WHAT! A girl training men to fly for Uncle Sam?

THE name is Lennox—Peggy Lennox. She’s blonde. She’s pretty. She may not look the part of a trainer of fighting men, but—She is one of the few women pilots qualified to give instruction in the CAA flight training program. And the records at Randolph and Pensacola of the men who learned to fly from Peggy show she’s doing a man-sized job of it. She’s turned out pilots for the Army . . . for the Navy. Peggy is loyal to both arms of the service. Her only favorite is the favorite in every branch of the service—Camel cigarettes. She says: “It’s always Camels with me—they’re milder.”

FLYING INSTRUCTOR PEGGY LENNOX SAYS:

“This is the cigarette for me. Extra mild... And there’s something so cheering about Camel’s grand flavor.”

- “Extra mild,” says Peggy Lennox. “Less nicotine in the smoke,” adds the student, as they talk it over—over Camels in the pilot room above.
- Yes, there is less nicotine in the smoke of slower-burning Camels . . . extra mildness... but that alone doesn’t tell you why, with smokers in the service . . . in private life, as well . . . Camels are preferred.
- No, there’s something else...something more. Call it flavor, call it pleasure, call it what you will, you’ll find it only in Camels. You’ll like it!
- “Extra mild,” says Peggy Lennox. “Less nicotine in the smoke,” adds the student, as they talk it over—over Camels in the pilot room above.

The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains 28% LESS NICOTINE than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

CAMEL—THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

- BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking plus equal, on the average, to 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

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

Step right up, folks. Put down your money, and we'll give you a ticket to the time of your life. What, you've never seen the Quad Show? Then you must be a Freshman or a . . . , but we don't talk about that. That's right, it comes but once a year, just like Christmas or your birthday. Never forget Christmas or your birthday, do you? Then don't miss the Quad Show.

Why go to the Quad Show? What's in it—What can you see? Well, brother, if you've seen the picture on the cover of this mag, and still ask a question like that, we don't want to sell you a ticket. If you're that dumb, we wouldn't let you near the place. We might even give you your money back—but don't quote us on that last one. "Quad Show? It's terrific," says Durante. "It's dynamic," whispers Mae West. Confidentially, we think even Student Lite will like it.

We think you'll like Quad Show because—good or bad—it's 100% Washington U. Even the songs. One of them sounds a little like 'Remember Pearl Harbor,' but it was written by Johnny Murrell considerably before the fatal December 7 (fatal for the Japs, of course). The dancing chorus is sparkled with Muny Opera stars. And the principals—besides Mary Kay—there's Capps and Larry Lynn and Larry's barrel, and Gladys Watkins, and Ed Evans to mention just a few.

Then with such experienced entertainers as Harold Rapp and Jim Owen heading the production staff, together with Pres. Ceylon Lewis and director Dana Jensen, the show just can't help being a success. But don't take our word for it—you're from Missouri—so see for yourselves.

THEY DID IT AGAIN:

Student Life, in a manner less picturesque, but faintly more subtle than that used by our beloved "Stench," succeeded in drawing and quartering Elliot for the fifth consecutive time last month. We must admit that we were taken a bit by surprise—a la Pearl Harbor—because, in delivering their blow, our enemy employed both the infiltration attack and the celebrated Fifth Column. For since Charley French had honored us by graciously helping himself to a free Elliot, we had expected the onslaught to come from his direction on Friday. But Friday came, and passed, we relaxed our guard, and lo and behold, the Tuesday issue sneaked out like the wolf in sheep's clothing that it is, and pounced us, poor unsuspecting devils that we are, right between the eyes.

But the thing we really have to admire, was the cunning use of the fifth column, found on page 2, column 1, prior to the Dec. Elliot, by our adversary. Who would have thought, but the devil himself, of assenting the pleasant pastime of murdering Elliot, to a member of the Elliot staff? Congratulations, Student Life, we have to hand it to you for that one. That was really all right. But might we offer a suggestion? It seemed to us, that it might be a good idea to have someone proof-read one of those reviews of yours, for, believe it or not, there were almost as many misspellings, typographical errors, misspelled names, and what have you as Corny Cheinman found in the whole December Elliot.

NOT "ANNEXED"

While we're on the subject of misspelled names, etc., we would like to correct a little error that we ourselves were guilty of. If you recall our delicious little feature of last month—ah, yes, with great pleasure we're sure you'll recall it—that ducky little Love Chart! Well, funny thing happened on that chart—a very rare thing we might add—we got someone's name down wrong! Don't see how it could have happened, but it did. We put poor Ted Allen down as annexed. Now we want you all to know, there just isn't a bit of truth in it. It was Bob Allen we meant. Yes sir, Robert Dale Allen, the football player, and not Ted at all, who went and got himself hitched. So there you are, girls, you lost Bob, but you can still get Ted, and when he calls you up for a date, don't get mad and slam down the receiver, for he isn't a married man—no indeed—he's just as single as—as Sam Lambert or Charley French, or for that matter, ourselves. So cheer up, girls.
THIS WAY OUT

an alphabetical listing of places to go

Carl's—718 Washington Ave.
When you're downtown in the afternoon or at the show at night, and want to go to some good place that is handy and thus save the rubber on your tires, you might stop and have a few here. It's cheap, nice and very handy.

Circle Bar—210 North Eighth
This place also is handy to those of you that happen to be down town in the bright light section. It has a pleasant atmosphere especially for the male stag, although those are few and far between these days. . . .

Crown Room—Kings Way Hotel
The Crown Room is a very attractive bar. They have fair entertainment, if you don't have to look at them. The prices are moderate and I believe that in the right crowd you could have a very good time here.

Sid Gates—19 North Brentwood Blvd.
Sid has some ale on tap that is swell. This place has reasonable prices, good drinks, and that college atmosphere that is so sadly lacking at most of our spots. Try Sid's Rathskeller for your private party. IT'S FUN.

Graham's Grill—7901 Forsythe Ave.
Roy still packs in the college crowd at his dingy, smoky den. The gang seems to like it and keeps coming back for more. Roy just kicked his up to a point that seems a little bit high to most of us, but the gang in general doesn't seem to think so. . . .

Hoff Brau—Mayflower Hotel
It is worth your while to waste the rubber on your tires to drive down here and have a stein. They keep your pretzel rack full and your glass, too, if you want them to. . . .

Mural Room—DeBaliviere and Waterman
The Mural Room in our estimation is still THE spot in St. Louis to go to. You can't beat their prices or their food, or their drinks. The Phi's practically live here. Ask Cal East all about it. He, too, thinks its swell.

Richmond Buffet—7014 Clayton Road
The Richmond is still a nice place to go if you haven't anything better to do. You can have a good time and lose a lot of money on the Pin Ball machine. The Sig's have deserted it practically and the dribble has taken over.

MEMO

Mar. 12
Out of the Dog-house since I took Jane to the Mural Room.

P.S.—Look for the White Chariot

THE MURAL ROOM

St. Louis' Most Beautiful
Cocktail Lounge
DE BALIVIERE at WATERMAN
A sweater girl named Helen Falk
Thrilled seniors, sophs, and shavers;
That is, till she began to talk—
She didn't use LIFE SAVERS!

MORAL: Everybody's breath
offends now and then. Let Life
Savers sweeten and freshen
your breath after eating, drinking and smoking.

