an affair with some actress. And, say! Here's the best one yet! From a boy, or rather his father, down in the Smoky Mountains. One of the natives. Summer before last, when I was down there with my family, I used to go out with him. There weren't any college boys down in those hills, and I got pretty bored staying home nights with my family. So I went out with him. And boy! he was a swell dancer!"

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# THE REVEREND DOCTOR WILLIE AND THE YELLOW BONES

by BILL McDADE

Illustrated by FRANK HOFFELT

THE Most Reverend Doctor Willie Jones cast up his eyes to the heavens and slowly shook his head, "De Lawd is sho gonna be powerful angry if I don't do somethin' soon. Dis heah town is gotta be changed, yes suh."

When the Reverend spoke these words, he meant what he said. Not since the time he first felt the call and rolled down the aisle, a forgiven sinner, had he ever seen such a degraded flock of lost sheep. Why, the First Church of the Holy Rollers didn't have more than twenty people in the congregation on Sunday and on Prayer-meeting nights he might as well have been preaching to himself. Not only that, but the church was about to fall down, they needed a new tower, they needed a new piano, and, worst of all, the preacher, the Reverend Doctor Willie, needed some new clothes. "Yes suh," thought Willie, "something is gotta be done."

Now it was just after Willie came to town and took over his new congregation, that he began thinking along these lines, but it was quite a few weeks before he was able to do anything about it. He had called a meeting of the deacons, all three of them, and, together, they

had decided to start a combined drive to clean up the city, spiritually of course, and to collect funds to fix up the church. They had made a plan, too, where each one of them was to take a certain part of the town and work "fo de glory of de Lawd and de cause of de righteous."

Well, Doctor Willie's part of town was the toughest section for miles around, and the decent folks were scared to set foot in it, but not Willie; he knew the Lord would "stand up fo' de righteous an' specially for a preacher." He wasn't going to let the Devil get ahead of him and so, Willie started right to work.

It wasn't very dark when he went out to do his "evangelizin" and the moon was shining bright up in the sky. "It mus' be a omen," thought Willie. "De Lawd is sho on my side to-night. I'se gonna save dese po' sinners if I has to break deir necks a-doin' it. I don't know jus' how I is gonna do it, but I is, and dat's a fact Lawd."

When he came to his section and started down the main street. There wasn't a soul out. Both sides of the street were dark. He walked slowly down the sidewalk, wondering where everyone could be, and then, down at the other end of the street, he saw some light. He hurried toward the light and, as he neared it, heard the

(Continued on next page)



Praise be to de Lawd! It's snake-eyes.



## THE REVEREND DOCTOR WILLIE

(Continued from preceding page)

tinny music of an old phonograph and some loud yelling. "Dat's it," he thought, dat's wheah ev'ybody is. Po' sinners, wastin' good time a-disapatin' like that, it jus' ain't right, dat's all. I'm gonna go in deah stop all dis sinnin' in de face of de Lawd, and I mean right now." He started to go in, but stopped a moment to listen to the yells coming from within.

"Seben, uh, uh, boy jus' looka theah — rake it up in a pile boys, and leave it, I'm gonna shoot the whole works — dat's right — heah goes — honies, be good to me, lay down a five and a six — oh, oh, deah it is — I'll rake 'em dis time — lemme git my hands on dem nice green pieces of paper — yes suh — dey sho do feel good — o.k. le's roll 'em agin — git dat money down, men, — heah we go —."

Doctor Willie had heard enough. He raised his eyes to heaven and spoke to the Lord, "Oh Lawd, I'm goin' in deah and I 'spect as how I'm gonna need a little help, so all I ask is, dat You give me jus' a little co-operation and I'll change dese wild billygoats into gentle lambs. You jus' wait an' see." He drew himself up to his full five feet and knocked on the door. Nobody heard him at first and then, finally, one of the "black sheep" from inside opened the door.

"Well, whut you wan't little man? Cain't you see we is busy?"

"I come in de name of de Lawd, son, an' I wants to—"

"Now look heah, preacher-man, if you come heah to preach a sermon, you might as well leave right heah and now."

"I jus' wants to say a few words to the brothers in deah, if you don't min'."

"Well, I do min', short and stubby, so run along about yo' business."

"My business is in deah and I'm comin' in."

"Look out, now."

"Look out, yourself. Heah I come."

