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The **ELIOT**

Washington University • St. Louis, Missouri

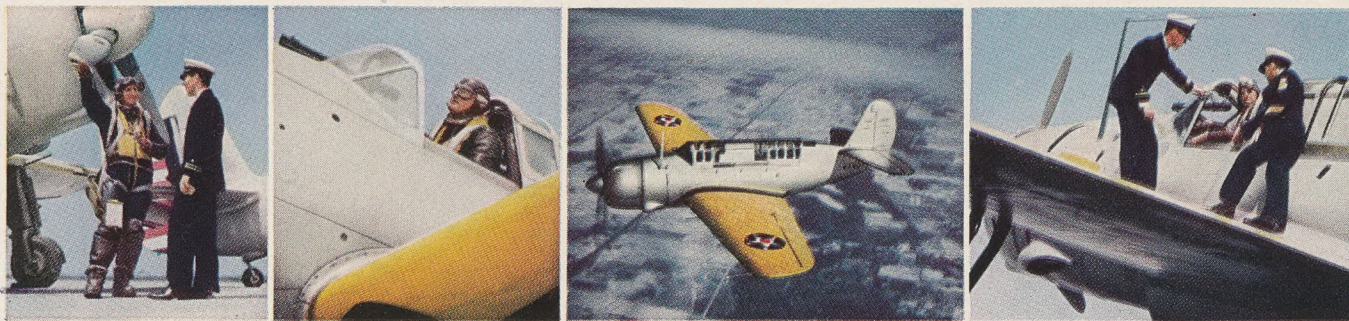
NOVEMBER

1941

15c



XSB2C-1—It's the Navy's new dive-bombing sensation—Test Pilot Bill Ward at the stick



HOW DOES IT FEEL to dive *straight down* from several miles up? Bill Ward knows. He's the test pilot who put this amazing new Curtiss dive bomber through her paces for the Navy. That's Bill (*left, above*) smoking his (*and the Navy man's*) favorite cigarette. He'll tell you—

"YOUR EARS CRACKLE and pop. You think," says Bill, "the whole world's trying to squeeze the daylights out of you. You think maybe they *have*, if things go a little foggy or dark when you're pulling out of your dive." After a ride like that, a Camel tastes mighty welcome.

NOTHING COMES EVEN CLOSE TO
CAMELS WITH ME. THEY'RE **MILDER** BY FAR.
AND, MAN, WHAT A SWELL **FLAVOR**

The *smoke* of slower-burning
Camels contains

**28% LESS
NICOTINE**

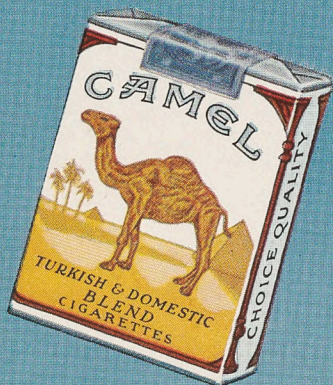
than the average of the 4 other
largest-selling brands tested—less than
any of them—according to independent
scientific tests of *the smoke itself!*



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

**5 EXTRA
SMOKES
PER PACK!**

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



*Test Pilot Bill Ward shares the Navy
man's preference for the cigarette
of costlier tobaccos... Camel*

SPEAKING of tests, Bill Ward adds: "Those recent laboratory tests showing less nicotine in the smoke of Camels only go to prove what I've always found in my smoking—Camels are milder in *lots of ways*. That's what counts with me."

Light up a Camel yourself. You'll know in the first few flavorful puffs why, with men in the service*... with the millions behind them... it's Camels. (*Based on actual sales records in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard.)

**CAMEL THE CIGARETTE OF
COSTLIER TOBACCOS**

ELIOT

NOVEMBER, 1941

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November, 1941

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THIS WAY OUT

an alphabetical listing of places to go

Dinner, Supper, Dancing and Grill

Belvedere Joe—1407 Brentwood Blvd.

This place has long been a favorite with some of the students. However, it has grown in popularity with people from the campus. The food is good and the prices are reasonable.

Busch's Grove—9160 Clayton Rd.

This place is full of old traditions, mounted animals, and good food. If you like this kind of atmosphere on a frosty, fall evening, then this is the place for you.

Candlelight House—7800 Clayton Rd.

The Betas can be found enmass out here, but in spite of this it's a good place to see the Washington U. students. The food is good and the entertainment has enough rhythm to make you want to dance.

Chase Club—Hotel Chase

You can have fun here in a refined sort of a way. You will pay for everything you get, but there is good entertainment, delicious food, and usually a nationally-known orchestra.

Culpeppers—4665 Maryland

With the debutant season in full swing, this place is overflowing with local socialites. If you want to be associated with the upper-crusties then this is the spot for you.

Forest Park—Forest Park Hotel

This place really has a lot of life in it. The drinks are cheap and the entertainment borders on being good, sometimes.

Sid Gates—19 N. Brentwood Blvd.

Sid used to be down on DeBaliviere but he moved out on Brentwood Blvd. this past summer. It's a very attractive place, the drinks are cheap, the rathskeller is a barrel of fun, and Mrs. Gates makes you feel like it's your second home.

Graham's Grill—7901 Forsythe

Roy's corner place still is the one spot where you can be sure of finding a friend. It's dark and a bit on the stuffy side, but the students don't seem to mind and they all have a very rousing good time.

Bill Marritt's—Somewhere on Lindbergh Blvd.

Need I say more than All of us have been there and, no doubt, we will all go back.

Mural Room—DeBaliviere at Watermann

This place is one of the finest of its kind in St. Louis. You will always find a nice, refined, congenial group here. The food is better than excellent, the drinks are cheap and good to boot, and Bud Taylor at the organ furnishes the very best of entertainment.

Ramelkamps—7817 Clayton Rd.

When you "lift a glass" here it has milk in it. But the atmosphere is nice and you can dance by a juke-box.

Richmond—7014 Clayton Rd.

Bob and John will make you feel right at home at any hour of the day or night. It isn't very big, but there is always room for one more someplace. You can have a lot of fun but you have to make it yourself.

Steeplechase—Hotel Chase

There is no doubt that this is a good-looking place, but for my part I like to sit down once in a while. The drinks are better than average, but you will pay for them. The entertainment is pretty good and you will see a lot of people from the Alma Mammy that you know.

Town Hall—Clayton and Big Bend

This is a nice place from the rathskeller downstairs to the corner room upstairs. The next time you're in try their barbecued ham on bun, we guarantee it.

Walnut Room—Gatesworth Hotel

It's small, it's crowded, it's smoky, it's smelly, but for some reason you can always find some people from the hill in here. Maybe it's the entertainment, for corn it isn't half bad.

Max Weber's—Big Bend and University Loop

Max is going to get a man to work the steam table. His prices are meeting all competition. The campus crowd is floating in just as the days of yore have seen many of the campus folk around that corner. This is a good spot to find the real campus life.

Vescovo's—Skinker and Delmar

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

Zodiac—Hotel Chase

Cordell Hull would go for this place in a big way. If you want to be Pan-American go here, you'll hear more rhumbas and congas in one night than you will any other place in St. Louis in a week. Incidentally, it's a bit on the crowded side.

• Mural Room •

Nov,
19

MEMO . . .

Forgot to take Jane
to the Mural Room.

"BUD" TAYLOR
at the Organ

P.S.—Look for the
White Chariot

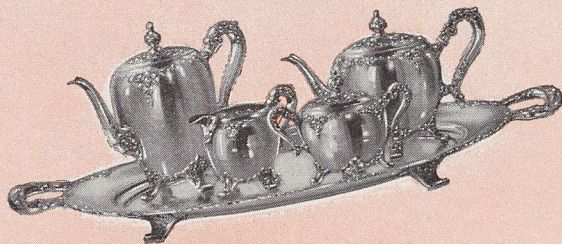
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**"Not Malt, Not Rum,
Not Wine, Not Nuts,
So Help Me, It's Tobacco!"**

6137 No. Meridian St.,
Indianapolis, Ind.
June 27, 1941

Larus & Bro., Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I'm still a young fellow, or like to think so, and as long as I've smoked, I've smoked a pipe. Life for me has been a continual round of trying different tobacco.

I've paid as high as six dollars a pound for the stuff. I've had mixtures made to order.

I've smoked tobacco that tasted like honey, that tasted like rum, that tasted like wine, that tasted like maple sugar, that tasted like nuts, that tasted like burning hickory, that tasted like sweet grass. I once smoked a British blend that tasted like somebody's old tweed suit, so help me.

But Edgeworth—I can't possibly explain it, but Edgeworth tastes an awful lot like tobacco! Possibly it is tobacco and not malt, not apples, not rum, not wine, not something to disguise the taste of a product the manufacturer is ashamed of.

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

(Signed) G. T. Fleming Roberts

NOTE: Mr. Roberts got acquainted with America's Finest Pipe Tobacco by sending in this coupon for a generous sample tin.

SEND FOR SAMPLE (At Our Expense)

LARUS & BRO. CO.
211 So. 22nd St., Richmond, Virginia
Please send me, at your expense, a generous sample of **EDGEWORTH** Ready-Rubbed, America's Finest Pipe Tobacco.

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HI STUDENTS ...

Stop by for a lunch that is student priced — or for your favorite magazine — or just to jelly.

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360 NORTH SKINKER

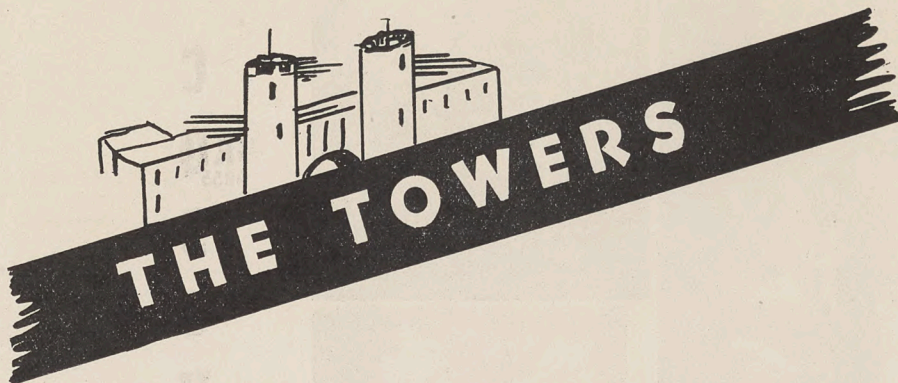
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"Say It With Flowers"

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OCTOBER—A SELL-OUT

Congratulations Bettie Stupp and Pat Wolf. Because of your efforts and those of the girls who worked under you the last issue of **Eliot** not only was a complete sell-out, but also set a new record for cash sales and net profit for a single issue. Ann Carter See turned in the highest number of copies sold and helped place her sorority, Kappa, on top of the list in the sorority competition.