FREE
A Box of Life Savers
for the best Wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard
on the campus this week?
Send it in to your editor. You may
wise-crack yourself into a free prize box
of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each
month by one of the students, there
will be a free award of an attractive
cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the
Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors
of this publication. The right to publish
any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions
of the Editors will be final. The winning
wise-crack will be published the
following month along with the lucky
winner's name.

WINNING JOKE FOR MARCH

"Where'sha Kappa Kappa Gamma room?"
"Damfino. Whinell you wannaknow?"
"Founda key to the 'dam' door."

By WALTER ALLEN
The definition of gossip is "to go about telling idle tales." Those idle tales can only consist of love, marriage, births, and deaths. STUDENT LIFE must remember that our column is censored.

If we turned to the charming prodigies of the school pamphlet for news we'd find such excitement as: Ann Purnell still pinned to Jack Michener; Charlie French still giving Ann Henssage a break (so he says); Wini Bryan still looking cross eyed to make eyes at Ted Lewis and Dave Hoerner at the same time; Johnny Ramsey still threatening to pin Barbara Wright; Courtney Heineman continuing to be unoriginal dating the same girl for two years. Shall I go on? It'd sound something like this. Betty Raaback versus Charley Brand; Lorain Taylor versus Walter Rohlfing; Patty Dunbar and Bill Rider; Pegay Campbell and Larry Verboog. Sounds something like a list of double matches. But then the young literary folks are hardly original enough to have any shootings or exciting triangles.

Well, let's come up to date. It's March, 1942, and love tills along.

The Kappa pledges along with the fourteen new initiates gave a big party for the actives, presenting twenty-five new records to the chapter. The pledges got a big "bang" out of making Patty Manfield and Irmy Warmber consume a truly potent concoction by means of a "coke" bottle and a nipple... awfully hard on one's dignity.

If you want to hear a good story just ask Jo Ellen Kidd why she held her breath during the entire Alpha Chi dance. She's hardly one to go zipping around all over the place.

Because of a misprint in the ELIOT last month it was printed that Ted Allen was married to Ginny Baum. The Allen should have been Bob. For weeks afterwards every time Ted would call a girl up for a date, she'd accuse him of polygamous tendencies.

The T K E chapter has just given their annual fathers banquet. Each member was to bring his own brother of a little cupid work. After wading through the treacherous depths of the Sigma Nus trying to lend a helping hand to another fraternity.

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Big Public Pardon! If the girl that thought Bob Moehle stood her up last Saturday night would please call CA 9929 and ask for Bob, he'd be glad to take her out not once but twice just to show his good will, etc. Bob was unaware of his mistake, and frankly we suspect a fraternity brother of a little cupped work.

Quote from roll call of Professor Lippencott's class:
"Are there two of you?"
"No, just one of us!"

Again actives were entertained. This time the Tri Delta pledges did the honors consisting of a night club party in the sorority room. Frat songs were sung while Mrs. Bartlet was visiting.

If the STUDENT LIFE wants some good talent, they should come down to the ELIOT office, if they can find it. At least we can say more than who wore what when.

Mark Anthony made two famous speeches. One was at Caesar's grave when he said, "I've come to bury Caesar not to praise him." The other was in Cleopatra's tent at midnight: "I didn't come to talk."

---Notre Dame Juggler
STUDENT LIFE called the sixty-first annual concert of the Washington University Chorus its debut and maybe they weren’t far wrong because it was the debut for the chorus under the direction of Charles Galloway. An audience of over six hundred people which heard the annual concert of the chorus at the Hotel Jefferson on February 21 was thoroughly pleased with the chorus and its program.

Variety might be called the key to the program which consisted of Bach chorales, Czech-Slovakia folk songs, Tschaikowsky melodies, and American novelties. Such a program pleased everybody and kept interest at a high pitch. Further diversity was brought about by having the men and women sing groups of songs alone and by featuring soloists in several numbers.

The chorus of fifty-seven members looked quite festive in their many colored evening dresses and slacks. They sang in the lovely Gold Room of the Jefferson and after the concert they had a dance in the Ivory Room with Gene Babbit’s Orchestra supplying the music.

The first group of songs was religious in character and displayed some lovely sustained singing by the chorus. Bach’s “Come, Soothing Death” and the Cruger-Miller “Now Thank We All Our God” were sung without accompaniment and a beautiful effect was achieved. The answering back and forth of parts in the fugue of the latter was done very well and a fine climax was reached.

The second group included spirited folk songs from Czechoslovakia, Palestine and Russia. Jean Fitch and Ed Evans did their solos well in “Waters Ripple and Flow.” The whole group had beautiful shading in the “Palestinian Laborers’ Chant” and caught the Russian spirit in the fast and furious “Trepak” by Tschaikowsky.

The men sang one group alone which included the rich and mellow “Faune, Nympharun” from Horace’s “Odes.” The two sea chants were most effective; maybe because the boys could catch the nautical spirit better than the Roman. In the lively one about a drunken sailor that no one knew what to do with the boys really caught the swing of it and made you feel you were sailing over the waves.

The women sang a nice group which included a tender prayer and the “Gold and Silver Waltz.” They were most appealing, however, in the coquettish“My Johann” which is about a girl who simply can’t resist him.

In the last group the entire group sang the gay and youthful “Happy Song” and the ridiculous “Musical Trust” which has everything in it from “Old Zip Coon” to “Dixie” plus many intricate gestures. This had to be repeated before the audience would stop clapping. Then came the beautiful “Listen to the Lambs.” The group showed much feeling and skill in this lovely spiritual and succeeded in deeply affecting their audience. The program ended with the thrilling and triumphant “Immortal Song” and of course the “Alma Mater”.

The entire group is to be commended for its fine work and much credit goes to director Galloway who has really done wonders with the chorus. The attacks and releases were very good and the group is excellent in sustained passages. Outstanding were the contrasts achieved in shading. The chorus is by no means perfect but is very good and will be more worthy of Washington’s pride every year.

Seth Greiner, St. Louis pianist, was soloist with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra at the Pop Concert on March 1. He played the César Franck “Symphonic Variations for Piano and Orchestra” whose haunting melody has been a favorite with music lovers for many years. Mr. Greiner gave a mature and beautiful performance marked by poise and sincerity. No showing or exaggeration but sheer beauty and subtle phrasing.

It is interesting to know that Mr. Greiner is the staff pianist at KMOX and spends much of his time playing jazz and arranging for jazz orchestras. He has studied seventeen years with Leo C. Miller and three times won the Rudolf Ganz scholarships. At seventeen he toured as accompanist for Richard Crooks. His versatility is remarkable for he not only plays jazz like an Eddy Duchin but he knows all the major concertos.

One of the outstanding music events of the season was the appearance of Rudolf Serkin as soloist with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra playing the Schumann Concerto in A Minor. Serkin’s beautiful tone was a revelation. Though not a brilliant concerto, this one is filled with lovely melodies and romantic freshness and youth. Serkin’s performance was characterized by subtlety of phrasing and the ease with which he handled technical difficulties.

The Parnassus Music Club will have a record concert at four o’clock March 18 in Brown Lounge. Franck’s Symphony in D Minor is to be featured. Dr. Bateman Edwards, head of the Romance Language Department, will be piano soloist at the April meeting.
We Present...

A KAPPA IN THE Y

If you find chorus rehearsals are monopolizing the time you had set aside for Quad Shop relaxation, or selling Elliots gets you out of bed too early, remember that one of your extra-curricular activities may lead to a hidden talent which you didn’t know existed.

