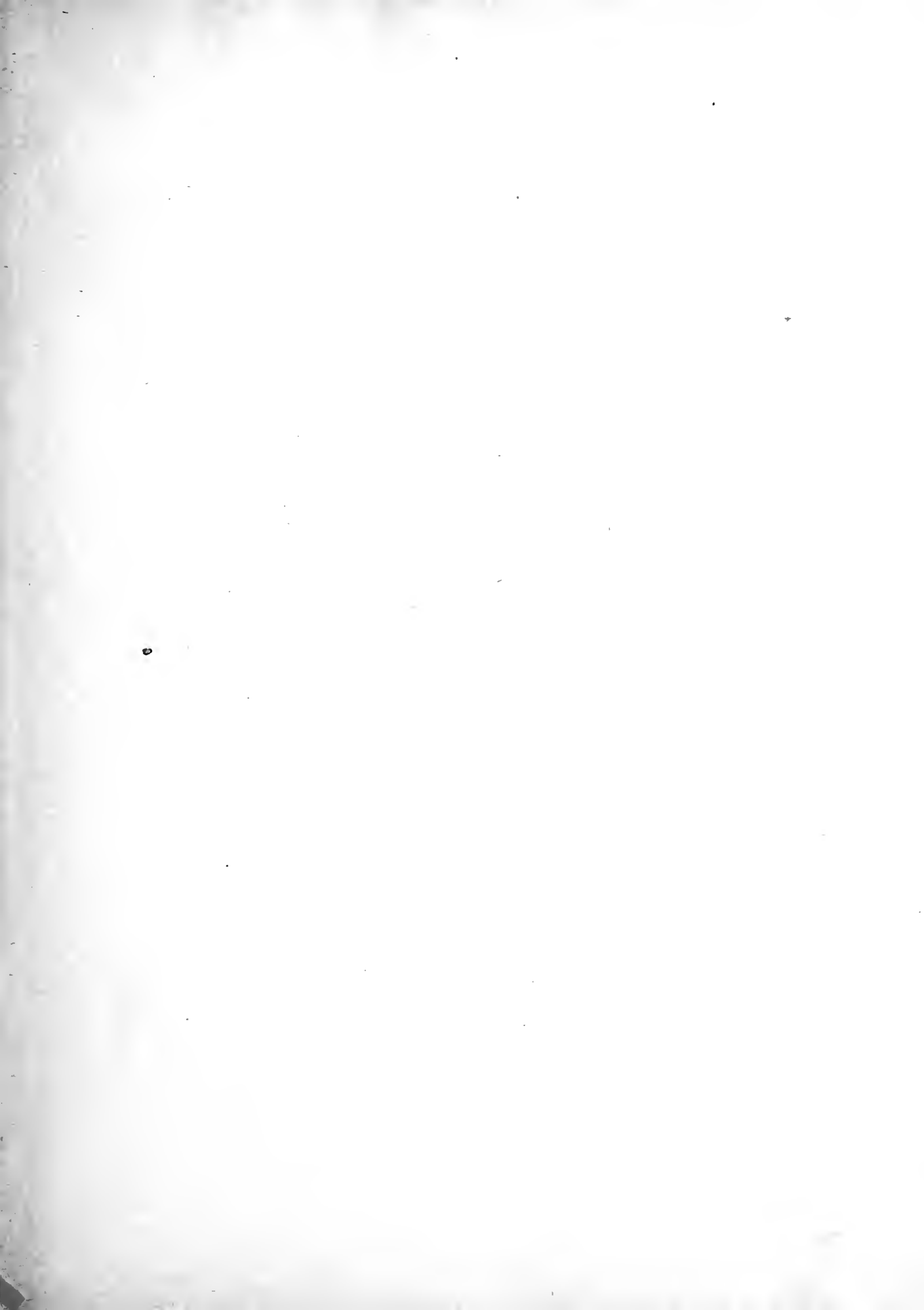


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Mohamet Day (Page 3)

THE ARROW

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* * * * *

The staff listed above is only temporary; permanent appointments will be announced later.

Share the War

Speakers at the Women and the War Forum had much to say about the role of non-combatants in today's war, and much advice to give about the importance of the home front. College students, girls especially, occupy an unusual place in a nation at war: they are in work that is definitely non-essential, they have no families of their own upon which they can practice the newest principles of nutrition . . . and yet people are constantly telling them that they are *important* and that they are *necessary* and that they are *builders* of the future. The last statement is true: upon them and those who survive the war will fall an immense burden. But the core of the importance of the college woman is that she can *share* the war.

How? First of all, by cooperating with the government in its requests for her to limit travel, telephone calls, and wasteful luxuries. She can give up a week-end

here and an hour's phone chat there, and learn to wave her hair without going to bed with metal curlers a-bristle on her head.

Secondly, she can buy War Stamps . . . not just to have a half-empty book lying in her drawer to give her that Patriotic Glow, but to pay her own way in America.

Third, she can do her best to give a "lift" to the morale of the Boys with V-Mail, inexpensive packages to the strange but lonely boys in the Arctic as well as her special pride at home.

Fourth, she can be cheerful, and smile without having a trace of that Martyred Look when His leave is cancelled or her father called to the army or her order for a new formal called off because of the boost in taxes.

Last, she can stick to the job she has, whether or not she really believes what everyone says about it being Important. After the war women riveters will be a dollar a hundred, but the woman with an Education will be the leader, the helper, the Hope of the nation.

Freshmen:

It's suddenly struck us that perhaps your orientation means more to us, the upperclassmen, than to you.

For you, it's all brand new. You're meeting lots of new people, exploring new places, living through new kinds of experiences and events. You're learning what it means to be PCW girls.

But we've done it before. We've attended these events, we know just what they mean. The Sophomores were introduced to PCW only last year, while the Juniors and Seniors have helped initiate other classes.

And by its very repetition, the whole process becomes familiar, friendly. It's the way our school year opens. A part of the PCW tradition. And we live again our first few weeks, through helping you.

For you're the vital part of these first few days. As Mrs. Charles H. Spencer said, without you there would be no Matriculation Day, none of the "Get-Acquainted" activities. You're the core of all that's going on.

And so, we want to help you when you need us. Help you to become, as quickly as possible an integral part of PCW. Anything we can do to make these first bewildering days easier, we're glad to do. It makes us feel closer to you, and to PCW.

So call on us, won't you? Really, you'll be doing US the favor.

It's Wonderful

To see the campus spotted with the first-fallen leaves of autumn . . . to look at the Freshmen, with new ideals and the greatest of possibilities, and know that they are the kind who will both preserve and build campus traditions . . . to discover one by one the things that have been added and improved during the summer . . . to sit and "coke" and gab with the old bunch . . . to gossip about the "rings and things" acquired by 'most every-one . . . to see that in spite of war and rationing and priorities and trouble, the College still stands serene and sturdy and much the same . . . to be back at school.

EVENTS

FACULTY CHANGES

A number of changes have been made in the PCW faculty. Librarian McCarty retired last fall; her place has been taken by Mrs. Alice Hansen, who received her A. B. at Vassar and Master of Education at Harvard, and has done library work at Columbia. Mrs. Hansen has been Head Librarian at Slippery Rock State Teacher's College since 1928.

Miss Vanda Kerst, head of the Speech Department, also retired last fall. Dr. Robb has been appointed to this position. New member of the Speech Department is Dr. Arnold, who received his B. S. at Sioux Falls College, and his M. A. and Ph. D. at the University of Iowa. Dr. Arnold taught last year at Akron University.

Nurse Katherine Harrison has resigned, to return to England, because of illness in her family. (see page 7). Miss Dorothy Mulholland, who received her R. N. at St. Elizabeth Hospital, Granite City, Illinois, comes to PCW from the West Penn Hospital.

Office

Former recorder Mary Ida McFarland is now Mrs. Shannon of New York City. Miss Joan Myers, who received her B. A. degree from PCW last June, now has this position.

Miss Howell, Assistant Treasurer, has resigned to take a position with Ohio University, nearer her home, and Miss Gunderman has been appointed to this position. A newcomer to PCW is Mrs. Mary K. Brecht, who received her B. S. at University of Pittsburgh, did graduate work at Universities of Michigan and Pittsburgh, and is now instructor in secretarial studies. Mrs. Brecht has been at Business Training College for the last four years. Miss Miller, PCW Accountant is still ill. Miss Lillian McPetridge, who received her B. A. at PCW in '38 is filling this post.

Field Secretary Josephine Campbell has been commissioned an ensign in the WAVES, returned to Pittsburgh last week-end. Secretary to the President, Sally Anderson, PCW '37, has left PCW to become secretary to Judge Trimble and Mitchell at Orphans' Court.

From the Biology Department, both Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Doubt have leaves of absence. New faculty members is Miss Cecilia Busch, who received her B. A. and M. A. at Pitt. She has taught at the Pittsburgh Academy and at Duquesne University.

Science

Mr. Stickly is working at Mellon Institute, and Mrs. Jean Wallace Bishop, B. A., Cornell, graduate work at University of Michigan, is doing some if his work.

Joan Dodds, who worked on the Pure Research Fellowship, is replaced by Katherine Arnold, PCW '38. Eleanor Gangloff, who worked on the Westinghouse Fellowship is replaced by Ruth Notz, PCW '42. Julia Beck is now Dr. Kinder's secretary, taking the place of Mary Jane Daley.

New Alumnae Secretary, succeeding Peggy Perry, is Cora Ingham Baldwin, PCW '32. Allison Croft, PCW '42 is working in the front office.

MOHAMET DAY

With priorities forcing them into submission, PCWites called a halt to the annual Mountain Day picnic usually held at North Park. And so the mountain came to PCW on Saturday, October 3—for Mohamet Day. Fair weather and fine food worked together to make it one of the most successful picnics yet to be given.

The afternoon started off with food, and what food! Hot dogs, hamburgers, vegetable salad, spaghetti, and Miss Bair's extra-special chocolate cake were responsible for the peaceful lull that came over picnickers for the first part of the afternoon.

Commando Tactics

A commando obstacle race was the first event in the sports line, was followed by the annual Faculty-Student mushball game, from which the students emerged grinning triumphantly with a 26 to 6 score.

Students also proved to be far superior to faculty members when it came to taking their nutrition in a hurry. Jane Evans, Betty Brown, Louise Flood, and Joan Davies represented the students in the milk-drinking relay race. Dean Marks, Miss Robb, Miss Lasky, and Miss Graham were the members of the defeated faculty team.

Come-uppance

With all the outdoor events completed and the Faculty thoroughly trounced on all sides, the group departed for AMH. Some students swam while the Faculty succeeded in defeating another group at bowling. Mohamet Day ended with the singing of the Alma Mater, proved that "PCW is the best place for a picnic, after all!"

CIRCUS

First event of the year sponsored by the Activities Council will be a Circus to be held the evening of October 28th, Activities Chairman Jane Evans announces. General Chairman of the Circus will be Jean Archer.

The Food Concession, under the management of the Glee Club with Nancy Stauffer (Glee Club President) as Chairman, will open promptly at 7:00 in the cafeteria, to benefit hungry Day Students not going home before the event. Hotdogs, pink lemonade, candied apples, peanuts and popcorn will be sold.

Each class and the faculty will present a side show, (small fee for admission). Class Presidents will act as Chairmen, Patty Leonard acting in this capacity for the Freshmen, Dr. Piel for the Faculty. Dr. Robb has offered her aid in costuming, helping all groups. Side shows will be in the Speech Lab (Sophomores and Faculty), Den (Freshmen) and Gymnasium (Seniors and Juniors). A prize will be awarded the most clever group. Hood and Tassel, Mu Sigma, YW, and AA will sponsor various games.

Clever Lorraine Wolf is in charge of the Big Top, to be located in the Chapel. Louise Wallace and Justine Swan will plan its decorations. Entertainment will be complete with clowns and a circus band, provided by Pauline Basenko.

Friends, family, neighbors and dates are cordially invited. Dancing will follow the Big Top performance.

Matriculation Day

Matriculation Day exercises were held Monday, September 28, at 11:30 in the chapel. Speakers were: Mrs. Charles H. Spencer of the Board of Trustees; Mary Shane Muir, Alumnae Association President; Jane Fitzpatrick, president of the Student Government Association; Amy McKay, president of YWCA; Janet Ross, president of the Athletic Association; and Dean Marks, who welcomed the new faculty as well as the new students. President Spencer gave an address.

Dean Marks announced names of the present Juniors who were awarded Sophomore Honors. They were: Gladys Bistline, Mary Elizabeth Brown, Aida de Bellis, Evelyn Glick, Betty Johnescu, Phyllis Jones, Ann McClyminds, Sally Meanor, Nancy Raup, and Nancy Stauffer.

EVENTS

BIG AND LITTLE SISTER DANCE

1942-43 PCW dance program will start on its way Saturday evening, October 17, when YWCA will sponsor its annual fall dance for all Big and Little Sisters and their dates. Dance will begin at 9 o'clock; music is to be provided by a local orchestra.

Senior June Hunker, Chairman of the dance, has on her committee Margaret Browne, Carolyn Cosel, Evelyn Glick, Elizabeth Maroney, and Anna Thomas. These girls are busy making plans to convert the chapel into a colorful dance hall with crepe paper decorations, other novelties. Theme of the dance will center around the idea of the unity of the four classes.

A special system for recording the dances will be introduced by the committee; they urge you to trade dances with your friends.

Tickets, on sale for \$1.65, including tax, cover the admission of Big and Little Sisters and their escorts. The charge for a single couple is \$1.00. Any girl who signed up for a Little Sister but did not get one is invited to attend.

Freshman Training

Freshmen and transfer students are always anxious to learn the traditions, the songs, the ins-and-outs, of their new alma-mater. To help freshmen get acquainted, Freshman Advisor Patty Leonard, is leading discussions every Wednesday afternoon at 1:30 in the chapel, covering a period of five weeks. Besides Patty's helpful hints, SGA President Jane Fitzpatrick and YWCA President Amy McKay are scheduled to give brief introductions to their respective organizations. Dorcas Leibold and Marion Cohen are aiding in the teaching of the favorite songs and Mary Schweppe, newly elected Honor Chairman (see page 7), will explain the function of the Honor Committee. This training will be culminated by a brief examination on Wednesday, October 21, and Color Day with its gala song festival the following day.

Besides the help of these weekly meetings the new PCWites have their Big Sisters and student-counsellors. Each counsellor has approximately ten girls under her wing. Senior ciunsellors: Marian Rowell, Marian Teichman, Phyllis Tross, Jean bara Caldwell, Portia Geyer, Betty Wyre; Juniors: Betty Brown, Bar-Johnescu, Nancy Stauffer.

Open House

First dance of the dormitory social season, the annual Dormitory Open House, was held on Friday evening, October 9 from 8:00 to 12:00. Theme of the dance was "Priorities" and decorations were in keeping with that idea. Posters depicting conservation of tires, silk stockings, and sugar set the keynote. Music was furnished by a "juke box." Purpose of the Open House was to give the new students a chance to become better acquainted. Boys from Pitt, Tech, W & J, Shadyside, Kiski, various clubs and several men in uniform were invited. The Open House followed a new pattern this year so that each girl could meet more people than was possible in former years. Refreshments of punch and doughnuts were served during the evening.

Chairmen Jean Sweet and Nina Maley had on their committee Ann Richardson, Marion Monks, Peggy Chantler, Barbara Steele, and Kelly Jones.

Chaperons of the dance were Miss Marks, Miss Bair, Mrs. Benn and Mrs. Gilmore.

Faculty Reception

The Faculty Reception was held Monday evening, September twenty-eighth, in Andrew Mellon Hall, to welcome all new PCW students. In the receiving line were Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Miss Marks, Mrs. Watkins, Miss Anderson. Punch and cookies were served in the dining-riom by Mrs. Benn. Helen Witte, a freshman, accompanied by Marian Cohen, the school pianist, played several violin secetions.

The reception, an annual college affair, lasted from eight until ten p. m. It is given to provide an opportunity for the teachers and new students, who are introduced by their "big sisters," to become acquainted.

Exhibitions

On October 8 Carnegie Institute inaugurated three exhibitions to mark Founder's Day, 1942. The shows are: American Rooms in Miniature, by Mrs. James Ward Thorne; Paintings by Western Pennsylvania Artists, presented to the Pittsburgh Public Schools by the One Hundred Friends of Pittsburgh Art; and Etchings by Jean Louis Forain.

COLOR DAY

On Thursday, October 22, the Yellow and White colors left by the Class of '42 will be presented to the Class of '46 by Peggy Donaldson, President of the Junior Class. Presentation will be made to the temporary chairman of the Freshman Class who, at this time, will accept for her class the responsibility and honor of carrying forth the ideals and hopes for which the colors stand. Under the guidance of Patty Lenoard, Junior Advisor, and the Freshmen Counsellors, the Freshmen are now prepared to be recognized formally as the Class of '46.

Another highlight of Color Day is the traditional and long anticipated song contest. Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors will compete for the prize for best songs. Each class will draw for order and sing two original songs, to one of which both words and music are original and the other just the words. To compliment the Freshman Class, the Juniors will sing a third song. Judges will choose the winning songs of the contest on words, music, adaptability to school singing, and performance.

Transfers

Every year Miss Marks and Dr. and Mrs. Spencer give a tea for the transfers in the home of the Spencers. This year the tea is to be held on Tuesday, October 13, from two until five. The transfers are thirteen in number and come from twelve different colleges. Also invited are the advisors of the Student Government Board, and the YWCA Cabinet, AA Board, Aotivities Council, House Board, the **Arrow** editir, Hood and Tassel members, college song leader and pianist, and all class officers. The faculty sponsors for each organization will also be present. Sophomores will be asked to aide at the tea, which is held to help the transfer students become better acquainted with PCW life and students.

Alumnae Homecoming

On October 17, PCW Alumnae will celebrate a Home Coming on campus. Business meeting is called for 1:30. Dessert and coffee will be served. Alumnae are invited to walk through the campus, revisit well-loved spots, get acquainted with campus changes.

EVENTS

DR. BUTTRICK

Dr. George Arthur Buttrick spoke on Monday, October 5th, in the first of a series of chapel programs featuring nationally known speakers. Using prayer as his theme, he gave an unusual and inspiring message. This was not Dr. Buttrick's first visit to PCW for he has addressed the student body on several occasions, has also been a commencement speaker. He is the pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, the author of "The Parables of Jesus" and many religious books.

On October 26th, Dr. Glyndon Van Deusen, noted historian and author, will speak in chapel on "America and the World of Tomorrow." Dr. Van Deusen is professor of history at the University of Rochester, Rochester, New York.

Bond Rally

Monday morning, October 12, about fifteen PCWites participated in a bike parade and Bond Rally, sponsored by the Women's Organizations of Pittsburgh. Starting in the North Side, and going a mile and a half, the parade terminated at the William Penn Hotel. Senior Class President Rowell, Junior Class President Donaldson walked the distance, with the general staff.

Girls wore slogans, announcing PCW's theme, Conservation: riding bikes rather than driving cars. Chair-maning the event was Jean Wyre, with the assistance of Dr. Robb. Patty Smith provided a truck, solved the problem of transporting the bicycles.

Vespers

Sunday evening, September 27, at 6:30 P. M., Reverend Stillman Allen Foster spoke at the first Vesper Service of the college year, held in Berry Hall Chapel. After the opening hymn, Martha McFall sang the lovely "Lord's Prayer," accompanied by Mr. Collins at the organ. After an introduction by Dr. Spencer, Mr. Foster extended an invitation to PCW girls to come to his church, the Third Presbyterian, and to make it their church home. His main address showed the need of seeking truth in this world of ours and reminded the girls of this college that they would be charting the course of the world when the present war is finally over.

Alumnae Tea

A garden tea for Freshmen was given by the Alumnae Board on the terrace of Mellon Hall, Saturday, September 12. In the receiving line were Mrs. Mary Muir, President of the Alumnae Association; Miss Isabelle Epley, Vice President, and Dean Marks. Over half the Freshman class attended. Miss Helen Marie Parkinson, of Harrisburg, came the greatest distance to be present. Members of the class of '42 took the Freshmen on a tour of Mellon Hall. They then returned to the terrace for punch and cookies. Girls of '42 aiding the Alumnae Board were Ellen Copeland, Alison Croft, Julia Wheldon, Anna Betty Saylor, Alice McKain, Barbara Maerker, Peggy Matheny, Jane Chantler, Grace Mary Horton, Margaret Graham, Helen Shelkopf and Joan Myers.

Get-Acquainted Party

Hickville Grange became the temporary location of PCW campus on September 24 when, invited to a barn dance by YW, students traveled there en masse. Clad in blue jeans and hats (straw for men, poke bonnets for ladies), about two hundred girls skipped and bowed and twirled in grand old-fashioned "hicktown" style. Square dancing figures were called in the traditional form, but with the aid of a microphone which was of little avail over the noise of merriment.

Dancers furnished their own music, accompanied only by a piano, and many a lass went home whistling "The Little Brown Jug," the evening's favorite tune, which of course might have referred to the cider jug, which was completely emptied even before the pile of doughnuts had disappeared.

AA CONVENTION

Peppy AA President Janet "Junior" Ross comes into the limelight this month as secretary of the Western Pennsylvania Division of the Athletic Federation of College Women. Under Mary Alice Dee, president of the division, the convention will meet at PCW October twenty-second through the twenty-fourth. Thirteen colleges will be represented to act as an exchange board and the group is expected to number about thirty. How to get girls out for Play Day and the latest methods of presentation will be discussed by Miss B. C. Parker, Supervisor of Health and Physical Education in Mt. Lebanon, the featured speaker.

Conservation Committee

PCW's Conservation Committee will again sponsor the sale of War Stamps, begun so well last year.

Asked by the County Defense Council for a survey of all regular commuting, the Conservation Committee will soon investigate PCW transportation to determine the effect of gas rationing. Transportation pools for those living in the same neighborhood may be worked out.

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WAR

WOMEN AND WAR

Well-attended by PCW faculty and students was the forum on Women and the War, sponsored by PCW with the participation of Women's Organizations of Allegheny County. Held on October 1 and 2 at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Hall in Oakland, the forum featured prominent speakers representing industry, science, medicine, civilian defense, and the American home in wartime.

Dr. Spencer presided on the morning of Thursday, October 1, when the forum was opened with an invocation by Dr. Solomon B. Freehof, the singing of the Star Spangled Banner, and the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag. Sara M. Soffel, Judge of the Common Pleas Court of Allegheny County, gave the opening address on Women and the War. Dr. Spencer spoke about the training of women in science and engineering, and Katharine Lenroot, of the Children's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor, discussed the problems of children in a democracy at war. Phillip Murray, president of the CIO, was unable to be present to speak, and his place was taken by David McDonald of the United States Steel Corporation.

Home Front

A symposium dealing with shaping victory on the home front was presided over on Thursday afternoon by Irene McDermott, Senior Supervisor of Home Economics in the Pittsburgh Public Schools. Dr. E. W. Jacobson, Dean of the School of Education of the University of Pittsburgh, opened the discussion and introduced Dr. Muriel Brown, connected with the Department of Labor and a staff member of the U. S. Office of Education. She spoke informally and specifically about family planning for sacrifice and service, and discussed what the Allied war objectives mean to the American home: strict conservation, limitation of private luxuries, improvement of health, aiding of civilian defense, and united family planning. She advised her audience to get rid of mental scrap: the idea that we can't be defeated, the notion that children can't help in the war effort, and the conviction that pain and suffering are to be avoided at all cost.

Dr. Lydia J. Roberts, head of the Department of Home Economics at the University of Chicago, discussed nutrition and its relation to the war. She divided her subject into three major aspects: nutrition of the armed

forces, nutrition of industrial workers, and nutrition of civilians.

Salvage was the subject of a talk given by Mrs. Samuel A. Schreiner, and thoughtful use of the telephone was discussed by Louis S. Will.

Role of Educated Women

The theme of the Thursday evening symposium was The Educated Woman in Wartime; it was presided over by Mrs. John M. Phillips, a member of the Pittsburgh Board of Public Education. Speakers were Dr. Francis B. Haas, The Reverend Thomas Quigley, and Dr. Gill Robb Wilson. Dr. Henry H. Hill, newly appointed Superintendent of Pittsburgh Public Schools, gave an address on the role of the educated woman in wartime.

Children of War

On Friday morning, Mrs. William H. Connell, Jr., introduced Dr. Sidonie Gruenberg and Dr. Joseph Miller, who discussed the child in wartime. Dr. Lillian M. Gilbreth, of the Newark College of Engineering and a member of the National Board of the Girl Scouts of America, gave an interesting lecture on Women in Today's War.

Civilian Defense

The forum closed with two sessions on civilian defense and the role of the nurses in wartime; Mr. Ross Lefler, Chairman of the Allegheny County Council of Defense, and Ruth Perkins Juehn, Dean of the School of Nursing of the University of Pittsburgh, presided.

The forum as a whole served to clarify the position of women today and instruct them as to how they can best help win the war. Consensus was that women can best serve by continuing in their present jobs, but learning to perform their tasks better and to direct their energies toward the achievement of complete victory.

Morale

A Defense Committee on Morale has been organized as a source of information for the students on campus. Activities of the committee at present are two fold: to provide speakers at various programs throughout the year, each speaker an authority in his field, and to maintain a special library shelf with appropriate books.

The plan for a War Seminar, to meet for two hours every two weeks to hear reports and general discussion, was submitted by the committee to the student body. As yet the requirement of fifteen students taking the course for credit has not been filled.

UNITED FUND PAGEANT

On Sunday evening, October 18, the United Fund will present a pageant at Forbes Field. The United Fund includes all of the relief organizations, such as the Community Fund, the War Relief Funds, and foreign relief funds. Four and a half million dollars is the sum which it is hoped will be raised through this performance.

Most of the Pittsburgh schools and all of the dramatic organizations, churches, and relief societies will be represented among the several thousands of people taking part. PCW is preparing two scenes for the prologue; students will take part in some of the pageant scenes.

The Four Freedoms set forth in the Atlantic Charter will be depicted in the prologue. One of the scenes in the pageant is a Polish wedding, at which PCW Freshmen will act as the guests and bring gifts to the couple. A polka will be the climax of the scene. Francesca Hilbish is chairman of PCW's part.

Upperclassmen will take part in the Dutch Tulip Garden scene, which depicts how a Dutch tulip field was plowed to direct planes to a German airplane factory. Claire Horowitz is chairman.

Carolyn Cosel heads an American Wedding scene, in which Frances Pollick will play the part of the bride.

Miss Genevieve Jones is planning the dances for the pageant; several members of the Modern Dance Group have been asked to dance with her. Scenes symbolic of Pittsburgh and its many industries will be portrayed by the group, which will also participate in the American Wedding scene.

Defense Council

At the first meeting of the PCW Defense Council on October 7, Chairman Montgomery announced some of the names of faculty and student Council members for this year.

Dr. Andrew, of the Psychology Department, will act as chairman of the Conservation Committee during the absence of last year's chairman Dr. Martin, and will be assisted by Jean Rigauumont. Miss Walker chairs the Morale Committee, and Mrs. Owens and Evelyn Fulton head the War Relief Committee. The Recreation Committee is under the

(Continued on page 9)

PEOPLE

FOOT LOOSE GALS

To PCW campus this fall came girls from many parts of the world. By now they are all settled in the routine of college life—but there is still a far off look in their eyes and they are more than ready to tell some of their adventures.

Sue From Trinidad

From far off Trinidad, Spain, came dark, jolly Sue Funk. Although Sue's present home is in our own Holidaysburg, Pa., she can still recall with excitement in her eyes her adventures while living in Trinidad.

To the natives of that country, Sue and her family were "crazy Americans" because they went out during the heat of the day and stayed in at night. This is not the custom in Spain for the days are hot and dry and the evenings long and cool.

During their brief year and a half stay in Trinidad the Funks called home a lovely new place built for them at Port au Spain. Sue's school days were postponed during this interval, because Trinidad's schools are two in number—a school in tropical agriculture and one equivalent to our high schools.

For the past few years the Funks have lived on the campus of Highland Hall in Holidaysburg. It's home to Sue, but Trinidad still means adventure.

Journey Woman

Born in Sicily, reared for five years in Lsington, China, was charming Lucy Dorsey. Lucy's first home was in Catania, Sicily, then China and for many years. After that she lived in Genoa, Italy. Blonde Lucy has traveled through Japan, Hawaii, France, Spain and Singapore.

They're interesting countries—all of them, according to Lucy, but she will take the United States any day.

From Shanghai, China and other cities of great renown comes Sybil Heimenn to our campus. Sybil tells her own story of adventure—see page 13.

Sector Warden

Dr. Wallace has been appointed Sector Air Raid Warden of sector 4, zone 7, in Pittsburgh and PCW has become post 4 of sector 4. Ten posts make up each sector and there are eight sectors in a zone. Zone 7 includes 46,000 people. All three air raid officials, post, sector, and zone warden, have their headquarters here at PCW in room 7.

Miss Harrison

Duty to her family in England was the cause of the sudden departure of Miss Harrison, PCW nurse for thirteen years. Despite the fact that Miss Harrison felt pangs of regret at the thought of leaving "the college on the hill," she also had a feeling of expectation and excitement. Nurse Harrison, expecting to sail from Boston, was unable to divulge the date. She was able to disclose that she is being permitted to take just three pieces of luggage, a steamer trunk and two bags.

The student body presented Miss Harrison with a wallet containing twelve dollars and sixty cents. Faculty's gift was a black purse. (See page 8). PCWites will all miss her but realize that she will be doing her best for England, just as she did for them.

Nina Maley

In SGA meeting on October 8, Nina Maley was unanimously elected Chairman of the Permanent Nominating Committee. Blonde, slim Senior Maley has been active in numerous organizations at PCW; she was Sophomore Member of Student Government Board, secretary of AA, and chairman of the Tea Dance the day after last year's Junior Prom. A member of Hood and Tassel and secretary of the Defense Council, she is now finding time to act as co-chairman of the Dormitory Open House Dance. Her picture on the cover of the "Pitt Panther" attracted much attention last year; she wears the Kappa Sig pin of Pitt graduate Bob Ross.

Nina is frank, impartial; will serve well in her new position.

Transfers

Thirteen Transfers, representing twelve colleges, enrolled at PCW this fall. Nine are Juniors: Jean Burnside, William and Mary; Betty Bush, Miami University; Jeanne De Haven, Allegheny; Barbara Findley, Wells; Jeanne Goodwin, Bethany; Betsy Meader University of Minnesota; Cynthiaanne Say, Western College; Lucy Ann Isham, Cincinnati Conservatory of Music and Westminster; Dorothy Jane Nelson, William and Mary. Four Sophomores complete the list: Barbara Bollinger, Mary Baldwin; Marjorie Ruppelt, Dennison; Sally Landis, Oberlin; and Ruth Mendelson, University of Michigan.

MARY SCHWEPPE

Newly elected Honor Committee Chairman, red-headed Mary Schweppe, dislikes talking about herself, only gives out mere hints about her personal life.

In common with other PCW girls, Mary rushes for the morning paper to read "Terry and the Pirates" and "Little Orphan Annie." Off-campus, her eyes are on a man in the service. In this case, his name is Paul—he's a cadet in the Navy Air Force and is partially responsible for Mary's failure to answer questions coherently, since he was in Pittsburgh last week.

Mary has two great ambitions: to become a capable secretary and to break 100 in golf. The first one shouldn't be too hard—but the latter, well!

"Schweppe" has held various offices at PCW. Last year, she was Vice President of Woodland Hall. This year, she is Chairman of the Honor Committee and Vice President of her class.

Dorm girls know Mary especially as being head of one of the most pleasant tables in the dining room. All PCWites know her as a modest, attractive gal always sure to make friends.

Dr. Kinder

Dr. J. S. Kinder, director of the PCW Film Service, has just added to his present duties as professor of education PCW and assistant administrative head for the Penn State War Training program, the office of Secretary-treasurer of Zone 2 of the Division of Visual Instruction of the National Education Association. This district is one of the ten into which the United States is divided and includes New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia and the District of Columbia. Zone 2 includes approximately 350 members. In spite of the vast amount of territory which Zone 2 covers, Dr. Kinder reports that it will be possible to handle all the work from his desk at PCW, "fortunately or unfortunately as the case may be," he adds.

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ORGANIZATIONS

YWCA

First Meeting

First YW afternoon meeting of the year will be held today at 2:30 in Berry Hall Drawing Room. Subject for discussion will be the WAVES and the WAACS. PCWites will learn distinctions of each, differences between them, have a chance to ask questions. Speaker is Lieutenant Seltzer, from the Naval Procurement Office. Refreshments will conclude the meeting.

Annual YW Recognition Service was held in Chapel, Wednesday, October 7th. In candlelight atmosphere, with organ music played by Mary Jane Fisher, it was an especially impressive occasion. Sally Meanor, YW Vice-President, presided. Her theme: "Master we bring Thee old lamps for new . . . Master, You give us new lamps for old." YW President Amy McKay, presented a gift to loyal YW advisor Miss Gunderman, who has resigned, thanked her for her service to YW. Then, President McKay told a story, explaining the significance of the candlelight service. Lighting her candle from the one on the altar she kindled the lights of the Cabinet, who passed the light on to the YW members. The service ended with the singing of the hymn, "Lead On, O King Eternal."

Retreat

Feminine Fitness was the theme selected for the YW program this year when the cabinet held its annual retreat at the Fresh Air Home for the Improvement of the Poor the week end of September 12. A speaker from the Naval Procurement Office will discuss the WAAC'S and the WAVE'S in the first of these meetings on October 14 at 2:30 in Berry Hall drawing room (see above).

Meetings during the retreat were held outdoors and plans for freshman orientation were completed. Dean Marks and Mrs. Herbert Spencer visited the camp.

Freshman Entertainment

Tentative plans for the YW dinner and Freshman Entertainment have been made for Thursday, November 5. As in other years, the day students will eat in the cafeteria and the house students in the dorm. Following this the freshmen will display their talents in the chapel.

Tea

YWCA sponsored a tea for Big and Little Sisters on the day of Freshman registration, September 21, from two until five. Freshmen, escorted by Big Sisters, tramped to Mellon Hall to be served punch and cookies by four members of YWCA—Grace Benner, Cynthia Dawe, Ruth Firmin, and Betty Urban. Rather timorous, Freshmen were cheerfully greeted by amiable upperclassmen, given a fine start in making friends in their own class and a pleasing preview of fun to come. YW Social Chairman June Hunker and her committee capably planned the Big and Little Sister Tea, as the first big event of the school year.

Chapel Committee

YW Chapel committee, under Ruth Jenkins, Chairman, is making plans for interesting, entertaining, informative Wednesday morning Chapels. On the program are sings, movies, lectures. Soon to be shown is the movie "Americans All" (PCW Film Service), narrated by Julien Bryan, showing the lives of the young people of Latin America. Committee will welcome suggestions, ideas.

Working with Chairman Jenkins are Norma Bailey, Carla Gregson, Gladys Heimert, Vance Hyde, Marian Lambie, Jane Murray.

HOOD AND TASSEL

Girls who received Sophomore Honors on Matriculation Day, September 28, were honored with a coke and pretzel party the same afternoon in the Woodland Hall sunporch. Hood and Tassel members Jean Archer, Amy McKay, Jean Wyre, Marian Rowell, Nina Maley, Jane Fitzpatrick, Janet Ross, and Hood and Tassel advisors Dean Marks, Dr. Griggs, and Junior Advisor Dr. Wallace were all present.

In 1940-41 the President of Student Government, YWCA, AA, Chairman of Activities Council, and Presidents of the Junior and Senior classes organized the Hood and Tassel society for the purpose of giving a special recognition to those girls who have contributed a service to the college. The members are chosen from the outgoing Junior class on the basis of leadership, service, scholarship, and character, and these members are tapped on Moving-Up Day in

(Continued on page 9)

FACULTY CLUB

The Faculty Club initiated its 1942-43 season Thursday evening, September 24, with a farewell party for England-bound Miss Harrison. A leather purse, suitable for traveling, with special space for passports, visas, and other credentials, was presented to her. New faculty members were also received at this meeting.

On Tuesday, October 6, at 6:30, a buffet supper following bowling, bridge, square dancing, listening to records, and community singing was held in Andrew Mellon Hall. This year's faculty club president, Dr. Robb, is enthusiastic about the winter program which includes a special meeting the first Tuesday of each month. Vice President Collins, in charge of these special meetings, is confident that the faculty's repertoire of songs for community singing will be greatly expanded.

G. P. C.

GPC (General Publicity Committee) is the campus organization that publicizes activities and events at PCW. A large turnout greeted GPC Chairman Amanda Harris' call for new members. Chairman Harris is very pleased with this year's prospects. Members of GPC draw posters, print signs, make announcements, do anything else they possibly can to publicize a coming event. Any PCW member or organization may have publicity, simply for the asking, by seeing Chairman Harris, giving her full details. GPC slogan is: "Anything to be publicized? We'll do it!"

GPC Chairmen are: Chapel Announcements, Mary Alma Lapsley; Arrow Announcements, Joyce Aiken.

Mu Sigma Chi

Once a week, in the entrance to Berry Hall, Mu Sigma Chi, PCW's honorary science society, sells its wares to raise money for two scholarships. Three kinds of tooth powder (wintergreen, spearmint, clove) and three creams (cold cream, vanishing, cleansing) are offered to PCWites.

Not just a club, membership in Mu Sigma is based on scholarship in science courses, is open to chemistry, nursing, biology and dietetics majors.

One major project, undertaken by the group last year, was the Disaster Chest. Financing it with the help of the student body, Mu Sigma members assembled it, made it up, ready for use in an emergency.

SPEECH

STAGECRAFT

Mr. George Kimberly, technical director of the Little Theater in Carnegie Tech's drama school, is teaching a new speech course at PCW this year. The course is in stage craft; its purpose is to train girls at school to prepare the proper costumes and properties, good lighting and settings for any PCW productions. From now on school plays will be produced by PCW without the need of outside help. Mr. Kimberly hopes this will improve both the quality of the technical part of the plays and the interest of the students in what will now be entirely their own productions.

The class meets twice a week in the chapel, one day for a lecture, the other for a laboratory on stage craft. The seven students now enrolled in the class are learning how to take care of the technical end of play production, and how to do it well. Mr. Kimberly wants to have the class form an organization, to feel responsible for this work, for every play put on at PCW.

The first project in which we will see the result of their work will be the speech majors' play in November. The name of the play to be given this year is "Letters to Lucerne."

Debate

This year, according to Mr. Carroll C. Arnold (new speech professor—see page 3), the speech groups intend to cooperate, as before, with the National Council of Christians and Jews. As in previous years, active PCW will probably meet with the other Pittsburgh colleges — Tech, Mount Mercy, and Pitt—for extra-curricular debates, although a large number of these activities will be confined to the campus. No definite plans have been made as yet.

"Letters to Lucerne"

"Letters to Lucerne," by Rotter and Vincent, will be given November 22-23 by the speech majors and minors. This annual play is laboratory work for speech students, those not in the cast doing back stage work.

The cast, chosen from all four classes, includes nine girls and four men, whose parts will be doubled up depending upon how many men are found. There will be an assistant student director, and Mr. Kimberly's

stage craft class will be the stage crew.

The play is about the effect of the breaking out of the war upon students of various nationalities in a girls' school in Switzerland. The play was first produced in Cort Theatre in New York City.

Hood and Tassel

(Continued from Page Eight)
the spring. The members wear tiny gold pins and purple hoods on their robes, as insignia of the organization.

Last year Hood and Tassel organized the G. P. C.—General Publicity Committee—a committee which relieves many harassed chairmen of publicity headaches.

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Defense Council

(Continued from Page Six)

supervision of Miss Errett, Dr. Irene Ferguson, and Ginny Hendryx. Ann McClymonds has been appointed Fire Captain and Student Air Raid Warden on campus, and will work with Dr. Wallace, Senior Warden. Edith Cole, Chairman of the Blood Bank on campus (replacing Mary Campbell), will urge students to do their share to meet the higher quota recently set by the Red Cross. Nina Maley is Secretary of the Council.

Miss Errett announced that First Aid and Water Safety classes will start as soon as possible, and that she expects twenty or more people in each class.

"No knitting," said Mrs. Owens at the meeting, and revealed plans for students to send packages to men in the armed forces overseas. PCWites will be asked to contribute their packages soon, because they must be mailed on or before November 1 in order to reach the men in time for Christmas.

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FEATURES

HERE AND THERE

Another year at the same old stand . . . and old age closes in on us every time we pass one of those bright-eyed freshmen. Pass the skin cream, girls . . . we feel some new wrinkles coming on.

What a Summer

It was for those rings and things! Is it the war or just one of those cycles that economists love to talk about? Or could it be love? Marjorie Harter and Margie Anderson will be future Yale Reunioners . . . Edna Schuh, "Pug" Brown, and Phyllis Tross are using their left hands more now that they have those stunning sparklers to display . . . Helen Shellkopf, Betty Hazeltine, and Jane Wilnot, all PCW '42, have also joined the League.

On the Verge

of saying "I dood it" are Louise Haldeman, who will marry Jimmy Graves in Louisiana on October 24, and ex-**Arrow's** Petie McCall, who has set a November wedding date . . . Kitty Watson will be married on October 27 to Carter Shryock, now at Officers' Training School in Fort Benning, Georgia . . . Florence Succop, '42, becomes a fall bride on October 17.

The Bells Told

that ex-PCWites Libby and Sally Birrell were wearing their satins and lace within a month of each other; Libby is now Mrs. Wayne Forsythe (he is the ex-Tech football player), living in Texas, and Sally became Mrs. Niedringhaus on October 10. A wedding present to both the girls was the best news of all—that their parents in fallen Manila are alive and well.

Lost

from PCW ranks are Barbara Weil, Ruth Bristor, Charlotte Schultz, Mary Virginia Bolton, Jacqueline Eckeley, Norma Lewis, and Obie Bender . . . Jean Dobson, Miriam Rosenbloom, and Ginny Volkay transferred to Pitt this fall . . . Betty Hurt went over to Ohio University . . . Mary Schwalb entered a school of Fashion Design . . . Joan Bender is going into nurses' training at John Hopkins.

Keeping It In the Family

are several PCW grads . . . Betty Gahagan '42 is the wife of Alexander Lindsay, brother of Anne Lindsay, '41 . . . Mary Linn Marks was married at Kiski this summer to Jack Colbaugh, Betsy's brother . . . Betsy herself was a summer bride, as were

Jean Faris, Sally Thomas, Barbara Somers, Mary Lou Henry, Grace Mary Horton, Rosella Wayne, and ex-recorder Mary Ida McFarland.

New Members

of the P. P. U. (Pin Possessors' Union) are Mary Schweppe and Nina Maley . . . Dale Kirsopp wears a Beta pin, and Portia Geyer sports a Greek-lettered badge.

Going From Here to There

Hel'en Dornberger, Nancy Stauffer, Louise Rider, and Dale Kirsopp hopped a train to Penn State on the tenth for the Interfraternity Ball . . . Ruth Weston journeyed all the way to Florida to catch a glimpse of a certain Air Corps man—just a friend, we presume . . . Ginny Hendryx went on a jaunt to Corpus Christi, Texas, for the same reason . . . by the way, remember to ask Jack Kirby about Ginny Gillespie's trip to Texas.

Odds and Ends

Nancy Maxwell spending last weekend up in the clouds, because Jimmy was in town . . . Frannie Hilbish rooting for Old Eli plus Old Lehigh . . . Peggy Riffle forgetting to keep a date on South Highland Bridge (we regret that we haven't the details on that one—Ed.) . . . Sally Villing looking downhearted the day that letter came from Bob at Cornell saying that house parties are out for the duration.

There's more . . . but it can wait. Right now we have to see a man about buying some War Stamps—not a bad idea, y'know!

CAMPUS COMMENTS

A cheering sight in wartime—or in any time, for that matter—is the sight of new faces, bright as 1942 quarters and even nicer to have around. We're thinking of the Freshmen, of course . . . and just in case they haven't realized it, may we explain that this **Arrow** issue is dedicated to them, as our way of saying, "Hello, Nice People!" A classic comment made by an ex-**Arrow** ed. should be tucked away by every freshman and brought out on that Confusing Day when she gets lost in the labyrinth of Berry Hall's third floor or knocks down an upperclassman in her haste to get through a doorway: "Is we seniors seem horribly old and experienced, don't forget that looks are deceiving. One thing is certain—freshmen look younger than we felt four years ago, and we don't feel nearly as old as

the seniors looked then."

* * *

Far be it from us to halt the wheels of progress, but can't help thinking that some Modern Improvements are dubious blessings. Even after six weeks of meals in Woodland Hall dining room, we miss the busy rattle of dishes and the clamor of songs that rocked the roof. Now the familiar sounds are gathered up by wooly soundproofing, and we invariably find ourselves wondering, "What's everybody whispering for?"

* * *

Week-end jaunts and occasional treks to Army camps are the Spice of Life, we know. But they aren't patriotic. Another appeal to cut down week-end travel by bus and train has been issued by the Office of Defense Transportation. A further shift of eight per cent in traffic from week end to midweek is imperative to relieve congestion of these carriers, and college students have been asked not to contribute to mass movements of fans to football games this fall. Going to root for the Home Team or to lift Army morale is all right . . . but don't do it if you have to make a government worker stand in the aisle.

* * *

A friend of the college indeed is Mrs. George W. Martin, Alumnae Trustee, who presented to AMH and the enlarged Home Economics Department a lovely Italian lace table cloth and the large blue platter of pheasant design which now stands on the mantel in the large AMH dining room. She also gave the College the two stone vases in front of Berry Hall and in front of Dr. Spencer's home.

* * *

The amazing vigor with which Nita McAdams and Nurse Mulholland raced through the Commando obstacle course at Mohamet Day made us feel slightly weak and pallid. Here we sit with falling hair and dandruff and athlete's foot while Lord Mountbatten probably has his eye on this peppy duo. Maybe we should try Charles Atlas's dynamic tension exercises . . . but on second thought, a good night's sleep will do.

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FEATURES

FASHIONS

Furloughs, O. C. S., army camps, jeeps, peeps — overnight you find yourself with a brand new vocabulary. Well—there is something other than vocabulary that must be brand new these days—that is if you expect to make the hit you've planned when you're off to visit your handsome lieutenant at camp. Simplification and elimination seem to be the theme songs of the WPB. Some jottings in the margin as put there by the WPB—return of the classic silhouette and slimmer skirts—some pleating and shirring but fewer details on woollens. Absolutely no vents, tucks, bellows, gussets, yokes and other mysteries of the tailoring trade that usually go into the clothes in the college girl's wardrobe. To the dressmakers the WPB says no French cuffs, leg o' mutton sleeves, patch pockets, jacket dresses, redingotes, bolero dresses, and belts wider than two inches. Wool linings are banned, jackets are shorter and plainer and three-piece ensembles are out.

If you're off to visit an army camp, here is your traveling suit in detail. You can wear it any time any place and you'll still be the slickest looking gal for miles around. No need to tell you that we're speaking of a covert cloth suit. You can get real British covert cloth—believe it or not. You'll have the suave, tailored look that is the essence of good grooming in these days when one must contend with so many uniforms. A topcoat of the same material is an added attraction that's really worth looking into.

Or perhaps you're looking for a coat with a more dressy atmosphere about it. Something very dashing in this is a dressy tailored coat with a detachable Persian-lamb capelet. Really two coats in one. Without the capelet you have a good looking tailored coat. With the touch of fur you have a dress coat.

And then if you are searching for the dress coat there is the old stand by—the coachman's coat and this time it's trimmed in Persian lamb—collar and pockets. The perfect coat for town wear.

Gay Sombrero

Maybe it isn't coats you're needing at all. You've got a perfectly good tailored coat and your object is a hat to go with it. Nothing could have more chic than a John Fredericks' sombrero—plaid in any shade with a bag to match. How often have you wanted a hat that could be worn anywhere

and still have class? Here's your hat—don't miss it.

Victorian Bride

If you're in that lucky group we all know as "brides-to-be," you've been looking at everything from frying pans to shimmering satin gowns. You're in a complete and utter daze and by now you can't remember a thing you've looked at, so we'll see what we can do to refresh your memory. If the wedding is in the near future and you've looked at gorgeous gowns until you don't know satin from tulle—we have a bit of exciting news. Imagine yourself as a Victorian bride in rich cream satin dress with a marquisette yolk, capelet of fine Venetian lace and a Victorian bonnet of satin and lace with a floor length veil of Bridal Illusion.

Femininity Plus

Femininity for dates is good advice. You wouldn't expect a welder at Lockheed to wear her overalls at Ciro's, and the studious college girl should ignore her sweaters, skirts, and tailored woools, and dress up for her dates. Velveteen or crepe with just enough frill will do the trick. If you don't particularly care for fussy clothes, your suit plus a dainty blouse will let him know you're really made of sugar and spice.

With the off-duty week-end a wonderful possibility, be prepared to heighten morale with something special. A dark brown or black suit, with or without velvet collars, is just the thing. Shoes, bag, hat, and gloves to match or correctly contrast, and a pale blue or lush dahlia-red blouse. For the formal evening, there is the rayon crepe dinner dress, femme fatale from waist up, with contrasting billows of rayon marquisette below.

Close-cropped

What you do with your crowning glory this year is, as usual, entirely up to you. But it seems that the three-inch cut, time and trouble tested, is here for the duration. If you're positive you'd look gruesome with short hair, by all means let it dangle either with bangs to cut the monotony or a flower or beret to keep it out of your eyes. But please, please . . . don't just let your long mop flop around and earn the title of the Poor Man's Veronica Lake.

Let us warn you in closing, DO take care of the things you have. They're the nicest you'll get for the duration.

M. A., S. L.

SPORTSCOPE

Shiny white balls, new sticks, shin guards that really fit, adhesive plastered legs, and a complete absence of breath. Yep, we can tell. Hockey season opens today. Come all ye spectators up to the field at 3:15 and watch the Juniors and Sophomores beat that little ball up and down the playing area. Then marvel at the second half of this double-header in which the lowly Frosh will try to dethrone the high and mighty Seniors. Thrills and spills! Clashes and gashes! If you have seen a game before you'll be there and if you haven't, come and root for your class—you'll love it.

P. Possum

Little Donnie Dingbat who predicts weather for the "Press" has a cousin who came to PCW this year. Let me present young Perky Possum who asked to be quoted as saying, "That Dingbat child is an amateur. I can foretell the future too. On Wednesday, October the 14th, the Juniors will ride in cool triumph over the Sophomores. And though the Freshmen yearlings may make it hot for the Rose and White of '43, don't let the probable upperclass victory dampen your spirit. Jean Rigamont, the mighty midget, Prexy Peggy Donaldson and Ginny Alexander should be the shining lights for the Green and White, and who knows about the Sophomore team? For the Senior satellites we see Jane Fitzpatrick and Jean Archer and on the other side of the bully line Doris Rowan and A. J. Goodwin for our Freshman friends.

Remember, fellow combatants, we all must practice an hour between

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FEATURES

each game—just to keep that deadly touch. The remainder of the hockey schedule is as follows:

Oct. 21—Frosh vs. Juniors.... 2:00
 Sophs vs. Seniors.... 3:30
 Nov. 4—Frosh vs. Sophs..... 2:00
 Juniors vs. Seniors.... 3:30
 Nov. 11—Honorary Game.

**KEEP THESE DATES IN MIND!
 COME AND CHEER FOR YOUR
 CLASS!**

The fall doubles tournament is riding along in full swing. Most contestants have been unusually faithful in playing their matches on time. Friday the 16th will herald the semifinals and here old P. Possum again rears his ugly head as he comes out from under his favorite philosophy book to squeak: "And I'll lay you two to one that Donaldson and Wright will run away with the finals."

Get In the Swim

Do you feel tired and logy? Are you run down? Do figures and letters swim in front of your eyes? Well, let's beat them to it and get in the swim ourselves. Come from your lair in the Roman room and hie yourself to Mellon Hall for an invigorating dip. Recreational swimming is for YOU. Why don't you try it? Tuesdays at 3:30, Wednesdays 2-4, and Thursday night at 8 P. M. And if you feel even stronger about the subject than that, why not sign up for Senior Life Saving. It will certainly come in handy when all your classmates jump off Point Bridge come exam time. See Miss Graham or Miss Errett about this. The class is to be held Tuesdays and Thursdays at 2:30.

Doggone! Missed Again

Have you been missing your mark? Do all your arrows hit the wrong man? Archery is the solution for you. If you can wield a bow or if you'd like to learn, the archery range is waiting at 1:30 on Fridays.

To Horse and Away

Now that gas and tire rationing are just around the corner, it's time to saddle Nelly and canter to classes. If you have an old horse just browsing around the living-room, saddle her and tighten the cinches and you will win a small poster, suitable for framing, stating "I am using 100% less gasoline." But if Nelly has gotten a little broad across the beam, and you don't like to ride side-saddle, run to Miss Errett and say, "I want to ride on Wednesdays and Thursdays at 1:30 and 2:30 respectively, at only \$1.25 an hour!"

CAMPUS CHANGES

Seniors graduate, Freshmen matriculate and campus changes materialize—all for better or for worse.

The war is influencing many fads on campus this year. Short hair cuts and fewer cars are being seen. Tillie Wilcox, for example, has a three-inch hair cut (growing out a bit) instead of her last year's long bob. For the first time in years there is plenty of parking space—due probably to the rubber shortage. Army insignias, with emphasis on the wings, are replacing the traditional fraternity pins. Dr. Spencer now taking an active part in war work, is busier than his busiest days last year.

New rugs are in the front offices and Miss Myers' office and the gym office have been repapered. Edie Cole has her own office while many of the faculty have changed theirs.

The family circle in Andrew Mellon Hall has increased to the sum total of nineteen, thus eliminating the guest room and causing Mrs. Gilmore to make new luncheon sets. New books have been donated to the Mellon Hall library by Mrs. George W. Martin, Alumnae trustee, and the big kitchen where the girls used to get their own Sunday breakfasts is now turned over to the Home Economics Department as its nutrition laboratory.

Tuition has gone up thirty degrees. In the biology lab, instead of *Habrabracon Juglandis* there are *Drosophila Melanogaster*—fruit flies, to you. Oh yes! the smoking room has new chair covers and new "phys. ed" hockey equipment include peonies, sticks and shin guards. Woodland Hall's dining room, sound proofed this year, is now as quiet as the campus on Sunday afternoon.

A new stone bench fills in the space (as helpful information to freshies) between the library and science hall right in front of the flag pole. Already on these warm sunny days industrious students have been

holding this seat down and studying at the same time.

When it comes to the changes in the library, for once the lower of the lower classmen have the advantage. It took upper classmen two to three years to learn the library's ins and outs and they are now in the same boat as the freshies. Fiction and all books that were along the left wall are in the stacks and replacing them are the biographies. The reserves, in alphabetical order according to subjects, can be taken out at three and on Wednesday and on Saturday at eleven.

According to the seniors, they're either shorter than last year's seniors or their gowns have stretched. They hike up in the front and have a drape effect in the back. To replace the old yellow and white tassels are new rose and white ones.

Flash—new low on heels this fall! Practice teachers have replaced high, flattering, and uncomfortable heels with the more conservative type oxfords and moderate heels.

That about rounds up the campus changes, but of course the most important of all are the Freshmen, or are they?

War Relief Committee

With Madame Owens as its head, the War Relief Committee has begun to form plans for the coming year.

Madame Owens announces that Evelyn Fulton, a PCW Junior will be the student representative. Evelyn's first suggestion is that a group of girls send very interesting, luscious and colorful packages to some of the American forces in the Arctic Region. It is felt that packages and letters sent by November first would delight the men, bring glad tidings and best wishes to them at Christmas time.

Miss Marks has suggested helping the tragic prisoners of war. The regular school affairs will be used to raise money.

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LITERATURE

GROWING PAINS by Sybil D. Heinmann '46

Growing up does not seem easy; at least it has not been easy for me. I started out in this life by being born in Shanghai, China, and up to the tender age of five I led an existence of serene bliss, taking all the amenities of life for granted. Both my amah and our Chinese boys adored "young missy," and carried out my orders that the young princess might wish to give them. I had a few little boys and girls as my friends, who were all as clean and well looked-after as myself. My interests lay in the new Russian governess who came to us, in the park I used to go to for play, in my little sister, and more especially in chocolates and bonbons of a greenish hue with white stripes. I was never conscious of languages as such, for I grew up with English and German and could gabble happily in Chinese and Russian. Then one day I was told that we would leave all that I knew and loved to go to Germany. Life seemed uncertain for the first time, for my beloved Russian governess did not come with us. I do not remember much of the trip across Siberia, except that it was long and dull, and I knew that we were in a train and that I ate a lot of dried prunes. Mother tells me that the family had to rely on me to order the food in Russian, to the amazement of the waiter.

Life in Berlin was a great change from life in Shanghai. I went for the first time to school, and felt bewildered. There were so many children and they were all so different. Some were nice and some were nasty; some were rich and others were poor, and I had to learn to get along with all of them.

Before I was old enough to form a mature idea of Germany and its people, we were on the move once more. This time we went to Santiago, Chile. The journey stands out clearly, for we had terrific storms till we reached New York. I shall never forget the sight of the Statue of Liberty, bathed in sunlight. Even at the age of eleven I had a deep feeling inside me which I could not express. I had been told that this statue stands for liberty. Strong upon me still was the memory of what I had heard and seen in Germany; the shadow of the brute force of men, a dark and sinister thing which I could not fully comprehend, lay on my mind.

The voyage from New York down the west coast of South America was colorful and fascinated me. Life in

Chile meant a radical readjustment. My sister and I went to a North American school, the Santiago College. The first months were very hard. Lessons were taught in English, but since most of the children were Chilean they refused to speak English in their leisure time, and I was thought to be rather dumb because I could not even speak Spanish!

After one year there we left for England. This meant that once more I had to change schools and habits. England seemed strange at first. I had imagined that every Englishman wore a top-hat and had blue eyes, and that the sky over England was forever grey. Again the first year in my new surroundings was hard. Not only was the system of teaching different, but the people and their outlook on life. We had a system of "Houses" in Parsons Mead School, between which there was a friendly competition. One way of teaching the older girls responsibility was to have them look after the younger children and help them. It was in England that I spent the richest years of my life—spiritually rich years. I grew up, I learned to think and reason. I also learned the true meaning of democracy. I became happily absorbed in English affairs, past and present. I understood what it means to call a country my home. No wonder then, that I am closely bound to England, the country that has given me all her riches. No wonder that my love of England is something deep-rooted and true which time can never change. England is like a precious stone upon which I built the foundations of my life. It was the war that forged the final link which bound me spiritually to England.

However, after two years of war, my father was transferred to Pittsburgh on business for the duration. To leave war-torn England and its brave, undaunted people, my relations and friends, was the hardest thing I ever had to do. I was for-

tunate, of course, that my parents and my sister were with me, that we would be safe from bombing, and that we would have plenty of food always, but it just did not seem fair somehow.

We crossed the Atlantic in convoy, an interesting experience, but a long and cold one too. For the second time I saw the Statue of Liberty. I was older now, more experienced—or was I? Life again was uncertain. Maybe if I could keep the sight of the Statue of Liberty in mind, the pain of separation from England would be more bearable.

America was a tremendous change after war-torn England. Dazzling lights instead of blackout, shops overflowing with food. The hustle and bustle of people was almost frightening, for out in the country social intercourse had practically come to a standstill because of the war. My two semesters at Peabody High School seem strange and distant to me now. It was like a dream; I was an onlooker in some colorful play but never part of it. Graduation came like a shock, and yet it seemed hazy. I took part in an important event of complete strangers, I was part of the color and the noise. It was unreal, and yet suddenly I realized that for me too, this was a great day. It meant the end of my school days. I was grown up.

Two weeks ago, I started my first semester of college. I had a great and wonderful surprise. For the first time in my life I did not have to make a complete transition. I felt at home, for PCW greeted me with a warmth and friendliness which I have missed for long. At PCW there is cooperation and a willingness to think of others which remind me of England.

While I naturally don't want the war to last for four years, I sincerely hope that I shall be able to complete four years of happy college life at PCW before returning to England.

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LITERATURE

WITHOUT LICENSE by Suzanne McLean

Maggie Tiller put the receiver back in place with a bang. A look of dread and hate surged to her eyes. Damn them! Joe was dead and buried last week. Why couldn't they leave a grieving widow alone? She didn't want Joe's policeman buddies trying to comfort her while they sat twitching and talking fast to keep from breaking down. Damn them and their routine of duties toward a dead policeman's widow. They would come prepared to find her inconsolable in her grief and they would try to make her forget a little of Joe's tragedy. The hate crept to her mouth and she swore louder as she began arranging the four-room cottage.

Maggie filled Joe's pipe and laid it carelessly in its bowl. She pulled the worn sergeant's cap from the drawer and hung it prominently on the hatrack. She put the red-checked hunting jacket on a hook by the door and his high-top boots underneath. She brought out his detective novels and put the Sherlock Holmes' Omnibus on the arm of his big chair. When, at last, the police car turned up the cinder drive, the house looked as though it were waiting for its master. Maggie made a last dash for a damp hanky and then went to the door.

The three policemen stood silent, their hats conspicuously off. No one spoke but Maggie, and she invited them in. Jim sat down, Pinch stared at a boat picture over the mantle, and Big Ed assumed the pose of one about to speak.

"It was good of you boys to come," said Maggie weakly.

"We wanted to express our sympathy," said Jim without looking up. Pinch stopped staring at the picture.

"You're a brave woman," he said with conviction.

Big Ed shifted his feet and looked around the room.

"Don't look like he'd ever left," he said simply.

"I pretend he hasn't," Maggie said, and covered her nose with the crumpled hanky. "I always keep his pipe filled and his favorite jacket hangin' just where he kept it."

"Is . . . is that the jacket he wore?," asked Big Ed.

"Yes," said Maggie from behind her hanky. Big Ed stroked the red-checked wool reverently until his finger caught in a small round hole just below the worn yellow hunting

license. Then he pulled his finger away quickly. He looked at the bloodstain around the hole and unconsciously rubbed his finger along his blue coat. He was glad when Pinch began to speak.

"I'd like to get my hands on that hit-and-run hunter that shot Joe." He doubled his fist and reached for his gun to illustrate.

Maggie watched Pinch's honest face, then turned to Jim.

"You're so quiet, Jim," she said nervously.

"Aw, he's just got himself married, Mrs. Tiller," said Pinch. "He's been talkin' all the way over here, what if he got killed and left his . . . I mean, if his wife got to be a widow . . . while she's young and pretty like you, I mean."

"Oh." There were evident signs of relief in Maggie's "oh" and she looked more kindly at them all. "Will you have a beer, boys?"

They all said "yes" and Jim and Maggie went to the kitchen. Pinch and Big Ed took deeper breaths. They were relieved that she hadn't cried. When she came in with the beers, she looked almost happy. For a few minutes there was silence, then Maggie's eye caught Big Ed hovering near the door.

"Ain't ya drinkin' with us, Ed?," she asked.

Ed said nothing for a while; he was stroking the hunting jacket.

"How'd it happen, Mrs. Tiller?," he asked finally. Maggie set her beer on the table. She looked at Big Ed holding his beer in one hand and touching the jacket with the other. Slowly she relaxed in the chair and spoke distinctly.

"Ya see . . . Joe said he was goin' huntin'. He was all dressed in the jacket and them boots when he told me." She stopped; Big Ed was holding the jacket in his arms as if it were a sacred altar cloth. "Then . . .

about ten minutes after he left . . . I heard two shots . . . I wouldn't a thought anything of 'em . . . but I happened to look out the window . . . that window . . ." She pointed past Big Ed and the jacket . . . "And there was Joe . . . out by the shed there . . . lyin' on the ground . . ." Maggie's voice caught and she was staring helplessly at Big Ed. Pinch and Jim got embarrassed.

"Did you go out then?," asked Big Ed.

"Y-Yes." Maggie hesitated and then spoke slowly again. "He . . . he died in my arms . . . He said the bullet musta come from the woods there . . ."

Pinch said, "Gosh." And Jim said, "The force sure lost a swell guy." Big Ed hung the jacket on its hook and said nothing.

"Yes," said Maggie, "the force sure lost a swell guy. His last words to me were, 'The force'll take care of ya, Nutmeg.' He always called me Nutmeg, and I called him . . ."

"What was he out hunting?," asked Big Ed suddenly. Maggie gripped her hanky tighter and looked at Big Ed. What was he trying to pull?

"Why, deer, of course . . . the woods is full of 'em and we love deermeat."

"I caught a beauty last week," said Jim boyishly. Maggie suddenly realized how tensely she had been sitting and, as she settled in the cushions, she gave Jim notice to continue his conversation.

"How big was it, Jim?," she asked sweetly and Jim was only too glad to tell of his prowess. Pinch was glad, too, that the conversation was side-tracked from Joe and he eagerly stepped into it. Big Ed stood silently by the door and watched the jacket as if he were afraid it would walk away. Maggie shuddered and imagined Big Ed to be a rather morose creature. She was thankful

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LITERATURE

though, and liked him better, when at last he said,

"We better be gettin' along now, boys."

They agreed quickly and Maggie threw them her most gracious smile as they got up. Then Big Ed looked at her.

"I think you'd better come too, Mrs. Tiller."

Maggie smiled coquettishly. "Now, whatever I be doin' out with you boys?" Pinch and Jim laughed and she handed Big Ed his cap.

"I want you to come to the station with us," he said unsmiling. Maggie looked at his straight mouth and relentless eyes. Panic seized her.

"Why?" she asked breathlessly.

"Don't you know?," he said.

Pinch and Jim were about to speak but they saw Maggie's face and stood motionless. Then her shoulders relaxed and she looked at them all.

"You're kiddin' me," she said.

Big Ed's voice was cold.

"I am not kidding, Mrs. Tiller. Oh, don't feel hurt. It wasn't your acting. That was pretty good. It's just that policemen like Joe don't go deer-hunting with last year's license on their back."

FRESHMAN TESTS

Among other events scheduled for freshmen and transfer students the first few days of the school year is the annual testing program. This program is under the direction of Dr. Kinder, head of the departments of psychology and education. Speaking of the psychological tests he explained, "As usual, there are some very outstanding papers and also some perfectly silly mistakes. From all indications, this class is just as good as classes in previous years."

Added to the group of tests last year and included again this year, was the English Placement Test. The English Department plans to make extensive use of the results of the test this year. The test covers a two-hour period, is very comprehensive for college students. It includes tests of vocabulary, speed of reading, comprehensive reading, sentence structure and style, grammar, punctuation and capitalization, spelling and organization.

Taking these tests was a group of ninety-four freshmen and thirteen

advanced-standing students. These tests were the same as last year, in the 1942 edition. The psychological tests from PCW are rated with those of some 350 other colleges in the country.



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Resident:

Joyce Aiken, Betty Beck, Margaret Bishop, Janet Bovard, Mary Louise Burckart, Roberta Carpenter, Sara Cook, Marjory Couch, Lucy Dorsey, Anna Dunn, Miriam Egger, Patricia Eldon, Doris Fairfield, Alice Gardner, Anna Jane Goodwin, Eleanor Helfrich, Dolores Knoll, Kitty Lancaster, Marjorie Lansing, Jean Lelfler, Mary Anne Letsche, Margaret McKee, Sue Funk, Jane McPherson, Helen Myers, Sue Norton, Helen Parkinson, Ruth Perry, Janet Petty, Mariellen Roche, Marie Rohrer, Betsy Ross, Doris Rowand, Mary Ann Rumbaugh, Rosalyn Savecka, Ellen Saylor, Nancy Showalter, Doris Sisler, Myra Sklarey, Frances Stoner, Jean Thompson, Carolyn Thorne, Joan Titus, Virginia Uber, Sara Villing, Virginia Vogt, Patricia Walton, Mary Wells, Katherine Wertenbach, Elizabeth Wilson, Martha Yorkin.