HOME-COMING

It seems like a long time ago,, perhaps because so much has happened in the meantime, but we of W. U. celebrated a homecoming here within the past month. We remember that the Bears and Bud Schwenk put up a grand battle against the Blue-Jays from Creighton. We admired the dignity, poise, and self-possession of the Queen, Miss Hacker; we all had a good time at the dance. High spirits were very much in evidence, or did you notice? But above all we recall the splendid portrayal of home-coming spirit represented by displays assembled by the boys up and down fraternity row. Although Sigma Nu came up with an unusually clever idea and must have given the judges considerable difficulty in reaching their decision—the cup goes to S. A. E., for its colossal Bear—and we think—deservedly so.

HAY HOP

The Sunday Rotagravure Section of a recent **Post-Dispatch** featured pictures of Doris Hartman and the Lock and Chain Hay Hop. Although we of the **Eliot** staff remain firm in our conviction that newspapers in general and S. L. in particular (when we recall the Hedda Gabler review), are inclined to be rather poor critics, nevertheless we must agree with the **Post-Dispatch** in its appraisal of the Hay Hop. It was a great brawl. Everyone had a good time. The Hay was itchy. If you don't believe us turn to the Hay Hop pictures and see for yourself.

THE KICK-OFF

Mona holds the ball and Jane is ready with the whistle as Bill Pufalt gets ready to give the ball a ride—all for the purpose of making **Eliot** a cover. They say that umpire Jane Trampe really knows the rules and technicalities so if you're interested, boys, just get in touch with us . . . we know her phone number; or, if you want to do it the hard way, you might spend your 15c and get a **Ternion**.

On the other hand, if you're not afraid of red-heads we highly recommend—Mona's the name—Mona Shuttleworth, although her last name is a wee bit confusing. What is a shuttle? And what is it worth? Sears Roebuck catalogue and Encyclopedia Britannica equally vague on this subject. Anyhow we like Mona.

WELCOME BACK, WINI!

Wini Bryan has returned to the **Eliot** staff as a member of the literary board of the Panassus Creative Writing Group. We also expect that Wini will lend a hand in the make-up of the magazine for that's where Wini shines, and to put it candidly, **Eliot** doesn't. We hope to announce a Wini Bryan short story pretty soon too, for it looks a little bit bad when the Creative Writing group has to resort to its Editors for stories. (How about it, Charlie?)



ATTENTION WRITERS

The next issue of **Eliot** will come out not long before Christmas. We would very much like to print a story to fit the season. Please pull out your typewriters and summon your muses and give us some Christmas stories. Anything from five hundred to two thousand words will be acceptable. You can easily make **Eliot**.

Stories on any other subject are acceptable, but don't write love stories unless you can make them real juicy or very funny. A love story that flops is a pretty sad affair. Write stories about school life, but don't let your imaginations wander to far in the wrong direction. Too many of the campus life stories seem too unbelievable. It's all right if you want to burlesque campus life, but make it good burlesque if you aren't going to make it serious. Action and adventure stories are usually good, if they can hold your attention.

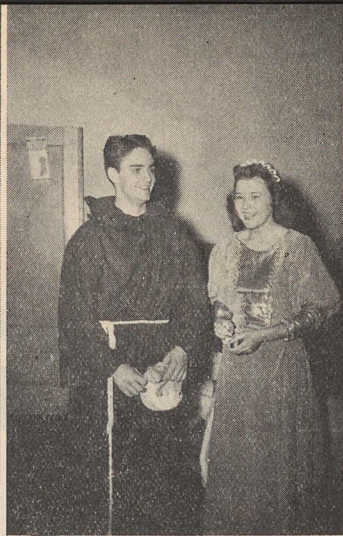
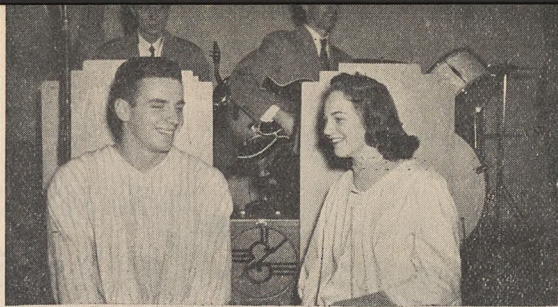
By the time this issue is in the news stands there will be an **Eliot** box in Ridgley. Drop all your contributions in it with your name and phone number. That goes for all contributions, whether for the literary editor, the gossip column, the feature department, the joke page, or anything else you have. Feature writing is a great, wide open field in **Eliot**. If you have ideas and don't want to write them up yourself, drop your suggestion in the box.

Eliot will be deeply grateful and enormously pleased if you will help us out in this.

DAVID HUGHES,
Literary Editor.



C O S T U M E S



— Mary Beth and Big Joe

— Wally and Mickey —

Chapman and Sprague —

— What would you rather be? (See page 10) —

— Emily and the Isolationist

Shofstall and Jackson —

— We recognize Rody

— The face and Eunice —

G. G. and Andy —

— Hatchet and Stoecker

— Parnassus —

We don't recognize her —

ADD THE TOWN

GLAMOUR BOY TECHNIQUE

By MARILYN SCHOWENGERDT

Last month we outlined the essentials for successful glamour boys and, assuming that you have mastered those simple directions, you are now a full-fledged Glamour Boy and ready for Conquest.

The first important step in winning a maiden's heart is to decide into which classification she falls. It would certainly be a faux pas to use, for instance, the Outdoors Girl technique on the Sophisticate, to say nothing of a ridiculous waste of time.

Basically there are four types of girls with whom the Glamour Boy is concerned; namely, the Outdoors Girl, the Sweet, Shy Thing, the Little Home Woman, and the Sophisticated Darling. There is, of course, the Heavy Intellectual, but she and the Glamour Boy have nothing in common except that she probably worships him from afar and secretly wishes she could let down her hair and captivate him. Versatility is the essential in wooing these different types and with a simple metamorphosis you can easily carry away the maiden of your choice. Glamour Boys rarely stick to one girl, so with the mastery of these four different techniques, you can be the darling of them all.

With the Outdoors Girl, you are up with the sun, standing under her window shouting, "Get up sleepyhead, God's in His Heaven, all's well with the world and it's a beautiful day." She awakes charmed, and races down to greet you. Then you wear yourselves to a frazzled exhaustion, putting your horses over hedges, swimming miles against the tide (or the icy length of Tree Court a dozen times in succession), hiking across the beautiful fall trimmed hills, climbing the highest ones, and whizzing through six fast sets of tennis. In any competitive sport you never are beaten, but you may permit yourself to be given a good run for your money. Afterwards you comment on her trick shots and splendid form, which would surely have beaten anyone but you. You might take her ice skating that night, teaching her to figure skate and taking advantage of the moonlight numbers to display your perfect rhythm and make her feel romantic.

You, of course, are always seen in your box at all the important boxing and wrestling matches, ice hockey games, horse and auto races, etc. Every now and then you take her to see her favorite team play, you know all the answers to her questions concerning the sport and, afterwards you call the players over to introduce them to her; you impress her with your reputation as a great sportsman. If you are a letterman at school you capitalize on this, having your fraternity brothers (en masse) escort her to the games and point out your magnificent plays to her. After the game you wave away your crowd of admirers and make straight for her, holding up a damaged arm or limping bravely on a slightly crushed foot.

Your approach to the Outdoors Girl is the brotherly attitude, direct and loaded with sincerity. You take your troubles to her and depend upon her great fairness. "You know me for what I am" is a good line. Your caress must be the muscled type, for remember, she's nothing but a band of steel, too.

You make friends with the parents of the Sweet, Shy Thing, going so far as to become quite pally with her pa. You take her to luncheon in conservatively correct places, ordering her meal for her with firm command. You never take her to naughty plays, but to something like the Great

Waltz and occasionally you allow her a dance or two afterwards. You take her home early, which allows time for some fun later with the Sophisticates. You never lapse into indelicacies in speech or manner before her, but once in awhile you tell her snatches of your exciting past which will make her think you're wonderful. You always pick chaste gifts for her and send her modest bouquets of violets. You let no ungentle person approach her, and if one tries to flirt with her, you are immediately and visibly indignant and appear anxious to duel for her. (But she won't permit you.) Your approach is a tender, protective one. "I'm not worthy of you" is a good start. So is "You are the finest thing in my life."

You woo the Little Home Woman in her home, naturally. You arrive with \$15 worth of theatre tickets in your pocket and make a fine show of tearing them up because just sitting and talking to her is more satisfying. You are up on all the latest household gadgets, and you help her install them. You let her talk about how she is going to fix up her own home after she's married, and you take her suggestions about how to do over the fraternity house. You bully the brothers into letting her come over and change the furniture around (and then they change it back after she's gone). To show your devotion you give her a two-year subscription to something like **House and Garden**, or bring her a cuddly little puppy in your coat pocket. You discuss insect and pest control with her and let her give you seeds from her garden.

The approach is the "Frank and Fair About Everything" technique. You tell her everything about yourself except the Polish interlude, and even go so far as to promise to work in the interests of humanity. A good line is "I'm laying my cards on the table" or "It's asking a lot I know, but could you put up with me?" She will, never fear; there's nothing a woman enjoys so much as making over a man like you.

The Sophisticated Darling will give you the toughest battle for you are meeting on common ground and she already knows and uses all your own tricks. You take her to expensive night clubs, where she is properly bored, or slumming in a dangerous section of the city. You let her drive your convertible. You admire her Schiaparelli's and insist on hats with veils. You match her every escapade with two better and wilder ones of your own. You know all the right people, and when she comes to you with the latest talk of the social world, you smile archly and say, yes, that's what you heard last week. You are always seen at the right places and, occasionally, with a new blonde or a mysterious brunette, but you never explain or let her put you on the defensive.