The Doctor Willie made a quick move and jumped past the big black "nigger" who was blocking the doorway. He found himself in the middle of a little room surrounded by a bunch of big blacks and "high yallers," most of them in a circle, on their knees, staring at a pair of big yellow dice on the floor in front of them. They all looked up at him and a couple of them rose, menacingly, to their feet.

"Well, now dat you is in, whut you got to say?"

Willie swallowed hard and his knees began to shake just a little, but he wasn't scared, that is, not much. He looked slowly around the circle and shook his head, "You boys jus' don't know how much it do grieve me to see so many of my brothers livin' in sin. You jus' ain't got no idea."

"Whut you mean," said the man with the dice.

Willie looked at him very sadly and said, "Why brother, don't you know dat if you all don't give up dis gamblin' and drinkin', de Lawd is gonna take away everything you got, all yo money, all yo clothes an' everything."

"Well, I ain't doin' so bad right now, is I? Look at dis stack of greenbacks."

"You won't have it long if you keeps dis up, none of you will. Why I don't believe I ever seed one of you in church since I got heah."

"No suh, you sho ain't and, as far as I is concerned, you ain't goin' to in de future. And another thing, little man, I sho ain't gonna be fool enough to leave dis heah crap game when I'm as hot as I is now, not me."

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## A Man You Ought to Know

by Cox and Schneider



Geo. Schneider

JOHN LEWIS

"This office looks like hell!

Why don't you people put your coats on the hooks  
Instead of on top of my desk? And the books!

My God!

It's a wonder that we ever can get anything done  
With the desks covered with everything under the sun!"  
Lewis rages and roars in his Student Life den,  
Storming and shouting, cursing, and then  
Soothes wounded feelings with his disarming grin.  
You ought to know Lewis if you don't know him yet  
For a more likeable fellow we've never once met.

—Ray Cox.



WELL, KIDDIES, it's been a long time, hasn't it, since the old scandal monger has had a chance to present to you his, or rather her, well-gleaned and most savory gleanings. In fact, it was way back in the year 1939 B.V. (Before VESCIES—Incidentally, this is the new way smart Wash. U. stoogents are designating the approximate date of events, i.e. either B.V. or A.V.) Well, anyway, as we were saying, it was way back before the GREAT FIRE OF '39 and the Christmas parties and finals and the Conzelman confusion; so you musn't hold it against us if this month's column is just too, too mixed up.

People asked, up to the day we went to press, if we didn't know, of course, that Betty Jehle had Bud Cory's Sword 'n Shield. We didn't, and she doesn't, although she did... if you know what we mean. We don't. But she does. And you might.—Anyway, the Jehle, in answer to our piercing, but delicately worded questions, modestly cast down her eyes and knitted her brows into a sort of chain stitch, (which isn't easy to do, as those of you who may have tried it, know) and mumbled something about her parents consent, or rather the lack of it... Bud has stubbornly refused to see the press, but we heard indirectly that he had said, if she wouldn't wear his pin, neither would he; so there...

We're not going to mention Shelton Voges in this issue. No, not much. Reports have been to the effect that he is becoming incensed over our constant references. That's too bad, because he's such good copy. Or don't you think so?

By the way, he has been in Florida... resting... He's reputed to have had a strenuous semester. Not long ago, he broke a date with the little Otto to see G.W.T.W. and then skipped town with Freddie Leyhe, who made it understood in their plans that he, Freddie Leyhe, was to return in time to escort Jane Allen in the Promenade at the U.D.C.

Jane Allen, incidentally, went home from the SAE Kid Party with four Phi Deltas. But that's old gossip. We don't mean Jane Allen, but the kid party.

The year of our Lord nineteen hundred and forty will probably be known to all posterity by something comparable to Columbus' putting the snatch on Izzy's "jools" and tearing off to look for America or Gallio's discovery that the earth was round. We predict that it will be referred to by future generations as the year of the GREAT PIN EPIDEMIC. Never, never, in all our many years of college have we seen so many pins change wearers and all in such a short time.

Before we attempt to enumerate those afflicted with this disease, we'd like to give just a word of advice to those gals who secretly yearn to wear the symbol of some lad's adoration. It's simply this: There are still a few men around who'd like to get something off their chests.

But all kidding aside, we're in favor of romance. We have to be. If it weren't for romance, what in the world would we have to write about?

Anyway, to get back to our pinnings, Dorothea Usher has Ted Hudson's Beta badge. This was a surprise to everyone, except possibly Ted.