Come Before Winter

At the First Presbyterian Church Sunday evening, October 18, at 8 o'clock, Dr. Clarence Edward Macartney will preach his noted sermon on Opportunity, COME BEFORE WINTER. This will be the Twenty-seventh Anniversary of the first preaching of the sermon at the Arch St. Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, in 1915. At the original service delegations of students from Philadelphia colleges were present, and the reaction of two of those students prompted Dr. Macartney to preach every autumn on this text, COME BEFORE WINTER.

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The ARROW

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Typists:—Mary Lou Burckart, Sue Norton, Mary Lou Oesterling, Nancy Showalter, Phyllis Tross, Betsy Kinney.

New Staff

With this issue the **Arrow** announces the permanent **Arrow** workers for this year. Names of the reporters and business staff members have been printed in the staff box, but we would like to introduce formally the new editors and their associates.

The Board of Publications has appointed Marian Lambie, '43, Co-Editor with Ann McClymonds, '44. Marian reported for the **Arrow** in her Freshman year and has been Assistant News Editor and News Editor. Last year she received Sophomore Honors and the Hood and Tassel award for scholarship and service.

Ann was Feature Editor last year and was awarded Sophomore Honors this year. She is also Fire and Air Raid Captain on campus.

Virginia Hendryx, '43, besides being Business Manager of the **Arrow**, finds time to serve as first vice-president of SGA board and to worry over her practice teaching papers.

After two years on the news staff, Evelyn Glick, '43, has been made News Editor. A science major, she also received Sophomore Honors this fall. Jane Strain, '45,

is her capable assistant.

Margaret Anderson, well known as the writer of the fashion column for two years, is editor in charge of features. AA President Janet Ross, a member of Hood and Tassel, carries on an old family tradition by being Sports Editor; this year is her third in that position.

After spending the summer reading proof for a business firm, second vice-president of SGA Martha Harlan, '44, was well prepared to become Proof Reader. She amazed the staff on the first issue by buying a book of printers' symbols and studying them diligently.

Peggy Suppes '43, a camera fiend, spends her spare time snapping pictures and rushing back and forth to the camera shops about town; she's the staff photographer.

The girl who spends her Saturday afternoons struggling with pencils and glue and sticky galley sheets is Nancy Maxwell, '44, Make-Up Editor, assisted by Ruth Weston, '44.

These are the girls who will direct the **Arrow** for the coming year. To them, for their fine work and cooperation, this issue is gratefully dedicated.

Editor's Note:

To help clear up rumors that PCW would not open next year, that courses would be accelerated, and others like them, PCW President Spencer came into Student Government meeting one recent Thursday. Speaking calmly, straight-forwardly, he presented the facts, quickly reassured students. The **Arrow** would like to help him in the effort to bring the matter squarely before PCWites. This is the sum of the information at present. Undoubtedly the progress of the war will determine what changes must be made, and when.

That there are many locations which need women for war industries and other war work is true. But that there are at present a great number of women, looking for work, who are unplaced, is equally true. These women may be shifted to areas where they are needed. Thus, right now, there is no need to stop college girls from going ahead with their education. Present Seniors and Juniors are practically certain to graduate, will probably be put on an accelerated schedule by cutting the length of exam periods and spring vacation. The sooner the college-trained woman is able to step in with her contribution, the better.

For there is a greatly increased need of educated women in the war effort. The Association of American Colleges has recommended that special emphasis be placed upon English, mathematics, physics, chemistry, American history, foreign languages, and physical fitness. That vocational training should be combined with liberal arts is an obvious and vital fact. PCW, with its *Careers of Distinction*, has for a long time recognized and stressed this combination, is in a good position to further this scheme.

Next semester, courses will be opened to Seniors and Juniors to prepare them for work in war industries. Possible choices include: Drafting, Production Engineering, Industrial Accounting, Chemical Analysis, Office Management, Job Analysis, Motion and Time Studies, Fundamentals of Industrial Manufacturing.

EVENTS

CIRCUS

Activities Council event for October — the Circus — chairmanned by Jane Evans, head of Activities Council, and Jean Archer, general chairman, and held on October 28, netted a profit of one hundred dollars, donated to the United War Fund Drive.

Each of the four classes and the faculty presented side-shows. The Faculty transformed the back of the Speech Lab into "The Devil's Den" with an added attraction of the privilege of throwing balls at three masked professors. Seniors presented an old-fashioned burlesque in "Take-Off Tavern" in the front of the gym, complete with singing waiters, a bouncer and Queenie, star of burlesque. In the back of the gym, Juniors presented a real side-show of freaks, including the fattest and the thinnest women on earth, a book worm and a two-headed girl.

Advertising "the only penguin alive who drinks coffee, the Sophomores placed a cup in a box, with a sign saying that the penguin was out looking for coffee. "Darky Doin's" with a "culled" chorus and a thrilling Mellerdrama were the Freshmen's contribution in the den. The Junior freak show was rated tops by the judges and their prize, a trophy, will be placed on the trophy shelf outside the Dean's office.

Big Top presented variety stunts, clown and a Maypole dance followed by dancing until eleven.

The one hundred dollars turned over to the United War Fund Drive, was contributed from the proceeds by the Faculty, \$25.86; Seniors, \$16.30; Juniors, \$17.90; Sophomores, \$11.00; and Freshmen, \$14.14.

Assisting Jean Archer were Nancy Stauffer, Glee Club; Amanda Harris, publicity; Louise Wallace and Justine Swan, decorations; Lorraine Wolf, Big Top; and Eleanor St. Clair, in charge of the dance.

Faculty Dinner

The Faculty held a dinner in honor of the Alumnae Board at 7:30 November 9th at Andrew Mellon Hall. Dr. Spencer and Mrs. Muir, president of the Alumnae Board, spoke on the plans for closer cooperation between the Alumnae Administration and the Faculty.

Included in the program was poetry read by Doctor Doxsee, and community singing, with a social hour following.

8-Ball

Breaking the jinx, the Fall Formal was held on Friday, November thirteenth. Co-chairman Louise Wallace and Ruth Jenkins, assisted by Martha Jane Truxall, Joanne Knauss, Margie Selleck, and Pat Walton, decorated the Chapel in black and white, using as their theme the superstitions surrounding Friday, the thirteenth. Black cats and ladders greeted the dancers and programs were made in the form of black eightballs. Music was provided by Homer Ochsenhirt's orchestra. The dance, sponsored by Sophomore and Senior classes, was the first formal dance of the season. The proceeds from it were put into a war bond, which was bought in the name of PCW.

Freshman Entertainment

From Brahms to Mr. Anthony in an hour! No, not a push-button radio but the Freshman Entertainment on Tuesday evening, November 10. The Brahms was provided by Joan Titus' violin solo and Mr. Anthony (Joan Harms) was kept busy cutting out paper dolls and solving the problems of Penny Myers, Fran Hilbisch, Emilie Sawders, and Nina McAdams. The three men in the audience suffered an embarrassing five minutes while Barbara Work conducted an expose, "A Short History of Man." A pantomime of "Sally and Susy," prize-winning Freshman funny song, was followed by a recitation by Marilou Haller. Something new and different was interpolated by the '46ers in Martha Coate's chalk talk.

An evening of life in the dorm was depicted by a dozen gals who should know—twelve Freshman dorm students. Music's charms to soothe turbulent upper-classmen's breasts must have been foreseen by Co-Chairmen Sally Villing and Marilou Haller, for Pat Walton set the scene with three easy-to-listen-to piano arrangements and leave was taken "on wings of song" (community singing) accompanied by Helen Parkinson at the piano. The Freshmen have evidently taken the usual V for Victory to stand for variety, versatility, and vigorousness.

Further expounding the V for Victory motif was the YW dinner which preceded Freshman Entertainment. Chairman Betsy Kinney reported that sixty-one plates were served.

COMMITTEES

New committees recently announced in SGA are:

Den Committee, whose purpose is not to actually keep the den clean, but to remind others to do their part in keeping it clean: Chairman, Patty Blue; Jane Blattner, Betty McCrory and Helen Jane Shriner.

Smoking Room Committee, whose duty is the same but in regard to the smoking room: Chairman, Marian Lambie; Helen Clewer, Nina McAdams and Betty Molvie.

Library Committee, whose job it is to see that the students take care of the books and the library and to sponsor contests and exhibits during the year: Chairman, Janet McCormick; Marjorie Couch, Evelyn Glick and Edith Succop.

Permanent Nominating Committee: Chairman, Nina Maley; Mary Lou Burckhart, Louise Flood, Kelly Jones and Justine Swan.

Curriculum Committee, which meets with the faculty to bring to them the student ideas on curriculum: Chairman, Libby Esler; Lois Allshouse, Miriam Egger, Peggy Suppes, and Winiired Watson.

Vocational Committee, which obtains speakers to talk about the different vocational fields: Chairman, Marjorie Noonan; Martha Coate, Rosemary Phillipelli, Dorothy Firth and Betsy Meader.

Address Book Committee: Chairman, Peggy Dietz; Gladys Bistline, Jane Mueb and Mearl Perry.

Discussion Group

Well attended by more than sixty students from Pitt, Tech, Mount Mercy, Duquesne and PCW was the dinner and first meeting of the Intercollegiate Discussion Group, held at PCW on November 9th.

With PCW as the hostess, and under the chairmanship of Evelyn Glick, our collegiate neighbors were welcomed at a spaghetti dinner given in Berry Hall, followed by the discussion. The topic chosen for the November meeting was "The Obstacles to Permanent Peace and Post-War Reconstruction." Aably examined by a young lady from Pitt was nationalism as an obstacle to permanent peace, by a Carnegie Tech student the economic obstacles, and by a Mount Mercy student the internal political obstacles. Also discussed were the geographic and human obstacles to peace by gentlemen from Pitt and Duquesne, respectively, while the

EVENTS

meeting was conducted by Evelyn Glick.

All schools were well represented in the eager discussion which was thrown open to the group after the main speeches had been given.

Plans were formulated for the next meeting, which will be held at Duquesne on December 2nd. At that time, solutions will be sought to those obstacles to permanent peace which were presented in the November meeting. Everyone will be welcome. Come and hear what we, the youth of America, must settle when the second World War is over.

Vocational Interest Tests

This year as in previous years, the Vocational Interest Test was given to Freshmen and transfer students on November 11 to determine their own individual pattern of likes and dislikes as compared to the characteristic interests of successful women in the various fields such as social work, secretarial work and nursing. Dr. Andrew was in charge of the giving and scoring of these tests.

After scoring, each student will be scheduled for a guidance interview with Dr. Spencer who will give the student her ratings for the various fields and interpret the results. This test measures only one of the factors necessary for success, that of interest.

Results of these tests obtained from the various colleges show that students who select fields in which they have a high interest rating achieve more in proportion to their ability than those who follow fields in which they have lower interest ratings. It has been shown that a successful worker is one who not only has ability and special aptitudes but who also has interests which correspond to her work.

Armistice Day

"Today we are observing Armistice Day in a spirit of prayer, rather than of joy, as in former years." This was the theme of "Reflections on Armistice Day," the address given by Miss Effie Walker, Chairman of the Morale Committee of the Defense Council, as part of a special Armistice Day chapel program, on Wednesday, November eleventh.

The remainder of the program included Hal Borland's stirring war poem, "The Endless Columns," read by Lorraine Wolf, and "The Guion Prayer," by David Guion, sung by Peg Johnson.

COLOR DAY

Color Day, October 22, saw the Freshmen formally welcomed as the Class of 1946. Peggy Donaldson, Junior Class President, officially presented to Anna Jane Goodwin the Freshman Class colors of yellow and white. By way of recognition that she has passed her orientation examination every freshman received her individual class colors, pinned on by Juniors Peggy Donaldson, Martha Harlan, Martha McCullough and Betty Spierling.

For the featured song contest; each class was required to sing three songs, words and music of one original, words of the second original and a school song announced at the last minute as "For Days of Thrilling Happiness." Judges included Dr. Griggs, chairman, Miss Graham, Mrs. Ayers, Miss Welker and Dr. Arnold. Judged on words, music, adaptability to college singing and performance, the Freshmen won the prize—a five pound box of candy.

Dr. and Mrs. Spencer were hosts to the Freshmen at a tea the afternoon of Color Day. Included in the receiving line were Mrs. Spencer, Dr. Spencer, Dean Marks and Peggy Donaldson, with Miss Shamburger and Miss Dysart pouring.

Wood's Hole

Senior Science Major Edith Cole recently told the Biology Seminar of her summer's experiences at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Hole, Massachusetts. Speaking quietly, with an undercurrent of enthusiasm, Edith told of the advantages of Wood's Hole, where she lived from early June to the end of August, and of its varied geographical environment, resulting in different types of animal, plant life for study.

Planned to promote biological research and to train students to be investigators, the Marine Laboratory offers four courses: Botany, Physiology, Embryology, Invertebrate Zoology. "Edie" took the Embryology course under Dr. Hamburger, from Washington University. Her schedule: a lecture every morning, lab until 11 in the evening, evening seminars. Friday night the whole Laboratory gathered to hear famous lecturers. Innovation this year was a ten-day experiment period.

Wood's Hole has a large library, sends a collecting crew out daily for live animals.

Investigators, students lived informally, wore Navy fatigue pants, ate in the Mess. Stationed near by, Navy, Marine, Coast Guard enlivened the dances.

War was much apparent. Wood's Hole dimmed out every night, had practice air-raids, blackouts. Since Edith was there, many of the buildings have been taken over by the Navy.

Guinea Experiments

Guinea pig experiments are being carried on daily in the Science building by the four girls in the Biology 3 class, and their instructors, Miss Busch and Miss Laskey.

Since there were four pigs, each girl had one of her own to care for according to the direction of the experiment, until Friday, November 7, when Helen Clewer's little George "aided for the sake of humanity" from a Vitamin B. deficiency. Janet Brewster's pig still receives a normal diet, while Georgia Raynor's and Virginia Ricks' receive Vitmain A and D deficiency diets, respectively.

The same food values required in the human diet such as proteins, fats, carbohydrates, and vitamins, are needed by these little white animals with red eyes and no tails. They are strictly vegetarian and they receive no meat. Their diet consists of corn, cabbage, bread, milk, carrots, lettuce, and celery. The little fellow without Vitamin A doesn't get any corn, while the one without Vitamin D is not given celery, lettuce, or cabbage.

Every day, each girl weighs her pig and records the results in comparison with the normal one which is used as a check. She also examines it for noticeable changes in its fur, vitality, attitude, or appearance which would indicate, in any way, a change from the normal.

The results noted from these experiments, which last for six weeks, may profitably be applied to the human body and thus enable the girls to see what an effect Vitamin deficiency can have on the life of an individual.

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EVENTS

CHAPEL CUTS

Can you go back for a moment to last spring? The **Arrow**, in response to student demand, took a poll to see what the student body liked and disliked about chapels, what they thought could be done about them. Seventy-five per cent of the students voted that they thought there were too many chapels, wanted better speakers, entertaining and informative programs.

The problem was discussed at Retreat, and the administration made reforms in the chapel services so that over-cutting might be eliminated: there is one less chapel every two weeks, programs have been considered for their interest to the students, leaders try to avoid the read-a-notice-sing-a-hymn type of service. This year has brought nationally known religious figures, newspaper men, excellent speakers to the assembly hall.

But over-cutting goes on and on. The students could show their appreciation for the reform made in their behalf by watching cuts more closely and abiding by chapel regulations. One cut is given for missing a regular service, two for missing SGA meeting. Any student who misses a required lecture automatically overcuts, and must attend unless she has an excuse.

Hood and Tassel

Hood and Tassel society netted a fairly large profit of \$3.25 from their flower booth at the PCW Circus for the benefit of the United Fund Drive. The booth, in charge of Jane Fitzpatrick, was located just inside the front door of Berry Hall.

On Thursday evening, November 19, Melva Werlinich, President of the Mortar Board Society of the University of Pittsburgh, will be the guest of Hood and Tassel at dinner in Woodland Hall. They will have a short meeting after dinner to discuss general plans of Hood and Tassel and Mortar Board respectively, and of bigger things to come.

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Recital

In appreciation of the lovely draperies donated for the recital hall by a good friend of the college, the music students will present the first recital of the season during the latter part of November. The program will feature piano and vocal solos, and numbers by the Ensemble.

The piano department is planning two workshops within the next two weeks, and the voice department plans one to be held a week before the recital. The workshops are held for the benefit of the students, to give them an opportunity to become accustomed to performing before an audience.

IRC

The season's initial meeting and dinner of the International Relations Club was held November 13 at the Fairfax Hotel with Madame Owens as the principal speaker of the evening. Following the dinner, Madame Owens spoke on "France and the Present War" with special reference to indifference as a cause for defeat.

IRC was an organization in PCW under the sponsorship of Dr. Evans for those especially interested in foreign affairs. When clubs were dissolved, only the alumnae group continued to meet monthly, at the present under leadership of President Eleanor Hackett.

Mu Sigma

Mu Sigma, the honorary science organization at PCW, organized in 1930, has as president this year pretty Senior, June Hunker. Other officers are: Betty Johnescu, Vice-President; Jean Dewoody, Secretary; and Helen Smith, Treasurer. Mu Sigma is organized to recognize outstanding juniors and seniors who are majoring in chemistry, biology, dietetics, and nursing. Each spring the members vote for two exceptionally able Juniors, each of whom receives a \$25 scholarship. Mu Sigma also serves the students of PCW by selling them at very low cost several articles made here in the laboratory—vanishing cream, cold cream, face cream, peppermint, cinnamon, clove, and spearmint tooth powder. These items are on sale every Tuesday and Friday morning just inside the entrance of Berry Hall.

On Color Day, President Hunker tapped the following Juniors to membership in Mu Sigma: Virginia Alexander, Gladys Bistline, Mary Elizabeth Brown, Agnes Conner, Jeanne De Haven, Sally Frick, Evelyn Glick, Virginia Gray, Nellie Ireland, Betty Johnescu, Donna Kindle, Ruth Lynch, Helen Mackie, Shirley Mays, Jeanne McKeag, Nancy Raup, Mary Louise Osterling, Jean Rigauumont, Lillian Sheasby, Helen Smith, Marion Springer, Elizabeth Louise Yeiser. Margaret Suppes, a Senior, was also tapped. Membership of Mu Sigma now stands at twenty-eight girls.

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PEOPLE

Barbara Caldwell

Louise Caldwell, chairman of the Junior Prom; Barbara Caldwell, chairman of the Junior Prom. Yes, it runs in the family! Louise, Barbara's sister, graduated in 1941, and was also an Economics and Sociology major. Barbara hails from Edgewood where she attended Edgewood High School before coming to PCW. She has been a lady of many activities, a member of the Permanent Nominating Committee in her freshman year, president of the sophomore class, and also member of the Student Government Association and Activities Council. To top it all off, she helped out by being a Freshman Counsellor this year.

Her main ambition for this summer is to get a job in a plane factory, blue jeans and overalls and all. In spare moments she indulges in music, loves it so much that recently she started taking piano lessons. Harry James rates top high when it comes to orchestras; swimming and tennis are among her favorite sports, and most sea food will satisfy her appetite, especially shrimp. This Junior is among those fortunate girls who can knit lovely sweaters, has already finished one and is halfway through another. Casual and tailored are her clothes, which always do her justice. Barbara is quite thrilled about the prom, but not to outdo us, she hasn't a date yet either!

On Barbara's committee for the Prom are: Mary Campbell, Betsy Meader, Ann Richardson and Patsy Eldon.

New Secretary

Miss Edith M. Beard has taken over the position of secretary to Dr. Spencer that was formerly occupied by Miss Sara Anderson.

Miss Beard, a Kappa Alpha Theta, is a graduate of Denison University, Granville, Ohio, and took graduate work at the University of Pittsburgh. She has done secretarial work and before coming to PCW completed four years of teaching commercial subjects at Pennsylvania Training School.

Miss Beard thinks PCW has ideal surroundings in which to work, and although she has only been here a month, she is delighted with the grand spirit of the students and faculty, is sure she is going to like being at PCW.



RACHEL KIRK

The *Arrow* reporter chewed the last scale of yellow paint from her pencil, gave her sweater a sudden downward tug, pulled it up again to the hem of her skirt, and tiptoed to the office of Miss Rachel Kirk, PCW's new field secretary.

"Miss-Kirk-I-have-come-to-interview-you-for-the-*Arrow*," muttered the reporter to a vague figure seated at a tidy desk. The figure looked up and said, "I beg your pardon?"

"Miss - Kirk-I-have-come-to-interview-you-for-the-*Arrow*," repeated *Arre*worker with eyes creased shut.

"Why, I'm greatly flattered," said a pleasant voice, "Won't you sit down?"

The reporter did and snapped open her eyes. The shadows had disappeared, but in their place was a very attractive young woman with a cute smile, dark hair, and a look of efficiency which was definitely not the obnoxious kind.

"Aren't interviews something," smiled Miss Kirk, "You know, every time I interviewed anyone I had a list of questions I never could remember to ask."

"You too?" said the reporter, "Well isn't that interesting? Ah, but I just remembered one I had all planned. Miss Kirk, what have you been doing since you graduated from PCW in 1940?"

Society Editor of BI

Miss Kirk then listed so many activities that the scribe's pen finger developed a huge bulge. Miss Kirk upon graduation entered an advertis-

ing agency where she tapped out commercial propaganda for three months. Then she joined the staff of the *Bulletin Index* where she soon became the editor of the women's page of society, clubs, fashions and such.

"It was a wonderful experience and gave me a lot of good practice," said the new Field Secretary.

Active in Dramatics

In between "practicing," Miss Kirk partitioned her time into a million parts, some of it going to the Edgewood Community Players, of which she is vice president and featured actress in two recent plays, *Candlelight* and *George and Margaret*, and some to the PCW Alumnae Board to co-edit the *Alumnae Recorder*. A great big chunk went to the Pittsburgh Children's Theater, a group-troupe with whom she travelled over Western Pennsylvania as a "servant to a princess" and as a "slave girl."

"That must have been loads of run, trouping around that way," said the reporter.

"It was," replied Miss Kirk, "and most interesting too. You should have seen some of those dressing rooms, though, were they peculiar! One place we had to dress on the stage."

"How embarrassing!!" replied the "Oh well, of course we did it behind a curtain."

Just then Mrs. Shupp walked in with a paper.

"And you know what else I belong to?" Miss Kirk cried. "I am a full-fledged member of the Women's Press Club and Mrs. Shupp is just an associate!"

"How too true," sighed Mrs. S. who left the room with bowed head.

"Miss Kirk," said the girl-biographer, "I've heard rumors about your PCW days and I'd like a first-hand confirmation of them."

It was true. Besides being a Dean's-lister, a Sophomore Honors recipient, a highest honor graduate, the winner of both the Pittsburgh Female College Association prize and the Anna Dravo Parkin Memorial Award for History, this English and history major was also the co-editor of the *Arrow*, (having been News Editor the year before), writer on the *Minor Bird* (literary magazine since discontinued), and member of the English, German and Dramatic clubs. It was she who started the idea of Senior entertainment which has become one of the most popular

(Continued on Page 10)

PEOPLE

Chapel Speakers

Dr. Clair B. Gahagan, well known to PCW's faculty and students from his many visits here in previous years, both as a speaker and minister and as a parent and friend (who picked us up on the way up the hill) will be back to speak on Wednesday, November 18 in Chapel. Dr. Gahagan is assistant minister at the Third Presbyterian Church.

Author of a resolution for world federation which is seriously being considered by people of Pennsylvania and other states, Mr. Robert Lee Humber of Greenville, N. C., is scheduled to speak on Thursday morning, November 19. Mr. Humber is a student of political and international law and was a Rhodes scholar. He has spent much of his life in Europe and was Director of the Institute of World Affairs in Austria.

The purpose of the resolution is to commit this country to a willingness to discuss world cooperation at the end of the war.

Explaining how PCW students can contribute to the Blood Bank, Dr. L. M. Smith, of the Board of Education, spoke in Chapel on Friday, November 6th. Following the meeting, cards were given to would-be donors by Dr. Smith and two members of the Red Cross, the organization sponsoring the Blood Bank drive.

Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, of New York City's Madison Avenue M. E. church, was Chapel speaker on Monday, November 9th.

Telling what he believed the outcome of the present war would be, Dr. Sockman emphasized economic plenty and a new appreciation of the simplicities of life. "We are not living a melodrama," he said, "but a great tragedy, and only through faith can we proceed, for it is impossible to see the end."

His closing thought was that, although the world is enclosed in flames, the actual basis and truth of civilization is fireproof; the close of this war will not mean the end of the world, but the dawn of a new day.

Dr. Sockman is a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan, Columbia University, and Union Theological Seminary. He received his D.D. from Wesleyan University in 1934, and his L.H.D. in 1937 from Rollins. He is the author of several books, including "Live for Tomorrow," and "Men of the Mysteries."



MARIA JOSE

Little did an American naval officer know, when two years ago he gave Maria Jose Fauseca Paiva an American dollar telling her "It will bring you good luck" that she would reach her life time ambition to come to the states. She still treasures the dollar for the good luck, prophesied some time ago, that it brought.

But it wasn't just luck that brought Maria Jose to the states. "All my life," Maria intently explained, "I knew I would come, and for the last five years I have thought of nothing else."

Dream Materializes

Maria's dream came true when she was granted a scholarship through Miss Edna Dugge of the Institute of International Education, and Nelson Rockefeller, coordinator of Inter-American affairs, paid her passage from Brazil to the states.

From the time she left Rio de Janeiro until her arrival in Pittsburgh, Maria boarded four different planes and one train, stopping at Fortalesa, Brazil, Port of Spain, Trinidad, La Guaira, Venezuela, and Miami, Florida.

Maria's eyes sparkled enthusiastically as she explained her impression of Miami. "The resemblance of Miami to Rio de Janeiro much surprised me. But, I think I have never seen so many sailors, soldiers and girls in one place before. I enjoyed myself the first night I was there because the American sailors gave a party to the Brazilian sailors and I attended. There is also another incident that

happened to me there that I will always remember. Just as I was boarding the northbound train, they called my name—"Calling Maria Paiva, calling Maria Paiva, telegram for Maria Paiva at the office." I was afraid, I think something is wrong in my country, but it turned out to be only from some people that I had met in Trinidad, wishing me good luck."

When queried about mishaps during her trip, Maria looked somewhat distressed as she replied, "Yes, I left many important papers and pictures at Caracas, which is for me quite serious. However, the Brazilian ambassador is shipping them to me."

Gathers Souvenirs

During her trip Maria Jose collected many odd souvenirs. Among these she has beautiful hand made lace, a skinned wild cat, autographs, and Brazilian straw hats. Of all her souvenirs she exhibits her coin collection with most pride. Two coins from Uruguay were given to her by an American sailor from Munhall, Pennsylvania, and an English sailor gave Maria Jose money from England, South Africa and Trinidad. She has money from Peru, Bolivia, and Colombia given to her by a Peruvian diplomat, whom Maria met on the train from Miami to Washington. She also obtained Venezuelan and Brazilian coins.

Since childhood Maria has had an unusually different life. Maria related, "I could read when I had five years and started to private school when six years old till I was ten. Aside from this, I went to practical arts school to study music and drawing. I attended Catholic school for five years to learn how to teach young children, but I decided this was not the vocation for me. Then I attended college to prepare for college teaching but I changed my mind. When I finished here I told my father I wish to go to the big city, Rio de Janeiro. There I am the secretary to the director of propaganda—in America the same as advertising—with the Mestre & Blatge Company, which sells American automobiles and yachts."

She obtained the position of assistant to the General Director of Brazil's Department of Press and Propaganda. The duty of this department is to write information for radio, press, magazines, theaters and cinemas, and to inform the people about the problems of the government and of the country.

(Continued on Page 10)

WAR

WAR RELIEF BAZAAR

Outstanding event of the end of the year promises to be the War Relief Bazaar, to be held Wednesday, December 2, at 2:00 in Berry Hall. Sponsored by the PCW War Relief Committee, the bazaar will be for the relief of war victims, both at home and abroad. Alumnae, faculty, students and their friends will be guests of the War Relief Committee, who hope that the attendance at the bazaar will be large enough to enable PCW to make a sizeable contribution to so worthy a cause.

Students are asked to bring to Miss Weigand's office new articles to be sold at the bazaar. Alumnae are asked to bring packages to Mrs. Baldwin, in the Alumnae Office. Any article that has never been used before and is just lying idly around the house may be very useful to someone else; an unused gift, for instance, would be perfect! If possible, the approximate value of each contribution should be attached to it when brought to Miss Weigand's office. Since all the articles will be new, this is *not* a rummage sale, but prices will be marked way down to assure patrons that they are receiving bargains.

Under the leadership of able War Relief Chairmen Owens and Fulton, several committees have been appointed. The Announcement Committee is chairmaned by Evelyn Fulton and Mrs. Ayars. Publicity has been coordinated by Mrs. Rand and Louise Flood. Serving under them are Mrs. Shupp, Rachel Kirk, and Marian Lambie, in charge of newspaper publicity; Mrs. Brecht and Nancy Stauffer, in charge of circulars; Miss Dysart, Lorraine Wolf, Peggy Craig, June Collins, and Francesca Hilbish, who are in charge of the personal approach; Mrs. Harris, in charge of posters; Mary Jane Daley, in charge of contacting the alumnae. Chairmen of Gift Collecting Committee are Miss Weigand and Dale Kirsopp, with instructors Held, Ayars, and Rand serving under them. Miss Staples and Peg Johnson will take care of the displays, with Mrs. Benn supplying the needed "props." Treasurer of the affair is Dr. Evans. Price Committee members are Dr. Evans, Mrs. Brecht, Miss Kirk, Miss Dysart, and Dr. Kinder. Mrs. Owens, Dr. Evans, and Evelyn Fulton will assort all articles.

Gifts will be sold by means of auction, set price, and grab bag. An all-freshman responsibility, the pop-corn and beverage booth will be chairmaned by Martha Yorkin. Auction-co-

ordinator Scholl will be aided by auctioneers Wolf, Daley, Kirk, Shupp, and Arnold. Dr. Evans and Jane Blattner are in charge of the grab bag table. Dr. Evans, Claire Horwitz, and Ann McClymonds are in charge of articles for sale at the bazaar.

PCW students who have been looking for a way to aid the war effort will find this an opportunity they cannot afford to miss.

First Aid Courses

With a special aim to serve and protect civilians in time of war, PCW presents again this year its First Aid Training Class. Faculty who have as yet not received instruction will be given an opportunity to participate, and the Faculty Permanent First Aid Detachment will review and reorganize their division which was started last winter. Sixteen students have signed up for the course, classes of which begin the week of November 16.

Plans are still being made to offer PCW students the Red Cross Home Nursing Course which was started second semester last year. Instructions will begin when a Registered Nurse can be obtained who can spare time from her work to come and teach once a week.

Advanced swimmers will be offered a Water Safety Class after Thanksgiving. No definite plans have as yet been made concerning the time for the class.

Siren Test

At 10:10, Wednesday, November 4th, the new air siren at PCW was given its first test. The machinery which produces the air pressure to operate the siren has finally been installed in the attic of Dilworth Hall while the amplifier has been placed on the roof. The siren is entirely automatic, operated from a center in downtown Pittsburgh by magnetic control. It is also equipped with a hand control so that it may be operated from here if an emergency arises.

Carrying a pressure of 175 pounds, the siren has a range of three miles but there are also two others in this district, one at the Linden School and another at the Point Breeze Church. The siren will be tested at intervals to make sure that it will be ready to warn of an attack if it is ever necessary.

TRANSPORTATION

Dr. Andrew, chairman of the Conservation Committee of the PCW Defense Council, is in charge of a transportation survey at PCW for the Allegheny County War Transportation Committee. This committee is asking all the institutions in Allegheny County to make a survey to plan a share-the-ride program because its purpose is to provide transportation for everyone, worker and student alike, in this emergency.

Questionnaires, filled out by the students, faculty, and staff, will tell how each one gets here, how far their homes are from transportation facilities, or if they drive a car, how many others they can bring. Dormitory students' methods of going home on week ends will be studied so that a more satisfactory plan of transportation may be worked out.

All of Allegheny County and the other counties in which Allegheny county workers or students live have been divided into ninety-nine zones. The zones include the different sections of Pittsburgh, boroughs, villages, townships and the adjoining counties. The zones were divided, not according to size, but to population.

A statistical committee will be appointed to summarize the data obtained from the questionnaires. A list of the people in the various zones will be posted and it will be up to them to contact the others in their zones who drive a car. The committee will keep a record of the people sharing rides and will try to provide transportation for those who have no convenient method now.

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ARTS



Lorraine Wolfe

LETTERS TO LUCERNE

Speech majors' play time again and, though a play may be a tradition and war definitely something out of the ordinary, the play and the war effort will work hand in hand. Admission to *Letters of Lucerne* will be a ticket (or a student's activities card), 5c tax and ONE OLD SILK STOCKING. Performances will be given in PCW's chapel on Friday evening, November 20th and Saturday evening, November 21st at 8:30.

Letters to Lucerne takes place in an American girls' school in Switzerland at the outbreak of the present war. All nationalities are represented at this school, and the play shows how war changes friendships that have been strong before. However, besides the grim picture of war there is also a romance.

Letters to Lucerne is on the list of this year's plays of several outstanding drama organizations of the city among which are the Catholic Theater Guild and Pittsburgh Playhouse, but PCW will be the second group to present the play to date.

The principals include Helen Jane Taylor and Carolyn Cosel as Olga; Jane Evans and Joan Harms as Erna; Patty Smith and Billie Lapsley as Bingo; Louise Flood and Mary Ann Church as Sally; Marilou Haller and Marion Lean as Marion; Mary Jane Youngling and Marion Staples as Felice; Frances Pollick and Mary Jane McFarland as Miss Linder; Lorraine Wolf as Mrs. Hunter; Margie Selleck as Marguerite, and George Fieldman, a Senior at Peabody High School, as Hans.

Last to be mentioned but most important to a play—the director—is Miss Robb. Assisting Director Robb

in her task is a Senior speech major student, Lorraine Wolf. Director and co-director are seen late almost every day rehearsing lines and scenes. There being a double cast in most instances, only the directors need attend all rehearsals.

The newly organized stage craft class under the instructorship of Mr. Kimberly will do the entire setting—PCW will present a play *without* stagehands from Tech. Among the crew are Lorny Wolf, stage manager; Ruth Mendelson in charge of lights; Margie Selleck, gathering costumes; Patsy Speers working on properties and Claire Horwitz assisted by Margaret Browne handling the business end.

Letters to Lucerne will also be presented on Saturday afternoon at the semi-annual high school reception. At all performances of the play pop-corn will be sold under the chairmanship of Virginia Ricks.

Clement Wood

On Monday and Tuesday, November 23rd and 24th, Clement Wood, American poet and novelist, will speak before PCW's faculty and student body in Chapel and English seminars, on *The Essentials of Modern Poetic Technique* and *The Poet in a World at War*.

Mr. Wood, who is a graduate of the University of Alabama and Yale University, and a member of Phi Beta Kappa, has been lawyer, magistrate, teacher, lecturer, concert baritone, and free-lance writer. Although his best known works are poetry, *The Smithy of God* and the *Eagle Sonnets*, which have been called "the greatest sonnets since Shakespeare," he has also written biographies, novels, histories of the United States and of the world, short stories, a slang dictionary *Don't Tread on Me*—a study of aggressive legal action for labor unions, books on the meaning and interpretation of dreams, and recently *The Strange Death of Adolph Hitler*, which was published anonymously in 1939.

With his wife, Gloria Goddard, Mr. Wood has written several books of games and puzzles. To the field of music, he has contributed the words to several well-known Negro songs, among them "Short'nin' Bread," "The Glory Road," and "Gwine to Heaven," and also "Cahawba Days," a song cycle. His comic opera "Ivanhoe" was produced in 1927.

Since 1941, Clement Wood has been Resident Poet at the College of Wil-

liam and Mary, Richmond Division. In his teaching career, he has been vice-principal of the Dwight School, principal of the Upper School of the Barnard School for Boys, both in New York City, and Secretary to the New York Preparatory School. He has been a contributing editor to *Popular Biography*, *Better English*, *Interchange*, and many other magazines. He has been a staff writer for *Liberty* and *Physical Culture*, and was Editor-in-chief of the Lantern Library in 1935.

Accompanied by his wife, Mr. Wood will be guest of honor at a reception attended by representatives of the Poetry Society of Great Britain and America, the National League of American Pen Women, and the Bookfellows' Library Guild.

Ensemble

Every Wednesday afternoon, the Instrumental Ensemble, under the direction of Miss Lillie B. Held, meets in the recital hall of the Art Center to practice for programs in which various members of the group will participate.

This year the Ensemble has planned a very interesting program. Helen Witte, Joan Titus, and Joan Bowdle are the violinists, while Marjorie Ruppelt and Miles Janouch play the cello and viola respectively. Flutists are Edith Succop and Mary Lou Osterling, and Pauline Basenko plays the clarinet. The piano accompanists are Janet Bovard and Marion Cohen. The group is now working on various numbers including the *Mozart Quintet* for Clarinet and Strings, a *Haydn Quartet*, a *Bach Quintet* for Flute and Strings, and a *Beethoven Trio*. They plan to use these numbers in a chapel program in the near future, and to assist in the Christmas Program. Members of the group will participate in the Music Students' first recital of the year, to be held in the latter part of November.

On Friday, November 6, 1942, Marion Cohen and Helen Witte, two members of the Ensemble, furnished music for the Nurses' Graduation at Foster Memorial Hall.

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SPORTS

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ARMY	NAVY
Gilmore.....Right Wing.....	Purvis
Rigaumont.Center Forward...	Archer
Raup.....Left Wing.....	Lynch
McCullough....Right Halfback.	

.....Teichmann	
Craig.....Left Halfback...	Springer
Rowand...Center Halfback.	Alexander
Ross.....Goalie....	Donaldson

Substitutes

Fitzpatrick	Fellows
Vogt	Perry
Thomas	Noll

Managers

Hendryx	Ingraham
---------	----------

Briefly reviewing the 1942 hockey season, the first games saw the Freshmen triumphing over the Seniors, 3-0, and the Sophomores losing by default to the Juniors, 1-0. The Freshman-Senior fracas showed a fighting spirit on the part of the upperclassmen but they were outnumbered if not outplayed by the yearlings.

November the 4th saw the crack Junior team take over the Fighting Frosh, 6-3, and the Seniors stage a comeback to defeat the Sophomores, 5-0. These were the two best games this year in the light of teamwork, passing, good stickwork, and all-around fight. The Yellow and White of '46 played well but experience and team-play were the deciding points in favor of Captain Alexander's crew. Dogged determination filled in where the Class of '43 lacked players and once they were started there was no stopping them. Five points were steam-rollered by Jane Beck, who, incidentally, put up an admirable front as substitute goalie.

The 11th of November was the crucial day. There was one big "If" hanging on the shoulders of the Senior team that would throw three teams into a tie for the championship. Doubtless the Rose and White were a bit weighed down by this burden, for down they went in front of slipping, sliding, but powerful Junior team, 5-1. All we can say for them is, "Well, they tried hard." But trying isn't enough when faced by the team that has the ball. And speaking of being on the ball, wow! Look at

those Freshmen. In a wide-open, every-man-for-himself game the youngsters carved a new and open highway through the Sophomore goalposts as they shot 12 markers through on the fast freight while Capt. Ann Thomas and her teammates rode the caboose with 4. **Shootin' Stars**

Highlight of the season was the amazing Freshman team and the champion Junior aggregation. But spotlights fall on two Freshmen and a Junior for individual honors.

Total Goals Scored

Helen Gilmore, Frosh.....	8
Jean Purvis, Frosh.....	7
Jean Rigaumont, Jr.	6
Jean Archer, Sr.	4
Ruth Lynch, Jr.	3
Becky Fellows, Frosh.....	2
Emily Noll, Soph.....	2

J. Fitzpatrick, P. Craig, A. Thomas, N. Herdt, D. Rowand, N. Maley, and V. Alexander all followed with one goal apiece.

Board Banter and Pool Patter

"From the halls of Andrew Mellon to the shores of the Caribbean Sea." No matter where you go, it's always fun to swim. Now is the time for you to get your winter practice. A. A. is sponsoring a big swimming meet to be held the end of this month. Individual and class competition. All you need is a cap and three hours of practice—just so you won't drown in the first race but will wait until the last. Just hopalong and get in those practice hours and Ginny Alexander will announce the date of the meet in the very near future.

Socially Speaking

A. A.'s going to throw a big party. Remember what everyone said last year. "This is the best party and the most fun and the cheapest." Keep December 4th open.

Maria Jose

(Continued from Page 7)

Because she was a government employee for four years, Maria Jose has an accurate knowledge of Brazil's war and international policy. She explained, "Brazil strongly believes in the Pan-American policy. She is against anything pertaining to Fascism and Nazism and through trade and political relations wishes to be friends with the states. The people of Brazil know more about the states than the States do about Brazil. Practically everyone is interested in learning English and the American way of life."

Through her work Maria Jose be-

came interested in social and political problems, especially women's social problems. In the United States she is taking courses which will broaden her knowledge of this an of the states. Sociology, journalism, general English, speech and American history are the subjects she is taking. While in Brazil she headed the YWCA Intellectual Department, talking to forty business girls about life, folklore and the administration. Maria belongs to the Brazilian Red Cross, volunteer service, which is engaged now with the "Legiano Brazileira de Armistericia," and brought her snappy dark blue uniform and overseas cap with her. This is an organization founded by the wife of the "Presidente Vargas" to take care of the families of the soldiers and sailors who have gone to fight.

Maria considers the writing of books another one of her avocations. She is now writing one and after being in the states awhile intends to start another. "What Can I Do for You" will be the title of the book concerning the United States.

"I received the idea for the title the first evening that I ate here. The girls sang a—how do you say?—welcome song "What Can I Do for You." That gave me a deep emotion and I decided that should be the name of my book. The states are always helping or willing to help other countries so that it just seems to me they ask that question all the time."

Rachel Kirk

(Continued from Page 6)

PCW events of the year. Drama has been a hobby of hers for some time.

"As a matter of fact," she confided, "The real reason for my taking this job is to get into the faculty play."

"Well," said the reporter getting up, "Have you anything else to add, Miss Kirk?"

"I don't think I know any more of my Purple Past," said Miss Kirk.

Corresponds With Captain

"Oh, I remember one question," asked the Jane Arden of PCW. "What are you doing for the war?"

"Well, I'm almost ready to give my fourth pint of blood, and I'm knitting a little bit, and oh yes, I'm corresponding with a Captain in the U. S. Army Engineers somewhere overseas—he's my fiance!"

Then in the sparkle of Miss Kirk's engagement ring and personality, the **Arrow** reporter beamed out of the room.

LETTERS TO EDITOR

Dear Editor:

I have several complaints to make about the two dollar tax which is being levied this year on each resident student for the privilege of having a radio in her dormitory room.

First, I want to know what the tax is for. Before registration, we found the new fee listed among the others we pay every year. I arrived at school expecting some explanation, and waited. I'm still waiting. I know that I and most of the other girls use our radios, at the most, about eight hours a week. Does this usage of a small appliance burn up two dollars' worth of current in sixteen weeks?

Secondly, I object to this fee because our board and room costs were raised this year, and we were led to believe that this increase was to take care of added living expenses due to the war. The price of electric current has not been raised, and there is no tax on electricity; even if there were, the aforementioned increase should cover it. So why the sudden burden on us?

If we are to be charged for having certain conveniences, we are entitled to an accounting of the use of our money. A statistical report on the cost of operating small radios might prove enlightening to those people who decided to levy the tax, just as a fair report on "where the money goes" would be appreciated by us.

Poor Student.

Dear Editor:

Why is it that we can't seem to keep our mouths shut?

Despite the fact that we are at a school which should be among the most war-conscious in the state, despite the fact that we are so-called intelligent, enlightened college women, every day up the stairs and down the halls current Horrible Rumor makes it merry way.

Recent Rumor Number One was that we at PCW, due to an accelerated program, were allowed one day's vacation at Thanksgiving, one on Christmas Day, and none during the rest of the year. I heard seventeen different variations on the same theme, by actual count!

And I want to know why! Don't we know that every time we pass along that juicy bit, we're simply indulging in plain, simple gossip?

We're all been looking for something to do in this war, and here it is: let's shut up!

J. S.

Dear Arrow Editors:

After much careful observations, it seems to me that the "lunch-room line" this year is progressing at a rate that makes the proverbial tortoise seem an antelope by comparison. It is disheartening to contemplate attaching oneself to this queue; it is maddening to inch along in it. The only cheery note is the throng you gleefully note accumulating behind you.

And so, I have these suggestions to offer . . . there are others, I am sure.

PURSE FUMBLER: Have your money out, and put it on your tray as you step into line.

PENSIVE POLLY: Try to decide on your choices while waiting in line—there's plenty of time!

TALKATIVE TILLIE: The lunch line is not the place for long, detailed conversation. Save your "social work" till later.

SPECIAL ORDER GAL: If you've a special request "coming up," step out of line, and let other lunchers go by while you wait.

It should help a lot!

Slowly Starving Sue.

Dear Editor:

Why aren't shorthand and typing two separate courses? Considering all the work one has to put into these courses, it certainly seems that more than three credits a semester should be allotted. This is an instance when the old slogan "Give credit where credit is due" ought to be applied.

Upon questioning several of my friends, I found that they put between ten and fifteen hours a week on their assignments, only to receive three credits in return. Why not be fair about this, PCW, and give your budding secretaries their just deserts?

Respectfully yours,

Jean Burnside, '44.

Dear Editors:

It seems to me that one of the outstanding duties of a college in times like these is to give students a thorough training in the background and machinery of all types of government. This is important not only because it teaches youth his duties as an active citizen in his government, but also because it makes him critical and intelligent enough to bring about constructive changes.

PCW has only two courses in this field: one in American Government, and one in Comparative Governments.

They are both very good courses, but they are far from adequate to give a good government or Political Science major.

I would suggest some courses be added to the list such as: American State and Local Governments, European Governments, American Politics and Political Parties, International Government and Administration, and International Law.

If there is not room enough for any of these, perhaps a few history courses that are not so timely could be omitted!

Respectfully yours,

Marjorie Harter.

Dear Editor:

Have you ever invited a friend to Chapel? Or have you ever worn stockings to some of your classes in Berry Hall? If you have, you have probably seen or experienced the look of anguish, the skipping heart beat, and the sickening exclamation, "My last pair," as the hapless individual traces a ladder down her leg.

Now I ask you, isn't the tradition of "old" Berry Hall being carried a bit too far in some of those rough-edged chairs we are scheduled to occupy in Rooms B, L, M, O, C and the Chapel? How about a campaign for smoothing off the edges?

Sincerely,

One who's down to her last pair

Dear Editor—

There are skeletons rattling in the Arrow family closet! They have been silent for many long years, but the time has come when they should be brought forth from dust to daylight.

Way up on the creaky third floor of Berry Hall in a long-forgotten closet are the remains of the **Arrows** and Pennsylvanians from the year '01. Copper, lead and zinc cuts have been put away there every spring as they came from the engravers and as the **Arrow** editors cleared their desks. It has been the tradition to save even when there seemed to be no better reason than tradition, and probably everyone has forgotten all about them. But today we know the answer to that!

Why not sort out those plates—it might be interesting to print a view or two of the "days when." But as for the rest of that copper, lead, and zinc—we'd like to see it in the scrap!

Scrap Collector.

So would we, We'll do our best to get it there.—Ed.

FEATURES

HERE AND THERE

Blackouts, dimouts, sirens, wails; All we've got are a few simple tales About the gals who haunt these halls—

And about the boys who used to haunt the girls, but that number is rapidly dwindling from a handsome battalion to a scanty corporal's guard.

"Far off pastures look greener," at least to PCW girls, and these balmy November days find many of them hopping trains both East and West. The first week-end of the month found Jean Burnside rooting for Harvard the day they played the boys from Tigertown. The following week, Mary Jane McComb journeyed to Princeton. Nancy Davidson went South with "Mitch" several weeks ago to attend the V. M. I. Ring Dance. Margie Anderson was off to Yale last weekend to attend the Yale-Princeton festivities with her fiance. Come the 21st of the month Fran Hilbish will honor New Haven with a short visit. Margie Harter has set aside her Thanksgiving to take a short jaunt down Georgia way with the express intention of visiting Private Lewis.

Seen by a Roving Eye . . . Mary Jane Fisher tactfully explaining to a magazine salesman, a handsome one at that, that she wasn't interested . . . Phyl Tross dashing off every Saturday morning, ring on finger, bag in hand, for the R. R. station . . . Barbara Steele looking forlorn because her man is leaving for the Army in a few weeks . . . Nellie Ireland forever faithful to Vic . . . the smooth new picture on Betty Spierling's dresser.

Billie Lapsley having her ups and downs with that elevator man . . . Mickey McCullough proudly wearing Paul's PiKA pin—those little pink clouds are very becoming . . . the daily discussion at the lunch table after Dr. Montgomery's class on Marriage and the Family.

Have You Ever Noticed?

Shirley Mays having her annual date with Wally . . . Kay Mitz ready to trade in her brand new fraternity pin on a pair of silver wings . . . Sally Landis elated over her Jay date . . . Helen Clewer moping around because she only got three letters from George in one day . . . Mandy Harris keeping up Johnny's morale in the Armed Forces . . .

Ring In

"All the world loves these lovers." Suntanned and smiling Mrs. Carter Shryock, nee Kitty Watson, has returned after a wedding trip to Sea Island, Georgia . . . Mrs. James Graves, formerly Louise Haldeman returned to PCW for a few days, took a flying trip back to be with her husband . . .

"Flash—" a diamond on the finger of Justine Swan, given to her by Marine Dick Quigley . . . **Arrow** Editor Ann McClymonds has announced her engagement to E. Hill Turlock III . . . Best wishes, gals.

PPU claims Jean Thompson, who, by happy coincidence(?) received her Beta pin the night of the annual Beta serenade to the dorm gals.

From Our Alumnae

Reports of bridal doings. Ethel Herrod became Mrs. James B. Blackburn, Jr., on November 16, attended by Alumna Louise Caldwell . . . Elaine Fitzwilson was married November 14 to Tom Anderson . . . Betty Crawford also wears a wedding band. Bride-elects are Skipper Clipson, Ruth Patton, and Mary Janet Hyland . . . ex SGA President Gladys Patton is considering joining the WAVES. Julie and Inez Wheldon are both working in a chemical laboratory near Pittsburgh . . .

So here we go with dots 'n dashes, until we gather some more flashes for next time . . .

MEDIOCRITY

Cast me the crumbs of nobleness.
They are enough for me;
For I can feast on littleness
And starve on enormity.

—D. J. B.

VICTORY

There is no victory without defeat,
No gains without some losses.
And so, our victories are marked
By rows on rows of crosses.

—D. J. B.

SCRAP DRIVE

We, here in PCW are war-conscious—that's for sure. We all read about the various drives to collect rubber, aluminum, and silk. Then came along the General Scrap Drive sponsored by the Air Raid Wardens. We all heard and read of old iron gates and hot water tanks and cannon and school bells that had been contributed. We shook our heads sadly and sighed because we didn't have anything big and spectacular like a cannon or an old gate to donate. With that we more or less dismissed the Scrap Drive.

But we never thought that scrap is not all things that are big and bulky. Now we can do something about the Scrap Drive and all without even leaving our own bedrooms. A thorough search in every nook and cranny will reveal untold amounts of junk and knick-knacks that, if all pooled together, would easily equal a large contribution. This would be a good thing in more ways than one; think of all the drawers and boxes that we'd get cleaned out!

Dresser Finds

Let's look into an average dorm room and just see at a glance how much scrap we can accumulate. Your dresser top holds a hoard of bottles—perfume, hand lotion, and medicine bottles—many of which have metal tops. Lots of these things could be transferred to bottles with plastic lids.

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FEATURES

Then, into your drawers. Your cosmetic drawer has a treasure of scrap, useless to you but vital to the war industries. Most of the jar lids on face creams are metal. And what about that collection of old worn-down, off-shade lipsticks in metal cases that you have just hated to throw out? They have just seemed to be waiting for this scrap drive. Now you finally have a good excuse to get rid of some of those really sad, old compacts that you have had for years; Aunt Harriet will think you are real patriotic (and you are!) if you donate that one-man beauty shop she gave you for your high school graduation. And there are all those old curlers you never got around to throwing out when you bought those new plastic ones. They're made of good aluminum—no good to you now, but think of all those shiny aluminum bombers! There's your box of bobby pins; I know they are scarce, but take those old ones that are sprung—you never use them anyway. Scrape together old safety pins, straight pins, and hair pins too.

And now into your jewel box. Look at all the junk jewelry there! You're not expected to give away all your family jewels or your first fraternity pin, but you can certainly get rid of loads of your excess supply now—and with a clear conscience. And all those nylon and silk stockings with the big three-thread runners in them—why, you wouldn't wear them to a dog-fight, but some pilot could "bail out" in a "dog-fight" somewhere and save his life and all because you and lots of girls just like you have turned in all your worn out stockings.

Desk Work

Then to your desk! What a field day a Junior Commando would have there! Rubber bands, the metal tops and erasers on those old ground down pencils, bent paper clips and thumb tacks, and all that picture wire you bought and then decided you wouldn't hang any pictures after all! Look at the pile you have there!

Now where to put it? There's your old metal waste basket, you can pile your collection all in that and they can just take it lock, stock, and basket. And there are the tops from your coke bottles right in the basket. Look at everything before you throw it away or destroy it. Be sure that it can't be used in some way. Just think if every one of us made a raid on our rooms what a big pile we would have. So come on, let's dig in and dig out the scrap!

CAMPUS COMMENTS

Once again Senior robes were dampened with tears on Color Day when the irrepressible Freshmen romped off with first prize and a box of candy, leaving their rattled competitors sitting in the chapel with the vague feeling that something had whizzed by and left them behind. To Marty Yorkin, Roslyn Saveka, Pat Walton et al we present, with a flourish, our Sunday-best congratulations and encouragement . . . as if they needed it.

* * *

The most heartening war news we've heard yet—even better than the star-spangled African campaign—is the report of the last beer-hall oration delivered by Herr Schickelgruber. So muddled that he lapsed for a few moments into his old Austrian tongue, the Big Shot declared that he didn't *mind* fighting against clever, daring opponents of the Master Race . . . but that Americans were so crazy that you never knew what they were *going to do next!* We suppose that he then went home to chew his nails and the rugs over the fact that Gibraltar was jammed with ships and guns and men . . . Worried, Adolf?

* * *

May we suggest an I'll Be True If It Kills Me Club, for those lonely hearts who sit around every Saturday night writing letters, scanning the newspapers for war news, fingering their pairs of silver wings and crying over their knitting. Planned sessions of bridge or what-have-you with fellow mourners would ease the task of Waiting and give the girls something to look forward to on the weekend. After all, PCWites study together, play together, get married together . . . why not be lonely together 'til Victory?

* * *

Response to the editor's pleas for letters this issue was heartening. We know that there are things you do care about—if you have a pet gripe, a complaint, a notice, or an opinion, jot it down for us and we'll air it for you.

* * *

As soon as we can locate the proper number of pairs of Nylons, we will present them to the members of the Fall Formal committee for a really special dance. Meanwhile our sincere compliments to Co-Chairmen

Louise Wallace and Ruth Jenkins for turning a jinx into a joy night. We aren't superstitious by nature, but looking over the assortment of superstitions assembled in the recorations, we are sure we've missed a lot in life.

* * *

With all the "turkey-talk" buzzing over campus, some nice Thanksgiving-ish remark seems in order. Perhaps we'd just better pass it by with the thought that it's very reassuring to know that in this unsettled world, Thanksgiving, at least, has settled back to its former place on the calendar.

* * *

We're beginning to think we know how Noah and Co. must have felt, adrift in this cruel world with nothing but rain . . . rain . . . and more rain. We haven't counted, but we're sure the forty days must be almost used up. A gleaming, white snowfall might at least brighten the landscape.

FASHIONS

The days of frills and furbelows are definitely things of the past—to be remembered with mixed nostalgia and joy. For you will admit those frills did get in your way. At any rate—it's back to the plain and simple ways—and we might add—we love it.

Furlough Clothes

Thanksgiving in the offing—and that means furloughs and for a very few, vacations—so naturally our thoughts turn to a dressier type. This black crepe, long torso and slightly flared skirt is enough to make any soldier realize he's a lucky man. A yoke of pale blue adds that dressed up touch—and there's your outfit for those important days ahead.

Or if your taste runs to suits—we have found the greatest buy of all. It's elegance personified in bright

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FEATURES

blue wool with a topcoat the color of tangerines. Slash pockets high up on the coat and over the hips. A suit that can stand any affair and come out of its graciously.

Bridal Doings

Brides and brides-to-be are those glowing, happy creatures that we pass so often these days. They are the ones whose minds float in the clouds and rightfully they should. If you are included in this envied group and if you're planning a small informal wedding—think twice before you pass this up. A dress to "cherish" for your wedding day and many days thereafter. A beige crepe with rich topaz buttons and a soft flare to the skirt. Velvet bows low on the front of the shoulders finish it off superbly. Accessories? Any one of your favorite colors in a dressy hat and gloves to match.

You're having "shower" problems, you say? We are all right along with you on that matter so we've dug up a few splendid solutions. No. 1 on our Hit Parade is a double picture frame done in blue leather, gold border and the Army or Navy seal according to your choice. Today's brides will have many poses of their uniformed husbands and they'll want them in plain sight so what could be better?

Always for a personal shower there is lingerie—and what girl doesn't love it? Very trousseau looking is the white crepe slip with blue piping and appliqued flower. Or silk satin with lace inset on top and bottom. You say that these aren't anything different—but just see what a hit they make.

Most useful and desired present for a bride-to-be is monogrammed note paper, for the heaps of notes to be written both before and after the big event.

Ga-Ga Gadgets

The general impressions stylists are trying to create are those of dressing up the basic dress, suit, or formal. One of the most effective ways to accomplish adequate camouflage is by the use of the simple gadget.

Stunning is the word for the Sainte Chapelle bracelet made of lead and stained glass, or the new light and elegant costume jewelry, a pearly crown, British Griffin, or a snappy Russian angel.

Tuck a gay striped satin, or plaid

made scarf into the neck of your black coat. Wear a colorful and jaunty hat and bag set with that dark dress you plan to make do another winter.

With these few words we take our leave. But not until we tell you that

we'll be back next month with "news behind the news" on what's new in the fashion world. There's no "ceiling" on fashions and so there is always something strange and different to add to your fashion notions.

M. A., S. L.

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LITERATURE

PRACTICAL EDUCATION *by Elizabeth Warner*

There comes a time in the lives of most public school children when they are subjected to several hours a week of "practical education." The learned school board undoubtedly feels the necessity for making the flighty, pampered, vitamin-fed generation of today the stable, hardened, salt-of-the-earth adults of tomorrow. Hence, the last years when it has absolute dictatorial power the school board sends the junior-high boys to learn manual training and the girls to learn cooking and sewing.

For myself, I was always completely rebellious; for the two years that I was compelled to attend cooking school I never once forgave the demon officials who governed and regimented us. I resented having every Monday to swallow my lunch unchewed and walk a mile and a quarter to a strange school, far less attractive than my own, and remain for three hours with a lot of strange children, whom I at once disliked, and a teacher who wore large detachable collars over the same rusty black dress all year. I—and my four especial friends—had no liking for the whole idea and were determined to show no signs of cooperation.

To begin with, we could see no point in learning how to do more than darn "socks" or possibly repair a shoulder strap. There was even no need for acquiring any skill in letting down hems, for the smocked broadcloth dresses we wore faded somewhat with washing and changed hemlines were decidedly noticeable, so for that reason taboo. We certainly did not want either to make or to wear straight line longcloth slips, or knee length bloomers. To show our contempt we nauseated our instructor by sewing the tips of our fingers together, we ran the sewing machines at break-neck speed, we wound darning cotton instead of mercerized thread on bobbins, we used lengths of thread as long as both our arms, and we refused to rip with pins or to sew with thimbles.

The cooking class was little better. We four were all ardent culinary spectators and knew, at least, how food should look when prepared, and some of us knew how to prepare it. As for myself I had been reared in a home where the servant was dark,

southern and extravagant. Her results were perfection and I had spent countless Saturdays observing and admiring her faultless technique.

The school kitchen violated all our ideals of the fine art it was supposed to teach. The course was intended to instruct us in neatness and order, economy, rudimentary dietetics and—cooking. Neatness we learned, calories and balanced diets we absorbed, but the economy and preparation insulted our intelligence to say nothing of our palates. We were told that the water in which peeled potatoes were soaked should be saved and used for starching clothes, also for making white sauce in place of the milk, butter and cream we were accustomed to seeing used. The cupboard was bare of any supplies we could recognize by name. The shortening was Snow Drift, the vanilla came in sticks submerged in alcohol, the mayonnaise was beaded with oil, the soap was never in flakes or powder, but always in large cakes that ate the velvet off our hands.

At one cooking lesson we baked custard. For this each girl was allowed one fourth of an egg. But the following week, for a finger-size loaf of bread, we used an entire cake of yeast! We were thoroughly drilled in the specific use for all of our equipment. As proof of a lesson well learned:—when one of our number burned her hand she tore to the back of the room yelling "Fire, fire!" She quickly pulled the fire blanket from its rack on the wall and buried her hand in it, while we drenched all surrounding territory in carbon tetrachloride.

By the end of the first semester our pride has been so injured and our instructor so angered that we presented to our principal a petition which was duly drawn, signed, sworn

to and sealed with wax, to the effect that we wished to take manual training with the boys. The principal smiled, heard our grievances and said she would see what could be done.

When we learned finally that nothing could be done we came fully to realize that the individual suffers always at the hands of the institution, and we bore our suffering for the next year and a half in martyred silence.

WE

We were the living, the "about-to-die";
We were the sons of war, of sorrow;
We are the crosses; we are the graves;
We are the hate of tomorrow.

—D. J. B.

I have known the plains: the endless fields
Mellowed in the golden summer's glow;
Have known the clean, sweet air and western winds,
Touching mute grains and singing as they go.

I have known the hills of eastern strands,
Green with the deep green of budding leaf;
Woods where no crude hand hath dimmed their splendor
Or turned their smiling majesty to grief.

I have loved them both with separate heart,
Trading each for each with fancy's stress;
For I have loved the plains with a wild, free love,
And have loved the hills with tenderness.

—D. J. B.

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Dean's List**First Semester****Sophomores**

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 Grace Benner
 Carolyn Joan Cosel
 Jean Dalzell
 Miriam Davis
 Alice Demmler
 Carla Gregson
 Lois Lutz
 Marjorie Mayhall
 Mary Jane McFarland
 Jane Meub
 Emily Jane Noil
 Virginia Ricks
 Jane Strain
 Edith Succop
 Marion Swannie
 Anna Goldie Thomas
 Pauline Wilson
 Mary Jane Youngling

Juniors

Gladys Bistline
 Mary Elizabeth Brown
 Marion Cohen
 Aida DeBellis
 Margaret Donaldson
 Evelyn Glick
 Betty Johnescu
 Mary Phyllis Jones
 Dale Kirsopp
 Ann Louise McClymonds
 Jeanne McKeag
 Sally Meanor
 Nancy Jane Raup
 Edna Schuh
 Marion Springer
 Nancy Stauffer
 Winifred Watson

Seniors

Jean Archer
 Edith Cole
 Barbara Cooper
 Peggy Dietz
 Rosemarie Fillippelli
 Barbara Heinz
 Claire Horwitz
 Marian Lambie
 Nina Maley
 Dorothy Marshall
 Janet McCormick
 Jeannette Myers
 Marjorie Noonan
 Marion Rowell
 Margaret Suppes
 Phyllis Tross
 Lorraine Wolf

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Please keep all calls brief and avoid unnecessary calls. This is especially important around Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's.

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The ARROW

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MERRY CHRISTMAS

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Lois Allshouse '45, Betty Anthon '46, Janet Brewster '45, Eva Caloyer '46, Lucille Cummins '43, Jeanne de Haven '43, Elma Em-minger '45, Rebecca Fellows '45, Dorothy Firth '45, Virginia Gillespie '43, Helen Gilmore '46, Alice Hanna '45, Martha Hutchison '44, Lou Ann Isham '46, Miles Janouch '43, Kelly Jones '44, Martha McFall '45, Ruth Mendelson '46, Helen Robinson '45, Cynthia Ann Say '46, June Sineive '46, Sally Smith '46, Justine Swan '44, Martha Truxal '43, Marjorie Wayne '46, Ruth Weigel '46, Sara Villing '46, Louise Zeiser '44.

Typists:—Mary Lou Burckart, Sue Norton, Mary Lou Oesterling, Nancy Showalter, Phyllis Tross, Betsy Kinney.

Christmas, 1942

White flakes falling . . . Woodland Road's trees and shrubs etched in snow . . . brisk snappy weather . . . girls well bundled in boots, scarves, mittens, trudging to and from PCW these gas-rationed days . . . carols floating out from Chapel . . . gift packages arriving daily . . . Christmas cards in Berry Hall entrance . . . green and red on magazine covers, tempting gift suggestions within . . . Christmas Pageant . . . Christmas Dance.

AND ONE YEAR OF U. S. AT WAR. December 25 is rolling round again . . . Christmas in a war world.

Peace on earth, good will towards men. When men, the globe over are killing fiercely, hating bitterly. And families are separated not only by miles but by anxiety . . . uncertainty. What sort of Christmas will it be?

We are lucky . . . right now. Bad as things are they could be so much worse. And there is still a chance, a good chance, for brightness, through tears, ahead.

So we must make the most of the much we do have. It's up to us to make this Christmas mean the most it can . . . to make the Christmas good-will prevail.

This year it's our families who will get the most attention. Cheery words . . . smiles . . . consideration . . . unselfishness. When others are giving so much, we can do the little things . . . so hard sometimes . . . that should be done at home.

This is the way we can make this war-time Christmas meaningful. By starting out bravely with a smile to do what we know must be done to make those around us happy. And through it all, we shall suddenly find that we, too, are contented. For creating joy for others is the ultimate way to find the bluebird of happiness perched on the Christmas tree in our own living rooms.

The Hard Way

Perhaps it is a characteristic of easy-going, easy-living people like the Americans that when they learn a lesson, it has to be done the hard way. The Boston nightclub fire and subsequent tragedy should drive home several truths to intelligent citizens—not only about the dangers of fire, but about the dangers of panic in wartime living or in any living.

Anyone who read the accounts of the horrible accident knows that the cost in human lives would have been negligible but for the insane, unreasonable panic that gripped the people involved from the very time a woman screamed "Fire!" It was every man for himself from that moment on; each person ran for the doors to save himself, and either trampled others as he escaped or himself was killed by the others bent on self-preservation.

This very same thing has been happening, though on a much larger scale, in this country since the first cry of "War!" rang out over a year ago. It has not attracted so much attention among civilians because for the great part, casualties of wartime panic have not been placed in concrete form before the public's eyes.

As soon as women began to whisper across their bridge tables that such-and-such was "almost impossible to get," or "going to be rationed," they started runs on the markets such as the country had never seen. The housewife-hoarders, each bent on protecting her own interests, slipped certain commodities off the market and into their storage rooms. The result—many homes were left without any of certain foodstuffs at all, and rationing became the only solution possible. The hoarders might very well be compared with the unfortunates in the fire who pushed aside others to escape and brought on themselves the very thing they wished to avoid.

The dangers of unreasonable desire for self-protection are evident in every phase of modern living. Civilians must learn, and soon, that the whole must be protected and served before the individual, for if the structure of the government is endangered by fear and rash actions on the part of its citizens it may collapse and carry all of them with it.