Careless is the watchword for the approach here. You ask nothing and you promise nothing. Sometime around 4 a. m., when her resistance is below par, you might toss off a casual "Let's do the country, shall we? With a ring and a book and all that, you know" and she may be yours. It must be careless, half as if you were kidding, so you are not left at the post if she laughs you down. A Glamour Boy can stand anything but ridicule. He never loses a battle.

Here you have it, Glamour Boys — Good Luck — you'll need it!

THIRTY FATHOMS

By DAVE HUGHES

Bosun's Mate Jim Ebey was helped onto the diving stage. He grabbed the supporting bails with both hands and looked through the faceplate at the deck of the H. M. S. Newcastle. Air began to rush through the intake valve. He heard Biggs' voice through the phone.

"All right, Jim?"

"All right," he said into the mouthpiece. He could see Biggs signal the winch man. The stage was picked off the deck and swung outboard. He saw the whole crew watching him. That always amused him. He went down three times a day, seven days a week, and still they stopped to watch him. On the bench between a couple of bears sat Smiley, the relief man, in his diving rig minus the helmet. One of the bears had the helmet in his lap. By the lines stood Biggs, Ebey's tender. Biggs was a good tender and had been a good diver in his younger days. There was no one Ebey would rather have topside than Biggs. As the stage slowly rotated he caught sight of the bridge with the Commander on it calmly smoking his pipe. Beside the old man was the quadruple machine gun with a seaman on duty. On top of the wheel house stood a sailor slowly scanning the sky with his binoculars. Looking for planes. Those bloody planes, thought Ebey. If only he could stop thinking of those planes. Sooner or later they would come down over the Newcastle with guns blazing and bombs dropping. He would not hear them thirty fathoms down on the decks of the Madagascar.

The water was closing over his head now. The muffled sound of voices and the rattle of the winch no longer came to him. Except for the rush of air he was in a world of silence. The stage stopped at two fathoms so that he could check his valves. Above him and to the left was the green, barnacle encrusted hull of the Newcastle. Above him and to the right was the mirror like surface looking like an inverted pool of mercury, wavy mercury. All around was the cool, green water. Through the lower face plate he could see the descent line stretching down into the vague depths. At the other end of it lay the S. S. Madagascar, sunk by torpedo in the first year of the war. She had been carrying a shipment of gold to the States when the U-boat got her four hundred miles out of Belfast. The admiralty had ordered the salvage of the gold. Ebey, Smiley and the other divers had been transferred from their regular naval posts to the H. M. S. Newcastle in order to accomplish the feat. They had been working six weeks now, and the job was almost over. There were only thirty-five ingots left. It should not take more than three days to get them up. If no planes found them for three more days, they would be safe. Just three more days.

The stage started down rapidly. Ebey swallowed frequently to relieve the pressure on his ears. The descent line passed quickly by, coming up from the dark green below, and disappearing into the light green above. Finally the stage stopped. Fifteen fathoms down. From here on he must slide down the descent line by himself.

Biggs' voice came down through the phone. It sounded muffled and high. The pressure always made it sound like that. When you go deep enough, you sometimes couldn't make out what the tender was saying. Then you had to use the life line to signal with. Ebey liked the life line better anyway. It stopped troublesome questions from



coming down through the phone. Biggs' voice came again.

"Are you all right, Jim? The stage is at fifteen fathoms."

"All right."

He moved slowly to the edge of the stage and swung one lead booted foot around the line. He grabbed the hemp with both hands and pushed off. Only three days more. If only the planes would hold off for that time it would be all right. They had been there six weeks and the planes hadn't come. Three more days and they would be safe. Ebey wondered why the old man had put on two lookouts instead of the usual one that morning. Well, he wouldn't think about it. He had work to do. He looked down the line. He could just barely make out the dim hulk of the Madagascar. As he went down farther, her outlines became sharper. She was lying with a slight list to port. Moss and marine growths covered the grey paint in most places. He landed by the companionway just aft of the fore mast. He called into the mouthpiece.

"Topside, there. On the bottom."

Down came the distant voice of his tender.

"Topside check. On the bottom. Stand by for a line."

A moment later a rope slid down the descent line. It was used to haul ingots along the passage way. He un-snapped its catch and hooked it onto his belt. Then with his spotlight in one hand he started down the companionway. Now he was on his own. Once he got into the passage way, Biggs could not help him. If he got into trouble, he would have to hold out until Smiley could get his helmet on and get down to him.

He was slowly walking along the passage. You couldn't move very fast in a diving rig. Blindfolded, he knew this part of the boat. It was clear now, much different from the time he had first come down. Then mattresses and bloated bodies had waited for him at the foot of the steps. He would always remember how they

had followed him along the corridor, how for one horrible moment he thought the corpses had come to life. But then he remembered the suction he created in moving through the water. Those things were all gone now. The divers had worked two days, clearing the way. Now all the bodies and mattresses were securely locked in the staterooms.

He arrived at the strong room and ducked his head to get through the small door. He walked over to the other side of the chamber where the ingots lay and put a hitch around two of them.

"Haul away, easy," he sung out.

The ingots began to move slowly across the floor as the man at the winch topside took up the slack. Ebey followed them. He had to make sure that they didn't get caught on anything. Suddenly they stopped. The rope slackened.

"Topside, there. Haul away."

Down through the phone came the high pitched voice.

"A plane, Ebey, it's come, just like you said. Don't worry, we'll shoot it down."

Ebey sat down, dazed. Three days to go and a plane had come. The Nazis had known about the gold all along. They were just waiting until the job was almost through. Until he was down inside the Madagascar, caught like a rat with no chance of escape. The first concussion would kill him. He had once seen a diver who had fallen through fifteen fathoms under water. The rapid change in pressure had squeezed him out of his suit into his helmet. Just like toothpaste. The change in pressure of a fifteen fathom drop would be nothing compared to that produced by a five hundred pound bomb.

Biggs' voice came again.

"They're diving on us, Jim. We'll keep the compressor going, but we can't do much else for a while. Just sit tight. Everything will be——. They're turning to come back, They just shot the stack to blazes. I think they got Smith. He's lying in the scuppers. There's blood all over. That's where I am. In the scuppers. They're coming in now. I think we got them. No, maybe next time——"

Ebey could hear gun fire and screams. Then he heard Biggs again.

"The bloody bastards, they got me. Sit tight, Jim. We'll pull through, damn their souls, we'll pull through." His voice trailed off. Ebey could hear sounds of muffled shouts and the hammering of the guns. Maybe he was lucky to be down there. He certainly couldn't be shot through thirty fathoms of water. If only they wouldn't drop bombs.

Then it came, the bomb. A terrific roar filled his ears. He felt as if he had been hit in the chest. Everything went black. When he came to, he was sitting on the floor of the strong room. His head hurt, and he was breathing with difficulty, but he was still alive. He wasn't crammed up in his helmet at all. He had been wrong about the concussion. Probably being inside the Madagascar had helped him. The air was still coming, so his lifeline and hose were intact. He could still hear sounds in the phone, so the electrical connections were good. He called to Biggs, but there was no answer. He wondered what had happened. Someone began to talk into the phone.

"Are you all right, Ebey. It's me, Smiley, talking."

"I'm fine. How goes it topside?"

"Things are pretty bad. That bomb holed us on the port bow. We're sinking fast. It must have been their last

one, because they've gone. Get on deck at once. We'll pull you up in time."

Ebey began to sweat. The ship was sinking. Funny, that he had never taken that into account. It was so natural a thing to think of. He almost ran along the corridor. He scrambled up the slippery ladder and bumped his helmet into solid iron. The door had been blown shut. It was a miracle that his pipe had not been cut. He began to beat on it with his hands. He was trapped. No, he had to cool down. The three rules. Be calm. Keep cool. Use your head.

He turned the latch and pushed the door. It opened easily. It had been shut by the explosion, and the latch had slipped into place. It was a good thing that he had calmed down. Imagine that; the door had closed and the latch had slipped into place just as if it had been shut by human hands. They would never believe him when he told them that.

Now he was out on the deck. He shouted joyously into the mouthpiece.

"Topside, I'm coming up. Haul away."

"Topside check. We're hauling."

Nothing happened. Smiley's voice came down.

"On the bottom. Check your line. It's fouled."

Ebey looked at the companionway. The line from his suit curled lazily into it, but the line coming out of it to the surface was stretched taut. It was caught somewhere in the passage. He had to go back down. He was having difficulty keeping calm, but he forced himself to it. He climbed down the ladder and followed the line along the corridor. Smiley's impatient voice came down to him.

"On the bottom, there. Hurry. The bow is awash."

He found the foul and cleared it. The line had been caught on one of the Madagascar's pipes. Once again he started for the deck. Again he heard Smiley.

"On the bottom. Hurry, for God's sake. We're going down."

Ebey climbed the ladder to the deck. He spoke into the transmitter.

"Topside. All clear. Haul away."

No sound came down to him. He spoke again.

"Topside. Haul away, there."

He was screaming now.

"Topside. Topside. Topside——"

Silence greeted him. All he could hear was the rush of the air through the intake, and even it seemed weaker than usual. It was weaker. It was getting weaker and weaker. With a few hissing coughs it stopped. He was surrounded by cool, green silence. He had three minutes of air left in the helmet. If they didn't start the compressors in that time he would die. Why didn't they pull him up anyway. He'd take a chance on the bends.

Ebey sat down on a hatch. He had to keep quiet to conserve oxygen.

Then he saw it. He rose to his feet. At first he didn't realize what it was, but soon there was no doubt. It was unbelievable and incredible. The Newcastle! The dark shape glided smoothly towards the Madagascar. Its stern hit only thirty feet away. It stood there for a moment with its bow pointed slightly upwards, and then the bow came down and settled far out to port. A great cloud of muck arose and obscured the scene.

