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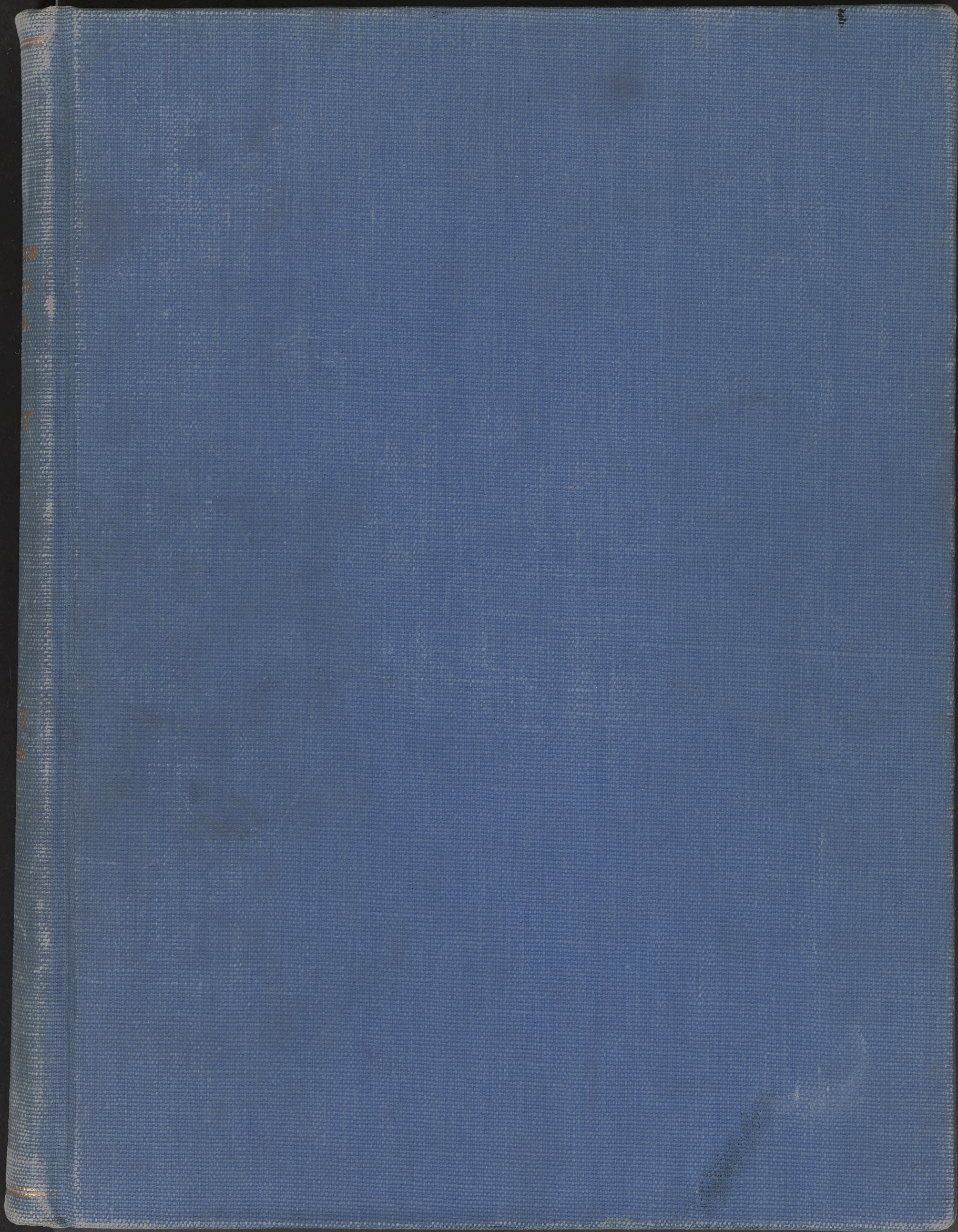
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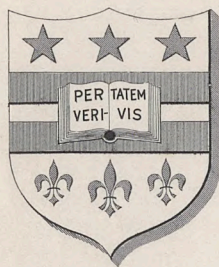
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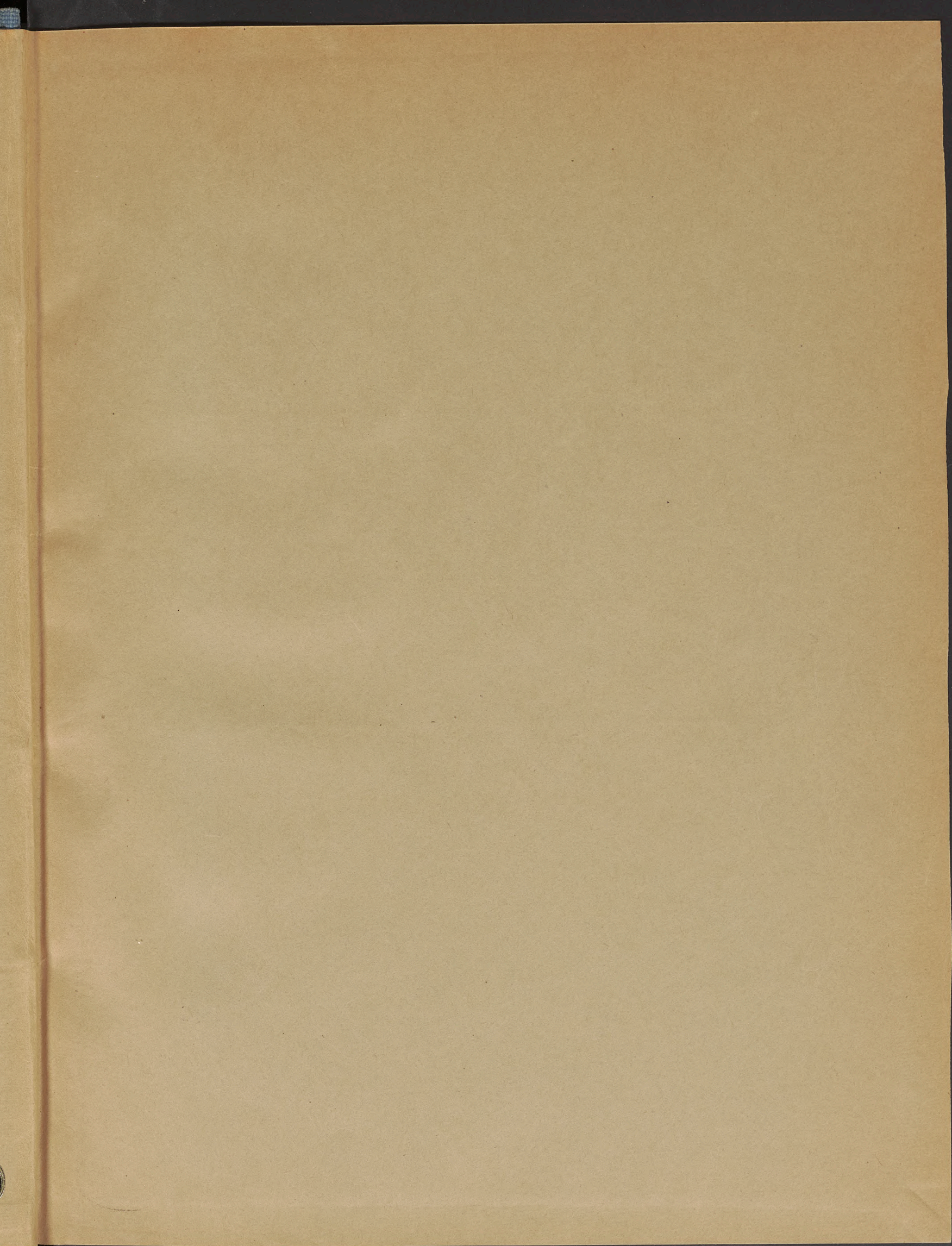