Barbara Miller, a senior and a member of Kappa, was busily majoring in Interior Architecture, when she discovered the Campus Y. No Byrd-to-North-Pole discovery was this because she knew it had been here all the time but from the position of a mildly interested freshman working behind a booth in the bazaar she rose to the position of Secretary of the Y Cabinet, and she now plans to continue Y work as a career. You can say that it is a woman’s privilege to change her mind but in Barbara’s case, it was the inspiration that she received from some of the outstanding members of this large association when she attended various assemblies that roused her enthusiasm. Now, believe it or not, following graduation from the Art and Archeology course, she plans to burn the midnight oil at night school absorbing Psychology and Sociology prerequisites for this field.

While waiting to finish this part of her schooling she hasn’t let any grass grow under her feet. As Secretary, she indulges in meticulous minute taking and managing the membership, publicity, Freshman Club and Group Service committees of the Y. Also this year she officiated as general booth chairman for the annual bazaar, a job which found her last summer exploring the recesses of importing shops in New York for suitable goods. Just back from the recent Y convention of the State of Missouri held at Columbia, she is organizing an old-fashioned box supper party to be held on the campus, the proceeds from which will go to aid students in China through the World Students Service Fund. Another item on her list is the Easter Egg Roll for underprivileged children which the Y sponsors.

She inhabits the small office behind the Chapel, a small, dark-haired vivacious girl who will gladly talk you into belonging to the Y; if you’re interested, go to see her.

PATTY SCHUYLER

Patty Schuyler, the author of the feature on men in this issue, is a vivacious little Theta freshman, who is interested in—and, by the way, very clever at—writing.

She graduated from Blewitt High School last year, and expects to major in English and possibly math at Washington U.

Her activities right now are Eliot, Student Life, Thyrsus, and riflery—and she is interested in music and all sports.

When asked what she expected to do after she graduates, she said she didn’t know—with the war as it is. She thought she might go into radio work, since she has had experience in that line. Patty is slight, blonde, and blue-eyed—and yes, you may have wondered, Dolly is her sister.

MARILYN SCHOWENGERDT

Marilyn Schowengerdt is a senior in the college, who is very much interested in journalism and writing. She attended Stephens College her first two years, coming to Washington when she was a junior.

She has written some of the best features in Mr. McClure’s journalism class this year, she has written a lot for Student Life, and has contributed several features to Eliot. She is a Delta Gamma.

It must run in the Schowengerdt family to be gifted in English, for many of us have been in some of the classes of her aunt, who teaches at Webster High. Wherever she goes, Marilyn can write very well, and we predict that she will go far.

LULA LOO OF HAWAII

For the three days following December 7, Lula tried to cable her family. One day soon after that, she was accosted in the street by a mildly fanatical female who said to her, “You ought to be interned!” Much of her life has been changed, many of her plans upset, since Miss Lula Loo, social work graduate student from Hawaii, first heard the news of the Pearl Harbor attack.

But Lula tried to avoid worrying about her family, which is still in Honolulu and is determined to stay there. In spite of cases of mistaken nationality like the above, and the difficulties of getting information from family and friends under rigorous conditions of censorship, the Chinese girl is still her calm, good-looking self, hard at work on her master’s thesis. She expects to graduate in June. After that—she doesn’t know. She had planned to return to Honolulu for social service work, but last week the situation had altered. “I don’t think I’d like to spend four and a half days on the ocean at this time,” she said.

Lula Loo is as much an American as anyone on the campus, having gone to American schools and lived in the thoroughly American environment of Honolulu. Many of us on the continent, she says, think of Hawaii consisting principally of palm trees, pineapple juice, surf-boards, and saronged natives. Every school on the island is therefore comparatively “country.” Today things have changed, but this small, attractive Chinese girl is a walking example of what they call “civilian morale.”

GARNHOLZ

for Lunches
Dinners
and Old Fashioned Baked Goods
Try Our Homemade Ice Cream
15 N. MERAMEC 2242 BRENTWOOD BLVD.
FROM THIS TIME ON

THE CLOCKS BETRAYED HER

By PATRICIA MOONEY

I nearly went mad when I read the letter. Tom was dead. Killed in action.

I remember I was washing dishes when I heard the mailman’s ring. I went to the door humming Scatterbrain. I had been thinking of Tom and me deciding we had fallen in love to its tune one night on a dance floor. Tom had mentioned that night in his last letter. When I opened the door of the apartment I was still humming. I was happy because Tom had also said that he was to be transferred back to the United States to instruct at Randolph Field, and I was wondering what Texas and army life would be like. I stopped humming though. I knew what had happened when I saw the official looking envelope on top. I stopped humming and stared. The picture is as clear in my mind as if I were looking on. He handed me the letters. I stared at my name inside the envelope. It was my own voice I guess. The message inside the envelope was terse, businesslike, “I regret to inform you that Thomas Pembroke Kennedy, First Lieutenant, United States Army Air Force, was killed in action Monday, December 8, at Pearl Harbor.”

With deep sympathy,

Frank Conley, Secretary of War.

I folded it carefully and set the silver letter knife from Aunt Caroline on it as I closed the door and opened the envelope. It was my own voice I guess. The message inside the envelope was terse, businesslike, “I regret to inform you that Thomas Pembroke Kennedy, First Lieutenant, United States Army Air Force, was killed in action Monday, December 8, at Pearl Harbor.”

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I got out of bed and took my watch off. Then I gathered all the clocks in the apartment together and stuffed them in the bottom drawer of Tom’s bureau. “You can’t laugh at me there,” I said.

But when I got back to bed I could still hear them ticking, so I got up and taking my hairbrush, hammered at each one again and again until it stopped its ineffectual measuring. I was asleep when Alice and Mother returned and I suppose they didn’t notice that the clocks were gone. At least they didn’t say anything. No one who came afterward did either.

A week or so later I was downtown with Mother Kennedy. We were walking into Vandervoor’s and I looked up at the big clock on the corner of Ninth and Locust out of habit.

“They just stand still,” I said. “They don’t move at all. It will go on forever. They are laughing at me. A joke!”

“What dear?” she asked.

“The hands of the clock,” I said. “Time has stopped. But I can laugh too, I can see the joke.” And I stood and laughed and laughed until a crowd gathered and Mother Kennedy asked a policeman to help us get home. At the apartment, Mother Kennedy went to call my mother. “Sally’s not well.” I heard her say, “Dr. Carroll, Ann?”

I laughed harder and went to the bottom drawer of Tom’s bureau. I dumped all the clocks on the floor. “You can’t laugh at me any more. But I can laugh at you,” I screamed, and kicked them and stomped on them. When Dr. Carroll came he gave me some medicine, and I went to sleep.

When I woke up Mother was packing my clothes. “What are you doing that for,” I asked, and as she turned around I saw that she had been crying. “We think you need a little trip,” she said. “We’re going out to the country to stay for a while. You’ll like that, won’t you?”

We stayed there for a while and I noticed mother trying to keep timepieces away from me. But there was a sundial in the old garden imbedded in the grass that she didn’t know about. That part of the garden had been neglected so when I found the sundial the first day I was able to keep her away from it afterward. But whenever she was busy or I could get away I would go and stand so that my shadow covered the marker and I would laugh. Once it crept beyond me. I was furious, furious as I had been at the grandfather clock. I screamed and tried to pull the big iron hand away from the cement. I tore at it with my fingers until they were bleeding, screaming and laughing all the time.

Later, they brought me here. It is quiet. The rooms are white. There are nurses. It would be nice but there are no clocks. I want a clock. Just a little clock. I will crush it to bits and grind my teeth on the hands. I will go mad if they don’t bring me one.