THE LOW DOWNS

The ELIOT research department has gone to great expense to interview famous actors. Are football players nuts? Are BMOC's screwy? Re Anne

What Would You Rather . . . Eat?		Do?	See?	Be, If An Animal?	Be, If a Bird?	Touch?
Bud Schwenk Football Hero	A good steak	Graduate	Hitler's funeral	A man . . . if not that, a tiger	A parrot	Money
Bill Harting Campus Leader	Applesauce	Fly an airplane	Boulder Dam, or a live Dinassaur	A horse	A falcon	The moon
Gladys Watkins Campus Leader	Fried chicken, lobster	Ride horseback or swim	Wide open spaces	A dog	An eagle	Jade
Charlie French Everything	Narrowing it down to food, filet of sole and chilimac	Keeping it on a high plane, a good party	Good football game	Male animal, a lion	A penguin on a hot day	Folding money
Emily Cronheim Student Life	Chocolate cake	A conversation in keeping with my mood at the moment	A good show	Teddy bear	Swallow	Soft hair
Bill Cassilly Hatchet Ed.	Chicken dinner	Fool around	The boys at Grahams	A monkey	A parrot	Pet a poodledog
Jack Meletio Joe College	Spaghetti, froglegs	Sit at the Hotel New Yorker with a good crowd, good drinks and good music	A beautiful woman	A rabbit	A bluebird	A woman**
Marjorie Kammerer Queen	Steak	Go to a sorority dance	Foreign countries	Cat	A peacock	Velvet
Courtney Heineman Actor-Writer	Shrimp	Write	Dakin Williams on the stage	A dog	A penguin	Typewriter
Dutch Lutz Kampus King	A big, juicy steak		A beautiful blind date (for a change)	A bear	A wild fowl, so I could migrate	Whew! I can tell you that over the phone
Eunice Haddaway Popularity	Cookies	Dance or swim	A good setup for for a good time, like houseparties or a dance	A dog	A redbird	Soft hair
Bill Lemen Band Leader	Anything	Be a success with my band	Smiling faces on a bright, sunny day	A honeybear	The rarest bird there is	Money
Marcia Toensfeldt Actress	Steak	Travel, read	Mountains	Deer	Seagull	Fur
Sam Lambert Student Life Editor	"Eliot." It must be good for something	Have a vacation	The Grand Theater on opening night	A dog	A seagull	Something soft and smooth

**Jack alone has the courage of his convictions. He's the only man who wouldn't change this answer when he learned it was in the publication.

THE HIGH UPS

Opening you this important psycho-analysis of various campus characters.
Re Anne (Freud) See has to say on the subject.

CONCLUSIONS

Bud has all the qualities of the traditional male of the species. He is virile, practical, strong and independent. He has a new mind and always has his eye on fundamental issues. These things plus his natural ability make him a great football player. He is likable and has a sly, rather mature sense of humor. I predict a successful business career for Bud.

In general, Bill is a pretty unaffected sort of fellow with sincere and simple tastes. But he has a strange imagination and longing for adventure, which may lead him off to Africa or the South Pole. You can tell he's an engineer without looking at him in Trenton. Prediction: he'll talk business at the dinner parties his beautiful wife makes him attend.

Gladys has a combination of friendly and sophisticated tastes. She is democratic, but demands a certain level of culture. She is ambitious, energetic, and sure of her own mind. The feminine trick of dominating without appearing to do so comes natural with her. Gladys will get somewhere, wherever she wants to go.

Somewhere way down deep Charlie must be serious, but he never lets anyone know it. He is the personification of a sense of humor along with a good mind, originality and liveliness. At times Charlie is tactless and doesn't seem to care whether or not he makes friends. He is a little over confident and conceited. Charlie probably wants a gutter if he can't have a castle, but he'll end up somewhere between — a lot of territory, but he needs it.

I don't have to tell you that Emily is intelligent or that she gets things done. But, like all successful business-women, she really wants to go butterflying. And the man who can overlook her efficiency will find he has romance and comfort as well. At a guess — I think it's a good one — she's in love right now.

Bill accomplishes a lot and probably always will, but at heart he's the laziest man at Washington. He's a nice, amiable person, friendly and full of fun. Bill doesn't ask for a lot out of life, and he'll be in a state of pleasant surprise during most of it, for he can succeed at almost anything. Bill will make a swell husband, but his wife will call him "Dagwood" to herself.

Jack is as happy-go-lucky as they come. He never worries. People are life to him and he'll always have plenty around him, for he has a distinctive and likable personality. His aesthetic appreciation keeps him from being too much of a "Joe College." Jack isn't serious or ambitious, but he is one of those people who have uncanny luck. He may be bossing us all the day.

Marjorie happens to be a lot of things besides a Queen. She likes all sorts of things and all sorts of people and is quite versatile. Marjorie is a little spoiled, but deservedly so. She has an outstanding character and strong will power. It's hard to predict what she'll do, but here's a warning: It will take a mighty remarkable man to keep her under control.

Courtney is the boy that should go to New York. The big city can give him what he wants better than the old home town. He is quite serious (could it be Marguerite?) and he is sure enough of himself that he doesn't need old friends around to cheer him on. What he wants now is success in his career; he's always had friends.

I don't know what I can figure out of these answers, but I'll try. Dutch has imagination, charm, and a terrific sense of humor. His main characteristic is his love of people, and in general, it's a mutual admiration society. He'll always be the life of the party, but I hope he's more ambitious than his answers show, so that he'll be able to afford some parties to be the life of.

Euny's answers show that she's just the type of person she wants to be. She is friendly, affectionate and full of fun. She's definitely a party girl, but she is sincere and loyal, too. These characteristics and her eternal optimism result in plenty of friends, which is what she wants. It will be hard for her to settle down, but she'll be a grand wife when she does.

Bill has learned to be practical, but underneath he's a pure romanticist. He's willing to work hard and to go through a lot to reach his goal, but he wouldn't step on a flea if it were in his way. He'd better stay away from women till he's successful. Then I think his wife and pals will mean as much to him as his work. And he'll make a wonderful father.

Marcia is serious. She has the ability but not the "temperament" of an actress. She is very intelligent, idealistic, and shyly affectionate. Marcia likes freedom, but she's apt to sacrifice it for the sake of duty. She has a deep appreciation of beauty of all things immaterial. Prediction: She'll really be a "help-mate" and a good one.

To the uninitiated these answers may sound like the blah answers that any tired businessman might dictate to his secretary. Anyone who understands them at all will realize that they give away the low type of character that the editor of "Student" must naturally have. However, I hesitate to say what they mean, as we do not print that sort of thing in "Eliot".

Always tell everyone that he should get married. Bachelors are just so many paramecium. And no old maid ever wanted to be one.

CHANCE ON LOVE

By DAKIN WILLIAMS

THE RAIN beat violently over the roof of the taxi when suddenly the tires scraped against the curb, the door swung open, and two young men stepped out, paid their fare and disappeared into the noisy, smoke-filled brightness of the Club Casino. It was with difficulty that the two Nebraskans made their way through the throng of merrymakers assembled to drown out the dampness of New Year's night.

An air of gaiety, frivolity, laughter and drinking pervaded the atmosphere and from the ceiling hung confetti and balloons — remnants of the last night's revelry. Little evidence was there here of the dismal, cold and sleet without in this, the most risqué and notorious of the waterfront dives. But Los Angeles was like that in winter — travelogues to the contrary — for after the parade — the Tournament of Roses — it steadily began to turn cold and clouds began to gather over the mountains and settle over the Rose Bowl and the Stanford-Nebraska game.

But the game was only a minor incident of the trip west for Jerry and Sam — ten whole days of night clubs, movie stars, and drunken brawls — miles, yes, miles away from home and studying and school. The game was only a small part of the whole affair. True, it could have turned out differently — Nebraska should have won — but that was over and past. Tonight was the present, tonight was life, adventure, and Sam especially was eagerness itself in anticipation for whatever the night might bring.

The Casino bar was a dazzling structure extending across one entire side of the hall. Its color — bright vermilion — cast a brilliant reflection in the huge mirrors suspended behind, and bronze nudes, symmetrically interspaced in the foreground, spelled out the theme of streamlined modernism characteristic of the century which created it. Here was the center of attraction, and Sam and Jerry seemed gradually to be drawn in that direction as a magnet pulls bits of iron filings over a sheet of paper.

Of secondary importance, perhaps, but also a center of activity in its own sphere, was the roulette table, shoved back against a wall in a half-hearted attempt at concealment. At times you could distinguish the sound of the wheel spun by the croupier and the monotonous "four on red — two on black — six on red."

Across the room the Ink Spots could be heard droning in full harmony over the din of voices to the strain

"tonight while our hearts are aglow . . .
oh, tell me the words that I'm longing to know"



It was intermission time for the floor show and the six-piece band. Soon the master of ceremonies would come out and introduce the little girl with the song and dance, but in the interim the Wurlitzer was going full blast, and over on a far side table bald-headed men were singing "Sweet Adoline, my Adoline" to the accompaniment of mugs of dripping beer. And the bartender was raising his voice in a vain effort to comprehend the desires of his impatient clientele (among whom were our two young friends).

"One bourbon high," shouted Jerry. "I'll take a zombie," added Sam with a glance in Jerry's direction, but Jerry hadn't noticed for his eyes were fastened on an attractive little girl in a very brief skirt of a cut similar to that of the Stanford cheerleader. She was selling cigarettes and was coming their way. "Cigars, cigarettes, cigars, cigarettes?"

"Make mine Luckies," said Jerry fumbling nervously at his pocket. "Attractive, isn't she," said Jerry, obviously pleased by the girl's quick smile when he told her to keep the change.

"Yes," Sam agreed, "in a sexy sort of way."

The drinks were on the bar before them when they turned around. Jerry expressed surprise at the size of Sam's glass, and arched his brows a trifle when Sam said "Zombie". Sam was really getting off to a fine start, thought Jerry, beginning to wonder if he was going to have to carry Sam home again as he did Christmas Eve. But Jerry's thoughts were interrupted by a soft, feminine voice. Sam and Jerry turned quickly about to be confronted by a lady with dark brown hair and rouge on her cheeks.

A thin stream of smoke issued from her mouth and rose up into their faces. "Name's Sue," she said, showing a row of sparkling white teeth. "Lil said you looked lonely — you know Lil — the little girl in red who sells cigarettes — so I thought I'd come over and see what I could do about it. What ya been doin'?"

"Just havin' a drink or two," said Jerry. "Won't you join us?"

"Don't mind if I do," she said and smiled — this time at Sam who was blushing to his ears with excitement.

"What'll it be then, Sue," said Jerry.

"Why I think it'll be a little scotch and soda, thank you. Suppose you fellows heard the game this afternoon?"

"Heard it!" exclaimed Sam, "I'll say we did — we saw the game."

"We're from Nebraska," added Jerry, "came up for the game."

A coincidence — Sue was from Nebraska, too — Omaha you know — O-mah-hah. With the formalities accomplished, Sue became even more agreeable, and after the second round of drinks, made a startling suggestion.

"How about comin' up to my apartment, boys, it's not far from here, and perhaps we could have ourselves a little party — just the three of us?"