Americans—politicians, business men, housewives, students—cannot afford to learn many more lessons the Hard Way. They must soon begin to apply the lessons of the results of panic to their own living in order to preserve their individual rights and the freedom of their country.

EVENTS

FRESHMAN ELECTIONS

Becoming fully organized as a class, the Freshmen have held their elections and voted Anna Jane Goodwin as president. Since Anna Jane has been serving as Freshman Chairman since near the beginning of the semester, she will just continue to be the head of the class. Assisting the president are Martha Coate, vice-president; Sue Funk, treasurer; Margaret Ann McKee, secretary; and Betty Beck, house board member.

Anna Jane Goodwin

From president of Girl Reserves in Ben Avon High School to president of PCW's Freshman class—just a natural step in the career of Anna Jane Goodwin. Lovely, auburn-haired, pleasant-voiced A. J. was quite a busy lass at her Alma Mater, having also been a member of the A Capella Choir and the orchestra, although she claims she never was much of a fiddle player. She received due recognition from the National Honor Society and the Post-Gazette's Merit Parade.

This summer saw Anna Jane a messenger at Heinz—which kept her from enjoying her usual summer hobby of sewing some of her own clothes. Interested in people, she feels she may major in psychology. She is also a member of the Glee Club.

Frannie Hilbish

Francesca Hilbish, blonde, effervescent Ursaline graduate, was elected Student Government representative of the Freshman class at the weekly Chapel meeting of the SGA on Thursday, December 10. Fran's favorite pastime is sports, with swimming and horse-back riding high on her list, although most of her spare time is taken up writing to Dick at Yale. She's not yet sure, but she thinks speech or English will be her major.

And here's a tip: bring your paddles to the Christmas dance, because Fran will be eighteen when the clock strikes twelve.

Doris Rowand

Doris Rowand, tall, brown-haired, hazel-eyed freshman, has just been elected Athletic Association representative of her class. "Rowie," a Swarthmore High School graduate, expects to major in science. She likes people and sports, especially hockey, and says that she is more interested in the technique of sports than in participation.

Next summer she will work for the DuPont Company, thus doing her

bit for the war effort. Rowie has also taken a First Aid course and has been a blood donor. She says she has no special talent, except to get in embarrassing situations, but her friends say she's good at telling jokes.

Christmas Dance

Tomorrow night music will ring out from both the Chapel, where the day students are holding their Christmas Dance, and from Woodland Hall, where dorm girls will be celebrating. Theme of both dances will be "White Christmas," with appropriate decorations; Chairmen Alice Craig and Marion Teichmann promise a delightful evening of dancing to all.

Because of transportation difficulties, the day students have decided not to have formal dress at their dance, thus enabling more of the girls who might have to come by street car to attend.

Caroling

Following a seven-year tradition, tonight every PCW student is invited to come caroling on Woodland Road. Every year since 1935, on an evening of the week before Christmas vacation, the student body led by the Glee Club has gone out to sing carols to the neighbors of the college. Practice for the school as a whole has been held a number of times in chapel, with singing of old songs and learning of new ones, under the direction of Mrs. Ayars and Mr. Collins.

First stop is always the Spencer's home, then a walk up and down Woodland Road, singing every one's favorite carols. After completion of the rounds, the carolers go back to Andrew Mellon Hall, where doughnuts and hot chocolate are served.

Calendar Dates

Extending for two weeks, Christmas vacation begins Friday noon, December 18, and lasts until the morning of Tuesday, January 5.

About two weeks after resumption of classes after vacation final examinations will begin. Study day before the examinations will be on Wednesday, January 20, and examinations are scheduled from January twenty-first to twenty-ninth.

PLAY CONTEST

With the Freshmen having walked away with the honors of the Song Contest, the other classes, with the exception of the Seniors, will now have another chance to win fame and glory on February 24, the evening of the annual Play Contest.

'Committees for each class' presentation have already been chosen. In charge of the writing of the play for the Junior Class is Helen Smith and for the Freshmen, Joan Harms. The Sophomores have Peggy Chantler and Louise Flood in charge of writing; Jane Beck and Dorothy Barrett, stage crew; and Jane Murray and Marge Selleck as co-directors.

Comprising the general play contest committee are Mrs. Shupp, Dr. Robb, and three Seniors, Helen Jane Taylor, Lorraine Wolf, and Elinor Keffer. They will meet to make the rules and necessary plans. Each of the three Seniors will be appointed as advisor to one of the participating classes.

To the winning class goes a plaque won last year by the Juniors.

Christmas Pageant

Though new rubber tires and abundant gasoline may be forgotten for the duration, the spirit of Christmas was continued in the annual pageant presented Sunday, December 13, in PCW chapel. This year, for the first time, only one performance was given, at 6:45, because war-time transportation problems prevented the attendance of the usual large audiences.

A Spanish motif, combining plaintive rhythm and striking color, was expressed in music, costumes, and lighting for the five tableaux of the pageant. The Choral, dressed in black robes with blue collars, was seated in semi-circular arrangement on the stage. Under the direction of Mrs. Robert D. Ayars, the group sang a group of early Spanish carols, including a medieval Catalonian Nativity song, *The Adoration of the Shepherds*, arranged by Kurt Schindler, and two other Catalonian folk-songs, *And the Angel Woke the Shepherds*, by Joaquin Nin, and *Presents for the Child Jesus*, arranged by E. Harold Geer.

Sung also was a Christmas song centuries old, *Happy Bethlehem*. The melody of this carol was noted down

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

EVENTS

First Aid

PCW is becoming well organized for emergencies through its Permanent First Aid Detachment of teachers, auxiliary detachment of students, and a first aid class which could be called on in case of great necessity.

The teachers' Permanent Detachment consists of twenty-one members including Dr. Irene Ferguson and Miss Dorothy Mulholland, school nurse, and has been divided into four crews. The leader of each crew and his aides are responsible for one building, and the set-up is as follows: Library, Dr. Montgomery; Andrew Mellon Hall, Dr. Piel; Science Hall, in which there is a casualty station, Mrs. Watkins; and Woodland Hall, Miss Graham.

Eleanor Garrett is directing a student squad, which consists of persons who have completed the Standard and Advanced courses, and who are to aid the faculty at their various posts.

Children's Party

The annual Christmas party for children from Soho, Kingsley, Davis, and Irene Kaufmann Settlement Houses was held on Monday afternoon, December 14, at four. Cooperating this year with general chairman Anna Mae Devlin was the Recreational Leadership class, which entertained the youngsters with stories, games and songs.

Ten cent gifts donated by the student body were placed under the tree and as usual, were the highlight of the afternoon. The looks of delight, surprise, and satisfaction reflected on the faces of both black and white children as they opened their "Santa Claus packages" were a better thank-you to those girls who were there than the words the children could have used.

Janet Brewster, in charge of transportation, finally solved the problem of how to get the children to the gym by bringing them on the street-car—quite a difference from last year's convertible and station wagon rides.

Others who helped to make the party something to remember were Jean Bacon, Ruth Laird, Mary Ruth Sampson and the Freshman Commission.

HONOR SURVEY

Feeling that PCW's Honor System could be greatly improved, Mary Schwappe, Chairman of the Honor Committee, distributed questionnaires at SGA meeting on Thursday, November 19. This survey endeavored to find out if the average girl felt that the Honor System was functioning properly, and if not, where the fault lay. After the questionnaires had been returned to the committee, they found that a large majority of the girls realized that the system was not all it could be. The gravest fault seemed to be that girls hesitated to report someone who had violated the honor code. The returns further showed that the students feel that they are personally responsible and do not have to be policed. Most people also said they were interested and concerned enough in having a working Honor System, that they would report any violations in the future.

At the same time, Mary Schwappe announced that a chart would be hung on the bulletin board on which students were to check if they saw any violations of the Honor System and when. From this, the committee would ascertain whether violations were being neglected. After two weeks, four checks appeared and only two violations had been reported.

Although the questionnaires and chart showed to all that the Honor System is by no means perfect, the committee is asking for the students' cooperation in making a system in which violators will report themselves and where students will not be so tolerant of offenders.

AA Fling

From the time they entered the door and received their gay red ribbons with silver bells attached till they and their dates started down to the street-car stop, PCW girls had a grand time at the AA fling December 4, in Mellon Hall. Although the admission fee was only twenty-five cents a rather small number of girls attended, but those who did found a variety of amusements. They bowled in the bowling alleys, played ping-pong in one end of the Conover Room and danced at the other. Music came from a juke-box which had all the latest records. Pretzels and coke were served. Miss Errett and Miss Graham, complete with knitting, chaperoned the fling.

Freshman Commission

The Freshman Commission, consisting of ten Freshmen who work with the YWCA, was announced on November 10 at the Freshman Entertainment. The girls are: Chairman Marilou Haller; Secretary, Sue Norton; and Margaret Bishop, Miriam Egger, Rebecca Fellows, Kitty Lancaster, Betsy Ross, Sally Lou Smith, Carol Thorne, and Mary Wells. These Freshmen will be a sub-cabinet to the YWCA for leadership training and as a service committee for the Freshman class. The ten girls were selected by Miss Marks, Amy McKay, President of YW, Phyllis Ingraham, Freshman Advisor, and the student counsellors.

The first project of the commission has been to distribute dolls to be dressed for Christmas gifts for the children of the Public Kindergarten, McKelvey School, Pittsburgh. A doll contest will be held today and ribbons will be awarded to the two girls who have the best-dressed dolls. The dolls will be judged by a committee composed of faculty members and seniors.

Faculty Club

When the Faculty Club had its first meeting this year, it was decided that the group would center its interest mainly on discussion. On Tuesday afternoon, December 8, the club met with Miss Dorothy Shields as Chairman and Mrs. Hazel Shupp as Speaker.

Speaking on "Writers on a World Front," Mrs. Shupp reviewed books showing the importance and stress of war in different countries from the standpoint of various writers. The books reviewed by her were "The Year of the Wild Boar" by Helen Mears, which is a story of Japanese life and the great success of last year; "The Children" by Nina Fedorova, which is a story of the white Russian exiles in Manchuria; and "Only One Storm" by Grenville Hicks, a story of the American people. Also among the books which Mrs. Shupp reviewed were the more recent "London Calling" by Storm Jameson and "Seventh Cross" by Anna Seghers.

"These books," said Mrs. Shupp, "are not the most recent ones, but they are examinations of the value of civilization in war countries as literary people see it."

EVENTS

CHAPELS

Christmas Service

This year's traditional Christmas service was held in chapel today. Instead of the regular organ music, there was instrumental music accompaniment. Reverend C. J. L. Bates, assistant pastor of the Shadyside Presbyterian Church, presented the religious holiday message. Several carols were sung by the Glee Club and student body.

Reverend Leiper

Speaking at the special Dec. 7 chapel program commemorating Pearl Harbor Day was Reverend Henry Smith Leiper of New York City.

"Why are we in a moral crisis?" was the subject of Rev. Leiper's moving talk. He pointed out that religion was the greatest obstacle in the totalitarian countries to the complete absorption of the intellectual and spiritual life. "They are trying to air-condition the whole atmosphere in which the nations breathe," he continued, "by rejecting the sacredness of the human personality, the fatherhood of God the brotherhood of man and a universal moral law." At the end of the war," he said, there will be the task of re-establishing these principles and we must be ready to do so by our individual daily practice of them.

Reverend Leiper is an executive of the American Section of the Universal Christian Council. He has been a traveling secretary for the YMCA, a war relief worker in Siberia, an educator and missionary in China, an editor and author, an international peace delegate from China to Japan, and a specialist on race relations. Currently, his major work is the world movement for church cooperation and Christian unity.

Mrs. Clarence Dickinson

Lecturer on the History of Art at the Union Theological Seminary in New York, Mrs. Clarence Dickinson comes here to speak on Monday, January 11, as one of the group of the college's special lecturers for the year. Mrs. Dickinson is the author of *History of Henry O. Thoreau* and a number of other books.

Born in Canada, she received her education at Queen's University in Canada and at the Heidelberg University. Her talk will be of a religious nature.

Share the Ride

Results of the survey for the "Share the Ride" program show that there are thirty-four cars available to take faculty members and students to and from the campus. Transportation can be provided for one hundred and two commuters, an average of about three more riders per car.

Lists of students and faculty, arranged according to zones, have been posted on the Defense bulletin board and all are urged to consult these lists and contact those in their zone or adjacent zones who drive. Arrangements should be made and reported to a member of the transportation committee which includes Miss Lasky, Dr. Andrew, Jean Wyre and Jean Rigauumont.

Distribution of cars in the zones varies widely. Squirrel Hill and Regent Square have the largest number of cars available; seven, with a capacity for twenty-four passengers. The zone including Oakland, Bellefield, Shadyside and Schenley has four drivers and room for eighteen riders. Those living in East Liberty, Homewood, Belmar, Brushton and Point Breeze may contact four drivers who can provide transportation for seventeen. Majority of the students and faculty have 8:30 classes but hours for leaving the campus vary widely.

This "Share the Ride" program is part of the plan recommended by the Allegheny County War Transportation Conservation Committee. To make it successful, students and faculty must cooperate in making their own arrangements and reporting these arrangements to the school committee. Participation in "Share the Ride" is also considered in the rationing of gasoline.

Discussion

Representing PCW in the Intercollegiate Discussion Group meeting at Duquesne University on December 2 was Phyllis Jones. The general topic of the evening being "Solutions to World Problems of Reconstruction," Miss Jones spoke on regionalism and how it might or might not meet the problems adequately. Students from Pitt debating teams, Mt. Mercy and Duquesne spoke on the merits of other systems, including world federation, imperialism and a league of nations.

FEBRUARY CLASS

As a result of the war and the acceleration of many college courses, PCW has felt the need of setting a precedent in its program and initiating a February Freshman class. This class would enable high school February graduates to begin their college work immediately and not have to wait until next September.

First announcement of the possibility of such a class was made when prospective freshmen came here to see *Letters to Lucerne*. Provided that about fifteen—and at the very least, twelve—girls express their intention of entering in February, the plan will be carried out.

In order to overcome the disadvantage of entering second semester classes, it is planned that a full year course in Freshman English and history be given in the one semester, with classes in both being given six

(Continued on Page Twelve)

Photography

A number of students who had wanted to take a course in photography this semester, but could not because it was not being offered, have decided to meet during the Christmas vacation with Dr. Allen W. Scholl, Instructor in Physics and Chemistry, and learn what they can about taking pictures. The group is open to any student who might be interested—one needs no expensive equipment or film to be eligible. Anyone interested should contact Dr. Scholl, as soon as possible, so that a convenient meeting date may be arranged for all.

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ARTS

WORKSHOPS

On Thursday, December 10, at three-thirty, the second voice workshop of the year was held in the recital hall of the Art Center. Participating in the program were Sue Funk, Alice Lee Gardner, Helen Ruth Henderson, Nancy Herdt, Mrs. Hodgson, Phyllis Ingraham, Lou Ann Isham, Peg Johnson, Helen Parkinson, Mary Lou Reiber, Edna Schuh, and Jane Strain.

A third piano workshop will be held either the week before or after Christmas vacation, the exact time to be announced later to music students.

Following return to school after vacation, an instrumental workshop will be held, featuring three main groups of numbers. The first is a clarinet quintet, composed of Pauline Basenko, Miles Janouch, Marjorie Ruppelt, Joan Titus, and Helen Witt. Next are two flute duets, played by Edith Succop and Mary Lou Oesterling. The group playing *Quintet for Flute and Strings*, from Bach, includes Janet Bovard, Joan Bowdle, Miles Janouch, Marjorie Ruppelt and Joan Titus.

Church Program

On Tuesday evening, December 8, several members of the music department presented a program before the Young Married People's Group of the Mt. Lebanon Presbyterian Church. Five numbers which will be used in the Christmas program were sung by Jeanne Goodwin, Dale Kirsopp, Alice Lee Gardner, June Collins, Kitty Lancaster, Micky McKee, Jane Strain, Phyllis Ingraham, Nancy Herdt, and Marian Keiffer. Marian Cohen then played two groups of piano solos. The program was concluded by Marian Keiffer who sang *He Shall Feed His Flock* by Handel, *Candlelight* by Rogers and the traditional *Twelve Days of Christmas*.

Play Report

Letters to Lucerne, speech majors' play given on November 20 and 21, was a total success dramatically, as anyone who saw it can testify, and also financially and patriotically.

Instead of the usual \$200.00 SGA appropriation per play, this year each play is allotted but \$100.00 and the stage craft class, newly organized, does the stage work and setting. With this limited budget, an intensive tick-

et sale campaign was launched and to date there is over \$30.00 profit. This money will be added to the remainder of the play funds for the year to be used in case of any later deficits. At the end of the year, any money left will be used for additional stage equipment as has been the policy in previous years.

Over twenty pounds, approximately 1,000 pairs, of old silk or nylon stockings were collected as part of the admission fee.

Speech Chapel Program

Children's Literature Class, under Dr. Robb, and Dr. Arnold's Radio Class combined Friday, December 11, to entertain students and faculty with a radio presentation in chapel. Appropriate to the Christmas season, the dramatization was concerned with a little mole's homecoming during the holiday.

This story, *Wind in the Willows*, was adapted from a collection of children's favorite animal stories by Kenneth Grahame, and revised for radio production by Dr. Arnold. Direction of the novel program was in charge of Dr. Robb and Dr. Arnold with Helen Jane Taylor as assistant director. Jane Evans and Janet Brewster read the two leading animal roles. In charge of sound effects and music, respectively, were Billie Lapsley and Marjorie Selleck.

War Relief Bazaar

Netting a total of \$88.00, the Bazaar given in Berry Hall is considered by the War Relief Committee to have been a complete success. Apparently those girls who were looking for a way to aid the war effort found their opportunity in this affair.

Although the grab bags were almost sold out in the first fifteen minutes and Dr. Spencer's sausage sold "like hotcakes," the most exciting event proved to be the auctions, at which many of the girls outbid themselves in an effort to obtain the unusually lovely gifts available.

Women's Club Program

Speech and Music departments combined to present a program before the Homestead Women's Club on December 14. Included in the program were selections by music students, directed by Miss Welker, and selections from the Christmas story, *Wind in the Willows* read by Lorraine Wolf.

RECITAL

On December 4th the Music Department presented the first recital of the season. It was in celebration of the lovely new draperies and rugs, which add greatly to the appearance of the recital hall and improve the acoustics immeasurably.

The program was varied and interesting. Allison Meyer played Debussy's *Prelude from Piano Suite*, Jeanne Goodwin sang Schubert's *Faith in Spring*, and the String Quartet played *Minuetto* and *Rustic Dance* from Opus 1 No. 2 by Haydn. The String Quartet consists of: Joan Titus, First Violin; Joan Bowdle, Second Violin; Miles Janouch, Viola; Marjorie Ruppelt, Cello; and Janet Bovard at the piano.

Marion Cohen played two modern pieces: *Fountain of the Acqua Paola* by Griffes and *Sourwood Mountains* by Farwell. Dale Kirsopp sang two modern French numbers: *Mandoline* by Debussy and *Nell* by Faure. Patricia Walton played *Nocturne* by Grieg and Peg Johnson followed singing Schumann's *Die Lotosblume* and Brahms' *Immer Leiser Wird Mein Schlummer*. The program ended with a two-piano number, *Aragon* by Longas. Allison Meyer played first piano and Virginia Ditzges, second piano.

Glee Club Dinner

Tonight before they go caroling on Woodland Road, the members of the PCW Glee Club will hold a traditional celebration of their own—a Christmas buffet supper in Berry Hall at five-thirty. After exchanging small gifts, they will gather together and sing their favorite Christmas songs. Nancy Stauffer, president of the Glee Club, announced the committees which have made the plans for the dinner. Jane Strain has been appointed the general chairman, Doris Sisler is chairman of the decoration committee, Mary Lou Reiber of the food-buying committee, and June Collins of the gift committee. The cooking and serving committee, under the direction of Jean Thompson, will prepare the dinner

**BUY A WAR BOND
FOR CHRISTMAS**

FEATURES

DEAR SANTA

When your light silvery sleigh bells ring out and the heavy crunch of snow underfoot announces your arrival, you won't be greeted by a still-ed and sleeping household. No sir, the girls here at PCW are all getting their modest requests in early and will be sitting up waiting.

First of all, I know you'll be delighted to hear that Marion Monks, contented little soul that she is, doesn't want anything because she's just so happy now. But not so with the rest of us. Peggy Donaldson wouldn't mind a pair of riding boots and Harry James under her tree—we mean an artificial tree of course. Marjorie Selleck could go for "a good bag" in a big way. Marty Harlan bids for a "String of Pearls" and lots of "skoits." Marty claims, Santa, that since she has such a funny shape she needs either a twenty-four or twenty-six "skoit."

We're all dreaming of a white Christmas, but Betsy Ross dreams of a snowy, white sweater—so she can get it dirty—and a luxurious soft easy chair. Mary Wells wants a candy cane and a thirty—forty shot gun to go hunting with Bob! Maria Rohrer holds out only for a colored doll. Oh yes, and don't forget Sally Cook could use a million dollars very conveniently.

Dorothy Nelson also is dreaming that you'll give her a few of your spare tires. Mary Jane McComb will accept a drum of gasoline—with a car, to go with it of course—while, Betty Urban will be content with just an S rationing card.

Trips are another request that seem to be in the lime light this year. Eleanor Sinclair wants a trip to Florida, Doris Rowand sends a big sigh with her wish for just a "long trip," while Emily Knoll is hoping to go East—and she lives in Michigan. A New York trip is in the bag for Betty McCory, she hopes. Ruth Weston doesn't care where she goes just so she gets a plane reservation.

Then there is a conglomeration of requests for most anything. Anna Jane Goodwin begs for a new supply of moron jokes. Dottie Barrett prays "for a stroke of genius, so I can pass." Barbara Work would appreciate a good bridge hand just once, and Mary ampbell will gladly accept Kaufmann's sport shop as a gift. Polly Wilson will be contented just to see you, Santa, but Louise Flood invites you to stay over at her house until

the Junior Prom—she wants to go with a pair of pants, even if they are red! Betty Bush is so filled with Christmas spirit that she longs for "a real live Christmas tree"—how about that, Santa, priorities don't stop you, do they?

Janet McCormick needs a pair of glasses to see her way through comprehensives. Elinor Keffer isn't particular what you bring her just so it is something Spanish. "To see if a certain person's in Africa" is all Patty Blue cares about. Mary Lou Reiber is keeping her fingers crossed for Schaperelli's "Shocking."

Also, Santa, Anna Mae Devlin and Nancy Maxwell have special requests. Anna Mae would like a good typewriter down at work, say one repaired only ten years ago instead of the one she's using now, repaired twenty years ago. A leave of absence will fix Nancy Maxwell up perfectly.

There are a few items on every girls' "must list," warm clothing and heat-producing cereal. Both "Billy" Lapsley and Mary Jane Youngling are hoping they can have a bowl of Cheerioats every morning for breakfast. Norma Bailey wants a pair of Nylons to keep her legs warm—she's kidding of course—and Sue Norton would like to cuddle in a fur coat like Penny Myers'. Sally Landis' way of keeping warm is to dance the whole night through with those 1000 records you're giving her.

Just to prove there are some really serious people in the school, Santa, please note the following: A good \$300 a month job in June is all Betty Brown thinks about. Jane Meub wants the war to end. Oh yes, I almost forgot, Lois Allshouse would thank you for just a passing grade in "qual"—could you surprise her and give her a good mark?

Such general improvements as a new Berry Hall, an elevator installed instead of those gruesome steps, and noiseless radiators, are just a few things we are all asking for.

And please, dear Santa, bring each and everyone of us a man, a furlough, and a diamond! Our Uncle Sam may give you a little trouble in getting the first two, but we're counting on you to get around that. As for the third, forget your scruples when it comes to that—just get them!

So here's to that full bag of yours, Santa, till we see you Christmas Eve

• • •

With all our love,
THE COLLEGE KIDS.

CHRISTMAS JINGLES

Santa Claus, you sweet old man,
Lovely Santa dear,
This December, please remember
Christmas comes but once a year.

Georgia Raynor's very choosy
About a guy to be her steady;
As this is so, for her please go
To Hollywood, for Nelson Eddy.

Nancy Stauffer's plaint is old,
Constant are her tears;
Take from your sack (and make it
black)
A cocker, tripping on its ears.

And Santa dear, please get a bus
For Parkinson and Perry;
To take them down to Uniontown,
And make their Christmas merry.

A scooter for a tardy Frosh,
Stowalter's in a rut;
To start on time for her's a crime
Does she know three tardies make a
cut?

To Margy Couch, a card of pins
To stick her with, you see;
For as you've heard, there's ne'er a
word
From her, when she's in company.

For Jeanne McKeag, a lantern bright
To show her where to tread;
So she won't fall in Woodland Hall
And then come to in bed.

A room-mate, any kind will do—
Kay Dunn's wrapped in trouble;
So please be kind, and help her find
Someone to share her double.

Bariod Spriger's turn is dow,
A box of Kneenex, please;
The story's old, she's god a cold
And cad control her sneeze.

Evelyn Fulton's wish is small
But large in its own way;
We really need, you must concede,
Forty-eight hours in a day.

Ann Baker doesn't want a lot
She's only wishing for—
(It's quite a task; just thought we'd
ask)
For Silence on fourth floor.

Hutchinson's wish is voiced for all
Who have no man to tow;
Here is her song: a furlough long
And Christmas time with Joe.
(Continued on Page Eight)

FEATURES

Christmas Jingles

Ignore that list for pins and rings,
It's nonsense, plain to see;
Such things are waste, and out of
taste,
But just the same—remember me?
J. S.

CAMPUS COMMENTS

Shades of Sir Walter Raleigh! . . . Only now it seems that it's the lady's fur coat that get splattered with mud in the name of chivalry instead of the gentleman's cloak. A current display of feminine chivalry took place at AMH pond when heroic Marion Cruciger, gallantly assisted by Jeanne De Haven, rushed to the rescue of a small lad floundering in the icy waters. Casualties were aforementioned coat and one damaged front tooth.

* * *

Double red crosses on coat lapels remind us of contributions which deserve to be first on Christmas lists: seals to help out stricken tuberculosis patients, Brownie cards and PCW Products for student scholarships, gifts for campus employees and Stamps and Bonds to back our men—and all the men—behind those guns.

* * *

Seeing book-laden Nancy and Sally Spencer trudging through the snow to school makes us realize that little girls and big ones too are taking and liking mileage rationing, and learning to walk to victory.

* * *

In our sedate and well-organized way, we set out on the day after Thanksgiving for town, neat lists in hand, to Do Our Christmas Shopping Early. But as we pushed our way through the store's revolving door, found that we could not even glimpse the laboriously executed holiday decorations because of the crowds of shoppers, and then were caught in a feverish throng and rushed past once-orderly displays, it suddenly occurred to us that we were not so much on the ball, as we had proudly thought, as we were *behind* it. At five o'clock dishevelled and footsore, our smugness vanished completely and our complexions melted beyond repair, we collapsed wearily against the handkerchief counter and shamefacedly whispered to the clerk "Two dozen of these . . . yes, that's right—in gift boxes, please."

HERE AND THERE

The hours are counted, we wait with suspense,
For Friday at noon our furloughs commence.

The idea is there even if the poetry isn't, but while we pass the time till vacation, here are a few—
Jottings in the Margin

We see Mary Gallagher keeping up the morale of the Army and Navy with her honor roll of 350 service men . . . Sally Landis getting roses from the Navy Air Corps to celebrate her twentieth birthday . . . Ginny Alexander seeing Johnstown for the first time through starry eyes . . . Lou Anne Isham shoving off for Coral Gables to see Al Staley graduate . . . Marie Rohrer riding around in a Mercury convertible with Dick (tell us where you get the gas?—Ed.) . . . second floor receiving cards from sun-tanned Ann Richardson in Florida . . . Patsy Speers making plans to spend part of Christmas with Hank.

Signs of the Times

Barbara Bollinger smiling again now that Dave is in port . . . Jean Wyre happy, knowing that Bob is safe in she-knows-where . . . Barbara Work nobly giving Paul over to the Air Corps . . . Louise Haldeman Graves planning a return trip . . . Edie Cole reading all about the African campaign . . . the whole student body marking off the calendar with the 18th as an objective.
More Than Ever

Mary Jane Youngling forever faithful to Ralph . . . Nancy Maxwell writing J. E. O. all over her notebooks. Add members of P. P. U. . . . Marian Lambie joined the ranks at Thanksgiving . . . Jane Fitzpatrick turned in her sweetheart emblem for Ted's fraternity pin. Jean Archer is wearing a sweetheart pin and Ann Baker a ditto from a Phi Gam . . . Patty Wright all smiles because Knox got home at just the right moment to give her *the* ring. Senior Barbara Steele announced her engagement to Bill Mangum . . . Good news brought by Maria Jose is that ex-PCWite Yvonne de Silva is now married, and is living in Rio . . . Alumna Jane Hanauer recently became Mrs. Kirk . . . the **Arrow** enthusiastically welcomes young Ralph Kenneth Martin and sends him via Santa Claus the fuzziest pair of blue booties we could find in town.

Have You Noticed

Jeanne De Woody has been doing a little "Steeling" on the 50 yard line of all the Pittsburgh pro-football games. Ginny Hendryx returned from her Thanksgiving trip to see Chuck very much on the starry-eyed side . . .

Our apologies to Marjorie Harter—it's Corporal Lewis.

So . . . the column is ended, our ramblings are through, and here we go staggering under the weight of a Christmas tree and with tinsel dangling in our eyes and gaily shout "Merry Christmas to you!"

SPORTSCOPE

You'll Be Sorry

To all of you gals who are just too tired, or want to go shopping instead of playing volleyball, a word of advice. This is not official, but only common sense. Remember those little white cards the Physical Fitness Committee has been passing around? Have you been embarrassed just to put down a fifteen minute walk to the drug store? In the interests of our present physical fitness program, students must have some form of exercise each day. Wouldn't it be less painful to come out for an hour of volleyball rather than an hour of compulsory calisthenics or something similar? Think about it, my friends, then watch the bulletin boards and the weekly calendar for athletic opportunities. Remember the AA is not giving exhibitions but games for everyone to enjoy. The AA board may plan the program but it is merely a guide. You are AA just as you are SGA and YWCA. You all belong and what you want to do, we will do. When you hear your class has won a volleyball or basketball game, you say "Gee, that's swell." But what did YOU do to help, Yes, go on and blush. You're so proud of your

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FEATURES

class but it is from an onlooker's viewpoint.

Set-ups

Volleyball season — packed with thrills and upsets. Can it be we see the decline of the powerful Junior athletic machine, or what did happen when the Freshmen took them over? The important games today bring the yearling crew against the Sophomores, and the Juniors versus the aged but yet undefeated Senior aggregation. The Rose and White of '43 has been victorious over both Freshman and Sophomore teams, the latter victory being gained by five of those busy practice-teachers and honors students and **Arrow** editor Marian Lambie. Can it be that the Seniors may win something yet?

Drips and Dashes

Last Tuesday evening seven girls—one Senior, one Sophomore, one Freshman and four Juniors splashed in the briny deep of Mellon Pool as the sole entrants in the swimming meet. And it was worth seeing, too.

Freshman Franny Hilbish chopped two seconds from our pool record as she breezed through two laps of the free-style in 28 seconds. In the back-stroke, Marjorie Selleck pulled in front of three half-drowned opponents. Ross and Wilcox placed first and second respectively in the breast-stroke. And then we have good old side-stroke for form. Naturally all seven entered with Riggie placing first and Donaldson and Selleck tied for second. And you should see their form!

Dividing the contestants into two relay teams clothed in blue and white striped p. j.'s Referee Ginny Alexander blew the whistle. Anchorman Hilbish plowed across the finish line in front of Rigamount who emerged wearing her pajamas zoot-suit style. Highlight of the evening came when Donaldson, Rigamount and Bacon vied for diving honors. The tiny Junior copped the running front and back dive with Junior Prexy Peggy soaring to triumph in the front jack-knife.

Individual honors of the evening went to Selleck and Rigamount tied for first, Hilbish second, Donaldson third, with Ross, Bacon, and Wilcox bringing up the rear.

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FASHIONS

Now that we've all practically reconciled ourselves to rayon stockings and zipperless plackets, we are faced with a new problem—how to look our best over the holidays.

Christmas, and furloughs, fun and men in your life again. Men want to remember the way you look, so dress to the ears. Put on your perfume, put on your pearls, and put on your prettiest face.

Social Security

If you're in the market for a new formal, try something pale and delicate to make you feel ultra-feminine. Breeze through nights of fun in filmy rayon chiffon, or soft net. Or try a vivid and flattering fuchsia celanese rayon crepe accented here and there with sequins. Then, too, there's always Christmas red, to make you look as gay and festive as holly under the mistletoe.

Having decided to ask Santa for a new date dress, make sure he does right by you. Black celanese rayon crepe appliqued with print daisies and red "aproned" front. Along more conservative lines, but still black, we offer the plain rayon crepe, supremely simple. Double-breasted, and full skirted in front, the pink grosgrain ruffling at the wrists makes it perfect for parties. Or maybe you'd rather make them sit up and take notice with a black rayon crepe, striped bodice of turquoise and cerise, and full quilted skirt.

Color, to take the chill out of Winter, and jade green with inserted triangle of coral in front to make waist and hips appear half their size. Or red, mellow as the blazing fire in front of the love-seat. Ekna rayon crepe lit up with gold kid belt, and kid-bound buttons at neckline and on pockets.

Gadget Gossip

There's a gadget for every occasion, and the more the merrier. For instance, brilliant, gold-plated sterling silver stars, with red, white, and blue jewelers stones set in flawless designs, masquerading as pin and matching earrings. And now for something really different. Suggest to a benefactor that he or she give you an "Under the Clock at Times Square" lapel watch, in sterling silver and rhinestones.

For taking off that mid-evening shine—a lucite cameo compact in blue, wine, gold, beige, or clear, and an oblong transparent plastic Celares lipstick—both very 1943.

Tinkling silver plated bracelets—you can't have too many—and you can easily add to your collection on the least provocation.

A very modern choker in plate-gold will add to anything from a sweaters and skirt to a dinner dress.

If you're crazy over horses, there's a thoroughbred to prance proudly upon your lapel. With magnificent gold plumes, mane and tail, and pink ceramic body, he'll add pomp and splendor to a plain suit. And even more wonderful are the matching horses' head earrings, to grab and hold attention.

Extremely effective are ebony fake pearls with earrings if you want them.

Get into the spirit of things with a double gold compact by Coty, hinged along the back, by the way, with tinkling gold bells.

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

Senior Library Contest

Attention, Seniors! Are you prepared to enter your choice books for competition in the Senior Personal Library Contest? Now in its third year, this contest is being sponsored by the Faculty and Student Library Committees.

A first prize of ten dollars and a second prize of five dollars are awaiting the successful contestants. Judges will render their decisions at a tea to be held about the middle of April, 1943 and the collections will be exhibited in the Art Room of the Library so that all the college community may view the entries.

The following rules govern the contest:

1. All books shall be the personal property of the contestant and shall bear the bookplate or other ownership inscription.
2. Books submitted may be of general interest, or may deal with a hobby or special interest of the student. Titles of a distinctly textbook order shall be excluded.
3. The judges shall be persons familiar with and interested in books, but not members of the Administration or Faculty.
4. The libraries shall be judged on their evidence of discriminating judgment in selecting books.
5. A minimum of twenty-five volumes must be entered in all collections, but money value of individual books shall not be considered in the judging.

FEATURES

TRANSFERS TALK

The **Arrow's** secret agent number 1945 adjusted her black veil, filled her pen with lemon juice and wrapped herself in a Berry Hall shadow to await the arrival of a college transfer.

It was not a long wait. Out of the mists of the dim corridor tramped a group of transfers little realizing the danger ahead.

The danger stepped out from the shadow and up to the group and said in a low coaxing whine, "I'd like some information. What don't you like about PCW?"

"Oh no!" said the gals in one voice, "You have that **Arrow** look and we ain't talking."

"Oh don't be afraid," hissed the reporter, "we're all friends and no names will be mentioned."

"Well," they answered, "in that case what do you want to know?"

"First," asked the spy, "tell me what you miss most from your old college."

"Men!" screamed the coed division.

"Oh I don't know," said the **Arrow** sixth columnist fingering the Boy Scout pin under her veil, "But tell me more."

"They don't have football here," sighed a transfer in the back row, "but maybe field hockey's almost as good."

Too Many Chapels

"I know something I don't like much," confided a T. S., "There are too many chapels. Where I went before we only had two a week."

"And speaking of chapels," said another, "I think it's rather odd that the Student Government includes so few people, and another thing the honor system isn't too effective."

"Ha ha!" cackled the secret agent whipping off code on an onion peel with her lemon juice pen, "What were the honor systems like at your former alma mats?"

"Well," said a Junior up front, "Where I come from if two gals would get tired during an exam they could go out for a coke together."

"And," added another "It was the same way at my old college. The honor-system just wasn't violated. There would be a question of social ostracism."

"Where I went," said another, "they used the tap system—you know—see a student cheating on an exam, tap on the desk, and the student reports herself."

Class Chat

"That would lead to complications," said the sinister sister, "if a woodpecker got loose in the classroom. Now tell me some more—what about class work?"

"Well," said a worried one, "I like my courses and all that but I do wish we'd get more frequent grades to see where we stand—if we stand at all."

"Yes," added another, "and in some of my courses I get too much 'busy work.'"

"Well," said the **Arrow** agent "how about dorm rules?"

"I like the way the dorm kids can keep their lights on as long as they like here," said an eye-beircircled dormer, "Where I used to go we could only keep them glowing until 10:30 with two light cuts of 12:30 per week."

"I think it would be a good idea," said an artistic transfer "to establish a 'print club' like the one we had at my old college—Vassar has one too. The club used to rent for a dollar a year good prints to hang up in dorm rooms. It brightened the place up no end."

The second bell blared out and the transfers bolted.

"That's another," the last one cried, "I wish we had ten minutes between classes!"

THE BOOKSHELF

Now it is "share your ideas and suggestions" about books. This column, which will appear regularly in subsequent issues of the **Arrow** is being sponsored by the Student Library Committee, consisting of Chairman, Janet McCormick, Marjorie Couch, Evelyn Glick and Edith Succop and the Librarian, Mrs. Hansen. It is the plan to have faculty and students contribute evaluating comments on books they have enjoyed, new or old.

Many of our recent library additions are to be found in the Best Seller lists:

The Robe.....Lloyd Douglas
The Song of Bernadette, Franz Werfel
The Cup and the Sword.....

.....Alice Tisdale Hobart
And Now Tomorrow....Rachel Field
The Uninvited....Dorothy Macardle
They Were Expensible.....

.....William L. White
Last Train from Berlin.....

.....Howard K. Smith
Van Loon's Lives..Hendrik Van Loon
Storm Over the Land..Carl Sandburg

Which of these have you read? They are all to be found on the new

shelf at the Library Loan Desk and a place for your notes is nearby. Let's read!

Poetry Anthology

An anthology of poetry by American college students will be published early in the Spring, the Editors of Harbinger House, New York publishing firm, announce. Work on the compilation of the volume has already begun, and manuscripts are now sought.

Verse by all students, whether graduate or undergraduate, will be eligible for consideration. Any student may submit an unlimited number of poems, but no single poem should be more than sixty lines in length. Manuscripts should be typewritten or legibly handwritten, on one side of the paper only.

Manuscripts should be submitted prior to January 30, 1943. They should be addressed to Editors, College Poetry Anthology, Harbinger House, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., and must be accompanied by return postage. Students may submit verse at once, or write for a folder giving full information.

Last Train From Berlin

Long have we needed an unbiased, factual, and authentic picture of Germany today, and that is exactly what we get in Howard K. Smith's story of *Last Train From Berlin*.

Mr. Smith escaped from Germany at the last possible moment—the border gates swung shut as his train was pulling out, and he and his fellow reporters were interned for the duration. However, he finally left the country with information culled from years spent as a foreign correspondent and radio reporter—information which makes lively, interesting reading.

Mr. Smith says that Germany's war with Russia will be her downfall. The starving, grumbling German civilians with their growing distrust of the Fuhrer's leadership are hastening that downfall. The author substantiates his forecast of a German defeat with excellent descriptions of deserted food shops in Berlin, ruined farms, sickly children, and crowded military hospitals. Mr. Smith emphasizes again and again that the time has come for a United Nations victory over the German people who are "rotten ripe for defeat and revolution."

Last Train From Berlin has the added value of teaching a timely lesson as it entertains.

LITERATURE

CHRISTMAS LEAVE by Elizabeth Warner

Paper Boy: Merry Christmas, Sailor. Paper?

Sailor: No, thanks, take this and run along.

Paper Boy: Gee, thanks, buddy. So long—see you in Singapore. (Walks off, calling) Paper, Christmas morning papers—here you are, sir.

Sailor: Merry Christmas . . . Peace On Earth, Good Will toward men . . . peace and loving kindness . . . God the loving Father who leadeth His lambs in the light and glory of His goodness . . . Christmas, Christmas everywhere. Yeah, where? In Germany, maybe? Sure, good old Kris Kringle spends all year makin' little music boxes with pregnant blond dames dancin' around on 'em to brighten little Adolf's day. Or in France? No doubt all the gay little shops in good old Paris are chock full of goodies, and peasants are dancing in the streets. Or take Greece. Now there's a race of devout people! Can't you just see them dragging their starved bodies to Mass to thank God for the privilege of sharing Christmas with the noble Nazi soldiers and brave Italians? Ah, what's the use! (Walks on in silence awhile) Gosh, the park's quiet this morning. Nothin' but snow flakes and birds. Even the pretty little maids aren't out with the kids yet. (Meets a priest).

Good morning, Father. (Lifts his cap).

Priest: Good morning, my son. Spending your Christmas in New York, eh?

Sailor: Well, yes sir, more or less, sir. That is, my ship's—well, I'll be here for a while, Father.

Priest: (smiles understandingly. Yes, I see. God be with you, son. (Walks on).

Sailor: (Tips his cap—goes on) I notice he's not ringin' bells and shouting hallelujah. Wonder if he feels about like I do or if maybe it's Singapore for him soon. He's got a young face for all that black cloth.

(Walks a while and meets an Irish policeman meandering on his beat. The policeman stops near a tree, rubs his hands together, and blows on them).

Policeman: Merry Christmas, Sailor.

Sailor: (absentmindedly) Merry Christmas, Copper.

Policeman: Out for a bit of a stroll, are ye?

Sailor: (imitating his brogue) Sure and that I am, Copper. (Both laugh and go on).

Sailor: It's so quiet here you got to keep reminding yourself it's New York to believe it. Not a car in sight. Must be nearly ten—the sun's getting higher, brighter, too. The glare from the snow really hits you.

Good Lord, there's the sub! Damn it, this is just the way I didn't want to come! Twenty minutes and I'd be home. (Stands looking toward the subway. Turns suddenly and walks in the opposite direction).

No, damn it, that's what I wasn't going to do. Oh, it'd be nice to see the folks. Heaven knows I'd like to see Mom. But it isn't fair, and anyway I couldn't stand it, sayin' good bye and all. I know how it'd be. They'd all make a big fuss and Mom would cook a meal fit for a king.

Everybody would be gay and pretend like this year was no different from any other. Then Pop would ask the blessing and we'd all sort of swallow hard on "those who are absent from us." Sis' husband still in the hospital and her kid due to arrive any day now. And Joe, they don't know where Joe is—poor guy, he was going to be the swellest doctor in the whole state of New York.

Used to tease Sis about being a doctor with a waiting list 'fore she'd be a mother.

It just isn't Christmas, damn it, and there's no use pretending it is. It's December 25 and that's all. Sure, there'd be little gifts and games and a few friends would drop in—and then I'd have to leave. I know Mom; she wouldn't give me a chance to tell her I could only stay a couple of hours. Then that look like the life was leaving her face and eyes when she realized what was up.

No, it's better this way, much better. I'll have reached port safely before they hear I've gone, with no worrying in between. (Walks faster and begins to whistle "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas." Comes to an intersection where there is a news stand—a boy about seventeen is shouting).

Paper Boy: Paper! Christmas Morning papers . . . Buy a paper, sailor, it's my last one.

Sailor: Sure, kid, I'll buy it. Are you through when it's gone?

Boy: Yes sir, all through.

Sailor: How about having dinner with me?

Boy: Huh! Well, I should be . . . Aye, aye, Sir. You're the Admiral. Say, how far it is to Singapore, anyway?

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LITERATURE

CHRISTMAS IS A FEELING by Patty Leonard '44

Christmas is a vision—red ribbon and green holly, half moons of frost on window panes, tinsel and bulging stockings, snow and bright noses. Christmas is a smell—pine trees and turkey, open fires and new furs, pipes and perfume. Christmas is a sound—crunching snow and carols, tissue paper and toy trains, chimes and laughter. But above all Christmas is a feeling brought by these senses; joy and warmth, friends and love, devotion and humbleness. Through the splashy gaiety of gifts, holly wreaths, and Christmas trees, the memory of the birth of the Christ child wells up in all hearts.

These are mature thoughts and have not the glory of a child's Christmas. There is magic about it when you're small and Santa Claus with his miraculous reindeer is the wonder of wonders. Being seven at Christmas is the best time of all. I have never forgotten the heavenly "seven" feeling and I never want to.

It starts its climax on Christmas eve: the mysterious creaking of paper downstairs, and the laughter of Mother and Daddy, the grim but unfulfilled determination to see Santa Claus, the breathless awakening, the hasty dressing, a glimpse of the glimmering tree on the way to the dining room, and the indescribable agony of sitting through breakfast.

Then! Fairyland. All suppressed, wishful hopes come true. First the stockings—oranges, harmonicas, soap, tin horns, and paper dolls roll out. Next the surprised and delighted squeaks directed to Mother and Daddy and Santa Claus, for roller skates, *Winnie the Pooh*, new Mary Janes, and all manner of newly concocted games. After this the other members of the family examine their loot. Beautiful pipe cleaners for Daddy from you, an expressive painting for Mother (by you of course), and exciting-looking presents from far away relatives. A divinely happy lull follows. Gifts are arranged for display, the new games are dissected, and the turkey is inspected in the aromatic kitchen.

Dinner time brings hurried scrubbing: Sunday best, the slam of car doors, the clumping of relatives' galoshes and "Merry Christmas" in all voice ranges. All is hubub, happiness, and thrills. More presents to open and a tour of gift inspection goes on. A doting aunt asks to see where your front tooth isn't any more and every one is thanked profusely for

the gifts received. Dinner is served with food unexcelled, family ribbing and conversation followed by an overstuffed contentedness.

Rich, fat uncles expound through the smoke of their Marsh Wheelings; lean, maiden aunts discuss illnesses, little boy cousins happily play until they break their games, concerned Grandmother tries to keep Grandfather from the eggnog, Mother whispers for you "to blow your nose, dear," father is dragged from his chair to play "Bollo." But gradually relatives gather together coats, scarves, and mittens, and after

lengthy goodbyes they are gone.

Dusk finds you tired and a little whiny, in spite of the day's happiness. It is quiet. Some of the magic is gone but lights on the Christmas tree are still rose and blue. Daddy starts a Christmas carol and you and Mother join. This is when the feeling is strongest—tears and laughter, love and gratefulness.

Christmas is gone. Then a turkey sandwich and the first chapter of *Pooh*, in the middle of which you fall asleep, happier than any words could ever tell . . . because Christmas is a feeling, when you are seven.

February Class

(continued from page 5)

days a week. In addition, each student would be able to enter an elective course, perhaps a language, in which she has had some previous training, or speech or other course in which second semester entrance is advisable.

Some arrangements would be made to provide an orientation program, which, of course, would be on a lesser scale than the usual Freshman proceedings.

Announcement of the proposed class has just recently gone out to the high schools and to individual girls, so students are urged to contact Miss Rachel Kirk or a prospective freshman directly if they know of any who would be interested.



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LITERATURE

DEAR MOTHER.....By Joanne Knauss '44

Dear Mother:

Things are quiet here tonight—almost too quiet. At the moment everyone seems to be living in a world of his own—thinking and planning, meditating, meditating and possibly regretting . . . but no man can know just what goes on behind another's expressionless face. I have just come from the Christmas Eve chapel service where the candles and soft music brought tears to my eyes. After the service as I walked back to the barracks in the cold air, the moon seemed to be crystal and the stars seemed to be little lights blinking on and off. It was then that I began living over my past Christmases with you.

It seems like yesterday that I woke up before you and Dad, stumbled down the steps in the dark, and found awaiting me the most beautiful electric train I had ever seen. That train always seemed a very private part of each Christmas afterward. No one else could ever operate "The Silver Streak" the way I could, and no one ever dared take the matter into his own hands . . . not without consulting me. Yes, that was *my* beautiful train. Tell Jody to take good care of it when her boyfriends decide to give it a spin.

It must have been the Christmas after I got "The Silver Streak" that Jody was born. It doesn't seem possible that she is trucking around to formal dances already. Dear little Jody. Mom, remember how you used to plead with me not to tell Jody about Santa Claus? Jody just wouldn't believe it when I finally told her. She cried—and called me a bad boy. You had such a time getting her to be reasonable.

Probably the saddest Christmas we had was the first one without Dad. It put a black curtain over things for us. I had to serve dinner and the empty seat at the dinner table made us all choke. I remember how bravely you tried to keep back the tears when Jody finished her prayer with "and God bless daddy—in Heaven."

After that, each Christmas seemed to be more and more grown up. The year I came back from prep school I wore my first set of tails and sent my first "girl" her first orchid. I really thought I was a man of the world. The next year I came back with radical ideas on social justice. Christmas Eve I took packages to the tenement section of the North End. I picked up an old beggar on the street

corner and invited him home for Christmas dinner. You almost fainted when you saw the old fool but you were heart-sick when you missed your silver candlestick holders.

One of the fellows—from Little Rock, Arkansas (I think I told you about him)—just received a telegram from his sister-in-law saying that he can be proud of an eight pound baby

"The Coke's in"



"That's the happy greeting heard today when a new supply of Coke arrives at a cooler. Folks wait for it . . . wait because the only thing like Coca-Cola is Coca-Cola itself. Customers smile and start moving up to pause and be refreshed.

"There's a cheerful spirit about this way of accepting wartime restrictions. Morale is high."

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son, born this afternoon. He is passing out cigarettes as though he owns the American Tobacco Company. Everyone in the room is radiating pride as though it were his own son. Here, more than anywhere, we realize that it's all in the family—a great big family that is scattered from coast to coast.

The room has suddenly become alive and "Merry Christmas" is echoing all over the camp. It's midnight and there is no reveille tomorrow. This Christmas isn't at all the usual Christmas we fellows have known. I can hardly believe that Christmas is here and you and Jody aren't. But don't worry about me. This Christmas day will be different but it will be a good one—and an experience I wouldn't miss for the world.

The war looks pretty optimistic now. Maybe this time next year we'll all be together again—let's hope so! The one thing I know for sure is that every man is doing his best—beyond that, nothing need be said.

Take care of yourself and Jody, Mother, until I come back to take care of you both.

Your loving son

Christmas Pageant

(continued from page 5)

from the lips of peasants in the Basque country by the Padre Donastia. *The Shepherds and the Inn*, a Mexican carol arranged by Harvey Gaul was blended in the program along with a *Gloria*.

The tableaux representing Biblical scenes of the first Christmas were: the Annunciation, the Angels, the Shepherds, the Wise Men, and the Holy Family. The part of Mary was portrayed by Phyllis Tross; Joseph by Janet McCormick; and Gabriel, by Jean Bacon.

Passages from the Scriptures were given by Jeanne Goodwin, Evelyn Fulton, Marilou Haller, Peggy Chantler, and Nancy Stauffer.

A frame for the setting of the tableaux was made by members of Mr. George B. Kimberly's class in stagecraft.

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War can't wait—not even for Christmas.

Telephone lines must be kept clear for important war calls during the holidays as at all other times.

So this year, we must ask everybody not to send Christmas or New Year's greetings by Long Distance—especially to Washington and other centers of war activity.

Important war and emergency calls will, of course, be given precedence during the holiday rush. This means that other calls may be subject to long delays on certain over-crowded circuits to the South and to the West. We are sorry—but such delays may be unavoidable under present conditions.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY
OF PENNSYLVANIA



LITERATURE

A DOG'S CHRISTMAS by Martha Harlan '44

Tommy was oblivious of Spotty's crestfallen face as he led him down the basement steps to his temporary bed of straw by the furnace. It was Christmas Eve and a dog didn't fit into the scene of hanging Christmas tree ornaments and baking mince pies. Piles of dishes borrowed from Aunt Sue's house now occupied Spotty's favorite lounge under the stove. A bed in the basement always meant the approach of a holiday—and how Spotty hated holidays! Thanksgiving he nearly choked to death on a turkey bone, Labor Day he was lost in the country while the family enjoyed a picnic, and he spent the Fourth of July in the bath tub, his only refuge from nerve-wracking explosions. Horrible holiday memories must have haunted Spotty's dreams, for all night long sharp cries came from the cellar.

At day break Spotty woke with a jolt and cautiously made his way up the basement stairs. The kitchen was deserted; bits of paper, pine needles, excelsior and string broke the symmetry of the black and white floor. Spotty's food dish was empty and his water bowl dry. He thought his best bet would be to wake the family and to start things buzzing.

Out of the kitchen into the hall, his soft patter halted at the living room door. What was that huge tree doing in the living room? It was not an ordinary tree. Brightly colored balls hung from every limb, the branches were laden with silvery icicles and the room smelled of pine. Under the tree there were boxes of all sizes, shapes and colors tied with satin bows. His head cocked to one side in true Dalmatian form, Spotty glanced first at the three contorted stockings over the mantel then at the perky holly wreaths in the windows, at the "mamma" doll propped up against a shiny red fire engine. Upon closer inspection he spied a bird perched on an upper branch just like the blue jay he had been forbidden to chase. Everything was so still that he could hear the water dripping from the faucet in the kitchen into the sink.

"Whoopee! Bang! It's Christmas!"
 "Wonder if Santa came?"
 "Bet I'll be the first downstairs."
 "Tommy, wait for me!"
 "Ouch, my foot!"
 "Zip! Bang!"

Tommy was down the banister before Gretchen could stumble to the stairway.

At the first outburst Spotty had

shot under the dining room table afraid to move or breathe. Spotty's treacherous holiday had begun!

One by one the family filed into the kitchen; mother fixed toast and coffee in a jiffy, father, who had to be called four times, finally appeared with tousled hair and half shut eyes, grandma and grandpa were rearing to go, and Aune Kate had all she could do to keep Tommy and Gretchen away from the presents until everyone had eaten and gathered around the tree.

As the aroma of toast and bacon floated into the dining room Spotty uncurled from under the dining room table and trotted into the kitchen with the crowd which managed to step on his right forepaw twice in five minutes. Upon close inspection Spotty found his dishes still empty. Two sharp barks for recognition were answered only with a command to lie down which Tommy enforced by a firm grip on the dog's hind quarters.

The eating ceremony did not last long because excited squeals and laughter soon drew the older folks into the living room where Tommy and Gretchen had already discovered most of their treasures.

Disconsolately, Spotty licked up crumbs from around the breakfast table. Suddenly mother realized he had been neglected in the turmoil.

"Poor little Spotty," said mother. "He hasn't had any breakfast."

Of course no one but "Mom" ever thinks of feeding a dog.

With a full stomach Spotty relaxed on the floor, contented at last. Suddenly Gretchen called, "Here Spotty!"

He jumped to his feet and ran into the living room where Gretchen stood dangling one of the stockings from the fireplace. Could this be for him? Not stopping to decide Spotty grabbed the stocking in his teeth and chewed it to bits. As he mangled the stocking, small packages in tissue paper and ribbon scattered over the

floor. A big rubber ball, a rubber bone, dog biscuits, and a shining dog collar lay before Spotty's dancing eyes. Gretchen dressed him in the studded collar and added a scarlet satin bow in keeping with the Yule Tide.

All afternoon Spotty was the center of attention, retrieving his ball for countless visitors and relatives. As the last uncle said goodnight Spotty, a much more tired but happier pup, dragged himself to the kitchen. There with tired eyes he saw that Aunt Sue had taken her dishes home from under the stove. Spotty flopped himself on the warm floor under the stove with the juicy remains of a turkey leg.

"Wonder when we'll have another holiday?" he seemed to be saying as he gnawed the bone in ecstasy.

Fashions

(continued from page 9)

For Him:

Now that your Man's in Uncle Sam's Service, and the usual shirts, ties and socks won't do, what are you going to give him?

One of the prominent manufacturers has come to your rescue with a really super utility case. Chromium boxes, enamelled inside to make them rust-proof will hold his shaving brush, razor, razor blades and such. There's a special tube for his toothbrush, also enamel-lined, and unbreakable mirror. Other kits include a mending one for the inevitable loose button, and a shoe-shine kit.

And that is our sum total of news in the fashion line—for the present at least. We leave you now with the wish for happy buying days ahead. If you can get through that crowd you deserve anything you can get your hands on.

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LIKE HOME**
... on Christmas Day!

**— and we're glad your Holiday schedule
is arranged to permit travel before
and after the heavy rush**

Your trip home for the Holidays fortunately needn't coincide with the last-minute pre-Christmas rush. You can be out of your last class and on your way before the crowds are heaviest—and return to college after the big rush. You'll be saving a bus seat for a soldier on leave or a war worker at the only time he can go—and you'll have a less crowded trip yourself. It's important this year to get tickets and information in advance and to leave as far ahead of Christmas as possible. Greyhound will make every effort to serve students on Holiday trips—but you can help by taking less baggage than usual, by going in mid-week if possible, and by taking unavoidable inconveniences or delay with a smile.

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SO YOU CAN SEE AMERICA LATER**

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GREYHOUND

LINE

The ARROW

Vol. XXII

Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburgh, Pa., February 17, 1943

No. 4



(Senior Sisters . . . page 3)

THE ARROW

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Hello, Freshmen!

The **Arrow** welcomes to PCW's campus the first group of Freshmen ever admitted to the college at the mid-year. These girls have received a privilege and a challenge. They are being given the opportunity to have the experience of being in college with all its fun, with all its possibilities for knowledge. We are glad to see them here, are glad to help them become part of the Freshman class, and of PCW.

But we, and the world, too, expect something big from these girls. For being in college today implies a responsibility in life tomorrow. The obligation of leadership, the obligation of intelligent, active contributions; these are only a few of the requirements demanded of them, and of us all.

PCW has accelerated. The government has requested that our course be speeded up. Accordingly exams were moved forward and shortened, the new semester begun earlier. There will be no spring vacation. (But the administration promises a long week-end at Easter.) Graduation has been advanced two weeks. And there will be

some sort of modified summer term, so that new Freshmen can complete their credits, upperclassmen take additional courses.

Changes are being made, war-time changes. But we at PCW are still allowed to study and to play. We must be worthy of this privilege, meet the challenge it implies.

What's Wrong?

There is a war going on . . . schools are being bombed . . . homes destroyed . . . books burned . . . people are being killed . . . not just fighting men but women and children ruthlessly slaughtered.

And we on PCW campus certainly cannot be unaware of this nor indifferent to it. We hear it blasted forth on the radio, read it screaming from the headlines. But what, just what are we doing about it?

What can we do? We are not men, who can fight. They tell us to stay in school, college graduates are more valuable to the war effort. But there are lots of little things that can be done. Yes, they are the routine, perhaps uninteresting tasks. *But they must be done.* And we are the ones who must do them.

Perhaps you don't feel glamorous buying a War Stamp. But the government must have guns for its soldiers. You know how vital this is, but do you buy War Stamps? The answer is no . . . the figures have been before you. The Chart, posted by the Conservation committee, showed that ridiculously low percentages of all groups were bothering to give Johnny his gun.

It is a bit more heroic to give part of you, part of your body, your blood to the war effort. You have heard lots about the Red Cross Blood Bank. But have you given your blood? Again the chart shows that only a few brave souls have dared donate a few pints. Is it to be just these few PCWites who are to fight and win this war, or are we all in it?

Or are you the intellectual type? You like to do your part by following instructions, reading, or talking things out. There were not even enough people interested to form a Home Nursing Class this year. A meager number started a First Aid course. And when, just recently, those desiring to start a new class in First Aid were polled, the results did not justify it. Maybe you don't like nursing. But remember, a War Seminar was offered early this fall if enough students were interested in taking it for credit. It fell through.

What is the matter with us? We are not completely uninterested. Our Civilian Defense set-up is excellent. The machinery is there. A good deal has been done. We have had successful air raid drills. The War Relief Committee held a Bazaar that was an outstanding success. Stamps are being sold.

But, as yet, not enough people are concerned in this organization. And not nearly enough are willing to cooperate. We need people with ideas, who will give their time and talent, people who feel that they are vitally concerned with PCW's part in the war. And the rest of us must be alert to help them. Let's show that we will, that we want to. Let's buy War Stamps, give blood. Let's find the time for Home Nursing, First Aid. Let's really help to win this war!

EVENTS

VALENTINE DINNER

The *Arrow* gourmet finished her tenth bunch of parsley. "Gee," she sighed to the person two seats over, "I wonder what we're going to have for dessert."

"Why don't you ask the people at that table in the corner?" suggested the other, "they're responsible for this Valentine Dinner and they'd know what's cooking."

With a leap, the reporter found herself in front of Miss Bair. A dorm girl was just bringing in the first course. At the sight of the turkey, the budding Lucius Beebe lapsed into a reverie and momentarily ignored the ressert.

"Just *how* did you do it!" she demanded of the threesome in front of her.

"Oh," said Ginny Gillespie, "we weren't the only ones planning for these 270 people. Let's see . . . there were Mary Schweppe, Betty Spierling, and Betty Bush . . ."

"And," added Marian Cruciger, "Helen Parkinson, Eleanor St. Clair, and Chickie Sawders."

"And don't you dare forget," Miss Bair exclaimed, "Mrs. Benn and the forty girls from the dorm who are serving this dinner."

Just then the Freshmen announced with a song that they had elected Mrs. Watkins as their class adviser; she, as well as other Advisers Shupp and Martin, was wearing white gardenias on her shoulder. Dr. Wallace, the fourth adviser, had received a Sweetheart box of candy from his advisees, the Sophomores.

The food fiend hurried back to her table after making these brief observations, and then rushed over to Dilworth Hall to steal a seat for the faculty entertainment.

Once there, she sat on the edge of her piece of floor and waited . . . and waited. Finally the voice of radio announcer Robb told of the outstanding personages that had come to view the faculty-student sporting event.

Gene Tunney Spencer led the procession of dignitaries into the room, followed by the Royal Family of England, including Queen Mary Helen Marks, King George VI Scholl, Queen Elizabeth Hansen, and the two princesses, Elizabeth Myers and Margaret Rose McFeteridge, looking veddy British right down to the tops of their bright plaid socks.

(Continued on page 11)

Warstyle Prom

On Friday, March 5, the annual long-awaited Junior Prom will be held at the University Club from 8:30 to 12:30, with the local orchestra of Bernie Armstrong providing the music.

Chairman Barbara Caldwell and her committee composed of Mary Campbell, Betsy Meader, Martha McFall, and Patricia Eldon, are making plans for an unusual Prom. After visualizing the prospect of PCWites gracing the street cars and icy roads in formal dresses, they voted to make the dance informal because of transportation difficulties. As a side-line to the dancing, there will be a soft drink bar at the club.

According to tradition, a tea dance will be held on the Saturday afternoon following the Prom. Scheduled from three to five o'clock, it will be held in the Art Center. As is customary, members of the Hood and Tassel, with Amy McKay as chairman, are sponsoring the dance. The committee is planning a come-as-you-like affair. There will be dancing to a nickelodeon, bowling, and bridge; dress is to be according to the couple's plans for the afternoon.

Both committees for Junior Prom Weekend hope that many will attend the activities. Come to the Prom and the Tea Dance too! Tickets for the Prom are \$3.50 and those for the Tea Dance are \$.75. Help make Junior Prom Weekend live up to tradition, and be the biggest social event of the year at PCW.

Dr. Arnold Drafted

After having been a member of the Speech Department for only four months, Dr. Arnold has received notice that he will be inducted into the Army this week.

He came to PCW from Akron University, where he had been teaching. Prior to that he had taken his B.S. at Sioux City College, and his M.A. and Ph.D. at the University of Iowa.

While here, besides teaching regular speech classes, he has taken a special interest in the group studying radio script writing and production techniques, and also in the debate and discussion group. As a person, he will be remembered among other things for his brisk, friendly manner, and for his humorous and capable auctioneering at the War Relief Bazaar.

The position which he vacates has not been filled as yet.

SOMETHING NEW

By now they probably feel like college veterans, but to genuine oldsters, PCW's first February class is still a novelty. Planning to attend school this summer and return to PCW as Sophomores in the fall are Margaret Mistrik, Barbara Cott, Lula Copetas, and Ruth Teplitz of Peabody High, Agnes Filipelli and Arline Levinson of Schenley, Priscilla Hendryx and Lois Jean Jackson of Alderdice and Carrick, Jean McCullough and Jane Field of Dormont and South Hills, and Virginia Van Kirk of Perry.

PCW seems to have hit the jackpot with its new Freshmen, for all the girls rated high in scholastic standing, and were active in extra-curricular activities. Sports and drama were their main high school interests, and they hope to continue these activities at PCW.

Ardent Student Government members were Jane and Lois Jean, while Lula, Arline, and Ruth were the O. Henrys and Louis Bromfields of their classes. And if someday soon you hear "Hold it please!" it will be Barbara, whose hobby of photography will be her career. As for other *Careers of Distinction*, Margaret is looking forward to the day when she will be a fullfledged lab technician, Agnes thinks she will major in French, and Virginia wants to do secretarial work, with an eye towards foreign languages. The field of music is represented by Priscilla and Jean, who are already PCW Glee Club members. Agnes and Priscilla have sisters in the Senior class (see cover).

Under the leadership of Patty Leonard, the eleven new members of the Freshman class are learning about their new school in an accelerated orientation program. To date they have listened to talks by Jane Fitzpatrick, Amy McKay, and Mary Schweppe on the SGA, YWCA, and the Honor System, and have attended a tea given by Miss Marks in their honor. The girls, identifiable by their name badges, will be spared the traditional test given to all Freshmen at the end of their orientation period, as their accelerated program leaves no time for it.

All agree that PCW is "the school for us," and the only complaints are (you guessed it) the STEPS, and the appalling lack of MEN! Never mind, kids, you'll get used to it.

J. S.

EVENTS

PLAY CONTEST

Already used to turning in old toothpaste tubes to get new ones, PCWites are now becoming familiar with the idea of bringing scrap or silk as admission to entertainments also. Active Activities Council head Jane Evans announced that old compacts or lipstick cases would be the admission to the annual class play contest to be held on February 24. Students are asked to hunt in their vanity drawers for outworn compacts and empty metal cases to bring to the chapel on the night of the contest.

Experienced Seniors nod appreciatively at the rehearsal schedules posted on class bulletin boards, as they recall how last year at this time they were rehearsing the script of *I Wake Up Screaming* which won the prize plaque.

For the past two years the Junior class has won the contest and Helen Smith, Junior director, says the class is never one to break a tradition—obviously forgetting the upset it brought about at Color Day last year. The impressive title of the Junior play is *Epitome of Antithesis, or When the Lights Go On Again All Over the World These Girls Will Still Be In the Dark*; it was written by Helen Smith, Nancy Stauffer, and Ann McClymonds.

Sophomore co-directors Peggy Chantler and Jane Murray disclose that Peggy turned serious in writing the play *As a Man Thinketh*. They are planning an effective set to symbolize the theme.

Out to repeat their Color Day performance, the Freshman class writers Joan Harms and Emily Sawders have collaborated on a play that is as yet unnamed, but is also in a serious vein.

Judges of the contest will be three PCW alumnae, Jean Miller, Sally Anderson, and Alice Chattaway Kittle.