Jean MacGregor, K.K.G., we are told, has agreed to stay home four nights a week, learn to cook, etc. etc. ... All for the shining SAE symbol of Carroll Cartwright's affection.

Mary Jane Brown, a freshman and one of the leads in this year's Quad Show, has a pin.

Art Spitzfadden decided that Ruth Brenner was the best sport he had ever known; so he pinned her. It seems that Ruth had her face washed with snow and an icicle put down her back; and she still laughed... Art said that there were other reasons too.

Since the last issue, Ranny Lorch put out his pin. Sally Farrington, off campus talent, was the lucky winner! Hello, Killinger.

• •

Jane Ann Morris, still very definitely on Lemen's list, lowers her limpid lids at the lovely little lispings of Carter Ellis. Rumor has it, however, that there is someone else in Jane Ann's life.

(Continued on page 20)

## A WRITING JOB

(Continued from page 8)

"Good lord, girl, ask for it. What would I do if I wanted a dance with you?"

### W. R. MINER

The *Star-Times'* news editor, W. R. Miner, complains: "Most applicants say what they would like to do. They should ask what we want."

Mr. Miner asserts a journalist must be intensely interested in:

1. Reading.
2. Writing.
3. People.

High scholastic records, extra-curricular activities, and attractive personality traits he does not consider fundamental. "However, I'm human," Miner declared, "and I would be influenced by these."

His advice to Washington students is to utilize any special interest they may have, by writing articles about these. Bring examples of your work when you apply for a job.

Mr. Miner asks his applicants to write something about St. Louis. Most of those applying end their chances for a job by neglecting to do this. He feels that studying journalism is a good idea, but that no amount of training is a substitute for experience.

"Your success as a journalist depends on your ability to tell exactly what you see—your ability to see objectively. Very few people have this."

### DOUGLAS MARTIN

Douglas Martin, popular *Globe-Democrat* executive, recommended:

"If you want to get into newspaper work and to enjoy life, take a broad course. Get an A.B. if you have the time and means. Post-graduate work is fine if you can afford it. I have a great respect for education. Of course, I will be influenced by good grades and campus activities."

Mr. Martin selected as the most important traits for a journalist:

1. Impelling curiosity.
2. Interest in people.
3. Facility in writing.
4. Enthusiasm.
5. Stubborn persistency.
6. Confidence, but not overbearing aggressiveness.

He feels you should know something of the paper and its policies when you apply. And you should be sure you can co-operate with these policies. The writing you have done on your own will probably interest Mr. Martin more than anything else about you.

### ELIZABETH CARTER

Elizabeth Carter, personnel director for the Southwestern Bell Telephone Co. advised:

"Don't have anything else on your mind when you apply for a job. Don't hurry. Think over what you write on your application blank. Good handwriting is

very important. Be concise and specific. You can expand later in an interview."

To make a favorable impression, you should show:

1. General physical well-being.
2. Poise.
3. A serious attitude toward work.

Miss Carter is very much interested in both grades and activities.

"These demonstrate alertness, aggressiveness, and ability to get along with people."

As examples of what she wanted in employees Miss Carter mentioned Elaine Foerster and Dorothy Moore.

However, Bell will consider only male applicants for its advertising department. They must be able to speak well and should have some newspaper experience.

While you are in college, she advises taking as many English and writing courses as possible.

### F. A. WATTS

F. A. Watts, personnel director for the Chapellow Advertising Company listed the factors which would be most important in obtaining a job from him:

1. An opening.
2. Personality.
3. Grades.
4. Activities.
5. Appearance.

He prefers a simple, direct manner to nonchalance or high pressure salesmanship. Good manners and conviction are essential.

He encourages all schooling, especially journalism. Technical courses or actual experience are recommended. Before you ask for a job, Mr. Watts suggests that you read "How to Win Friends and Influence People."