On these lazy spring afternoons
what better
than to walk your one and only
down to the friendly
SHERMAN DRUGS
360 N. SKINKER CABany 8728

After a lovely evening, a trio of business men started to bid a beautiful celebrity good night.

“Just a moment, where are you from?” asked the gorgeous girl of the first of the trio.

“I am from the East, madam,” he replied.

“Very well, you may kiss my left hand.” She turned to the second fellow. “And where are you from?”

“I am from the West,” he declared enthusiastically.

“Then kiss my right hand,” she said, and now she turned to the third one. “And where are you from?”

“Aah refuse to answer, ma’am,” came the reply in a rich Southern drawl.

“Why did you take so much time in saying goodbye to that fellow?”

“But, Mother, if a guy takes you to a movie the least you can do is kiss him good night.”

“I thought you went to the International Casino.”

“Yes, Mother.”

Too many of our young engineers are spending their time tinkering with misses in their motors.

Director: “Now, in the third act you drink yourself to death.”

Bob: “When do we start rehearsing?”

—The Pup.

My room-mate inquires
About my sweetheart, Bess:
He asked me: “Is she a nice girl?”
And I answered, “Morose.”

Hubby: “Doesn’t my new love technique awaken something in you?”

Wife: “Yes, it arouses my suspicions.”

T. Xi: “May I take you home? I like to take experienced girls home.”

A. Chi: “I’m not experienced.”

T. Xi: “You’re not home yet.”

OR DO YOU LIKE THIS ONE BETTER? I DO!

College Boy: “Do you pet?”

Co-ed: “That’s my business!”

College Boy: “Thank God, a professional at last.”

SID GATES’ BUFFET
No. 19 BRENTWOOD BLVD.
“Come In and Meet the Gang.”

DElan 0913  CLAYTON
“Quiet—this is a rehearsal,” the clear voice of Percy Ramsey, director of Quad Show, brings another rehearsal into order. Although the general order and quiet at the rehearsals of so large a cast are striking, the din of bridge games, ball sessions, and Quad Show business sometimes competes with the progress of the show.

“Shore Leave,” the 1942 Quad Show, which was written by June Stumpe and Homer Bowman in collaboration, is a colorful, fast-moving musical comedy dealing in spicy South American senoritas, roisterous laborers, is on stage. The scene is the South American town of Magonga, where the crew of a U.S. ship is on leave, and a group of man-hunting American debutantes is on the loose. The Americans and the Magongans—including a couple of scheming opera singers—run into a lot of kinks, but as the yarn runs on, everything is solved—as usual—and everybody marries the right one.

“Shore Leave,” which was originally entitled “Swingesta,” is a happy-go-lucky story, and the whole cast seems to have a lot of fun working on it. Angelo Oliveri, one of the three “stooges”—the Chamber of Commerce of Magonga—probably gets a bigger kick out of the show than anyone else in the cast. His part calls for a slapstick performance, and he keeps it right up even when off-stage. He is known among the principals as the knock-rummy fiend—or expert—as the case may be.

Patty Mansfield, who plays the part of Mrs. Gravytrane—the wife of the American ambassador to Magonga—keeps all the players in the best of spirits. She has a good word for everyone, and when she is not on stage, she is busily working on her needlepoint. By the way, most of the cast—including Ken Capps and Angelo Oliveri in particular—have contributed to that needlepoint.

Patty was up to her old tricks at a rehearsal the other night. She wanted to give Percy, as the director, a affectionately called, a jolt. She pointed big red lipstick marks on Harold Thomas’ face, and had him miss cue and rush in for his lines a little late and all out of breath. Everyone gave Thomas a sky apelways look, and all remarked that they knew why he missed his cue—but the original purpose of the trick was lost—Percy didn’t catch on.

Gladys Watkins—who plays the role of a scheming soprano—seems to get a lot of good hard studying done between her appearances. The other night when some other principals were jetting around on stage, Gladys suddenly thrust aside her notebook, jumped up, and joined in the rhythm from the sidelines. By the way, don’t miss her song and dance at the end—“Lady Gojiva.”

Harry Cheshire is another one of the principals who seems to get a big kick out of the rehearsals. He eases into his appearances and out of them as though it took no effort at all—true Cheshire fashion. Pappy plays the part of a smooth young sailor, who spends half of his time and money getting engaged and the other half getting free again. He plays the part very well, as you may imagine.

Lynette Tooley does a quick change in the story from a severe Vasaar belle in horn-rimed glasses and flat-heeled shoes, to a slinky, sophisticated charmer. Having become accustomed to Lynette’s sweater and skirt, the cast was amazed to see her actually forth of directors.

Larry Lytle, the companion of the ladies, is a severe Vasaar man—men are barred from the party—but he’s a pretty good actor. He loses in the rhythm of action, so he has to resort to gags to get the Americans and the Senoritas more interested. As always, he acts it like that—but, or him, as theatre.

Ken Capps has to wea an outfit on in stride, and stride, and stride, when he is on stage. His part is part of Cheshire's scientific mix of opera, and of course, it's sometimes a jolt. As always, he acts it like that—but, or him, as theatre.

Ken took a big interest in acting as a filler in the cast, and as the progress of the show. As always, he acts it like that—but, or him, as theatre.

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QUAD SHOW PERSONALITIES
By PEGGY JANE STOECKER

For the 1942 Quad Show, Lynette Soto sang, "I'm Concentrating on You" with all the feeling of the part.

The Quad Show cast this year has to be a pretty sturdy lot, the way they all jump on each other, etc. Larry Lynn, in one scene, runs all the way to the center of the stage and leaps hysterically on Ken Capps. Dottye Scheu is carried about in a dance number, and Mary Jo Zucchero is carried high in the air all the way to the center stage by a group of dancing chorus boys—and Ken Capps was dropped by some boys who tried to carry him in one of the scenes. They're a tough lot—the Quad Show cast—they have to be.

The dancing chorus is probably the most colorful part of the cast at the rehearsals. The girls all wear very abbreviated costumes—usually of bright colors. (Often these were bathing suits originally.)

At one of the rehearsals Dottye Scheu wore a white dance costume trimmed with a wide red satin ribbon. Betty Molloy had on a tan blouse with a green and white polka dot jumper. Mary Liz Banks' costume was of a large-figured blue and white material. Florence Dooley wore a costume of light green pique. The whole dancing chorus is a strikingly colorful contrast to the usual sweater and skirt attire worn by the rest of the cast at the rehearsals.

A story of the Quad Show rehearsals would not be complete without the mention of Mrs. Jensen—who might be called "Mother" of the show. Mrs. Jensen is always calm in moments of distress, and besides all the other things she does, she certainly keeps up the morale of the cast. At one rehearsal someone in difficulty rushed up between lines with a breathless "Have you a needle, Mrs. Jensen?" At moments like these she always comes through to the rescue.

Such staff notables as Bob Brereton, Harold Rapp, and Ceylon Lewis drift in and out as the rehearsals progress. As everyone knows, Percy Ramsey is the director; Mrs. Jensen, the faculty supervisor; Stan Frederickson, song director; Lalla Bauman, dance director; Norman Falkenhainer, orchestra director; and A1 Margolin, publicity manager.