A faint smile crossed Jerry's lips. Jerry was not among the uninitiated in that game, but before Jerry could open his mouth, Sam had accepted.

"How about it Jerry, you're comin' aren't you?"

The lady with brown hair and rouge on her cheeks had left to get her hat — and Jerry wasn't going — "No, three's a crowd you know," besides — well — Jerry thought it would be fun to take a whirl or two at roulette — and perhaps he'd drop in later. But Sam was in a fever of excitement. Never had the thought of anything like this entered his head — adventure — yes, and then some.

In the few minutes that passed before the return of their new-found companion, Jerry took his leave of Sam, but before he left, he persuaded Sam to leave his wallet with Jerry, and to take only his coin purse and about three dollars in change. The thirty odd dollars in Sam's wallet was all he had to take him back to Nebraska tomorrow, so, perhaps, it would be the safest thing, thought Sam, to entrust it to Jerry, and hereby be relieved of all care in its regard — and consequently, the more free to give himself over to the pleasures of the evening.

The wind blew a gust of rain in their faces when Sam opened the door for his paramour, and the two stepped gingerly over the torrent of water which raged beneath their feet as they entered into the back seat of a taxi waiting conveniently at the door. Sue nestled close to Sam, as the driver adjusted the window wiper and put the cab in gear. The scent of a rich perfume filled Sam's nostrils. It was "Cue for Passion." He could feel the warmth of his companion's body against his own as they passed through the narrow streets of the water front district to come to an abrupt stop before a four-story flat. The street was dark and the lamplight filtering through the rain cast a sinister glare on the cab-man's face as he gruffly acknowledged Sam's tip and drove his machine out into the darkness, leaving behind him his two passengers who were losing no time in getting out of the rain into the shelter of the hall-way.

Sam thought they would never reach the top of the stairway, and was panting perceptibly as they reached the third landing and turned off into a dark corridor lined with numbered doors. This last excursion, coupled with the previous excitement, had caused Sam's heart to pound violently against his ribs, and he failed to notice the number of the door which opened to the touch of his companion's hand. The click of a light switch filled the room with a bewildering brightness, which had the effect of blinding Sam as he stepped into it and sank exhausted on a davenport pushed back against the wall.

In a few seconds Sam succeeded in getting back his breath, but in that time his lady friend had disappeared into the recesses of the apartment and the sound of muffled voices seemed to issue from the rear, yet Sam couldn't be certain from just where, for the blood was throbbing violently against his temples and objects seemed to move back and forth before his eyes. While Sam was trying to focus his glance on a dark object on the far side of the room, the lady with the brown hair and rouge on her cheeks had reappeared and was carrying a tray with two glasses, which she set on a table to the right of the

davenport, and turning toward the dark object, which turned out to be nothing more than a cupboard, she withdrew a decanter and filled the glasses with liquid.

By this time Sam had completely regained his composure and was looking forward to having a lively time. And what better way to commence a party than by a good stiff drink. There was something about that drink that Sam couldn't quite put his finger on — seemed a little too sweet — but then what can you expect for nothing, thought Sam as he finished it off in a drought. Sam began to feel strangely happy now and sleepy too. He wanted to put his head against Sue's neck and rest his forehead upon her dark brown hair. With one arm draped across her back and an empty glass in his hand, Sam sank down into a deep, deadly sleep.

The morning sun was beating down on Sam's face when he awoke, and for quite a while Sam had difficulty in making up his mind where he was, how he happened to be here on a hard stone step in front of a four-story rooming house. Then, too, his thinking processes were hampered no little by a splitting headache. In order to remedy this latter ailment, Sam raised himself on his feet and made his way to a drug store only a few doors away, and ordered an alka-seltzer. Soon things became clearer to Sam, and he began to recall the Club Casino, the cigarette girl, and the lady with dark brown hair and rouge on her cheeks. Suddenly he remembered Jerry and how queerly he had acted in refusing to come along and in insisting that Sam leave his wallet behind.

Instinctively, Sam placed his hand in the place where his wallet had been replaced by the coin purse, and suddenly the full meaning of the night's escapade dawned on him. The purse was gone — he'd been robbed — taken in — and the whole purpose of the party was to get his money; and the drink — he remembered it all now — the drink was a Mickey. But, then, it certainly could have been worse — thirty bucks worse! Sam shuttered to think of it, and then, what was most unbearable of all — was to think of the razzing he would get from Jerry. These were Sam's thoughts as he borrowed a nickle to phone Jerry to come and rescue him from his predicament.

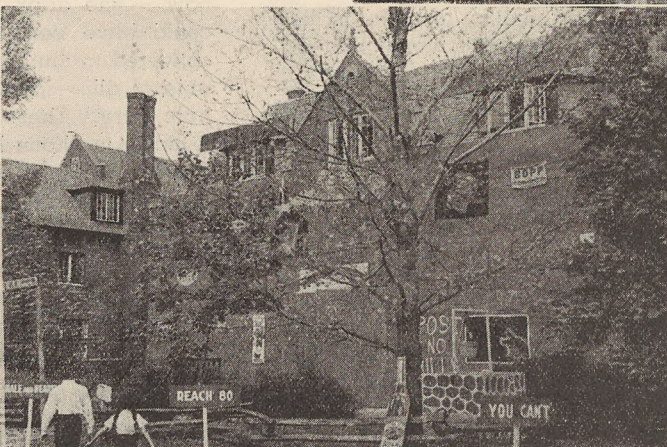
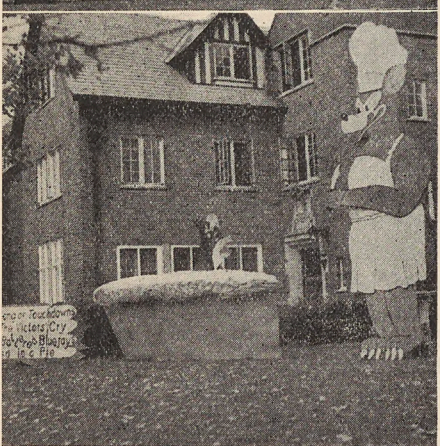
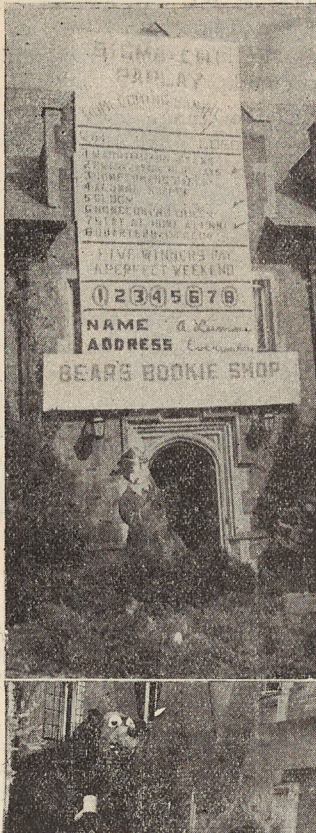
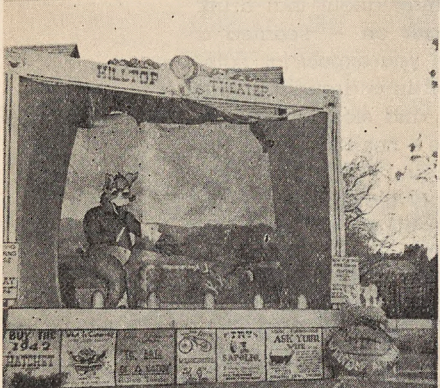
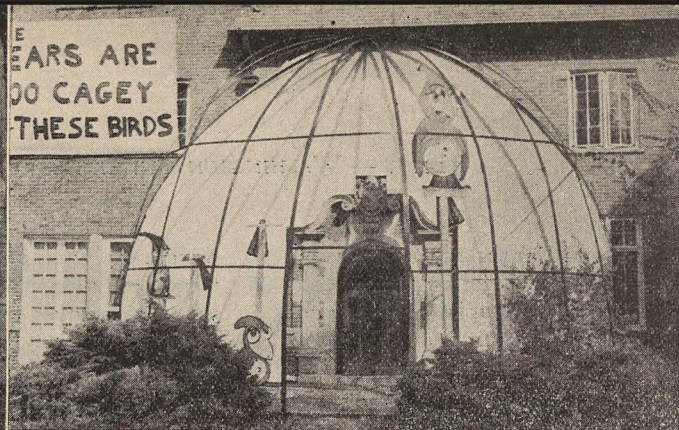
Sam was wondering which would be the best way — the easiest way of breaking the news to Jerry — with the least possible humiliation. Might as well make a clean breast of it, he thought.

Jerry was slow in answering the phone. Probably sound asleep. At last the click of the receiver being taken off the hook sounded, and Jerry's voice, not as Sam expected, angry and irritated, but undeniably Jerry's.

"Sam, this is me, Jerry. Sorry I couldn't get away to meet you—lost my shirt."

Sam didn't understand—what the hell did Sam care if Jerry couldn't find his shirt. Same became impatient. "I say I'm at the G. drug store and lost my money. You'll have to put on some clothes, get a cab, and get me out of here."

Jerry mumbled a few more words and suddenly Sam understood. Jerry had been gambling. It was Sam's shirt he'd lost—Sam's thirty bucks. Well, they'd have to wire home for more dough, but somehow Sam didn't feel so badly about it. In fact he felt almost relieved—for at least there wouldn't be much Jerry could say when Sam told him about his relatively inexpensive chance on love.