If you impress him favorably, Mr. Watts will give you an assignment. After this, your chances depend on:

1. Your originality.
2. Your skill at writing.
3. Your promptness.
4. Vacancies in the company.

### W. F. JONES

W. F. Jones, personnel manager for Shell, emphasizes: "Look for someone who wants your experience."

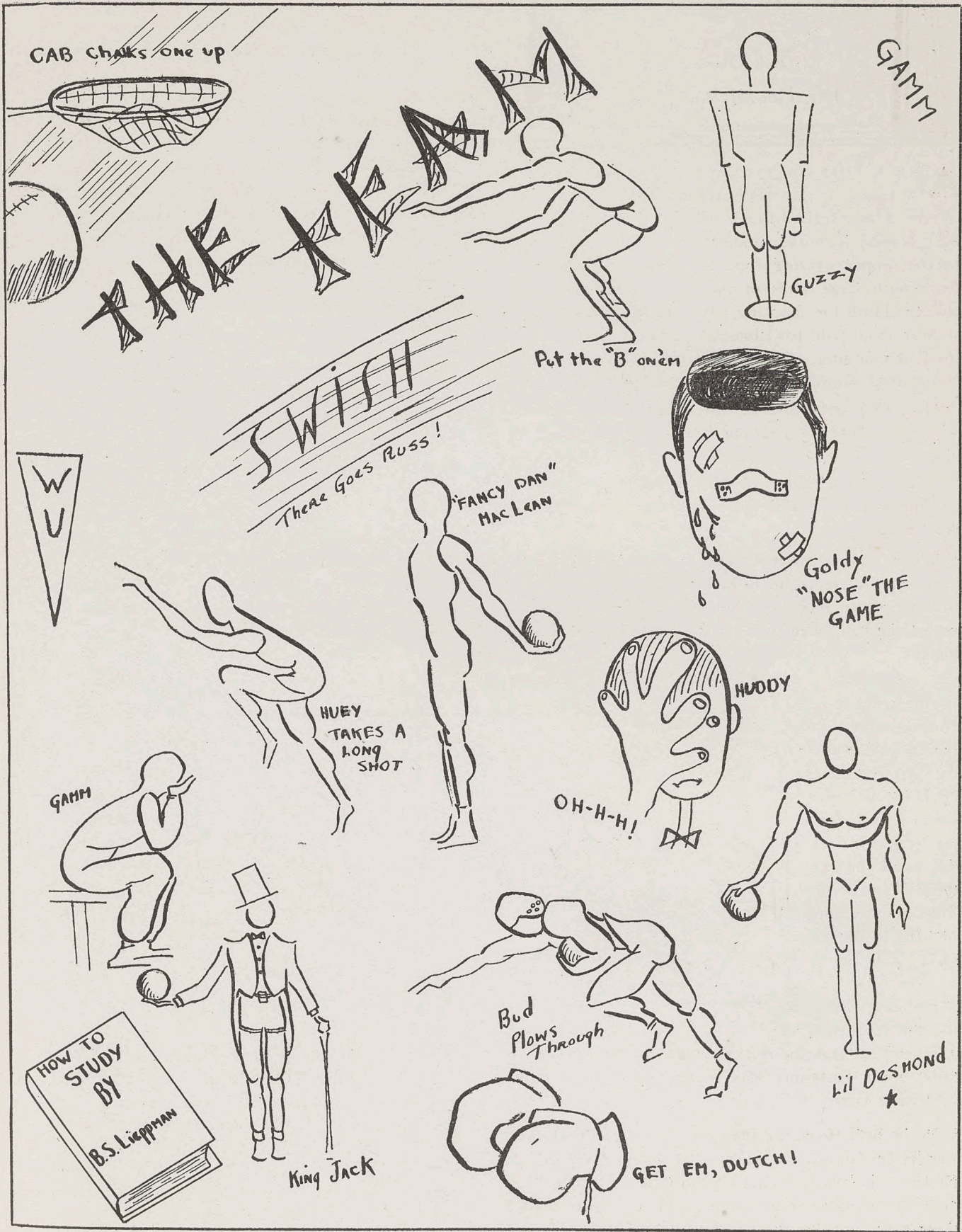
He believes the dominant factors affecting your chances of getting a job are:

1. Neatness.
2. Poise.
3. Personal appearance.

"Your scholastic record matters a great deal. However for salesmen, administrators, and writers; extra-curricular activities are more important."

If you want a writing job, Mr. Jones suggests that you tell him what you can do for the company. Shell frequently picks its advertising men from employees in other departments who have shown a flair for writing. In general he feels you should try to make good somewhere else before trying for a writing job in so large a company.

Now you know.  
Good luck!



# Greek Letters

by  
Bob Obourn  
*We Pan-hel out of 'em*

**A**BOUT THIS time every year all the fraternities are wrapped up in Hell Week. The student body shouldn't be surprised to see the Sig Alp freshmen running around in burlap underwear (covered, of course, by the proper wearing apparel), to see the Sigma Nu frosh with large wads of padding placed where best able to absorb the shocking power of a wooden paddle, to hear about wild fowl loose in the Beta dorm, to hear the K.A.s singing lullabys to raucous ducks, to hear the future Phis complaining about the Black Supper.