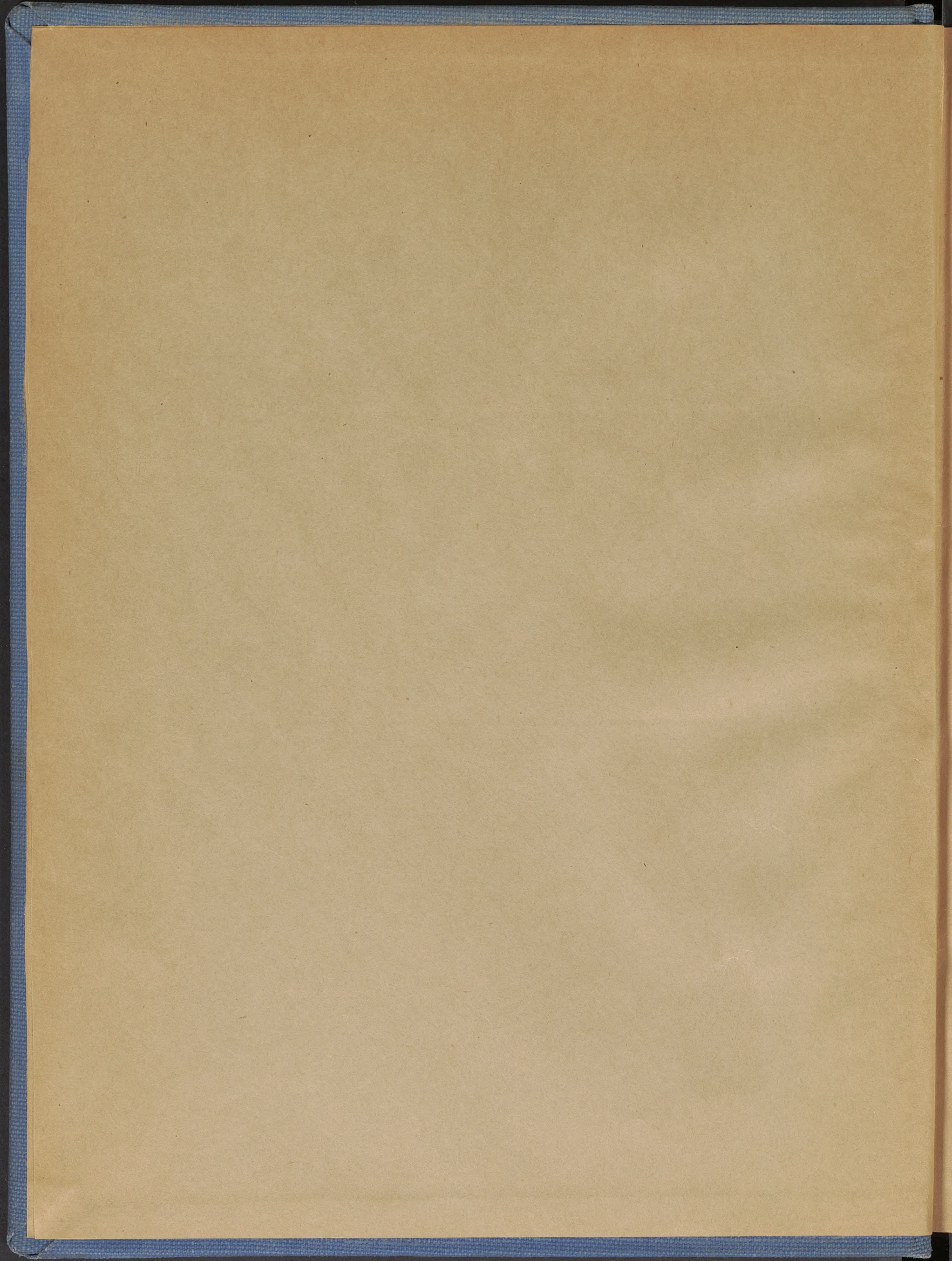
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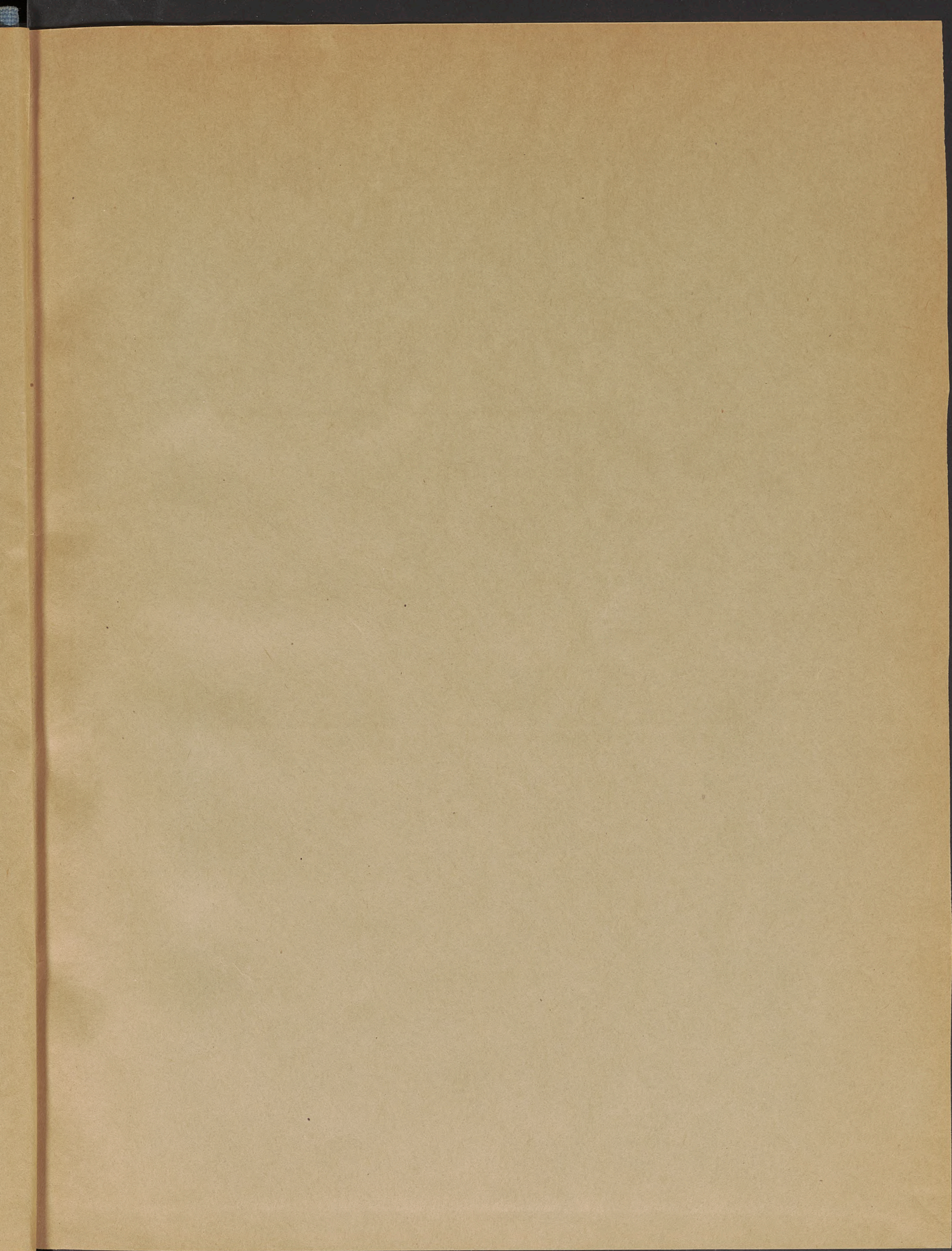