The cast has had a wonderful time making the show—and we know you'll have as much fun seeing "Shore Leave"—the 1942 Quad Show. It is alive with rollicking good humor, bewitching Latin music, and the fiery, hot tamale spirit of old South America. Don't miss it!
**SPRING IS HERE AGAIN**

**A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY—**

by Marilyn Schowengerdt

Every Washington U. man has an ideal girl; an imaginary co-ed who wafts around in his dreams doing the things he thinks she should and saying the things he dictates. With this supreme example in mind he angles around the quad searching for a girl to fit his catalogue of "musts." The average Washington U. man doesn't want a living human being, a flesh and blood companion with a few natural faults—he wants an impossibility, a perfect, impossible all his own.

Listen to what he wants for "his girl," this average college man; not a campus leader, not a football star, but just an average college boy who, like the engineer you meet every day in his lab overalls or the ROTC cadet whose uniform should belong to someone else or the guy in the library who goes to sleep every morning at 10:30.

First of all he wants her to be good looking—she has to stack up pretty well or she's out of the question. He thinks he's being generous by saying she doesn't have to be beautiful; not beautiful, no but darn close to it. She has to be a girl the boys on the corner will whistle at; yet she must be pretty in a relaxed way so Mother and rich old Aunt Victoria will approve. She must dress suitably for all occasions and yet never fuse over clothes. She must not be too tall, nor too small; she can't be plump and by all means not skinny. Her hips must invite, and her hair must shine. Her eyes must sparkle and yet they must be secretive, mysterious and dreamy. (Brown are the best to sparkle and blue are the dreamy kind—you figure it out). Her features must be cute-elf-like—one or more. She must be a brilliant conversationalist yet anxious to learn when he feels like expounding on one or more. She must be a brilliant conversationalist yet anxious to learn when he feels like expounding on one or more. She must be able to sing, dance, act and yet be gay when he's gay, quiet when he wants to think in all arguments; yet always take his part against others. She must cheer him up when he's melancholy, be wistful wish as too few men are so accomplished. Of course, several sports should be included in his repertoire—just so he is tall enough to dance with comfortably. His hands must be strong, clean, and "virile." Some of the preferred characteristics concern physical appearance. The color of his hair may be blonde, red or brown, although at present I prefer it blonde. Whether it is curly or straight is not important. His eyes may be either blue or brown, whichever color results in the best combination. His complexion must be lightly tanned, depending somewhat, of course, upon the season. Whether it is curly or straight is not important. His eyes may be either blue or brown, whichever color results in the best combination. His complexion must be lightly tanned, depending somewhat, of course, upon the season. His shoulders should be well developed and his chest should be manly. His legs should wear blue jeans with a perfect fit. Whether it is curly or straight is not important. His eyes may be either blue or brown, whichever color results in the best combination. His complexion must be lightly tanned, depending somewhat, of course, upon the season. His hands must be white and the fingers long and tapering; yet they must not be lazy useless hands but strong and capable.

She must be intelligent yet often have to have him explain things to her. She must make good grades yet always be free to coke and smoke with him or give him a date any week night. She must be well versed on all subjects, yet anxious to learn when he feels like expounding on one or more. She must be a brilliant conversationalist yet sit for hours without interrupting him. She must be a dependable critic of people; yet think he's absolutely, or pretty nearly, perfect. She must be a fair judge in all arguments; yet always take his part against others. She must cheer him up when he's melancholy, and be gay when he's gay, quiet when he wants to meditate, romantic when he gives the cue. She must not be wishy-washy, must have a mind of her own; yet always agree with him.

"His girl" must be witty but never have heard the joke he's about to tell and never, never follow it with a better one. She must be able to sing, dance, act—in short, expert to any art he admires. She has to be feminine and at the same time an all-around athlete. She must always be willing to play a round of golf with him, giving him interesting competition, but never come back with a lower score.

She must be a leader in activities and yet devote all her time to him (the average college man—remember?) She must be the belle of all balls, yet he wants to dance with her all evening himself. She must be the center of attention at all parties except when he feels like being the main attraction in which case she is to fade gracefully into a becoming background for him. She must get around plenty, but love frequent parlor dates with him. She must be used to nice things yet never be a drain on his allowance.

All men must idolize her but he (our average college man, no less) must never have to worry about her accepting their attentions. They envy him because she has eyes only for him. She must be completely and unquestionably his, but in turn she never is possessive. She is naturally jealous of him but never goes into tantrums when he dates other girls. He is always able to make her understand—anything—anytime.

These, and doubtless countless more, are the qualities the average college man wants in "his girl." We used to think it was something to "see a dream walking" now she has to talk, act and look just the way he decrees before today's average college man is satisfied!

The accomplishments of this perfect male animal are also desirable but not necessary. He should be able to dance well, and, pleasing God, he should thumb. I am so tired of trying to teach poor clumsy males the simple intricacies of rhumba-ing. It would be nice if he could play the piano, but unfortunately this is just a wistful wish as too few men are so accomplished. Of course, several sports should be included in his repertoire—just so he is tall enough to dance with comfortably. His hands must be strong, clean, and "virile." Now that I have discussed the male from head to foot before today's average college man is satisfied!

The average Washington U. man doesn't want a living human being, a flesh and blood companion with a few natural faults—he wants an impossibility, a perfect, impossible all his own.

**THE PERFECT MALE ANIMAL**

At one time or another, all females conjure up the image of the perfect male animal. Fortunately, these images are not all alike. If they were, how many poor, unmarried men there would be in this world! I, being a female, have conjured up the image of my perfect male animal. In this conception, there are certain physical and mental qualifications which must be filled by the applicant for him to qualify—as far as I am concerned, you must understand. These characteristics are all important. However, some are preferable but not necessary.

Some of the preferred characteristics concern physical appearance. The color of his hair may be blonde, red or brown, although at present I prefer it blonde. Whether it is curly or straight is not important. His eyes may be either blue or brown, whichever color results in the best combination. His complexion must be lightly tanned, depending somewhat, of course, upon the season. Whether it is curly or straight is not important. His eyes may be either blue or brown, whichever color results in the best combination. His complexion must be lightly tanned, depending somewhat, of course, upon the season. His shoulders should be well developed and his chest should be manly. His legs should wear blue jeans with as much finesse as they do the most beautifully tailored grey flannels. The height of this male is not very important—just so he is tall enough to dance with comfortably. His hands must be strong, clean, and "virile." Now that I have discussed the male from head to foot I shall continue with his accomplishments, before I give all blond males inferiority complexes.

(Continued on page 19, col. 1)
THE ACCIDENT
THE DAY-DREAMER MISSES THE BUS

By SID GOLDSMITH

Life, like a fella once acid, is funny. Yes, life is funny I guess, but it's fun, too. And one of the reasons it is so much fun is found in the fact that there isn't anyone in the whole world who can tell you just what's going to happen next. Nobody knows what will happen, and that's what gives that extra zest, that extra spice, to life. I like to make little experiments. I like to say to myself, "Well, here it is April. Spring is here. It's mid-afternoon. What's going to happen now?" And then I take a guess at what will happen. And then I take another guess as to how much each little thing that happens means to every person nearby, and I'm usually wrong on both guesses.

On this particular afternoon in the early spring I was standing on a street corner, leaning against a lamp post. I was waiting for a bus, but it was so pleasant there on the corner that I had already allowed two busses to pass. It was spring, and I was in no hurry. I stood there, leaning against the lamp post and watched the world go by. Well, let's say that I was watching a small part of the world go by. From where I stood I could look up a hill and see my house at the top of it. The street on which the bus traveled was much busier than the quiet little street where my house stood. On the busier street there was a filling station that sold Fire Chief gasoline, and across the way from it there was a grocery store. It was a typical grocery store but the thing I most liked about it was that it was clean, and the man who owned it was very friendly.