Senior Dinner

Monday evening, February 1, members of the Senior class dressed in skirts and sweaters, "strictly informal," met in Andrew Mellon Hall for the annual Senior Dinner.

Dinner Chairman Martha Jane Truxall brought forth excellent food, despite war-time shortages. Delighted Seniors applauded her choice of chicken pie, tossed salad—with olives an inspired touch, ice cream roll and coffee as feature items on the menu.

After the dinner in AMH dining room, girls adjourned to the library

to hear the plays submitted for their approval by Lorraine Wolf and her committee. This class had already decided not to write an original play, and to abide by tried and true, if not PCW talent.

Class vote was finally cast for *Quality Street*, comedy by Sir James Matthew Barrie, author of *What Every Woman Knows, Dear Brutus* and the well-loved *Peter Pan*. Seniors will soon cast and begin work on their production, scheduled for April.

SCIENCE

Overcoming the difficulties of not being able to actually study the different human diseases or the organisms which cause them very completely in the laboratory here at school, the pathology class is planning a number of trips to local institutions. Miss Marion Laskey, instructor in biology, arranged for the class to witness an operation at the Shadyside Hospital at eight o'clock this morning. The group is also going to the Municipal Hospital, as is the bacteriology class, to see and hear about many laboratory tests and techniques. Other points to be visited are the University of Pittsburgh Medical Museum and a tuberculosis hospital.

Under the direction of Mrs. Martin, head of the Biology Department, the nature study class is making weekly trips to Frick and Highland Parks to study nature first-hand.

Sixteen nursing students from the three lower classes were entertained at a tea given by Miss Marks in her rooms at Andrew Mellon Hall on Friday, February 5. Miss Marks' mother was guest hostess.

Seminar Speaker

Miss Mollie Hill, medical technologist from Veterans' Hospital, spoke at the biology seminar on February 9 about the qualifications and duties of a medical technologist. Miss Hill has done some special work with allergies and she devoted part of her talk to a discussion of that subject.

Returning Faculty

Second semester brought back to the faculty two members of the Science Department: Mrs. Albert Martin, who teaches biology, nature study, and horticulture, and Mrs. J. K. Douth, who teaches education for marriage.

(Continued on page 7)

JOTTINGS

Performance

Participating in the program presented by the Music Department before the Colloquium Club of Pittsburgh on January 25, were Alice Lee Gardner and Marion Kieffer giving vocal solos, and Pauline Basenko playing the clarinet, Patricia Walton the piano, and Joan Titus, the violin.

At a tea given for her fellow PCW alumnae on February 6 by Mrs. Kirkpatrick, two music students, Alice Lee Gardner and Patricia Walton, performed.

News Letter

For some years, PCW Alumnae have received news about the college and about the doings of fellow Alumnae through a magazine called the *Alumnae Recorder*. One member from each class contacted her classmates, wrote up their activities, and submitted them for publication.

Recently though, something new was started. The Journalism classes scouted for news of the college, wrote up events going on at PCW now, put their noses to the ground and were hot on the trail of interesting features. The result: The *Alumnae News Letter*. Two editions have now been put out, and from all indications, Alumnae are more than pleased.

War Worker

Back in Pittsburgh on a month's leave, June '42 graduate Elizabeth Rowse visited PCW and spoke to students in German courses on the opportunities in South America for those who read and speak German. Elizabeth left PCW a month before her graduation last year to take the job of government censor in Miami, Florida, where she has been since that time.

Rings

Twenty-eight school rings were ordered last week, seven by Seniors and the rest by Junior class members. The price of the rings has been reduced from the \$22.50 it was last year to \$15, plus tax. This reduction comes as a result of the inability of the company to get imported stones for the rings, because of the shipping difficulties.

WAR

COUNCIL REPORTS

That school morale and interest in war activities must be stimulated was the decision made at a meeting of the Defense Council on February 10.

Miss Errett reported on plans for organizing a First Aid class if enough students signed up to make it worth while, expressed concern over the fact that PCWites are not donating their blood to the Red Cross as willingly as other colleges. Miss Errett said that there was a city-wide slump in donations during the holidays, but the ground lost had not as yet been regained. It was suggested by a Council member that the exceptional cases of weakness after making the donation had been overemphasized on campus, and that the students have received a false impression of the nature of the procedure.

The blood donor committee has had posters made bringing the need of blood donors back to the students' attention, and announcements have been made in class meetings urging the girls to give their blood.

Miss Errett said that if enough girls volunteer so that a complete hour's time at the donation center in the Wabash Building would be filled, the committee will furnish automobile transportation down and back.

Gifts to Greenland

Most encouraging report given at the Council meeting was that of Mrs. Owens, chairman of the War Relief Committee. The first project of the committee, which consists of fourteen faculty members and eleven students, was to send Christmas gifts to American soldiers in Greenland and Iceland.

Word reached the committee last fall that some of the boys would have no Christmas unless some generous sponsor would undertake to arouse interest and send some gifts to them. The committee started work on this project immediately and succeeded in gathering enough gifts to fill three of the standard size boxes which were to be mailed overseas by November 1, 1942. The boxes, filled with thoughtful presents donated by students and faculty, were mailed on October 28. Evelyn Fulton, student chairman, received word from both Greenland and Iceland that all the packages arrived safely and were greatly appreciated.

Some of the gifts were stationery, chewing gum, razor blades, cigarettes, assorted candy, shaving soap, tobacco and tobacco pouches, cigarette cases, playing cards, games, wallets, and utility kits.

5,000 Doughnuts

In December the War Relief Committee voted on the distribution of the proceeds of its successful Bazaar. Twenty-five dollars was sent to the Salvation Army Canteen of Pittsburgh, which Mrs. Owens said was being used to purchase a barrel of doughnut-mix for the canteen. Translated into more concrete terms, this means that 5,000 doughnuts will be given to service men as gifts from PCW.

600 Veterans

Mrs. Owens said that in January it was brought to the attention of the Committee that the soldiers in the Veterans' Hospital in Aspinwall, some of them recuperating from wounds received at Guadalcanal, had but meager amounts of current reading material at their disposal. The committee set aside \$45 to buy them
(Continued on page 7)

UNITED WAR FUND

(Due to an oversight, this report was not in the last Arrow. We are proud to publish it now, congratulate Chairman Griggs and all concerned on a highly successful campaign.—Ed.)

Quota for the United War Fund on PCW Campus this year was \$1,035, 29% more than 1941. The amount raised was \$1,214.12, of which \$100 was donated from the Circus. Practically 100% of the faculty, administration and defense workers contributed, about 50% of the employees, and about 87% of the students.

It was suggested to the students that they pledge ten per cent of their allowances for a month; the increase in the amount of student subscriptions reveals that many of them must have done so.

Figures on the quotas set, amounts raised, and percentages of the various groups contributing are contained in the box below. They illustrate graphically the success of the drive on campus.

UNITED WAR FUND CONTRIBUTIONS

Distribution

Faculty, Administration, Defense Workers (in 1942 raised 22% more than in 1941; in 1941 raised 30% more than in 1940)	66% of total subscriptions	\$665.00
Employees		9.40
Students (in 1942 raised 140% more than in 1941; in 1941 raised 4/100% more than 1940)	33% of total subscriptions	340.12
House students (Victory Dinner) (in 1942 raised 130% more than in 1941)	33% of total subscriptions	115.17
Day students (raised 145% more than in 1941)	66% of total subscriptions	224.95

Average Gift

Faculty, Administration, Defense Workers	\$10.55
Employees47
Students	1.27
House Students76
Day Students	1.45

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WAR

Council Reports

(Continued from page 6)

magazines and books, and sent them three one-year subscriptions to four magazines—*Esquire*, *Life*, *Liberty* and *Readers' Digest*. They also purchased three dictionaries for the men after being told by the librarian at the hospital that solving cross-word puzzles was one of the convalescents' favorite pastimes. The committee still has a balance of \$15 in the treasury.

Mrs. Owens concluded her report to the Council by saying that two sacks of old clothing had been collected by her Committee and sent to Russia in December. The Committee, she said, is already making plans for even more successful campaigns this semester.

Conservation

Mrs. Martin, chairman of the Committee for the Conservation of War Materials, commented that since her absence from school everything that the Committee was trying to conserve seems to have been rationed. Therefore it will direct its efforts more toward such activities as the sale of War Stamps, the collection of small metal articles, and the collection of pennies which are to be put back into circulation. Committee members are also thinking of having the students sign up to donate blood to the Red Cross at the Stamp Table. If this is approved, girls will be able to sign their pledges and make their appointments on campus.

Chairman Montgomery heard reports of other Council representatives at the meeting, and could be justifiably proud of the fact that PCW's war job is being well done.

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Penny Collection

"Any old pennies today?" will soon be the theme of PCW's Defense Council headed by Dr. Montgomery, as it proceeds to round up those copper coins you have been collecting for so long. If you have a special treasure chest of pennies in your room or a piggy bank at home, prepare to sacrifice it for Uncle Sam. Idea in back of the novel drive is this: in the United States today there is a serious shortage of pennies because people have been saving them for years or months or days. The government needs the precious copper in these pennies to help the war effort, and so we are asked to return them to circulation. The University of Pittsburgh has already organized a plan by which these pennies can be collected, and over \$1,000 worth of the copper coins have been contributed at the University. PCW is also aiming at such a goal. To fulfill this aim, you may be asked to contribute your pennies, not as a sacrifice, but in return for defense stamps. The plans for this penny collection will soon be announced and the drive begun.

Refresher Course

If the square of the root equals . . . or if $x+y=z$, what does $q+r=?$ Every Thursday from 3:30 until 5:30, twenty rabid scholars recite their multiplication tables, fractions, algebra, geometry, and other mathematics to Dr. Helen Calkins in the new Wartime Refresher mathematics course.

Purpose of the course, added to the curriculum this semester, is to refresh the failing memories of PCWites in mathematics so that they will have a better foundation to aid in wartime activities. It will cover preparatory and high school courses using the official Navy textbook, *Wartime Refresher Course in Mathematics*.

Debate Group

Spring season brings plans and jaunts for the Debate and Discussion Group, but curtailment of travel will affect this year's spring activities. Two trips are being planned, one to Seton Hill at the end of February, one to Penn State for the annual Parliamentary Convention scheduled for March 19 and 20. Most of the discussions this year have centered around post-war planning and administration of the defeated nations in the interim between the armistice and the acceptance of the peace treaty; these problems will be the topics for the two bills to be presented, discussed, revised, finally passed upon at the convention.

Phyllis Jones serves as Activities Council Representative for the group, Claire Horwitz as treasurer. Other active members include Marilou Buckart, Jean Burnside, Evelyn Glick, Ruth Laird, Lois Lutz, Ruth Mendelson, Penny Myers, Sue Norton, Myra Sklarey, Jane Strain, and Martha Yorkin.

Science

(Continued from page 4)

Mrs. Douitt's class is larger this year than ever before; in addition she finds that the course has to be altered somewhat to meet the needs of girls in a time of war.

Mrs. Martin comments, "I teach pure science at school, but practice applied science at home," referring of course to her three-months-old son, Ralph.

Dr. Wallace Lectures

Because many high school laboratories are not fully equipped, high school students are often able only to read about many important experiments. In order to fill this gap, Buhl Planetarium is sponsoring a series of demonstrations in the fields of physics, biology, and general science. In the Planetarium Lecture Hall students will be able to see these experiments demonstrated by scientists who are experts in their respective fields.

PCW science head Dr. Earl K. Wallace will conduct chemistry demonstrations there. In his lectures he will cover subjects which are treated but briefly in the average high school curriculum. His topics include "What Makes the Atom Tick," "Alchemy, Old and New," "Chemistry and War," and "Substitute Today, Necessity Tomorrow."

PEOPLE

MRS. FERGUSON

Small, dainty, gray-haired Mrs. Wilson Ferguson, new housemother at Andrew Mellon Hall, twinkles as she tells how she happened to get into the catering business. A relative, Colonel Robert M. Thompson, asked her when she was a very young girl to arrange a party for the crystal anniversary of an uncle and aunt, to be held on his private railroad car. She had so much fun preparing this affair that later she decided to do other ones, professionally. Incidentally, another of her relatives christened a destroyer named for the Colonel at Seattle, just this summer.

Cooking to Cook's

Mrs. Ferguson attended Washington Seminary, took college courses afterwards while teaching school. When she entered the catering profession it was in the horse and buggy days, and she had many interesting experiences when food missed connections, and arrived in the nick of time for weddings and other parties. In her varied career, Mrs. Ferguson was once associated with the Thomas Cook Travel Agency, going from "cooking to Cook's." She visited a friend in Italy in '37, and was there when Mussolini brought the golden lion back from Ethiopia. She had such a good time that when she returned to the United States, she started planning tours for other people. But the war put an end to this.

Mrs. Ferguson is an author, too. She had a series of articles printed in the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*, and one in the *Woman's Home Companion*, called "The Stigmatized Profession." In this she gaily recounted her experiences as a housekeeper. The story tells how her ingenuity was taxed as she stretched meals, concocted dishes to meet emergencies. An article about her appeared in the *American* magazine.

Active Clubwoman

She has been connected with the Harvard Yale Princeton Club, the Woman's Exchange Tea Room, and the Twentieth Century Club. Her experiences in the last war with government regulations on food should serve her well now, with meat, butter, ice-cream on the "hard-to-get" list.

Several members of her family have gone to PCW. Her daughter, Mary Rodgers De Motte, graduated from PCW in '29, is now married and living in Lakewood, New York, the mother of a two months' old baby girl. So Mrs. Ferguson is quite ac-

customed to PCW, and "thinks she'll like being at AMH very much."

Kagan Returns

Pescha Kagan, guest soloist at PCW last year, will again be presented in a series of four recitals. These recitals will be held in the Art Center on March 16th and 23rd, and April 6th and 13th at four o'clock.

The series last year offered a survey of piano literature from the seventeenth century to the present day. The programs were a source of inspiration and pleasure to the student body and also to alumnae and friends of the college, all of whom are looking forward with keen interest to the return of this brilliant artist. Pescha Kagan has had the unique experience of studying under the two great masters Paderewski and Schnabel, and ranks high among the really distinguished pianists of our time.

TRAILING THE TRANSFERS

Snooping along the halls, this PCW Sherlock Holmes, when sighting new faces, has been lifting a label to reveal a badge and has mumbled, "Upperclassman." First new transfer to be interviewed was Junior Trudy Schmeicel, recruit from Bethany College, where she was a member of Kappa Delta Sorority. Trudy plans to be a sociology major. However, she wants to "do something in aviation, after graduation." In preparation, she took aviation lessons last summer at Latrobe. Just now, Gertrude is getting used to "the joys of commuting." She announced, "It is something different to be a day student."

We found the elusive clues leading to Marilyn Cavanaugh, new Sophomore, to point out that she comes from Miami University, besides Mt. Lebanon High School. Donning a Veronica Lake wig and a

knowing smile as disguise, we ventured over to the Art Center to investigate the rumors that a Freshman dilettante was about. We found Pat Cochran, fresh from the University of Wisconsin. Pat, who is going to major in art, is also interested in concert music—Brahms, especially. In spare moments, she reads modern novels; likes best at present *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*. She likes to show dogs, too. Though not allowed as a Freshman to belong to organizations at Wisconsin, Pat found the University more exciting—what with Artist Curry wandering about in blue jeans. Shaking her feather-cut, Pat smiled, "Yale and Lafayette are my favorite boys' colleges." After hearing vague reasons, we took notes and followed footprints leading to Woodland Hall.

Way up on the fourth floor, we found Peggy Korb, who looks a wee bit Ann Rutherfordish. At last we had tracked down a real pin-bearer. Peggy comes from Allegheny, but her home is in Ben Avon. She likes T. Dorsey's records, basketball, golf, and the drama. Now she is working to become a social worker. Next summer, Peggy is planning on toiling for "the underprivileged farmer"—somewhere in New Hampshire. We left her to the study of the crayfish.

Though as a good Sherlock Holmes we should be a confirmed woman-hater, we are inclined, after sufficient evidence in the shape of our new transfers, to reconsider former prejudices toward the fairer sex.

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FEATURES

HERE AND THERE

Here we go again in a Tizzy, 'coz those exams did make us dizzy . . . but they are gone, and so is our man—so now we have more time than ever to mind everybody's business but our own.

Trippings

Off to Cornell for Junior Week were L. D.s (Lucky Dames) Sally Landis, Barbara Caldwell, Lou Anne Sham, and Jane Fitzpatrick. From all reports—and we had to delve through those little pink clouds surrounding the girls to get them to talk at all—it was as usual a gala weekend.

Last Friday saw Petie McFall and Jane Meub off to Philly to visit men; Jane a man in particular, and Petie men in general. Or so it seemed. Maybe they ran into Joanne Knauss, who is also frequenting Penn State campus these days.

And Louise Graves just returned from Florida after spending a week with her husband. Or are we getting repetitious?

And Trappings

Phyllis Ingraham, new member of P. P. U., must have a terrific time every morning deciding which of Ben's badges she'll put on . . . he gave her two. Mary Ann Letsche and Pat Hull may not have the quantity, but the quality of the insignia they're wearing is beyond dispute.

Overseas Correspondents

Nancy Maxwell's Jimmy is at present somewhere in that huge Pacific . . . Barb Bollinger's Lieutenant J. G. will soon take over a minesweeper. Patty Wright had eight letters from the Frozen North a few weeks ago—five letters in one day is a record in any woman's language!

Permanent Twosomes

Louise Caldwell '41 was married on the ninth of this month to Nicholas R. Criss, Jr., at a ceremony in the College Club. Cynthia Dawe Boyd took her vows the week exams started and is now in the South keeping house for her sailor husband. Ex-PCWite Mary Virginia Bolton added another ring to her finger on February 7 at a formal marriage ceremony in her home.

And Soon . . .

Barbara Cooper will change from bride-elect to bride; the date, March 20, the man, James Hepburn. Naomi Lankford and Barbara Weil, both former PCWites, will be married

soon. Naomi on March 6, in Marietta, Ohio, and Barbara on February 20, to Lt. William Goldsmith. Ex-Arrow Ed. Joyce Wallis announced her engagement to "Steve" on the day after Christmas at a tea in the Hotel Schenley; Bea Dobson '42 and classmate Mary Lib Balmer followed suit soon after. Junior Betty Mollie is also among the select diamond-flashing group.

General Jottings

Jean Thompson excited over an unexpected call from her Fort Belvoir Beta man . . . Peg Bishop corresponding with an Annapolis fellow, receiving four letters a week. The catch is that she's never seen him—she met a friend of his on a train, and that's how it all started. Well, that's one way to do it.

Jean Sweet is in a sweat over the problem of what to do with three men who are all getting furloughs on the same weekend, and just to see her. We've heard of these predicaments but it's an honor to know someone who actually gets into them. (Wait to see how Sweet gets out of this one—then you'll really have something to admire.—Ed.)

Well, whereas it used to be man calling us now it's our knitting—so we're off to do some gossip mongering over our handiwork, until next time.

CAMPUS COMMENTS

The war creates amazing situations. True, too true. But it's something new when Freshmen enter college literally fresh from high school—some of our newcomers had scarcely had the experience of being capped-and-gowned, handed those precious diplomas (why is it that we always got one with someone else's name on it?), when they were laboring up the hill to their new alma mater. Some of the girls entered PCW the morning after their big night before, and one spoke at her commencement exercises after she was officially installed as a PCWite. With stamina that we would now give our Coupon 17 for, they stood up admirably under the hectic beginning. We wish them luck, lots of it, for these next four years.

* * *

Speaking of Number 17—we hauled out our stock of 7-B's the other day and ruefully examined as nasty a batch of run-down heels and scuffed toes as ever haunted a shoe rack.

(Continued on page 10)

New Routine

The "body beautiful" has gone the way of all flesh. The "body rugged" is here to stay—or, "Is it just the body?" question the students.

"Nights are long since you went away,

I think about you all through the day,

My body, my body-y-y-y . . . "

Thus everybody in the "dorm body" wails.

All-out-for-defense-PCW has begun a physical fitness program, compelling all dormitory students to flex their muscles en masse for twenty minutes daily. Tactics similar to those of the traditionally gruesome army sergeant have been adopted by the conscientious house board members in their attempt to drag reluctant, but only human, cherubs from their havens of rest.

Unmelodic strains of ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR echo through the cold and stately corridors of Andrew Mellon and Woodland Halls. The first days, pitiful soul-rending shrieks failed completely to move the merciless calisthenicists; on the second day all were calm (?) and resigned. Each gal marched dutifully to her own spot where at the count of one she went gracefully down on her elbows. At the count of two her legs were crossed and lifted gently above her head. On three, the legs were wrapped cozily around the neck and her hands rested lightly on her patellas. Now in this spherical position she performed a double somersault and rose lightly to her feet—all on the count of four. This basic exercise offers many interesting deviations—for those who survive the course.

Plans are under way for an enlargement of the Woodland Hall infirmary where all muscular disturbances may be remedied. The students have the utmost confidence in this newly installed program and, come what may, PCW will be ready for it.

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FEATURES

LETTERS TO EDITOR

Letters to the Editor did not appear in the last Arrow, having graciously given way to mail for that jolly gentleman, Mr. S. Claus. With this issue, the regular column again appears, will continue to do so regularly. So send us your opinions, congratulations, gripes. We'll be glad to print them.—Ed.

To ye Ed:

An extra lump of sugar, a cup of coffee, and perhaps even coupon 17 to the girls of AMH who really gave us a grand party Saturday, February 6.

A 'specially nice time was had by all. Honestly, 'twas much fun, and an awf'ly good wave of the brain.

Why not have more of these parties, and show what intra-campus hospitality can be!

Dorm Girl.

Dear Editor:

What are the real objections to having an open cut system at PCW? It seems to me that most of us realize the necessity of attending class and which classes we cannot afford to miss. There are some classes which no one will cut unless it is necessary because the discussion and material offered cannot be secured in any other way. Other classes can be made up quite easily. If we cannot have unlimited cuts in all classes, why not let each instructor decide his own number of cuts? There is a lack of freedom and a feeling of restraint resulting from the present limited cut system—can't we do something about this?

J. K.

Dear Editor:

Here I am, burning to be an ardent patriot and buy Defense Stamps to help my country. And what happens? Either there's no one to sell them, or the gal behind the table smilingly says, "Sorry, we're all out."

Surely we at PCW can buy many war stamps. But it's hard to remember which day they are sold, and which hours we'll find them available. And there's no excuse for not having enough to sell. For we can't buy too many.

So I'd like to suggest first that more than one day be devoted to this purpose. Or, secondly, that they be

on sale all through whatever day is chosen.

I feel, too, that not enough effort is being made to actually make sales. It's all sort of passive. Going through Berry Hall you just happen to see that stamps are on sale. Or perhaps the chart, posted inconspicuously enough, catches your eye. Why not have a rally, or make some sort of concerted effort to really sell a lot. How about it?

Patriotic Citizeness.

Campus Comments

(Continued from page 9)

We hear that one Freshman with a keen eye to the future has six pairs of shoes tucked away in the family vault. Maybe she's a regular reader of Nostradamus or something—all we know is that nobody told us about it in time!

* * *

An exhibition of Dutch paintings is being shown at Carnegie Institute now—included among them are a number of works by one of our favorites, Vincent Van Gogh, he of the brilliant reds and yellows. It's well worth the wear and tear on your shoe leather to look at them.

* * *

The globe-trotting executives of the fighting nations make us feel quite provincial in our narrow sphere, as well as a little breathless. We, with the rest of the world, await the decisions which must have been arrived at with the hope that telling blows will be struck. However we must admit, with a wistful sigh, that for our part Humphrey Bogart still ranks as top glamour guy at Casablanca.

* * *

We think a resounding "merci" and a hearty "thank you" are due War Relief Committee Chairman Owens, who has been doing an ef-

ficient, capable job in Civilian Defense. Not only has she had excellent and new ideas, but she has worked tirelessly to see that they are carried out.

The Christmas gifts sent to soldiers in Iceland and Greenland; the clothing sent to Russia; the successful War Relief Bazaar; the magazines sent to Veterans' Hospital, all have been examples of her skill in fulfilling a responsibility well.

SPORTSCOPE

With a shrill of the referee's whistle and the slap of twenty-four feet on the gym floor, the 1943 basketball season opened last Wednesday night. In the first game the shaking, nervous Freshmen met the shaking, eager Seniors. Setting up a quick-scoring play the Senior aggregation jumped into a 2-0 lead which was never relinquished. Eight minutes later the blast of the time-keeper's horn brought a sudden stop to the swishing of cords, the pounding of feet, and first quarter with the upperclassmen in the lead, 6-2.

The second quarter was scarcely under way when the Rose and White suffered a set-back as Fitzpatrick was carried off the floor with a battered ankle. Archer took over at center-forward as Ross went to guard in lieu of a substitute guard. Despite some inaccuracy in shooting, probably due to the earliness of the game in the season, the contest closed 'midst shrieking from the Senior section. Yes, the old guard, though battered and bruised had pulled through to a 25-2 victory. But don't think the yearling corps a walk-over, for, despite this initial loss, they'll present a formidable opponent with just a little more organization. They showed some nice floorwork, footwork and timing, but the class of '46 needs a little bolstering in the defensive positions.

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FEATURES

On the Ball

In the second game of the double-header, the Junior team took over the Sophomores, 36-23. Outstanding for the Green and White, as usual, is the defensive set-up. Weakened by the absence of Ginny Alexander, now at Allegheny General, the third year girls discovered a gem in Trudy Schmeichel, one of the new transfer students, who definitely knows what to do with a basketball. The Sophomores, too, present good guards, with Ann Thomas giving the rangy Peggy Donaldson a terrific battle for every ball. Nancy Herdt startled the fans with sky-looping long shots that swished through the nets sans touching the rim. Though long passes and some rough play marred this conflict, it was thrilling enough to bring the spectators to their feet with cheers for their favorites.

Monday, February 22, will bring the Freshmen up against the Sophomores in a game which promises thrills and chills. And with one eye on the clock and the other on my crystal ball, the future foretells a victory for the Freshmen. By this time they should be fairly well calmed down into a systematically working team and they have the forwards—millions of them—that can shoot. In the latter half of this twin-billing the Juniors will battle it out with the Seniors in what should be just about the best game of the season. Arch-rivals, two good teams and probably with the championship at stake, what could be better?

March 1st honors the biggest game of the season here at PCW. The cream of the crop, the best players from all four class teams, will form two teams, the Purple and the White, to match skill and wits in the classic, the Honorary Game. If you don't see another game this season, see this one. For your convenience it will be played this year at our own gym instead of foreign territory, i. e. the Pitt gym. Don't miss it.

Stars on a Winter Night

For the Seniors

Janet McCormick—a steady, dependable, alert guard. Laying back, then a quick interception is her forte.

Archer to Evans—a combination you will hear much more about. Archer's speed and Evan's set shot for a score.

For the Juniors

Peggy Craig—a pivot, dribble,

and ring up two more points for Peggy and the Junior team.

Rigaumont - McCullough - Schmeichel — a backcourt trio every team prays for.

For the Sophomores

Ann Thomas—versatile—plays either forward or guard positions—covers her forward like a B does a D.

Nancy Herdt—good steady forward—two handed set shot her specialty.

Alice Craig—plucky tiny guard—fast, scrappy and “gonna get that ball” attitude.

For the Freshmen

Purvis-Cook-Rowand — a forward trio that should go places.

THE BEST TEAM OF ALL GOES TO RUSKIN HALL, YES, THE BEST TEAM OF ALL GOES TO RUSKIN HALL.

Kegler Queen

Nina McAdams, winner of the Freshman class bowling tournament, reigns over the bowling alleys. Saturday, February 6th, Nina triumphed over the other three class champions, Helen Clewer for the Sophomores, Peggy Donaldson for the Juniors, and Junior Ross for the Seniors. Rolling a clean straight ball for strikes and with an uncanny accuracy in picking off spares, Nina rolled a 230 to victory and the chair of champions.

Valentine Dinner

(Continued from page 3)

F. D. R. Kinder resumed his Casablanca conference with Winnie Shamburger, while Vagabond Shupp gathered some choice bits for “My Day.”

Other political figures gathered around to exchange views on the faculty-student matches. Ghandi Walker pulled his white sheet closely around his head as he hobbled into the hall, followed by Call-Me-Joe Held and her Red comrade Madame Litvinoff Owens. Frances Perkins Calkins and Claire Booth Watkins came in at the last minute after making the trip from Washington by private scooter bike, accompanied by riveters Posie Andrew and Cosie Griggs.

Hollywood sent Veronica Martin and “Baby” Laskey, the Minor, closely guarded by Comrade Officer Brecht.

From this distinguished group Miss Errett, being a very ingenious wo-

man at heart, rounded up enough for a modern dancing class. Zorina Collins won by a leg-swing, but was followed closely for honors by Herbertina Spencer.

Those who survived the last activity were dragged into a Virginia Reel, which confused everybody in general, and the dancers in particular. Gene Tunney, who was looking more and more like Dr. Spencer every minute, led a series of setting-up exercises which were rather feebly executed by the rest. When the students called for “push-ups” in a rather threatening way, they responded gamely—even to Duchess of Kent Ferguson, who by some miracle managed to look regal even when flat on the floor. Dancer Dysart and Gremlin Mowry seemed least confused. But that's not saying much.

The next featured attraction proved rather embarrassing for the students. It was called a basketball game, and after much struggling and muddling ended in an 18-4 victory for the faculty. There was some question as to the legality of the scoring—when Dr. Wallace, atop a wobby step ladder, began to throw the students' balls out of his bushel basket the **Arrow** spectator even began to suspect foul play. However, when the students began to aim for the good Doctor's head and count every hit a goal, the matter was straightened out.

The students did have their revenge in the volley ball game when they showed the result of their dorm set-ups by swamping the faculty with a score of 24-23.

By that time the chapel was a madhouse, the exhausted **Arrow** reporter clutched the shreds of her garments around her (she, like many others, had dived into the basketball melee to lend her team a hindering hand) and walked out into the snow and the cold, quite astounded by it all. And believe us, she wasn't the only one.

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LITERATURE

THE STARFLY by Peggy Chantler '45

Once upon a time there lived in the woods a family of fireflies—Mrs. Firefly and her many children. On warm summer evenings they all flitted happily about, shining their little lights and helping the stars to make it bright for the woodland folk.

The oldest of the brothers and sisters was Frederick, a serious young firefly. On the evening when our story begins, Mrs. Firefly was sitting on the porch of their little home in her favorite chair, rocking to the busy rhythm of her knitting needles. She was knitting soft white booties of milkweed fluff to warm her children's feet next winter. She had to start early in the summer because fireflies (even baby ones) have six feet, and as we said before, Mrs. Firefly had lots and lots of children.

Sitting on the steps and looking up at the stars, which were very bright that evening, was Frederick. In his lap was his favorite book, "The People of Starland." It was his favorite for two reasons, because it was about his beloved stars and because it had been given to him when he was a very little boy by his grandfather, Frederick Q. Firefly, Esq., for whom he was named. He never grew tired of the stories of Orion, the mighty hunter of the sky, with his sparkling sword hanging from his jeweled belt and his faithful dog, Sirius, following him always; of the seven lovely Pleiades sisters; of the Little Bear and Great Bear; of Leo, the king of Starland, and many, many others.

"Why aren't you out playing with the other children, Frederick?" asked his mother. (She always called him Frederick, but his brothers and sisters, of course, called him Freddie.)

"Well, I am the oldest of your children, Mother, and I've been thinking for a long time about what I am going to do. I have decided, just this evening, that I am going to fly up to the sky and be a star."

Mother Firefly was quiet for a minute, thinking how young Frederick seemed, to be setting out in the world for himself. But his eyes were turned expectantly toward her, and her heart was filled with pride in the plan her son had made for himself.

"I will miss you very much, Frederick, my dear," said his mother. "You are my oldest, and although I love all the others dearly, you are the one who helps me most. And what will I do without you at Christmas? You are the only one tall

enough to put the star at the top of our Christmas tree."

"Maybe one of the younger boys will be tall enough by Christmas," said Frederick. "But tonight, Mother, I must set out on my journey to the sky."

So his mother called all the children from their play and told them that their big brother Frederick was ready to start out on his career.

"He is going to fly up to the sky," she said proudly, "and be a star."

"Ray for Freddie," they all shouted, and kissing his mother goodbye, Frederick started on his long journey.

* * *

It was fun at first, flying up and up and up, but he began, after a while, to feel hungry and tired. He was just wondering where he could find a place to rest and eat, when he saw above him a soft pink cloud.

"Just the place for a little nap," he said to himself. He flew on a little faster, until he was above the pink cloud, and then he bounced down into its soft folds. As he lay there comfortably, but still hungry, he thought, "This cloud looks good enough to eat." So he took a little taste. To his delight, he found it was sweet.

"Bless my tail light," he said. "This tastes just like the pink cotton candy we got at the circus last year." (Did you know that fireflies have circuses, too?)

Soon, rested and fed by the pink cloud, he started on his way again, and before long he came to the Milky Way, which, he knew from his book, flows right into Starland. He was so excited that when he leaned down to take a sip, he lost his balance and fell, kerplunk!—right into the Milky Way. As he came to the top and started to swim out, he heard merry laughter in the sky above him. And looking up, he saw the seven lovely Pleiades sisters, all enjoying his plight.

"Who are you?" one of them asked. "And what are you doing here?" said another.

"I am Frederick Firefly," he said, and he added, to give himself courage, "named for my grandfather, Frederick Q. Firefly, Esq. I have come from Earthland to be a star. Can you tell me how to be one?"

This was even funnier to the Pleiades than his fall into the Milky Way, and they laughed so long and heartily that Frederick thought he

had better look for someone who would take him more seriously.

"If I can find Orion," he thought, "he will understand."

He heard a dog barking, and looking up, he saw mighty Orion towering brightly above him. Orion looked so big and strong that Frederick was frightened, but Sirius wagged his tail and gave him a friendly "Woof," and Frederick found himself explaining to Orion who he was and why he was there.

When Orion heard that little Frederick Firefly wanted to be a star, he threw back his great head and laughed so hard that he almost shook his sword loose from his belt.

"Ho, Ho, Ho!" he shouted, "I never heard anything so funny in all my million billion years of life!"

Orion's bold laughter was still ringing across the heavens when Frederick turned sadly away to look for someone in Starland who would understand and help him.

As he was flying along, a little discouraged, he saw ahead of him something wooly and brown. Coming closer, he could see it was the Little Bear.

"Little Bear," he said, "Can you tell me how I can be a star? I am Frederick Firefly, and I have flown all the way up from Earthland to be a star. And no one will tell me how to be one."

Little Bear stared at him in surprise. His father, Great Bear, had told him about fireflies, but Frederick was the first one he had ever seen. Frederick looked so funny, with his little tail light blinking among the great, steady stars, that Little Bear, although his father had taught him to be courteous, could not hold back his laughter. He scampered off to tell his father how funny Frederick was, and Frederick heard the big laugh of Great Bear blending with the light chuckles of Little Bear. It reminded him of the deep croaking of the bullfrog and the high chirping of crickets he had often heard on warm summer evenings on Earthland.

For the first time since he started on his great adventure, Frederick was a little homesick. His wings drooped, and he half turned in the direction of home, when suddenly he heard a growling voice that seemed to be coming nearer and nearer. He was so frightened that he closed his eyes, but remembering that he was the

(Continued on page 13)

LITERATURE

SCENES FROM A STREETCAR WINDOW by Phyllis Jones '44

We are the commuters, the ones from the northern and southern and western parts of the city, from the suburbs. To us, Pittsburgh is the terminal, the place where we "change cars" in the smog of a November morning or in the brilliance of an afternoon during spring exams. With the ever-present burden of books clutched in our arms, we, the novice-scholars, pass the same way, morning and evening. There is only one way—along the avenue, the former cow-path where early Westerners led their farm animals into the market on the three rivers, the town that grew to be an arsenal for the world. The street welcomed the city's people when Steel became Lord-Mayor. Here were built smart brick houses while the city spewed its followers out of the crowded "triangle." Many lived in the houses, but not for a long time. The Town crowded the doorsteps and could not be pushed back. So the Council under the Lord-Mayor Steel moved out to build mansions where industry could not sully peaceful living. The mansions of the past were deserted for a time. Only too happy, however, were the tribes from the hills, ready to accept the spoils of conflict. Merchants set up establishments in the smart brick houses. New buildings popped up amid the old. Fifth Avenue became a center for buying and selling.

What kaleidoscope passes before the eyes of us, the commuters, as we ride along the Avenue today? Merchants are still buying and selling, Dirt, satellite of Mayor Steel, has spread a protective covering over the once ornate buildings, outmoded long ago. To the untainted eye of the Freshman, the sight of the formerly unknown is a surprise met with interest and, at times, revulsion. To the "hardened" upperclassman, every stone becomes a book or an acquaintance whose fortune might be guessed but is little known.

In the September morning we see a ragged tramp stopping to light a cigarette, under the sign, "Monarch Picture Frames," while an ROTC boy from the college on the bluff above the street stands, whistling, at the car-stop. The two men ignore each other, and the tramp goes into the steaming interior of "Pappy's" for a cup of coffee. But we move on, with the kaleidoscope shaking together wholesale clothing shops, the broken-down Trust Company, Isaly's delica-

tessens, bakeries, and the inevitable motto, "We buy and sell." Sandwiched into a dull background is "The Windsor," formerly "The Pink Poodle" where select things to eat were sold, now a cleaning establishment, garish in purple-pink. The conductor yells "Mercy Hospital!" The bare wall of the "Rialto" rises before us, with its tiled sign in cream and black planted high in the air, atop smoked bricks. Now showing is a perpetual double feature with added attraction of Flash Gordon. Beside the theater wars the Evangelistic church in shabby humbleness. Which of the two is winning? The church has no cream and black sign, only a cross over the door.

The streetcar clatters on, past washing-machines, "For Sale—Cheap!" on the sidewalk, past Tee-Jay's hot dog stand, past the markets where Kosher meat is sold. The man with no legs gets off at the high school. We can usually see several paper-boys standing outside. Over them looms Fifth Avenue High, symbol of secondary education of a past day. No one is ever at the school windows. In the evenings, though, the students pour out, before the iron grill at the entrance is locked. The students are a study in black and white, with the dark overshadowing the light. Near the school is the sculptor's studio. Few people know it is there beside the notions store. No sign or card is outside, but the sculptor works upstairs in the gray building. No one seems to know why the artist likes the studio. Perhaps he thinks the atmosphere is Bohemian, or maybe the rents are cheap. No time for an answer; the tracks do not stop here. We have yet to see the Methodist haven for deaconesses, near the red funeral home in Soho, where the pall-bearers in turtle-neck sweaters pace outside, chewing gum. Soho, itself, presents a moving picture, along with its numerous drugstores, its dog-and-cat hospital, its impressive marble baths and day nursery. The houses seem sordid, but there are clean curtains in the windows. From the hill above, the parallel lines of apartments in the housing project assume a tolerant appearance.

The car swings around the big bend, St. Agnes' in Romanesque solemnity introduces us to the "cultural center" of the city. We are in the world of books, of hospitals, and of magnificent public buildings. Towering over

all is the skyscraper university. Life and air and people are purified. From the hub of humanity we emerge along the spokes to the broad circumference of learning. The world belonging to those who live well unfolds with the outcropping of monumental houses. Here are the Mayfair, which caters to women of fashion in dress, and the attractive shop of the new interior decorators, which supplies rich furniture for those with good taste. Here nothing is second-hand. Here are the Americans who really live.

But what about those other Americans—buying and selling, eating at Tee-Jay's, playing in the community house, lying in death at the red brick funeral home? They are the undercurrent of America. Whether seen in side glances through the haze of reading Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, or Chapter Ten of *Biology 1*, or through a tiny space scratched on a frosted window, or between thumb-prints and dust, the panorama of lower Fifth Avenue remains a vital part of the higher education of us, the commuters from the northern and southern and western parts of the city.

*The Starfly**(Continued from page 12)*

grandson of Frederick Q. Firefly, Esq., he opened them again—and saw coming toward him his favorite of all the Starland people described in his beloved book—Leo, the Lion, King of the Sky.

"What is the meaning of this absurd dim light, blinking off and on in Starland?" Leo was roaring to his attendants.

"Your Majesty," said one of them, bowing low, "it's nothing but a silly firefly from Earthland. What shall we do with him, Your Majesty?"

"From Earthland," thought King Leo to himself, "this must really be an unusual firefly, to have come so far."

But his voice was still gruff when he said to Frederick, "Come here, young man, and explain yourself."

There was no way to escape, so Frederick said bravely, "I am Frederick Firefly, Sir, named for my grandfather, Frederick Q. Firefly, Esq., Sir. I have come all the way from Earthland, Sir, to be a star. Everyone has laughed at me, Sir, and

LITERATURE

no one will tell me how to be one, Sir. Will you please tell me, Sir?" (Frederick was not too frightened to remember that his mother had told him he must speak very respectfully if ever he talked to a king.)

"And why do you want to be a star, Mr. Firefly?" growled King Leo. Now this was the first time Frederick had ever been addressed as Mr. Firefly, and in spite of Leo's gruff voice, he took courage.

"I want to do something big for my mother—and to be a star was the biggest thing I could think of," said Frederick.

King Leo's heart was touched, and his voice softened.

"Come up here," he said. And Frederick spread his wings and flew up to the King's knee.

"Now see here, Freddie," said Leo, "you really are not bright enough to shine here in Starland all night, and your little blinking light would be lost here. But I have an idea. How would you like to be a lovely morning star that shines for a few minutes before the Sun rises to give light to Earthland?"

"Oh Sir," cried Frederick, his voice trembling with joy, "I would love that even better than being a night star, Sir, for I would be the only one, and then my mother could pick me out in the sky, Sir."

"Then it is settled," said King Leo. "You shall be the Morning Star."

And clapping his hands commandingly, he bade his attendants bring star dust and polish Frederick's little light to starry brilliance.

* * *

Early the next morning, Mrs. Firefly (who had slept very little that night, thinking of her son on his long journey), was out in the garden just before dawn, looking up into the sky. She looked to the North, to the South, to the West, and then to the East, where she knew the Sun would soon be coming up. And as she watched the eastern sky, she saw a strange new star twinkling. Suddenly she knew it was Frederick, and she said proudly to herself, "That is my Frederick, shining for me, my Morning Star!"

She waved joyfully at him, and Frederick twinkled back with all his new brightness. And they both knew that every morning now, across the dawn, they would greet each other that way.

When Christmas came, none of the younger brothers had grown tall

enough to put the star at the top of their Christmas tree. But there was no need, for when Mrs. Firefly looked out at their tree standing in the snow in the dawn of Christmas morn-

ing, there was Frederick twinkling brightly, just above it. She waved to him and he twinkled back. It was the happiest Christmas they had ever had.



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ARMY ENTERTAINER
FROM THE TROPICS**

"IT'S FUN
TO BE HERE
TO ENTERTAIN
YOU BOYS"

"HOW ABOUT
A 'COKE DATE'?"

"HAVEN'T
WE MET
BEFORE?"

"THAT'S THE
OLD ARMY
LINE, BOYS"

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DEAN'S LIST

Second Semester
1942-1943

Sophomores

Lois Allshouse
Grace Benner
Carolyn Joan Cosel
Miriam Davis
Alice Demmler
Lois Lutz
Emily Jane Noll
Virginia Ricks
Jane Strain
Edith Succop
Marion Swannie
Pauline Wilson
Charlotte Wray

Juniors

Gladys Bistline
Mary Elizabeth Brown
Aida DeBellis
Margaret Donaldson
Evelyn Glick
Betty Johnescu
Mary Phyllis Jones
Dale Kirsopp
Patricia Leonard
Ann Louise McClymonds
Martha McCullough
Sally Meanor
Nancy Jane Raup
Jean Rigauumont
Mary Ruth Sampson
Edna Schuh
Marion Springer
Nancy Stauffer
Winifred Watson

Seniors

Jean Archer
Edith Cole
Barbara Cooper
Peggy Dietz
Rosemarie Filippelli
Virginia Gillespie
Janice Goldbloom
Barbara Heinz
Claire Horwitz
Marian Lambie
Nina Maley
Elizabeth Maroney
Dorothy Marshall
Janet McCormick
Dorothy Minnecci
Marjorie Noonan
Marion Rowell
Catherine W. Shryock
Margaret Suppes
Jean Wyre

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Important war calls of the government, the armed forces and war industries must be through promptly.

You can help us speed war calls:

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- 2) Keep ALL calls brief!
- 3) Whenever possible, call by number.
- 4) Don't call the busy war centers if you can avoid it.

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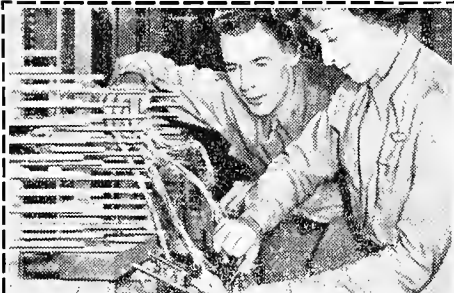
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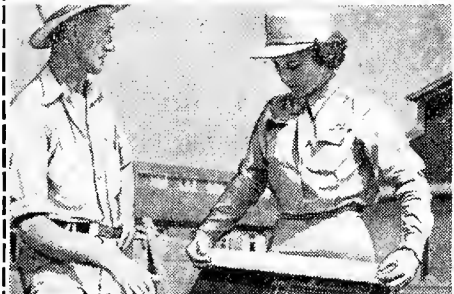
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U. S. Army Announcement

To College Women in their Senior Year



WAAC learning line testing



WAAC Draftsman



WAAC Laboratory Technician



WAAC PAY SCALE

Officers	Equivalent Rank	Base Monthly Pay
Director	Colonel	\$333.33
Asst. Director	Lt. Colonel	291.67
Field Director	Major	250.00
1st Officer	Captain	200.00
2nd Officer	1st Lieutenant	166.67
3rd Officer	2nd Lieutenant	150.00
Enrolled Members		
Chief Leader	Master Sergeant	\$138.00
1st Leader	First Sergeant	138.00
Tech. Leader	Tech. Sergeant	114.00
Staff Leader	Staff Sergeant	96.00
Tech., 3rd Grade	Tech., 3rd Grade	96.00
Leader	Sergeant	78.00
Tech., 4th Grade	Tech., 4th Grade	78.00
Jr. Leader	Corporal	66.00
Tech., 5th Grade	Tech., 5th Grade	66.00
Auxiliary, 1st Class	Private, 1st Class	54.00
Auxiliary	Private	50.00

To the above are added certain allowances for quarters and subsistence where authorized.



YOUR Army has scores of duties in the WAAC for alert college women . . . duties vital to the war that will train you for interesting new careers in the post-war world. And here is good news indeed — you may enroll *now* in the fast-growing WAAC and be placed on inactive duty until the school year ends. Then you will be subject to call for duty with this splendid women's corps and be launched upon an adventure such as no previous generation has known.

New horizons . . . new places and people . . . a real opportunity to help your country. These are among many reasons why American women are responding to the Army's need.

By joining now you will have excellent chances for quick advancement for, as the WAAC expands, many more officers are needed. Every member (regardless of race, color, creed) has equal opportunity and is encouraged to compete for selection to Officer Candidate School. If qualified, you may obtain a commission in 12 weeks after beginning training.

Go to your WAAC Faculty Adviser for further information on the list of openings, pay, and promotions. Or inquire at any U. S. Army Recruiting and Induction Station.

U. S. ARMY "KEEP 'EM FLYING!"
Recruiting and Induction Service

Women's Army Auxiliary Corps

The ARROW

Vol. XXII

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No. 5



(The Good Old Days . . . page 10)

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For Example . . .

We may be flattering ourselves, but we suppose that many of you have noticed how we have been stressing the fact that "every little bit helps" in the war effort. Now—at last—we have a concrete example of our theory: results of the student soliciting for the Pittsburgh Red Cross Drive two weeks ago.

It took a lot of pleading and a talk from the Dean to get volunteers for this job, and even then only half the number asked for signed up. Oh yes, we were there—we heard the comments made at the time. "That's just a clean-up job—no one will get anything, anyway;" "I'll be darned if I'm going to go from door to door asking for money;" "If it would do any good, I wouldn't mind—but the campaign's almost over by now!"

Yes, we were there. And we saw the girls who did volunteer go out on a cold day to do that "thankless job"—and we saw them come back with the \$700 that the Red Cross would never have received if they had sat back and let "Joe" do it.

It's not our purpose to point a neat little lesson about community responsibility—although there is an obvious one. What we want to do is to shake a chastising finger under the noses of those who are making the old refrain of "oh-it's-such-a-little-bit" their wartime slogan. They placidly chant it about such things as twenty-five cent

War Stamps, scrap collections, the turning in of their penny hoards, and unimpressive volunteer jobs.

The truth of the matter is that this belittling is the old game of passing-the-buck. The people who do it may know that various war jobs are essential, but they aren't quite adult enough to see that it's also essential for *them* to work.

Will you do just one thing for us, please? The next time you hear a languid voice drawling, "Oh, but I'm so busy," or "But it's all so *useless*," just say, "Listen—when you can call \$700—you know, like those girls collected for the Red Cross—well, when you can call that useless, just let me know, will you?"

Yes, that \$700 is going to be a very useful example . . . an example of what a big help "just a little help" can be.

Sore Spot

This isn't meant to be a column for the continued airing of grievances, but right now we'd like to mention something that's getting to be a particular sore spot in the **Arrow's** pride—not pride in itself, you understand, but pride in the college it represents.

As a college publication, the **Arrow** naturally receives many exchange issues and letters from other publications in the eastern region. Frequently other editors send us reports of campus activities and ask us to reply in kind. Recently this has put us into a position that becomes increasingly embarrassing. One letter reads, "Our War Bond Queen contest, which we held the week of February 14, resulted in the sale of over \$3,000 worth of Bonds. We would appreciate hearing how yours came out . . ." Another editor says, "Will you please send me the figures on PCW's War Bond sales for the past semester, as we are trying to compile a list of what nearby colleges are accomplishing . . . Our total, in case you are interested, was \$14,000"

Now, what are we supposed to do in cases like these? Send back glib little notes saying, "Well, last month our faculty purchased \$87 worth of bonds and the students \$100?" Or are we to make up reports out of thin air, just to be making some kind of a showing? Temporarily, we have solved the problem by promising "more detailed reports in the future."

At this point we could also mention that a large high school in this city has sold \$17,000 worth of Bonds this year. It would do little good, because you would immediately reply that we have only 400 students buying bonds instead of two or three thousand. That statement, however, would be much more truthful if it were changed to "we have 400 students NOT buying Bonds." That is the crux of the matter: our college is small, but *percentage* of students lending money to the government is ridiculously small in comparison with that of other colleges, regardless of size.

The **Arrow** needs some answer to give to its correspondents. If you have any ideas about what it can do to stimulate campus sales, or about what it can tell other schools about campus patriotism, be sure to notify

The Editors.

EVENTS

QUALITY STREET

Playreading, tryouts, casting and committee appointments, were the past; rehearsals and budgets, are the present; and production, tentatively scheduled for April 16, will be the future of *Quality Street* on the campus of PCW. At the annual senior dinner early in February the senior class chose their play and immediately set to work on it with the assistance of Director Margaret Robb and Stage Director George Kimberly.

The cast includes Jane Evans as Miss Phoebe; Lorraine Wolf, Miss Susan; Jean Archer, Henrietta; Eleanor Garrett, Miss Willoughby; Marian Lambie, Fanny; Janet McCormick, Valentine Browne; Jean Wyre, Ensign Blades; Dorothy Minneck, Charlotte; Janet Ross, Lt. Spicer; Marjorie Noonan, Sergeant; Peggy Suppes, Patty; Peggy Dietz, Harriet; Martha Truxall, Virginia Hendryx, Louise Graves, Helen Jane Taylor and Elinor Keffer the children. Also there are several guests present at a ball.

Claire Horwitz has been appointed business manager assisted by Mary Campbell. Other chairmen include Marian Teichman, Costumes; Janice Goldblum, Properties; Helen Jane Taylor, Stage Manager; Amy McKay, Program; Louise Wallace, Publicity; Margaret Anderson, Ushers, assisted by all the members of the class.

The action opens in the home of Miss Phoebe and Miss Susan. A "new" young gentleman, Valentine Browne, has just come into the community and the busy-bodies fix up romances. Naturally Miss Phoebe is the ideal young lady. However, a war comes along and Mr. Browne is carried away with the spirit of adventure and goes off to war. This deed settles for Miss Phoebe her future as a school teacher and her home is converted into a school house.

As all wars have a way of ending so did the one that carried away Valentine Browne; and as all wars bring about a certain amount of casualties, so did this one by leaving him minus an arm. In the ten years that pass Miss Phoebe has aged and she feels Mr. Browne is a bit disappointed so she poses as Miss Livvy, Miss Phoebe's niece. As might be expected complications set in but love straightens out all the details.

The cast promises a good production, Hood and Tassel promises to sell goodies, SGA promises to admit you and a friend free, the Department of Internal Revenue says you pay no

tax on Activities Fee tickets, and the business manager says, "Remember we are selling tickets for fifty-five cents, including tax, to help meet expenses." So watch for the posting of the definite date and plan to enjoy Barrie's *Quality Street*.

Vacation

Spring will be officially here this year—yes, spring vacation, shortened to a long week-end, but still a vacation, has been planned to begin Friday, March 26, and to end Tuesday morning, March 30. An early vacation was chosen in preference to an Easter holiday because of the proximity of Easter to finals, which begin with a Study Day on May 14, just three weeks after Easter. Saddest news of all to the students: classes will be held on Good Friday, Saturday and Easter Monday.

It was difficult for the students to decide on the two dates with so many of their friends coming home for Easter and with the end of the semester too close for students living away to go home for a visit. First SGA vote favored the Easter vacation by a small majority, but when the Faculty results were announced and their reasons considered, the students decided upon the earlier week-end.

To those who wanted to leave Pittsburgh over Easter and were disappointed at the results: it will be better to take an earlier week-end to visit and not to use the transportation facilities when they are as crowded as they are over holidays.

Summer School

Decision about a summer program at PCW has been made: there will be limited summer school courses, designed primarily to meet the needs of the Junior chemistry majors and the mid-term Freshman class. Others who wish to attend may do so if they want to elect the courses being offered.

The science department will offer courses in food chemistry, physical chemistry, and biology, and a seminar in chemistry. Year-courses will be given in calculus, typewriting, and stenography, and either an English or a language course will be offered.

More definite announcements will be made as soon as the program planning is completed.

ORATORICAL CONTEST

"To rekindle the flame of enthusiasm for Jefferson as the guiding genius of America," the Sun-Telegraph and Hearst newspapers throughout the nation are sponsoring the Thomas Jefferson Bi-centennial Oratorical contest. In junior and senior high schools and on college campuses, young men and women are preparing to honor the "Father of Democracy."

PCW will select its candidate to be sent into the city-wide contest Thursday morning, March 18, when the student body hears the contestants present their orations.

Norma Bailey, Evelyn Glick, Mary Lou Haller, Sue Norton, and Phyllis Jones are busy writing and preparing their orations of six minutes or less. They will focus their discussion on one of the colorful aspects of Jefferson's life under the main theme of "Thomas Jefferson, the Great American."

The city-wide elimination contests will begin after March 19 and the newspaper will notify each school where and when its representative is to speak. Each of the cities sponsoring the contest offers local prizes in the preliminary competitions. The Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph is offering: First prize, \$250 war bond; second prize, \$100 war bond; third prize, \$50 war bond; fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh prizes, \$25 war bond for each.

The inter-city eastern contest will be held in New York City the week of April 5 and will be followed by the grand national contest, either in New York or Chicago. A \$1,000 war bond and a trip to Washington, expenses paid, on April 13, for the dedication of the Jefferson Memorial is the first national prize.

The prizes mentioned are to be offered in duplicate—one set for high school and another for college students.

Freshmen Win

Honors for this year's play contest went to the Freshman class for the play, *And Unto Them a Son Was Born*, written by Emily Sawders and directed by Joan Harms. The principal parts were taken by Penny Myers as Cynthia, Marie Rohrer as Ellen, and Kay Dunn as Christine, ably supported by Myra Sklarey as Mrs. Munroe, Barbara Work as Jenny, and Jane Wilson and Patty Eldon as the skeletons in the family closet.

EVENTS

CHAPELS

During the last few weeks, PCW has welcomed to its chapel five well known churchmen of various faiths. All of them spoke on the part college girls will play in this war and in the peace thereafter.

On Wednesday, February 24, the student body was addressed by Dr. C. Marshall Muir, pastor of the Bellefield Presbyterian Church, Rabbi Lesser of Rodef Shalom Temple, and Father Rice, who, in addition to his clerical duties, acts as head of the Rent Division of the Office of Price Administration. Since they were speaking in connection with the observing of Brotherhood Week, these three speakers emphasized the good that could be accomplished if men were truly brothers.

In chapel on March 3, Dr. Mark Depp, pastor of the Christ Methodist Church was the speaker. Using the title of Eleanor Roosevelt's book *It's Up to the Women* as his subject, he told us of the part women are playing in the world today and will continue to play in the world of the future.

Flight Future

Thursday, March 4, guest speaker was Dr. Gill Robb Wilson, Director of Aviation for the State of New Jersey. Because of his knowledge and experience in the field of aviation, Dr. Wilson was qualified to tell of the part aviation will play in the world after the war has been won. Dr. Wilson also said that he felt girls should stay in college in order to prepare themselves to meet the problems of the post war world.

WSSF

The World's Student Service Fund will be the subject of a YWCA chapel talk by Mr. Frank Fulton on March 22. The YW will hold a benefit tea dance in Mellon Hall on March 24 for the Fund, which also helps Chinese students, bombed from universities, to continue their education, even though they may have to travel one or two thousand miles to do so.

Jap Prison

Life in a Japanese military prison was described by the Reverend Francis A. Cox, acting rector of the Episcopal Church of the Redeemer, in chapel March 15. Dr. Cox, who spent six weeks in such a prison in Shanghai, spoke on the conditions he found there, saying that each American was put with thirty-four Japanese and Chinese criminals or political prisoners, many with infectious diseases. All prisoners slept on the

floor of a basement cell twelve by eighteen feet. Dr. Cox, assuming the duties of the Reverend Hugh S. Clark, now of the United States Army, was a field artillery captain of the eighty-second division in World War 1, and has been in China for the past twenty-one years—sixteen years as a missionary in Soochow, and five years as chancellor of St. John's University in Shanghai. He thinks that we will defeat the Japs if we are hard enough on them and if they think that they cannot possibly be victorious.

Dr. Marion R. Trabue, Dean of the School of Education of Pennsylvania State College, spoke in chapel today, on "World Federation."

YW Chapels

Horace Ryburn, missionary from the East Liberty Presbyterian Church, is the scheduled YW chapel speaker for March 24. Mr. Ryburn has returned to this country from Thailand before Pearl Harbor and will be able to give first-hand information on conditions in that part of the world.

Dr. Dalzell, pastor of the Shady-side Presbyterian Church, who has spoken here at PCW before, will return April 14, as a YW guest.

Movies

This month in chapel Dr. Kinder is showing a series of films which concern our allies. Among them are, *Target for Tonight* and *Argentine Primer*, which have already been shown, and *Columbia, Crossroads of America*. *Target for Tonight* dealt with the planning and carrying out of plans for a British bombing over Germany. *Argentine Primer* revealed the story of the life of our South American neighbor, revealing it to be as modern and up-to-date as our own.

Columbia, Crossroads of America will be shown in the near future, and promises to be as interesting as the other films have been. As the name suggests, it concerns Columbia, a country most of us know little about.

Organ Recitals

March 31, at 8:30 o'clock, Mr. Collins' pupils will present a student organ recital in Berry Hall.

The program will include *Processional Music from Parsifal* by Wagner, and *Were You There?*, a Negro spiritual played by Betty Spierling; *In Summer* by Stebbins, played by Doris Mae Sampson; and *Chorale: God Have Mercy* by Bach, presented by Janet Kennedy. Mary Jane Fisher will play *Flocks from Distant Hills* and *Sculptured Clouds*, two short pastorals written by Alfred Johnson, Goldie Scholl will present *Chorale: From Heaven Above* by Bach and *Andantino* by Cesar Franck. *Prelude, Fugue, and Chaconne* by Buxtehude and *Evening Song* by Fairstow will be played by Mary Ruth Sampson. Amy McKay will play *Sonata in C Minor, Opus 56* by Guilman, and June Hunker will play *Andante Cantabile*, (First Sonata) by Phillip James, and *Now Thank We All Our God*, by Karg-Elert.

April 19 June Hunker will give an organ recital in Berry Hall. She will open her program by playing *Prelude and Fugue in E Minor (Cathedral)* by Bach. The other numbers on her program will include: *Largo* by Handel-Whitney; *Fountain Reverie* by Fletcher; *Fantasie* by Franck; *First Sonata* by Borowski; *Jagged Peaks in the Starlight*, *Wind in the Pine Trees*, and *Canyon Walls*—a series of Mountain Sketches by Clokey; *Andante Cantabile* from *First Sonata* by Phillip James; *Londonderry Air* arranged by Federlein; and *Now Thank We Our God* by Karg-Elert.

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EVENTS

Junior Prom

Travel restrictions did not in the least bother the size of the crowd at PCW's Junior Prom at the University Club on March 5. Evidences of its being a war-time prom were noted in the absence of corsages, in the informal attire of the couples and in the many uniforms seen on the dance floor. Dorm students chartered a street car back to the breakfast in Woodland Hall.

Maestro Bernie Armstrong played both sweet and jazz music and the Conga Line added a touch of South American atmosphere. In the receiving line were Barbara Caldwell, Chairman, Miss Marks, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Campbell, Jane Fitzpatrick and Peggy Donaldson. Many alumnae, particularly from last year's graduating class, and a number of the faculty were present.

Tea Dance

Dancing in the Art Center and bridge and bowling in Andrew Mellon Hall were featured at the tea dance held after the Prom, on Saturday afternoon, March 6. Sponsored annually by the Hood and Tassel, the dance's proceeds go to the Student Loan Fund, which this year netted twenty-five dollars. Amy McKay was chairman of the dance.

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WORKSHOPS

Piano

Piano students will hold another of their workshops tomorrow at 3:45 in the Art Center. Participating in it are Mary K. Eisenberg, who will play *Mazurka*, by Rabikoff, and Sue Funk, who will play *Heard Outside the Prince's Door* and *Of a Tailor and a Bear*, both from MacDowell's *Forgotten Fairy Tales*.

Alice Lee Gardner will play Mendelssohn's *Song Without Words in F*, Helen Myers, *The Little White Donkey*, by Ibert, and Jane Strain, *Prelude Opos 11 No. 13*, by Scriabin.

Rogers' *Etude Melodique* will be presented by Margaret McKee, Rachmaninoff's *Elegie* by Janet Bovard, Saint-Saens' *The Swan* by Dorothy Firth, MacDowell's *Improvisation* by Jean Burnside, and Juon's *Naiods at the Spring* by Patricia Walton.

Voice

Third workshop this semester for voice students was held Thursday, March 11. Participating were Freida Ellsworth, Evelyn Fulton, Sue Funk, Alice Lee Gardner, Jeanne Goodwin, Helen Ruth Henderson Lu Ann Is-ham, Peg Johnson, Dale Kirsopp and Mary Lou Reiber.

Ensemble Program

Members of the instrumental ensemble, under the direction of Miss Held, were invited to furnish music at the Annual Dinner of the American Chemical Society which was held at the University Club on February 18th. The program consisted of solo numbers, duets, and trios. The girls participating were Allison Meyer, pianist; Pauline Basenko, clarinetist; Edith Succop and Agnes Holst, flutists; Marjorie Ruppelt, cellist; and Fay Cumber, violinist. The group was complimented on the type of music chosen and also on the manner in which it was presented.

Jottings

Radio Script Contest

Would you like to hear your play produced over the radio? KDKA will do that for you if you should happen to be the lucky winner of the current Script Writing Contest, sponsored by the Activities Council. So far, twelve budding geniuses are busily engaged in writing their masterpieces. The contest is still open until March 24. First prize is ten dollars, so if you write and have an original idea — the Script Writing Contest is for you.

Skating Party

Get out your old roller-skates, clean off the rust, and practice up for the grand Skating Party you're going to attend on Wednesday, March 24. Sponsored by Activities Council as the event for March, the party will be free, with only the tax as admission. Chairman Sally Lou Smith, Freshman, is planning some novel arrangements, so keep the date open.

Inter-American Contest

Conscious of the world situation, and eagerly eyeing the all-expense-paid trip to Mexico which is the grand prize, a number of PCW girls are working on their entries in the National Discussion Contest on Inter-American Affairs. The entries are one thousand word written speeches on the subject: "How the American Republics are Cooperating in Winning the War." Winners from this phase of the contest will participate in the regional discussion contests, and, if lucky, in the national finals.

Advertising Contest

Several Juniors are planning to enter the contest sponsored by the Women's Advertising Club of Pittsburgh for the best original idea to promote the sale of War Savings Bonds. A one hundred dollar scholarship is the prize, to be paid directly to the winner's senior year tuition. There will also be two honorable mention prizes awarded. Writers who enter the contest may develop an original copy idea for newspaper or magazine and suggest what the art work would be, or a radio program outlined with selling spots. Or, artists may work out the art work for a bond selling ad and merely suggest the copy message.

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LIFE PARTNERS

"I have thirteen life partners," announced Tim, a Marine home from Guadalcanal. Tim has been through hell with his buddies—was shot in the side, and just got back to the States on sick leave. Aside from being a little rocky on his pins he is o. k. too—thanks to those partners of his. You see, down there in the steaming jungles Tim was given thirteen blood transfusions. That blood plasma they pumped into his veins made thirteen civilians life partners of Tim, the scrapping Marine.

Perhaps the plasma that saved Tim's life was taken from the Pittsburgh Blood Bank, because right here in Pittsburgh we have several units of a Blood Bank that is saving hundreds of lives.

PCW is taking an active part in collecting blood plasma. We do not have our own unit as do Pitt and Tech but are cooperating closely with Blood Bank headquarters in the Wabash Building. Each week PCW sends a representative to a meeting of those who are directing the work of collecting plasma in the city. There plans for improving the drive for blood donors are discussed. 980,000 pints of blood have been collected to date out of the 2,800,000 pints that the Army and Navy have requested. Donations must be stepped up to 50,000 weekly to meet the requirements of the armed forces.

Sign Up on Campus

PCW's student chairmen, Gladys Bistline and Miles Janouch have made application cards available to all and will be glad to answer any questions donors might have. After the application is in, those in charge at the Wabash Building will set a time convenient for the donor to give her blood. Taking the blood is a simple procedure which should not in any way harm the donor.

In the Den is the PCW Honor Roll, a list of blood donors. At the present time the Sophomore class is leading with thirteen donors, one of whom has given her blood three times. Ten Seniors have donated their pints as have seven Freshmen. Five faculty members and three Juniors have given blood.

From a student body of over three hundred PCW has had thirty-three student donors. PCW, a woman's college, has been asking, "What can we do?" Here is the answer: "Donate your blood."

Dehydration

"Dehydrated Foods" was the topic of Dr. Earl K. Wallace's series of lectures at the Buhl Planetarium the week of February 22. The purpose of dehydrated foods, says Dr. Wallace, is to conserve space and tonnage on the ships carrying supplies to our soldiers in Europe. In the First World War, four out of every ten ships were used to transport food. Today with the increased need of space for heavy armaments dehydrated foods were the answer to the problem and only one ship in ten carries food.

The process began in Cambridge, England, and soon spread over here. For some time already part of the water has been taken out of fruit, but now certain vegetables can be completely dehydrated. They are carrots, green cabbage, rutabaga, vegetable soup, and pea soup.