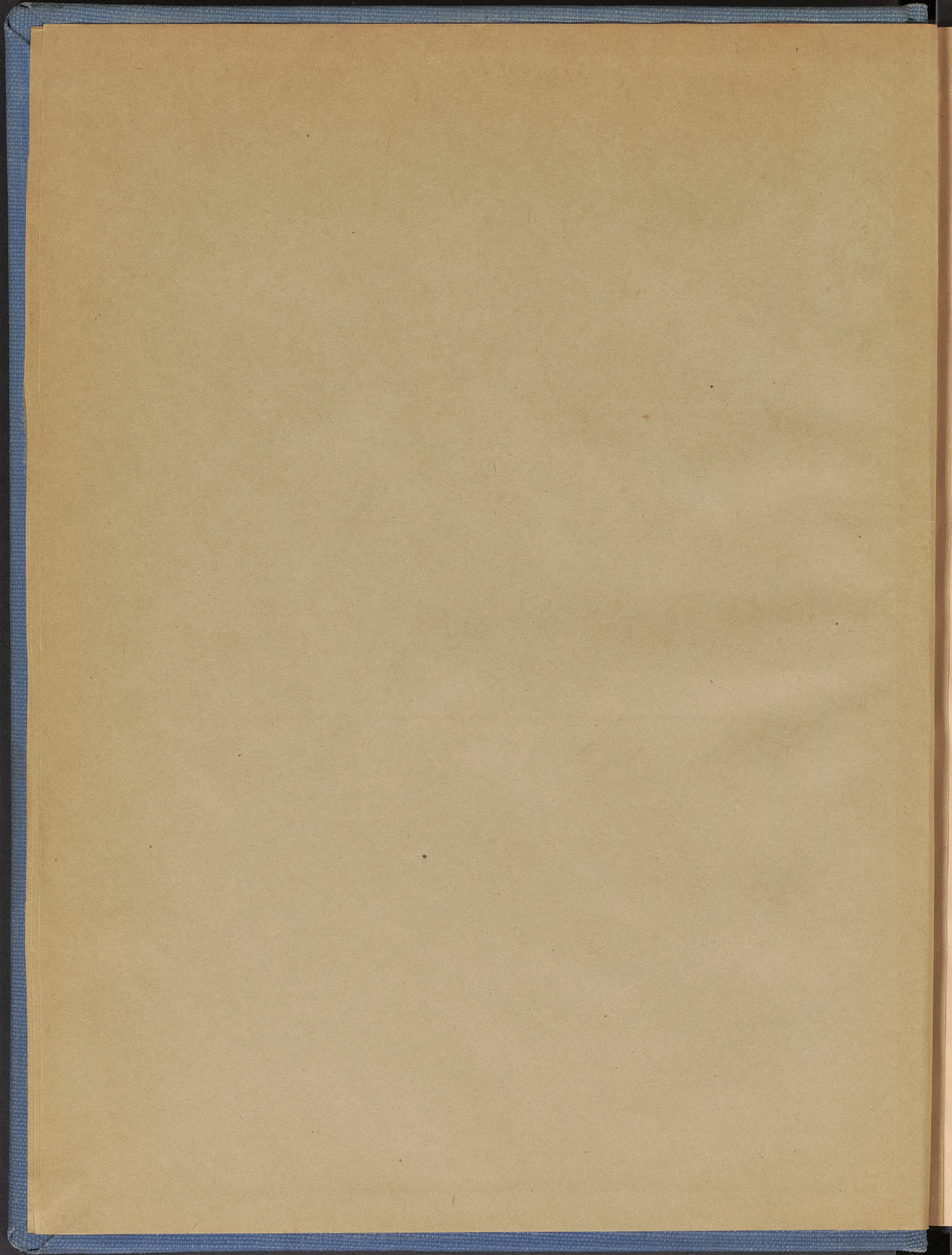
Washington University











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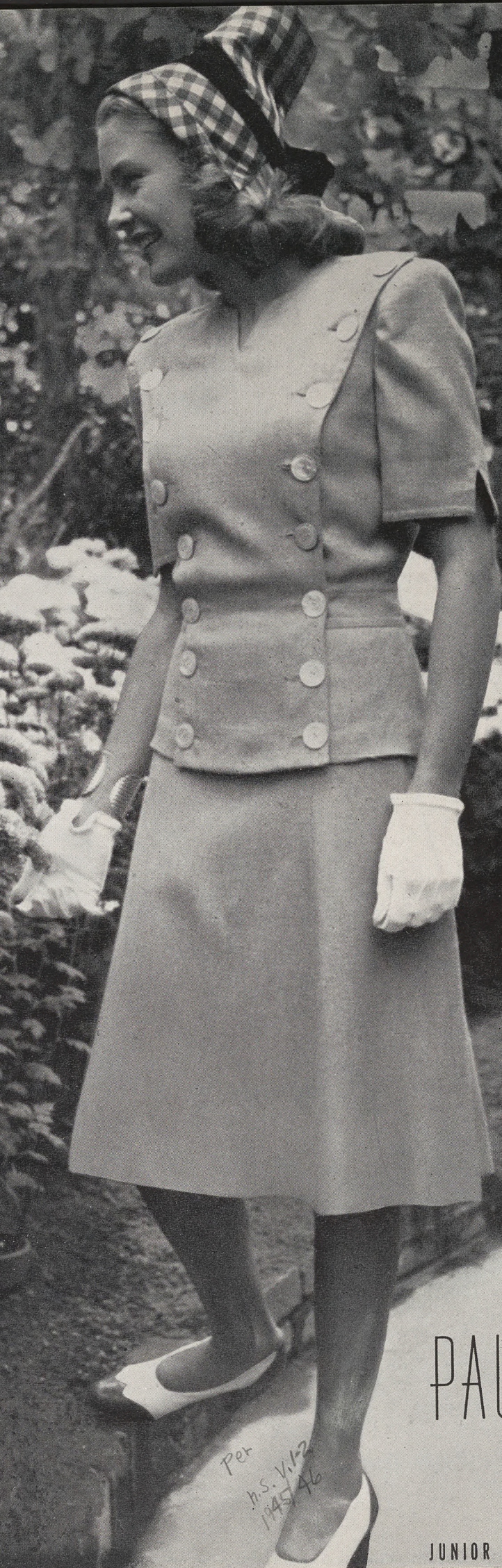
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JUNIOR STYLES IN MISSES' SIZES

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Ruffled Muffets



Fetching frills to frame your face! Left, "Sheer Nonsense," a veri-sheer rayon crepe with eyelet embroidery ruffles, \$17.95. Center, "Walkie-Talkie," rayon gabardine in party pastels with two tone ruffles. \$14.95. Right, "Puff," 100% wool crepe with pearl buttons, eyelet embroidery and gay caplet sleeves, \$19.95, Junior sizes 9 to 15.

MARY MUFFET

Limiteds*

*Mary Muffet Limiteds are "few-of-a-kind" originals...sold in one fine store in a city.

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT SONNENFELD'S IN ST. LOUIS

As We See It--

■ "Gosh, I'm dead from the hips down!"

"My feet are killing me and I'm ready to drop!"

"I've been waiting on this assembly line since eight-thirty and I've only moved up three places. Thinkuvit!"

"I'm gettin' nowhere fast!"

Is this a cigarette line? Is this a line adjoining a meat counter? Is this a line of thirsty customers trying to buy a bottle of Seagram's 7 at the local black market?

No! You're wrong. This line leads to the Liberal Arts registration table.

In the fourteen hours allotted to registration, the entire Liberal Arts enrollment must pass through two small rooms in Brookings in which four girls check permits, hand out class cards, and put a final okay on selections of courses. It is inconceivable that these girls, although they work at top speed, can handle the situation competently.

Unlike the cure for cancer, there is a solution for this pressing problem, and many eastern and mid-western colleges have been Johnnies-on-the-spot in finding it. They allow upperclassmen to mail their filled-in registration blanks with checks enclosed to the school. After that, the matter is handled by the office of the registrar, and the students merely show up in class on the day assigned, minus headaches and callouses.

For those who would not care to use the couriers of Uncle Sam, we have another solution. Would it not be possible for faculty or student volunteers to assist the overworked Brookings girls in their man-mountain task? We are certain that there are many long-sufferers who would be happy to help out. If a few extra rooms cannot be put at the students' disposal at the beginning of next semester, we will be glad to donate the ELIOT office to the cause.

Let's accentuate the positive ease of registration with more volunteers and rooms, and eliminate the strain of the cattle lines that now lead to enrollment.

And wouldn't it be great to say it via Air Mail?

ELIOT is primarily a sounding board designed to give expression to the thoughts, desires, and opinions of all those people who go to make up the Washington University campus. It intends to be an interesting, provocative, humorous, and powerful factor in our college life, with the ELIOT staff being merely the transmitter and amplifier between the students and faculty members interested in listening at one end and the students and faculty members interested in speaking at the other.

ELIOT is the wave length for serious and humorous literary and artistic expression of both students and faculty at Washington University. It operates on a frequency of four issues a semester. The modulation is as your interests make it, clear or confused.



Query

Of all the cues the quidnuncs use
To cause their readers pique
The mysteries of "Q-U-E's"
Would seem the most unique.

One learns to say "communique,"
But then one has to seek
A completely different technique
For Quito or Iquique.

The quiddities of Quisling's quirks
Were quizzical and queasy,
But, when compared to Martinique,
The syllables seem easy.

One hates to question or to quarrel
Or quibble in impatience;
But, *in re* "que," what *is* the key
To nice pronunciation?



We weigh and sift the words that girls emit,
In hope of finding just one grain of wit.

Ray Griffith.

Conference in Brookings

with Juke-Box Downstairs

■ “Oh, good-afternoon, Miss Smeckfuss. You come most carefully upon your hour, as The Bard says. Sit down, please, and let’s take a look and see how we have been doing. Don’t mind the floor vibrating; it won’t go through with us, though I’ll wager sometimes you students rather wish it would, eh? Ha ha!

“Ah, here we are. I must say, Miss Smeckfuss, that I was greatly interested by this last theme of yours, on ‘The Growing Appreciation of Good Music among Modern Youth.’ Sometimes when I drop into the QX for a coca-cola—cola—I wonder. But this specific example of yours about your paralyzed friend in the St. James—in the hospital, who refuses to listen to anything but Haydn and Mozart, has me pretty well convinced. On the other hand, in all of this in the next three paragraphs about Mozart’s boyhood, it seems to me you’re not quite in the—not quite to the point. Sometimes you seem to get off on side-issues. Oh pardon me, Miss Smeckfuss, did I kick you in the ankle? or did you kick me? It *is* hard to keep one’s feet still with that going on, isn’t it?

“Ha ha! I’ll bet I don’t look very dignified to you, bouncing up and down in my chair like this. Lucky for me you are doing the same. That rhythm *is* infectious. But I’m better off than you are, by the thickness of this seat-pad. Here, I’ll borrow the one from Professor Jelirol’s chair for you—he’s gone for the afternoon, the lucky dog. There you are—all comfy again, and not a beat missed. What we really need in this office is earplugs, isn’t it? But then, you couldn’t hear me talk to you, could you? Beg pardon, Miss Smeckfuss; I couldn’t tell whether it was you or one of the Andrews Sisters. Did you say something about a break? Oh—you mean

that trumpet cadenza jammed in there between the two laps of the chorus, while the other instruments pause to pant.

“Well, OK, Miss Smeckfuss; I’ll expect you back here at the same time two weeks from today, for cocktails for two, hic hic—I mean, for another conference, of course. I trust you’ll keep on improving. I should be greatly disappointed if you were but a—if you failed to come up to the C grade. Just remember to accentuate the positive, eliminate the—to stress the important—

“Oh shoot, Miss Smeckfuss, what’s the use! There, I’ve thrown back the rug: come on, let’s jive!”