More than one professor will probably stop his class while the more alert members wake up their sleeping classmates.

While on the subject of Hell Week we hear that as an innovation the Phi frosh will be required to get crew cuts.

When Jane Allen first came to Washington she expressed a preference for Pi Beta Phi but lately she seems to have shown increasing interest in Phi Delt. At last report she had taken over the keeping of the Phi scrap book.

One of the most amusing bits of espionage this writer has encountered is the very obvious second semester Rush Week which all the fraternities and sororities are carrying on strictly on the Q.T.

Deciding that this column needed a bit of cultural interest we took a poll of the art tastes along Fraternity Row and gathered some rather surprising facts.

In the Beta House we found that most of the pictures were either landscapes, seascapes or respectable portraits. However, in Teddy Young's room we found three Petty drawings of more or less nude women. Somebody said there used to be large picture of a beautiful nude, but inter-fraternity jealousy runs rampant at the east end of the Row.

Evidently the Tekes are not interested in Art. When

this writer inquired about the fraternity's collection of Pettys, Morans, etc. he was met with cold stares. The Tekes were gentlemen and scholars and wouldn't think of hanging anything by Petty in their house. None the less our request that we be allowed to see for ourselves was cleverly sidestepped.

An investigation of the Kappa Alpha house disclosed a number of pictures of current girl friends and a silhouette of a burlesque queen taken from the Phi Delt Homecoming exhibit.

The inquiry at the Sigma Nu house, which was stopped at the front door, revealed three Petty drawings; two in Bob Johnson's room and one in the room of Frank Groves'. Outside of that there were "no calendars, no nothing."

Four Pettys and a photo of a gorgeous pair of bare shoulders graced the walls of the Sigma Chi rooms. Hank Nelson had "large number" of Pettys in the closet but the room had just been painted and there hadn't been time to hang them yet.

The greatest single piece of art was found in Clark Strubar's room in the Theta Xi house. On the north wall of his room was a composite of fourteen Pettys and a pair of bare legs set in symmetrical design.

The other silhouettes of the burlesque queens from the Phi Homecoming exhibit turned up at number seven along with four Pettys and several studies done in "life" class by the Fine Arts students in the fraternity. Red lanterns and bomb type flares lifted from construction jobs completed the decoration motif. More specific references would be unwise as we were threatened with bodily

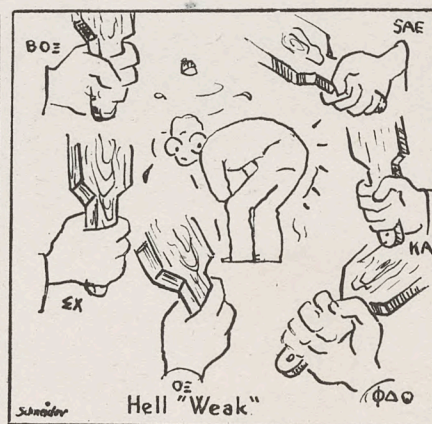
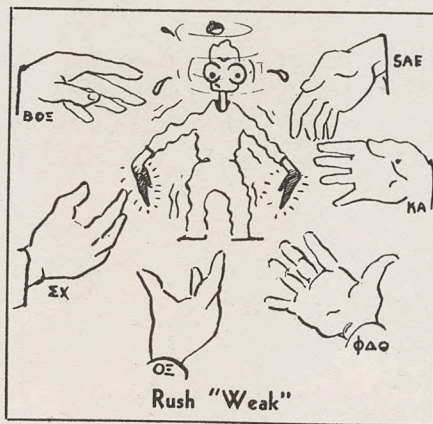
injury if we named the rooms in which the drawings were found because "if my girl knew I had those things in my room—"

Earl Moran is the favorite artist of house number eight. One room disclosed twenty-eight Morans and a number of smaller cartoons painted on the walls. Also

in the same room (Charlie Reed's and Al Modert's) was a large calendar emblazoned with one of Moran's better nudes and bearing the motto "We are the perfect body builders." Further investigation of the second floor revealed three more Morans and three Pettys.