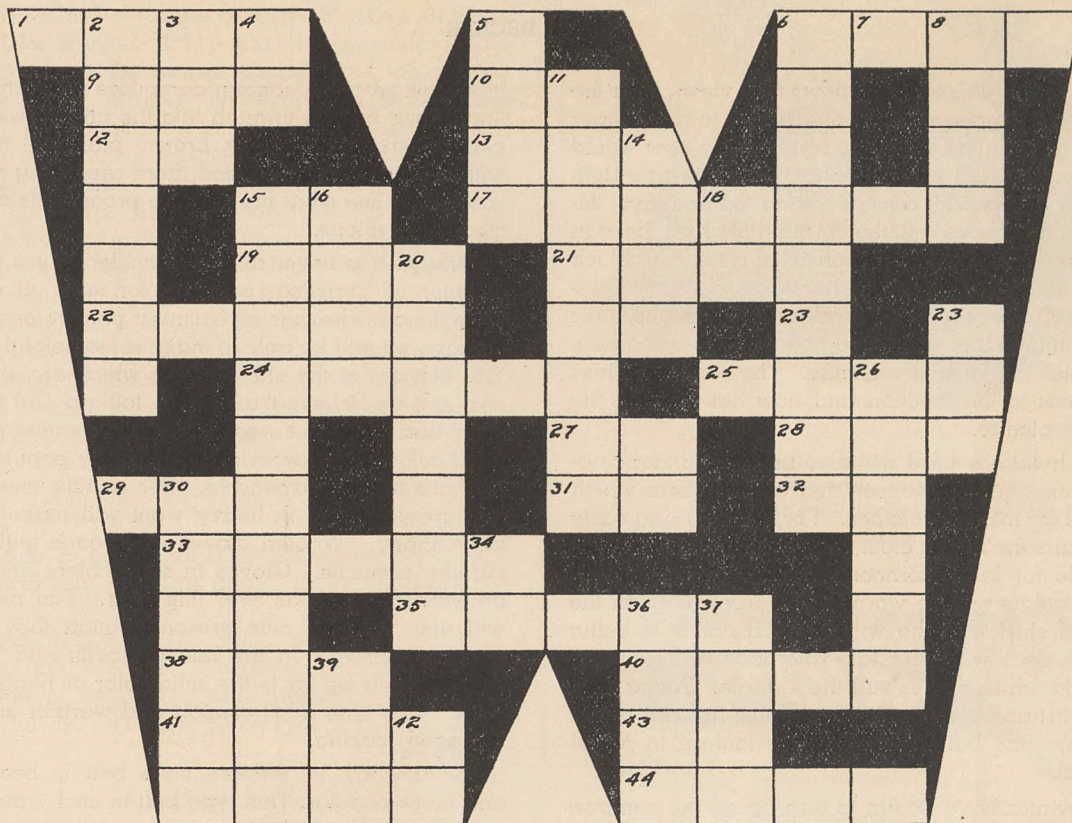


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- Phi Delt Bungalow —
- The Betas Entertain —
- The Big Bear Wins —
- The Drunken Sigma Nus —
- Theta Xi Aviary —
- Sig Chi Book Shop —
- Kappa Alpha Barn —

FIGURE THIS ONE OUT

By NANCY ROEDER



ACROSS

- 1. Physics building.
- 6. Engineer's honorary.
- 9. Anger.
- 12. Spanish for **of**.
- 13. Article.
- 15. Preposition.
- 17. Engineer's hangout.
- 21. Get up.
- 22. Name of this magazine.
- 24. Name of well known music magazine.
- 25. A professor of a well known music magazine.
- 27. Negative.
- 28. Senior men's honorary.
- 29. Consume.
- 31. French for **in**.
- 33. What the weather does
- 35. A Mizzou football player.
- 38. What you put on a rusty hinge.
- 40. W. U. football player
- 41. W. U. coach minus the **s**.
- 43. The "one man team" (initials).
- 44. Halt.

DOWN

- 2. Well known library.
- 3. Iron.
- 4. You and I.
- 5. Military training.
- 6. Woman's scientific honorary.
- 8. Psychology building.
- 11. Junior men's honorary.
- 14. Form of poetry.
- 15. What all freshmen have to go through.
- 16. Part of the anatomy.
- 18. Biological honorary.
- 20. Stooge.
- 23. Liquid used in pens.
- 26. What Dakin Williams is.
- 30. English professor.
- 34. French for **yes**.
- 36. What the tide does.
- 37. Take it easy.
- 39. Allow.
- 42. Editor of Hatchet (Initials)

(For solution See Page 20)

He kissed her on the ruby lips,
It was a harmless frolic.
And though he kissed her only once,
He died of painter's colic.

—Yellow Jacket.

Father (peeping timidly into fraternity house living room): "Does John Smith live here?"
Voice from inside: "Yes, bring him in."

—Columns.

One Co-ed: "Why don't you wear that lovely lingerie you got for your birthday?"
Second Same: "Oh, I'm saving that for a windy day."

God gave us two ends. One to sit on . . . and the other to think with. A man's success depends on which end he uses most. It's a case of HEADS YOU WIN—TAILS YOU LOSE.

Gently, he pushed her quivering shoulders back against the chair. She raised beseeching eyes in which faint hope and fear were struggling. From her parted lips, the breath came in short, wrenching gasps. Reassuringly, she smiled at her.

Bzzzzzz went the dentist's drill.

—Yellow Jacket.

"This dress is rather long for me. Do you have anything shorter?"

"No, I'm sorry I don't," replied the saleswoman. "May I suggest that you try the collar department?"

—The Log.

"What kind of dress did Betty wear to the party last night?"

"I don't know; I think it was checked."

"Boy, that must have been some party!"

—Skipper.

THE NEWEST THING

By BOB DECKER

Last month we promised some news and views from the style front. We expressed our opinions as to the proper fashions for winter in the last issue so probably now would be a good time to start on clothes for the Christmas Holidays. With all the sorority dances during the holidays, the average man will need all the formal apparell he can afford. A complete outfit would consist of a tail suit, black patent leather shoes, white vest, white tie, and black Chesterfield topcoat. Here on the Washington Campus, tails have been coming more and more popular and are gradually taking the place of the tuxedo. The tail suit gives more smartness to the function and now has pushed the tux out of the picture.

During the holidays there will also be an abundance of cocktail parties, informal dances and get togethers which naturally call for informal clothes. For morning and early afternoon affairs the covert cloth or tweed sport suit is very popular while for late afternoon wear darker and more conservative colors will be worn. For early afternoon the British striped shirt with the wide spread collar is being worn a great deal while for late afternoon and evening wear, the solid white shirt is still the favorite. Along with the striped shirt and rough suit, knitted ties in solid colors and stripes are fine but for evening the foulard in pastel shades is best.

Shoes for winter have begun to turn up on the campus. probably the best by far is the reddish brown English extra high shoe made of saddle leather. This shoe

has been worn on eastern campuses for many years and finally has broken through into the middle west. Another popular shoe is the dark brown, plain toe military shoe, with the buckle. More and more are being worn so you can easily see what the defense program is doing toward creating fashions.

Perhaps it is better also to consider at this time, the old question of Christmas presents, for men. If the reader, I hope there is one, has a particular person for whom to buy perhaps we will be able to make some helpful suggestions. Ties are one of the old favorites which are given as presents and we believe that the silk foulard and the solid knit is the best for winter wear. Socks are another old stand-by. Solid color heavy wool socks are very popular at present and are not too expensive. For a little more expensive gift, argyle plaids in heavy wool will make the receiver very happy. Woolen gloves and scarfs will make very popular presents. Gloves in solid colors and plaids will be worn as much as ever this year. Tan pigskin gloves will also make a nice present though they are a little more expensive. In the line of scarfs and mufflers, the most popular by far is the solid color or plaid in a knitted wool. This type adds comfort and warmth as well as being good looking.

The cowboy or western style belt is becoming more and more popular. This type belt is usually made of a natural tan leather with three layers of leather. Designs are finely cut into leather and darnened, thus giving the leather a roughed appearance. This type belt makes a nice, yet inexpensive present.

Sweaters also make a nice gift of a personal nature. Cashmere and camels hair sweaters will be appreciated but they are fairly expensive. Also argyle sweaters are becoming popular for both men and women alike.

Then again parents will be wondering about what to give their favorite son. All the things previously mentioned make nice presents. Yet if the older folks do desire to spend a little more money, a nice present would be a dozen Brooks button-down shirts, a camels hair topcoat or perhaps a plaid sport coat. All of these things are very popular with the college group and will probably be more useful than other gifts.

After Christmas and all these presents are exchanged we believe we have found the ideal outfit for campus wear. It consists of dark brown grain leather shoes with little or no perforations. Along with this should be worn argyle plaid socks. The tan or brown heavy tweed suit is also our pick and should be worn under the double breasted camels hair coat. If, however, the wearer likes a gray tweed or flannel suit better, he may wear the black Chesterfield coat to complete the outfit. The light tan snap brim hat maybe worn with either choice and the tie should be picked out to match the socks. All in all we believe these choices to be the best of the group.

Well, we hope that some of our suggestions will be of use to the reader in the future and if there is anything else we can mention that might aid the reader we will see that it is in the next issue.

Mother, are there any skyscrapers in heaven?
No, son. Engineers build skyscrapers.

—Yellow Jacket.

"FOR A WIDE SELECTION OF CLOTHES

TAILORED TO YOUR OWN TASTE"

See

Bob Kilker
Theta Xi

Bob Callahan
Sigma Nu

at

Ruane Custom Tailors

721 OLIVE STREET

PLATTER-PATTER

The rhumba club hold some of its most active meetings at **As You Like It** where Mary Jane Monnig gives Kohl, Stupp, and Wallace the newest Cugat's and they improvise strange steps. Maybe they're not Cuban but those three give a mean twist to a smooth dance.

If anyone on campus misses that K. A. pledge Earl Johnston, Delta Gamm's Virginia Beatty, Beta's King and Nebe, or Pi Phi's Jane Andrews they can often be found at the Like It tuning up with the latest Dorsey Bros., Miller, Goodman or Krupa release. Mary Jane welcomes any old friends from the hill and provides discs for a session whenever they arrive. She has to laugh though when every fraternity on the row chooses the same numbers for their record dances. That must mean that W. U.'s taste is well settled on a few top bands but at least it prevents record lifting among rivals.

She fell with a light sign into his arms. Her head tilted backward and their lips met. She turned her head and spoke.

"You understand, don't you, Jack, that I've never done anything like this before?" she asked anxiously.

He (thinking of what had just happened): "Yes, but what an awful lot you must have inherited from someone."
—Pell-Mell.

I asked her if she rolled them,
She said she never tried.
Just then a mouse ran by,
And now I know she lied.
—Rammer Jammer.

Engineer's Test for Good Whisky

Connect Connect 20,000 volts across a pint. If the current jumps it, then product is poor.

If the current causes a precipitation of lye, arsenic, iron slag, and alum, the whisky is fair.

If the whisky chases the current back into the generator, you've got good liquor.
—Awgwan Flash.

D. W. How do you like this story?
N. G. It might be worse.
D. W. Sir, I hope you will withdraw that statement.
N. G. Very well; it couldn't be worse.

Hell hath no fury like a woman so popular that everybody thought it was not necessary to ask her.
—Cal Tech.