■ We were sitting on the wide porch; an elderly, experienced Englishman, and an impetuous young American. A girl with a baby on her hip and a broom in her hand was sweeping the yard. "Surely," I said, "that cannot be her own baby. Why, she is smaller than I am."

"I am afraid it is her child," answered the Englishman. "She is our sweeper's wife. She really is older than she looks. I should imagine that she is about seventeen. I think her first baby died and that this is her second."

"There!" I expostulated. "That sort of thing just goes to prove how little you English have succeeded in reforming India. Your laws prohibiting child marriage are broken every day. Why don't you turn over these reforms to the Indians themselves, instead of trying to impose reforms, as foreigners, from the outside?"

The Englishman smiled, rather wearily. "Listen a few minutes," he said. "Other people have had the same idea."

* * *

"A prince is not a phenomenon, even in your democratic country. My guess is that there is enough exiled royalty in the United States to quite accustom you to dukes and counts and princes. But here in India you have only to look around you and there are hundreds of them. Nothing extraordinary about real, live, ruling kings in this part of the world. But my story is about an extraordinary king.

"There are rulers and rulers, but very few can claim the distinction of being a god as well. That was, however, just what my prince claimed to be. And he not only claimed it; he was a god in the minds of millions of his subjects. He had a string of titles a yard long. In addition to being Maharajaha Bahadur Surendra Singh Gopal Krishna-ji Juggenath, Absolute Ruler and Sovereign of the State of Puri, he was entitled to have the word 'Shree' written after his name 101 times. 'Shree' means holy. 'Holy, holy, holy' 101 times after his name—well, after all, he *was* a god. The theory was that he was the reincarnation of Shiva the Absolute, the Destroyer and Preserver, and

India

that he was the seventy-second direct heir of Shiva. In any case, for the sake of simplicity, let us call him Surendra.

"Surendra's kingdom alone would have provided him with a more than adequate income, even for an Indian Rajah. But his position as a god really made him a person of consequence. He was a god, and as a god he owned his temple. You may have heard of the temple of Puri. It is the most famous temple in South India, really an incredible place. Acres of buildings, and not an inch of wall space, inside or out, left uncarved. It is swarming with the most rascally lot of priests I have ever been privileged to lay eyes on. They are all trained from boyhood in the fine art of extracting the last half penny from the worshipper, and use any means from begging to threats of eternal punishment, or rebirth as a woman, to gain their ends. The income that the owner of that temple gets is simply enormous. To add to their gains they hold an annual fair. Pilgrims pour into Puri from all over India, all of them ready to give everything they have to their god. Most of them do, too. It is a most interesting festival. The pilgrims get the symbol of their god, an old lump of black stone, and drag it all over Puri in a stone cart, which must weigh tons. I think they take him to a lake and give him his yearly bath or some such foolishness. But that is beside the point. All that matters is that Surendra was one of the richest men in India and wielded considerable moral influence as well.

"Even more extraordinary than his allegedly supernatural powers was the fact that Surendra had not allowed his unusual position to spoil him. Of course he did the things that his class usually do—he had his stables of polo ponies, and his elephants, and his high-powered automobiles; he indulged in the usual pastimes that people with too much leisure indulge in; and he had the usual reputation of personal extravagance and political miserliness that most Indian monarchs manage to obtain, whether they deserve it or not. But he was not content to enjoy life; he wished to try to reform his state. And he started on the very reform we were discussing, child marriage."

By HELEN McGAVRAN
Illustrated by LISETTE

The Englishman paused for a moment and lighted his pipe. "I was," he observed, "stationed in Surendra's state as official adviser to his Prime Minister; so I got a ringside seat at the row which followed." Then he continued:

"Surendra's proclamation that he would not permit child marriage in his state was extremely radical, and the reaction was terrific. The people seemed to think that even a God could go too far. Most of the populace just could not understand why they had been told to break one of their most ancient and honored customs. Their fathers, and their fathers' fathers had done this thing.

"Surendra had been prepared for this reaction. He knew it would take time and a great deal of education to break down a custom of such long standing as child marriage. He himself had been married at fourteen to a girl three years his junior. So he did the necessary and obvious things to overcome public ignorance. He gave the new law and the penalty for breaking it wide publicity. He established centers to distribute literature and oral propaganda. He avoided one mistake we British made; he allowed all marriages already arranged for to be consummated. If he had not had unexpected opposition from another quarter, I imagine he would have found success far more easily.

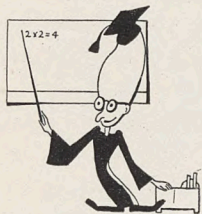
"The whole issue hinged on the fact that the priests were against him. He may have been their god; but gods, too, may be disobeyed. Although the priests dared not work openly against their sovereign, they did not need to cooperate either. Obviously, they could do a great deal to hinder Surendra, and they did all they could. Their position was strengthened by the fact that they were the only ones authorized to perform the ceremony of marriage.

"I needn't go into all the intrigue that went on. Shady practices and dealings are always common in an Indian court. I dare say that Surendra was just as unscrupulous as the priests. Essentially, it was a matter of a test whether Surendra's influence could overcome public opinion. It was a long affair, and became a very personal issue with Surendra. He gave his little daughter an unusually good education for an Indian princess—I believe she read through the sixth grade. I left the state after eighteen months,

(Continued on page 21)

Faculty

■ Every campus is inhabited by a rare subspecies of *homo sapiens*, collectively known as the faculty, and individually classified as instructors, professors (assistant and associate), deans, etc. From their eloquent mouths flow streams of wisdom and wisecracks, the latter mostly antediluvian occupants of the same position in the same annual lecture.



One of the lowliest subspecies of anim—oops, I mean faculty—life is the instructor. An instructor is usually that way because he has yet to gather the intellectual moss that will render him deserving of a professorship, and unqualified for the sighs of freshman coeds. It is the instructor's name, of all those in Ternion, that is subjected to the most careful scrutiny by the tender sex, and is the source of maximal disappointment when, as often is the case, it is preceded by an asterisk. For though he is devoid of the prestige of seniority, the instructor compensates for this lack by an abundance of vim, vigor, and cranial vegetation. It is upon this stage of his metamorphosis that the professor later retrospects regretfully when cow-eyed coeds no longer deem him worthy of notice.

But We Love You!

Washington University is the habitat of three varieties of that subspecies of faculty wild life generally designated professor: the assistant, the associate, and the full professor. The appellation of assistant professor is conferred either upon him whose efforts have culminated in that worthy piece of superfluity generally designated a Ph.D. thesis, or upon him who has outworn his instructorship. He may be recognized by less vim, less vigor, and more vitalis. By the time his fore-



head has heightened still further, and he ascends to an associate professorship, a budding mustache often compensates for dwindling hair elsewhere. And a carton of Luckies to whoever ascertains exactly how our friend did become an associate professor, and just what difference it makes anyway.

If to his and everybody else's surprise, he is still at the University when a sundry and tenacious professor has finally gone to . . . Elysium, fortune and the chancellor may utilize him to fill the vacancy. His title is reduced to merely "professor," and his pecuniary recompense is increased sufficiently to allow him the purchase of an extra bottle of vitalis. His mind no longer accepts as flattering the term "prof" which he formerly deemed affectionate, but rather inveighs against this corruption of his full title and of the English language. Fastidious as he may be about his title, however, he exhibits no concern over his appearance, and thus utterly confuses the freshman world. For how is a bewildered newcomer to differentiate between this wild-eyed individual with disheveled hair and unkempt clothes and the one who cleans these halls of knowledge. As yet no reliable test has been formulated to distinguish between some of the borderline cases, but usually the latter is burdened with broom and dust pan, whereas the former is weighted down only by his momentous contemplations.

And thus we leave this deteriorating pedant steeped in his momentous contemplations. Will he be wearing a toupee by the time he becomes a dean? Will he become a dean? Watch this page next month for another unintelligible dissertation on the subject.



A Soft Answer

■ College men and women, alternatively denominated "students," are encountered in greater numbers at Washington University than any other domestic creature. I admit at once to having strong and honestly acquired prejudices in their favor, for they are people, and often, also, nice people. In spite of my education at the movies, the evidence of my eyes and ears on this campus compels me, for example, to deny that all Washington University girls are bounding, vargasque songstresses, and that all the boys are bone-headed saxophone-players. I deny also the applicability of the following lines of Samuel Hoffenstein's to *our* collegiate females:

Your little voice so soft and kind,
Your little soul, your little mind.
He's wrong about the voice.