The water is removed by heating the food under reduced pressure. When the disks reach their destination they are placed in luke-warm water and allowed to expand. Seasoning is added and the food tastes exactly as it does when it's fresh. One disk contains enough of that article for one portion. Foods are also packed in cans, four packages in a can. One package contains fruit juice, the other three contain dehydrated food for three meals. These cans are used when a flyer crashes and cannot be picked up immediately.

Conservation Drive

From March 17 until March 24, PCW is going all-out for wool! If you have an old wool dress you can't wear any longer, you're just the person "Gussie" Teichmann and her committee for the Old-Wool Conservation Drive want to see. This unique drive is being put on to resurrect perfectly usable pieces of wool that PCWites would otherwise throw away, but which can be put to good use. Any old wool yarn left over from that sweater you just knitted, dresses, jackets, socks, or sweaters are acceptable. There will be boxes to collect these items in convenient places: Andrew Mellon Hall, Woodland Hall, and Berry Hall. And don't, by all means, feel that those scraps of material too small to be of use to you are to be shunned—bring them all along and help fill the boxes. And watch for the skit the Old-Wool Conservation Drive Committee is putting on March 18 in Chapel.

RED CROSS DRIVE

Mrs. Owens and Evlyn Fulton, co-chairmen of the Red Cross drive on campus, gratefully announce that to date approximately \$800 has been collected. This amount includes the pledges and cash from both students and faculty.

The campaign was successfully begun with an interesting chapel program about the Red Cross. At that time Mrs. Owens and Evlyn spoke, and a movie about Clara Barton and her Red Cross work was shown. The 1943 drive was begun with hope that PCW collections would surpass those of 1942—and they did. Last year at the conclusion of the drive the total amount that had been collected was \$620.

Under the chairmanship of Jean Wyre, a number of students canvassed sixteen streets in Pittsburgh on Sunday March 7 and collected approximately \$700. This money though not a part of PCW's fund, was collected to aid the Pittsburgh Red Cross. The largest single contribution was \$150 and Evlyn Fulton's collection totaled \$243, the largest amount brought in by any one of the girls.

Those who canvassed the Pittsburgh area were Freshman Captain Betty Beck, Patty Blue, Roberta Carpenter, Lucille Cummins, Evlyn Fulton, Anna Jane Goodwin, Marjorie Lansing, Dorothy Marshall, Junior Captain Ann McClymonds, Amy McKay, Sophomore Captain Emily Noll, Sue Norton, Betsy Ross, Janet Ross, Myra Sklarey, Marian Teichmann, Carol Thorne, an dRuth Anne Weigel.

War Play Contest

The human drama behind the purchase of War Bonds is the theme of a nationwide college playwriting contest recently inaugurated by the U. S. War Savings Staff.

All college students in the United States are eligible to enter plays, which should be between ten and thirty minutes of playing time. Scripts are to be judged by the drama department heads of the colleges, and the winning entries sent to Washington by April 8. National judges are well-known figures in the non-commercial theatrical world.

The student authors of the winning plays will receive the Treasury Special Award of Merit for distinguished services to the War Savings program.

ORGANIZATIONS

Debaters Convene

PCW girls will be off to Penn State on Friday and Saturday March 19 and 20 but this trip will be strictly business—or almost business, anyway. Members of the Discussion Group will attend the Annual Convention of Debaters from colleges throughout Pennsylvania. Topic to be discussed is the Immediate Settlement in the Post-War World. Spokesmen Evelyn Glick and Claire Horwitz will present, in committee, a bill now being formulated by those in the Discussion Group here at school. Others who will attend the convention are Lois Lutz and Phyllis Jones. Miss Barnes will act as sponsor for the group.

Preparation for the convention, which is carried on in committee and parliamentary meetings, will be made at Mount Mercy College on Tuesday evening, March 16. There, hometown debaters from Pittsburgh colleges will hold a parliamentary session, to give practice in formal procedure.

Speakers Glick and Jones have already discussed the subject of Post-War Settlement with students at Seton Hill, an old debating associate of PCW. In a panel discussion held at Greensburg school on Saturday afternoon, February 27, PCW representatives answered questions on the problems of political and economic set-up in the immediate peace plans to be made after the war. Seton Hill students discussed nationalistic and geographic problems. After a battle of wits, our girls were entertained by a sight-seeing tour of the campus and a dinner, to help cushion the crowded train ride back to Pittsburgh.

Mu Sigma Dinner

Set for March '24th, a Mu Sigma Dinner is being planned for the science majors and will be held at the Fairfax dining room. Among the guests will be the science faculty, Dean Marks, and Dr. and Mrs. Spencer.



Contrary to the general conception of February and March being lazy months, they have been very busy months for Hood and Tassel. Many activities have taken place in February. Most interesting of all was an Alumnae dinner held in Andrew Mellon Hall on Friday, February 26 at 6:00. Invitations were sent to all the Hood and Tassel Alumnae but because a lot of them are either living out of the city or are in the WAACS or WAVES, a great number of them could not be present. However, a chicken pot-pie dinner, engineered by Junior Ross, was relished by advisers Dean Marks and Miss Griggs, present Hood and Tassel members, and alumnae Graham, Copeland, Chantler, McKain, Anderson, Maerker, and charter member Jo Ann Healey.

After the dinner a long meeting was held, and reports were given to the alumnae of what Hood and Tassel had been doing this year. The Alumnae entered into the discussion and offered many valuable suggestions. The main topic of interest was the possibility of getting into Mortar Board. National Mortar Board Society has rather stringent entrance requirements, but Hood and Tassel through untiring efforts should be able to make it and negotiations are now under way.

The net profit from the tea dance after the prom, sponsored by Hood and Tassel, was \$25, and this will be turned over to the Student Loan Fund as in the past.

Sometime in March a news bulletin will be published by the group to be sent to all the Hood and Tassel

alumnae, telling of activities of the organization here in school and also of the graduate members. This is a new project and should be an interesting one. President Jean Archer will edit the bulletin.

Early in March the members for next year will be chosen. This will be a tedious process even though the qualifications for membership are well defined: character, service, leadership, and scholarship. Plans are to choose the members before elections in order to make the selection as fair as possible and free from prejudice. The names of those chosen will be kept in strict secret until Moving-Up Day, at which time they will be tapped by present Hood and Tassel members.

Alumnae Council

Alumnae Council, annual get-together for PCW alumnae, has been shortened this year to but a one-afternoon session on Saturday, April 3, instead of the usual two-day program. There will be no visiting of classes, no special SGA meeting, and no luncheons.

Mrs. John N. Shaney will direct the meeting to be held in the Art Center at 1:15. The newly-formed Pittsburgh regional alumnae groups, organized on a neighborhood basis, will be discussed. The meeting this year is open to all Alumnae members, not just to class representatives, club presidents, members of the executive board, representatives of the associate members and alumnae trustees.

At the tea to be held for the Seniors at Andrew Mellon Hall at 3:30, Mrs. Marks and Mrs. Spencer will pour and the receiving line will be made up of Mrs. G. Marshall Muir, class of '25, Miss M. Isabel Epley, '27, Mrs. Cora I. Baldwin '32, and Mrs. Elizabeth Burt Mellor '15. Music will be furnished by the Ensemble.

Faculty Club

Faculty and administration were entertained two weeks ago by Dr. and Mrs. Spencer at a dinner in Andrew Mellon Hall. The entire country-style dinner of hot-cakes, sausages, waffles and their companion dishes came from the Spencer's farm. After the dinner, guests had their choice of bowling, or bridge in the Conover Room.

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PEOPLE

MISS BARNES

"Sh-h-h—it's not for publication"—if your reporter had been a little more clever, she'd have known how to subtly get the information for publication. But she wasn't, so if the reader wishes to hear some exciting yarns, she'll have to see the new five-foot-one-inch tall dynamic speech teacher, Miss Dorothy Barnes.

That's one of Miss Barnes' secrets of success in the newspaper business. "I guess no one realized I was a reporter until I had the information I wanted."

Oh yes! It might help the reader to put two and two together if she'd know that Miss Barnes was the Society Editor of the Uniontown paper only five and a half years after graduating from the University of Michigan as a speech major.

"Won't you tell about one of those times you slipped in under the ropes," begged the reporter.

Scoped Plane Crash

"I guess one of my biggest chances at a scoop happened when the big T. W. A. plane, "Sun Racer," crashed near Uniontown and the stewardess and Mrs. Ellenstein, wife of the Mayor of Newark, New Jersey, were the only survivors. Everyone of course, almost broke his neck trying to get an interview with Mrs. Ellenstein, but her doctors flatly refused.

"The night before she was to leave the Uniontown hospital, my boss said, 'Go get an interview with Mrs. Ellenstein!'"

Miss Barnes here stopped to drop her mouth and open her eyes to illustrate her surprised expression that night.

"I went to the hospital and I sat in the reception room figuring out my method of approach."

First Reporter Barnes took off her hat and coat, slipped into the hall, and luckily saw a nurse wheeling the convalescent woman. It was just a chat—at least, that's what Mrs. Ellenstein thought till Miss Barnes finally confessed after it was too late.

Maryland to Michigan

In much the same manner Miss Barnes, Society Editor, got many an interview.

But she didn't intend doing this all her life; in fact, she hadn't even intended to work on a paper in the first place.

"Yes, I majored in speech in Michigan preparing to teach it. I've had it in mind ever since I attended the

Phidelah Rice School of the Spoken Word the summer that I was out of high school."

She attended the Maryland College for Women for two years, then transferred to Michigan University where as an energetic speech major, she was a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma, and also one of the famed Michigan Repratory Players. She was in a group who broadcast over WJR in Detroit.

After graduating and then reporting for some years, Miss Barnes chanced upon the opportunity to be the secretary to a cancer specialist and naturally lost no time in taking it. For two years she had her fill of her hobby, "collecting people."

"I Like People"

"That sounds terribly matter of fact, but I really mean, I like people. Hollywood Boulevard itself was a constant source of delight for me. Of course, I didn't have anything real thrilling happen to me, but just seeing people was enough."

After two years filled with meeting, seeing, and talking with interesting people Miss Barnes came back east to teach English at Penn State's Junior College in Altoona. "It was just the chance I had always hoped for. Then I taught on the campus at State after which I came here."

This brought the interview up to date, and Miss Barnes and your reporter then carried on a casual conversation about the girls at school and *Claudia* until it was time for lunch.

It's too bad your reporter doesn't have the build nor the ingeniousness of Miss Barnes to worm a few more highlights of her colorful and varied life from her. You try it!

Dr. Spencer On W. L. B.

When late last year living conditions in war-crowded Washington became almost too much to bear, the idea of decentralization of key government agencies came into prominence. As one solution to this problem, the War Labor Board focused its attention on the possibilities of subdividing. Result: twelve Little War Labor Boards, located in strategic parts of the country, were created.

Recently from Washington came word that three Pittsburghers were appointed to membership in Region III's Little War Labor Board. PCW President Spencer, sought after by WLB officials since December, was one of the men selected. The other

two are University of Pittsburgh's Economics Professor Francis Doughton Tyson, Jones & Laughlin Committeeman Fred Skiles.

Controls Industrial Area

Region III includes the rich industrial areas of Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, South New Jersey and the District of Columbia. The Board, composed of twenty-four members (eight each from management, labor, public representatives), meets in Philadelphia most weekends. It makes final decisions on cases involving wage and salary stabilization up to \$5000 a year, and all cases involving labor disputes.

War Labor Board Member Spencer now has a new direction in which to turn his talents, will undoubtedly do an excellent job.

Film Library Head

The recently organized Association of Educational Film Libraries has elected as its director Dr. Kinder. The other members of the association include persons from various kinds of educational institutions all over the United States. They are George B. Lehmer, University of Virginia; L. C. Lanson, University of Indiana. H. L. Kooser, Iowa State College; Thomas L. Broadbent, Brigham Young University; R. R. Munn, Cleveland Public Library, Ohio; B. A. Aughinbaugh, State Department of Education, Ohio; Miss Marguerite Kirk, New Jersey City Schools, and Bruce Findlay, Los Angeles, California.

The first meeting of the association will be held in Chicago on March 17th and 18th. This meeting will be to organize the group for their purpose of the promotion, distribution, and utilization of audio-visual aids in classrooms, assembly and forums.

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FEATURES

HERE AND THERE

This is Let's-Be-Businesslike day for yon snoopers, so instead of running around madly with pencil in teeth trying to dream up the usual introductory poem, we'll dig right in with some

Prom Pointers

Louise Haller's little man really appreciated that yummy black net job she spent so-o-o-o many evenings on . . . If Sally Lou Smith always gets people blind dates like Chickie Sawder's man, sign us for future reference . . . Petie McFall's conga was smooth, but did you see the help she had? They say there's a shortage of men, but Mary Wells didn't notice it at dinner before the Prom with three Bethany men . . . And last but most important — orchids to Chairman Barb Caldwell and her committees, who really did a bang-up job.

We the Peep-Hole

Fran Hilbish finally decided to go to New York instead of the Prom—she has His ring . . . Maybe her man did leave for the army, but Margy Elliott's new engagement ring must be some consolation (Ain't it the truth! —Ed.) . . . Surprised? So was Eleanor St. Clair when Bill finally got a five day leave, leaving her with The Ring.

Last time we heard of "B'rr Rabbit" was in story book (or was it on a molasses can?)—anyway, Louise Rider ordered it at Stouffer's the other night instead of Welsh Rarebit!

Barb Findley has more fun in art class—but why is it her abstracts always look better upside down?

Travel Tips

Jean Burnside got in from a Chicago week-end a few Sundays ago, damp but very, very beamy . . . Last week-end saw Ruth Jenkins, very much be-curled, off to the interfraternity dances at Case.

Isn't it Interesting

. . . the way we all buy the Tech Scottie on certain Tuesdays . . . how a girl can manage two dates for the same dance (for further particulars see Mary Ann Church) . . . our devotion to the mailman . . . what one balmy day can do to one's morale . . . the great desire you get these days for a Hershey bar, simply because they're not to be had . . . that some Seniors are interested now in the price of eggs and how two can live as cheaply as one.

And Some Afterthoughts

Have you seen Connie Meyer beam when she speaks of the last week-end in March? Chuck gets his long-awaited furlough . . . Did you know that Frannie Pollick goes for blondes? . . . Has Mary Lou Reiber told you the sad tale of how her back aches, how her feet are calloused, and how she keeps getting those pink spots in front of her eyes? Maybe it'll all be cured after she wears that Beta pin a little longer—it came via the good old mail a few weeks ago . . . Saturday night after the Prom found Mary Jane McComb and Libby Warner doing the town with two very eligible Navy men.

And now our brains are wracked and we are wrecks from seeking scandal to please you gals, so we'll take our leave and you can rest in peace until next time—but remember, we'll be looking at you!

IDEAL GIRLS NAMED

Toll the bell, chant the dirge—the day of the Charm Girl is swiftly passing. Soon she will be only a beeyootiful memory, for times change, and with them that hardy perennial, The Ideal Girl.

This day, March 17, sees the Pin-Up Girl, the WAVE, the Canteen Hostess, and last, but never, never least, Rosie the Riveter coming into their own. Not to be left behind by The Institute of Public Opinion, PCW's own Gertie Gallup did some high-class snooping and prying the other morn, and managed to ferret out the names of those fair damsels chosen by their classmates as Ideal Waves, Hostesses, Pin-Up Girls, and Riveters.

The choices for PCW's WAVES were made with appearance the first consideration. Who would best grace the uniform of the United States Navy, both in maner and spirit? And here they are: Ideal WAVES Jean Wyre,

(Continued on page 11)

SPORTISCOPE

Finale

After a slightly winded "Rah-rah-rah, PURPLE," the air leaked out of the balls and all the light bulbs exploded leaving the gym in total darkness. The last page in chapter 1943 in PCW basketball had been turned and again Detective Ima Ardent Fann has solved the mystery. That merciless killer, "Junior" Class, had captured three victories leaving behind for autopsy the mangled bodis of "Fighting" Frosh "Sockin" Sophomor and "Say It Again Softer" Senior and reigned high o'er the kingdom of Hoopdom. Members of the Junior Klass gang also dominated the Honorary battle when the Purple overwhelmed the White with Donaldson, Beck, and Cook firing from all angles.

Visiting Firemen

Tuesday, March 9, a pick-up team from PCW invaded the Mt. Mercy campus for a basketball game. Well, you can hardly call it an invasion. The local stalwarts limped up to steps which are—believe it or not—longer than ours. Hopefully clutching their gym shoes and a prayer, they passed under Gothic arches to be met on the edge of a huge playing floor. Subconsciously comparing it to our own tiny haven of athletics, they cowered, shuddered, and scurried to the dressing room resolved to do or die for the old Alma Mater. A few mintues later the shrill of the whistle threw both teams into play. Although obviously outclassed from the start the PCWmen put up a valiant fight and, aided by second wind and Peggy Donaldson's return to form, began to pile up points in the final canto. An exhibition of some of the most spectacular shooting these old eyes have ever witnessed was displayed by a Mt. Mercy miss, name of Duff, who led all the scoring in the 39-20 victory.

Faculty Frays

Comes 4 PM on Wednesdays and the faculty tear off their academic gowns and hoods, stuffs blue books into the waste basket for grading, and jump into sports attire. The students reluctantly drag themselves from the library, file their outside reading notes in alphabetic order, and drift toward the gymnasium. Any student who can withstand Dr. Spencer's punishing shots with a volleyball is welcome to play. Everyone got a sample of faculty ability after the Valentine Dinner. You should see them now with a little practice behind them.

(Continued on page 14)

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FEATURES

CAMPUS COMMENTS

We had thought wistfully of printing this issue in green ink, for at least three reasons: one, to honor a certain Irish saint whose birthday and our day of publication happily coincide; two, to breathe a bit of spring through our pages; and three, just because we felt like it. Having been firmly squelched by a not-too-frivolous staff, we are resigning ourselves and chuckling secretly over the title of one of our literary offerings—*Green Ink*. Thanks to our authors, we are not completely inhibited.

* * *

It seems to us a most encouraging sign the way the spirit of cooperation is strengthening on campus. We mean among other things, the class coke parties—highly successful affairs with much camaraderie and chat, and very little cost. It goes to prove how easily classes can get together, have fun.

* * *

Arrow-award of the month goes to all concerned in the class plays. This year's entries left us open-mouthed at the amount of talent and serious effort displayed. We gasped and giggled while Junior corpses littered the stage watched appreciatively the modern Sophomore drama which was so well staged and acted, and eagerly awaited the denouement of the Freshman offering. To the winning Freshmen, our congratulations—and to the others, hearty praise for making the event a real Contest.

* * *

And now about our summery cover—we fondly call it *The Good Old Days* because of (1) the men, (2) the car, and (3) the weather. The men are in the Army by now, gas and tires are being cherished like the dear rich Uncle Hector who is going to leave us his money, and the weather—well, don't you wish it were summer, too? Besides, we think it's a right purty picture—so there.

* * *

We await anxiously the coming elections. Frankly, we hope we won't see again the long list of candidates proposed occasionally in the past by well-meaning, if over-enthusiastic voters. Though we're all for democracy, it seems logical that only a certain number of girls could possibly be eligible to fill a particular office, and the long-string-of names plan can be carried too far. We remember too well the time last year that our ballot looked more like a grocery list

than an honest estimate of ability. Elections are important: the results determine largely what kind of campus activities will prevail at PCW next year. And so we hope that some amount of intelligent planning will go into nominations from the floor this year.

AMH GARDEN

Yon **Arrow** Reporter had a lean and hungry look as she sat on the frozen bumps of Mellon Hall garden plots, sauce-pan in one hand, empty point rationing book dangling from the other.

Two long ears poked out from a nearby hedge and dragged into the open a white wiggling body with a ball of cotton pasted on behind. Upon seeing the huddled mere shadow of a PCWite, the rabbit stopped, scratched behind his left ear, cleared his throat and said, "I beg your pardon, but shouldn't you be in chapel this period?"

"Yes," sighed the **Arrow**worker, "but I had to cut it, because I'm hungry." "Hungry?" asked the bunny.

"Yes, hungry, hungry! Starving! In other words; 'j'ai faim!' But then I guess you rabbits don't know much about this rationing business."

"Well we have heard rumors to that effect," said the bunny. "We understand that all you people have to eat points now instead of food."

"Not exactly," argued the scribe, "But my points are all gone now any way you look at it. They all disappeared with the pineapple juice and the canned shoe-string potatoes I ate, and now I don't have any left and I'm hungry!"

The rabbit rolled his lips for a minute, then asked; "Well, just what are you doing down here in these old Mellon Hall garden plots on this b'r'r'r day?"

"Mr. Bunny," answered the other, "I have heard on good authority that there is going to be a Victory Garden here on this very spot, so I want to be around when things start popping up."

"Garden!!" screamed the rabbit, "Did you say garden? You mean the same kind I chewed at last summer, I hope?"

"Yes," answered the **Arrow** food fonder, "Except this year it's going to be on a larger scale, and more scientific too. Why I just heard Mrs. Martin say this morning—"

(Continued on Page 11)

BOOKSHELF

Reviews

I Came Out of the 18th Century

I Came Out of the Eighteenth Century by John A. Rice is a book not only by Mr. Rice but about him. In fact, it is Mr. Rice.

Mr. Rice is fairly well known in academic circles for his experiment in pure educational democracy at Black Mountain College of which he was one of the founders. The latter part of the book is interesting to all people who have attended, are attending, or may attend a college, for he is an education rebel—one might almost say an iconoclast. And we of the trade who express ourselves more mildly than does Mr. Rice, are nevertheless somewhat tickled by his cleverly shattering remarks about even the sacrosanct University of Oxford. Nebraska, Rollins, Swarthmore are all brought in for a neat bit of stiletto play.

To this reviewer it was a disappointment that he let off a certain college (where she happened to be his colleague for a year) with no harsher word than that the president at that time was a butter-and-egg woman. (N. B. She was.)

The greatest interest of the book will lie for most readers—and rightly so—in the first part in which he recreates with richness and abundance of detail his life in the South of the 1890's, and makes his analysis of the varied human elements which contributed to the evolution of John Rice, the boy, and John Rice, the man.

Certainly, we agree, as we close the book, he came out of the eighteenth century. Though he lived in the nineteenth—he was born in 1888—he never knew the mental experience of that era. And so he came into the twentieth century—a stranger.

It is a perverse book, highly individualistic, highly intelligent and rational. It has wit, kindness, integrity—a life-sized, masculine insistence on true values, a really sincere refusal of shoddy ones. Trying to be honest, it is yet not quite honest. Telling the truth, it does not quite tell the whole truth. But it is hard to tell the truth.

Co-winner of the Harper 125th Anniversary prize, it brings renown and perhaps a certain understanding to a man who has tried many paths, has done brilliant work in many fields,

FEATURES

and has not up to this time found the medium in which he could satisfactorily express his turbulent temperament. One feels inclined to say, "Rest, rest, perturbed spirit."

To everyone who has ever met or hoped to meet a real teacher, to everyone who believes that learning is a shining thing when the real teacher meets the real student, may we say that the chapter on the Webb School is a chapter of sheer happiness?

H. C. S.

Van Loon's Lives

Hendrik van Loon has long been gifted with the power to make history come alive and never has this gift been so enjoyable as when he entertains a weekly procession of famous men and women, wining and dining them and giving us, his readers, a sparkling biography of each guest as an appetizer.

Queen Elizabeth prances into his house and dances with the butler; Emerson is shy and Descartes befriends him; George Washington likes the food so well he soundly kisses van Loon's cook; Cervantes and Shakespeare come to dinner and stay to quell the riot their brain children, Don Quixote and Hamlet, begin.

Clever van Loon includes in his stories of forty historical greets the menus with which he pleased his guests and these add variety to each visit.

Painlessly van Loon teaches his history lessons and they have in them humor and sadness and all that has made the lives of great men worth studying and remembering. R. L.

Library Contest

Seniors have already started to round up books acquired during their four college years to qualify them for entrance in the Senior Personal Library Contest. This year's contest, to be judged on April 17, will be governed by the same rules as in former years with but two minor changes: entries will be accepted only if there are at least twenty-five books and there will be a second prize of five dollars in addition to the ten dollars first prize.

The standing rules are that all books shall be the personal property of the contestant and shall bear a bookplate or other ownership inscription; books submitted may be of general interest or may deal with a hobby or special interest of the student, but titles of a distinctly text-

book order shall be excluded; and the libraries shall be judged on their evidence of discriminating judgment in selecting books.

Judges for this year will be Mrs. Albert L. Vencill, former librarian at New York Public Library and of Union Theological Seminary in New York City, and Miss Stella Price, English teacher at South Hills High School. The third judge, to be announced, will be an alumna of PCW.

Following the judging a tea will be held from two to five, sponsored by the faculty and student library committees. Books will be on display in the Browsing Room for the week of April 19.

Ideal Girls Named!

(Continued from page 9)

Jeanne Goodwin, Peg Chantler, and Kitty Lancaster. And if you don't know the girls, you'd better get acquainted; remember? They have a man in every port.

A Canteen Hostess, all interviewees agreed, must be charming, natural, and sympathetic. She must have the precious gift of making a man feel at home, but above all, she must be genuinely attractive, with none of the synthetic glamour calculated to make a poor soldier think he's stumbled onto a Hollywood set. Presented here are your ideas of A-1 Hostesses: June Hunker, Patty Leonard, June Collins, and Peggy Riffle.

The Pin-Up Girl, the delight of the Armed Forces and the despair of her less extravagantly endowed sisters, speaks for herself. She needs no introduction. Therefore, accompanied by sighs of envy, we introduce PCW's gifts to the barracks, Pin-Up Girls Jane Fitzpatrick, M. D. Roberts, Sally Landis, and Patty Eldon. And what buck private could ask for more?

When it came to choosing our four Rosies, the interviewees indulged, we fear, in a bit of whimsey. Instead of seriously considering the question, they insisted on making the basis for merit the dispatch with which the candidate could bring utter ruin to the factory. Another consideration was: Even in a baggy coverall, would she make the foreman whistle. So start whistling, because here come Janet Ross, Donna Kindle, Louise Flood, and Fran Hilbish.

Now excuse us, folks, if we leave without waiting for the shrieks of horror and indignation to break forth. Just remember, it was two other guys. All we did was write down the names.

AMH Gardens

(Continued from page 10)

"Mrs. Martin!" shouted the rabbit, "Oh boy! If she's going to be in charge of it again this year, there's going to be some mighty tasty vegetables for me and my gang to nibble at this summer!"

"And besides Mrs. Martin," added the garden enthusiast, "Mrs. Shupp's going to dig in the garden, and so are Mrs. Baldwin, Miss Gunderman, Mrs. Ferguson and Margaret from Mellon Hall, Mr. O'Neill—"

"Slurp!" said the Bunny, "I can taste those greens right this minute!"

"Then," added the reporter, "Adelaide Supowitz, Virginia Ditges, Dorothy Firth and June Collins are going to have gardens too."

"June Collins," reminisced the rabbit, "She's the one who grew the artichokes last year. Let me tell you, sister, they were the 'piece de resistance'—that's French for yummy."

"This year," continued the Arrow-riter, "the garden will be run on strictly scientific lines; Mr. O'Neill is going to take some of the soil to be tested at the conservatory for one thing, and the gardeners have already sent away for Victory gardening leaflets so that they can make best use of the soil, and Mrs. Martin is emphasizing straight seed lines this year."

"I approve of all that scientific stuff," said the rabbit, "It will give us all the more to nibble at this summer."

"Well," hesitated the writer, "I hate to tell you this, Mr. Bunny, but I heard plans discussed as to how to—should we say—*persuade* you and your friends to stay away from the Victory Garden this summer. I even heard Mr. O'Neill mention that he might put four cats on the payroll this year."

"Oh-oh!" tsked the Rabbit, "In that case, we'd better start packing right away. You people are so mean! Now I've got to eat daisies all summer, and if there's anything I hate, it's daisies!"

"This is war, Mr. Bunny," said the Arrow reporter, "and you rabbits must go all out of this garden for Victory."

But the bunny had bounded away, and the Arrow's hungry hireling, with a last look at the bare garden plots, sighed and wended her way to Co-op.

LITERATURE

OVER TIME *by Louise Flood '45*

Private Jack Jenkins could see two white forms and hear voices at the foot of his stretcher—"no use—operation successful—bullet out—but he can't live—too bad—too bad—too bad—too bad—"

The voices died away and the forms were saturated into the jungle mist, but out of the corner of his eye Private Jack Jenkins saw a third form approaching—a black form moving closer and closer until it became a little humpbacked man with a black suit, a black fedora and a big black cigar.

"How strange," thought Jack, "How strange and uncomfortable to wear black in this jungle heat." Suddenly the little man put out his hand to feel Jack's forehead. The touch was cold and sticky like clay. Jack knew at once whose hand it was.

"I know who you are," cried Jack, "and I don't want to go with you yet!"

The little man started. "Why I thought you—! I must be slipping. I usually time it better than this. None of the others saw me at all until it was too late. Oh, you would break my record for perfect timing! I might have gotten a bonus and everything."

"Well, I'm awfully sorry about that," said Jack, "I just happened to be looking in your direction. But, say, Mister, you're not going to make me go with you yet, are you?"

"What do you suppose I came all the way over to this Hell-hole for—to get a sunburn?"

"But, Mister, have a heart. I'm only twenty-four years old!"

"Tough, my boy. Tough! But I can't afford to let sentiment interfere with my business. You'll have to come along with me."

"But listen, Mister," pleaded Jack Jenkins, "Just the other day I got a letter from Sally—that's my wife—and she said that our baby had a birthday a couple of weeks ago. My son is six months old, Mister, and I've never seen him."

"Well," sighed the little man as he blew a black mass of cigar smoke into the air, "I guess maybe we can stop off and take a look at your kid on the way to where we're going. After all, you were a little spryer than the rest in seeing me. But let's get going! Do you want me to lose my job?"

Two men stood in front of the door to Apartment C. They carried tools and wore workmen's clothes—the little man with a hump in his back had on a black sweat shirt and grimy black trousers. A long black cigar stuck out from his thick lips. The other workman was tall and his blue overall suit deepened the blue in his eyes. They rang the apartment door bell.

"Remember now," growled the little man with the hump in his back, "no tricks! And we've got to make this snappy! With these old ceiling prices I don't get paid time and a half for overtime until after the war, and if I don't get back in an hour with you I'll lose my job altogether."

"You will?" asked Jack Jenkins. "I guess you wouldn't like that much."

"I certainly wouldn't. I'm one guy that loves my job. I wouldn't lose it for the world."

"And if you don't get back in an hour, you will, huh?" mused Jack to himself. Aloud he said. "Look at the service sticker pasted on the door. See that little star in the middle? That's for me! Silver 'cause I'm overseas—or was!"

"Shut up!" growled the humpback. "Here comes your Missus."

The door opened. Mrs. Jack Jenkins smoothed her blue ruffled pinafore and said: "Yes?"

"It's been a long time," thought Jack, "a long dark time, and she's still the beautiful thing I've had in my mind since I saw her last."

"We've come to check the radiators in your apartment, Mrs. Jenkins," said the humpback workman in the black clothes.

"Come in," said Sally Jenkins, "but please don't make too much noise because my baby just went to sleep." Her blond hair was pulled back with a blue velveteen ribbon. "Here's the living room radiator," she said.

The two men went to work. The tall one spoke. "I see you have a service star on your door. An overseas one too. I'm sort of interested 'cause my brother's over there somewhere."

"Oh he is? Well my husband has been overseas for seven months now. I don't know where exactly. He can't tell me of course, but wherever he is, I know he's all right."

"How do you know that?" asked the humpback.

"Well," Sally smiled, "I know you'll think this is rather silly. But you see Jack promised me he'd be back—promised me on his word of honor that he'd come back to Tipper and me."

"Tipper?" asked the tall workman.

"Yes," said Sally. That's our baby. His real name is Jack Jenkins, Junior, but I call him Tipper just for fun. When his father comes home, I'm just scared to death that Tipper won't be a baby any more."

"Don't be too sure he's coming back," growled the humpback, "Nothing's sure these days. Where are your other radiators?"

"But I have faith," said Sally Jenkins as she led the way to the kitchen, "and don't you think faith is a sure thing?"

"I think so," said the tall workman.

The humpback glanced at his partner. "I don't put too much faith in faith," he said. "By the way, we don't have much time, Missus—could my partner here be working on your other radiators while I finish up here in the kitchen?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Jenkins. "We only have one more. Come with me. It's in the bedroom. The baby's sleeping, so you will be quiet, won't you?"

"Yes," answered the tall workman. "I'll be quiet."

"You be quick about it, Jack," said the humpback. "Our time's about up"

"Oh your name is Jack" whispered Sally in the baby's room. "That's my husband's name too."

"Your husband is a lucky man—to have you and a new son to come home to."

"Oh but Tipper and I are the lucky ones to have him coming home to us. But look, I want you to see the baby. He's asleep and you really can't tell much about him, but you seem to be sort of Jack's type and I want you to tell me if you think he'll like him."

The workman looked at the child in the crib. "Here he is," thought Jack Jenkins. "Here's my own son. He does look like most kids—kinda curly hair, soft cheeks—but he's mine!"

"I'm sure he'll love him," said the workman, "but you must always

(Continued on page 13)

LITERATURE

GREEN INK by Helen Smith '44

The occasion was of course festive. Joseph and Anne were in London for the first time in eight months. Their return from Germany was a miracle for which to thank God a thousand times. Those in the British Underground could scarcely hope for as much. Yes, Joseph and Anne were here and the pheasant was delicious in its golden-brown goodness. The pastries crackled in snowy flakes under my fork and the dry warmth of the wine spread over me like a worsted shawl. The grayish-green bayberry candles sputtered and spat beads of liquid tallow down their sides. Only at the proud little Inn of the Red Feather under the watchful eye of Francis, the proprietor, could it have been like this—the four of us together again. How he had gathered such food in these times—but then—Francis, always the resourceful, the unpredictable.

And yet, through it all there was something harsh—harsh and cold—something I couldn't touch or name, but nevertheless, there—and it dampened the glow of the wine and dimmed the candle flames.

"Ellen. Ellen, this is no time for dreaming." It was Mark.

"We're celebrating, Ellen. Come on. Let's be alive tonight of all nights," he said urgently. Alive? Tonight of all nights? But, of course—Joseph and Anne.

"I'm sorry, darling," I said, caught by the urgency in his voice.

"Let us drink to the King. Long may he live," cried Joseph, rising.

"And to Francis," said Anne.

"And tonight," Mark said huskily.

"To tonight," I whispered, and the wine was cold on my lips.

We walked them home, Joseph and Anne, and then we turned across the bridge and the Thames was silent beneath us. The night was clear for London and there was a breeze over the river. It strained through my coat and my teeth chattered slightly. Mark was very close to me as we walked. Suddenly he took a long deep breath.

"Ellen," he said softly, "I know this is hardly fair, darling, but I've put off telling you as long as I could. I wanted you to be happy."

"Is it that you have to leave again, Mark?"

"You knew?"

"I felt it. Oh, Mark, why must you go? Why does it have to be now?"

"Now is the time England needs me most. It's not what I want. It's what I've got to do," he said quietly.

"I know, Mark, I know." The wind was colder and I pushed closer to him. He put his arm around me and neither of us spoke again.

A week after that night he received his instructions and two days later he was ready to leave. We sat together in the living-room.

"Darling," he said, "we've got to face the chance that—something may happen. I'll write to you, of course, so you'll know every minute but if—"

"Oh, Mark," I sobbed. I couldn't bear the thought.

"Ellen—darling, I love you so." He held me close for a long time.

"Ellen," his voice was steady now, "if something does happen they may make me write. They may make me tell you I'm still free. I must have some means of letting you know if I'm in danger. It's for our protection, darling, do you understand?"

"Yes, Mark, of course."

"It must be simple, something so simple it will never be detected. Also something that has never been used before. We can't trust any sort of code, now. I've decided on green ink."

"Green ink?"

"If my letter should ever be written in green ink you must notify Joseph. He will remain in London until I've come back and I will come back, my darling."

Each week a letter came and each week I thanked all the gods in heaven that Mark was safe. Then in March two weeks edged by—then three. Every day was torture. Every night was hell. I think my mind was very nearly breaking. After a time, though, one day blended into the next and my senses were numbed. I couldn't taste or hear or feel and I didn't have to think. I'd gone through this before but never for so long.

Then on the 25th the letter came. I tore it open and sank into a chair half laughing, half crying with relief. It was in black ink. The words blurred. It was an hour before I was able, finally, to read. The letter was not long. It said,

Dearest Ellen,
I have been exceedingly busy,

darling. I'm sorry that I have kept you waiting so very long. I am well and as happy as I can ever be without you. In spite of my hard work little of importance has been accomplished. I had hoped to be home before Easter but I shall have to remain several months longer. You must not worry about me, dearest.

Germany is not nearly as uncouth and terrible as our country has led us to believe. Its people are for the most part as happy and contented as could be expected in war and do not hate us as we are made to abhor them.

The country is beautiful now. The grass grows greener each day and flowers are starting to bud. This is a Germany of health and wealth and production concentrated upon one supreme effort. The ingenuity of science has provided every need. I have noticed only one peculiar deficiency which, though trifling, appeals to what you call "my whimsical side." In all Germany, my darling, there is no green ink.

Try not worry and remember that I love you always, Ellen.

Mark.

Over Time

(Continued from page 12)

keep faith in your husband's return. Just keep listening for his footsteps and the sound of his key in your door—just keep waiting for him and he'll be back."

"I know he will," said Sally Jenkins.

"Just keep waiting," repeated the workman as he made a lunge for the window and pulled it open.

"Where are you going?" said Mrs. Jenkins.

The workman just smiled and waved goodbye as he stepped onto the fire-escape and ran down. "Just twenty minutes more," Jack thought as he reached the eighth floor. "Just twenty more minutes and his hour will be up—just twenty more minutes. All I have to do is get to the bottom, run across the park, and hide in the crowds in the street."

He stamped down the steel steps faster and faster. The floors lurched behind him—eighth—seventh—sixth—fifth—all of a sudden he felt the

(Continued on page 15)

LITERATURE

THE EMANCIPATION OF HENRY PARKADAY by Jane Strain '45

Mrs. Parkaday sat and glared at Mr. Parkaday.

Mr. Parkaday was the man who always said the wrong thing at the wrong time, and Mr. Parkaday had done it again. He flushed, and looked uneasily at the ceiling, at the tips of his scuffed black oxfords, anywhere but at Mrs. Parkaday or her guests.

Mr. Parkaday felt slightly uncomfortable at the thought of the scene that would inevitably follow, once he and Mrs. Parkaday were alone. How did he manage, he wondered, to put his foot in it every time. She and Caroline Legg had been talking about buying on credit, he remembered, when he left the room to bring in the tray of ginger-ale and oatmeal cookies: her idea of a pick-me-up for a hot summer day. He hadn't even been listening; he remembered he'd been wondering how long it had been since he'd had a scotch-and-soda, and when he heard her say something about not dreaming of owning anything that didn't entirely belong to her, "really, my dear," it had hardly penetrated. He'd made his way through the hot rooms, stumbling on the way, cracking his shin against the sharp corner of the modernistic divan, and returned with the tray.

And then—he'd only been making conversation; who wanted to talk to George Legg, anyway, fat old buzzard—and besides, she always wanted him to talk.

"Why don't you ever talk?" she always said. "You just sit there, and never open your head. You might at least try to be nice to my friends."

So he'd only been doing his duty as a host, and naturally picked on the only subject he'd heard for the last month.

"Know what Alice did the other day?" he'd said, jovially. "Went down and bought herself a silver fox on time."

Of course he'd recalled what they'd been talking about as soon as the words were out of his mouth, but, thought Mr. Parkaday, a man can get so tired of a woman's talk that he gets so he never listens to what she says.

So Mr. Parkaday sat, half-consumed ginger-ale in his hand, and gazed at the ceiling, and at his shoes, and outside, at the kids roller-skating in the street. ("Noisy brats," Alice called them.) He hadn't noticed before

how nice it was outside today—just right for golf. Why, he hadn't been out to the club, for anything but the lecture series, in—three years, at least. Good course, too, unless they'd put that bridge across the water-hole. No. 3 iron needs a new head, he reflected, and—

"Henry!"

Mr. Parkaday came back from the fairways with a start.

"Caroline wants some more ginger ale, dear."

Dear! Get that! Caroline should hear what she called him when they were alone. Talk about Sweetie-Face—

He eased himself out of the hard chromium chair and made his way back through the house to the kitchen, where he refilled dear Caroline's glass. As he approached the porch again, he noticed the carefully coiffed head of his wife, nodding brightly.

Mr. Parkaday had always hated women with their hair stuck up on top of their heads, and for a mad moment, he imagined how it would look, coming down all sticky and stringy, if he were to pour the ginger-ale on it. The remembrance of years of arguing, followed by years of submission, welled up in Henry Parkaday, and for one, brief moment he knew what it was to dream again. Letting his imagination go, he pictured how easy it would be: a few steps, a tilt of the glass—Mr. Parkaday closed his eyes luxuriously. He knew he would never have the courage, but the idea obsessed him. She would sit there for a minute, and then the ginger-ale would run down her face and off the end of her nose, and her make-up would streak, and her face would get all mottled, the way it did when she was angry.

And then Mrs. Parkaday laughed, loudly, and Mr. Parkaday blinked,

and the vision faded. He sighed, the sigh of a man who is putting aside forever the last flicker of rebellion, the sigh of a man who is licked, and knows it, and stepped out onto the porch.

George and Caroline Legg will never get over it. George always tells it, and Caroline adds things.

"She'd just said 'Henry, why don't you hurry! Why are you always so slow?' when he came onto the porch. He just stood there and looked at her for a minute, and then threw the ginger-ale right in her face."

Sportiscope

(Continued from page 9)

The first match saw the PCWomen going down to defeat as Mrs. Brecht's low skimmers and Dr. Spencer's dynamite charges boomed up the points. The young hopefuls came back for more and took the second contest with the aid of Wheaties and some faculty assistance. You've all talked about faculty-student relations—here's your opportunity to meet and play with some very swell people with no classroom atmosphere.

Ping-Pong Patter

In a slashing, driving game Sophomore Ruth Mendelson outscored Senior Jean Archer to capture the championship of the school. Playing an alert—almost tense—game, Ruth cut the corners and topped the net to come out victorious over Archie, who has figured in the finals or semi-finals every year and took the crown in 1941.

Badminton Banter

Play off your matches on time! Remember you have as good a chance to win as your opponent. Keep your head. The championship chair is empty and may be waiting for you. Why put yourself out of the running by forfeiting or being scratched off.

J. R.

For Flowers Call ARLINGTON FLOWER SHOP

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Over Time

(Continued from page 13)

cold, sticky clamp on his neck and he struggled to get away from the humpback behind him.

"Thought you'd get away, huh?" growled the other. "Thought you'd get away and make me lose my bonus! Well we'll see about—"

Jack had lurched away and was running faster and faster down the fire-escape—fourth—third—second—he put his foot on the ground at last and burst towards the park. He could feel another body running behind him and he knew it was black and humped—and he ran faster and faster and faster. All of a sudden in front of him was a wall, the vine-covered park wall.

"Ah!" snarled the voice behind him, "I've got ya now! Thought you'd cheat me out of a job, did ya?"

Jack turned around to see the black humpback charging towards him. He waited, his shoulders tense. Suddenly he kicked and the black humpback fell backwards into the mud. Jack turned to climb the wall, clutching the vines. Little by little he scrambled to the top, and he reached over and could feel the vine on the other side of the wall. But there was a clutch at his trousers' leg—a cold, sticky clutch. He kicked backward, then he climbed on the top and jumped.

And he hid himself in the crowds—in the crowds without faces. And he ran, knocking down big brown bags and stepping on red shoes. But when he looked behind him, he could always see the little black humpback coming closer and closer. And he ran, and the humpback ran. And Jack kept on and on through the crowd. But suddenly he stopped and turned around. The humpback had disappeared. Jack heard a ticking, an even, rhythmical ticking above him, and looking up he saw a clock on the bank building. "Oh boy!", shouted Jack, "The time is up! The time is up! The time is up!"

* * *

"Doctor, it's a miracle. He was almost gone, but now his pulse is slower and he's sleeping normally." He was in a delirium just a few minutes ago—kept waving his hands and saying 'The time is up The time is up!' But now he's all right. I just can't understand it!"

"There are many things we'll never understand," said the doctor.

EVERY TUESDAY . . . BUY WAR STAMPS AND LICK THE OTHER SIDE

ASK THE PARATROOPER

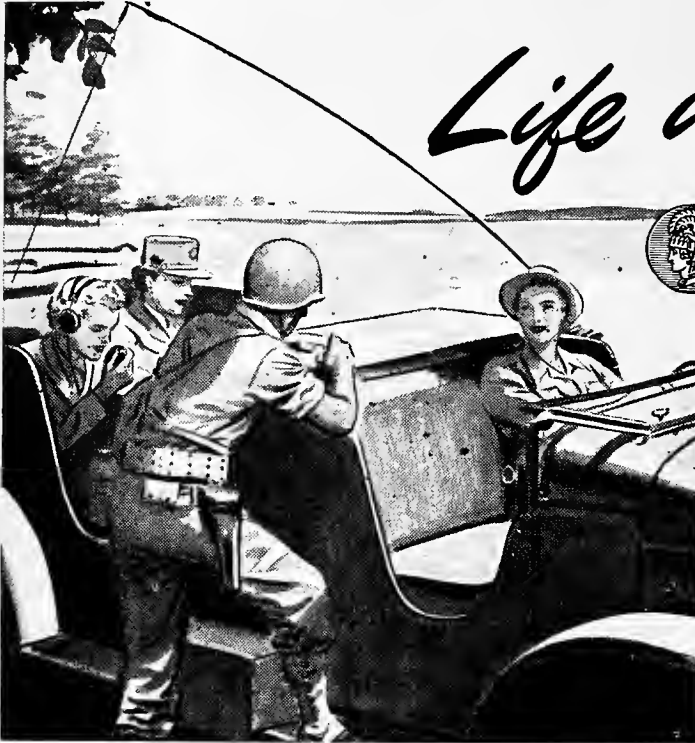
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Life in the WAAC



Some questions and answers of interest to every patriotic college woman

The drilling sounds so strenuous—!

Nonsense! Some calisthenics and drilling are vital to general good health and tuned-up reflexes. After a few weeks at Fort Des Moines, Daytona Beach or the new Fort Oglethorpe training center you'll feel better than ever in your life!

Maybe I wouldn't like the work?

People are happiest doing what they do well. Every effort is made to place you where your service will count most toward final Victory. You may have some latent talent that will fill a particular need for work interesting and new to women—such as repairing the famous secret bombsight, rigging parachutes, or driving an Army jeep over foreign terrain.

Have I a chance to learn something new?

Yes, indeed. And the list of WAAC duties grows constantly. The training and experience you get in the WAAC may equip you for many new careers opening up for women.

What are my chances of promotion?

Excellent. The Corps is expanding rapidly and needs new officers, both commissioned and noncommissioned. *Those who join now have the best chances.* All new officers now come up through the ranks. If qualified, you may obtain a commission in 12 weeks after beginning basic training.

What are the age and other requirements?

Very simple. You may join if you are a U. S. citizen, aged 21 to 44, inclusive, at least 5 feet tall and not over 6 feet, in good health—regardless of race, color or creed. But the Army needs you *now*—don't delay. Total War won't wait!

First of all, is the WAAC really needed?

Emphatically *yes!* Already the President has authorized the Corps to expand from 25,000 to 150,000. The Air Forces and Signal Corps have asked for thousands of WAAC members to help with vital duties. Both Ground Forces and Services of Supply are asking for thousands more. Members of the WAAC may be assigned to duty with the Army anywhere—some are already in Africa and England.

Can the WAAC really help win the war?

The whole idea of the WAAC is to *replace trained soldiers* needed at the front. If American women pitch in now to help our Army (as women in Britain, Russia and China do), we can hasten Victory—and peace.

What can my college education contribute?

College training is important equipment for many WAAC duties too long to list. Cryptography, drafting, meteorology, laboratory work, Link trainer and glider instructing, for example. If you are a senior *you may enroll at once* and be placed on inactive duty until the school year ends. See your WAAC faculty adviser for more details.

But can I live comfortably on WAAC pay?

There are few civilian jobs in which you could earn clear income, as WAAC enrolled members do, of \$50 to \$138 a month—with all equipment from your toothbrush to clothing, food, quarters, medical and dental care provided. WAAC officers earn from \$150 to \$333.33 a month.

Linguists needed. If you speak and write Spanish, Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese, Russian, French, German or Italian, see your local Army recruiting office *now!* You are needed for interpreting, cryptography, communications.

Women's Army Auxiliary Corps

"KEEP 'EM FLYING!"

For further information see your nearest

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING AND INDUCTION STATION

The ARROW

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Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburgh, Pa., April 27, 1943

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Good Sign

We've never noticed very closely how much the spirit of spring elections influences the spirit of campus government the following year, but right now we're hoping that said influence is strong. Characteristics of voting in the past few weeks may prove to be propitious signs for next year. It seemed that nominations from the floor were more carefully considered than usual, that selection of capable candidates over-rode personal prejudice. For few offices were there more than three nominees, a fact indicating closer attention to experience and eligibility rather than to popularity. In the cases of unanimous election of the Permanent Nominating Committee's candidates, whole-hearted support was apparent rather than that old let's-get-it-over-with attitude.

The last point brings us to a consideration of the recent motion made in SGA that the Nominating Committee submit the names of two candidates for each office instead of one. Before voting on this suggestions, which seemed to have the spontaneous approval of many, we hope that the student body will think over a few things involved. Are there two *equally* good candidates for every office? And does the Committee really establish precedents by its elections?

We feel that the alertness of the student body in nom-

inations and voting this year disapproves the need of such an amendment to the Constitution at this time. The students knew the persons they wanted in office, and elected them regardless of the type of nomination that put them on the ballot.

On Class Cooperation:

The old idea about a campus being a secluded, sheltered spot where young men and women spent four years in isolated splendor is no more. The campus boundaries have melted away, and the college is an integral part of today's war world.

We PCWites on the hill must learn to work together willingly and efficiently, must discover how we can do our best, put our most vital efforts to good use.

And so the **Arrow** proudly brings to its editorial columns the example of the recent Junior class production the "Floradora Frolic." In a very short time, but with very intensive effort, the girls brought forth an evening of fun that proved a grand experience not only for the hilariously happy Juniors, but for the whole college. Practically every member of the class did something to make the play a success. Behind the talent displayed was much hard work . . . in planning, writing, rehearsing, decorating, publicity. The painstaking deliberations of the committees were well worth while.

It is by such projects that we at PCW can train to do our share in the larger project before us. By learning to get along with each other, to do our bit and more, we can fit ourselves into the horde of persons doing their part and more to pick up the pieces of life shattered around us.

We congratulate the Junior class. More than that, we thank them for showing us how it can be done. The loud applause dealt them that Saturday evening will long ring loudly through the campus as a resounding reward to the Juniors, and an inspiring salvo to the other classes.

SCOOP! . . . *Pennsylvanian* Editor

Announcement came in after the **Arrow** had gone to press that Patty Leonard will be editor of the **Pennsylvanian** next year.

Tall, soft-spoken Patty has had varied experience in school activities. As a Freshman she was a member of the Junior Prom committee, and was elected Sophomore member of SGA board. This year it was she who guided the Freshmen through their orientation period, while holding office as Junior SGA member.

Many a dance has shown evidence of Patty's artistic talents in unique and colorful decorations. For a few days Patty was considering transferring to the University of Michigan next year to take special training in art, but admits that her resolve was "very wobbly."

She took time out from changing records on her ever-busy vic to say of her new job, "Honestly, I'm just thrilled—positively—it's wonderful!" Her sentiments are shared by the student body, who can well look forward to a capable and artistic recording of the classes of '43 and '44.

ELECTIONS

SGA

Our manly hero of "He Ain't Done Right by Nell" now finds PCW's most responsible office, that of SGA president, bestowed upon her capable blonde head. PCW, however, can't claim entirely the discovery of Peggy's merits. Cannonsburg High got the jump on us and voted her their best all-around girl three years ago. With her ever-present blush she also admitted that she swung a mean racquet long before she battled in our AA tennis tournaments. She was champion of "Guntown's" women's singles. Transferring from Western Reserve University last year she swung into basketball, swimming, hockey, and finally the Junior class presidency.

Margaret Lucille, (we haven't changed the subject, honestly) in her familiar blue jeans and cotton shirts, operated her own gas station last summer and did a rushing business too. Since rationing, however, she has decided to give up the enterprise. Plans for this summer's activities aren't as yet complete.

Yes, girls, Peggy actually knits those smooth long sweaters herself—although without her mother's help that new wine one would still be only a sleeve. And speaking of flattering clothes, if you haven't seen Peggy in black velvet you haven't seen the real Donaldson. Ah me, glamour!

Friend Adolf

Last year about this time our Peg was floating about in a dither. Now don't be shocked, but yes, it was a blessed event. Thunder was born. Thunder is Peggy's very own colt. His real name is Adolf. Let her tell you how he contracted his rugged alias. And that's not all. When she tires of riding Thunder she turns to another mode of transportation, one we'll be seeing more of as this war goes by. Thunder's maternal parent yields to her mistress's whim and reverts to the captivity of a buggy.

Peggy represents not the first, not the second, but the third generation of her family to come to PCW. Her grandmother attended classes on our hill in the good old days of the Pittsburgh Female Academy. This third generation outdoes itself in its contributions to our alma mater. Not only do we have Peg, but her sister Betsy, will enroll with the Frosh of '44.



PEGGY DONALDSON

Need I mention that Peggy has a brother. If you've noticed his picture in 304 you'll understand why he thinks PCW is the originator of mob violence.

Peggy is a math major. She doesn't exactly know what she'll do when she graduates but it'll be something approaching engineering. Anyway, that's all in the far off future when the wide wide world claims her. In the meantime, as our new president of SGA Peggy says, "If I could make the students half as proud of me as I am of the job they gave me, I'd be happy."

Barbara Caldwell

She was a member of the Permanent Nominating Committee as a Freshman, president and Charm Girl of her Sophomore class, and chairman of this year's recent Junior Prom. Her favorite phobia is coat hangers, because, she says, "They mix all up and fall down in a bunch, and rattle!" She has done more than her share of trail-blazing to the coke machine, and is majoring in economics and sociology.

She bemoans the fact that no one thinks she is the polka-dot-bow type, which troubles her greatly. Last year, during a chapel quiz program, when one of the younger male teachers on the faculty was asked to give the names of the four class presidents, hers was, by a strange coincidence, the only one he knew. Meet Barbara Caldwell, next year's Chairman of the Activities Council.

CLASS

Senior

In every sport there are champions. To be a champion you've got to have something on the ball, of course. But it takes more tough stuff to get in and stay in and keep your heart in the game as a substitute than it does to be a smoothie. Here's the girl who can do it. Not that she doesn't play tennis and hockey and basketball well—she does. She stuck it out and gave us a great big carload of what is called sportsmanship. That's what makes a team.

Mickey came to PCW from Taylor Allderdice. Her name has appeared more than once on the coveted list a la Dean. On the line at the start, she pulled her cerebrum into the light of day and snagged one of the Freshman history prizes. This year, every Thursday without fail she has committed the SGA minutes to parchment. She has been working, too, with our Defense Council, preparing PCW for the "days when."

Mick spent last summer presiding over a war bond booth at Carnegie Illinois. Perhaps you saw one of the mobs of men (cross my heart and hope to die) milling around the place. She also whiled away a summer in a Chautauqua beanery and enjoyed it no end. Last year she took a little trip to New York. If she'd had her way she would have established a permanent residence there (in the Stork Club.)

If in your penny collection, which, we hope, you are about to throw in the face of a worthy Jap, you should unearth a copper of the mintage 1922, please save same for Mickey. She doesn't know what mint letter, D., S., or V. D. B., is the one to keep so she confiscates them all.

We all think about keeping a scrap book at one time or another. McCullough traversed the road of contemplation long ago and got around to doing something about it. She's proud of her scrap book and she invites you all to come over and see it. You won't be disappointed.

Mickey's major is Spanish. The aim of her work is in the diplomatic field but the aim of her life is to become Mrs. Paul Lohmeyer. Knowing Paul, we think she's got the right idea. Of a future career she says, quote "If I could get married, I'd throw the whole thing over."

(Continued on page 4)

ELECTIONS

Class

(Continued from page 3)

About her new office she simply tells us she's thrilled to be president of the class of '44 and those words from Mickey mean smooth sailing with the best at the helm.

Other members of the class cabinet are Vice President, Ruth Jenkins, Secretary, Portia Geyer, and Treasurer, Gladys Heimert.

Junior

"Put us down as women of mystery," said PCW's best known Big-and-Little-Sister duo, Alice Craig and Helen Gilmore, newly elected presidents of next year's Junior and Sophomore classes. Alice, who gets anybody's vote for the most Irish Irishman anywhere, was AA representative in her Freshman year and was elected treasurer of the association this year.

Her idea of a lovely time is to play basketball or volleyball or baseball or hockey all day, and then go dancing all night to her favorite tune, "Leave Us Go Root for the Dodgers, Rodgers," keeping her energy up with cokes. Mary Alice is majoring in English, with an eye toward Pitt's Retail Training School sometime in the distant future. Preparing for a career in retail selling, her choice since her freshman year in high school, she is working at Horne's and will stay there during the summer. "In," says Alice, "the Artificial Flower Department." Not only is she allergic to them, she hates them. Most of her mail goes to Camp Davis, but she also has an interest in Pitt's Medical School — philanthropic, she says.

Other officers of the incoming Junior class are Vice President, Mary Jane Youngling, Secretary, Alice Hanna, and Treasurer, Patty Smith.

Sophomore

Helen Gilmore is also very interested in sports, and cuts a mean rug in her own right. She intends to take secretarial subjects. She claims to have a nasty disposition, but blames it on the chronic writer's cramp she has had since she took her first history note, which may or may not be a coincidence.

Helen comes from Allderdice, where she was president of the Senior Leaders, the Sports Club, and is

on the business staff of the **Arrow** at PCW. "I owe all to my big sister," the new Sophomore class president says, "and my happiest moment was during the Freshman-Sophomore hockey game, when I hit her in the teeth with a hockey stick." Alice and Helen believe they have the beginnings of a beautiful friendship.

To assist Helen in her presidency the class elected as Vice President Mary Wells, and Peggy Riffe as Secretary and Miram Egger as Treasurer.

Betty Brown

Betty Brown, new Senior member of SGA, is an old hand at school government. At Ellis she was president of her Senior class and later headed her dorm at Skidmore College where she spent her first two years of higher learnin'.

Her interests run from making hats ("Sometimes I wear 'em—sometimes I don't.") to painting, knitting, cooking, swimming, music appreciation, and modern dance.

Our interests run to her smooth twin brother, Bob, a senior at Princeton.

Polly Wilson

Polly Wilson, new Junior member of SGA and advisor to the class of '46, has interesting plans for her will-be advisees.

"Well," said this former president of the Freshman class and treasurer of SGA, "first of all, I'm going to gather the whole class together and conduct them on a personal tour to the haunted Berry tower—just to get them in the spirit of things."

Polly, former Peabody High student in the midst of a knit two purl two, admitted that her hobby was knitting.

Nancy Stauffer

Nancy Stauffer, newly elected Chairman of the Honor Committee, is an English and Spanish major who hopes to teach in Latin America when she leaves PCW. Nancy, besides being on the Dean's List every semester, is president of the Glee Club, a Freshman Counsellor, an **Arrow** staff member, and this year's Secretary of Woodland Hall. She hopes to work at the American Bridge Company this summer, as she has for the last two years.

YW

They say Sally is the quiet type. We think too many offices are listed to her credit to merit said category. At Wilkinsburg High she was president of the Science Club. What happened to that science urge, Sally? She was on the year-book staff and a member of the National Honor Society. At Wilkinsburg, too, she earned the title of Miss Seventeen in the 1940 contest.

She kept the right foot forward when she entered PCW's class of '44. The Freshman Commission snagged her and later she became class secretary. She was SGA treasurer this year and her new YW presidency is only a step in the right direction from her '43 vice-presidency.

It seems there is a Sophomore in Pitt Medical School whose name is Hydie. Hydie and Sally. Doesn't sound bad, does it? Over the phone it sounds even better and he calls her every night.

Sal has been a camp counsellor and has worked at Jonasson's in the baby department, no less (baby clothes, of course). Her major is in elementary education, too.

Cabinet

Also elected to YW executive positions are Betty Johnescu, Vice President, Mary Ann Letsche, Secretary, Phyllis Ingraham, Treasurer.

HAROLD'S FLOWER SHOP

232 Oliver Avenue at Wood Street

Pittsburgh, Pa.

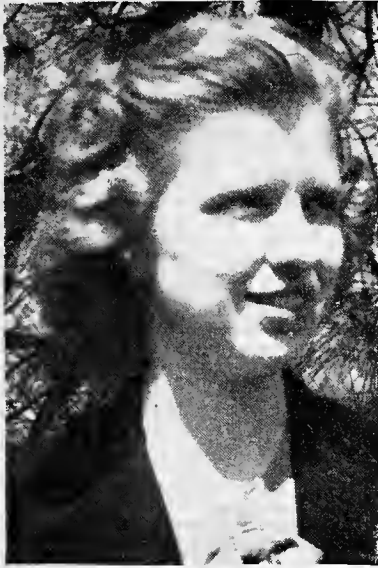
"Flowers That Talk"

COurt 8846—8844

Sully Nesta

Harold Krongold

ELECTIONS



MARTHA HARLAN

HOUSE

Martha Harlan

If you have a tendency toward visual hallucinations we suggest that you refrain from a peek at a Harlan family reunion. Martha's father, mother, brother, uncles, aunts, and cousins all have hair in various shades ranging from red to red.

After "Strolling Through the Park" in the Junior entertainment Marty, new House Government president, told us that she has been musically inclined from infancy. Her talents have been highly diverse and divers to say the least. She played a cello in the orchestra at Mt. Lebanon High and later digressed to the ocarina (sweet potato to you) and the guitar. You'd never know it to look at her, would you? Perhaps you remember a few years ago in the American Weekly an extensive write-up with pictures publicizing the organization of a swing band at Mt. Lebanon. Marty was the leader of said band. If you did see the write-up, you never heard more of the project because it didn't materialize. Marty assures us that House Government will not suffer so cruel a fate.

In ninth grade there really was an orchestra—this time an all-state band. There was a movie short made of it and Marty did an admirable job as background. She sat on a little raised platform holding her cello. Sixteen hours of practice under the lights produced a two minute production.

In her high school days Marty

spent her summers at a small man-made lake near Columbus. There her four-year-old cousin came through admirably and introduced our carrot-top to the male residents of the area (plug for the usefulness of children).

Marty worked on her high school year book and paper. She has done **Arrow** make-up and was its proof-reader this year. She has held two money-handling jobs at PCW—house
(Continued on page 10)

Arrow Editors

The long and the short of things will be combined on the **Arrow** staff next year. At a recent meeting of the Board of Publications, Ann McClymonds and Helen Smith were elected the new Co-Editors.

Ann (just-call-me-shorty) McClymonds is an **Arrow**worker from away back. She was on the feature staff in her Freshman year, then Feature Editor, and Co-Editor this year. A look at her Wilkinsburg High School record would seem to prove that her interests are somewhat erratic. She was president of the Drama Club and at the same time in charge of an uplifting society known as the Famous Quotations Squad. At present her chief dislike is still sports, but she'd walk a mile for an ice cream cone. Her most abysmal ignorance is in the field of music, but she struggles to make up for it by taking English and history majors and by planning to do Special Honors work next year. As a rule she's a rather stolid soul, but the glassy look in her eye right now belies the fact. The hazy state is caused, of course, by Lt. Turnock's furlough before he makes off for California. "Ah, to be in California, now that April's here!"

If Helen survives her summer job of driving a truck full of TNT, she should make a splendid editor. In Mercer high school she edited the annual and newspaper simultaneously, and is now racing through a double English and chemistry major here. Last year she won second prize in the Short Story contest, and this year between labs she's spent most of her time working in class projects. She was barker of the Junior circus last fall, directed and helped write the play for the class competition, and directed and acted in the more recent Junior mellerdrama.

Ann says of her new co-worker, "She'll be fun to work with and I know she'll be a fine editor." Smith, in reply, says, *Write that down!*"



JEAN RIGAUMONT

AA

For one who had whooping cough, pneumonia, chicken pox, double mastoid, and a tonsilectomy in one year Rig looks pretty healthy, don't you think? That is a chapter in her past before she became a little 5' 2" AA president. She's been dancing since she was twelve, doing ballet, tap, toe, ballroom, and acrobatic. Plus hockey, basketball, tennis, and swimming. Riggly has mastered the fine art of fencing. All this was discovered while she was still an Allderdice undergrad. She was made a Senior Leader, quite an honor in the athletic-scholastic realm.

Now for the skeleton in the family cupboard. Prepare yourselves. Riggly used to play the violin. Her favorite solo was Shubert's *Serenade*. Them days, though, are gone forever. Now she satisfies her music tooth with her radio and vic.

In a corner of her room all her notes are neatly filed, material proof of the student in her. But even the plainest outline has a touch of originality because Riggly likes green ink. Another of her pet passions is cheese. She'd rather eat cheese than meat which is fortunate in these days of rationing when choices must be made.

If you want to throw a party, the kind with little iced cakes and tiny fancy cookies, and you can't bake 'em yourself, don't shop for them. Just let Rig know. She'll fix you up. They're her specialty although she says she supposes she could cook any-

(Continued on page 11)

EVENTS

Comprehensives

Outstanding members of the Senior class will take comprehensive examinations in their various fields from April 28 to May 1. These Seniors, proven capable of individual and intensive work, were chosen by the faculty Committee on Honors Work. Selection for honors work is based on faculty recommendations, college records, and scholastic aptitude.

To be eligible for Special Honors work a student must have a weighted average of three at the end of her Junior year and maintain that average during her Senior year. She receives six credit hours each semester for her special work, directed by a faculty member, and must take nine credit hours of class work in addition. Special Honors are awarded to the student who has fulfilled with distinction, in the opinion of the examining committee, the following requirements: a paper showing the results of her special duty, an oral examination in her special field including a defense of her paper, and a comprehensive examination in her field to be passed with a minimum grade of B.

General Honors are awarded at commencement to the students who pass the comprehensive examinations in their fields with grades of not less than B. Candidates for Special and General Honors are required to attend weekly seminars conducted by the members of the various departments.

Gardens

PCW's victory gardens, located in the former Mellon vegetable garden, now have ten gardeners to work in them. The students and faculty members who agreed to work will be here all summer to take care of their plots and harvest their crops. Mrs. Martin, in charge of the group, says they will plant tomatoes, carrots, and green vegetables with high nutritive value, such as lettuce and mustard greens. There will be no corn planted because the rats eat it and no potatoes because they don't grow well in this soil. The group can't report much progress at present, because of bad weather conditions.

JUNIOR FROLIC

"They said such things and they did such things" in the chapel on Saturday, April 3. A gay nineties gal set in the midst thereof would never have doubted the authenticity of the Juniors' Bowery-for-a-night. Red and white crepe paper streamers, huge wall posters, tin can foot lights, plus a full-fledged root-beer bar contributed to the good old Nineties devil-may-care atmosphere and took us back almost half a century in a wink of Lillian Bustle's eye.

The Floradoras frolicked and the Can Canners fell exhausted at our feet backstage after their gruelling performances. One of the Strollers Through the Park couldn't find her derby and was on the point of epilepticity when it was finally located on the worthy pate of the cafe's only souse.