You ought to try leaning against one of those concrete lamp posts on a quiet spring afternoon in a neighborhood that doesn't have many buildings over one story high. You can watch a part of the world go by and think. I was thinking, or rather I was trying to guess at what would happen next. I looked all around me, but everything seemed to be immune to change. There was a nest in a tree across the street. I watched the birds flying in and out of it. They all seemed to be very busy getting their nests ready for the spring. I gave up trying to guess what was going to happen. The spring. A bird on a telephone wire. A nest in a tree. My house at the top of the hill. I read once that in the spring the birds that look like one of those hats that the Swiss mountaineers wear. She was either unconscious or dead. I gave him my handkerchief, and he tried to smile his thanks. But he couldn't. I guessed that his jaw was broken. He gave up trying to stop the blood from coming out of his mouth and offered me my handkerchief.
chief. I waved my hand and told him that it was all right; he could keep it. It was a linen handkerchief, but it was drenched in blood.

The ambulance came and took the three people away. The doctor who came with the ambulance said that it looked bad for the man in the old car and for the girl in the new one. The boy was badly hurt, but he only seemed to have external injuries. I think that's the term they used for it in the papers. The girl died before they could get her to the hospital, and I never did find out what became of the older man. The police walked through the crowd and asked if anyone had seen the accident. Somebody said that I had been on the corner, but I had told the policeman that I hadn't been looking, and that I didn't realize what was happening until I heard the crash. He believed me. Anyway, he didn't want me as a witness. I couldn't see much sense in helping to put the blame on one or the other. That's the way I look at it now. At the time, I guess, I was just afraid to say that I had seen everything that happened. I didn't tell them that I had guessed at what would happen even before it did.

I let another bus pass while I was watching the tow trucks take the cars away. The filling station man got a broom and brushed the glass out of the street into the sewer while I went into his station and washed the blood off my hands. There were two or three spots on my pants cuffs, but I guessed that they would come out when I had the pants cleaned. They needed cleaning anyway. The filling station man and I talked over the whole accident, and while we were talking I let another bus pass. He said that it was a shame what had happened to those three people but what could they expect when they drove so fast. And I said yes, that was so, and I asked him if he had noticed the convertible and he said yes he had. He thought it was a nice looking car, and I said that it certainly was but it wouldn't be good for much more than junk now, and he agreed. The filling station man is an agreeable fellow and my father always buys gas from him and I do too when I get the car. An automobile drove into the station and I went back across the street and leaned against the lamp post. It was scratched where the red car with the black top had toppled against it.

The sun was just ducking behind the roof of my house on the top of the hill and it was a big red ball now. I could look at it for minutes at a time without even blinking my eyes, but when I turned my head away I could still see that big red ball dancing in front of me. The bird was still sitting on the telephone wire and it was still singing, but I hadn't noticed whether or not it had left and come back or whether it had just stayed there. I began to whistle Perfidia again, and the bird chirped louder. Another bird came out of the nest and flew up next to the first one. I could see them up there, close together, outlined against the red sky in the west.

People were beginning to go out for their evening rides and I watched the tires of the automobiles erase the blood from the black asphalt. In a few more days it would be erased completely, and a few days after that the people in the neighborhood would forget the accident. I began to think of where I would go Saturday night and whether or not I ought to go to the art museum or play handball Sunday afternoon. I wondered if cows really do go to sleep standing up. On a nice spring afternoon in a nice quiet neighborhood, I think I could. I could stand against a lamp post and watch a small part of the world go by and try to guess what would happen, even if something did happen, it would only be a ripple in the great stream of humanity that flows onward and onward. It's funny how people forget things that don't directly concern them. I could see another bus coming, and this time I got on.

DID YOU KNOW THAT:

... Japan wants to buy our glass bottom boats at Catalina so the Emperor can review his fleet.

... A sign in a San Francisco store reads: "I'd rather have a hundred Japanese customers than one American." Yep, you guessed it, it was an undertaking establishment.

A friend of ours was out driving with his girl recently when she thoughtfully blurted that she had a method whereby all the money for national defense could be raised by a single tax. "How?" he asked. "Why not put a tax on sex?" she said seriously. Greatly shocked by either her frankness or just the proposal itself, he gathered his wits and said: "No, that's impossible, there already is an amusement tax."
Spring seems to be coming in like a lion, with some of the better-known social lions beginning their annual ravages. Chief Lion MacLean seems to have taken the lead, choosing Betty Thompson as his lamb. We don't know where that will put Bill Pufalt, unless he can be classed as chief wolf.

Paul Kummer has entered the running in the Mary Jane Parks league. From a purely objective point of view, it appears that he's gaining the lead, but it's only by a nose, for Clark Garrison is the newest entry, with ten dates lined up in the future.

Frieda Wolken, Gamma Phi Beta, is really taking that first aid course with a vengeance, due possibly to one or two things—one, her profound interest in Civilian Defense work; or, two, her profound interest, in Al Thurboy, down at Medical School.

Dottie Frier's exuberance on February 26 was all because it was the fifth anniversary of her off-again, on-again romance with Bob Eck, Rolla. At present, it's on-again, and besides his Pi K A pin, her most prized possession is his treasurer's key.

"Dartmouth's in town again—Run, girls, run." It's Gloria Eisner that's running (but not too fast) with Gerry Peterson, Sig Chi in pursuit.

That dark cloud of gloom hanging over Bette Knodel's face is because Al, her soldier-boy, has been sent to gosh-only-knows-where, probably, according to Bette, on the other side of Timbuctoo.

Florence Dooley received the most amazing corsage of the year, for the Theta Xi dance. It was so heavy that it simply made her shoulders lopsided. Her date evidently wanted her to have something more permanent than cut flowers; so he sent her a plant with a dog-shaped flowerpot and all the fixings.

We've heard that the girls really take the swimming meet to heart, but we thought the rivalry was between sororities, not within them. Feeling was intense in the cork race, but it was at its highest pitch when the Gamma Phi's needed just one more cork. Helen McDowell, in her anxiety to put her chosen group in the lead, was battling with May Ruester to gain the prized possession. Helen ended with the cork, but only after biting May to force her into giving up the fight.

Mary Ann Leeman, Gamma Phi's newest pledge, has wasted little time in finding someone to anchor her interest on, the anchoree being Bud Beckmann of the Sigma Nu clan.

Another of the newer developments on the campus is that of Gracie Dellert and Joe Marting, whose silly patter is enough to keep the sharpest of us going in circles.

And who do you suppose was the cause of May Ruester's missing two of her cues in Quad Show rehearsal—the linger of suspicion points at Don Juan Reid Rose.

It's only conventional that there is a rumored pinning at all times. Come on, Meletio, don't give us that Mularky about it's being sent to the laundry; unless, of course, Peggy Rider has made a new economic venture, such as, perhaps, opening a laundry?

Sid Ashen-Brenner's photographic eyes have settled on Jean Meyers. Maybe they're set for a time exposure. We just can't seem to pin the Beta's down any more as to whom they're dating—the question is now who aren't they dating? It's been rumored, however, that they're just waiting for next year's crop—of freshmen.

Billy Herbert, the little devil, is up to his old tricks again. This time the unsuspecting victim was Bill Millinger, who, on a bet, asked Marianna Taussig for a date.... Imagine his surprise when he found she was pinned. The gleeful gleam in Herbert's eye just keeps popping up when he thinks of the smooth way he cleaned up this time.
When Huston Kirk brought Janice Lee Hiltz to the TKE house not long ago, he heard the wolves howl... Doug Proctor and Harold Clark are doing their best to see that Janice comes to the house more often.