In clothing, Washingtonians are hardly distinguishable except for the general affecting of sweaters as thoracic garmenture by both male and female, though not, I suspect, for the same reasons. Let there be a flurry of snow in the air, however, or an extra heavy frost on the ground, and there is no mistaking our students for the local philistines. One's women students come to class in bulgy, flannel snow suits or, contrariwise, calf-length rubber boots above which frosty bare legs fade into delayed modesty, like Captain Applejack's in his costume of a pirate bold. When the out-of-doors temperature is below 40°F (students never permit it to fall below 80° indoors), the Washington University male disguises himself as part fluffy-eared teddy bear and part "super" for a movie of the *Shooting of Dan McGrew*. Regardless of season, however, he reserves the necktie for weddings, funerals, *Hatchet* photos, and meetings of the "Y" Cabinet.

These, however, are but superficial trivia! Fine clothes make the gentleman, but being a student is a matter of mind. Let's see, the student as we know him does have a mind, doesn't he?*

He thinks. He thinks about mathematics,

* Read *she* if you wish.

and then studies the eternal triangle at a neighborhood movie-house. He thinks about Boyle's law, and then gasses in the Quad Shop. He thinks about English, and then leaves his blank theme paper under the table at Duffy's Tavern. He thinks that grades don't really matter, but (for the honor of his "f'ternity") he is avidly curious to know what alphabetical price (no red points required) he will get for his latest cut-rate performance. He thinks that *lie* is a verb (or maybe an "adjective," what does it matter?) meaning only *convey untruth*; and that the English instructor's insistence on using it as a substitute for present *lay*, meaning *toss oneself into horizontal limpness*, is a professorial vagary to be humored momentarily.

The student is original and inventive. Among his more original inventions are these: "I couldn't do the assignment today; I had a test in Zo." "I was absent; I didn't know the assignment." "I'll make up all this work after Quad Show." And he *believes*. He believes that his instructor's resigned, monosyllabic response is really concealed astonishment at the startling novelty of these antediluvian stupidities. Above all, the student believes himself.

Washington University students, too, have a keen and frank sense of values. "How much work will I have to do if I take your course?" asks a female academic shopper. I reply, "How much are you willing to bid?" And we know that we understand each other. Another considerate young woman warns me, "I'm going away next week to visit my 'cousin' who's being sent overseas." Then she blandly inquires, "I won't miss anything in your course, will I?"—Why, why sweet, subtle ingenue!

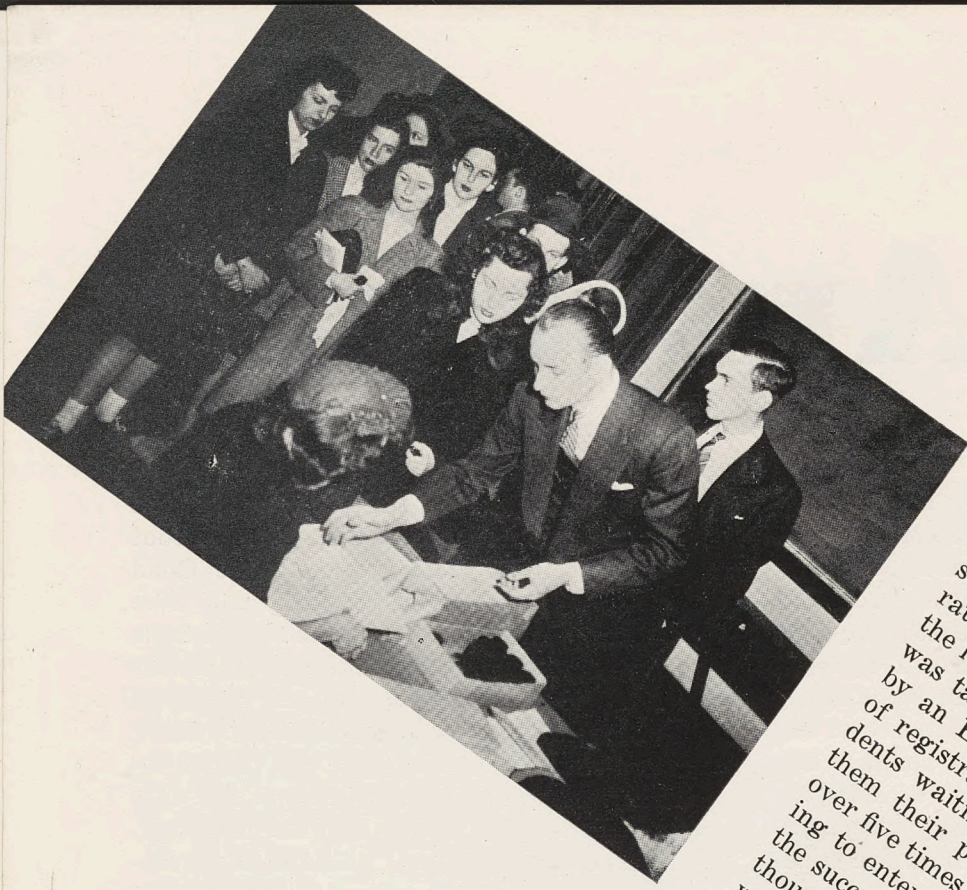
The ideal university would be composed of libraries, laboratories, and faculty. Oh, yes, and students—four of them: a freshman, a sophomore, a junior, and a senior. What is the difference between irony and sarcasm? I once thought I knew.



NEWS

Registration day: The day to which freshmen look forward and the day which upperclassmen dread. The reason that advanced students dislike the routine of enrollment is rather obvious after looking at the photo in the lower left hand corner. This candid shot was taken on the second floor of Brookings by an ELIOT photographer for the first day of registration. There are about eleven students waiting for the young lady to give them their permits. Over one thousand students wait over five times that number of students waiting to enter the room and finally to achieve the success of those already through this very room in order to acquire their permits to register.

We wish to thank the members of the sororities and women's organizations who have sold ELIOT subscriptions. We are proud to acknowledge our debt to these girls, for their sales record in the history of ELIOT. As other campaigns in the semester tops all a reward cup to the sorority or women's organization that has sold the most subscriptions during this semester. ELIOT is also awarding a Paul Sachs Original Dress to the individual girl who holds the best record for the month of February. In the lower corner, LaVerne Rosenow, Hatchet Queen of 1944, and ELIOT representative for Delta Gamma, is seen selling a subscription to a veteran in Brookings corridor during registration.



holy marriage in East St. Louis on the more and Roland Klein. We offer hearty e showered upon our friends at every e way!

January 17th at 7:30 p. m., the "Youth for uary, 1945. Their attendants were Mrs. tions and pray that God's richest bless-

closed receipts she ar friends, *Cathe* ut we have been o short note to let ar Emergency Re cing of you. I a only by the St. Lu he amount of the he war news sure white, are scatter at that contribut t and we all hope s agreement with so that we may meet their contr cerely, *Ed. C. Klu* he style of the smt May we be permi pecially exciting t after another fro d to normal life s es in our denom working hard. If the highest total t.

grateful that I ca ng this new year i n your church ear sng a picture of t ooperation of St. I ll be interested to reakfast at the ch to submit the en laces with our sit us to know that we erous gifts. With has his, so that w ir tall steeples mo v, no matter how l e scriptures just h at church and see ne for 'lights-out,' the church paper . *Bob Drummond.*"

ng service letters. . ying this sunny F office. I want to t ther warm and con ion we had from s tan. . . . Expect t Am trying to get t talks at various ti ll not be enough to e admired by the ti training center k n Barracks, a capt and it is really dif having been wounde I am stationed at a ader presented to al Camp Wolters, Tex leather-bound New een away three Sun ne in each battalion longer to me; how ave played a big p each Sunday, once ot only preach on S ice here at camp. T

keeping them; temptation in using them; at nine-thirty Miss Delores Wortmann led compositions of the famous musician, and ur was devoted to games and recreation, of the life of Peter Tschaikowsky, played young people met for the monthly meeting ilders" last Sunday night at the church.

Dr. E. G. Lee of Memphis, Tennessee, and Bob Finley of Virginia will speak. A choir of 1000 Orchestra. Everybody invited. Seats free.

Mrs. Edwin H. Goetsch writes: "Greetings from Kiel Auditorium Convention Hall, 14th and Market. voices accompanied by the St. Louis Symphony Miami Beach, Florida. This glorious sunshine is

Fifteenth Psalm, brings them all within the con pass of eleven. Isaiah reduces them to six, Mica I have all I want. Regards."

hundred and thirteen precepts. David, in th But Habakkuk condenses them all into one: "Th just shall live by faith!"—*Rev. C. A. Cooper.* to three, and Isaiah in a later passage to two

Sh-h-h!

Lelia Fonyo and Martha Franey, Gamma Phi's, skylining with RAF pilots . . . Sigma Nu's Jack Franklin camping after a year at Culver-Stockton . . . Tink Kremer, Theta, middle aisling with Bill Loafman, USN . . . Don Altman Sammying with the night school . . . Pi Phi Sue Brown's Pfc. spending three days with baby and a case of pneumonia . . . Pi Kappa Alpha's Jack Fritsch leaving for the Yale Divinity School . . . Gloria Dunham, ZTA, and Ginney Jacobson, Alpha Chi, victims of furloughs during exam week . . . Natalie Eisenstein, Gamma Rho, engaged to Stanley Wald, Junior Medic. Her mother, father, and brother are M.D.'s, and she's a pre-dentic.