At check and plaid-swathed tables, drinking Dad's Old Fashioned with gusto, sat an extremely cooperative audience. They hissed the wolf in sheep's clothing. They cheered the manly hero. They sang with Lillian Bustle and ate pretzels in the interims. Their ears ringing with *Take Back Your Gold*, the jokes of the Happy Boys, and little Nell's "Who could o' did this foul deed?" they wandered out into the night air of '43. A wilder, gayer evening couldn't have been had by all.

For an eleven day practice we think the Juniors did right well. "Could it be," said they, "that it is all over. After all our hyperactivity we're lucky to have exams to keep us from boredom."

Donations

In the last week of March PCW's campaign for musical instruments and athletic equipment for war prisoners brought in the admirable contribution of sixteen musical instruments and twenty-six pieces of athletic equipment. For publicity and advertising purposes, the school campaign was started a week in advance, so that the cause would be well known when the city drive began. Chairmen of the campaign were Evelyn Fulton and Mrs. Owens. Miss Errett was in charge of athletic equipment, and Miss Held of musical instruments.

Teas

Freshman

In honor of the Junior class, the Freshmen gave a tea on Wednesday, April 14, from two until four, in Andrew Mellon Hall. Miss Marks, Dr. Martin, the Junior advisor, and Mrs. Watkins, the Freshman advisor, were the guests.

Co-chairmen of the affair were Kitty Lancaster and Midge Kovacs. On their committee were Nina McAdams, Doris Sisler, Janet Bovard, and Priscilla Hendryx.

Several musical selections were given as entertainment; those participating were Bea Keister, Helen Witte, Joan Titus, and Pat Walton. Refreshments of punch and cookies were served in the dining room.

The tea gave the newer Freshmen a chance to meet more of the girls from the Junior class, and at the same time the other Freshmen had an opportunity to see their so-busy Big Sisters.

Sophomore

The Sophomore tea for the Seniors will be held on Wednesday afternoon, April 28. The chairman, June Collins, has on her committee Sally Landis, Margie Elliot, Anna Downing, and Mary Gallagher.

In the receiving line will be Mickey McFarland, Sophomore class president; Marion Rowell, Senior president; Dr. Wallace, Sophomore advisor; and June Collins. Mrs. Shupp, Senior advisor, and Mrs. Wallace will pour.

Alumnae

A tea for the Senior class, with pink sweet-pea corsages carrying out the class colors, was held by the Alumnae Association after their Council Meeting on the last Saturday in March. Miss Marks and Mrs. Spencer poured, with about seventy-five former PCW students present and many of the Senior class.

At the Alumnae Council Meeting there were discussions about the smaller groups of Alumnae in the different sections near Pittsburgh, with new ideas for organization. Miss Marks gave a brief talk and Dr. Spencer concluded the meeting by telling the group about the new war courses to be given next year.

EVENTS

Summer Work

To PCW girls who desire work, there are great opportunities this summer in agriculture, industry, and community service. The National Student Council of the YWCA and the regional council are sponsoring student workers projects which will supplement the actual academic training of the student with actual work experience and also help to meet the nation's manpower shortage. The plan is this: groups of thirty to fifty students will live in a community for ten weeks, probably June 18 to August 28, when they will work together at regular jobs on farms, in factories, shops, offices or community agencies, drawing the usual wages for this work. Three sessions per week will be devoted to the discussion of social, economic, political and religious problems of community life. An adult counsellor will direct each project.

Students who desire to work on these conditions will be selected through application upon the recommendation of faculty members. Some groups will be only for women, others will include men and women. A registration fee will be charged to cover the cost of the project. Besides gaining invaluable experience from this work, students will learn the answers to such problems as how many hours one should work, what constitutes a living wage, why farm wages are so low while food prices are so high, and other such contemporary problems of everyday living.

Skating Party

On Saturday, April 10th, eighty-five PCWites donned their skates at the Lexington Roller Skating Rink. They skated from two to four-thirty and whether on their feet or on the floor, they had a rollicking time. The original plan to have Pitt Air-Cadets left through when the commanding officer wouldn't extend PCW's invitation to the boys. Sally Lou Smith, chairman, stated that a private party was promised but the apparent misunderstanding on the part of the management of the skating rink resulted in their neglecting to make the necessary arrangements. Chickie Sawders, Priscilla Hendryx, Martha Coate, and Sue Norton made up Sally Lou's committee. All in all, the hot-dogs, cokes, and spills made up an enjoyable afternoon.

LIBRARY CONTEST

Saturday afternoon, April 17, the Library Committee entertained the seven Seniors who had entered the Personal Library Contest at tea in the Browsing Room. Faculty and girls sipped tea, and appreciatively nibbled delicious chocolate cream puffs, candies and nuts passed by Mrs. Hansen and Student Library Chairman Janet McCormick. Former PCW librarian McCarty poured.

First prize of \$10 went to Vance Hyde. Her varied exhibit ranged from *Little Women* and the *Harvard Classics* to Lloyd Douglas' best seller *The Robe*. Included was a selection of Vance's own poems.

Jean Sweet received the \$5 second prize. Her library included volumes of Proust and Tolstoy, Van Loon's *Lives*, a dictionary, and a copy of Roget's *Thesaurus*.

Libraries revealed the tastes and personalities of their owners. Louise Wallace's contained some excellent volumes on art, Currier and Ives Prints, and *World Famous Paintings*; Edith Cole's *Better Bridge for Better Players*, aroused a chuckle as did her *Sub-Treasury of American Humor*; Amy McKay showed some old books she had recently received, the *New Normal Fifth Reader* being one of the most interesting; Marian Lambie's illustrated copy of *Romeo and Juliet* aroused attention; while Miles Janouch displayed two copies of Louis Adamic's works, and Thomas Wolfe's *You Can't Go Home Again* in her group.

Discussions

Freshman speakers discussed "Woman's Place After the War" in a symposium held in the Conover Room, Thursday afternoon, April 15, at 3:30.

Martha Coate, of PCW, spoke on "Education of Women After the War." Ann Pascasio, Pitt student, clarified "The Attitude of Men Returning From the Battlefronts Concerning Women's Place in Industry." Representatives invited from Mount Mercy and Seton Hill Colleges discussed other phases of the general subject.

Each speaker gave a six-minute talk, after which an open discussion, under the direction of Chairman Martha Yorkin, was held. Later, tea was served.

In charge of committees were Eva

May Day

Official May Day this year for PCW will be May 3. Because of the war, the usual elaborate celebration presented every four years and scheduled for this year was cancelled. Instead, moving pictures of the 1939 May Day will be shown in chapel by Dr. Kinder. As in other years, though, the Freshmen will give each Senior a basket of flowers on May Day.

The traditional May Day celebration included a procession led by the May Queen, Robin Hood, Queen Elizabeth and their numerous attendants, all chosen from the Senior class. The main event of the day was the crowning of the May Queen. Members of the Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman classes provided the dancing numbers and the play *King, George and the Dragon* was given. In 1939 Miss Rachel Kirk, Field Secretary, was the dragon. The celebration ended with the winding of the four Maypoles by all those on the program.

WSSF

Under the sponsorship of YW a campus campaign for the World Student Service Fund has been started. This organization operates primarily in the colleges and universities of the United States in order to raise money for student war relief. Its help goes to students and faculty who are victims of war in all parts of the world.

The initial step in the campaign was a chapel program in which Mr. Frank Fulton spoke on the condition of students in foreign lands. Mr. Fulton taught in China and recently obtained his PhD at Yale.

On the Wednesday following Mr. Fulton's address, a silver collection was held for the WSSF. The YW cabinet has announced that \$35 was collected.

The tea which was to be held in connection with the campaign was cancelled because of the numerous activities on campus at the same time.

Caloyer, general Social Chairman; Sally Parker, chairman of the Food Committee; Sue Norton, chairman of the Committee on Room and Decorations; and Nine McAdams, head of the Publicity Committee.

EVENTS

Oratory

Marking a high point in interest among the faculty and students PCW's participation in the Jefferson Oratorical contest, sponsored by the Hearst papers, was quite successful. Five entrants in the school contest were Marilou Haller, who spoke on Jefferson's educational policies; Evelyn Glick and Ruth Mendelson, both of whom compared Jefferson in his day with the place his ideals are playing in the world today; Phyllis Jones, speaking on Jefferson's foreign policies; and Norma Bailey, who viewed Jefferson as the symbol of democracy. In the student-faculty voting, Evelyn Glick was selected to represent PCW in the college Western Pennsylvania eliminations. Other colleges taking part were Pitt, Tech, Mt. Mercy, Penn State, St. Francis and Seton Hill. At the finals held in the Foster Memorial, the Penn State representative won the first prize and an opportunity to go to Chicago to participate in the national semi-finals, where he came out in third place. Pitt, and Mt. Mercy took second and third prizes respectively, while PCW's Evelyn Glick won a twenty-five dollar War Bond.

Spring Dance

Cafe Cotillion was the popular dating place of PCWites and their men on Saturday, April 17, at the Spring Dance. Green striped awnings, tiny round tables, and pink flowerpots transformed the chapel into a typical sidewalk cafe. Music was provided by a section of Bernie Armstrong's orchestra under the direction of Buddy Murphy, with handsome Buzz Aston of KDKA as featured vocalist.

The receiving line which greeted the dancers as they entered the cafe included Miss Marks, Mrs. Albert Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Paul F. Shupp and Barbara Findley. The committee responsible for the novel theme and its distinctive decorations consisted of Barbara Findley, chairman, Betty Johnescu, Mary Elizabeth Kinney, Miriam Davis, Mary Ann Church, Helen Louise Myers and Nancy Jean Means. The usual double dance arrangements were cancelled this year and the combined dance for all four classes substituted.

It would be well for us to look ahead to the schedule of events closing the semester. Moving-Up Day, on May 12 with its awards and closing exercises, will be followed by Study Day on Thursday, May 13. Final examinations begin on Friday, May 14.

Faculty Party

Sponsored by the science department faculty and chaired by Mrs. Bishop, the Faculty Snack Party in the Conover Room on April 9, featured all kinds of sports. There was music, bridge, pingpong, swimming, and bowling with Mrs. Martin's team capturing the title over the competitions of Mrs. Brecht's team. Doughnuts, potato chips, and coke were on the evening's menu. Another snack party is being planned for the near future.

Campus Day

Do you remember when you were a high school Senior and an invitation came for you to attend PCW's Campus Day? This year as always, Campus Day will be held May 8, with Miss Kirk—fingers crossed for nice weather—in charge of the entertainment.

With plans for a full afternoon, high school Seniors will first be shown the campus by students, ending their tour at the chapel for a brief program there, and finally going to a tea at Andrew Mellon Hall.

Retreat

Retreat this year will be held on campus on May 1. The old and new officers of SGA, the YW cabinet, AA board, House board, and the **Arrow** editors meet to discuss the problems of the past year and to formulate plans for remedying them next year.

The group will meet jointly from 1:30 until 4:30 Saturday afternoon. From 4:30 until 6:00 they will be free to relax, and at 6:00 dinner will be served. In the evening from 7:30 until 10:00 the groups will meet separately.

In former years Retreat has been held off campus, usually at a camp where the group could spend the weekend. But this year due to transportation difficulties and the food shortage, it will last only one day.

Chapels

Pescha Kagan, guest pianist at PCW for her second consecutive year presented her last recital in the series of four programs in a special chapel program held Monday morning, April 26, from 11:30 a. m. to 1:00 p. m. Miss Kagan's concert was composed entirely of requests that have been made by the faculty and students. Having studied under the two great masters, Paderewski and Schnabel, Miss Kagan ranks high among the outstanding pianists of our time. Her recent programs held on March 16th and 23rd and April 9th have been a source of pleasure to all of the faculty and student body and friends of the college who have attended them.

Garratt to Play

George Robert Garratt, young outstanding pianist from Pittsburgh, will present a piano concert composed of his own compositions in a chapel program during the first week of May. Mr. Garratt has studied at the Chicago Musical College under Rudolph Ganz and Dr. Wold. His compositions have been played by the Illinois Symphony. He is an admirer of Rachmaninoff, and has modeled many of his own compositions after those of Rachmaninoff. Mr. Garratt is a writer, a composer, and an orchestrator as well as an accomplished pianist. His sister, Jane Murray, is now a Sophomore at PCW.

Story Contest

Short story contest time is here again. The annual competition, started by the Omega Society, will be sponsored this year by the Student Activities Council. The contest is now open, and Mrs. Shupp has asked that all entries be handed in no later than April 26. The judges will be outsiders, probably alumnae.

There will be two prizes given; first prize \$10, second prize \$5. The winners will be announced on Moving Up Day. The winners last year were Janet McCormick, Helen Smith, and Suzanne McLean.

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ARTS

QUALITY STREET

The presentation of *Quality Street* is past but may its memory linger on. It will undoubtedly linger in the minds of those who worked so hard to see its production through. Orchids to Miss Robb for her splendid job at directing and a chocolate cake to Mr. Kimberly for the lovely sets. (Miss Robb is very fond of orchids and Mr. Kimberly of chocolate cake—as his stage craft class discovered.) Janet Valentine Browne McCormick could have easily stolen the heart of many girls of the present war period and lovely Jane Evans would charm many a man in her dual role of Miss Phoebe and Miss Livvy. Jane has been a personality in the speech department since her Freshman days, is a favorite on the PCW stage.

Miss Susan did a splendid job. Lorny Wolf's graduation, too, is a sad loss to the PCW speech department. In the past four years there is only one play, except of course the senior productions, that didn't feature Lorraine. She's been a queen, a school mistress, a greedy servant, a murderess, a colored maid and even a stage manager.

Bouquets also to Jean Archer, as Henrietta; Eleanor Garrett, Miss Willoughby; Marian Lambie, Fanny; Jean Wyre, Ensign Blades; Dorothy Minneci, Charlotte; Janet Ross, Lieutenant Spicer; Marjorie Noonan, Sergeant; Peggy Suppes, Patty; Peggy Dietz, Harriet; and Elizabeth Maroney, the soldier. So versatile are the talents and figures of the class of '43 that they not only can play the parts of men but even little children so in those roles we saw Martha Truxall, Virginia Hendryx, Louise Graves, Helen Jane Taylor and Eleanor Keffer.

In her usual role as the business woman we found Claire Horwitz as the business manager assisted by

Mary Campbell. Claire, too, has been in the speech department since her Freshman year and except for this year acted in practically every play. Taking complete advantage of the abilities of the speech majors' stage manager, Helen Jane Taylor "wore the pants" for her class. Since H. J. transferred to PCW she has participated in some capacity in every production of her department. Capable Marian Teichmann spent many an evening in the sewing room with pins and patterns for companions. Other chairmen included Amy McKay, Louise Wallace, and Margaret Anderson, heading program, publicity, and usher committees respectively.

Before the Friday evening performance, Hood and Tassel sold chances on prizes. Their purpose was to raise money for their annual award to an outstanding Junior class member. At the drawing Betty Anthon won an album of Tommy Dorsey recordings, Jane Strain won a perky stuffed giraffe, and Amy McKay received a set of Chen Yu nail polish.

Recitals

Music major Marion Kieffer will give a recital on May 15 at 8:30 p. m. in the Art Center. Her program consists of five groups of songs: Bach, Hayden, and Mozart; Schubert; modern Russian; modern English; and last, spirituals. Frieda Ellsworth will accompany Marion. The student body is invited to attend.

On April 17 a group of PCW students entertained the East McKeesport Young Women's Club of the Methodist Church. The program consisted of readings by Mary Jane Youngling, flute and clarinet solos by Edith Succop and Pauline Basenko, respectively, piano numbers by Patricia Walton, and solos by Alice Lee Gardner and Dale Kirsopp.

The Music and Modern Dance Department collaborated in a recital at the Art Center today. The Ensemble played the *Third Movement of the Bach Quintet—for Flute and Strings*, and the *First Movement of the Beethoven Trio for Violin, Cello, and Piano*. Patsy Speers, Edna Schuh, and Dale Kirsopp appeared in *Op-pression*, an original dance. Stella Myers, Marie Rohrer, Mary Ann Rumbaugh were featured in *I Wish I Were Single Again* with Alice Lee Gardner singing. Marion Swannie danced *Levity*. Dale Kirsopp sang *By*

the Bend of the River and *Mary Is a Grand Old Name*. Alice Lee Gardner sang *Music I Heard With You* and *Miranda* by Hageman.

Pageant

The Speech Department, Glee Club, and Modern Dance classes have collaborated this year, and will present a pageant for the benefit of War Relief on May 5th in the Frick Auditorium. The pageant is an historical presentation of man's fight for freedom from the Hebrew enslavement in Egypt, through the Babylonian age, Greek democracy, the English Magna Carta, the American and French Revolutions, and the United States Civil War, and will be climaxed by the United Nation's Fight for Freedom today.

The Glee Club, under the direction of Mrs. Ayars, is participating in the pageant instead of having its usual spring concert with W. and J. All Miss Errett's modern dance classes are included and Jane Evans will do a solo dance.

The Verse Speaking Choir, under Miss Robb's direction, will feature Marilou Haller as reader.

Students and friends of PCW are invited to attend the two-hour War Relief benefit program.

Music Contest

On March 12 music students between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three gathered in the Foster Memorial on the campus of the University of Pittsburgh to participate in a state-wide music contest. The contest for student musicians in Pennsylvania was sponsored by the National Federation of Music Clubs in an effort to find the outstanding young pianist, singer, and violinist of the year.

The winner of the pianists' contest was PCW Junior Marion Cohen. Her musical selections were Bach's *Prelude and Fugue*, Mendelssohn's *Variations Serieuses*, and Griffé's *Fountain of acqua-Paola*.

On April 3 the winners of the various contests went to Philadelphia for the district contest of the Eastern states. Marion said, "I lost to New Jersey but I had a wonderful time."

The contests for music students of Pennsylvania and the district contest are held every other year, and Marion says she would like to enter the contest again a year from now.

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FEATURES

HOME MAKING

PCW girls for the duration are improving their minds and hands in the home economics department preparing for home makin' after the war, when wedding bells and rice will give way to vacuum cleaners and mashed potatoes.

The cooking class this year has learned a wealth of new things: wise marketing, proper table service, cuts of meat, nutritional principles, and meal planning. Once a week for food lab the girls cook a full course meal and then eat it in their own dining room in Andrew Mellon Hall. They present an incongruous sight as they sit before a perfectly laid table with their kitchen smocks, hair nets, and shiny noses. The girls take turns acting as host, hostess "children" and guests. The host is the meal manager and also the meat carver. While the class sits in agonized silence, the host must dissect the meat. So far in the foods class there have been few casualties and even fewer failures: there was one flustered newcomer who couldn't make her gelatin "jell." One of their meals was a roast chicken dinner. Miss Ayers vows that each girl must be able to make a really good cup of coffee.

The home management class combines home decoration, budgeting, and practical application of home-making principles. The girls drew rooms and floor plans, and chose the color schemes. On one of their field trips they got textile, paint, wallpaper, and rug samples. On their latest field trip they chose furniture in keeping with their budget for the first year of marriage. They must furnish an apartment on \$500 including kitchen utensils, sheets, towels. If you think that is easy on \$500, just try it. As their project, they must make something for the home: draperies or slip covers, or finish a piece of furniture. They are learning to shop wisely and at the same time to plan their homes within small budgets.

The clothing class is like a success course for would-be beauties. The girls study make-up, jewelry, hats, and colors for every type of person. If one of them should be wearing light instead of sun-tan make-up, the class puts her right. They study clothing styles and decide what dress is best for a certain type. Then they choose patterns and begin work, learning sewing technique and they work on spring suits, silk prints, and play clothes. The class has been and will

be extremely helpful for all those girls who swear they cannot sew a single stitch. Take the clothing course and you will baffle your friends with the things you learn by patient practice.

So you can see that the home economics department is really accomplishing things. No longer do you learn only principles; today you must learn to apply them. This is the new way for the duration and after.

Judge Contest

The foods class has been asked by the Post-Gazette to choose the winner of its Ration Recipe Contest for the week of April 16th. Each morning the Post-Gazette prints a prize-winning recipe of a one-dish meal submitted by a reader. At the end of the week all the recipes which have been printed that week are judged, the winner receiving a twenty-five dollar War Bond. The judges take into consideration the low-point value of the ingredients used, the attractiveness of the dish, and ease in preparation. PCW girls tried out the different recipes and submitted the name of the winner with reasons for their selection. Mount Mercy College has also acted as judge.

Campus Comments

The Freshman class has proved its caliber. Such events as the Song Contest have amply displayed its talents. Dr. Spencer's recent announcement of the girls' high standing in the American Consul examination is but a confirmation of an accepted fact. We salute the Freshman class BRAIN.

Who said all the shooting ability is in the military services. Seems PCW markswomen are more than holding their own behind those guns, with plenty to spare. We think our riflers should be rewarded, so pass the ammunition, gals!

We were hoping that Campus Comments could come forth with some dreamy trivia about Spring, the daffodils, and the forsythia. As the **Arrow** goes to press, dark, menacing clouds hang heavy in the skies, snow flakes flutter determinedly to the ground, and the chill breezes make us hang our cottons and chambrays deep in our closets again, and reach for our heaviest skirt. Those spring chirpings seem fated never to come into print.

(Continued from page 5)

treasurer and Freshman class treasurer. Among her money-making jobs was an interesting one as a Carnegie Illinois office handy-man. She is also second vice president of SGA this year. She plays tennis and hockey and loves to ride although she has been thrown twice, once to the tune of a broken foot. Her most beloved sport, however, is golf. She used to shoulder the clubs at nine A. M. and take her lunch because it was usually five P. M. before the eighteenth flag appeared on the horizon.

Martha Cox

Martha Cox, next year's President of Woodland Hall, is an economics major, but hopes to continue her study of piano at Julliard when she graduates from PCW. Her tentative plans also include graduate work in economics at Pitt. She is well known to members of her class for her work on the song committees, as Sophomore pianist, and as a member of the stage crew during the recent play contest. Martha's challenging game of basketball won her a place on the honorary team this year.

Other Officers

Also elected recently to House Board were Alice Demmler, Vice President, Caroline Cosel, Secretary, Kitty Lancaster, Treasurer, and Joanne Knauss and Jean Bacon, Senior Members.

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FEATURES

AA

(Continued from page 5)

thing under compulsion. By compulsion we think she means a hungry male.

Some sing in concert halls, some at their daily tasks, (although we've never found damsels warbling over a reference books or a stack of note cards) but Rig exercises her vocal chords in the shower and does it admirably, too.

When she was five Rig had a little toy dog named Treffy. She took him to bed with her and he awaited her daily return from school at his post on the window sill. Now Rig owns a Treffy II. He's an English Setter and very much alive. Though he doesn't occupy his mistress's boudoir he awaits her at the window more peppily than his predecessor and ably returns her affection.

First semester there were rumors that a certain fellow named Hugh had been scanning the magazines in Woodland Hall drawing room at regular intervals anticipating the coming of our little Jean. Now, there would be rumors if he didn't.

Rig doesn't mind being short. She says the only disadvantage is in buying clothes. It seems that after shortenings there is always enough for a hat to match if only there were enough ambition left to go with it.

Of her AA presidency she tells us, "Junior's done a wonderful job. I hope I can do as well."

AA Board

Representing the various classes on AA board will be Peggy Craig, Senior; Janny Beck, Junior, and Sally Cook, Sophomore.

HERE AND THERE

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," and methinks half of the student body is taking it at the flood. We are contracting a violent case of astigmatism from the aurae surrounding a multitudinous number of our classmates. In other words, we're losing our grip. Life is just one mad dash to the jewelry counter. And the sparkle of rings is as nothing beside the gleaming halos floating around the heads of the lucky fiancées. We've been wondering about the Senior dinner and have decided that it would be much less confusing if the unengaged would run around the table. We wish the beamy bunch all the best of luck and happiness as we resignedly prepare to spend our lives "in shallows and in misery."

Including . . .

The eye-filling diamonds of Ruth Jenkins, Ruth Lynch, Ginny Hendryx, Jeanette Myers, and Lillian Sheasby, and the gleaming star sapphire of Libby Esler. Incidentally, four of these rings were garnered on the same weekend—spring and the daffodils, no doubt.

If At Once . . .

the girls didn't succeed in dragging out a full battalion of Air Cadets from the Cathedral, they had better luck at the more recent Bellefield Church dance. A baker's dozen had return dates the next day. Henry Kaiser and Jean Bacon are running neck and neck for the Victory Speed prize—she wears a pair of silver wings.

Where Oh Where . . .

and everywhere did the students travel over spring vacation. Frannie Pollick went down to Camp Davis at North Carolina—to see Jerry, of course. And Barbara Cooper Hepburn was off to Cleveland on her honeymoon with Jim. Lucy Cummins finally managed to get to St. Louis and her Man. Among those hopefuls who still just sit and wait—

and wait — and wait — are Mary Schweppe, Jean Archer, Jeanne de Haven, and Connie Meyer. Move over, kids.

Blues in the Fight . . .

Patty Smith is wandering around in her own vale of tears because she didn't get a chance to tell Fred what she didn't think of him before he didn't call.

Almae Report . . .

Jean Burry Patton has been commissioned a second lieutenant in the WAACS . . . Louise Caldwell Criss was visiting in Pittsburgh several weeks ago . . . Barbara Somers Vockel stopped here on her way to Grand Rapids to join her husband, an Army Air Corps man.

Fashion Note . . .

Ruth Mendelson's and Lois Allhouse's sweaters are being spruced up of late with those shiny Pins . . . Amy McKay brings a new note to P. P. U. with the Army service pin she just received—on it in big bold letters is the word "Finance." We don't know what it means, but it sounds good!

We were rejoicing over the first belated breath of spring until a nasty rumor-monger whispered that it was contaminated with a contagious bug. As yet we don't know if said bug is the well-known measles or the better-known love, but we think the matter deserves investigation. So, Hawkshaw, hat on head and magnifying glass firmly in hand, we're off to track down said rumor—will give you the report next time!

Math Convention

"Applied Mathematics in Industry" was the theme of the convention of the Allegheny Mountain Section of the Mathematical Association of America. The Convention met in Buhl Hall on Saturday morning at 10:30 to read papers regarding the place of mathematics in the war effort.

Dr. Spencer welcomed the group, and they had luncheon in Woodland Hall. Many representatives of local industries were present and students were also invited to attend.

Attends Convention

Acting as counsellor for the Pittsburgh Division, Dr. Earl K. Wallace attended the American Chemical Society semi-annual convention, held this year in Detroit from Monday, April 12, to Friday, April 16.

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LITERATURE

I GET A CHARGE FROM YOU by Jean Thomas '45

Mary Jo sucked blissfully on her dill pickle as she walked home from Tarreyville high school. Her best friend, Nancy Lee, equally blissful with her pickle, trotted along beside her. After two blocks they turned, as though given orders by an unseen sergeant, and marched into Lowe's bakery. Then they came out with luscious cream puffs, simply oozing goo.

"You know, Mary Jo, I think I'll snitch some of Mom's mascara to wear for the Freshman Frolic tomorrow night." Nancy Lee took time off to draw in on the cream puff; then continued, "Don't you think it will make me dark and elusive looking?"

Mary Jo backed away, looking for all the world, she hoped, like Max Factor surveying Hedy Lamarr. "You know Nancy Lee, I think that will do the trick for you; of course you'd look keen anyway what with your new red taffeta princess-style dress. Now I ask you, what can a girl do with a 'little girl style' dress-up blue velvet? I'm too young to be trying to look younger, people will just think I haven't grown up yet."

"But gee, Mary Jo, just think, we can use lipstick and perfume. I'm so tired of smelling antiseptically clean with Lifebuoy that I could die. Won't it be super to smell mysterious with Tabu?"

"Yeah, that part's all right, but Mother says I have to use Tangee natural lipstick and no matter how you rub you can't get your mouth to look anything but a blush pink. Who ever heard of Loretta Young or Hedy Lamarr having blush pink or who ever heard of Jimmy Stewart kissing anything but ruby lips?"

Time was now taken for joint contemplation of the raptures of Jimmy Stewart, kissing their ruby lips or just not doing anything.

"I get a charge from him, don't you Nancy Lee?"

"Boy, I'll say," murmured Nancy Lee dreamily. Nancy Lee's mood was broken when she popped her last bite of cream puff in her mouth. Turning to her chum she said, "How you gonna wear your hair?"

Mary Jo jumped at this opportunity, just as though they hadn't been hashing it over ever since they got their invitations from those two dillers, Johnny Barnes and Squirty Lewis. "Well, I think I'll wear it with a pompadour in the front and curls in the back."

"Sounds slick," put in Nancy Lee, as she licked her fingers.

"I've been practicing putting it up in bed and I think I've got the hang of it now."

"You'll look super." Nancy Lee dug in her purse. "Oh yeah, here's your share of the green eye shadow I snatched out of Katy's room. It'll work better than vaseline."

"Oh darling, I'm in your debt for life, just utterly. See you in the morning, so long."

Mary Jo dashed into the house, dropped her books down on the floor, pushed them over against the wall, flipped her coat in the general direction of the hall chair and bellowed, "I'm home, Mum." Then she went to the living room and fell on the davenport, picked up *Vogue*, and tried to figure out how the models got those interesting hollows in their cheeks.

At the dinner table Mary Jo dug a hole in her mashed potatoes and poured gravy in it as she hopefully said to her mother, "Can I wear your rhinestone pin and ear rings, Mother? They'd really help out the sad picture I'm going to create in that twelve-year-old job you call an "appropriate party-dress for a freshman in high school who isn't quite fifteen."

Mary Jo's father looked up from his tough piece of steak. "What's wrong with your dress now and why should you be sad? You should be thankful you live in a country where you can go to a dance, Mary Jo, and not—"

"That's another thing," Mary Jo said, "Why'd you have to name me Marilyn Josephine? It sounds like the name of an old cow. It's got about as much glamour as that really drooly dress I have to wear. Why didn't you name me something like Donna Elaine? That sorta breathes romance, don't you think so, Mum?"

"Yes, dear, eat your beans." Mrs. Statler smiled absentmindedly and went back to wondering if she had enough points left to get a roast for Sunday dinner or if she had better have chicken.

"Oh Mother you just don't understand, this is the most important dance of my whole life. It's like a debut, and if I don't make a good impression no one will ask me out again ever and I'll go through high school like I had the baboonic plague."

"Bubonic plague, dear," Mrs. Statler said gently.

"Bubonic then and when I graduate

I'll be an old maid and just have to be a nun or something."

"That's too bad, honey, but some nice boy asked you to this dance. Why won't he ask you to another?" Mr. Statler put in.

"That's just it, Father, Squirty's a killer, all the girls get a charge from him and if I don't look smoother than the other girls, one of them'll get him from me."

"You can wear the pin, Mary Jo, but not the ear rings," Mrs. Statler wisely put in here.

Oh Mother can I? I knew I couldn't have the ear rings but I thought if I asked for the set, I'd get the pin. You're a doll."

"Thank you, dear, eat your pudding."

This sort of conversation had been going on for two weeks at the Statler dinner table. It was here that Mary Jo had wheedled permission to use lipstick, buy some Tabu perfume, and borrow a pair of her mother's few remaining silk stockings.

Mary Jo got up quietly and began to clear off the table. She had been helping to clean up after dinner for the last two weeks. It was about the only good thing her family could find in the preparation for the Freshman Frolic.

Mary Jo and Nancy Lee hurried home from school the next day, not stopping anywhere, too much in a hurry even to talk. As soon as she got home Mary Jo pulled out the list she had made in study hall that morning. First she put her hair up, checked that off the list. Then she mixed an oatmeal facial, and fixed witch hazel pads for her eyes. She couldn't afford to have those wrinkles and lines which made a girl look old before her time. Every two minutes she bounced off the bed on which she was supposed to be taking a soothing nap to see that she wasn't resting too long or that her hair was staying up. She didn't take time to sit down properly and eat her dinner, but gulped a few bites, drank a little milk, and flew

(Continued on Page 14)

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LITERATURE

TAXI FOR MADAME! *by Amanda Harris '44*

Karen had been in town a week, but I hadn't called her. I had no intention of calling her either. I wanted her to call me, and I knew she would. I wanted her to humble herself—as I had five years ago. I wanted to hurt her—just as she had hurt me—five years ago. I swerved my chair around to face the large window at my back.

It was lunch hour. Groups of dirty coveralled men were scattered around the factory yard, some sitting on the ground, others on grey steel girders. Their green, or red, or black lunch pails lay open at their sides. A piece of crumpled wax paper, gently pushed by the wind, slowly crawled along the ground. Near by, two men were talking. The one in blue overalls was smiling. He bit into a good third of his thick sandwich and burst out into a boisterous laugh. He bent forward and back; each time he came forward he slapped his knee.

"That's a rare one, Tom!" he said in a choked voice. "Have you heard the one about the . . ."

The inter-office buzzer interrupted the conversation.

"A Miss Bruce to speak to you, Mr. Stevens. Shall I connect you?"

Miss Bruce now, eh? So, she had discarded her married name.

"Yes, I'll talk to her." My throat tightened; I reached for the receiver.

Take it easy, Stevens my boy, be cool and casual. Don't let her know you've been waiting for her to call.

"Hello, Stevens speaking."

"Ronnie." She always called me Ronnie. "It's Karen."

"Oh—Karen—how are you?"

"Ronnie, it has been so long. So very long since I've seen or spoken to you."

"Yes, it has been quite a while since you left town, Karen."

"Five years, Ronnie."

"Five years!" I said in a pretty good imitation of a surprised voice. "Has it really been that long!"

Atta boy, cool as a cucumber.

"I've missed you terribly," she said a bit breathlessly.

"Have you been in town very long?" I asked her.

"Just a week." A pause, then: "Ronnie, when can I see you? I have so much I want to explain. Please, can't I see you this evening?"

I leaned back in my chair. I could feel the cold marble against my back as I pressed against the window sill. Could she be putting on an act, too, I wondered. You fool! Of course she is.

"I'm a bit busy, but I guess I could manage a late supper, say around eight."

"Oh, that is wonderful, Ronnie. I'll be waiting for you."

I traced the whirling design on the green desk blotter. "Karen, I won't be able to pick you up—I haven't time. I'll meet you at the Continental at eight."

"All right then, at eight."

My hand trembled as I put the receiver back on its hook. I felt funny all over. I felt as if someone had socked me hard in the stomach.

Damn it! You can't still be in love with her—not after what she did to you. Don't you remember that night.

* * *

I had called on Karen to take her to the usual Saturday night movie. I was wearing the same blue serge—I couldn't afford a new suit this spring because I had bought Karen's ring and was still paying for it. Mr. Bruce answered my knock.

"Come in, boy. Karen will be ready in a minute."

Mrs. Bruce came down the stairs. She was a pretty woman—but not as pretty as Karen. Boy, was I lucky! I had the prettiest girl in town.

"Good evening, Ronald. Calling on Karen again."

"You look so pretty, Mrs. Bruce, I think I will take you out instead. That is," I winked, "if Mr. Bruce doesn't mind."

"Oh, I am sorry, Mr. Stevens, but I have made previous arrangements. Some time again," she chided me jokingly.

She pushed her coat at me. "But, you may help me on with my coat, sir. She slid her arms into the sleeves and then turned around to face me. She fastened all her buttons but the top one.

"We are going to the Bakers' this evening—my previous engagement," she smiled. "Be sure and lock the door when you leave."

I opened the door for them and bowed low, very dramatically.

"Farewell, my lady, you have forsaken me!"

"Pshaw, save your fancy talk for Karen."

As I pushed the door shut, I heard Karen's step—I turned around quickly and watched her as she descended. Golly, she was beautiful! She looked so fresh—so neat.

"Hi ya, honey. You look gorgeous."

She didn't answer me—just walked by me into the living room. I wondered if I had done anything wrong to hurt her. Oh, God, I could never hurt her.

"Cat got your tongue?" I asked. "What you need is some good fresh air. What do you want to see to-night, honey?" I thought a moment, then: "At the State there's Irene Dunne in—"

"I don't want to go to a show—I don't want to go anywhere!"

"But, Karen, we always go to a show on Saturday night."

She turned on me angrily. "That's just it—we always go to a show—always the same thing, Saturday in and Saturday out. I want to do something different." Her voice was higher now. "Here we are just thirty miles from New York, and you haven't once taken me there. I want to see Broadway—I want to go to the nightclubs—I want to have fun—but no, we can't afford that—having fun isn't for us—that's just for the privileged few."

Her sarcastic voice startled me. Why, she had never acted like this—maybe something had gone wrong at work today and had upset her. I tried to be patient.

"Karen darling, I have to be careful, if we are to get married soon."

"I won't spend my life pinching and saving just so I can buy this or that. I'm yours now—I want to have my fun, NOW!"

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LITERATURE

(Continued from page 12)

back up stairs for more preparations.

At last she was ready, and checked over everything to see if it was all right. Stocking seams straight? Check. Enough perfume? Whew, definitely. Hair fixed? Check. Powder, lipstick? Check. Rhinestone pin? Check. Eyeshadow (after Mom had finally gone down stairs)? Check. The door bell rang and Squirty came into the living room with her father. Mary Joe could hear the low murmur of their voices as she sat on the bed for five minutes so she wouldn't seem too anxious. At last she started her slow, graceful descent of the stairs.

When she entered the living room Squirty stood up, looked at her, whistled slightly, and said, "Gee Mary Jo, I get a charge from you."

"Man oh man," thought Mary Jo as she smiled sweetly at Squirty, "I'm really grown up now—a boy got got a charge from me!"

(Continued from page 13)

She stopped and looked at me. She arched her right brow and smiled maliciously.

"George Kraft and his crowd are celebrating his birthday in New York tonight. He has asked me to go with him."

She walked over to the mantel; leaned on it.

"And I'm going. I'm not going to rot away in this town—if you want to, go ahead. But, count me out! I'm going to get my fun while I can still get it."

She was just joking, of course. But, no! That triumphant, smug look on her face was anything but joking. Now, it was my turn to get mad!

"You can't, Karen, you're engaged to me."

"I don't care. If you can't take me, I'll go with someone who can."

"You're acting like a spoiled child, Karen. If you want to go to New York so badly, I'll take you."

She turned around furiously.

"Oh, sure, but when? In ten years when you finally get a raise. Look at you—you work like a dog—and what do you get out of it—Thirty dollars! How do you ever expect to keep your mother and me on that? You haven't even got the nerve to ask for a raise."

"That takes time," I snapped back. "After all, I've only been at the factory a little over a year."

"Well, I don't feel like waiting all my life for the nice things every girl

wants. And besides, what have you ever given me—sodas and movies, and flowers for my birthday."

"They were good enough for you before you got these crazy ideas into your head."

"Oh yes," she bit back sarcastically, "I nearly forgot. You bought me a diamond. Ha! George could give me one five times its size. Ten times."

Now I was really mad. My blood was pounding at my temples.

"If that's the case—why don't you try getting one," I answered harshly.

"By all means—I will."

Two days later, Karen married George Kraft.

"Now after five years she wants to see you again. Wise up, brother, she's got something up her sleeve—and if you ask me, you have something to do with it. Now that Kraft is dead, she's probably broke and looking for another sucker — No sir, Stevens, you're too smart for her! You're just not having any."

I jumped up from my chair and went over to the small office bar.

"What you need, brother, is a good strong shot."

I poured myself a "straight." With the glass still in my hand I looked up into the circular mirror which hung above the bar.

"Here's your chance, Stevens. Remember, you're the guy that hasn't even got the nerve to ask for a raise—the guy that will never get anywhere."

I arrogantly appraised my reflection.

"Now look at you. Ronald Stevens, Vice President of Johnson and Stevens Steel Works—making more money than you can spend. Nothing too good for Ronnie Stevens — Six-fifty ties—Hundred dollar suits made by the most expensive tailor in town—none of that two-pairs-of-trousers-for-\$19.95 stuff—exclusive apartment—champagne—Caviar—eligible bachelor, the apple of almost every debutante's eye. You're sitting on top of

the world, Ronald Stevens—and now it's your turn to be the heel—your turn to dish out the "brush-offs."

I winked at my reflection and then pointed.

"But don't forget, you've got to be on your toes tonight — treat her coolly with a short of 'you-don't-mean-a-thing-to-me' attitude."

Then that silly, arrogant smile disappeared from my lips.

"Don't spoil it all by acting like a damned sentimental fool. Get it into that thick skull of yours: You don't love her, you don't love her, you don't love her!"

"You can start off on the right foot by going fifteen minutes late—keep her waiting. Why should you care—how many times did she keep you waiting—palenty!"

* * *

It was one minute of eight when I entered the soft carpeted lobby of the smartest club in town. Tantalizing perfumes blended to make the atmosphere heavy. The faint strains of music were interrupted only by a crisp swish of a taffeta skirt or a soft laugh. I glanced around—then I saw her.

Oh, God, she was beautiful—so sleek, so cool, and yes, so expensive looking.

She quickly came towards me. Her dress sparkled so, it hurt my eyes—her hair seemed filled with stars.

"Ronnie—Ronnie, you look so wonderful."

I felt funny again, but I had to keep my head. I just had to.

"Hello, Karen. You are looking well," I said casually.

I removed her wrap, not daring to touch her, and checked it with mine. She wrapped her arm around mine as we entered the main room; the waiter walked ahead of us. People looked up as we zig-sagged around the tables. Men with that certain gleam in their eyes stared past me to Karen—it had always been like that.

We settled in a maroon leather upholstered nook, lit up a cigarette, and

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gave orders. When the waiter left, we looked at each other through the blue-gray smoke that hung between us. We were both tense—we sensed it. Then she reached out and grasped my hand.

"Ronnie, you have every reason to hate me, but if you do, I'll just die!" She lowered her eyes. "I know what a spoiled foolish person I was to run away with George—but I was so angry—I wanted to spite you."

She rested her forehead in the palm of her hand.

"I only hurt myself, though—I was unhappy all along—but I made a bargain and I had to stick by it. I couldn't wreck George's career."

The long ash of her cigarette dropped onto the linen cloth, but she paid no attention to it.

"But somehow, Ronnie, I feel that you want me back. If you can forgive me, I want to come back to you."

"I want her back—Ha! That's a rich one. Go ahead, tell her in that devil-may-care tone: 'Why, Karen, what ever put that notion into your head?' But, I couldn't say it. Oh, God, give me strength to say it. I can't let her make a fool of me again."

She squeezed my hand. "I know what you're thinking. You think that I want to come back to you now because you have money."

She pushed a little away from me. "Look at me—do I look like I need to marry for money?" Her eyes filled with tears. "Can't you understand what I'm saying? I love you—I want to come back to you."

"Karen. Karen, dear, don't cry."

"Oh, Hell, what was I to do! Maybe I had judged her wrongly—after all, we all make mistakes—and she was young then and full of crazy ideas. Besides, she did stick by Kraft so as not to cause a scandal." I clenched my teeth together. "That rotter—he was no good for her, anyway. She couldn't . . ."

"Let's go away from here, Ronnie. Let's go to my apartment."

I took her arm and led her through the tables. As we reached the check room she exclaimed excitedly:

"My purse, I must have left it at the table."

"I'll get it for you. Wait here."

It was there between the cushions. I grabbed it and turned to leave. In my hurry, I knocked the bag against the edge of the table. It fell to the floor. I stooped quickly to pick up the spilled contents. A slip of white paper caught my eye. I couldn't help reading it:

SQUARE DEAL PAWN SHOP
One mink coat and one diamond ring.
For a moment I saw black. "Right

between the eyes, sucker! And you were the one who was supposed to be putting on the big act . . ."

I put the articles into her bag and hurried out to her.

"Here you are."

"Thanks, darling." She took my arm and smiled. "I'm staying at the Floral Gardens."

There was a taxi in front of the club. The driver jumped out as we approached it.

"Taxi for ya, mister?"

I opened the door for Karen; slammed it shut after her. I threw a bill at the driver:

"No buddy, just for the lady!"

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"Bud, dear, will you come up tonight?"

Bud wilted. "Oh, Darling, I'm so tired I'm drooping."

"But Bud, we're going to a garden party! Nine of us are giving a sort of coming-out party for Flora."

"Don't you think, dear," yawned Bud, "that Flora might be a bit young to come out?"

"Oh, Bud, she's old enough. Anyway it's just for fun. Flora's going to wear her brand new white number, and the rest of us are going to be in yellow. Don't you think that would be beeyoutiful, Bud?"

Bud scratched his head. "Charming, Dear, I'm sure. But do you mean to say that I'll be the only male guest at this so-called coming-out party? Do you mean that I'll be alone with a million females all blossoming out around me in their glad rags? Not for me, Darling; I'm just not the type."

"Oh, Bud! You old darling stick-in-the-mud! You know I don't even have a million friends! There will only be ten there all together—that's counting you and me."

"Well count me out, Posie. I'm not going out tonight for anybody."

"Not even for me, Buddy Darling? Here I wanted to show you off in front of all my friends, and you're so scared that you won't go. Maybe we'd better just break our engagement right now. You're so meek that you even look as if you're ready to go to seed."

"Oh, please don't get mad at me, Darling. I'll go to the garden party with you." Bud raised an eyebrow. "But, I hope I don't embarrass you, Dear. I don't have anything to wear."

"You're just trying to make excuses, Young Man. You know very well that you have a brand new blue suit."

"You win, Posie, I'll go with you." Bud sighed.

"And, Bud, will you stay with all my friends and enjoy yourself?"

"Sure, Dear, but I'd rather leave alone and like it."

"Oh, Bud, you old silly thing. I love you all over again. Will you come for me before the Party?"

"Yes, Sweetheart, we'll pop up together."

* * *

It was a bright morning. Spring had really floated in at last. The grass had scrubbed off its Pittsburgh winter smog, the trees had dipped their twigs into a pale green paint, and along the edge of the Mellon Hall pond, ten crocuses peeked out—eight yellow ones, one white one, and a blue one hiding behind its green-leaved overcoat. LOUISE FLOOD.

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The ARROW

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A Letter to the Editor . . . and a Reply

To the Editors of the **Arrow**:

In answer to your editorial in the issue of the **Arrow** appearing April 26, 1943, we feel that the statement, "Are there two *equally* good candidates for every office?" is false. It is an insulting reflection on the student body of PCW to say that only one person in over 300 has the intelligence and capability to hold each office. It has been apparent that persons holding offices as Freshmen coast through their Senior year, still ruling school politics.

Some of the student body have been greatly amused by the farcical trend of the elections this year. In this editorial it was stated that "whole-hearted support was apparent, rather than the old let's-get-it-over-with attitude." If this year's elections were "whole-hearted," such an election is as good as none.

Perhaps it was a slip of the writer's pen that caused the phrase, "And does the committee really establish precedents by its selections?" We feel that this is just what is the trouble. The elections have been run by the Nominating Committee's single choice, rather than by the whole student body. The statement might not carry the same significance if "its" were changed to "the."

Could it be that some of the upper-classmen fear that their proteges might not glide through if the motion causing such an editorial might be carried?

Some of the Freshmen, Sophomores,
Juniors, and Seniors.

The editors are chagrined. It seems that they wrote an editorial last issue which appeared biased to some of the student body and incurred the displeasure of others. First, we would like to explain that the editorial unfortunately had to be "cut" at the last minute to make room for the announcement of the **Pennsylvanian** editor, and that a latter part considering the merits of the proposed amendment was removed. Undoubtedly this would have clarified our viewpoint.

But to consider the points in this letter more fully . . . Our comment that there might not be two equally good candidates for every office was a question, not a statement. And the Committee does not have 300 persons from which to choose for each office; it is limited by the fact that as many as ten or twelve officers are chosen from one class of seventy people, of whom many are made ineligible by grades or too many other Activity Points. If the Committee had to put up a score of nominations at one time from the same class, the capacity of the class would undoubtedly be taxed to the utmost. For one office, it seems to us, there may be several excellent choices, whereas for another there may be only one logical, capable, and popular candidate. We were thinking that perhaps—*perhaps*—it is unfair to force a committee to put up one "greater" and one "lesser" candidate if the latter situation exists. However, if the students decide that they can vote more wisely if given two candidates in all cases, we say repeatedly and most sincerely, "So be it!"

That elections have seemed amusing to some of the students this year is regrettable. We thought that the spirit of elections was *improved* this year—we did not say or mean that it was ideal. If those who were privately laughing as the farce of elections progressed did something to back the candidates which they preferred to the ones nominated, they were at least trying to improve student government and make it less ridiculous. If they did nothing but laugh, they have no real reason to complain about the results.

One thing about elections this year, and other years, was deplorable and is a strong point in favor of the proposed amendment. The premature applause for the Committee's candidates in several instances discouraged persons about to make nominations from the floor. We feel that the Chair should be firm about withholding applause until the ballot has been officially cast. The amendment, of course, would eliminate all unanimous elections and remedy this abuse.

A certain degree of prestige is held by the nominee of the Committee, to be sure. But if you examine the records of elections of the past few years we think that you will find that whenever the floor had a strong candidate she had just as good a chance of winning as any other, committee nominee or no.

And about "upperclassmen's protegees"—we have never known any large group of upperclassmen so vitally interested in the success of a lower-classman friend that they would try to swing an election in her favor. Nor do we know of any upperclassmen who are now interceding entirely in the interests of what friends they

(Continued on page 8)

AWARDS

MU SIGMA OFFICERS

At the final meeting of the year of Mu Sigma Chi, honorary science society, Evelyn Glick and Betty Johnescu were elected president and secretary, respectively. The vice-president, in charge of making the PCW products, and the treasurer will be elected next fall from the new Junior class members.

Miss Laskey was elected advisor to the group for next year. The members also elected the chemistry and biology majors who received the twenty-five dollar scholarships this morning at Moving Up Day for their outstanding scholarship and interest in the club.

As a parting gesture Mu Sigma voted to elect Dr. Scholl, assistant professor in chemistry and physics, as an honorary member. He is the first honorary and the first male member of the club. His Mu Sigma key now takes its place on his watch chain along with his two other honorary keys.

Prize Winners

Helen Smith and Gladys Bistline were awarded the Mu Sigma prizes of \$25 each today for their participation in club work and their scholarship and character. Helen's award was for achievement in the field of chemistry, and Gladys's for achievement in biology.

The money for the scholarships was earned by the club during the past year from its sales of PCW Products.

Fashion Show

The home economics clothing class of nineteen girls will hold a departmental fashion show this afternoon at 2 o'clock. Each girl is allowed to ask one guest.

The garments shown are made by the girls in the class. They will compare their suits and dresses with ready-made garments as to price, quality, and workmanship, to see whether or not they have saved anything by making their own clothes.

Mary Lou Reiber is in charge of the fashion show, and Jeanne de Haven in charge of the tea which will be served by the members of the foods class. The affair will be held on the terrace of Andrew Mellon Hall if the weather is favorable.

Hood and Tassel

Following the custom begun last Spring, the members of Hood and Tassel have chosen three girls from the Senior class as honorary members. The Senior girls who became Hood and Tassel members today at the Moving Up exercises were: Jane Evans, Virginia Hendryx and Marian Teichmann.

Eight Junior girls were elected to form the Hood and Tassel Society on campus next year. These girls, who were tapped today as the classes "moved up" in Chapel were: Peggy Donaldson, Martha Harlan, Ruth Jenkins, Patty Leonard, Ann McClymonds, Martha McCullough, Sally Meanor, and Jean Rigamont.

The Hood and Tassel Award of \$35.00, presented to an outstanding Junior for high academic standing and consistently fine attitude towards college standards was given to Phyllis Jones.

Amanda Harris received a gift of appreciation for her work in the GPC.

Script Contest

For the second successive time, Louise Flood has won first prize in the radio script writing contest. She received the award of \$10 this morning, and may have the privilege of hearing this script presented on the radio, as was the one she wrote last year.

Sybil Heimann received honorable mention for her entry.

Wood's Hole

First choice of the Wood's Hole scholarship, awarded each spring for scholarship, character, and promise as an investigator was given this year to Gladys Bistline. Since she is unable to take advantage of it, the opportunity has been granted to Jean Rigamont.

Dr. Andrew Resigns

Dr. Dorothy M. Andrew has resigned her position as assistant professor of psychology and is leaving the college. Dr. Andrew was granted her A.B., A.M., and Ph.D. by the University of Minnesota. She has not announced a new position and has not yet been replaced.

AA HONORS

After covering pages with figures and finally totalling the scores, AA awarded its athletic honors this morning. Much applause, please, for Seniors Jean Archer, Jane Fitzpatrick, Ginny Hendryx, and Nina Maley.

Juniors honored were Jean Rigamont, who has a total of over 300 athletic points; Peggy Craig, Peggy Donaldson, Mickey McCullough, and Marion Springer, over 175 points; Virginia Alexander, Ruth Lynch, and Nancy Raup, over 98 points.

Alice Craig was outstanding in the Sophomore class, its only member having a total exceeding 98 points.

Former AA president Janet Ross, who has accumulated over 310 points in her four years at PCW, was awarded a jacket instead of the usual Senior cup. The meaning of the award was the same as in past years, however: Junior was recognized as the best example of an all-round sports-woman.

Wartime Changes

Honors were awarded this year instead of the customary tangible gifts of bracelets and cups because AA board decided that war time demanded some sacrifice on their part to further the fighting cause of the nation. Precious metals usually consumed in cups and plaques goes to bombers and submarines; more precious cash usually spent for these awards goes to War Bonds. The AA
(Continued on page 12)

Department Awards

Five prizes were awarded today by the history department to students who have done outstanding work in history.

Ann Louise McClymonds, an English and history major, received the Junior history scholarship of \$25.

An extra Sophomore prize of \$10 was presented to Louise Flood, the first year that such an award has been made.

Three Freshman History prizes of \$5 each were awarded to Sybil Heimann, Myra Sklarey, and Martha Jane Yorkin.

The English department today awarded several prizes for excellent work. The prizes: \$10 first prize to Margaret McKee, two \$5 second prizes to Roberta Carpenter and Marian Staples, \$3 third prize to Helen Jane Shriner.

EVENTS

JOTTINGS

On April 28 the Sophomores gave their annual tea in honor of the Seniors in Andrew Mellon Hall. The receiving line included Marion Rowell, Mickey McFarland, Dr. Wallace, and June Collins. Miss Marks and Mrs. Wallace poured, and guests were entertained by Dorothy Firth at the piano.

* * *

Chapel on April 27 was made very interesting by the appearance of Langston Hughes, well-known Negro poet. Mr. Hughes is known as one of the finest interpreters of Negro folk life, and his talk included some of his works which are typical of Negro life and thought.

* * *

On Saturday, May 8, the dormitory held its annual spring formal under the chairmanship of Jean Bacon, from 9 until 12 o'clock in the Art Center.

Kelly Jones chairmanned the tea held in Woodland Hall on the following day by the dormitory students, at which they entertained their mothers.

* * *

This year's alumnae reunion and tea, to be held May 22 at three o'clock in Mellon Hall, will especially recognize the class of '83, celebrating its 60th anniversary. Three new officers, second vice-president and recording and corresponding secretaries, will be elected at the meeting. The presentation of the alumnae gift to the college will be made.

* * *

First and second honorable mentions in the annual scholarship contest sponsored by the Women's Advertising Club of Pittsburgh were won by PCW's Norma Bailey and Phyllis Jones. The girls, both Juniors, were among those who had submitted advertising layouts and copy for a War Bond drive and were then selected for a personal interview. Before a board of women well-known in advertising, they were questioned about their interests along advertising lines.

The prize admits each to a junior membership in the Club for the 1943 season. Both girls will be among those honored at a luncheon at the Hotel Henry today.

* * *

This afternoon the Little Sisters, now the not-so-little Sophomores, are giving a picnic lunch on the hockey field for the girls who were their Big Sisters during the past year.

Retreat

Pine woods, sleeping cottages, and first spring outing were all missing from the scene of Retreat for old and new officers this year. There wasn't even a pie-bed handy to recall old times. Nevertheless, optimistic PCW girls got to work Saturday afternoon, May 1, at Andrew Mellon Hall from 1:30 to 6:00 to discuss plans for next year.

Representatives of SGA, YWCA, AA, and the House Board, and the **Arrow** Editors, along with all other office-holders on campus, talked over the honor system, the Freshman Commission, house rules, new plans for AA, and a little matter concerning the correct etiquette for attending four meetings at one time on Wednesday afternoons in 1943-44.

Huzzah's were registered for chapel programs of this year. But chapel rules are to be more strictly enforced in the future. The Activities Council rated verbal orchids for their good work of this term.

A general meeting was held until 5:00, when special groups met to discuss specific plans of interest to them. Dinner was served in Andrew Mellon Hall followed by a recreational period.

Mrs. Watkins Leaves

Mrs. Watkins, secretary to Miss Marks and Freshman advisor, is leaving PCW to accept the position of Assistant to the Dean at Oberlin, where she received her A.B. degree. Mrs. Watkins, originally a Peabody High student and winner of Peabody's Unknown Donor scholarship as the outstanding Senior, received her M.A. degree at the University of Syracuse after taking a two-year course as Dean's Assistant. Her duties at Oberlin will include finding housing and employment for students.

INSTALLATIONS

Miss Walker will be next year's SGA advisor, it was announced at the Installation Day exercises, Thursday, April 29. Jane Fitzpatrick handed the cap and scroll to Peggy Donaldson, incoming president of SGA, who then installed the new officers. Sally Meanor replaced Amy McKay as president of YW. Martha Harlan replaced Ann Baker as President of House Government. As President of AA Jean Rigamont replaced Janet Ross. Patty Leonard was replaced as Junior Advisor to Freshmen by Polly Wilson; Marion Rowell as President of the Senior class by Martha McCullough; Peggy Donaldson as President of the Junior class by Alice Craig; Mary Jane McFarland as President of the Sophomore class by Helen Gilmore. Betty Brown replaced Virginia Hendryx as Vice-President of SGA.

Mary Schweppe was replaced as head of the Honor Committee by Nancy Stauffer. Barbara Caldwell replaced Jane Evans as President of the Activities Council. Marian Swannie replaced Martha McCullough as Secretary of SGA and Mary Lou Burckart took over Polly Wilson's duties as Treasurer of SGA. Ruth Jenkins will be next year's Junior member of SGA in place of Martha Harlan, and Fran Hilbish replaced Jean Dalzell as Sophomore member.

Anna Jane Goodwin, Freshman class president, and Fran Hilbish, Freshman member of SGA, will be replaced in the fall. Martha Cox assumed the new office of President of Woodland Hall, and Helen Smith replaced Marian Lambie as co-editor of the **Arrow**. Ann McClymonds, co-editor this year, will continue in that position.

Marion Cohen will also keep her present duties as College Pianist, and Mary Lou Reiber replaced Dorcas Leibold as College Song Leader.

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EVENTS

Bond Contest

Twenty-one fighting men have been completely outfitted by PCW. No, we have not mobilized our own army—PCW girls can take care of themselves—but we have supported the Second War Bond Drive here on Campus. A total of \$3,192.75 worth of quarter stamps and varied denominations of bonds were bought by faculty and students, spurred on by the inter-class contest.

Having plucked their favorite men from a Texas cow-puncher's hat, the six days of the heated drive saw the faculty racing neck and neck with the Seniors, trying to have more Air Corps men outfitted than Navy men. The last lap of the contest finally hailed the Seniors victors with \$1,801 (twenty men outfitted) as against the faculty's \$1,243.25 (eight men).

The other classes—Juniors, Coast Guard; Sophomores, Merchant Marine, and Freshman, Army—each almost outfitted a man apiece.

The record of the contest, descriptively showing the results, remained in Berry Hall following the drive to remind prospective buyers that although the contest proper was over, the sun never sets for those who want to set the rising sun by buying bonds.

Of special interest was the neat little trick pulled on chemistry students when they came to the end of the semester and had cleaned out all their apparatus and turned in their locker keys. Instead of the quarter deposit they had paid at the beginning of the year, each received a defense stamp which had been bought with the money. Nice going, Dr. Wallace!

Summer School

For the first time in its 74-year academic history PCW will have a summer session. Senior chemistry majors who take summer work will be able to graduate in February, 1944, and Freshmen who entered in February, 1943, will become Sophomores in September.

Courses being offered are: Spanish 3-4 (six credits), Biology 1-2 (six credits), Contemporary British and American Poetry (six credits), Advanced Quantitative Analysis and Biochemistry (eight credits), Physical Chemistry (four credits), Chemistry Seminar (one credit).

Beginning June 3, the courses will run fifteen weeks for Chemistry majors, twelve weeks for all other students. Of the twenty-three girls enrolled for the summer session, eleven are Freshmen. Drs. Martin, Doxsee, and Wallace, and Miss Staples will teach.

New Property

Many have been the eager comments around campus about the new property—the former estate of Mr. and Mrs. Fickes, vice-president of Aluminum Company of America—which has recently been acquired by PCW. A few enterprising individuals have already had their peek at the building and grounds but for the rest of us, the opportunity has now come. This afternoon from 1:30 to 3:00 the building will be open for inspection to the students and faculty.

The seventeen-room mansion and its two acres adjoining the college will probably be used as a dormitory to meet the increased enrollment next year.

Among the features of the building are its marble fishpond, raised gardens, ten-car garage and paneled library.

Don't miss your chance to get a first hand glimpse of enlarged PCW—this afternoon.

Freedoms Pageant

The Progress of Freedom pageant was given Wednesday and Thursday, May 5 and 6, by PCW students at the Frick school auditorium for the benefit of the Armed Forces Master Records, Incorporated.

The groups participating were the Glee Club directed by Mrs. Ayers, the modern dance classes directed by Miss Errett, and the speech department directed by Miss Robb. The general chairman was Evelyn Fulton, with Jane Strain in charge of publicity; Jeanne De Haven, tickets; Alice Hanna and Billie Lapsley, costumes; and Carol Thorne, ushers.

Recital

Tonight at 8:00 p. m. the final spring recital will be presented in the Art Center by the music department and modern dance students. The program will be opened with *Concerto-First Movement* by Schumann played by Allison Meyer and Janet Bovard. Other numbers on the program will include: *Die Lotosblume* by Schumann and *Die Mainacht* by Brahms presented by Margaret Johnson; *Chorale-Prelude* by Bach-Busoni played by Martha Cox; *Concert Aria for Clarinet* by Sobek played by Pauline Basenko; *Ave Maria from Otello* by Verdi sung by Eileen Wessel; *Ungeduld and Erlkonig* by Schubert sung by Marion Kieffer; and *Concerto-First Movement* by Grieg played by Marion Cohen with Allison Meyer at the second piano. The modern dance selections include: *Debonair* presented by Lorraine Wolfe; *Gremlin Dance* by Jean Rigamont; *British Children's Prayer* by Jane Evans, sung by Marion Kieffer; *Dance* by Pauline Basenko, the music for the dance being composed by Pauline. The accompanist for the program are Freda Ellsworth, Marion Cohen, Patricia Walton, and Earl B. Collins.

Dr. Scholl Leaves

Dr. Allen W. Scholl, assistant professor of chemistry and physics, has given up his four-year professorship for a position as research physicist with Firestone Rubber Company in Akron, Ohio.

Dr. Scholl received his B.S. degree from Ashland College and his M.A. and Ph.D. at Penn State. He taught physical chemistry, chemical analysis, geography, geology, and physics.

Summer Institute

The Frick Commission will hold its annual summer institute for teachers on campus from July 5 to July 23. Speakers scheduled for the program are Dr. Daniel A. Prescott, psychiatrist at the University of Chicago, Dr. Alexander Stoddard, Superintendent of School in Philadelphia, and Dr. Mary Ellen Chase, author and professor of English at Smith College.

The teachers, from Pittsburgh public schools, will be in Woodland Hall during their three-week session.

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SENIORS

WHERE OH WHERE

The **Arrow** reporter was in an hilarious mood as she tripped gaily to and fro over campus. "What is so gay as a day in May?" she chirped as she adjusted her earmuffs and clutched at her possum-fur coat. "Ah, what is so gay . . ." But—came the convulsion!

It all happened outside the door of Berry. Witnesses have various yarns, but the general summary seems to be that this representative of the press just doubled up and lay on the steps, her head carelessly slung in one of the large stone vases. The only one with any presence of mind in the curious crowd around the hysterical form was Marion Rowell, Senior class president. "What is the matter with you?" she inquired politely.

"Well," the **Arrow** worker sobbed, "I was so happy just a few minutes ago—so happy because it's May and everything . . . but then it happened."

"What happened?" shouted the crowd.

"Well, I just happened to think of something. I just happened to remember . . . oh, it's too terrible! . . . I just happened to remember that my **Arrow** article is due and I don't know *anything* about what the Seniors are going to do next year . . . nothing at all!" By this time the reporter's eyes had the just-out-of-Salt-Lake look.

"Is that all?" asked Marion. "Well, then follow me to the Senior ambition bazaar in the chapel"

After fighting through a maze of halls and dens, the two found themselves at the chapel door. Marion opened it and the two ambled in. The **Arrow** worker wiped away her tears and stared. All along the walls were booths, all carefully decorated in various motifs.

"Go up and look around," said Marion.

The reporter moved up to the first display. There, in the midst of orange blossom scent, was a group of girls—some examining catalogues from Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward which pictured the very latest in bridal dresses, and others practicing various wifely arts. Margie Anderson and Mary Campbell were taking a home-made cake out of their portable oven. "You know," said Pinky Garrett to Ginny Hendryx and Nina Maley, "that cake reminds me of something we learned in his-

tory." Florence Frey, Libby Esler, and Barbara Steele looked up from their sock-mending. "We know—the fall of Rome." Louise Haldeman Graves, Kitty Watson Shyrock, and Barbara Cooper Hepburn went on with their ironing. "Gee, is that
(Continued on page 8)

Commencement

On May 24 PCW will see the last of the class of '43. The Commencement, held indoors this year, will be at 10:30 of that day at the Third Presbyterian Church, 5th and Negley Avenues.

The Commencement address this year will be given by Marjorie Hope Nicholson, Ph.D., Professor of the English Graduate School, Columbia University, and former dean of Smith College.

On Sunday, May 23 at 11:00 A.M., the Baccalaureate Sermon will be given at the Shadyside Presbyterian Church, Anderson Avenue and Westminster Place. The minister will be Dr. Hugh Thompson Kerr.

Acting as ushers for Commencement will be the new Hood and Tassel members, while Mickey McCullough, the new Senior president, and Peggy Donaldson, the out-going Junior president, will lead the fifty-five Seniors.

The Commencement rehearsal will be held Thursday, May 20, at 10:30 A.M. in the Third Presbyterian Church.

Vespers

Vesper service for Graduation Week will be held on Sunday, May 23, in the chapel. Reverend C. J. Williamson, D.D., of the Pittsburgh Xenia Theological Seminary of Pittsburgh, will be the guest speaker. The Glee Club has prepared a program for the service and Dale Kirsopp and Alice Lee Gardner will sing solos.

Senior Picnic

On Wednesday, May 19, the Senior class will hold its annual picnic at Frick Park. General chairman of the event is Dorothy Anne Minneci, assisted by Martha Truxall in charge of food, and Jean Wyre of entertainment. The menu will consist of hot dogs, baked beans, garden salad, ice cream, cookies, and coke.

SAY GOODBYE

It's always strange to realize how hard it is to say one's thoughts—to write them down where the very letters glare at you, black hieroglyphics on a white background. Somehow in the telling, in the printing, the emotion becomes something quite apart from you, and from itself, strangely changed. And so it becomes wisest to express such things simply; to say and write as few words as possible.

As the traditional events fly by, new officers are installed, and schedules made out for the next year, we Seniors sit back in our robes and try to realize that we won't be back next fall, and aren't included in these plans. Little shivers go up our backs as we practice the songs for Moving Up Day. We pay more attention to work these last intensive days, listen more closely to what is said in class. Each fellow Senior becomes a friend from whom we do not wish to be parted. And sometimes, just sometimes, we catch ourselves looking fondly at the squirrels scampering through the bushes on Woodland Road . . . at the gleaming patches of daffodils above the pond at Andrew Mellon . . . at the sunshine streaming through the stained glass window over the Berry Hall stairway . . . and thinking, as we blink very fast, "This is the end—it's over."