After waiting for her date for sometime in the lobby of the Women's building, Shirlee Krome was rather surprised to see him walk out of the phone booth... where, he tried to explain, he had been trying to call her for a half hour... some explanation.

The Teke's gave Johnny Murrell a farewell party... Phil Webb was also to be honored but he was sick at home. Both are leaving school to join the Army Air Corps.

The new K.A. initiates couldn't wait to get their own pins to give their gals... so they just asked the actives if they could borrow a few of their pins (that is, the actives who still have their pins) and the epidemic was on. Jean Martin and Kenny Townsend, Bill Baird and Mary Wilkington, Joe Caffell and Effie Mae Aubuchon, Kenny Pickard and Jane Rudder, "Johnny" Townsend, Alpha Chi, and E. J. Bartos, have caught the fever, too... They haven't reached the crisis yet, but we suspect the pinning in the near future.

Dee Naylor, Pi Phi, came back from Dartmouth proudly displaying Ed Spiegel's Phi Delt pin. Her courage wasn't even daunted when she stepped off the train to find unsuspecting Harold Gilbert waiting to take her home. After telling her about the pin, he took her home all right... straight home... and not a word was spoken.

"Murch" Jolley simply won't give the bleeding hearts of Washington's belles any balm to soothe their wounds for he's settled down to Olive Rail of Monticello.

Jack Hunstein can't forget his old Alma Mater... limiting it of course to the Women's Building where he is and probably always will be seen hanging out... Nowadays he's waiting for Patty Schuyler.

It isn't news anymore, but in case you haven't heard, Doris Hartman has finally taken Peyton Gaunt's Beta pin. Shirley Settle, another D.G., is sporting John Lewis' S.A.E. pin. Two couples we missed on our love chart last month who are now reported on maneuvers are Janet Spratte with Sandy Tuthill, Pi K.A., and Lois Socker and Elwyn Eberhardt.

Olive Sears has announced her engagement to Lewis Vollmer. The government will soon be after Jean Fuller for hoarding metal. She's got enough Army and Navy pins to make a bomber!

First Father: "Has your son's college education proved helpful in your business?"

Second Father: "Oh, yes, whenever we have a conference we let him mix the cocktails."

First Father: From life's book of tears and laughter I have gained this little bit of lore— I'd rather have a morning after Than never had a night before.

She stroked my hair she held my hand; The lights were dim and low. She raised her eyes with sweet surprise, And softly whispered, "No."

Bettye: "I said some very foolish things to Bill last night."

Mae: "Yes?"

Bettye: "That was one of them."

She: "You can't talk about my friend like that. As a dancer she's one of the best. Why, she's famous all over the country."

He: "Just what does her fame rest on?"

She: "The same thing she does."
Towers and Town

The Junior Prom

If you are interested in hearing anything more about the Junior Prom we suggest you pick up any issue of Student Life where you will be certain to find the whole matter very thoroughly discussed. If you want to ‘get straightened out’ on last year’s Junior Prom, we refer you to Corney Cheinman’s column, It Says Here. Our Paper is to be commended for the covering this controversial topic both in their news and editorial columns. Incidentally, we never go to sleep while reading about the Junior Prom in Student Life; well, hardly ever.

The Cover

Pat Parris’ camera catches Mary Kay Wood, Quad Show principal, in the act of flirting with two other Quad Show principals, Harry Cheshire and Bob Hueste. Cheshire is the sailor boy who appears impressed by what he sees. He ought to know better, but it looks like he’s whistling. Huette is the gentleman who is raising his eyeglass, the better to take it all in. We had a lot of fun making the picture, and hope that you like it too.

Sabotage

Believe it or not, we actually had a picture of a Phi Delt in our picture section, but unfortunately, the proof fell into the hands of a Sig Alpha on the way to the engraver. This Sig Alpha was enraged at the appearance of one of the Phis on the page monopolized by his brothers and proceeded to tear it out. Never mind, Phis, all you have to do to get a full page of Phi Delt pictures in the next Eliot is to invite the Editor to your dance. If you don’t want him, don’t worry about that because the chances are that he’ll be too busy to come anyway.

The Bar Exam

The senior class of the law school went to Jefferson City on George Washington’s birthday to take the Bar Exam. Professor Arno Beet went along with them but not as a chap- eron. Charlie Reed sent a telegram to Dean McClain to inform him of the classes’ resolution not to attend school the following day. However, Prof. Car- nahan was not at all disturbed by the one-day strike, for he proceeded to hold class as usual in spite of the fact that his class was not there to hear him

Records

“Well, it’s good to see you again,” bubbled Mary Jane Monnig as we walked down those steps at “As You Like It.” “Have you heard Jersey Bounce?”

Of course we hadn’t because it was so hot off the Press that it’s still steaming. Well, we listened and bounced with it and now club it Goodman’s new version of “Zaggin’ With Zig.” And we like it. The other side of this B. G. on Okeh is his String of Pearls.

Dorsey is back in his old swing again with “What Is This Thing Called Love?” Connie Holines vocalizes a bit when Rich and Ziggy El- man swing it our royalty.

Are you on a Miller Kick? If so, sit out a session with Story of a Starry Night. He’s grooved it at last and it’s back with Skylark. Hocoy Car- michael’s latest. Eberle soothes sweet syrup on both, quys and gals. Just to prove that swing is here to stay Glen made Chip Off the Old Block. That sounds like a Woody Herman name- sake, doesn’t it? But that lad has forsaken the cats lately and is sawing out shavings like I’ll Remember April, Fooled, You Can’t Hold a Dream in Your Arms. And he’s joined up with Bing Crosby for a chorus or two of Deep In the Heart of Texas. But that rec doesn’t equal Alvino Rey’s of the same name backed by I Said No.

Buy One in the Quad Shop
The Perfect Male Animal

(Continued from page 12)

Webster says that taut means tight. I guess I got taut a lot in college after all.

Now to discuss the "very important requirement." First and foremost, he must be "really nice." There are different stages of being "nice"; these are "nice," "very nice," and "really nice." Of course, "really nice" is the highest in degree, and the most desirable, although the other two will do in a pinch. This thing of being "nice" seems very abstract, but it is easily recognized. When a girl meets a boy, she can tell immediately whether he is "nice" or not. The higher degrees are conferred on further acquaintance. "Nice" means savoir-faire and savoir-vivre. It means having tact and address, knowing what to do and what to say. It means having good manners and knowing how to live. It also means the ability to appreciate the fine things in life—music, art, poetry, and literature. Being "nice" is so important, that after much thought and consideration, I have decided to make it the one big requirement. Allow me, however, to make clear the fact that, unfortunately, niceness can not be acquired except in a few isolated cases. Even a college education will not grant it with a diploma. But, fortunately, everyone is nice in his own little way. Whether one thinks a person is nice or not depends entirely on the variety of niceness the individual prefers.

Perhaps you are thinking that no male as I have described could ever exist except on Mount Olympus or in a college-freshman's imagination. Perhaps you are saying that such a young god could only be found in Valhalla, that such a person belongs in the tales of Greek mythology. Well, perhaps.

Absent-minded Dean (knocking on St. Peter's gate): "C'mon, open up here or I'll throw the whole fraternity out." —Lehigh Burr

Wife: "Don't worry, darling—nobody will look at my face."