The party's over for Joyce Bush, Kappa, and George Morgan, SAE . . . Dean Martin advancing the mistletoe tradition at the Duncker Guild party . . . Dave Johnson, freshman med, making big plans with his little corpus, Shirley Kipp, Delta Gamma . . . Carol Hohengarten, Gamma Phi, late-houring with early bird Ed Keath, Phi Delt . . . SAM's Calvin Liss enjoying a sunny Georgia peach at Lee Hall . . . Betty Miller, Theta, joining the Marines because of heart trouble . . . Norman Hinchey, Geology professor, walking around with a very decided about-to-become-a-father look . . . Sue Gassman, Kappa, and Mona Shuttleworth, Gamma Phi, quarteting with med students George Chambers and Duane Warden . . . Bernie Barken almost going south and not because of the climate.

Betty Knoke, Pi Phi, pinned to Randy Cockrell, who swore he'd never be caught . . . Sae's Bob Westenhiser reluctantly leaving Yvonne Meyer and the brothers to do K. P. . . Norma Allin, Nightingaling at Barnes, throwing a dead ringer on Jimmy Marr, senior medic . . . Bateman Edwards (watch out, Templeton) improvising at the piano for two hours at the St. Louis Film Arts Society show in Brown Hall. The bill was "What Price Glory"; Edwards played in the dark! What Price Music Lesson, Dr. Edwards? . . . KA's

the group in stimulating devotions. Oh yes, ice cream and a few cookies were served before the lights were turned out.

"There is a burden of care in getting riches; sorrow in losing them; and a burden of account a few weeks with my dear ones in Phoenix, Ariz- daughter, Ellen, is a lot better than she was when

searching for a garden snake which sought refuge in their piano.

Peggy Echols, Kappa, cavorting with Don Archibald, Theta Xi, Dock Cahill, SAE, and the armed might of the nation . . . Phi Mu's salading at Virginia Priebe's house . . . Bob Borntraeger, Sigmua Nu, entering West Point . . . TKE's extinguishing a fire in their ice box . . . Marjorie Kraft, Theta, seen battling verbally with Drennan Bailey. Mr. B. emerged with a split infinitive . . . W. S. Topp, Jr. sporting scented blue letters from Texas . . . The Miami Triad dance—Sigma Chi, Beta, Phi Delt—may be given again this winter.

A special pat on the back to Phyllis Rubin, who is nurses' aiding at Jefferson Barracks, for her sensible gesture a few weeks ago. The aides are frequently called upon to administer alcohol rubs to German prisoners of war, as well as to GI's. When a fellow aid who had no objection to ministering to the Krauts balked at rubbing a Negro soldier's back, Phyllis told her off properly and performed the service herself.

A group of Purina Mills girls recently were quartered on campus. They returned to the dorm late one night and romped through the Faculty wing by mistake. They went up and down the halls, opening doors on poor pedantic professors, and startling them out of their wit. In the ensuing confusion, the intruders popped into several rooms twice. Mr. Robert Lovelace, English schoolmaster, fortified himself from a second invasion by piling furniture against his door.



I'd rather be a Could Be
If I couldn't be an Are;
For a Could Be is a May Be,
With a chance of touching par.

I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have Been, by far;
For a Might Have Been has never been,
But a Has was once an Are.

at last to be given up concerning them."—*Matth* for me which I have come into the world to o get closest to your being this Lent. May Go spring, is a season of spiritual renewal wh retreat from life, but a renewal of life. To ren Lent, from the Anglo-Saxon 'Lencten' mean nest efforts will be undertaken to win men a

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For Worse--

■ Unlike Einstein's theories and the bomb sight, marriage has never perplexed me. My status as a bachelor has placed me in an impartial position which allows me to make various observations which are not discernible to the average man whose outlook on life has become soured through constant naggings and a general deprivation of freedom. Of course, I have no intention of revolutionizing the institution itself, but a few intimate observations may serve as beacon lights for an occasional confused soul.

It is a generally accepted cliché that marriage springs from and is founded upon love. And love, the magic potion, is wrapped in an aura of mystery: according to legend, science, and True Story Magazine, it is the most powerful, moving force known to man. Consider this article which recently appeared on the pages of one of the large metropolitan dailies; it was written by a well-known psychiatrist in response to a letter from a mother who was vitally concerned over the fact that her young son had fallen in love:

"When a boy is in this condition (in love) he is not thinking normally. He is fevered and excited and does not see, hear, feel normally. If he is allowed time to cool off, get his second wind, he usually settles down to work out his salvation. Much depends on the girl.

"If she will keep her head and tell him she is willing to wait for him, that will help a great deal. Then, if she will see him only once a week, and then under conditions that direct some of his thoughts away from her, that will strengthen him. A long walk against the wind, a round of skating, hockey and skiing would work wonders."

There you have it from the mouth of a well-known psychiatrist that love, that heretofore inexplicable phenomenon of the brain, body, and soul, can be completely overcome by a quick whirl around some frozen lagoon in Forest Park. In fact, as the expert points out, love induces a fevered and excited state in its victim who must be "cooled off" (repeating the psychiatric phrase) by skiing,



skating, playing hockey, or frolicking about in an icy gale. The only trouble with the psychiatrist's advice is that it affords no remedy for the poor soul who suddenly finds himself klonked on the head by Cupid in the middle of July. He could probably dash off to one of the Poles, but as a practical matter his fevered and excited state would probably only be fanned until, sufficiently impressed with a sixth re-reading of W. Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," and equally stifled by the prospect of an even hotter August, our Young Lover finally decides to propose.

It should be observed that during this en-

--and Worse

By SELWYN HOTCHNER

Illustrated by HAROLD POTH

fume that Coty can bottle up; she has phoned the male before breakfast and kept him out every night until morning so that she could phone him before going to bed; she has informed him that there are so many suitors buzzing around that she just can't decide which one to give the nod to—but she assures him that she is going to make *the* decision within the next couple of weeks at the latest; in other words, mine lady has given the poor goof the works.

Thus, the proposal. Proposing itself is probably the strangest procedure known to civilization (this word is used here in its broad, meaningless sense). In proposing, the male invariably says things to the female which neither believes, but the female likes to hear, and the male spends a lifetime trying to forget. And to make matters worse, even after proposing, the male is not quite sure whether the female is going to grab him by the lapels and haul him off to the altar or whether she is going to bare her buck teeth and laugh in his face. Consider the case of a young friend of mine who was smitten between the eyes with a shaft from the Little Fellow's bow (there are many cute expressions for describing the demon Love). My friend came to me, glassy-eyed, his hair disheveled, his belt drawn two notches tighter as a result of lack of food, sleep, water, and other commonplace things. He confessed his love in ringing tones and then marched off to toss his soul to his Mate-To-Be. It was evening, and taking her hand in his, he led her onto the veranda where she sat in the swing, my friend on one knee at her feet. He prefaced his remarks with a few cheery observations about marriage and the home in general, and then for forty-five minutes he extolled her particular virtues and qualifications; he painted a beautiful picture of how their two souls would be perfectly united, how steadfast was his love, how wonderful it would be to have three or four fine, healthy

(Continued on page 20)



tire pre-proposal period, the young lady has been perfectly vile about the whole thing. She has insisted upon heavily scenting herself with the most seductive-smelling per-

THE LOOK YOU LOVE

The studied casualness of a Degas . . . nothing more aptly expresses the feeling behind the clothes of today. The trend is toward functional clothes; simply and easily cut, yet planned with infinite care. This is the direction that clothes have taken as women have become more active. It is the uncluttered look which you will see and appreciate this spring.

You will find more and more that you long for dresses as simply and easily worn as your plain sweaters and skirts. You look for short sleeves or no sleeves at all . . . an unhampered and comfortable feeling. You long for leisurely yet sensible skirts . . . not bulky or cumbersome (they died with the birth of



A wool jersey suit with an eyelet blouse, a Mary Muffet Original, is worn by Gloria Peck. Pat Jacquith is seen in a gaberdine dress made by Paul Sachs.

L-85). You long for a dress such as the Paul Sachs model on this page with its simple contrast and directness of line. For summer you will want the barest of bare . . . a chance to play comfortably. You long for good suits. You want simple fabric and trim . . . a logical outcome of wartime restraint . . . You long for simple accessories . . . bare shoes, compact purses, trim hats, and important jewelry. You long to look natural and neat, which can be accomplished only by time spent in grooming. You long for smooth make-up and simple hair styles. You want to look fresh . . . new.

You long to look new . . . naive on the surface, subtly alert underneath. You long for a practical and lasting dress . . . made so by its unusual neckline, nipped-in waist, and flattering peplum. You love a dress such as Andrea wears . . . it has all you long for. You gain confidence through clothes that are right. You long for interesting, alive colors . . . sure to be memory making. Black with fuchsia, chartreuse or brown, white with vermilion, Irish green, or brown. You long for a variety of fabrics in one costume. You look for new synthetics with amazing qualities . . . a hint of post-war advancements in science. You long for a complete look . . . infinite in its possibilities when varied.