But we know it's not. These four years have been happy ones, full of fun and friends, laughter and learning. We have gained much from them that we'll always hold close and warm within our hearts, But there's a world at war waiting for us, college graduates of 1943, to do our part. And we're eager to get started, to find our niche and get busy.

It's difficult to leave PCW. Yet we wouldn't have it any other way. For all that we've had, we're grateful. Now it's up to us to give. May your college life be as full, may it mean as much to you as ours has to us.

And now, as we say Good-bye:
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FEATURES

CAMPUS COMMENTS

Back in the days after Christmas vacation the prevailing campus comment was, "What is work?" Now we hear, "What is sleep?" With incomprehensible comprehensives, term papers clipped with the wrong bibliographies, and Retreat retreated, the last lap of the '42-'43 track stretches its goal ribbon for PCW. In addition, there is a rabid rumor that there will be exams again this semester. Truth will out and probably will also extract a few people with it. Life is too cruel!

* * *

Last year on May 1 we looked in on the slaving "Quan" lab in Buhl Hall and found the copper-arsenic group doing a little ballet in the centrifuge. When we asked, "Why the gaydom?" solutions from all corners precipitated the answer en masse. "Dr. Scholl has been crowned Queen of the May."

So we ventured in and found ourselves forced to participate in the festivities to the extent of two dishes of ice cream inundated in chocolate sauce.

Spring had made its debut (which is more than can be said for it this year) and the gallant crown was woven from lilacs, lilies of the valley, and bits of azalea gleaned from the fragrant profusion of Andrew Mellon gardens.

This year May 1 was not a day of rejoicing in the ranks of the chemistry majors. When Dr. Scholl closed the door of his office on that Saturday morning, it was for the last time. But this year a more fitting tribute was paid him by the science students—an honorary membership in Mu Sig-

ma plus gold key and a wallet and key-case from his classes.

* * *

Not too many nights ago Miss Marks and Dr. Spencer smelled smoke—smoke, and in Berry Hall. Could the long-feared tragedy finally have come to pass? We rushed to the scene and found—no, we can't bring ourselves to discuss it but Berry Hall still reigns over the campus with nary an ivy leaf disturbed.

* * *

And as a closing comment for the year: speed note . . . PCWites aren't as fast as they used to be if we may draw our opinions from the movie quickie shown in chapel on May 3.

SPORTSCOPE

Tourney Talk

Junior transfer Jean Burnside pulled a dark horse play and easily ran away with the badminton tournament. "Burny" was an old expert and didn't bother to tell anyone, least of all your reporter, until the outcome was certain. She rated being doubles partner to Russ Grant, one-time winner of the National Tournament. Modestly our heroine says all credit goes to Russ's coaching and eating Cheerioats. Winning easily in previous matches, Jean had some stiff competition from runner-up, Marion Springer. May the voice from this corner say "Burnside's brand of badminton will dominate this campus for another year and will long be remembered. She's one of the best we've ever seen."

It's a Racquet

With dawn breaking over the hockey field, we sneak around corner. Quickly scampering toward the dorm, we see — what's this? The tennis courts are back. Gone for over a week, we thought they had been replaced by victory gardens. Wasn't that a plow that blue coated warden was guiding? Can it be all an hallucination?

Quick, Page Dr. Andrew

It must have been our imaginations. Well, that solves that problem. Now we can say Peggy Donaldson will win the tennis singles this year after all. Finalist last year and finalist in this year's doubles, Peg plays a driving steady game and should come out on top.

Fair or Foul

No, it's not the latest chapter of Dick Deadeye, but the mushball games scheduled for this short spring season. An innovation in the schedule are the sister teams. Sister classes playing together. We think it's a pretty good idea.

It's About Time

We agree. It is about time to cease this silly chatter and call a halt to this issue of Sportiscope. It is also about time the column passed into other hands. For seven hectic years it's been a skeleton in the Ross cupboard and it's time to shake its bones and tear to the Wabash building and a transfusion of new blood. Yes, it's about time.

(And about this time the editors, chins up but with tear-dimmed eyes, prepared to part with the last of their sports-informed staff. The sisters Ross have been among the most faithful and helpful writers the Arrow has ever had . . . we'll miss 'em.—Ed.)

HERE AND THERE

Spring is here—need we say more? And we're groggy from watching term papers being pounded out with blood, sweat and tears, seeing exams blossom . . . but mostly from just watching the men come and go—mostly go. But not from the lives of—

These Lucky Gals:

Frannie Pollick, Nina Maley, Kelly Jones, et al are ringed and ready to name The Day. As a matter of fact, Fran, Lib Esler, Margie Anderson, and Eleanor St. Clair have the date all picked out—it'll be sometime this summer for all of them.

Hopeful?

Last Tuesday in organic lab, a student male-carrier brought Donna Kindle a little square box with a jeweler's label. Crowds formed pronto while Donna, all thumbs and more thumbs, tore off the wrappings. Inside was a Merchant Marine pin from Finney.

Still Cataloguing

Betty Monore is wondering as she
(Continued on page 8)

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FEATURES

Where Oh Where

(Continued on page 6)

corny!" The reporter, agreeing, moved on to the second display.

There, underneath a collection of typewriters, shorthand notebooks, and dictaphones, were seated the secretarial division including Patty Blue, Claire, Horwitz, Elinor Keffer, Connie Lauer, Amy learn-how-I-can-earn-what-I-live-on McKay, Marion Cruciger, Dorothy Minneci, Mary Schweppe, Connie Meyer, Margie Noonan, Margie Ballard, and Louise Rider. Jeanette Myers, signed up by the Accounting Department of Koppers Company, was struggling with a comptometer, and Jean Sweet was boning up to her job as an insurance adjuster in California.

On to the next! The reporter found herself in front of Bunsen burners, glass tubes, scales (not the fortune kind), and dissected pigs. In the midst of this collection hovered the science contingent made up of Betty Brown, Edie Cole, Jean de Woody, Miles Janouch, and Peggy Suppes.

The chemicals were too strong for the **Arrow** worker so she tripped over to the next booth. Here were maps, grade books, blackboards, dunce caps, and several copies of *Quick Lessons in Child Psychology*. The teachers included Jean Archer, who has an eye toward the Woolly West, Jean de Woody, who ran back and forth between this booth and the science one, Peggy Dietz, Jane Fitzpatrick, Elizabeth Maroney, Ginny Gillespie, Janice Goldbloom, Jane Evans (she will, as a poet would say, teach speech), Dorothy Marshal, and Martha Truxall.

In the next division were girls who were hanging on to their college notebooks and fountain pens Virginia Ditges is on her way to Tech for higher education, and Helen Jane Taylor is heading for Pinkerton's.

The next booth had a flag draped over the side and navy beans spread on the table. Here sat Jean Wyre and Vance Hyde in nautical splendor, while Mary Jane McComb stood hesitantly outside.

The reporter moved on to a large desk piled with I.Q. tests and measurement papers, behind which sat Lucille Cummins and Marion Rowell. "Personnel work suits our personalities," they chanted gaily.

In the next-to-last compartment Barbara Heinz and Ann Baker were

madly chalking up statistics for economics, shuddering at the complexity of it all.

Arrow women not being of a mathematical turn of mind, the scribe wandered on. The last booth was decorated a la Salvador Dali and on top was a sign—"Miscellaneous." Draped inside were Rosemarie Filipelli, thumbing through language dictionaries and practicing with her censor's blackout pencil, and Gussie Teichmann, trying to work out a budget for her \$10-a-month interne's pay in Psychiatric Hospital, Philadelphia. Janet McCormick was engrossed in a ponderous English Lit. anthology, and Marian Lambie was thinking up weird advertising slogans. June Hunker was puttering with paint pots in preparation for her job as Mickey Mouse nose designer for Walt Disney in Hollywood, and looked up to say, "No foolin'!" But the reporter had her doubts. Lorny Wolf wandered dejectedly from Miscellaneous to the Navy booth, evidently pondering the Big Question. Junior Ross was puffing away in a corner as she limbered up with her dumbbells, getting ready for her job as a YW health instructor in Washington, Pennsylvania.

By this time the scribe was contented and calm. Picking up her typewriter in one hand, her earmuffs in the other, she meandered out into the frigid air chortling once more, "What is so gay as a day in May?"

L.F.

Editorial

(Continued from page 2)

may favor in the lower division. If a girl has ability, it will be recognized; if she does not, no one group can hope to put her in office.

We feel that this matter is entirely in the hands of the students. If they had decided that this amendment will strengthen student elections, we'd be in favor of it too.

But we *would* like to mention—timidly—that as long as such an SGA matter can arouse this much discussion among the student body, school politics are far from falling into a neglected and mechanical state.

The Editors.

Here and There

(Continued from page 7)

dates Bob VIII if men can't be christened other names. On her private list, this Bob has risen to second place.

We're Pleased . . .

to see that a little brawn is still left in PCWomen. Defense industries will profit from PCW's experience this summer when Ruth Laird and Peggy Bishop take up their blow torches and weld at ships and such. Doing their bit, but in a different way, will be Connie Lauer, Lucy Cummins, and Peg Johnson, who are going to do hostess-ing at the Variety Club Canteen in their spare time.

Speaking of Summer

Yon books and pencils will keep many students out of mischief this summer. (That's silly . . . what mischief is there to get into these days, anyway?) Besides those attending summer school on campus, several girls are roaming away for more eddycation — while Martha Yorkin and Martha Cox are debating the possibility of going to Pitt for the summer, Virginia Gray will be off to Northwestern and Ruth Mendelsohn will head for the University of Michigan.

Double Trouble

It finally caught up with Caroline Cosel—her two one-and-onlys came home from the army at exactly the same time. Armed with several bottles of aspirin, she finally managed to cope with the situation. Maybe she's been taking lessons from Sweet.

This isn't trouble—but it's an idea of what a PCWite can accomplish. Pat Hull's journey to Philly after exams serves a double purpose—a job and a man.

Microbe Hunting

That measles bug lurched from ugly rumor to horrible reality and caught Lois Lutz, Betsy Ross, and Marjorie Mayhall in its gory grasp.

Flight Notes

Helen Gilmore's out to clip an airman's wings . . . Doty Barrett has Frank's already, but says she just took them for decoration . . . Nancy Means is up in the air, brushing up on her three R's of higher education—Rege, Rich, and Robert.

Maybe You Think

that we have nothing to do but sit here and dream up these things, but it's too good to be true. Would it were so!

LITERATURE

THE GATE . . . (prize story) by Jane Strain '45

The old gate groaned and emitted a feeble creak as Margaret, holding tightly to the white pickets, swung back and forth.

It was a nice gate, although she was getting a little too big for it; it really fitted Sally better. It's my gate, though, thought Margaret. She was the only one who knew that, on occasions, it could talk: when she swung too hard, or when she picked at the little bubbles of white paint, blistered into being by the hot summer sun.

Today's sun had burned itself out, and remained only as a pink afterthought, ridged by drifting clouds that would, Margaret knew, turn into castles and mountains if she looked long enough. By now, with her twelfth birthday only a few weeks away, she knew that no one lived in the castles, and lately there had been moments when she admitted in her secret soul that they couldn't be castles or mountains at all. Such moments were still infrequent, so she could describe the kings and queens and little cloud princes and princesses in great detail and with greater honesty whenever Sally asked about them.

The gate creaked lazily, contentedly; as the shadows lengthened the castles formed and grew, and the restless mountains piled on top of each other, and formed new mountains in the cloud-world.

The last small patch of pink darkened, and as she watched was swallowed up by the jealous twilight. As it disappeared, Margaret felt suddenly alone and a little cold, and she shivered. With the death of the day, the benevolent mountains changed, to become dark and somehow sinister. I don't like the night, she thought, and dropped swiftly from the gate.

As she ran up the short path to the house, a cheery two-noted whistle cut the newly-chilled air, and at the sound Margaret whirled around,

the fears vanishing, and ran back down the steps.

"Daddy! Daddy!" She shrieked at the top of her lungs and tried vainly to whistle back. Daddy had always said the space between her front teeth was too wide. As she catapulted into him, Mr. Barber stretched out his arms and steadied her.

"Whoa there, daughter mine!" He laughed down at her in the gathering dusk.

Margaret smiled up adoringly. None of the other girls had a father like hers. That was one of his ways, saying things like "daughter mine." He tousled her short dark hair as she walked proudly at his side, trying to make herself taller to match him, and went on with the game.

"How's my Peg-O been today? Did she chop up the chairs for kindling wood? Put any beans up her nose? Play 'barber' on Sally again?"

She laughed, noticing at the same time how tall he was. He had to duck his head or push aside the branches of the catalpa trees that lined the sidewalk, shedding a carpet of sweet white blossoms for them to walk on. They smelled, she thought, just heavenly. The gate creaked again as the two passed through, querulously this time, angry at being disturbed so often, Margaret knew.

As they approached the house, Mr. Barber whistled again. The door opened breathlessly, as it did every night, and Sally and the nondescript terrier, Spot, fell out and tumbled down the path to meet them. While Spot pranced and yelped with excitement, Sally was thrown high in the air, shrieking in half-real alarm, and then lowered to a more secure position on Mr. Barber's shoulder, where she could drum a contented tattoo on his stomach with her heels. From the doorway Margaret heard her mother say "Come on in, you three—supper's almost ready." And then as Margaret and Mr. Barber, still bearing aloft a

squealing Sally, came up the steps: "You Spot! Get out of my petunias!"

Inside the house Sally was deposited on the chintz divan, while Daddy put his hat in the hall closet. Mother was already in the kitchen, but she called, above the hiss of lamb chops, "Margaret, make sure that Sally washes her hands. And hurry!"

Sally slid off the couch and started indignantly up the stairs. "I can wash my own hands!"

"Then why," countered Margaret, "don't you ever do it? You look like a little pig."

"Who looks like a little pig? Why, I bet you—"

"Hey, up there!" Mr. Barber spoke from behind the evening paper. "Get moving! You heard your mother."

Mr. Barber's word was final. Sally, tripping on her shoelaces, followed Margaret down the hall to the bathroom.

"Wash your hands good, like mother told you," said Margaret. After all, Sally was only eight.

Supper was the meal Margaret liked the best. It was the only one the family ate together, since Daddy had lunch downtown, and Margaret and Sally never got up very early for breakfast in the summertime. Supper was the family's excuse to recount every incident of the day, and now Daddy was talking about Mr. Harry Lathrop, who often came out to dinner. Mama didn't like him very much, though, and didn't like to hear about him, and Margaret wished they could talk about something else. But just as she was about to tell Daddy how Spot stepped in the gopher hole, he said "By the way, I think Harry's coming out tomorrow night."

Margaret knew mother wouldn't like that. She kept her eyes on her plate, but she could feel her mother stiffen, and knowing what was coming next, she shrank a little in her chair.

"Frank," Mama said, "do you have to keep on asking him? You know I don't want him around the children."

Daddy turned his knife over in his fingers and didn't say anything for a minute. When he spoke it was very quietly. "There's nothing wrong with Harry that can't be cured," he said. "I always notice that he stays on the wagon longer after he's been out here and played with the kids."

Sally stopped dropping pieces of meat down to Spot long enough to

(Continued on page 10)

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LITERATURE

The Gate*(Continued from page 9)*

ask "What's 'on the wagon', Mama?"

"Never mind," Mama said. "Eat your supper."

Daddy stopped playing with the knife and laid it on the table carefully. Margaret noticed the frown begin on his forehead.

"Daddy," she began timidly, but he ignored her.

"Grace," he said, "I will not have the children hush-hushed when they start getting curious about something like this. It gives it too much importance. How many times do I have to tell you that? 'On the wagon,' Sally, is a term we use when we mean that people who used to drink alcohol, which is very bad for them, don't any more. Mr. Lathrop is trying to go on the wagon for keeps, and I think we can help him."

"How noble!" Mama's voice sounded as hard and smooth as glass. "However, I will not have that man in my house, breathing gin into Sally's face. If you want to see him, go to a saloon, but don't bring him around here any more."

Margaret suddenly felt sick, and a little cold and afraid as she had in the afternoon. When they talked like that she didn't know them. Mama cried, but not because she was sad, and Daddy's face got so hard it made her afraid. If they got that way tonight, she would be sick, she could feel, and even now there was a funny buzzing in her head.

"Daddy," she said again, and half rose from the table.

He stood up, and Mama hurried around to her. "Don't you feel well, Margaret?" And then to Daddy, fiercely, "Are you satisfied? You know she's easily upset. You've made her sick again. Can't you even think of your own children?"

Sally looked up from one face to the other and stopped making grooves in the tablecloth with the prongs of her fork. She began to cry, and Daddy had to speak loudly to be heard.

"Do I ever think of them? You never let me forget them!" He threw down his napkin and almost ran into the living-room. Mama took a step after him and then changed her mind.

"Come on, honey," she said. She put her hand on Margaret's forehead. "Better go to bed. I'll finish up the dishes and come in and hear your prayer."

"All right, Mother." Margaret didn't recognize her own voice. It

was husky, and sounded far away. Sally's sobs were turning into hiccups, and Margaret took her by the hand and led her up the stairs into the blue and white bedroom. The moon had come up, and with it a slight breeze. Both came softly in through the open window. The wind gently blew the curtains, and Margaret heard the gate mutter to itself as invisible hands pushed and pulled at it. She went to the window, leaving Sally to struggle unaided with her shoelaces, and looked out at the quiet street. Just looking at it made her feel better. The familiar scene reassured her, and restored the security she had lost downstairs. Daddy and Mother would be all right in the morning—they always were. Maybe Daddy wouldn't talk about Mr. Harry Lathrop any more. Mama didn't really hate Daddy, like she said sometimes; grown people must just get madder than children. It would be all right, it had to be, and things would go on just as before. The breeze sang the refrain "All right, all right," and the creaking of the gate sent it echoing back to her. Margaret smiled at the moon, took a long smell of the heavy catalpa fragrance, and turned to Sally and the shoelaces. If the gate said it was so, it was so.

She had Sally undressed and in bed and was almost beside her when Mrs. Barber came up the stairs. As her mother opened the door Sally began her nightly protests at being put to bed, and tried to get up when Margaret crawled in beside her. I wonder if Sally even knows what happened, Margaret wondered, and decided not, for the process of tucking-in went on with the usual interruptions, as if the scene downstairs had not occurred at all. When it came Margaret's turn she said "Now I lay me" as quickly as she could, and smiled to show Mama that everything was all right again. The smile helped, because Mama smiled, too, and seemed more natural.

"Goodnight, babies," she said. "Go right to sleep."

As Margaret heard her quick, light footsteps going down the hall, she realized that she was very tired, and probably would do what her mother said, and go right to sleep. The summer breeze, whispering in the curtains, and the gate, still swinging down below, sang their familiar lullaby. Her last thought was that the gate had said "All right." She fell asleep very soon.

It was the voices that awakened

her. At first she thought they were outside, under the window, but when she came fully awake she recognized Daddy and Mother. They are getting ready for bed, she thought, and sat up to look at the little white clock in the fat shepherd's stomach. It was after eleven—very late, and she turned over to go back to sleep. It was then that, half-asleep, she heard Mama speak her name. She sat up in bed. The voices were low and tense.

"If it weren't for Sally and Margaret I'd have left you years ago. I can't go on this way much longer, Frank." Mama's voice rose to a shrillness that was almost a shriek. "I can't, I tell you!"

"For God's sake, shut up!" That was Daddy. "You'll wake up the kids. If they're the only reason you're sticking, have a little consideration for them. And me, too—it hasn't been easy for me, either, keeping up appearances in front of them. I'm at the end of my rope too, you know. I'd have walked out long ago if it hadn't been for Margaret and Sally."

"If you love them so much why do you bring drunks home with you? To paw over my children!" Mama again.

Daddy's voice was louder. "If you say one more word about my friends, I'll—"

"Your friends! Those—"

There was a sound like Sally's whip cracking, sharp and sudden. Then another, Margaret heard the door of the bathroom rattle as if someone had fallen against it. There was silence, broken only by the sound of quick breathing in the hall; Margaret was holding her breath. Then she heard her mother's light footsteps going up the hall. A door closed somewhere and everything was still again.

She sank down onto one elbow, trying to believe it had been a dream. It must be a dream, it had to be! She felt sick again, but as she turned her pillow over to put the cool side against her face, she felt Sally move,

(Continued on page 14)

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LITERATURE

THE HOUSE . . . (prize story) by *Marian Louise Lambie '43*

It was very early in the morning. Although it was nearly spring, the air was damp and chilly. The people standing there, huddled together in a little group, shivered.

They stood without talking, hardly looking at each other, almost afraid to hear their own voices. But no one wanted to leave.

They gazed at a house. A house that had been recently built. The house was made of red brick, and the windows and doors were painted white. The white looked grey in the grey dawn. The house was styled in Colonial architecture, and the Doric columns of the porch were ghost-like shapes in the half-darkness.

These people all knew the house. They had watched it being built. They had marveled at its modern conveniences.

They knew its family. The brilliant engineer, the lovely wife, the three friendly daughters. They had had many good times with these people, within these walls.

And now, in the cold gray dawn of morning, they stood there together, shivering, looking at the house.

I

Stanley straightened his shoulders and pushed his chair back from the table. Its top was littered with papers, sharp-pointed pencils, several rulers, and a triangle. He lifted his glasses from his nose, and gently rubbed the tiny mark they had left. He stretched his arms in the air and yawned noisily. Then he looked over at Lois.

She sat curled up on the sofa, knitting on the yellow sweater she was making for Peggy. She wore a pale green angora sweater over a brown tweed skirt. Her fingers and the

steel needles flashed together in the sunlight in complete harmony.

"That does it," Stanley grinned at her. "I've checked over every detail. This house is going to be as perfect as your engineer husband can make it. Think you're going to like it?"

She smiled back at him, her fingers still busy over the soft yarn. "Dear, I can't wait 'til it's built, so we can walk into it, instead of imagining ourselves through those rooms on the blueprints. You've thought of everything I ever dreamed of, and more, besides. Anything I want, just touch a button and there it is, with a red light to remind me if I forget to turn off the switch. You're really a wizard."

"At least a decently good electrician," he said, his voice pleased, as he watched her get up and walk over to him.

She came up to him slowly, the warm sunshine making glints dance through her coppery hair. She stood behind him, her hands on his shoulders, burying her chin in his black curly hair. "Our own home at last," she mused. "How marvelous it's going to be. I'm so glad each of the girls will have her own room."

She reached over, and with a slender, well-manicured finger traced along the blueprints. "Our own big bedroom in front, leading on to the sleeping porch. Jan's room, and how she will love having her own fireplace. Then Peggy's, and Ann's small one in the back. They're going to have a time deciding how they want to furnish their lairs. We'll probably have quite an interesting conglomeration."

"I like the game room, myself," Stan pointed to the hieroglyphic they had drawn to represent a ping-pong table. "We should have lots of fun down there. And with the air-conditioning we won't have to worry about its being too hot, or cold."

"Yes, the air-conditioning will really be a joy." Lois moved beside him. "And it will be a pleasure not having to worry about closing the windows when it rains."

"It'll be rather strange getting used to not opening the windows at all," Stan said, picking up a pencil and playing with it. "But I suspect we'll get used to it."

"The room I really like best of all, is our perfectly huge living room.

Think of actually having room for our baby grand piano, without crowding all the other pieces out."

"And wall space for those paintings we've been waiting to hang." He reached up for her face, and drew it close to his own.

"Happy, honey?" he whispered the words.

"Terribly," she answered quickly. "And you?"

"It's what I've wanted most for you and the girls," Stanley's deep voice rang with sincerity. "To build you a home equipped with all the scientific improvements I could possibly devise to make you comfortable."

A silence fell upon them both. The sunlight sparkled on the white lettering of the blueprints.

II

The water roared into the tub. The scent of Le Long's bath salts choked the atmosphere.

"Better turn that off soon, Ann," Peggy called above the noise. "And hurry up. I want my turn, too."

"O.K. Just a second. I want to get my new slippers out."

"Be careful that you don't trip on those heels going down the stairs, dear," Lois Harman walked into her youngest daughter's room. "How I let you talk me into them. What a mess, Ann. How do you do it?" she playfully scolded as she surveyed the room. Saddle shoes were kicked off, under the bed, rumpled blue anklets on top of them. A plaid skirt was sprawled out on Ann's pet overstuffed chair, a velvet hanger lay tossed on top of the skirt. A wad of crushed tissue paper decorated the wine carpet.

The door to the bathroom banged, as Ann, draping a towel around herself, went in to bathe. Lois took a quick look at herself in the mirror. Tall, she carried herself well. No one would guess that she had three daughters, one of them celebrating an eighteenth birthday this evening. She patted a red curl into place. Just a streak or two of gray. And the delicate green of her dress did do wonders with her eyes. She turned, and regarded the light peach walls of Ann's room. "It's marvelous how clean everything stays," she thought. "Stan's air-conditioning is really a great blessing."

(Continued on page 12)

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LITERATURE

The House*(Continued from page 11)*

"Mother," it was Janet shouting from her room. "Mom, I just can't seem to make my hair look right. Won't you brush it for me please?"

Lois appeared in the doorway of Jan's blue room. Spread out on the bed was the dress, Jan's special pride, that she was planning to wear that evening. Its chiffon folds were carefully placed, the white stuff looking like the frosting on the cake downstairs in the kitchen.

"Gee, Mother. You look nice." Janet looked approvingly at her young mother.

Lois picked up the ivory-handled hair brush, deftly smoothed Jan's long hair into loveliness. "She gets this black beauty from Stan," Lois thought.

"Mom, does Ann have to stay in that tub all night?" Peggy spoke petulantly. "Say, Sis, how does it feel to be eighteen, anyway?"

"Pretty good," Jan breathed, trying to be calm and mature. "Has your hair dried yet?" she asked, in what she hoped was a normal voice, as if she could be interested in such an everyday matter on this special night.

"Just about," Peggy reached a tentative hand to her bobby-pin spiked head, and felt her curls gingerly.

"Thanks, Mother," Janet glanced at her reflection in the mirror over her dressing table. "That's just swell. You do have a way with my hair." Jan gave her mother a quick kiss.

"Now, hurry, all of you. You want to be dressed to meet your guests." Lois left the room, her dress rustling slightly as she walked.

"Lois," Stan's voice was plaintive. She stopped at the top of the stairs. He came out of their room, huge in his white full dress shirt, the black tie dangling absurdly in his large hands. "Dear, this tie just won't—"

"I know, dear, but it will." She lifted her hands to him, easily shaping the elusive ends into a neat bow. "Have your cuff links?"

He nodded, noticing her beauty, her tall grace, her poise.

"Now I wonder if Katie—" she started for the stairs again.

"Wait. Woman, come here. How about a kiss? Or don't I rate at all in this fuss for your daughters?"

She smiled. "It's our first party for them in the house, dear. I want everything to go smoothly. Jan will

only be eighteen once, you know. I want this to be a night she'll remember, and Peggy and Ann, too."

"It can't help but be a good party, Lois. They've asked half the town, and you've got food enough to feed the army. And, according to the few bills I've seen, they must be going to look pretty special. But," he drew her close to him, "my girl is the prettiest of all. Mm-m-mh. What's that you smell of, you intoxicating female."

"Chanel No. 5, dear. That a certain man in my life gave me for an anniversary quite recently." She let him kiss her, tipping her head far back.

"Now, I really must go down. I just want to be sure that everything—"

He watched her disappear, her long green skirts barely touching the steps as she hurried down the circular stairway.

Stan walked back into his room. He hoped that the party would be fun for her, and for the girls.

The clock chimed eight times. Pretty soon it would be the doorbell chiming, and the mob would be trooping in. He'd better hurry and get himself dressed.

III

It was Peggy who noticed it first, who woke them up.

"Mom, Pop," she shouted frantically. "Wake up. I smell smoke. The house is on fire."

Lois and Stan leaped from their beds. The pungent odor of burning wood and paper was unmistakable. Lois reached for her robe, ran slipperless into Ann's room. Peggy and Stan came close behind.

"Ann, Ann, honey, wake up," Lois shook the child with all her strength.

"Come on, dear. You'll have to get up," Stan's voice urged.

Ann didn't seem to hear them. At last she opened one brown eye.

Lois began to cough. She felt stifled, choked. And all of her energy seemed to have disappeared. Her body felt limp and far away.

"We'll go back to our room," Stan was taking charge. "We can go out on the sleeping porch and jump from the roof."

Half dragging the sleepy Ann, they turned to leave her room. A column of blazing fire met their eyes. They looked at each other in horror.

Stan thought quickly. "We'll have to jump from here." He looked hesitatingly towards the casement win-

dow. "Where did we put the crank for the window?"

"I don't know," Lois was sobbing now. "It's never been used. We've never had to open it—" her voice trailed off.

"Let's try to break it," Peggy suggested. She was the most alert. "If Jan were only here—"

"I'm glad she's away at college," Stan said. "C'mon, let's give it all we've got. It'll be tough going." He smashed against the pane of glass. It seemed unbreakable. He tightened his lips, thinking of the effort he had made to get this special grade of plate glass. He pounded at it relentlessly with his fist, using up his fast-waning strength.

At last the glass gave way. Stan beat at the ragged edge. "Go on, Peggy, jump," he ordered.

"I can't leave Ann, Dad. She's gone back to sleep." Peggy pulled at her plump younger sister, trying to wake her, make her move.

The air was thick, and the fire was rising close behind them, its heat nearer and nearer.

Peggy had to breathe. She edged over to the window, and put her head through the small opening her father had managed to break. She saw their neighbors, the Bryants, standing in her backyard. Their lips were moving. She leaned out to hear what they were saying. Mrs. Bryant's voice reached her.

"Jump, Peggy," she was screaming. "Jump, all of you."

*(Continued on page 14)***AA Honors***(Continued from page 3)*

has been in the habit of spending approximately \$75 on their awards. This year the money will go into two \$50 War Bonds made out to the PCW Building Fund for some article to be placed in the new gymnasium when the building program is resumed.

In this way the AA board feels that the money is going where it is needed most urgently right now and in the future too. The individual prizes which would be forgotten in three or four years will be a permanent part of the campus. More than ever, this will link these girls honored by AA to the school on the hill. But give AA board credit—it was a hard decision to make.

LITERATURE

BETWEEN TRAINS by Vance Hyde '43

It isn't an unusual story, for The Sailor and The Girl weren't unusual people. They could be almost any boy and girl in any big city in America. The ending is neither happy nor tragic, for there really is no ending at all.

He was just another sailor leaning against the counter of the Canteen, drinking coffee from a thick, white cup. He was a little taller than most, perhaps, with broad shoulders and curly-crisp blond hair, but he looked very much like any other sailor in the room. There was no real reason why The Girl, dancing with a Marine whose head just reached her chin, should think, "He's the one I'll speak to next."

She was tall and blonde and almost beautiful, which, when you are very young, is beautiful enough. She was wearing a black and white checked taffeta dress that rustled as she danced. On her lapel was a round blue badge that said, "Judith Harris" and "Junior Hostess."

The music stopped abruptly.

"Thank you," said the Marine.

"Don't forget to take advantage of the sandwiches and coffee."

"Thank you," he said again.

The girl walked over to the sailor. "This is my first attempt as hostess and," she confided, "my technique's a little shaky. What do the best people consider the correct way to ask a sailor to dance?"

The sailor straightened, turned and set his cup on the counter.

"Thanks," he said to the portly woman who was serving, "that was just what I needed."

Then he turned back to the girl.

"The best people will tell you that a beautiful girl never needs to ask a sailor to dance." His hand was on her arm, steering her through the crowd of uniforms toward the dance floor.

"He's good," said The Sailor, nodding toward the orchestra leader. "Who is he?"

"Tommy Carlisle," said the Girl. "Where are you from?"

"Chicago; heading for San Francisco. I'm just between trains now."

"I knew a pigeon from Chicago once."

The Sailor held her off from him at arm's length and inspected her, laughing.

"I'm glad I came," he said.

They found a great deal to talk about during that dance and the next and the next. They found a great deal to laugh about, too.

The Girl knew she should move on to another serviceman but she kept promising herself just one more minute.

"Rule thirty-one," she said, finally, "is not to stick too long with any one man."

"Even a sailor?"

"Especially a sailor."

He let her go, then, following her with his eyes. The Girl danced with a first lieutenant next, and then with another sailor. She sat and talked with a Royal Australian Air Force flyer who didn't dance.

The Sailor was dancing with one of the other hostesses now. The Girl wondered why that should irritate her. After all, that was why the girls were here.

A Marine brought her a coke and she played a mediocre game of ping-pong with him. Her eyes kept wandering around the noisy, brightly lighted room, looking for curly blonde hair and a pair of bright blue eyes. The effect on her game was disastrous.

Then he was beside her again.

"Rule thirty-one," he explained to the Marine, bowing ceremoniously, "warns the hostess against sticking too long with the same man. You will excuse us?"

As they began to dance he put his cheek against hers. "I'm afraid after riding all day I haven't exactly a Barbasol face. Do you mind?"

"No," said the Girl, "I don't mind."

"I have to catch an eleven o'clock train. Also there is a gang of Coast Guardsmen from New Jersey catching the same train. That means I either get to the station by ten-thirty or stand most of the way. Computed algebraically, that gives me about seven minutes or one and one-quarter more dances."

"Your mathematics amaze me," said The Girl, because there wasn't much else to say.

"Look, if you ever find yourself in San Francisco without even a pigeon to turn to, look me up. Seaman Floyd Bartlett."

"If you ever get a twenty-four hour pass, you might hop a slow freight back here for a visit."

"Your ideas are so practical." The

Sailor grinned.

The music stopped. They could hear the pop, pop, pop, of the ping pong ball, the clicking of billiard balls, the rising and falling surge of voices. From the picture-plastered walls, hundreds of servicemen smiled down at them. The room smelled of strong coffee and faint perfume.

"Goodbye, Judith."

The Girl looked away. She must make this very casual. "Goodbye," she said. "I hope you like San Francisco."

On one of the folding chairs that lined the wall along the dance floor a soldier was slumped dejectedly, watching the dancers.

"Do you think he is a likely prospect?" asked the Girl.

"He's very good looking."

"I don't think so." The Girl smiled up at him. "But who am I to argue with a sailor?"

And then she was walking away from him, was talking to the soldier, who suddenly wasn't dejected at all.

The Girl forced herself not to watch the Sailor leave. She chattered brightly with her new partner as she danced. When the music stopped, she excused herself and looked about for any man who seemed neglected.

That was how she happened to see the Sailor coming toward her.

The orchestra was playing again and they began to dance.

"But now won't you have to stand in the train?"

"Yes," said the Sailor, his arm tightening about her

They talked, then, swiftly and eagerly, about all sorts of little things. His family, his college, her nail-polish, his brand-new niece, her psychology course, what music they liked and didn't like.

"May I write to you, Judith?"

"Of course. I wish you would."

"In care of the Canteen?"

"That's right. We aren't supposed to give our home addresses. Rule eleven."

"And now," purred the orchestra leader into the P.A. system mike. "there will be a brief intermission."

One or two of the boys in the orchestra wandered through the side door and stood outside in the alley, smoking and talking.

The Sailor frowned at his watch. "Doesn't he know I have to catch a

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LITERATURE

Between Trains

(Continued from page 13)

train that leaves in seven minutes?"

"Why don't you tell him?"

"Come on," said the Sailor, taking her hand. "What do you want him to play?"

"Oh, something smooth and slow. How about 'As Time Goes By'?"

"I have a more appropriate idea!"

Tommy Carlisle looked down at the Sailor and the Girl, standing by the stage, hand in hand, and grinned at them. Tommy was too handsome, in a sleek, sensuous sort of way—until he smiled. He had a frank, little-boy grin that made his eyes smile too, and then you liked him.

"Hi, Sailor," he said. "What'll it be?"

"I've got to catch a train at eleven o'clock. Would you have time to play 'Why Don't You Fall in Love With Me?' And play it sort of—oh, you know—"

"Sure, kid. I know. Sort of sentimental and dreamy. We'll make that the next one."

Tommy laughed. The Sailor and the Girl were looking into each other's eyes. Tommy wondered if they had even heard him.

The Sailor looked at his watch again.

"But, gosh, by the time intermission is over I'll have to be gone. You don't understand—she's going to have to do it fast!"

Tommy looked at the Girl and then at the Sailor.

"Don't worry, kid! She already has." Tommy beckoned to the saxophonist lounging in the alley doorway. "We're going to skip the intermission, boys." He winked at the Sailor. "O.K., kid. We'll fix you up."

They danced silently, his lips against her hair. He was holding her tightly and through his heavy jumper she could feel the warmth of his body.

Over his shoulder she watched the big clock above the door.

"Floyd, you simply must go. It's four minutes to eleven."

"You'll answer my letters?"

"Of course! But you're going to miss your train."

And then he was gone, snatching up his coat and cap, pushing through the cluster of servicemen around the door.

He was gone, and the orchestra was still playing "Why Don't You Fall in Love With Me?" Another sail-

or had drawn her back onto the dance floor. They circled the tiny floor, past the stage.

Tommy looked down at the Girl. He couldn't be sure, but he thought there were tears in her eyes.

He grinned at her. "Smile," he said.

"Of course," the girl answered, but she didn't smile.

The House

(Continued from page 12)

Peggy wanted to explain to her about Ann. She opened her mouth in an effort to talk. She leaned further out of the window. She heard glass splinter, felt little sharp stabs. Then she was falling . . . falling . . .

"Catch her," Mrs. Bryant shouted to her husband. "Lois is coming, too."

Harry Bryant reached out his arms for Peggy, caught her, held her close for a moment, then put her down on a blanket. But Lois fell the three stories to the cement sidewalk around Stan's garage. Fell, and was still. He saw his wife go to her, other friends gather around.

"Stan, jump," he yelled, "Get Ann out, and jump."

"I can't move her. She must be overcome with the fumes. We're trapped." It was Stan, up there, calling to him.

"Save us, Harry, we're trapped, we can't get out. I can't lift Ann." The voice was weaker.

A face appeared at the window. It must be Ann. Mr. Bryant lifted his arms, made ready to catch her. But the face fell back, disappeared.

"Harry." Was it his imagination, or was that Stan still calling to him as he stood there, helpless. He strained to hear any word that would indicate life. All that he could hear was the crackling of the flames.

* * *

One of the men in the group shrugged his shoulders. He tapped another man on the shoulder, said something to him. The two figures left the little cluster of silent figures. They walked slowly towards the house. The others watched them go.

The two men picked their way over charred books and papers, splattered across the driveway. They walked around to the back of the house, stood in the back yard looking up at the window, looking up at the incredibly small opening that had been knocked through.

They opened the basement door, walked through the game room over to the stairs, went up into the large living room. The baby grand piano was badly burnt, its keys chewed away.

They climbed up to the second floor. They saw how the fire had gone up the center of the house, hardly touching some parts, but cutting the family off from escape. They saw, too, the room in which the father and young daughter had died, his body bent over hers in a last attempt to save her from the flames.

Then the two men turned and went down the stairway. They opened the front door, and went back to the group of people. Each of them took his wife by the arm.

Slowly the group broke up. Two by two they walked in different directions back to their homes, their beds. Back to the houses where their own children were sleeping.

And as the first faint rays of sunlight broke across the horizon, they left the house standing there, cold and grey in the dawn.

The Gate

(Continued from page 10)

and a sacred voice reached her through the night blackness.

"M - Margaret — Peggy, are you awake?"

She rolled over on one side and whispered, "What is it?"

"I heard things outside in the hall. I heard Daddy hit Mama." As the impossible truth came home to Sally she began to cry, and Margaret knew she would have to say something to stop her. Mama mustn't come in, she just mustn't!

"Sally, don't cry. You were dreaming again," she whispered. "I've been awake here all the time and I didn't hear anything. Go back to sleep. You just imagined it. Why, my goodness, why would Daddy hit Mother? He loves her." She fought back the sick feeling. "He loves us all."

"Did I really? Was it only a dream? Honest, Margaret?" Sally's voice was eager.

"Of course it was, silly. Now go right to sleep, like Mother said. Here, I'll hold your hand."

Sally's body shook as she tried to swallow the sobs and laugh at the same time. "Margaret, will we go swimming tomorrow? Will we, Margaret?"

(Continued on page 16)

LITERATURE

SURE, I MISS HIM! by Nancy Stauffer '44

Rain dripped off the big black umbrella and ran down Lib's neck. The damp patch on her coat was spreading across her shoulders. The dye had run and it made a nasty stain. She crowded closer under the umbrella and tensed her body against the shock of the cold rain. It was a good body, trim, not showing the forty years it had been used.

The drone of the minister's voice went on and on. One of the men swore under his breath as the rope slipped on the wet metal of the casket. It was being lowered into the open grave.

Lib turned to look at Mrs. Seton. "With her face all red like that she looks like a lobster," Lib found herself thinking. "I wonder if lobsters cry?" Mrs. Seton was gasping for breath between dry hard sobs.

"But she has a right to cry." Lib's mind struggled with the petty problem. "She was his mother and he was a good son." Her thoughts echoed, "And he was a good husband!" The rain was trickling determinedly under her collar. "Blaine was a good husband. We had a happy life together. Fourteen years."

Someone took her elbow and piloted her toward the waiting car. Mrs. Seton was tearful beside her. Lib knew her own eyes were dry. "You have other children," she thought, glancing at the woman beside her. "I have no one."

Loneliness blended with the gloom of the funeral and the rain beat against the car windows. The rank odor of wet wool filled her nostrils.

The house belonged to Lib now, the town knew, but what would she do? "Probably go to live with old Mrs. Seton," the town guessed. "A woman don't want to be alone at her age. Not in a house full of memories, anyhow."

Mrs. Seton invited Lib to share her home. She knew about memories that crowded an old house. Even Lib's kitchen, a woman's domain, was full of Blaine. Lib had a cool blue and white kitchen. Mrs. Seton had been there when Blaine brought the pans. He had come in from the front of the house and caught Lib in his arms as she stood shelling peas at the service table.

"Hi there, my little wife. Hello, mother." He gave her a quick kiss.

"Brought you something, Lib. Something you need."

Lib sighed, "Not another pair of curtains, Blaine! There isn't a window in this house that matches now." She wiped her hands on her apron.

Blaine chuckled. "You and your wanting everything to match. Don't worry. These all match." He disappeared into the front hall and came back dragging a heavy packing case. "Open it," he ordered.

Lib pulled open the top of the box and lifted out a pale green saucepan with a bright red enameled handle. She put it carefully on the table and took another dive into the case. There were twelve pans of assorted sizes, all the same pale green and brilliant red.

"But I have a blue kitchen," she wailed. "These are green and besides I don't have enough room for the pans I have already."

"Going to build you cupboards beneath the window to keep them in," Blaine stated proudly. He held up a saucepan. "These brighten up the kitchen a bit," he asserted.

"I push the table over by the window on nice days," she suggested weakly. Blaine was talking to his mother and didn't hear her. She sighed and piled the new pans on the drain board. That had been eight years ago.

Blaine always had taken an interest in the house. The year after he bought the pans he had done most of the spring house-cleaning. It was before the furnace was shut off and Lib had to go over the house later anyhow but as Nell had said, "You're a lucky one, Lib. To have a husband interested in the house, I mean. I have to drive my Tom just to get the rugs carried out."

Yes, Mrs. Seton knew there were many memories in Lib's house. She was sitting in what Blaine called the front parlor and Lib termed "our drawing room."

"There is no reason why two lonely women should live apart," Mrs. Seton said. "You must come to keep me company."

Lib smiled. "Thank you, mother. Maybe later on—I'd like to stay in my own house for a while."

Mrs. Seton nodded. "I understand, my dear," she said. She patted Lib's hand. "You can feel a man's presence in a room where you have lived together. I never changed a stick of furniture in my husband's old study and sometimes it seems as if he is sitting there reading his paper."

They talked a while longer and then Mrs. Seton pulled her scarf around her shoulders. "I'll go out the back way, Lib. It's closer and I'm tired." As she walked through the kitchen she noticed that the green pans were gone.

"We do appreciate your coming out tonight, my dear," Mrs. Atkins burred. She pushed her Red Cross head-dress down further over her broad forehead.

Mrs. Lenson pumped Lib's hand and patted her shoulder, "Glad to have you. It doesn't do to sit home and pine."

Meek Annie Thompson mumbled something about "burden of sorrow" and dabbed at her eyes.

"She envied me my husband," thought Lib. Out loud she said, "Thank you. I wanted to help if I could." She took the uniform Mrs. Atkins handed her.

A little later Mrs. Lenson said, "You're so quick with your hands, Mrs. Seton. It's too bad you didn't come sooner."

Lib didn't look up from the bandage she was rolling. "Blaine liked to have me stay at home in the evenings. He liked someone to read the paper to."

There were a few seconds of quiet in the room in respect for the whims of the dead and then the busy hum was resumed.

They made a two night's quota of bandages that night and Lib heard about the Sacson twins and the new family on Dinton Street. Mrs. Naylor didn't invite Lib to her bridge party because she was still in mourning but Lois Kennedy asked her to help with the Colonial Bazaar.

"Yes, thank you, I'd love to," she had told Lois.

The Bazaar was hard work but it was fun. She met many new people and renewed acquaintance with several old friends whom she hadn't seen much of since she married Blaine.

The week after the Bazaar Mrs. Seton called. She settled back into an easy chair. "I'm glad to see you looking better, Lib. I was worried about you—sitting up all night with Blaine and then the strain of the funeral." She looked at her daughter-in-law more closely. "Maybe it is the dress—you look well in black."

Lib smoothed the heavy crepe. I know. Blaine never liked it on me.

(Continued on page 16)

Sure, I Miss Him!

(Continued from page 15)

He said it was too drab. This is the first time I've had a black dress since I was married."

That night Lib sat cosily in bed. She nibbled a chocolate as she read the McCall's. She used to read in bed before she was married.

The telephone jangled beside the bed. She gulped a mouthful of peppermint patty and lifted the receiver. "Yes?—Oh hello, Martha. You've been away for months. When did you get in? . . . Yes it was sad. It all happened so quickly . . . Yes, yes I miss him!"

She talked a while longer and made a date for luncheon the next day. As she hung up, the clock on the mantel chimed ten. Lib chose a caramel and snuggled down against the pillows.

"Sure, I miss him," she assured herself.

The Gate

(Continued from page 14)

"I guess. If Mother says so."

"I'm glad." Sally was rambling now, drowsy again. "I like to swim. And I can, too. I'm better than you are, I bet."

Margaret kicked her foot. "You go to sleep." She hunched down a little in the bed as the cool wind blew across her face.

She watched the curtains flap, as they flapped every night. She heard the shepherd clock, ticking its way towards morning. She heard the gate, creaking back and forth in the front yard. Everything was the same, but with one difference: now the gate said nothing. Margaret listened desperately for the reassuring "All right, all right," but she heard only the creaking of an uncoiled hinge. It was then she realized, dimly, that the gate had spoken for the last time, that it would never again speak to her alone. She had stepped beyond its comfort, and would never return to it. It still creaked, the breeze still blew the curtains, and the night clouds still rose high in the sky, but now she knew that they were only clouds, and that the castles and mountains were gone forever. Tears waited behind her eyelids and she turned to her sister. Sally lay with her head pillowed on one arm, sleeping quietly. The tears still glistened faintly, in the moonlight on her cheeks.

Sally is only eight, she thought.

And she stared at the moonbeams on the wall, listening to the gate as it swung on and on.

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(This staff is only temporary; permanent staff members will be announced in the next issue).

Tomorrow and Tomorrow . . .

. . . and tomorrow creeps a petty thief in our midst and campus anger and disgust at her follies rear their ugly heads in daily increasing portions.

At least sixty dollars in cash and an expensive watch have been stolen from Andrew Mellon and Woodland Halls. As if these thefts failed to bring enough ignominy upon our heads—several pieces of woolen clothing contributed to the Greek War Relief were taken. So deeply ingrained in us is our Honor System that collection boxes for such articles must now be kept in Miss Weigand's office.

The efficiency of our laws and their enforcement is based upon and dependent upon the student body. The activity of our Honor Committee Chairman is, consequently, frustrated when student cooperation is nil. A one man man-hunt is pretty stiff even for a PCW B. W. O. C.

Surely we are old enough to realize that suspicion and doubt are parasitic values not to be indulged, and cautious enough to think and act accordingly. However, public opinion is a sturdy weapon and a democratic one. A healthy hatred of all that falls beneath the standards of honor and decency never harmed the men who owned it.

On one occasion money was taken in Woodland Hall after visiting hours, thereby partially tightening the range of guilt. Nevertheless, the fact that there is one foolish girl among us only enhances the possibility of two. Be not smug, fellow students. The noose is not yet properly adjusted. Above all, report losses and report suspicions. Gossip may be the **Arrow's** most widely-read column but, spinning rampant, as gossip has a way

of doing, it hits various and sundry mistaken points before the goal is met.

In parting, may we suggest—don't suspect a friend, but when she enters your boudoir make sure she is accompanied.

To Freshmen . . .

The word welcome is as trite in the life of a Freshman as Merry Christmas is on December 25 and probably not so inspiring. With your permission, we shall refrain from further desecration of the word and, perhaps, further boredom of all concerned.

When you uninitiated ones pulled the veil of darkness over prep-school days and set foot upon the PCW campus you fell headlong into a labyrinth of more or less traditional traditions. More or less, we say, because two sequential occurrences of somewhat similar acts by individuals or by a group may become a tradition. You may not be able to distinguish, at first, which curricular and extra-curricular activities are the children of habit and which are fad and fashion. This art is either fabulous or reserved to alumnae of long-standing. But, bear up. By your Senior year you may have an inkling of the instincts which govern college years.

When you begin to recognize such symptoms you have come of age and your college has become your alma mater.

Attitudes

When you cross the threshold of your chosen church ten minutes after the service has begun on Sunday morning, you gallop down the aisle as if it were the last lap of a race course. You shout at friends occupying the pew farthest from you and wave your purse in imitation of semaphore. Then, with much ado, you decide in which pew you'd like to sit, changing your mind and your chassis accordingly and chatting the while.

After disposing of gloves, slipping off new pumps, and dropping the hymnal on the floor in an attempt to find what everyone is singing, you relax, look around, and intersperse the lines of the sacred song with comments on the ministerial robes and hair cut. Throughout the sermon you knit, catch a few winks, or exchange quips with your neighbor.

You cringe at this picture of illicit etiquette and yet your conduct in our own chapel during services, religious or otherwise, is so comparable that it supercedes humor.

The chapel may not be the sanctum sanctorum but the programs held in it are no less deserving of attention. Speakers are chosen not to benefit the faculty or administration, but for you, with your interests, likes, and dislikes in mind. If there is a speaker you particularly want to bring to PCW, if you have any suggestions to offer, the chapel committee is always ready to do its best. This chapel is your chapel, the programs your programs. Consider them so and remember not to laugh and talk when entering, especially if the organ is playing. Don't knit or sleep during the services and **please** don't be late.

EVENTS

Mountain Day

When Mohammed couldn't go to the mountain but had the mountain come to him, he didn't know what he was starting! For the second year (last year's AA president Janet Ross instituted the reversal on campus) Mountain Day became Mohammed Day on Saturday, October 9, and 120 student and faculty members climbed to the hockey field for lunch and an afternoon's entertainment.

To start the afternoon's activities, the traditional milk-drinking contest was again held, with representatives from each class, and last year's winner Dean Marks representing the faculty, steeling themselves to the ordeal of emptying a milk-filled coke bottle via a nipple. According to participants it was a real struggle, for nipples just aren't what they used to be. The necessary war-time substitution of plastic for rubber nipples caused the contestants to unanimously agree that if nothing else, babies of today would at least have harder gums. Winner of the pseudo-academic contest was Senior entrant, Betty Brown.

A special tumbling act was then presented, highlighted by Miss MacLachlan's somersaulting over five girls and AA president Jean Rieumont's fancy acrobatics. After that, the Sophomores defeated the Freshmen and the Juniors defeated the Seniors playing Human Croquet. Faculty members Mrs. Dickey and Miss MacLachlan then defeated the challenging Juniors in a slightly altered version of the same game.

The main attraction of the afternoon was, of course, the annual mushball game between faculty members and students. Spurred on by "Lefty" MacLachlan's and "Big Poison" Spencer's hitting, the faculty trounced the students to the tune of twelve to three. Taking up the Dodger's promise, students could be heard calling back, "Wait 'til next year" as they disappeared into Woodland Hall or down the road.

Hockey

The hockey season opens in full stick-wielding sway on October 20. The Seniors meet the Juniors on that date and rumor promises an exciting first game. On Thursday, 21, the Freshmen battle the Sophomores. If one or more teams survive the ordeal the games will progress accordingly.

COLOR DAY

On Thursday, November 4, the various classes will compete for the first time this year. On that day the Freshmen will be officially welcomed as a class and the traditional five pound box of candy will be awarded the winning songbirds. Since the Freshmen broke a precedent by copying the prize last year, everyone is eagerly awaiting the results of this year's contest. The ceremony will begin with a Junior and Freshman procession, after which the Freshman chairman will be named. The class of '47 will then receive their colors from Alice Craig, Marion Swannie, and Polly Wilson.

The contest will be judged by the following members of the faculty: Dr. Montgomery, Mr. Collins, Miss Held, Miss MacLachlan, and Miss Kramer. They will choose one of the three songs, *The Song of the Dragon*, *Hail to Pennsylvania*, or *We Sing Hi-Ho*, to be sung by each class. Each class will then sing one wholly original song and one song with original words. The Juniors will also sing a special song to their sister class.

Those secret meetings in the Drawing Room have really been getting things accomplished under the leadership of the various song committees: Seniors, Mary Lou Reiber, Lou Ann Isham, Dale Kirsopp, Dorcas Leibold, Jean Waldie, and Lillian Sheasby; Juniors, Virginia Ricks, Carolyn Cosel, Dorothy Firth, Nancy Herdt, and June Collins; Sophomores, Martha Yorkin, Janet Bovard, Rosalyn Savecka, Helen Parkinson, Eva Caloyer, Jean White; Freshmen, Frances Haverstick, Lois Ann DeWalt, Else Gregor, Tish Duff, Louise Baehr, Josephine McKenrik, Betty Fleck, and Jean Rambo.

Scholarships

Scholarships in voice recently were awarded to both Else Greger and Anna Jane Goodwin. The scholarships entitle both Else and Anna Jane to one class lesson in voice per week, and require that they also add a course in theory to their schedule. The course in theory is required because the scholarship is intended to help its winner become the best artist possible.

Mu Sigma Contest

Enthusiasts, here's your chance to get started this year. Dream up, invent, or copy (if it is centuries old) a super motto worthy of the products prepared by Mu Sigma. Chairman Virginia Gray and her committee are giving you a chance to win, without coupons, three of their prized products . . . one jar of vanishing cream, one of cleansing cream, and one of cold cream. All you have to do is enter your motto in the contest by the twenty-ninth of this month.

The girls make these products for us in their own spare time. All the receipts go to the awards given on Moving-Up Day. A \$25 scholarship is given to a Senior whose major is chemistry and a \$25 scholarship to one with a biology major. New members sharing in Mu Sigma activities were tapped on Matriculation Day this year. They are Lois Allshouse, Jane Beck, Grace Benner, June Collins, Audrey Heston, Lois Lutz, Marjorie Mayhall, Georgia Raynor, Edith Succop, Polly Wilson, Charlotte Wray and Peggy Craig.

The officers of Mu Sigma, sponsored by Dr. Wallace, are president, Evelyn Glick; vice-president, Edith Succop; secretary, Betty Johnescu; and treasurer, June Collins. They have selected Ruth Lynch as chairman for an initiation to be held at the end of this month.

War Fund

The United War Fund drive begins on October 18 and closes November 5. The campaign workers on the PCW campus are: Director, Miss Dysart; Faculty and Staff, Mrs. Ayars, Miss Bair, Miss Kirk, Miss Kramer, Miss Piel, Miss Walker, Dr. Wallace; Seniors, Winifred Watson, Peg Johnson, Joanne Knauss, Betty Spierling, Ruth Weston; Juniors, June Collins, Pauline Basenko, Jean Dalzell, Alice Demmler, Louise Flood, Marjorie Mayhall; Sophomores, Jean Purvis, Doris Fairfield, Jane Field, Sybil Heimann, Fran Hilbish, Mary Ann Letsche, Mickey McKee, Marie Rohrer, Helen Jane Shriner, Sally Lou Smith; Freshmen, Ann McClelland, Ruth Arnold, Anne Dalzell, Margaret Dodge, Marianne Hamilton, Catherine Henderson, Joan Kaufmann, Grace Longbach, Barbara Mason, Gene Wallace; workers in buildings and on grounds, Mr. O'Neal, Sadie Waddell.

EVENTS

MATRICULATION DAY

Impressive Matriculation was held Monday, October 4, and ninety-eight Freshmen and thirty-four transfers were welcomed officially and hospitably by an alumnae representative, by student leaders of SGA, YW, and AA, and by Mrs. Charles Spencer, class of 1883. Miss Marks did the honors for the faculty, mentioning some statistics about the new students. Ten members of the Junior class received Sophomore honors, awarded to those having the highest academic standing for the first two years of college work. So acclaimed were Lois Allshouse, Grace Benner, Peggy Chantler, Carolyn Cosel, Alice Demmler, Lois Lutz, Virginia Ricks, Edith Succop, Marion Swannie, and Pauline Wilson.

Climax of the proceedings was Doctor Spencer's talk, "The Extra Mile." He added this new freedom to the four already familiar—the freedom to go the extra mile, to do just a bit more than is necessary. Only so, he said, can we be sure of victory, of peace, and of our way of life.

Faculty Reception

Students were guests of the faculty on Wednesday, October 6, at a reception in Andrew Mellon Hall. Dean Helen Marks and Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Spencer were in the receiving line, as guests called between two-thirty and four-thirty. This year, old students found almost as many new faculty members to meet as did the Freshmen and transfers. Some faculty members even admitted they hadn't yet met others on the faculty.

Hood and Tassel members assisted in the serving. Miss Lillie B. Held was in charge of the music, and Miss Mary Shamburger planned the decorations. Mrs. Park made general arrangements.

YW Party

Ruth Jenkins Allen headed the management of the Get-Acquainted Party held in the chapel on Friday, October 1. The theme was "Skunk Hollow" and appropriate dancing was directed by Lester Shaeffer from the Soho Community House. Ruth was assisted by Gladys Heimert, Sally Meanor, Betty Johnescu, Nancy Herdt, and Marilou Haller. Pauline Basenko provided accordion music.

Calendar

Wednesday, October 20 — Chapel speaker: Rev. John C. Smith; YW Meeting — Speaker: Miss Carolyn Allen—2:30 in Berry Hall Drawing Room.
 Friday, October 22—Chapel: Dr. Marcus A. Spencer.
 Monday, October 25—Chapel: Lt. (j.g.) Josephine Campbell.
 Thursday, November 4—Chapel: Col-or Day.
 Friday, November 12—Chapel: Dr. Harry Van Walt.
 Tuesday, November 16—Chapel: Mr. Robert P. Tristram Coffin.
 Friday, November 22—Chapel: Mrs. Shupp.

Hood and Tassel

At a meeting before the adjournment of school last spring, the members of Hood and Tassel who were tapped on Moving-Up Day elected their officers for this year. Ruth Jenkins Allen has assumed her duties as president, and on her executive committee are Patty Leonard, vice-president; Ann McClymonds, secretary, and Martha Mc Cullough, treasurer.

Miss Irma Ayres, of the home economics department, has accepted the position of adviser to the society. At a Retreat last spring and an early meeting this fall the members, in consultation with their faculty associates, laid plans for their participation in the year's school events.

Frosh Talent

The class of '47, largest in PCW's history, boasts an abundance of musical talent. Josie Wagner has played violin with the Johnstown Symphony for three years and Louise Baehr, also a violinist, was judged by Franciscotti the winner of a competitive contest. In voice are Else Greger, who won the Freshman scholarship, and Jane Campbell who has been contralto soloist in the Carnegie Presbyterian Church for several years. Elizabeth Fleck and Gorgiana Gilliland excell in the field of dancing. Dorothy Sampson turns her talents to piano and organ. The arrival of these artists on campus holds promise for a year of excellent entertainment.

JOTTINGS

In an atmosphere of candlelit reverence, the new members of the YWCA were officially recognized at the chapel service on October 13.

Vice President Betty Johnescu led the service while President Sally Meanor told the story of the painting, *Hands in Prayer*, by Albrecht Durer, emphasizing the theme of service. The cabinet, dressed in traditional white, sat on the platform. Familiar strains of *Master, Walk With Me* and *We Are Building* accompanied the lighting of candles by the new members.

Pennsylvanian Work

Organization of the *Pennsylvanian* is proceeding steadily under the direction of Patty Leonard, editor; Jane Meub, assistant editor; Joanne Knauss, business manager; Patty Smith and Louise Flood, feature editors; Barbara Findley and Peggy Chantler, activities editors; Nancy Maxwell, advertising editor; and Dorcas Leibold, photographic editor.

Patty Leonard and her staff were working even before school started. All the class pictures have been taken and some of the engraving has already gone to the printers.

Big and Little Sister Dance

Saturday, October 23, has been announced as the date of the YWCA Big and Little Sister Dance.

Ruth Jenkins Allen has been appointed general chairman; Martha Coate will have charge of decorations, and Betty Spierling of tickets and music.

The dance will be held in the chapel from nine until twelve o'clock. Big Sisters can buy tickets for 1.00 per couple plus tax on Friday, October 22.

Ruth Jenkins Allen will head the receiving line with Miss Marks, Mrs. Hansen and Sally Meanor.

YW Retreat

YW Retreat this year was held in the Conover Room in Andrew Mellon Hall on Monday, September 20. It had been hoped that it could be held at a camp near Warrendale, Pennsylvania, but transportation difficulties prevented this.

The meeting lasted all day and the Cabinet and the advisers Dean Marks and Mrs. Hansen were present. Plans for the coming year were discussed.

PEOPLE

NEW FACES

It was 10:25 A. M.—time for lunch. So the **Arrow** Reporter snatched the brown paper bag from her locker, ate two peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, a hardboiled egg, a piece of Boston cream pie, a tomato, choked a coke, and dashed to chapel.

It was 10:27 A. M., and the chapel was all settled down for a long winter's sleep. There was no noise, not even the organ, not even the radiators, only the tip-toeings of the scribe's number 18's as they clomped towards the rear of the room.

"Hey," whispered a voice in loud staccato, "where are you tearing to? You don't sit behind those pillars any more. You're a woman now—in the Junior class no less!"

"So I am," murmured the Reporter, as she clomped back to the front and crawled into one of the chairs. The hymn had now begun, but the **Arrow** worker was silent due to a sudden attack of laryngitis. After the musical Amen, announcements were made of things to come, but the **Arrow** writer heard none of them — she was too much occupied in observation of her classmates around her. Each of them was as straight as if she were sitting for a Daguerreotype, and as noiseless as a giraffe with a sore throat.

"Why the quiet, and straight backs?" she whispered "Has the DuBarry Success course finally caught up with us?"

"Sh! 'shshed the whole Junior class like a choo-choo, "Look to your left and you wouldn't ask such stupid questions."

The reporter looked to her left and snapped her head back again. She sat up straight and narrow and joined the silence of the Junior part of the room. The Faculty was to the left, big as life and twice as alarming!

"You see now," whispered the basis of a Junior, "why we listen with both eyes open and all three feet on the floor!"

"And we hear more things that way," said another, "Why we're regular-sized Absorbine Juniors!"

The **Arrow** gal ignored that last remark and slyly took another quick glance to the left. Many familiar blue-book dispensers were here and there, but there were so many new faces that the Reporter thought for a minute, "Gee, I musta taken the wrong bus!" But her presence of mind returned, and her intellectual curiosity got the better of her. She decided then and there to devote the

rest of her natural afternoon to delving into the biographies of the new faculty members—and this is what she found:

In the psychology department is Miss Lois Kramer, A. B. from PCW, M. A. from University of Minnesota. She loves being on the other side of PCW (the better half—the faculty) but admits "she works a lot harder now than she did in her other period here." (Students are different now—we think).

Another PCW graduate back as a faculty member is Miss Susan Woolridge of the chemistry department. Also in Buhl Hall, second floor, is Dr. *(continued on page 6)*

GUARDED

Lower Fifth Avenue sports a new signboard which on one half shows a friendly American cop umpiring a back-lot baseball game for the kids, and on the other half a Nazi Gestapo agent menacing a little German girl as she opens the front door. Above it is the caption "Which would you rather have?" With this staring her in the face morning after morning, your **Arrow** reporter's conscience could no longer stand it and she decided in a moment of weakness to become a committee of one to "know your policemen."

"What better place to start than Woodland Road?" she asked herself, and two days later, with courage mustered and knees knocking, she timidly approached the policeman who was passing the time of day with the mailman. Having conversed with a policeman just once before in her life, and then to unsuccessfully ex- *(continued on page 14)*

Short Wave

Miss Vera L. Mowry, district representative of the Penn State Extension School here at PCW, will leave on October 20 for the WAVES Officer Candidate School at Smith College, Northampton, Mass. She came here as Doctor Spencer's Secretary when he became president and resigned in 1941 to become the acting head of the defense school here.

Her activities in education circles were numerous. She attended Frick Training School and was president of its Alumnae Association.

V-GALS

Have you seen any mysterious shadows this semester flitting back and forth from the Art Room in the Library to the library in the Science Building? I thought at first I was seeing the ghosts of some old PCW girls, for the shadows moved silently and swiftly, without looking right or left. Just then, two shadows floated past me, and the autumn breeze wafted back the words "Glenn Martin." I grabbed pad and pencil and raced after them, catching the last shadow just before it slipped into the Science library. The shock of the impact was terrific, for I contacted flesh and blood, and had the sleeve of a heavy wool coat in my clutch. I gasped, and all the ghosts in the library laughed, and changed into very normal, serious-eyed young women.

"We're the Glenn Martin girls," they chanted gaily, and proudly, too, for Glenn Martin is the oldest aircraft factory in the United States. I felt small and useless, chewing on my pencil in the midst of all those girls training for Uncle Sam.

They were of all sizes and ages, ranging in age from eighteen to forty. A varied group, representing all walks of life: high-school graduates, college students and graduates, business girls. Some of the girls have had training in flying. Selected on a basis of scholarship from the tri-state area, the girls are being paid while in school—not a bad idea. On being told that thirty-seven hours a week are spent in classes, I fell off the table, without enough time to do so gracefully. The girls were nice, though, and put me on a chair.

"What do you study?" I croaked, over-awed. They told me that there are four courses: mathematics, drafting, manufacturing processes and materials, and mechanics. One night a week the girls go to the South Vocational School. "Oh," I murmured, as I had visions of blood, sweat, and tears. All the girls seemed to agree that they like working and studying at PCW. There is a fifteen-week course, at the end of which the girls will leave Pittsburgh for Baltimore, where they will study for three months.

"Tell the PCW girls that we are all very interested in what we are doing," one of those hard-working wonders said.

PEOPLE

EX-FACULTY

"Our eyes have seen the coming of the National Defense; We are ousted from our classes, we are putting up pup tents."

Well, not yet; but PCW was almost caught with only part of a faculty this semester. The call to the colors instead of to the classroom drew some of our teachers into service.

Dr. Helen Calkins, instead of showing PCW girls how to juggle ration-points, is teaching mathematics to pre-flight cadets at the University of Minnesota. (No, girls, you may not be transferred to that school.) Doing secret, secret work in Washington, D. C., is Dr. Marion Griggs, whose present home is in Falls Church, Virginia.

Another war-worker is Dr. Allen W. Scholl, now a senior research physicist for the Firestone Rubber company in Akron, Ohio. Dr. Scholl has the delightful task, a "new one" for him—training classes of girls.