--Frivol

Proctor: "Were you copying his paper?"

Student: "No, sir, I was only looking to see if he had mine right."

She's the kind of girl who looks like this, but you think she's just like that.

College Boy: "Do you pet?"

Co-ed: "Sure—animals."

College Boy: "Go ahead then, I'll be the goat."

Doctor: "The best thing you can do is give up cigarettes, liquor and women."

Patient: "What's the next best thing?"
WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY QUADRANGLE CLUB

Presents its
Twenty-fourth Annual Production

SHORE LEAVE

A Musical Comedy in Two Acts

Book by June Stumpe, '43; Homer Bohiman, '42
Music by Angelo Oliveri, '43; John Murrell, '43; Stanley Fredriksen, '35.

March 12, 13, 14, 1942

UNIVERSITY CITY HIGH SCHOOL
University City

THE PRIZE WINNERS

The book of "Shore Leave" by June Stumpe, '43; Homer Bohiman, '42.

"Gallantry for Gobs" by John Murrell, '43
"Dos Aguardientes" by Angelo Oliveri, '43
"Cape Dance" by Angelo Oliveri, '43
"Come to the Fiesta" by John Murrell, '43
"In Magonga They Conga" by John Murrell, '43
"Concentratin' on You" by Angelo Oliveri, '43
"Officer's Song" by Angelo Oliveri, '43
"From Frisco to Pearl Harbor" by John Murrell, '43
"The Triple Threat Chamber of Commerce" by Angelo Oliveri, '43.

Additional Numbers

"When Love Passes You By"; "Scheming Senorita"; "Dancing on the Moon"; "Pledge to America"—by Stanley Fredriksen, '35.

Directors

General Director, Percy Ramsay, '15
Dances Created and Directed by Lalla Bauman (Class of '33)
Singing Chorus Directed by Stanley Fredriksen, '35
Orchestra Directed by Norman Falkenhainer (Class of '28)
Orchestrations and Choral Arrangements by Stanley Fredriksen, '35

THE CAST

(In order of their appearance)

Drum Major — Bill Guest, '44
Pepe — Harold Thomas, '44
Jose — Angelo Oliveri, '43
Chile con Carne — Bill Nebe, '42
The Officer — Joe Hogan, '44
Biff Brown — Ed Evans, '42
Ambassador Gravytrane — Kendall Capps, '44
Lady Tourist — May Ruester, '42
Sally Shaw — Gladys Watkins, '42
Tertulio Raverino — Bob Huette, '44
Spike Finnegan — Harry Cheshire, '42
Martha Butterworth — Lynette Tooley, '43
Conchita — Mary Kay Wood, '44
Mrs. Gravytrane — Patricia Mansfield, '42
Horatio — Larry Lynn, '42
Delivery Boy — Tom Gonterman, '44

Singing Chorus—Girls: Estelle Bachmann, '43; Lillian Barron, '43; Mary Lou Burris, '43; Lourell Campbell, '43; Grace Dee, '44; Dorothy Drewes, '43; Sylvia Extein, '45; Mary Beth Greene, '43; Mary O. Lewis, '44; Harriet Lloyd, '43; Mary Garland Maack, '43; Anne Netherland, '43; Mary Jane Park, '45; Virginia Powers, '44; Jean Raith, '44; Peggy Rider, '45; May Ruester, '42; Betty Ruthven, '42; Elsie Schoenthaler, '42; Betty Sprague, '44; Dorothy Tracey, '42; Pat Wolf, '44.

Boys: Harold Clark, '43; Gerald Devereux, '42; Charles Duke, '43; Robert Gates, '44; Tom Gunterman, '45; Joe Hogan, '44; Bill Hutton, '45; Kraemer Klenischmidt, '45; Robert Kraus, '45; Robert Lee, '44; Warren Metelmann, '42; John Ramsey, '43; William Rider, '44; Reid Ross, '44; Arthur Schmidt, '44; Gary Wood, '43; William Wood, '45; Gerald Yaeger, '45.

Dancing Chorus—Girls: Mary Liz Banks, '44; Lucille Cartier, '42; Betty Jo Conzelman, '45; Florence Dooley, '42; Jean Haumeuller, '45; Dean Maize, '42; Gladys McDonald, '44; Betty Moline, '42; Bettye Polk, '45; Dotty Schue, '43; Nadine Wendele, '44; Mary Jo Zucchero, '45.

Boys: Carleton Bruns, '45; Harold Jolley, '43; Charles Mattes, '42; Melvin Moehle, '44; Norman Nagel, '44; Martin Schneider, '43; Milton Warren, '42.

Orchestra: Herbert Brinton, '44; Bernard Eder, '45; Gordon Gilbert, '44; Sid Goldstein, '42; Ted Horowitz, '42; Kenneth Hundelt, '44; George Johnson, '45; Elmer Kaege, '45; Harry Lazarus, '45; Alan Mehler, '42; John Meredith, '45; Murry Mintz, '43; Paul Roth, '44; Allan Siegel, '45; Bernard Zeld, '45.

THE PLAY

Time: The Present.

Act I—In Magonga, on the western coast of South America.

Act II, Scene 1—The promenade deck of a luxurious cruiser.

Scene 2—In Magonga, on the western coast of South America.
MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I

1. Overture The Orchestra
2. "Gallantry for Gobs" Male Singing Chorus
3. "Gallantry for Gobs" Mr. Evans; Singing Chorus
4. "Since You Came My Way", Mr. Evans; Miss Watkins
5. "Dos Aguardientes" Mr. Capps
6. "Cape Dance" Dancing Chorus
7. "Scheming Senorita" Miss Wood; Singing Chorus
8. "When Love Passes You By" Miss Tookey
9. Finale Entire Ensemble

ACT II

10. Entire Act The Orchestra

Scene 1
11. "In Magonga They Conga" Singing Chorus; Dancing Chorus
12. "Concentratin' on You" Miss Tookey; Mr. Cheshire
13. "Officer's Song" Mr. Cheshire; Ensemble
14. "From Frisco to Pearl Harbor" Mr. Evans; Mr. Cheshire; Male Singing Chorus
15. Entire Act The Orchestra

Scene 2
17. "Dancing on the Moon" Mr. Huette, Miss Haumeuller; Mr. Capps
18. "The Triple Threat Chamber of Commerce" Mr. Nebe, Mr. Oliveri, Mr. Thomas.
19. "Lady Gojiva" Miss Watkins; Ensemble
20. Finale "Pledge to America" Miss Mansfield and Entire Ensemble.

Costumes for the following numbers are by Til-Del Costumers: "In Magonga They Conga," "Cape Dance," men's colonial dress in "Beauties du Valse," and Miss Haumeuller's in "Dancing on the Moon." Also Mr. Capps toreador suit and the dress of Messrs. Nebe, Oliveri, and Thomas.

Costumes for the girls' dancing chorus in "Gallantry for Gobs" are by Miss Anna Conrad.

The sailor suits are through the courtesy of the United States Naval Reserve.

THE GOVERNING BOARD

Ceylon Lewis, '42 President
Robert Breerton, '42 Vice-President
Dorismae Hacker, '44 Secretary in Charge of Personnel
John Schmidt, '42 In Charge of Trips
Clark Garrison, Jr., '43 In Charge of Business
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Marjorie Kammerer, '42 In Charge of Costumes
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Betty Molina, '42 In Charge of Music
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Production Staff: Harold Clark, '45; William Rider, '44; Jordan Singleton, '43.
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