You long for a versatile wardrobe . . . made so by one outfit capable of innumerable changes. You long for an all-purpose dress which is equally correct for class or a tea when its character is changed by important accessories. You long for a dress like the Mary Muffet . . . its possibilities are many for all seasons and occasions. The blouse combines with other suits and adds a fresh note to them. You want a hat . . . the key-note of change . . . and you may buy a doughnut or a beehive. You long for im-

Mary Muffet Originals may be found at Sonnenfelds.
Paul Sachs dresses may be found at Klines.
Carol King dresses may be found at Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney.
Paula Brooks dresses and Doris Dodson dresses may be found at Stix, Baer & Fuller.

LONG FOR

by ANN PERRINE
and
ANNE KINSEY



Shirley Chocran from the nursing school, wears a Carol King dress of spun rayon. Andrea Knight chooses a Paula Brooks butcher linen dress trimmed in waffleweave pique. Casual and comfortable, both can be worn well into summer.

portant belts of kid, patent, or straw. You long for a jewel, one touch of glitter . . . the perfect accent creating a complete look. Feet want to be freed of their harness and slipped into softer, lighter shoes. You long for at least one pair of bare-foot sandals and you still want flats for comfort and charm. You long for a wardrobe as flexible as your school program. . . one that keeps pace with your whirl of activities.

You long for a dress like this Carol King original . . . praiseworthy because it is quickly laundered and easily ironed. You

long for cool cottons, crush-resistant synthetics, and anything sudsable.

Something wonderful has happened to clothes . . . they have found their place in a modern world . . . simple and streamlined. Significant. You have sensed your cluttered look. You long to clear out your wardrobe, and now it is the simplest thing in the world. Don't be a "flurry-bird." Take action now! Collect your longings and begin to analyze your clothes. Careful organization and frugal planning will give to your wardrobe "The Look You Long For."

Passed--and Perfect



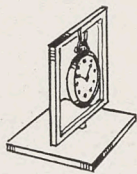
...meet the sun

1. **SUIT YOURSELF!** Shop now for your summer swimming attire and forget those hours of hopeless hunting in the spring. We couldn't forget this black and white checked two-piece bathing suit — so perfect for acquiring an all-over tan. And the added touch of the red and white checked ruffle and eyelet at the bottom seemed to make this a future perfect suit—pretty and practical. Look for it at Peck & Peck, \$10.95.

2. **EVEN IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE GOOD CAUSE** that inspired the compacts and lipsticks which we found at the Russian War Relief Headquarters (1011 Locust), you'd want to buy them. They are wooden and are cleverly painted with Russian peasant children. \$1.85 for both.



3. **SHOE, SHOE, BABY!** Now that play shoes have become the unrationed solution for school, country, and evening wear, there is a growing demand for these fit-any-purpose and save-a-stamp shoes. We thought you'd like to know about them — the barest of bare and oh, so simple! They're gabardine and come in a large range of colors; but the black and brown appeal to us because they go with everything. Choose either a high or low wedge. For \$3.98 and \$8.95 in the Play-Shoe Department at Famous.



...swipe his watch

4. **TIME WAITS FOR NO ONE—** and now it's especially difficult to keep track of it flying by because of the scarcity of clocks. Here's an ingenious solution that should be welcome in every home with a clock famine—a watch stand. Take one of those discarded pocket watches out of its resting place in the drawer and hang it up for all the world to see. Hess & Culbertson has these clever silver watch holders for only \$2.00.

5. **MANY STERLING QUALITIES—**in the sterling silver barrette at Krisman Frey. They are differently simple in cut and can be engraved with your initials or favorite "tag." Around \$3.50 depending on the length of your name.



...Vogue 5359

6. **AND SEW TOMORROW!** Here's the solution to that new spring dress you want but can't afford to buy: Make It Yourself! At Welek's, 315 N. 10th Street, select one of many lively prints. We like them all, but our favorite is a mist blue punt crepe with a delirious print of ballerinas and bouquets in black and white. Try making it by Vogue Pattern No. 5359. Fasten it down the back with jet buttons and use a patent leather belt as a finishing touch. The complete dress can be made for approximately \$11.50. So start tomorrow to sew!

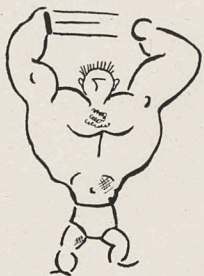
7. **YOU CAN AFFORD TO WRITE MORE!** Do your part by keeping your enlisted friends posted on the news. And do it on wonderful blue paper edged in brown, or on tan or green sheets with brown borders. You'll be as amazed as we were to hear that there are 48 sheets in the box—and all for one dollar. Find this Crestwood Linen and other boxes of equal value at Adams, corner of 10th and Olive.



...drizzle, drizzle

8. **"SCOTTISH DRIZZLER"**—For those unpredictable spring days, insure yourself against the wind and rain with an all-purpose windbreaker by MacGregor from the Men's Department at Scruggs. Lightweight poplin weave, it is water-repellent, with a double thickness across the shoulders for added protection. A zipper closure, an elastic insert at the waist, and slash pockets all add up to make this one of the slickest things we've seen. We predict that the men won't keep a monopoly on these \$8.95 jackets.

So -- You're a Man



■ "YOU, TOO, CAN BE SUPERMAN." The answer could be a compact muscle-builder set and five minutes a day with workout on same. To develop a fine pair of biceps, plus a Charles Atlas chest, there's a hand grip, which you attach

to a screw hook in your door casing. For general calisthenics, you grapple with a pair of dumbbell grips, winding up to a grand finale with reducing exercises via the "chest puller" and "body developer," designed to put the roamin' abdomen in its place. Complete instruction charts are included with the set which may be purchased for a nominal sum at Famous-Barr Co.



■ BEWARE OF B. B. . . . B. O. is bad, but B. B. (bad breath) is worse. Before a date, optimistic guys should gargle, but good, with a tangy liquid mouth wash that does a breath-taking job on garlic,

tobacco, demon rum, and other breath-making romance killers. The stuff comes in concentrated form so that you can make your solution any potency you like. Same mouth wash also claims to be an antiseptic for sore throats, minor cuts, abrasions, etc. The breath purifier, namely, S. B. F. Antiseptic and Mouth Wash, may be procured at Stix, Baer & Fuller for the mere figure of 39c.

■ DON'T DESPAIR . . . REPAIR! To the aid of distraught males comes a mending shop which performs the little services that a fellow's mother used to do before she became a nurse's aid or an air raid warden. The shop repairs all manner of jagged rips, re-weaves moth-eaten cashmere sweaters, makes that cigarette hole in your pants disappear like magic, relines and cleans your good ties, and darns sox. Rejuvenate your clothing at the Missouri Textile Weaving Co.

As the tongue-tied fisherman said as he sat on a cake of ice, my tale is told.

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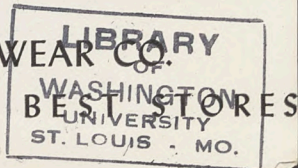
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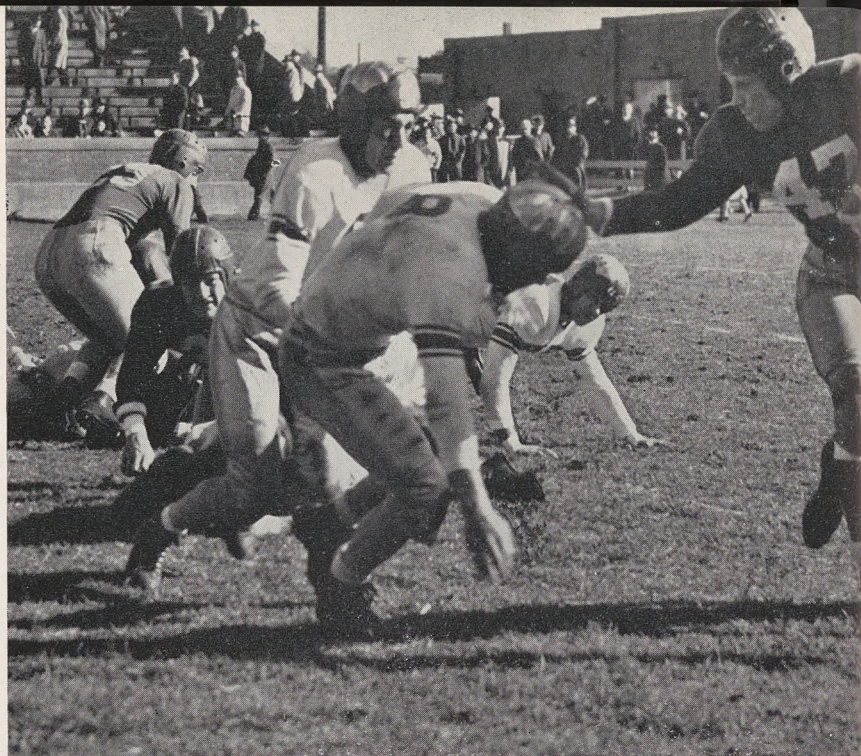
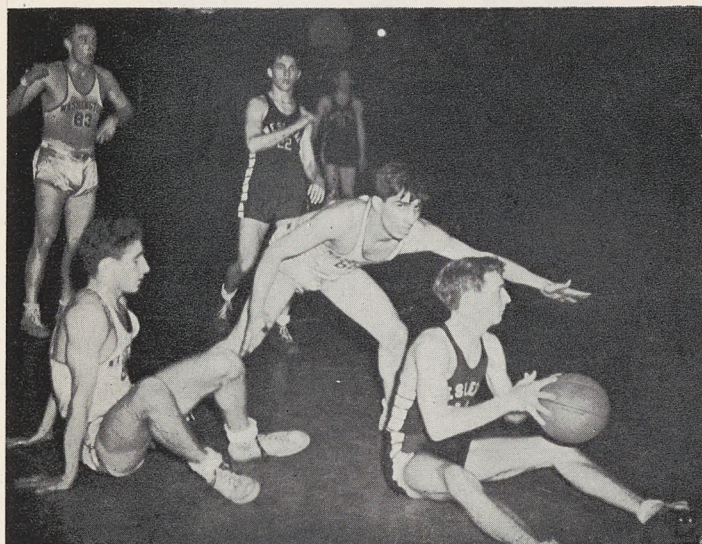
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-- Present