OVERHEARD IN THE WALNUT ROOM:

Oh, I'm pretty enough to hold Joe;; I'm just not numerous enough—

Disgusted Senior: 99 and 99/100% of the women in the world are beautiful. The other .01% goes with me.
—Rammer Jammer.



Bob was handsome, Bob was tall,
Bestowed with Nature's favors.
But here's his sweetest point of all—
He always had Life Savers.



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

FREE A Box of Life Savers for the best Wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

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

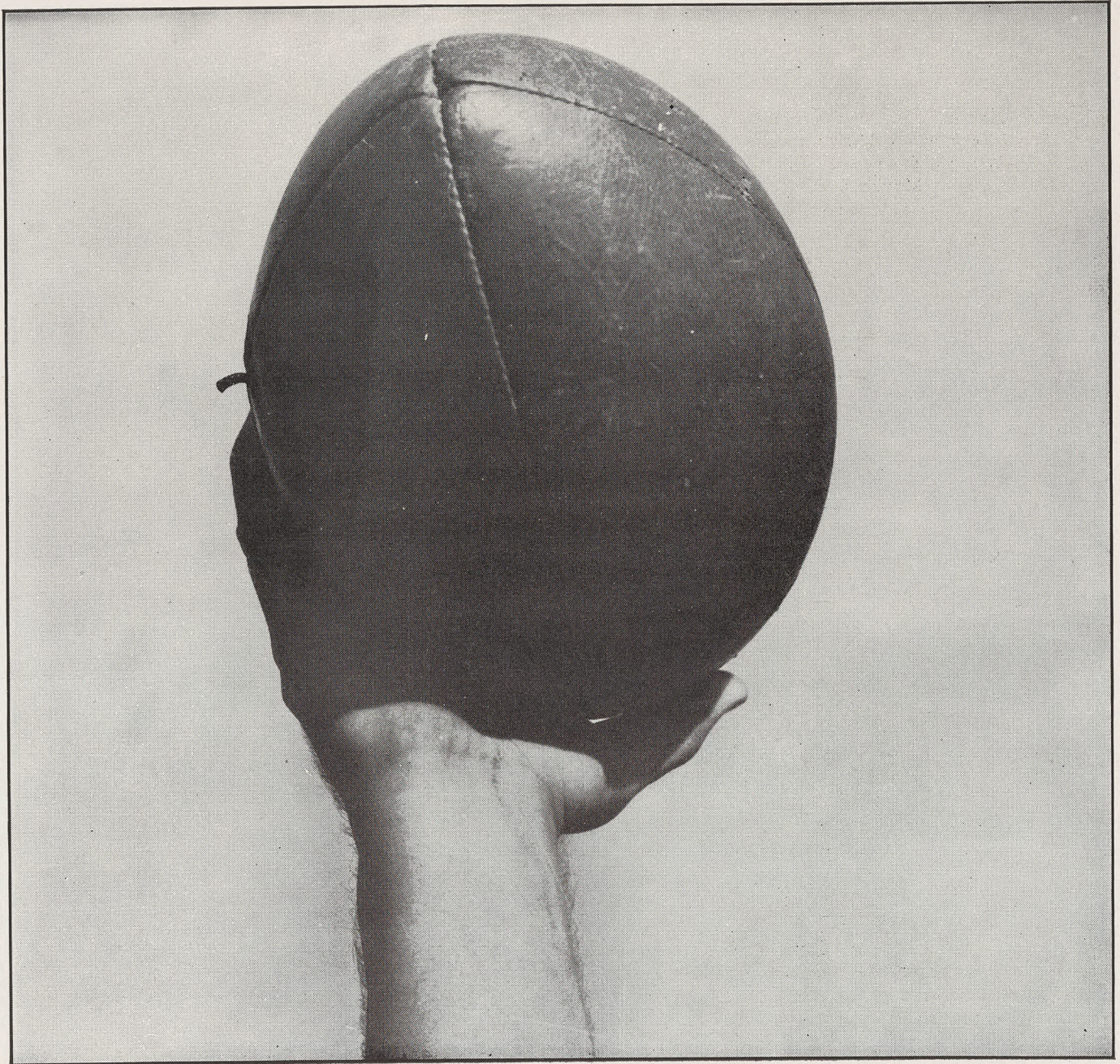
Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the Editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

WINNING JOKE FOR NOVEMBER

"You know, Betty, every time I see you my heart beats faster. I feel the urge to do bigger and better things, I feel so strong and virile. Do you know what that means?"

"Sure, it means in about five minutes you and I are going to have a wrestling match."

MARY JANE PARK



FORWARD PASS!

IT'S one thing to pass the ball; it's another to catch it. One without the other is as incomplete as a magazine without advertising.

Although we editors usually have to take a lot of kidding about our publication, we know there isn't a person on the campus who doesn't appre-

ciate the fact that this magazine is being published.

You may like it for some special feature or merely because it is your college magazine. But whatever the reason, you readers should remember that we could not continue to put out as good a magazine regularly if

it were not for our advertisers.

We think it's only right that all of us should, when buying, give first consideration to the advertisers that help support us. And when making these purchases be sure to mention that you saw it advertised in these pages.

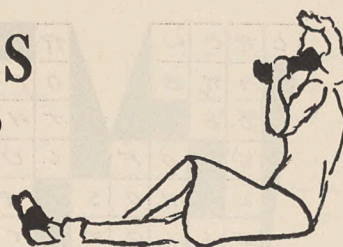
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P A T R O N I Z E O U R A D V E R T I S E R S



BETWEEN BELLES

WIRES CROSSED AND UNCROSSED



More crazy things can happen around here—but now we're referring to the pinning of Ann Clark Lewis and Dick Antrim. It all happened at Sherman's Drug Store one noon hour. "Gulp," she said, "I'd love your pin" and after she shyly grabbed it from his manly chest and put the shining Beta badge beneath her Theta pin, she went right on with her "barbequed beef". Romantic—well—hardly.

The Alpha Delta's want to know if Billie Grindle, Fern Kothe, and Herb Kobermann form a triangle or three sides of a square.

He must be working too hard—For Bill Cassilly, when one of his eager frosh Hatchet workers asked for the name of the president of "Tri Delt", answered sagely "Linc Coleman."

Patty Mansfield, K. K. G. is so thrilled about her role in Quad Show that she practices scales for hours on end, even though she won't sing a note in the show.

Mary Liz Banks, Pi Phi, is one gal who doesn't approve of Sadie Hawkins day. She's afraid of the two other women who are said to be in training to catch Harold Thomas at the Theta Xi's backward dance.

The Gamma Phi's are one group on the campus which will never sanction a horse-back "Riding Club." They all returned from their house party stiff and sore from several unfortunate incidents. Mona Jane Shuttleworth flew off her horse and landed in a cactus plant. Beverly McLeod's horse threw her in the river. Kay Reardon and Bobby Davis turned into cattle rustlers, mixed up their signals, and got lost in a herd of cattle. Lillian Barron played "pony express" and even made her sisters write letters for her to mail. Jane Boniface swears she never wants to see a horse again, after spending seven hours on one.

Betty Knodle certainly surprised the Pi Phi's during homecoming when she informed them that she had Drury King's Beta pin. However, it just turned out to be a false alarm. Betty was using the pin on her blouse as a substitute for a missing button. Another false alarm was a so-called pinning of another Phi pledge, Jane Shurig to Earl Sherry.

Pat Perry, Zeta Tau, is now proudly displaying an opal ring which Dick Winn gave her. Both say that this is the "real thing."

Jane Trampe, K. K. G. pledge lately returned her Phi Delt pin to off campus, Bucky Miller. Another Kappa pledge Virginia Spoor, also recently broke up with Al "Red" Lindow. It seems Al thought he was too old for "G. G."

Marjorie Stauss, Alpha Chi, and Joe Ady are still "t-wooning it" and both are so proud of Joe's new convertible that even when it rains they're reluctant to put the top up.

Dotty Tracy, Pi Phi, recently had a date with Pete Reiser, of the Brooklyn Dodgers, and not only her sisters but several other sororities as well disobeyed all rules by leaning out of every available window to look at the celebrity.

Since her mother left town for a short visit, Eunice Haddaway has been displaying burnt fingers she's acquired cooking for her father and company. How did it taste, Rowe?

The U. S. O. at work. Virginia Petty, Alpha Chi, met "him" this summer, and is now wearing a Theta Chi pin from Cornell which belongs to Lieutenant Claude Ballman at Jefferson Barracks. Petty Inman, K. K. G., has also had a change of heart in favor of the army. Goodbye Charlie—Hello Don.

Kay King, Pi Phi transfer, has a definite heart interest. Every week-end she leaves our fair campus and trots up to Springfield to see him.

Bobbie Langtoe, Zeta Tau pledge, has been getting such a rush lately that she's having a hard time trying to make up her mind. She seemed quite relieved not long ago when she announced to an active that she had limited it down to five now.

Gamma Phi "Loose-some twosomes": Ginny Pease and her Californian interest and Evelyn Marx and her man, drafted away.

Gamma Phi "new-some twosomes": Grace Dellert (pledge) and Bob Kilker, Theta Xi Mona Jane Shuttleworth (pledge) and Bob Droste, Theta Xi; Kay Reardon and Harry Davis, Sigma Chi; Jean Bradshaw and Tom Pashos, Theta Xi.

Jack Hensley, now stationed at Lambert Field, recently had his Beta pin returned to him by Janice Hanson, Pi Phi. Jack is now in competition with Sigma Chi Harry Cheshire for the heart of Dimples Dunford, Lil K.K.G. pledge.

Gloria Elsner, Pi Phi, has been having trouble lately. Every time she passes the Sigma Chi house with Theta Xi's Clarence Turley, the brothers come out and put in a word for Andy Carver. Turley, by the way, who was always the first out for football practice, is now nearly always the last—the reason is, he claims, that Gloria has to study every afternoon.