The third floor men were enthralled by a game of chess between Moses and Caldwell and therefore not interested in art. However, we noticed a large assortment of emblems, shields, and fraternity plaques and several live nudes in Fuzzy Gibbs' room, the latter definitely not art. A cross examination of Gibbs gave the

(Continued on page 20)



### THE REVEREND DOCTOR WILLIE

(Continued from page 14)

"How about de rest of you men? Whut do you say?"

"Oh run along, shorty, we got business to do."

"Yeah, run along."

Willie again cast his eyes toward the sky, "Lawd, stick by me now. Heah goes." He looked darkly about the circle and made no move to go. Then he spoke, "I'm sorry you all feel dis way, 'cause dere ain't nothin' lef' fo' me to do but to teach you a lesson. De Lawd is always on de side of de right an' I is gonna prove it to you, right now. Lemme see dem dice."

"Dey ain't loaded, if dat's whut you mean."

"Lemme see 'em."

"O.K., Mr. Smart Guy, heah dey is."

Willie looked at the dice carefully and handed them back. "Dey is all right I guess. Now move over an' let me in dis game."

"Whut did you say?"

"I said I'm gettin' in dis game."

"Now look heah, preacher-man, I—"

"Whut's de matter, you scared?"

"Course not, but—"

"Den throw dos dice, deah's my money, I is gonna show you gen'mans dat de Lawd can take yo money, de only thing I is got to do is throw de dice."

"It's all right with me, sucker. Heah we go."

At this point the Reverend Doctor's knees were shaking so hard that the sound of the rattling dice and the yells of the players were almost drowned out by the noise of their knocking. He looked at the man next to him and watched him throw. The dice rolled over and over on the rug, then stopped. Willie almost passed out, "Praise be to de Lawd, it's snake-eyes."

"Boy, dat's whut I call luck."

"Luck nothin', man, dat's de Lawd. Now, gimme dose lil cubes."

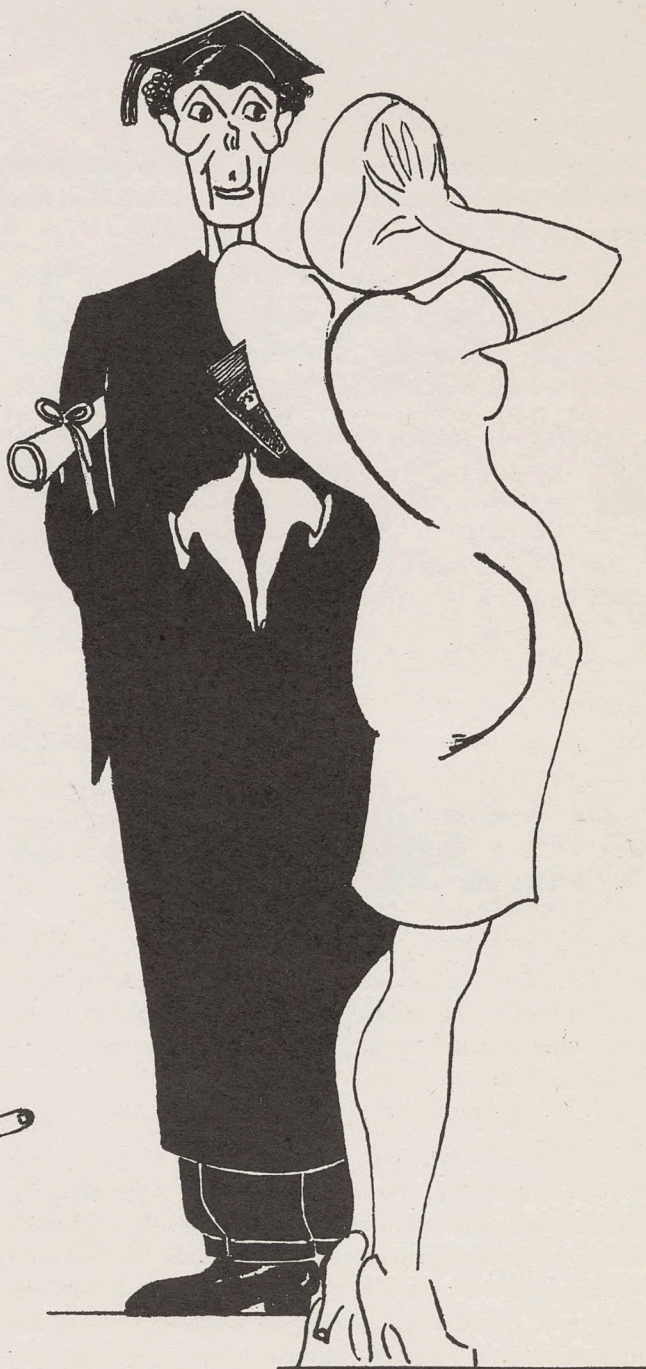
Willie shook the dice and threw.—A seven.—Willie began to warm up to the situation, "Let 'em ride, boys,

me an' de Lawd has got work to do. We're ridin' high."