-- Future

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the past several years. The team will be given its backbone by the returning veterans, and many of last year's players will be back in their former positions. This year the team will have the full backing of the directors. Come on guys and gals let's play ball.

On Your Way--



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Jim Mertikas—205 S. 6th—Delicious Greek dinners—Noted for wonderful fish and steak.

Shanghai Cafe—6314 Delmar—order chow mein or chop suey—\$.60.

Crossroads—Clayton and Brentwood—For delicious filet mignon.

Old German Tavern—On Pine between 3rd and 4th—Fine food and drinks. Old World atmosphere.

Drama

Playhouse—812 Union—"Cradle Song," by Gregario and Sierra. March 9th, 12th through 17th. Comedy in 2 acts, scene laid in a convent in Spain.

Flowers

Orchid Show—Shaw's Garden, 2315 Tower Grove. Feb. 23 - March 7.

Music

ST. LOUIS SYMPHONY, KIEL AUDITORIUM
March 3-4—Yehudi Menuhin, guest violinist.
March 10-11—Orchestral Program.
March 13—Vladimir Horowitz, pianist.

Art

ART MUSEUM, FOREST PARK
March 1-12—38th Annual American Exhibition—contemporary paintings.
March 3-31—The work of "Group 15"—pictures and statues by St. Louis artists.
March 10-31—20th century French paintings—gathered by the French embassy in New York to be shown in Buffalo, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.
March 1-21—Latin American Prints.

Music Notes, by Virginia Spoor

BENNY GOODMAN—"My Old Flame" and "How Deep Is the Ocean" on Columbia 36754. "Fiesta in Blue" and "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby" by the sextet: Benny, Georgia Auld, Charlie Christian, Cootie Williams, Artie Bernstein, and Jack Kersey on Columbia 36755.

DUKE ELLINGTON—"I Didn't Know About You," sung by Joya Sherrill, and "I Ain't Got Nothin' But the Blues" with Al Hiblar on vocals and Kay Davis providing an obligato background. Victor 20-1623.

BING CROSBY—"Like Someone In Love"

backed by "Sleigh Ride in July." These two fine tunes on Decca 18640.

CHARLIE SPIVAK—"Right As Rain," with Jimmy Saunders taking vocals again on "A Wonderful Winter." Victor 20-1609.

HARRY JAMES—"The Love I Long For" and "I'm Beginning to See the Light," featuring warblers Kitty Kallen and Buddy DiVito. Columbia 36758.

STAN KENTON—"Gotta be Gettin'," coupled with "Sweet Dreams, Sweetheart." Anita O'Day and Gene Howard come on with the words. Capitol 321.

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FOR WORSE - - AND WORSE

(Continued from page 13)

children who would bear their name and become great men or women. Forty-five minutes of this *lettre du coeur* he poured forth and then, finally, with bated breath, he asked her:

"Will you marry me?"

"Harry," came the reply, "you're over-sexed."

Statistics indicate that ninety-five per cent of all marriages are consummated without any proposal at all. This figure indicates

beyond a shadow of a doubt the over-willingness of the modern female. Formerly it was quite an art to play the man correctly; and maidens were patient enough to wait until their young man completed his proposal before chirping a demure, "I do!" But not today.

As soon as the young man gives any indication of having matrimonial intentions, the female sinks her grapplers into his hide while he still has rosy visions of a visit to the credit jeweler. The prospect of being old maids has scared modern females into premature acquiescence. On the other hand, although no data is available, there has been a sharp increase in the percentage of proposals by the female. Of course, the more cagey of the species are very subtle and often kid the fevered and excited male into thinking that he is the one who is proposing, but the old saying still goes: "Man chases woman until she catches him." A couple of sly remarks about the sterling attributes of a pipe and fireside, along with three or four seductive glances (the number depends upon the gullibility of the subject), and the male finds himself talking at a rapid, unthinking clip which inevitably brings him to the "Marry me?" question and its years of subsequent misery. Other females, either less subtle or more impatient, have adopted a technique which usually consists of asking the male, "Do you think you could be happy married to me?" Nine out of every ten males are so confused they answer "Yes" instead of "No," and this alone serves to explain the high divorce rate which prevails in the United States.

Students of the divorce situation point out the important position of attorneys who have long recognized the monetary benefit which accrues to them from divorce. If it were not for the divorce bonanza, the legal profession could never have tided over the depression. There are only two pre-requisites to obtaining a divorce today: (1) grounds; (2) the attorney's fee. Once you have the latter you may rest assured that you have the former. An attorney friend of mine once told me of a young lady who came to him seeking to obtain a divorce from her husband whom she painted in very dark shades.

"Has he ever struck you, or abused you or given you grounds for divorce?"

"Well, no. But he's awfully mad at me now, and I'm afraid to go back home for fear he'll hit me."

"Well, my advice to you, young lady, is to go on back to your husband and then drop

in to see me tomorrow. We have no grounds for divorce."

The following morning the door opened and the young lady stepped into the attorney's office, her face and head all bandaged.

"Okay," said the lawyer without looking up, "now we have grounds."

The amazing thing is that a poor harassed male who has gone through the mill and ends up shackled with heavy alimony payments, can manage to fall in love, propose, get married and divorced all over again. I suppose it can all be traced back to love and the fact that too many males don't like skiing and hockey. Of course, there are those loyal defenders who insist that love, and all of its consequences, "is the most wonderful thing in the world."

It's obvious that these people, like my friend, Harry, are just oversexed.



INDIA

(Continued from page 7)

and the rest of my story is only hearsay."

He broke off and regarded me quizzically. "I know what you think I am going to say. You think I will tell you how the forces of bigotry and superstition and custom won, over even a god. But that isn't what happened at all."

"After about ten years of constant struggle, the conservative element in the state of Puri was about to give in. Public opinion was actually beginning to turn against child marriage. And then Surendra did an incredible thing. He married his own daughter, at the age of twelve, to a thirty-two year old ruler of a neighboring state. The thought of marrying a little girl to the sort of man that her husband was, was bad enough. But even worse was the fact that it completely undid all his reform. The state is exactly in the same condition it was ten years ago. Don't ask me why he did it. I have heard that it was in the nature of a political alliance."

The little sweeper woman had finished sweeping the yard. Dusk had fallen. The Englishman turned to me. "Why don't we turn their reforms over to the Indians?" Then, politely, "Don't you think we had better go in? The mosquitos are getting rather annoying."



She (just kissed)—I didn't know you were that kind.

He—I'm even kinder than that.

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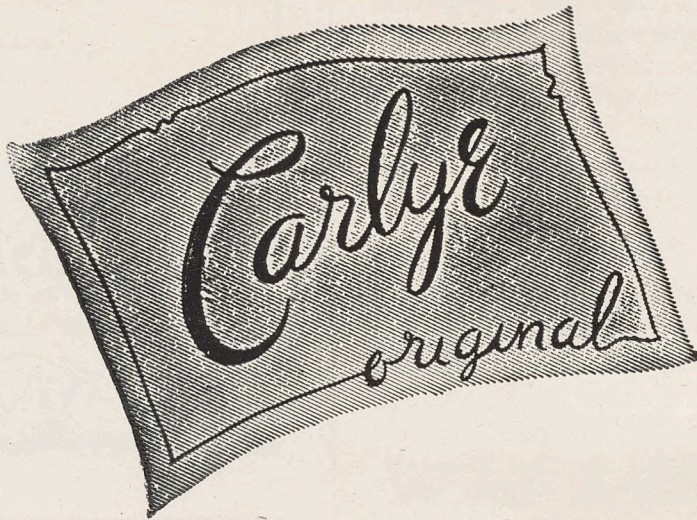
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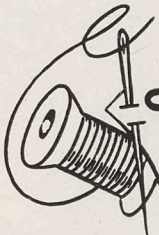
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