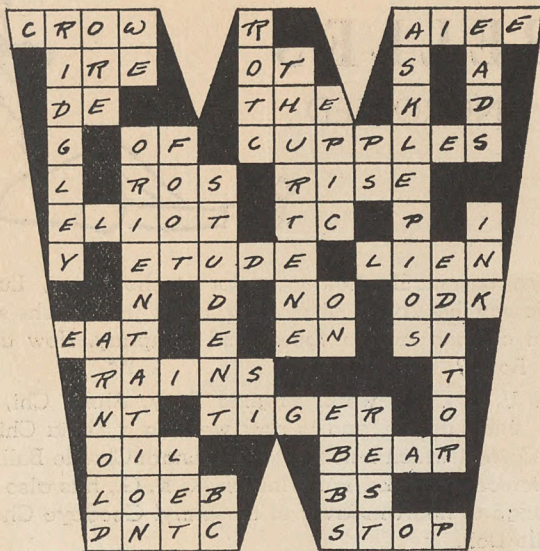
Vinita Schnitzer, Zeta Tau, and Bill Stevens decided that pinnings out at Washington didn't mean a thing. The result was that one afternoon in the Zeta Tau room Vinita had a party and announced her engagement.

The traditional pinnings, Jack Leschen, Beta, and Dotty Kamp, Pi Phi, Hank Oetting, Theta Xi, and Francis Jo Ross, Gamma Phi; Jack Michner, S. A. E. and Ann Purnell, Pi Phi.

Another pinning in not such a traditional way—Barbara Chivvis, Theta, took Sam Murphy's S. A. E. pin which he sent to her via mail from Detroit. A box of candy sent the same way was given to the Thetas at their house party—that's what we call real love.

Emily Ann Sankey, Theta, has declared a "no-study-week". Jack Guernsey, Phi Delt, who is back in town, is the obvious reason.

Betty Ann Stupp, Delta Gamma, is back in the S. A. E. chapter again after a brief absence. This time she's got Bill Kohl's heart all-a-flutter.



Bob Droste, Theta Xi, did it again. This time he had his pin on Norma Jean Nelson for at least five minutes. He claims he gave it to her to polish up for him. The gal that gets Bob's pin for keeps is going to have something to brag about.

Something's bound to happen: We're referring to the Dutch Lutz—Dotty Frier—Roy Whisnand triangle. Now that Jane Ann Morris is back from Honolulu it's beginning to look more like a square.

Flash—the impossible has happened—Harvey White, S. A. E., the all time stag, has gone that way. It's all over Gamma Phi Pledge Beverly McLeod whom he met at the Hay Hop.

Libbeth Bangsteadt, Alpha Xi, is torn between two fires. Bob's a lawyer and Bill's an engineer.

All the Sigma Nu's certainly are agreed on one thing. That "Stevens" gal sure has Vernardi hooked.

Concerning Sadie Hawkins Day—Who is it that Elsie Lantz, Pi Phi, is pering around corners keeping her eye on and whom is Al Bussmann, Theta Xi, sneaking around corners trying not to be caught by anyone else-but by.

S. A. E. chatter: Bob Rhoades hasn't been going to Columbia every week end just for the ride—Jim Hoban has been devoting his time exclusively to Mary Shoftstall, Kappa pledge . . . Tip Brady is behaving himself as usual now that his love has gone back to Smith . . . Bob Decker and Mary Ruester, Gamma Phi, back together again . . . Fred Clauser, pinned at last . . . to an off-campus gal.

The Beta-Pi Phi combination again . . . Cotty Bruns and Harriet Campbell, Leo Miller and Gene Meyer; Jack Tracy and Dot Trembly . . . and of course we just couldn't omit the names of Rex Carruthers and Alice Jane Love.

Another "steady" combination is that of Carol Willie, Alpha Xi, and Doug Hiestand.

Dick Hilliger was determined to wolf on brother Ed Oglesby's time until he found out there was another one at home like her. Referring of course, to Alpha Chi's twins—Gloria and Juanita Moore.

Eugenie Andrews, Kappa, wants to be a charter member of the "Med-school widows" club. Eugenie sits home nights and consoles herself trying to figure out which of the three S. A. E. pins Pitt gave her is the prettiest. Pitt is interning at Chicago.

The whole Phi Mu chapter is still trying to identify the tall brunette from St. Louis U. who won the hearts of the entire chapter at their pledge dance. Frances Kinslingbury just sighs at the thought of him and says "he was such a dee-vine dancer." And Frances with a pin, tsk, tsk . . .

Since Marcy Oberman, Alpha Chi, and Bill Shore, S. A. E., are both going to the same school . . . an old romance still burns.

Ruth Walser, Alpha Xi, seems to have taken a particular interest in a phonograph record. The Alpha Xi's are getting tired of hearing "Don't Send Your Boy to Vassar." All we know is that it has something to do with a certain someone at Penn. State.

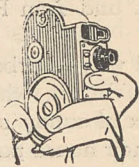
The Thetas were rather surprised at a recent supper meeting, when instead of receiving a box of candy as expected, they received a box of Rival Dog food . . . and talking about dog food, there's the story about Roy Whisnand and Vic Kieffer, Beta, who were trying to outdo each other by seeing who could eat the most dog biscuits. Roy decided he liked the charcoal ones best, but Vic decided he liked the fish ones. Now boys . . . really . . .

Well, that's that and that's all we have . . . we'll gather up more of this chatter for the next issue of the rag . . . so long . . .

PAT PARRIS

Photographer

Chestnut 7020



MOVIE CAMERAS

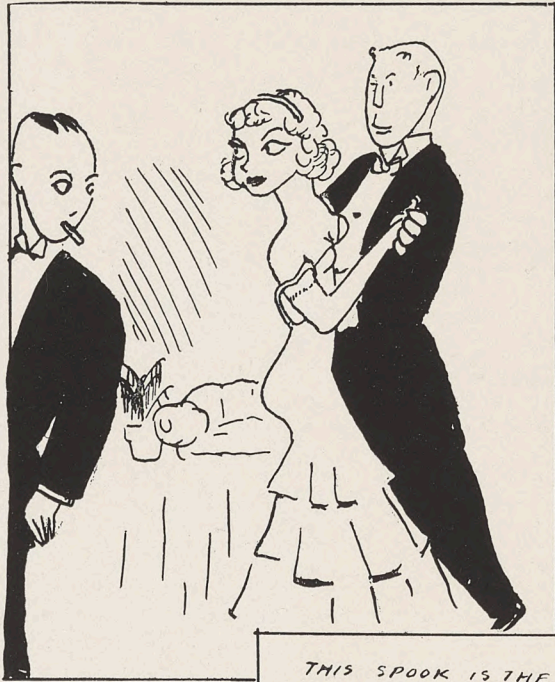
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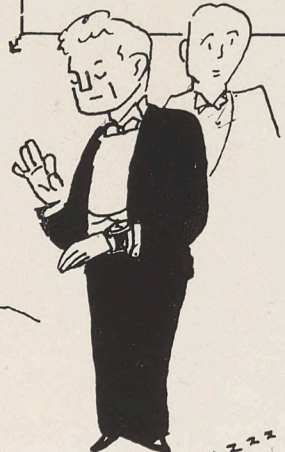
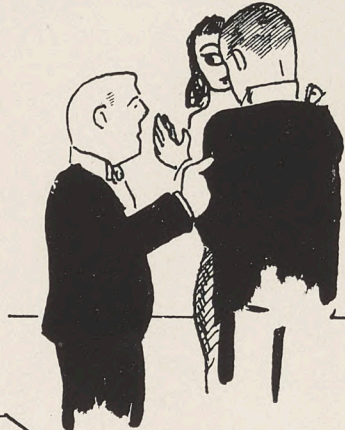
1109 LOCUST STREET

PREVUES OF THE MILITARY BALL



THE YOUNG LADY WHOSE SHOULDER STRAP IS CONTINUALLY FALLING OFF. THIS GOES BIG WITH THE STAG LINE.

THE CAUTIOUS CHAP WHO WATCHES ONE GIRL FOR FIVE MINUTES, AND COUNTS HER CUT-INS SO HE WON'T GET STUCK.

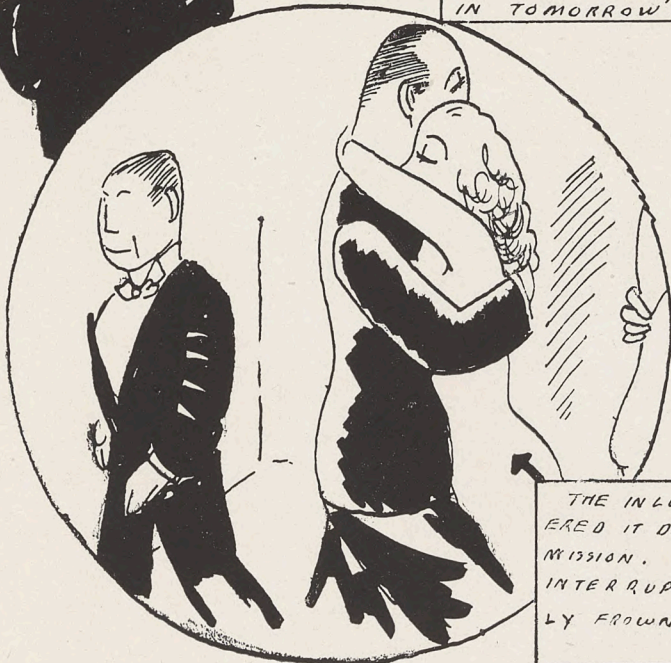


THIS SPOOK IS THE FUNNY MAN WHO PANICS EVERYBODY BY PERFORMING ON THE BAND'S INSTRUMENTS DURING THE INTERMISSION. THE TRUMPET PLAYER IS LOOKING ON IN GREAT AMUSEMENT.

THE CHAPERONE AT 12:10



THE QUEEN!! THE CROWN IS A BIT TOO LARGE AND HANGS OVER ONE EAR. EVERY GUY AT THE DANCE CUTS HER AT LEAST ONCE, AND SHE'S HAVING A HELL OF A TIME. SHE'S ALSO WORRIED ABOUT THE PICTURE IN TOMORROW'S PAPER.



THE IN-LIVE COUPLE. THEY DISCOVERED IT DURING THE FIRST INTERMISSION. FROM NOW ON ANY INTERRUPTIONS WILL BE SEVERELY FROWNED UPON.

° BILLY VAUGHAN + H.I.



MARJORIE WOODWORTH
Chesterfield's Girl of the Month
in the Hal Roach hit
"All-American Co-ed"
a United Artists Release

Let's Celebrate
IT'S CHESTERFIELD

Pass around the Chesterfields and it's pleasure time for everybody... smoking pleasure that only the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos can give you.

Chesterfields make good friends... they're milder, definitely better-tasting and cooler-smoking. Everybody who smokes them likes them.



They Satisfy