Only the people who were there know exactly what happened that night and they won't tell, but the milkman, who passed the house pretty early the next morning, tells of seeing several negroes come out all wrapped up in blankets like Indians.

Anyway, the good people of the town were very pleased the following Sunday, as they sat in the crowded, newly repaired church and sang to the music of the new piano.

When the hymn was over the Rev. Doctor Willie Jones stepped forward to the pulpit and, toying with an unusual pair of big yellow dice that he wore on his watchchain, cast up his eyes to heaven and said, "Praise be to de Lawd and a couple of sevens, AMEN."



She's making an "S" of herself

## BETWEEN BELLES

(Continued from page 15)

The Pi Phis have found a way to keep meetings interesting. For the last five weeks and the next two, they have had and will have a steady supply of candy. The first box was on Lolly Stealey; she acquired Ken Davey's K.A. pin over the holidays. Lolly is Joan Stealey's lil' sister, and Joan, who recently broke up a romance of four years standing with another KA, Lovick Draper, is now being seen doing places with Bill Murphy.

There may be more to the *Student Life* story about Marion Underwood and Read Boles than appeared on the surface. Read got up at 6 o'clock the morning Macky came back and whipped downtown in the cold to meet her.

Peggy Stoecker seems to think she's stumbled onto something pretty good. The man's Ed Buford, KA, and he's from Birmingham Southern, yes suh.

"Moose Meadows" is the area under the last arch of the Ridgely Library Arcade next to Duncker Hall and is the between class meeting place for the Moose Club.

One day last month, some wire a telephone company repair man was using mysteriously disappeared, and some remarkably like it turned up the next day draped around the pillars of the meadow. The moose club had fenced off its pasture. Before the wire went to this cause, however, it was used to string Pledge "Whizzer" Jack White to a tree, where he was snow-balled for unmoose-like conduct.

Some talk is now on foot among the mooses to make the pledges wear antlers as part of their coming Hell Week exercises.

Also, in case any of you have been wondering about the music in the library on dreary afternoons, it is from the portable radio of Le Petit Moose, Ray Cox.

And then there's "Varsity" Voges. We hate to keep picking on him, but publicity's the price, or one of them, that a man has to pay for not being able to keep away the gals.

This time Shelton has really done something. No, Eglantina, he hasn't put out his pin. It's better than that. It's something, to do which he had to break every principle and resolution that he has so firmly held until now. You'll never guess what? **SHELTON IS DATING A FRESHMAN!** Lil' Alice Louise Oliver is the current lucky girl, and the fact that he is stepping on the toes of Brother Phi "Petey-Pie" Peat is evidently not bothering him. What is bothering him is that he's afraid Alice Louise will make up one of her inimitable little nick-

names for him and use it in a clear yodel across the Quad. Maybe it'll be something like "Sheltie-Pie." We can hardly wait.

Brothers in the bond, "Rollo" Rolphing and Howard Kuehner (who is no longer of this great institution) put their Beta pins respectively on Dot Tracy and Horty Hartkopf, both of Pi BETA Phi. Neither of the gals knew that the other had been pinned until they flashed open their coats the morning after in the Quad Shop. Their screams and other exclamations of girlish delight were so spirited and "unlady-like" that it reminded two or three of the onlookers of the electioneering for the **FRESHMAN POPULARITY QUEEN.**

Newest pastime for the Betas is betting on the comparative length of each of the recent pinnings. Tracey's is given the longest, and Horty's a close second. The one who guesses the closest wins the jackpot. How do we hear all this stuff? Certainly not through the Gossip Box!

## A GIRL HAS TO

(Continued from page 12)

Anyway, before the summer was over, he was talking about wanting to marry me. And, when I got back home, I got the funniest letter you ever saw from his old man. It's a **HOWL.** The funniest spelling. Here listen to this:

'Dere Ann May,

my son sez he miss you an ast me to write you about et. we know you can't wash and scrub and hoe corn and git in a crop like some of the girls in these hyar mountings but we likes you and air willin' to tek a chanct on you as a datter. you jes' write us an tell us——'

"Where are you going?" said Ann May, as she looked up and saw the other girl tiptoeing out of the room.

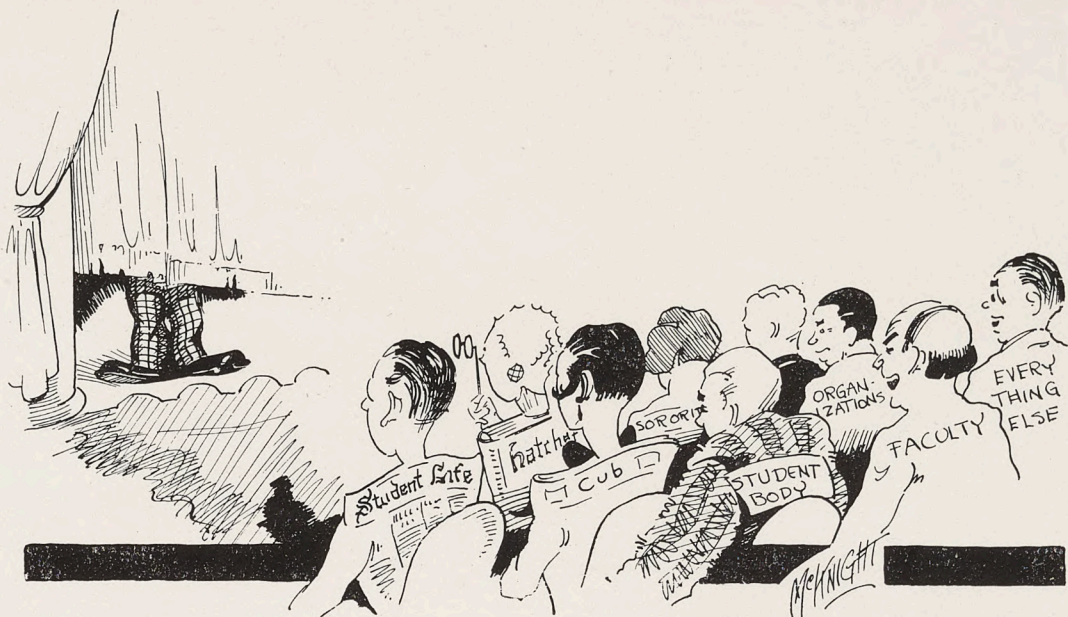
"Oh, just out for a little fresh air. And, if you don't mind, I think you better forget about fixing me up with Bill."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Ann May, as the other girl left the room. "I wonder what's wrong with her."

## GREEK LETTERS

(Continued from page 18)

following results: first; a display of bravado with the general attitude that any guy who couldn't get along without some Pettys or Morans in his room was, well, just so mu——: second; as we were leaving the house Gibbs' voice floated down to us, "if you know anybody who has some Pettys tell him Gibbs is in the market."



*They Are Wondering About*

# THE LEAP YEAR

*Issue of ELIOT*



## "THE MEN on CAMPUS"



*Produced by an **ALL-GIRL***

**STAFF . . . February 29**





At left: ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH. James Callis, North Carolina farmer, shows Miss Agnes Williams—from a near-by farm—a tobacco plant in flower, from the fine crop he has raised by U. S. Government methods.

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# “UNCLE SAM’S

**new ideas helped make tobacco better than ever**

*..and Luckies bought the top-notch grades!”  
says Luther Herring, 12 years a buyer!*

Q. “You say Uncle Sam helped tobacco farmers?”

MR. HERRING: “Yes. Even though crops vary with weather, U. S. Government methods have made tobacco better than ever during the past few years.”

Q. “And Luckies get this better tobacco?”

MR. H: “Luckies buy the finer grades, and always did.”

Q. “That’s a strong statement.”

MR. H: “Well, I see first hand that they buy the prettier lots of tobacco. That’s why Luckies are the 2-to-1 favorite with independent tobacco men. And that’s why I’ve smoked them myself for 21 years.”

Try Luckies for a week. You’ll find they’re easy on your throat—because the “Toasting” process takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco. You’ll also find out why—

**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST  
— IT’S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**



Have you  
tried a  
**LUCKY**  
lately?