Off to the Navy, and perhaps to see at least America, is Miss Eleanor J. Graham, now a WAVE. Off to see the world, too, are Miss Margaret Robb, an assistant field director with the Red Cross, and Miss Helen G. Errett, also with the Red Cross. In the same organization way down in Camp McCain, Mississippi, is Miss Marion E. Laskey. She is doing recreation work at the Station Hospital. (Stop sighing, you "Angels of Mercy"; we have recreation here, too.)

Still interested in the cause of college training, Dr. Dorothy A. Shields has returned to Goucher College, this time as Dean of Admissions and as a teacher.

Enjoying the pleasures of home life without flocks of adopted "classroom children," are Mrs. Olive O. Harris and Mrs. Jean W. Bishop. Dr. Dorothy M. Andrew is living in Minneapolis. Perhaps with a yen for the kitchen and the hearth, Miss Dorothy Barnes "up and got married" on October 6—and, we hope, will live happily ever after.

So, my children, we have welcomed a new group of faculty members. We will miss those who have gone. We may see some of them go marching by, with epaulets, or gold braid, or overalls, in this war-year of 1943. We may not be singing "Glory, glory, hallelujah!", but we will know that "Defense is here to stay!"

Transfers

Coupled with the generous increase in the number of members in the Freshman class there has been a skyrocketing of the number of transfers entering this school year. Thirty-four students coming from twenty-six different schools, have entered the upperclass ranks: sixteen in the Sophomore class, fifteen in the Junior, and three in the Senior.

The list of the schools from which the girls transferred is quite extensive; Allegheny College leads the group by providing six of the transfers, is followed by Carnegie Tech, Edgewood Park, and Ohio Wesleyan, with two each. Twenty-two other schools were left by the transferring group, among them Bucknell University, University of Wisconsin, Western Reserve University, Texas Tech College and Muskingum College.

The transfers are—Sophomores: Cleo Bennett, Susan Campbell, Helen Chesrown, Helen Croak, Audrey Divvens, Mary Lu Egan, Grace Haas, Patricia Hensch, Helen Hunter, Kathryn Lowe, Evelyn Matthews, Ouida McGehee, Grace Savage, Virginia Sommerfeld, and Jean White. Juniors: Betty Beglinger, Barbara Collins, Doris Depp, Harriet Fleming, Ruth Ford, Barbara Hansen, Janet Harkness, Dorothy Lind, Lois Long, Carolyn Morgan, Elizabeth Rusbasan, Elizabeth Shollar, Mary Louise Thies, Helen Truxal, and Sally Ann Whitney. Seniors: Virginia Speer Baldwin, Evelyn McLaughlin Knox, and Jean Waldie.

New Faces

(continued from page 5)

Thomas F. Jacoby (pronounced ge-ko-be; spell it with a "Y") Lehighman (A. B., M. A. & Ph. D.) in Buhl Hall, first floor, is Miss Kathryn Challinor (Allegheny A. B., University of Kentucky, M. A.) who is Dr. Martin's new assistant.

Mrs. Clayton Gill, assistant French instructor, is a graduate of Hope College, Netherlands, and received her Master's Degree at Michigan.

The Speech Department has three new Faculty Members. Mrs. George B. Kimberly, Acting and Costuming instructor, and head of the PCW "little" theater, is no stranger to college—from Carnegie Tech Drama School, she is already known here as "Kim's wife." Mrs. Skinner, also from C. I. T. Drama Department, is teaching Speech Correction. Also in Speech Department is Mrs. Robert Ferguson (A. B., Emerson; M. A., Pitt—graduate study at Yale and University of Freiburg, Germany).

Much impressed by the large Freshman enrollment in mathematics is Mrs. Robert Seitz (A. B., Wilson; graduate study, Cornell and Bryn

(continued on page 14)

COMPLIMENTS
OF A FRIEND

ANTHON'S

FOR GOOD FOOD
AND PASTRIES

EAST LIBERTY

FEATURES

K. P.

Being caught in the draft no longer is a man's exclusive prerogative. PCW has incorporated one its very own. Said draft is all inclusive in its scope, omitting neither wordly Seniors nor bright-eyed Freshmen. The area of Woodland Hall especially is the scene of bustling activity. The noise of squeaky sweepers may be heard echoing and re-echoing through its lofty halls at various hours of night and day as we clean our rooms undaunted by a week's collection of Pittsburgh grime. Several of us have even taken over the delivery of Uncle Sam's mail, while the rest—ah, yes, the rest—are working in that territory so exclusively reserved for womankind—the kitchen. There you can see our debs bedecked in the popular floor-length apron conscientiously scraping scraps off dirty dishes and slinging 'em into the dishwasher. And after dinner each day, a sturdy student efficiently wields the mop. Around and about, sundry others scrub away at the dinner trays until they positively glow. Ah, but this is not all. The rest of us, in fact the greater part of us, are learning how to sling the proverbial hash. Speaking from short experience, let us describe for you this seemingly-simple operation.

First of all, you learn to balance a tray heavily loaded with beef, peas, gravy, and mashed potatoes on your right shoulder while you shove the kitchen door open with the so-handy portion of the anatomy, the derriere. and second, you wend your merry way to your table, no doubt the one in the corner farthest from the kitchen. Having accomplished this without spilling too much gravy down the hostess' back, you can breathe a sigh of relief and prepare yourself for the next ordeal. It's not long in coming. The hostess, beaming wickedly, says something that sounds very much like,

"Eleven milks, please."

"Eleven?" you query in that what-are-you-talking-about tone, knowing full well that there are either only ten people at this table or that your bacteriology really has got you going.

"Yes," she smiles placidly, "I'd like two."

"She'd like two." you mutter under your breath as you hurry to the kitchen. What you'd like to say shouldn't be said to a dog.

Once back in the kitchen, you try

desperately to dip your milk without spilling it over the side of the glass, but after you've spilled the sixth one, you know this is impossible. You fill the glasses and sit down. Evidently this is a grave mistake, for some thirsty soul wants a drink of water. As soon as you procure this, refills are in order. All in all, you have at least ten minutes to eat your own dinner before dessert time rolls around. After dessert comes coffee—is there never any end? Yes, after the coffee is finished and they tell their little joke about the midget who went to the undertaker for a short bier all over again, they politely shove back their respective chairs and leave the clearing-up to you. And pretty soon, believe it or not, you're all done—until the next time. You'd feel fine, too, if it weren't for that gnawing feeling in the pit of your stomach. You couldn't be hungry, could you?

HERE AND THERE

Huge numbers of gallant PCWites have heaved to the winds the torches they've been lugging around for years and lowered the thermostat to a slow broil. Poetically speaking, they've become one-man women.

It's no longer sharp to tow a brace of swooning males in one's wake. Woo takes place over distances of six to ten thousand miles, and several censors act as go-betweens. Correspondence, of course, must be swathed in devotion, but feminine interest is more easily captivated if the young man goes native, scorns the idea of decent haberdashery, and refuses to again assume the luxuries of home. It is also helpful if he will send home some ancient bits of plaster to be framed as wall plaques, or, perhaps, an Egyptian version of the fascinator. The rudder of a Jap bomber may also turn the trick.

Times have changed. So must our ideas of romance. In lieu of peace, however, let's control ourselves.

Summer Spent . . .

in ring gathering and wool gathering produced a balmy, beamy student body this fall. Ringing in are Portia Geyer, Mary Lou Reiber, Patty Smith, Mary Jane Youngling, Marion Monks, and Frosh Joan Kau'mann. Strange—but the glamour of it all never pales one whit.

Second Step

Ruth Jenkins I-do'd in June—it's Mrs. Allen, to you. **Arrow** ed Ann

(continued on page 9)

CAMPUS COMMENTS

The **Arrow** editors, being muchly be-shuffled by life in general and this publication in particular, have enlisted the aid of a contact-man. She operates under the title of Special Representative and upon the execution of her duties depends the to-be-or-not-to-be of the **Arrow**. She was chosen on the basis of constancy, dependability, solidity, and, above all, personal appeal. From experience the editors have found that their habitually rugged approach of people and things in the line of duty doesn't always accomplish the necessary ends. Consequently, the situation will be attacked from a new angle. The approach must be one of unobtrusive straight-forwardness and, cardinally, one of delicacy and finesse. Who could take such stringent requirements in her stride, dear readers, but Jean Bacon, the "chosen one"? (For this indescribable service, Jean, we love you tenderly. Ye Eds.)

* * *

"But let my due feet never fail to walk the studious cloisters pale," said P. Smith to Nancy Maxwell on the memorable night of October 12. For on that night until the wee hours of the morning, the occupants of the second-floor wing of Woodland Hall were preparing their inner sanctum for the '43-'44 term. These cherubs, commonly called Bell's Angels, erected an over-bearing edifice at the threshold of the wing, complete with proctor, guards, and entrance requirements. Miss Marks, by special invitation, viewed the whole with apparent approval. Watch for future activities of "Bell's Angels on de Ball."

* * *

For years, positively years, we have been searching more or less consciously for an ideal radio program. A program not designed to enrich the swirling tides of the imagination, to deepen the wells of knowledge, or influence the trend of philosophic thought. A program which does not attempt to delve into the private affairs of the Jones family or of a couple of super-romantic lovers named Smith who are bounced around on the turbulent seas of life. A program which doesn't encourage housewives to swoon at the idea of using a competitive brand of granulated soap. And lastly, a program that leaves us on the verge of hysteria without the repetitive use of puns. Listen to Bobby Hookey next Sunday night at 10:15. Moral: buy bends.

FEATURES

MENTOR CENTER

Mrs. Shupp Speaking

It gave us pause the other day when we were referred to—with certain others—as the old faculty. We had not for some time considered ourself either exactly young or exactly new, but we had never thought enough about it so that it gave us pause.

As a matter of fact, we have been a PCW girl for eight years, which is twice as long as we graced the campus of the college which has the honor of being our Alma Mater. Two classes of which we were a member have remained here for their allotted span and then gone out into the wide world, leaving us to the round of days beginning with Matriculation Day, Mountain Day, Color Day and ending—at least so far it has ended—with Moving Up Day and Commencement Day.

There has been progress in those eight years. Living here at PCW, coming up the hill every day, going to classes and turning in an absence slip and reserving books at the library—it seems that every day is like every other day and that the fall program of 1943 is in minute detail like that of 1942 which was in minute detail like that of 1941, and so back to the mists of 1935 which was the year we came. It seems that students make the same mistakes, write the same papers, produce the same ideas, flourish the same prejudices this year as last year, and as the year before that and before that. The organism hopefully known as the adolescent mind seems to be today pretty much what it was yesterday.

Thinking in larger terms, however, seeing PCW over an eight-year period, we were aware that the place is in many ways different from the PCW of 1935. It is not only that in the course of those years the size of our campus has been doubled and we have acquired three new buildings. And by the way, that is not a small achievement; a college does not double its campus every day in the week and Andrew Mellon, the Art Center and Fickes did not grow like mushrooms over night. The wide-eyed undergraduate looked once and they were not there; she looked again and they were. And so the college had new property! We venture to make the assertion, though quite

without statistics, that PCW has been more fortunate in its program of expansion than any comparable college within a radius of as many miles as you like, and that if we were to go back to 1935 we should realize that there were certain horse-and-buggy limitations in the pre-Mellon epoch.

We hope, and sometimes we believe, that in these eight years there has been expansion in our thinking as well as in our campus. We have come through in that period a post-depression, and national election, the pre-Pearl Harbor tension and confusion, the opening discouraging phases of the war—to the present promise of victory.

It is natural and right that this year we should notice at PCW a predominant interest in the war and in the men who are fighting it. We believe that this college is doing a great deal for them; at least it is marrying them as rapidly as possible. It occurred to us, if an eight-year-old may have an opinion, that it would be a fitting expression of our interest if we should—now, in this year of the war—approximate here on our campus in terms of our own experience the discipline, the courage, the ability-to-take-it of the cousins and friends and husbands and sweethearts who are in the service.

In other words, what about a steady pressure of work this year? And as for social activities, let them be spontaneous and functional, or let them not be. The empty social gesture . . . as for us we think our time might be better spent at the Red Cross making bandages.

FASHIONS

When you skimmed through the latest *Mademoiselle* did any of the fads strike your fancy? What about the new "turned-down-all-around" so't derby style hat? It's fine for anything from football games to fishing. Did you notice those soft fabric gloves with kid trimming? They're a neat compromise between the fabric you like and the kid your mother says you should wear. And to make the gloves (and you) feel well-dressed, try a chunky gold bracelet and plain matching earrings. Take a quick look at *Mademoiselle's* collection of semi-tailored wool dresses, in sleepy shades of pale rose, coral, and moss green, and ponder the practical Chesterfields that dot the pages. Give a few moments of your time to the good grooming hints; then shut the book and go off on your own. That's the way fashions are born.

Suppose you haven't seen him since June, and he gets in from Fort Belvoir for Saturday evening. Improve your shining hour with a shining crown upon your lovely locks. Try a sequin cap, or fasten a tiny rhinestone clip to your plain black velvet beanie. Bewitch him with yards of fluffy veiling, dotted with something that shines, but be sure it hangs down the back, not the front. This isn't India, you know, and unless the veil is short, put it, with Satan, behind you.

If you miss the glamour of a formal date, add a pair of Cinderella dancing slippers to your dressiest black frock and hat, and they will make you feel as if you're back in the old days. The ones I saw were gold kid with platform soles and rhinestone-studded heels. Think what they'd do for your morale! For this same big evening, ask for a camellia, a pale pink one, when "What color is your dress?" enters the conversation. Pin it on your purse instead of your shoulder or in your hair, and it won't wilt while you're dancing.

Are you one of that poor benighted race that Dorothy Parker pities? Forget her cruel remarks, and trade your everyday glasses in for an after-dark pair tinted to match your costume. You may have your prescription lenses put in any number of becoming frames—square, oval, round, harlequin—in pale rose, pink, blue, and yellow. They're very becoming and very novel. Needless to say, the rose colored ones are the best for most types.

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FEATURES

Instead of rounding your shoulders and dislocating your arms, why don't you take a tip from the Harvard boys and invest in one of those dark green cloth bags that holds everything to transport your belongings back and forth to classes? They are very durable but almost weightless in themselves, a big advantage over a brief-case. Drop one of those new plastic note-books in, toss your books on top, and there you are. There is practically no limit to what you can transport in these handy contraptions; they're worth the investment.

M L. E.

Here and There

(continued from page 7)

McClymonds will, God and the train schedules permitting, be married in AMH on October 27. Patty Wright took one look at her Army man when he returned from Alaska, and decided that educated bliss could wait . . . she'll be married next month. Ex-PCWomen Peg Bishop and Nancy Davidson will add that second ring soon. Jean Waldie, Senior transfer, is dithering (and aren't they all?) over her November plans.

The Grads . . .

who should know better by now, have been caught in the same tide. Maybe "caught" is the wrong word—but anyway, Lib Esler, Peggy Suppes, Margie Graham, and Nina Maley are all practicing writing their new married names. Jean Sweet should be a Mrs. by now, too. Amy McKay's new engagement glow belies her words that she'll "wait 'til the war's over."

Also Note—

That Anna Mae Devlin Lewis's elfin-like hair-do and young matronly air are very becoming . . . that Eleanor St. Clair Hurtt would seem much-married, should we judge from the number of left-hand sparklers her husband has given her.

It Had To Happen

Cherub-faced Norma Bailey was quietly sitting in on her first practice-teaching assignment at Allderdice until the supervising teacher asked her if she spelled her name with a "y" or an "ey." "Ey" chirped Norma. The high school kids screamed with joy—"See! She can talk!"

Mislaid . . .

one woman's faith in hoomanity. Nancy Stauffer, as if she weren't graying enough over her Honor Committee post, had her fountain pen

lifted by one of the little angels she's teaching. On the same day—her first, by the way—she caught a cute little fellow cheating. Now she's trying to instill some of the finer precepts of life into the dear creatures.

They Say . . .

that Sue Campbell swears all her Lieutenants are just family friends . . . that Mary Linn Marks Colbaugh's daughter, Betsy Linn, is going to be as pretty as her PCW mamma and aunt . . .

The Galloping Poil

shows that the art of pin-wearing has not died. Joan Harmes' pin used to belong to a Phi Gam . . . transfer Grace Savage treasures one from a Delt . . . Babs Gill wears "the brightest star in the Heavens" — a Beta shield . . . Helen Truxall had hers made into a ring—cute idea.

Pictures Ain't Real

but Mickey McCullough's new one of Paul will do until the real thing gets home again . . . Peg Chantler brought back some sharp beach scenes from Northwestern—the Men (and she has two of 'em) look too good to be unattached.

Things is looking up, kids . . . if it weren't that we shrink from starting a stampede or something, we'd say in farewell—"GOOD HUNTING!"

YW Cozies

Just when the Freshmen began to think they couldn't squeeze in one more date on their calendars, another invitation popped up. This time it was for something different—a cozy.

The very word "cozy" suggests something extra special and that is exactly what cozies are . . . they're the cozy, informal get-togethers given by the YWCA cabinet members for new students.

Freshman YW Advisor Anna Jane Goodwin made the plans for the five Cozies held October 13 and 14.

Ins and Outs

The Berry Hall cafeteria always has a very personable horseshoe created in the middle of the room, consisting not of roses, alas, but noisy, hungry girls. As you whip in directly from your last morning class, don't add chaos to confusion. Other students are bent on getting their mid-day nourishment too, and loud talk, scurrying feet and pushing are only sad reminders that you went to high school.

If you want to spare yourself embarrassment, don't ask Mamie to save you a place in line. Even after the line has adjusted itself to you, the angry mutterings will reach your ears until they tingle.

Please don't share your tray with anyone if your appetite is reasonably healthy and you're not a math major. Otherwise, you'll create an accounting complication worthy of Einstein. It's not fair when the line is held up for minutes while you and Mamie make change or bicker over which one of you wanted the Boston cream pie.

One more caution: Use the IN door to the kitchen, leave your tray, and depart through the OUT door, but don't be too sure of yourself. Some individual is sure to be coming at you from the other side, and whoever pushes the portal first is spared the black-eye. Approach that door with fear in your heart. You never know what's coming.

Thanks to your future awareness, we know the cafeteria will be more comfortable at least, than Times Square on New Year's Eve.

One battle won does not win a war. We've got tougher times ahead.

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LITERATURE

EFFICIENCY EXPERT by Nancy Stauffer, '44

"Thank the blessed Lord above, it's all over," sighed Mrs. Jim Blazier as she eased off her gabardine pumps and rubbed her left instep with a white gloved hand.

"Yeah," agreed Mr. Jim Blazier, too tired to elaborate upon the statement. He hung the dog-eared "Do Not Disturb" sign on the brass doorknob. "Hope that dad-dratted chambermaid keeps the vacuum off this floor tomorrow morning," he thought.

"Without a hitch either, Jim." His wife smiled, remembering. "It was a beautiful wedding—well organized." Mrs. Jim was very conscientious about giving credit where credit was due. In fact, Mrs. Jim was conscientious about everything. Carefully she stuck two long hat pins back into the band of her black straw hat, and sighed again, contentedly. As Jim scooped a handful of rice from his coat pocket he looked absentmindedly at his wife. She was smoothing the heavy crepe bedspread with the careful hands of a "good housekeeper." The women back in Shelby, Ohio, always spoke of a "good housekeeper" in a solemn tone, full of respect for the few estimable ladies who proudly bore the hard won title. Mrs. Jim was built like a pouter pigeon — well upholstered, as she laughingly termed her 180 pounds.

"I'm not as thin as I used to be, either," Jim thought. His mind came back to the wedding this afternoon. Becky had picked a good boy. It was a relief. Before Mrs. Jim's sister had died, she had asked them to take Becky to raise. Jim chuckled to himself. Sometimes it seemed as though Becky had raised them. "A young 'un in the house gives an old foggy a different slant on things," he thought.

Mrs. Jim's voice caught his attention again. "Her mother would have been proud. Sis always said that she wanted Becky to have a big wedding. The Hollisters always have. Made it seem more important like and lasting. Sis always said."

Jim unbuttoned his vest. "Weren't never any divorces in the family." He sank carefully into a chaise lounge and you could tell he wasn't used to propping his feet on satin cushions. "Can't realize that little Becky is married," he mused. "Seems like just yesterday she finished high school and went away to get a job. And here we are in California, two thousand miles from Ohio—at her

wedding." He tore the wrapper from a five cent cigar. It had been a week before graduation when Becky asked him about going away. He thought of that afternoon a year ago. It had been spring—the warmth of the sunshine had felt good between his shoulder blades as he weighed a load of cracked grain for Silas Cromer. Spring was a good time in the little Ohio town.

"Becky shore does look purty," Silas had commented as he helped tie the mouth of the sack. She did too, bright as a sunflower in her yellow sweater, her brown hair tied back with a ribbon to match.

"Hi, Uncle Jim," she called as she climbed up to the loading platform. "Need some help?"

Jim heaved the feed into the back of the truck. "Just smile on my customers, baby. When they see you maybe I can sell them an extra bag o' feed." Silas chuckled in appreciation as he climbed into the driver's seat.

Becky put her arm through her uncle's and pulled him towards the dusty office. "I'd like to have a conference with you, Uncle Jim."

Jim knew she had something important to say. Two little wrinkles appeared on her forehead when she was very much in earnest. "Spill it, baby." He lit a cigar and tipped back his chair.

"I don't know just how to start—" Becky was hesitant. "Before mother died, you remember, she said to come to you when I needed any advice."

Jim nodded in encouragement.

"I always have, too" Becky continued, "and now I want you to agree to something that is very important to me." She gulped and plunged. "I've got a job in California and I'd like to leave next week."

Sitting there in the little office, they had discussed it pro and con and Jim had finally consented. He knew his wife wouldn't like it but after Becky had talked to her a couple of times Mrs. Jim had thrown up her hands and said, "All right, Becky. All right. I guess you're old enough to decide for yourself. But I still don't trust those California wolves Bob Hope talks about."

When Becky was hell-bent on getting something her own way she usually won. The next Tuesday morning she set out for Eldon, California, to work in an airplane factory. From her letters it was easy

to tell what was happening. She had a good job. "I'm general stooge to a specific stooge," she wrote, "but the stoog'in is worth \$150 per."

Jim could see now that it was like fate that she and Bill would meet. Those two were right for each other. Jim chuckled to himself. He remembered Becky's letter telling about Bill and how sure Mrs. Jim had been that a California wolf had shown up at last.

"He makes me mad — plain mad," she wrote. "The first time I saw him I was filing some letters in the bottom of the cabinet—"

The door slammed shut but nobody in the office looked up.

"Ought to be revolving doors," muttered Becky as she struggled with the bottom drawer. It was next to the floor and because it was hard to get to it always stuck.

"That is what I mean, Mr. Hopkins," a determined male voice asserted. She glanced around the cabinet and saw six feet of double breasted pin stripes and black curly hair standing beside the boss. He pointed at Becky who looked like an animated jack-knife. "It's a disgrace." He gestured towards Becky's prominent posterior.

The drawer slammed and she came up talking, "I'm hired for my brains, not my lines, young man." She banged a portfolio on the desk. "Who do you think you are? Most men appreciate a size twelve."

Mr. Hopkins cleared his throat. "Miss Hollister, this is Mr. Fairfax, our efficiency expert. He will be working in this office for a week or two. Look after him, will you?"

"Just call me Bill," the grey pin stripe suggested, sticking out his hand. Becky didn't see it and Mr. Hopkins retired tactfully. That's how it started.

(continued on page 12)

DAVID

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Sportswear

Wm. Penn Hotel
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Atlantic 1864

LITERATURE

VENTURE, ADVENTURE.....by Nancy Raup, '44

(Short Story Contest prize winner)

Snow, big, loose, drifting flakes, white as they settled onto coats and hats and hair, were trampled and ground and dissolved in the soot of fifty years. Insidiously the black muck oozed through the holes in the inadequate pumps of the office girl, the high-polished shoes of salesmen, the heavy boots of an occasional farmer (hardly recognizable as such—blue jeans and mail order suits having been banished long since from the city). A city seething homeward, fluid, molding to the shape of its container . . . moving in the mold of its buildings, blending itself with a typewriter. Its pulse that of a calculator, its body fiery as the steel furnace, its chatter the racket of tin-cutters, its mind the sluggish movement of coal barges up the river. Now, 5:20 p.m., all the fluid was being measured in long trolleys and carried away from the city in the manner of the chore boy dipping water from the well, running to the kitchen door with it — experience having taught him how. Occasionally some drop of water was lost. But who stops to count the drops? Not he who has a cupful.

The muck was in the girl's pumps and on her stockings, and her hair drooped damply on her shoulders. Snow or rain in Pittsburgh meant, always, crowds of people, appearing from nowhere to block sidewalks and streets, pedestrians becoming a terrible force, completely vanquishing the forces of motor traffic and leaving officers of the law subdued and despairing. The din of horns incessantly honking to punctuate the opinions of an irate motorist, of streetcar bells trying vainly to command the situation. Completely overcoming the city was the horde of people pushing out; people concentrated for the day over a few acres pushing out now over thousands, like an explosion which throws the contents of a cylinder over a city block.

And, though the girl was pushing, it did no good. Might as well push the Grant Building over onto the boulevard as to try to catch a streetcar. She shoved around a worker from the steel mill; the corner of a lunch pail dug into her arm. She smelled a sharp, sour odor of perspiration and beer.

"What the hell ya hurryin' for?" The man looked at her contemptuously. "Everybody wants to get home. That's where I'm goin'." He slouched along the street rather than walked. His coat flapped open in front and the grey shirt beneath was wet and clung to his chest.

The girl glanced at the man who spoke, hesitated, then ran on. A red light held a streetcar at the intersection.

Inside the car it was warm, moist warmth; it rose to stifle her as she stepped up into the car and walked towards the back. Steaming overcoats and fur coats, the fur matted and the pale skin showing through, making one very aware of the deadness of the animal. As she walked past the long double row of clay faces and sawdust bodies, she felt as though she were a large, live, feverish thing passing by a long row of sleepy children. An occasional movement was the only sign of life in those empty bodies.

She found a seat—two seats together—empty, and moved close to the window. The street light changed and the car lurched forward so that she sat down heavily.

At the next intersection a crowd pushed and swarmed into the car. A girl, black-haired, large-mouthed, talking loudly to two friends behind her, laughing, chewing gum, tripping over a foot, and laughing hilariously again. A man whose coat and suit looked much worn and little pressed, the lines of his face all drawn down. Behind him, another man whose rimless glasses sat primly upon his nose,

and whose slim, pink hands were trying to push the man in front of him out of the way. Behind them were a group of boys, young business-men, in green and rust and tweed overcoats, clapping each other on the back and guffawing and yelling, "Hurry up, Joe," to a comrade running out of a drugstore and towards the streetcar.

The doors slid closed, and when the car moved on, the girl looked up and saw again only clay faces and straw bodies.

The light inside and the darkness outside broken only by snow drifting against the window or the passing of a street light, a yellow blur of a street light, showed her only her own reflection in the windowpane. Her expression was odd, but without any clue as to what it meant; and the largeness of her eyes made the rest of her face go unnoticed. A smart coat fitted smoothly over her shoulders, but it treated her shabbily since it let the warmth of her body escape, inviting the wind and cold in.

Dress smartly if you want to work at Roseann's. If you don't make enough money, you can't be warm too. No one else knows if you're cold; they can see what you wear.

A man sat down beside her. "Hello!" he said.

"Oh!" She turned suddenly at the sound. A blond, tweed-coated man, his mouth and eyes and eyebrows looking as though someone had taken an indelible pencil and had drawn five horizontal lines in the proper places.

"Oh, hello, Don," she said.

He smiled at the startled look on her face. "You certainly sound glad t'see an old pal."

"I'm sorry." She laughed. "I guess you caught me pretty nearly asleep, that time."

"Sissy."

"I guess I am." She looked again at the snow trying to sift itself through the window. It wasn't often that the snow fell softly and lay, as it did now, on every roof and post and automobile. Even "Pappy's Restaurant" and the pool rooms looked cleaner and less cruel for a ridge of white around the building and flakes caught in doorways.

(continued on page 13)

STREM'S

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LITERATURE

Expert . . .

(continued from page 10)

Mrs. Jim had been surprised, all right, when she got that letter last month. "After all, I wouldn't want to make him lose his job," Becky wrote. "Bill said that if he changed those filing cabinets, it would take me weeks to unlearn the old system and then learn the new one. A new girl could do the job in half the time starting from scratch, Bill said. Well anyhow, darlings, I don't want to be a mote in the eye of progress so I'm marrying the guy. We are having a church wedding next month and will be expecting you both."

"An efficiency expert," Mrs. Jim had snorted. "He'll probably find a way to eliminate the 'I Do's.'" Mrs. Jim hadn't much faith in California.

"They must be in Los Angeles by now," Mrs. Jim was saying as Jim's mind snapped back into the present. He leaned over and untied his shoe strings. "Yeah."

"Bill seems like a right nice lad, don't he?" Mrs. Jim always discussed important events at length. "Must be good at his job too. Real efficient the way the wedding went off. You never could have managed anything like that." She giggled. "You almost fainted at your own wedding." She gloated a little over Bill's self-possession. "Certainly was a well arranged wedding."

"Lots of people and fol-de-rol," Jim grunted.

"California can't be too bad," Mrs. Jim concluded, "with bridesmaids and a Reverend to perform the ceremony and all, I mean."

Jim smiled, "What were you expecting? The '49'ers with pick and shovel and Dirty Dick toting a shotgun?"

Mrs. Jim condescended to giggle. She stretched out more comfortably and quiet hung companionably between them. She must have dozed because hurrying footsteps in the corridor brought her back to consciousness with a start.

The "Do Not Disturb" sign was violated by a loud determined knocking. Jim eased his feet into his shoes again and opened the door.

"Bill!" shouted Mrs. Jim—"but you're in Los Angeles!"

"Where's Becky?" asked Jim.

Bill was excited. "In the apartment—mad as hell!"

Mrs. Jim flinched. "But people don't get mad on their honeymoon," she wailed.

"Isn't any honeymoon. Aren't married!" Bill slumped into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"Explain yourself, boy," Jim demanded.

"I saw the wedding with my own eyes," Mrs. Jim sputtered as she mopped her face with a handkerchief edged with blue tatting.

Bill sounded like a doomed man. "Everyone was there, guests and ushers and everyone so we had to go through with it." His voice broke. "She'll never forgive me."

"W-H-A-T H-A-P-P-E-N-E-D?" Jim was shouting.

"The license wasn't any good. We didn't wait for three days. It wasn't legal." Bill's efficiency melted into despair.

"A wolf," chortled Mrs. Jim.

Bill defended himself, "In California you must wait for three days after getting the license before you can be married. We didn't know until the minister told us."

"I knew it was too good to be true," Mrs. Jim was muttering.

"All we have to do is get married again tomorrow," Bill explained wildly. "But Becky won't speak to me." His spirit was broken. "You're an efficiency expert," she said to me. 'Anything you forget, you forget on purpose'."

Jim exployded, "Ha, Ha!" His red face gleamed happily. "Don't worry, son. She'll get over it. Women always do." He picked up the telephone. "What's the number at the apartment, Bill?"

Becky answered.

"Got a party here who wants to speak to you, baby," Jim said.

Her voice was outraged Ohio. "I'll live in sin with no man, and you can tell Bill Fairfax that for me!" She hung up.

Mrs. Jim had been thinking. "After all," she argued with herself, "he seems to be worried. Bridegrooms always get fussed—even efficiency experts." She caught up her gloves from the table. "Husbands aren't so easy to find these days," she told herself.

"Where to, dear?" Jim asked. Bill was past caring.

"Don't anybody worry," Mrs. Jim reassured them, "I'll fix it. Be back as soon as I send a telegram."

"Well, I'll be a blue nosed bull!" Jim started in amazement. Telegrams had always meant birth, death, or major disaster to Mrs. Jim. As she hurried out he worried vaguely about her sudden spurt of confidence in telegraphic communications. Ten minutes later as he was picturing her in the hotel lobby, lost in a maze of potted palms and traveling salesmen, she walked back into the room.

"Everything is set," she asserted in a self-satisfied tone.

An hour later the phone rang.

"Hello?" Mrs. Jim said—and then calmly, "Becky—for you, Bill."

Bill knocked over a full ash tray as he lunged toward the phone. Mr. and Mrs. Jim politely retired to the bathroom to listen. Everything sounded all right. The receiver clicked into place. "You're a darling," Bill shouted. "Everything is O. K. You two are invited to another wedding tomorrow." Mrs. Jim was clutched to a husky chest. Bill looked down at her inquiringly. "What did you say in that telegram, Cupid?" He asked.

Mrs. Jim smiled. People didn't usually call her Cupid. She handed a copy of the telegram to Jim. "Read it out loud." He began:

"He's just a sheep in wolf's clothing stop Do you know that ratio of women to men in California is 8 to 1?"

Love,

Aunty.

"Becky always was a sensible girl," Mrs. Jim added.

Freshman Students 1943-1944

Day

Helen Allen, Betty Lou Anderson, Doris Baird, Marjorie Bennett, Helen Brown, Jane Campbell, Ellen Card, Margaret Cavanaugh, Mary Chambers, Kathryn Ciganovic, Peggy Ann Congalton, Mary Conway, Mildred Corman, Anne Dalzell, Miriam Dart, Margaret Dodge, Letitia Duff, Mary Alice Farneth, Dorothy Fennell, Priscilla Gersmann, Rose Gill, Georgiana Gilliland, Else Greger, Isabel Griffiths, Ruth Griffiths, Marianne Hamilton, Frances Haverstick, Lowell Mary Hess, Kathryn Houston, Esther Kennedy, Elizabeth King, Helen Larson, Virginia Little, Gloria Loller, Grace Longabaugh, LaVerne Lowar,

(continued on page 15)

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LITERATURE

*Venture . . .**(continued from page 11)*

"You'll forgive me, I know," she said.

"I don't know about that." He slapped his evening paper against his knee. "Don't know as I should do any such thing."

The long rows of stores were past and the distance between carstops longer. The car was picking up speed, the wheels thumping, beating in her ears like a bedroom clock on Sunday.

"Say, is something wrong with you?" Don peered at her as if he were annoyed.

"No. Why?"

"All you've done is to stare out the window. Nobody died, did they?" he asked quickly.

"No."

"You're usually smiling, or laughing."

Perhaps that was why the echoing of the clock in her room annoyed her so. It never stopped to smile at life, though everybody and everything else did . . . radio announcers, juke boxes, even dogs.

"Sure is grim weather," Don was saying. "Too late in the year for this sort of thing."

"Spring's always nasty here."

"Gosh, when I was a kid, back home, how we used to watch for spring." Don's eyes closed to just a thin slit. "We threw ball in the living room till Mother didn't know what to do. And then we'd run off in the rain and tell her it was only a little drizzle." He gave his knee another swat with the paper. "The good old days."

"We were a family of girls." She laughed, but it pierced the air not at all the way a laugh should. "Mother used to say she'd rather have ten boys."

Don raised an eyebrow, just enough to break the straightness of its line. "Where'd you come from?" he asked.

Her tongue caught on the word as she said it. "Danville." Her mind caught on it too. The snow had been slowly catching her, too, though she hadn't realized it. Snow drifting against the windowpane, trying to get in. Saying the word "Danville" had broken the pane.

Because it had been snowing in Danville when she had left. The houses and stores had had the same wisps of snow caught to them. But

the snow brought silence there as it never could to the big city. It had made the milk boy's whistle, as he crunched the new snow under foot, echo up to her front bedroom. It had made people talk to each other as they cleared adjacent walks.

"You know, sometimes I kinda wonder why I left home." Don shook his head. "I coulda stayed back in my home town, had a soft job with Dad."

"Oh." At the end of the word her voice rose a little.

"Probably would have married some girl I went to high school with."

She caught her breath. She had tried hard to blot out the memory, but there in her mind, as clear as though she had never been away from him, was a picture of John, and it was no use trying anymore. Lean, almost thin, he had been, but striking because of the darkness of his skin and the heavy blackness of his eyebrows and hair. He was smoking. How rarely she had seen him without a cigarette. She had asked him once what he would do when he went to heaven. "God surely wouldn't stand for all that smoke," she had said. He had watched the shifting haze in front of him and said, "There'll be plenty of smoke where I'm going." The tone of his voice had startled her.

The rows and rows of houses passed by unnoticed, tenements with feeble lights behind drawn blinds and grey hounds crouched tightly against the door. Brick houses appearing well-smoked, because the mills were directly below them. Occasional stores, the lights going off in many of them.

The conductor called, "Brady Street." Men in overcoats, grey and black, all pinned either in lieu of a missing button or at the hem or the sleeve. Their faces were covered with grease and more than a day's beard, their bodies slouched and pudgy, were walking towards the door, grabbing the rails as the car stopped sharply.

The car moved on and the thumping of the wheels again became a ring in her ears. Don slouched in his seat and stared at his sleeve.

She was thinking how odd it was that she had been so sure she wanted to marry John; that she had wanted nothing so much as that. She had thought it would be a beginning of security, a beginning of faith in herself. How much she had thought she

was in love with the shy manner in which he spoke and his ears that moved just a little when he smiled and his fingers so long they were almost ridiculous, and the way they got all twisted up when he flicked the ash off his cigarette, and the blue haze that followed him everywhere. Yet she had left Danville, had left in the morning when it was still dark, without saying "Goodbye," or "I'll be seeing you," to anyone. It had snowed, gently, as it was snowing now, and she had left. She had finally left—in the dark—on a snowy morning.

Don straightened up in his seat. "What are you thinking about, now?" he demanded. He leaned forward to look at her face directly.

"I am sorry." She smiled. "I must be tired."

"You said that before," he reminded her, "or words to that effect."

"Oh! You think I don't work hard enough to get tired once in a while?" She laughed.

"Work! Why girls like you don't know what work is!"

She didn't say anything, just stared at the matted hair of the woman in front of her, stared at the straight wisps of hair hanging down. The heat was stifling; her hands felt hot and sticky.

"A girl only works till she gets married." He thumped his thigh with his fist. "And only plays at work at that. A man's got to push ahead. Got to think seriously about getting established so he can support a wife and children for the rest of his life."

"Poor dear," she murmured.

"Well, it's true," he insisted. "All a girl's got to worry her is buying clothes and perfume and lipstick and getting a new permanent."

"Oh come now!" she protested. "Aren't you being a little hard on us?"

"No sir!" He was emphatic. "If you'd just think about it you'd see I'm right."

She raised her eyebrows. Shallow furrows appeared across her forehead. "What are you doing? Are you still fighting 'Women's Rights?'"

"If you aren't even going to take me seriously—"

"I guess you're right, at that, Don."

The streetcar stopped again. The darkness had now completely hemmed them in. Only the yellow blur of a street light gave the clue to life beyond that of trucks, and buses, and

(continued on page 14)

LITERATURE

Venture . . .*(continued from page 13)*

cars, and streetcars. A man climbed on the car.

The streetcar started up, throwing them back against their seats a little.

"How come I didn't see you at the party last Saturday?" Don asked. "Jane had said you were coming."

"Had a cold, so I just took care of it."

"I'd still like to know what's wrong with you," he said. "I've never seen you so non-committal."

"Nothing, Don." She played with the snap on her purse. "Do you ever hear from Tobe?"

"I had a letter just last week. Says he's fine."

"You know, he never has written to me, except at Christmas he sent me a note." She snapped her purse shut with finality, the click sounding loudly and hollowly. "And all he did then was get drunk in a couple of words I had to look up in the dictionary."

"Yes, I know."

"It seems so queer, though," she said, "I always thought Tobe and I were pretty good friends."

"He's never written to anyone, except me."

They were silent and very still. The sounds of the car began to pervade their consciousness: the buzzer ringing, the clink of coins dropped in a box, and the clang as the fares were rung up. The faint sweeping noise of the windshield wiper, the occasional cough; the rude honk of car horns and, at an intersection the policeman's whistle. The splash of passing cars.

Don looked at her. "Whatever made you come here?" he asked. "To leave Danville and come to Pittsburgh, I mean."

"Do you really want to know?" She looked at him, surprised.

"Umhuh."

She hesitated a moment. "You'll think it's silly." She shrugged her shoulders. "I came here because I wanted to write and because I thought that to come here and work and live among these people was the only way to learn to write."

"Well! What do you know about that!" He slapped his paper hard against his knee.

"I thought there was no life in

Danville."

"Why didn't you go to New York? I should think you'd pick New York."

"No, I don't know why myself. I just wanted to write and I came here."

"Hump."

"I still do though." She gave each word equal emphasis as she spoke. "And I will some day." She stared at the window again watching the snow melt and run jerkily down the pane.

"Well," Don said, "get something printed in *Esquire* and I'll try to find time to read it." He interrupted himself. "Say, isn't this your stop?"

She blinked. From the window she could see the neon sign over a drugstore and the lighted signboard of a church.

"Oh. Oh, yes." She got up hastily. "Bye Don. See you."

"Okay. Better hurry."

The streetcar was almost ready to move on when she reached the front of the car. As the door swished open, there came the sound of tires on wet pavement. "Slippery as hell," someone was saying as she stepped out.

There was a sharp honk. Then something hard, pushing, crushing her.

"Don't! Donn——"

There was a crowd and screams, high, piercing, hideous screams, and a scream vainly forming in her own throat.

There was the terrified, blue-white face of the driver and a policeman, all blue suit and polished buckles writing down the license number and taking the wallet full of identification cards from the shaking hand of the driver and saying, "Keep back! *Everyone!*"

"I didn't do it, officer! She just stepped out of the car right in front of me and it was too slippery to stop!"

A man in a tweed suit got off the street car, "Call an ambulance."

A man in a blue suit went to the police phone. "There's been an accident . . ."

A drop ran over on the outside of the cup. Who stopped to count it? People living around the scene of the accident told of a cousin or an uncle or a neighbor who had seen it, and a statistician made a mark in a book.

New Faces*(continued from page 6)*

Mawr). Mrs. Seitz thinks that the war is the cause of it all—with war courses, etc.

New head of Commercial Department is Miss Dorothy J. Ayres of Indiana State Teachers' College, M. A. at Pitt, and graduate study at Cornell.

Mrs. Ernest Cotton (A. B., University of Texas; M. A. (Columbia) is the new instructor in elementary education.

The new head of the physical education department is Miss Margaret McLachlan (B. S., Lake Erie College) who comes to PCW from Ohio Wesleyan University. Her favorite sport is tennis, her worst—croquet! Her assistant is Mrs. Robert Dickey (Jeanne Friesell Dickey) from Briarcliff.

Two new housemothers are also on the campus—Mrs. Earl H. Park, from Cornell, at Andrew Mellon Hall, and Mrs. Spencer P. Howell who came to Fickes from a Carnegie Tech dorm.

In the infirmary is Nurse Helen Elder and in the Administration are Mrs. Pauline Linton and Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the third Thompson wife to be connected with PCW.

Guarded*(continued from page 5)*

plain she was sure the light had been green when she started through the intersection, said reporter tried three times before any voice would come along to explain the purpose of her unusual mission.

Within three minutes she decided that Mr. John Frey could very easily have been the friendly American cop on the Fifth Avenue signboard. He has been on Woodland Road for twelve years and thinks PCW girls are always very nice, even the one who a few years ago almost ran over him with her convertible in her haste to make an 8:30 class on time. Most of the girls, he admits, are good drivers, and as far back as he can remember he has seen only one fender smashed. Sometimes when he sees the girls walking slowly and he knows it's late, he'll stretch the truth

LITERATURE

a little and tell them he has just heard the bell ring and that they had better hurry. "I don't want any of the girls to be late," he added.

The gas lamps, in which all PCW-ites take secret pride, form part of Policeman Frey's duties. Because ours has been the only road in the city for the past four years to retain gas lights, Mr. Frey must light each lamp every evening. Other than this his duty is "just to keep things quiet." Because Woodland Road is "private" (see the bronze plaques on the posts at the Fifth Avenue entrance) it is sometimes necessary to advise cars that it is not a city short cut.

As your reporter was taking her leave, the mailman remarked that he thought the scenery along Woodland Road was much nicer now that the archery classes are meeting in the

Amphitheater. Policeman Frey nodded his agreement and the gentlemen could be heard discussing the bulls-eye just made by one of Miss McLachlan's proteges as your **Arrow** interviewer returned their friendly goodbye wave and walked, with knees no longer knocking, up Woodland Road.

Freshman Students

(continued from page 12)

Elizabeth Lowe, Marjorie McSwigan, Marjorie Mohn, Gloria Ann Molinatto, Jacqueline Neal, Dorothy M. Noel, Jeanne Rambo, Martha Raup, Jeanne Ritz, Doris Mae Sampson, Margaret Schumacher, Virginia Toy, Gene B. Wallace, and Mary Louise Wallace.

Resident

Ruth Arnold, Marian Arras Louise

Baehr, Lucille Beale, Norma Chattaway, Anne Coughanour, Lois Dewalt, Marjorie Evans, Elizabeth Fleck, Eleanor Goldfarb, Ruth Grasso, Margaret Harkins, Catherine Henderson, Margary Himes, Rosemary Hoge, Marie Huot, Alene Hutton, Lois Jackley, Patty Jaycox, Joan Kau'mann, Mary Alice Kline, Virginia LeFurgy, Barbara Mason, Nancy McCleery, Ann McClellan, Sarah Jane McCormick, Betty McKee, Martha McKenrick, Helen McMillin, Ruth Melvin, Mary Louise Michel, M. Joy Milliken, Evelyn Mock, Lois Power, Margaret Rae, Virginia Ramsay, Elaine Sawyer, Joan Sherrick, Doris Snyder, Martha Ann Stewart Roberta Swann, Norma Trozzo, Jeanne Versaw, Josephine Wagner, Joan Wiley, Laura Wiley, Janice Wilson, and Jean Yeager.

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DEAN'S LIST**First Semester—1943-44****Sophomores**

Betty Beck
 Mary Louise Burckart
 Eva Caloyer
 Lula Copetas
 Barbara Cott
 Miriam Egger
 Jane Field
 Marilou Haller
 Sybil Heimann
 Bea Kiester
 Arline Levinson
 Margaret Ann McKee
 Sara Barbara Parker
 Jean Purvis
 Elizabeth Rains
 Myra Sklarey
 Marion Staples
 Ruth Ellen Teplitz
 Joan Elizabeth Titus
 Virginia Vogt
 Martha Yorkin

Juniors

Lois Allshouse
 Grace Benner
 Peggy Chantler
 Carolyn Cosel
 Miriam Davis
 Alice Demmler
 Louise Flood
 Alice Hanna
 Lois Lutz
 Virginia Ricks
 Edith Succop
 Marion Swannie
 Anna Thomas
 Pauline Wilson
 Charlotte Wray

Seniors

Gladys Bistline
 Mary Elizabeth Brown
 Aida DeBellis
 Margaret Donaldson
 Barbara Findley
 Evelyn Glick
 Betty Johnescu
 Phyllis Jones
 Dale Kirsopp
 Ann McClymonds
 Martha McCullough
 Betsy Meader
 Sally Meanor
 Nancy Jane Raup
 Jean Rigamont
 Mary Ruth Sampson
 Marion Springer
 Nancy Stauffer
 Winifred Watson

A ONE-MINUTE QUIZ



ON YOUR LONG DISTANCE CALLING

1. Do you keep all Long Distance calls as BRIEF as possible?
2. Do you make only NECESSARY Long Distance calls?
3. When you use Long Distance, do you give the operator the NUMBER of the distant telephone, if you can?
4. Do you avoid calling between the hours 7 to 10 P.M. so that Service Men can call home?

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The ARROW

Vol. XXIII

Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburgh, Pa., November 17, 1943

No. 2



(Badges Exchanged . . . see page 5)

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Mary Lou Egan, Lucy Dorsey, Mary Lou Oesterling, Nancy Shonwalter, Doris Sisler.

On Color Day

It is neither our right nor our purpose to condemn or to condone the decision of the song contest judges. Only time can really determine the worth of a school song. It is, however, our right and our purpose to clear a few resulting points of contention.

It has been said that the Seniors are poor sports. If disappointment in flunking a last chance is not sporting, then the Seniors are poor sports. We have seen Seniors taking time to learn the winning songs.

It has been said, too, that the Sophomores shrink from singing their offerings because they feel other classes don't want to hear them. Such repression encourages morbid complexes. Sing your songs, kids, and we'll sing 'em with you because we like them. It's only natural that other classes are a bit attached to those they have written and learned.

The competitive spirit before the contest this year was bigger and stronger than ever before. It was wholesome and non-bitter. Let's not, (and here we beg your indulgence in a Flood-pun) let's not change our tune at this late date.

Don't feel sorry for the Seniors. The defeat has brought their class even closer than before and they're not sorry for themselves. Don't pity the Juniors. Maybe they haven't been submerged in blue ribbons but they've put up a stiff fight and they have other chances. Don't mourn for the Freshmen. They were right up on the front lines and have proved their maturity to us and to themselves. Above all, don't make the Sophomores sor-

ry they came out on top. On top isn't a nice place to be if termites have blitzed the foundation.

Letter to the Editor

To the Editors:

I and a great many others feel that some one's attention should be called to the organization of the so-called volunteer work being done by students in the dormitories. We are all anxious to do our bit in helping with the work I know, but a few things have made us less willing to cooperate in this than we were at the beginning of school.

When school opened, the situation was explained very carefully to us, and we were told that we could volunteer for various tasks in the dorm kitchen and dining room. A few days later a list of "volunteers" was posted, and these people served their two weeks at their assigned tasks. Now lists of "volunteers" are being posted regularly, and although we don't object to serving our turns, it seems to us that who ever does this should at least give us credit for wanting to volunteer, without just putting up our names arbitrarily. If we had been given a chance, we all would have signed up I know. It's just the idea that "no one will volunteer, so we'll just handle this in our own way" that we resent.

We were told at the beginning that the work would be rotated so that each of us would serve in some capacity for two weeks a semester, or two weeks out of ten. The latest lists that have been posted show that the girls who worked hard for the difficult first two weeks of school are not being given credit for that work at all—some one said that "we're starting all over now." These same girls are being drafted again for more work, while there are many who have not been called upon yet. Not only that, there are girls who are listed now for working eight or six weeks out of ten, instead of the two we were supposed to. As I said, we don't object to the work—it just seems that some fairer system could be found for distributing it.

The administration seemed so willing and anxious to be fair, we feel sure they must not know about it, or they would have done something. Could you bring it to some one's attention?

(Name withheld by request).

Dedication

This issue is dedicated to the students, new and old, who will comprise the **Arrow** staff for the coming year.

Helen Robinson, now business manager, and her staff are the pictures of perseverance in their temper-taxing duties. Evelyn Glick has returned to her position as news editor until she graduates at semesters, and Louise Flood has taken her puns in hand and when last seen was running away with the feature department. Proof reading is done by Evlyn Fulton, make-up by Martha Cox, and "representing" by Jean Bacon.

To the typists, who, glory of glories, actually are dependable, the editors bow with regard.

Most important, however, are the writers on the news and feature staffs, upon whom the real burden falls. To them the editors can, at present, say no more than "thanks"—but believe them, they mean it!

EVENTS

BOND RALLY

One of those famous Rally-days a la Reiber came to PCW last Friday night 100 proof and bottled in Bond.

Master of ceremonies Carl Dozer kept the rally rolling at top victory speed in true *Male Animal* style. Swarms of celebrities, from Hitler to Wee Bonnie Baker, were at his beck and call. Their performance would have inspired jealousy in the hearts of true Stage Door Canteeners.

Those unpatriotic Americans, who surely exist elsewhere than on ye olde hille, had their unpretty fates outlined for them by Frosh oracles. Frisky Soph-gremlins intrigued and plotted coup d'etat's, finally inveigling Mr. Discontent into active duty. Stoic Junior War-workers joined the ten percent club smiling gallantly. Free America was contrastel to German ugliness in the Senior "This?—Or This?" tableaux. The Faculty, proving that they struggled through World War I, presented their memoirs of Liberty Bonds and G. M. Cohen tunes.

A rally isn't a rally without food, so the Glee Club came through with a complete Stage Door Canteen—hot dogs, celebrated warblers, and sundry other boredom-chasers.

'Twas a huge success—financially, socially, and morale-ly. Congratulations to the Seniors for their winning booth, bond sale, and skit combination. A grand total of over \$13,300 worth of bonds and stamps was sold.

Fall Formal

Forget those studies for an evening and enjoy yourself! Shake the wrinkles out of your best formal, dust off your golden slippers, and find a man! On Saturday, November 23, the Fall Formal will be held in the chapel from nine until twelve o'clock, with the fee a mere \$1.75. Formal it will be, since the majority still rules—but the men need not wear tux or tails even though the girls will be in formals.

"For the most discriminating" is the slogan used by Joey Sim's orchestra, playing for the dance. Betty Bush and Sally Villing are co-chairmen, and on their committee are Barbara Gill, Barbara Hanson, Betty Monroe, and Mary Ann Rumbaugh.

Pennsylvanian

Charm Girls are to be selected by the student body within the next three weeks, reports *Pennsylvanian* editor Patty Leonard. The two upper classes will each have two representatives to select, while the lower classes will each have one. The girls will be chosen at SGA meeting, with nominations for the floor. The basis for selection is not beauty or scholarship, but such qualities as charm, friendliness, and personality.

The first layout of the annual is expected to go out by November 15. More space is being given to the Freshmen and Sophomores, who will have larger pictures than in previous years. The staff hopes to distribute the yearbook by April.

Hockey

A powerful, highly organized juggernaut in the form of a Senior hockey team rolled down the field in the first game of the season and submerged a weak but game Junior aggregation. With a forward line consisting of Nancy Raup, Ruth Lynch, and Jean Rigamont, it's small wonder the defeat was decisive. Playing great hockey under the new seven man rules, the Seniors made the game faster and more potent than it was under the old eleven-man system. Lois Long, Junior transfer, came in in the final period, rallied the Juniors, and scored a goal playing a defense position. The final score was ten to one.

The Freshman-Sophomore game was a more evenly matched contest with the Frosh taking the honors to the tune of five to four. The under-dogs until the final quarter, the Freshmen pulled a bag of tricks from somewhere and proceeded to romp down the field scoring almost at will. Keep your eye on Tish Duff and Gene Wallace—they're hockey material.

Identical scores were stacked up by the teams playing on November 10. The Freshmen defeated the Juniors, and the Seniors the Sophomores, by scores of ten to two.

The final games are being played this afternoon, and from where we stand the results are not too hard to predict. The Seniors, seasoned and trained, seem a cinch for top honors. But anything can happen—better come up to the hockey field today to see some action!

THE IVORY DOOR

The romantic age of medievalism is the setting for *The Ivory Door*, the A. A. Milne play which has been chosen as the fall production of the speech department. It will be presented on Friday and Saturday evenings, November 26 and 27, with a Saturday matinee performance for visiting prospective students.

The play, written in three acts with a prologue and an epilogue, concerns a mysterious door, those who pass through which never return. Medieval customs and superstitions dominate the story.

The cast, as follows, is under the direction of ingenious Mrs. Kimberly:

King Hilary	Joan Harms
Perivale (as a boy),	Rosalyn Savecka
Brand	Mary Lou Haller
Perivale (as a man),	Peggy Chantler
Anna	Marjorie Selleck
Thora	Evelyn Matthews
Chancellor	Mary Lou Reiber
Jessica	Carolyn Cosel
Anton	Edith Succop
Simeon	Alice Lee Gardner
Count Rollo	Louise Flood
Mummer	Mary Jane Youngling
Titus	Martha McFall
Carlo	Chickie Sawders
Bruno	Patsy Speers
Princess Lilia	Patty Leonard

The scenery is being made by the stagecraft class under the supervision of Mr. Kimberly. Patty Leonard and Justine Swan are creating the costumes which, like the settings, are typically medieval in their bright colors.

The make-up will be applied by the actors themselves instead of by a make-up committee, Mrs. Kimberly having taught the technique of applying stage make-up in her speech course.

The Ivory Door shows every indication of being a great success, but it needs the support of the student body. Be sure to come!

Calendar

Monday, November 22—Chapel: James G. Wingo—"Situation in the Phillipines."

Wednesday, November 24—Chapel: Dr. Ralph W. Sockman—Thanksgiving message.

Thursday, November 25—Thanksgiving day, free.

Monday, December 6—Chapel: Mrs. Earl B. Collins—"Romantic Beginnings of the Christmas Carols."

EVENTS

WAR FUND REPORT

The United War Fund Drive officially closed Friday, November 5. Prior to this time every student, faculty member, and employee of PCW was approached to obtain money for the 103 agencies covered by the fund. Money obtained from the drive will go to our fighting forces, to our allies, and to family and welfare organizations right here on the home front.

PCW's campaign was thorough and inclusive. Miss Dysart, as general chairman, did an excellent job. The class chairmen under her were: Senior Winifred Watson; Junior, June Collins; Sophomore, Jean Purves; Freshman, Ann McClellan. Both solicitors and solicitees, in most cases, actively responded to the War Fund appeal this year. The total amount of the gift was even greater

than it has been in any preceding year and Miss Dysart and her staff are proud of the number of contributions made.

The drive aimed at 100% contribution. Although this goal was not attained, the percentage of contributors was extremely high. The percentages were as follows:

Faculty	100 %
Senior class	87.7%
Junior class	94.1%
Sophomore class	91.8%
Freshman class	89.9%

The following statistics show the actual contributions made to the drive and the average and largest contributions made, and compare the returns of the 1943 drive with those of the past three years. Miss Weigand gave her assistance in preparing this data.

November 17th . . .

For the present November 17th is a day of half masted flags on the college and university campuses of the world. Since so much has and continues to happen daily, this date has probably added itself to the flashes of strange names, places, morals, and ethics which whirl about us. In the future November 17th will be an honored day in every country which felt the heel of axis domination. Since we have the privilege of speaking of this day openly, let us give International Student Day a second thought.

Czechoslovak students who survived the horror of the November 17th massacre in Prague, and had made their way to Britain through the battle of France sought some means of commemorating their friends. They discussed their ideas with English students and the conception of International Student Day grew more quickly than they could

(continued on page 5)

Discussions

Anyone who has the slightest doubt as to whether the PCWites have a spiritual side to their college life should look around the Woodland Hall sun-porch on Tuesday evening from 7:15 to 8 o'clock. During that time the Reverend John Smith leads one of the most interesting discussion groups on campus. The aim of this group, consisting of twenty-five girls, is to get a deeper understanding of some of the everyday problems that must be met. The girls like to hear about Reverend Smith's experiences in Japan, about the climate, and about the country. The latter was the topic of discussion during the first meeting. The last meeting was spent in discussion of the origins of the different denominations and their beliefs. In the future they have decided to include such topics as: *What the Missionaries Accomplish; How We Should Interpret the Bible; How Closely We Should Adhere to the Bible; Prayer; Catholicism;* and a subject of great interest, *What Makes the Japanese What They Are.* All of these topics have been chosen by the girls themselves, so that they may spend the short time they have on subjects which are of real interest to them.

Contributions			No. of	Amount
Groups			Contributors	Contributed
Administration, Faculty, Coordinator's Office,				
Chemistry Research, Film Library.....	64			\$ 665.00
Senior class	57			73.00
Junior class	64			119.00
Sophomore class	90			148.80
Freshman class	88			111.00
SGA				25.00
YWCA				25.00
Women employees	17			22.00
Special gifts	2			21.20
Total	382			\$1,200.00
Average and Largest Gifts				
Groups	Average Gift		Largest Individual Gift	
Administration	\$10.39		\$100.00	
Students	1.52		25.00	
Employees	1.29		5.00	
Comparison Over Four Years				
Groups	1940	1941	1942	1943
Administration and following ...	\$419.00	\$541.50	\$ 665.00	\$ 665.00
Students	135.78	141.64	340.12	451.80
Employees		5.50	9.40	22.00
SGA				25.00
YWCA	10.00	10.00		25.00
Circus returns			100.00	21.20
Totals	\$564.78	\$698.64	\$1,114.52	\$1,200.00

EVENTS

YWCA

YW appointed its new Freshman Commission on Color Day: chair-manned by Josie McHenrick, its other members are Marian Arras, secretary, Ruth Arnold, Norma Jean Chattaway, Anne Dalzell, Sammy Hamilton, Rosemary Hoge, Frances Haverstick, Grace Longabaugh, and Elaine Sauerwein. They met with the cabinet on Tuesday, November 9, with their adviser, Anna Jane Goodwin, for an official welcome.

YW also reports that the Big and Little Sister dance was successful almost beyond their expectations. Proceeds were turned into the treasury to be used for future projects. A sport dance to be held after Christmas is being considered.

Gladys Heimert, social service chairman, is working with volunteers to arrange for them to spend at least two hours a week at settlement houses, Girl Scout and Girl Reserve units, the juvenile court, and the family society. The workers are planning a Christmas party in the gym for settlement house children. Dr. Montgomery is adviser to the group. More girls are needed, and the work is a recommended activity for sociology majors.

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Jottings

Mu Sigma Slogan Winner

Mu Sigma has chosen as the winning slogan of their recent contest, "Ask the girl who gets around. She uses PCW products." The winner is Junior transfer Helen Truxal, who is awarded a box of PCW products.

Workshops

Students in voice and piano will participate in two workshops soon. These workshops are recitals given in the Art Center for students taking private lessons, in which each student is given an opportunity to perform before the group. Compositions played or sung are discussed, and constructive criticisms offered. Thus each participant not only performs, but can evaluate her work and gain confidence for public performance.

Record Library Open

One of the outstanding advantages offered by the music department is the Music Record Library in the Art Center, open to all students for sixteen periods each week. Notices are posted on the bulletin boards showing when records may be taken out.

The library contains volumes of symphonies, concertos, and overtures, and separate records of all kinds. The assortment of vocal, instrumental, and orchestral music ranges through the classical, romantic, and modern periods.

Color Day

Color Day, Thursday, November 4, was the first red-letter day in the history of the Freshman class; they at last exchanged well-worn name badges for their class colors, the rose and white. Preceding the song contest, the class of '47 was officially welcomed, and Lucille Beale accepted its colors from Junior class president Alice Craig. In the traditional ceremony, each Freshman received the colors individually from the Junior members of SGA board.

Star performer of the day was Faculty Club President Collins, impersonating the eminent music critic-refugee-composer Jeremir Weinberger. Dr. Weinberger, after a lengthy discussion of the customs, dress, and art of his native Czechoslovakia, proclaimed the Sophomores winners of the song contest and presented Martha Yorkin, class song leader, with a five-pound box of chocolates.

Mu Sigma Dinner

October 30 marked the beginning of a tremendous revolution on the scientific front. All the Who's who are really Who collaborated in a grand and glorious effort to give to the world, gratis, those discoveries which they had wrenched from the tenuous grasp of nature.

Ruth Lynch and committee provided Mu Sigma initiates with such profound subjects as: *The Mathematical Expression for the Convulsions of an Earthworm, Hedgehogs in the Field of Chemistry, Reptiles, the Answer to the Meat Shortage, Who's Who in Who's Who and Why*. Place cards, also by Ruth, were pink and yellow *Chemlins*.

Had the Ruskin personnel known of the epoch-making transactions which were taking place within their establishment they would have waxed agog. Remaining ignorant, they served a melt-in-the-mouth chicken dinner with superb nonchalance and withdrew, leaving Mu Sigma Inc. surfeited but happy.

November 17th . . .

(continued from page 4)

talk. From a single meeting in London in the autumn of 1941, it was transformed to a commemoration and dedication reaching New York, Chungking, Delhi, Canberra, Moscow, and Jerusalem.

November 17th was chosen as International Student Day, for on that day of 1939 one hundred and fifty Czechoslovak university students in Prague were shot, many others were beaten and tortured, over 1,500 were carted off to Buchenwald, Oranienberg, and Dachau, 4,000 were imprisoned, and all institutions of higher learning were closed. Eventually all professors and persons connected with the university were personally taken care of by the invaders. All were arrested and put into concentration camps except those few who managed to escape.

Today International Student Day is a day of dedication for students throughout the world. It memorializes those students and teachers everywhere who have fallen victims to the brutality of the attack of aggressor powers on free democratic education; it also pledges all the energies of free students to the winning of the war and to the winning of the peace.

DEFENSE

FIRE DRILL RULES

All fires must be reported immediately to an administrative officer, faculty member or student-dormitory officer so that the fire department may be notified immediately. The fire department may be contacted by telephone by calling AT. 6363 or by sounding the fire call from the red fire box on post between the Gymnasium and Buhl Hall.

Fire Signal on Campus

Intermittent sounding of the classroom bells and the gongs in the various dormitories are the means of notifying all persons that there is a fire or fire drill.

Important Points

1. Move quietly out of building.
2. Do not stand near a building because of possibility of crumbling wall.
3. Never stand on roadway because of likelihood of injury from fire-fighting apparatus.

Exits from Buildings

Dormitories—the means of exits from the dormitories will be explained by the house boards. In the case of Fickes Hall, it is recommended that occupants of rooms on the third corridor use the back stairway. Occupants of rooms on second corridor will use the front stairway.

Buhl Hall—there are four exits—one at the front of the building from the first floor; one from the Lecture Room on the first floor at the west end of the building and one each at the foot of each stairway on the ground floor.

Library—three exits—one from the main floor and two leading to the back of the building from the ground floor.

Gymnasium—two doors, one in the front and one in the rear of the Gymnasium floor.

Offices over Gymnasium—exit by going across bridge to second floor of Berry Hall or by way of stairs to Gymnasium floor.

Berry Hall—Fourth floor—three means of exit—by way of fire escapes either on rear of Berry Hall or west side by stairway to the third floor.

Third floor—two exits, one by fire escape on west end of Berry Hall or stairway to second floor.

Second floor — across bridge to stairway to Gymnasium; fire escape on west end of corridor; stairway west of Recorder's office or main stairway to first floor.

Green Hall—Second floor—down front stairway of Berry Hall. If

this passageway is blocked use fire escape on rear of Green Hall or stairway from Dilworth Hall.

Dilworth Hall—Third floor—cross over to second floor of Green Hall and exit by way of main stairway of Berry Hall.

Second floor—exit by way of Dilworth Hall stairway to first floor and out of first floor either to the front or rear of Dilworth Hall.

Do not use fire escape on Dilworth Hall unless all other exits are blocked.

Chapel—three exits—one at back of Chapel (stage entrance) and two in the front of the Chapel; one of these leads to the vestibule of Dilworth Hall and the other by way of corridor to the rear of building.

Places of Safety

Mellon Hall vicinity—on the green near tennis court.

Fickes Hall—on terrace in back of the building.

Buhl Hall and Library—either the Sunken Court between the two buildings (continued on page 8)

AIR RAID RULES

Signals Received

The audible signals will be received by way of the siren on top of Dilworth Hall. The nature and continuity of the sound will indicate the type of warning.

Blue signal—continuous two minute sounding of the siren.

Red signal—intermittent sound and silence for a period of two minutes.

All Clear signal — continuous fifteen second sound.

The probable order of the audible signals will be Blue, Red, Blue, All Clear. In event of change the first Blue may be omitted, however, there will always be a Blue signal before an All Clear.

Daylight Raids

In the event of the sounding of the siren, irrespective of whether the first signal is Blue or Red, the persons on campus will immediately go to the Air Raid Shelters.

House Student Shelters—All house students will retire to one of the dormitories. Any house student in the Art Center, Mellon Hall or vicinity will go to the Conover Room in Mellon Hall. Students in Fickes Hall or vicinity will go to the game room on the first floor of Fickes. House students on the main campus will go to the Drawing Room of Woodland Hall.

The above rules hold for any faculty living on campus.

Day Students' Shelters—Any day students in the vicinity of Fickes or Mellon Hall will go to the game room or the Conover Room, respectively. All day students will seek shelter either in the Library or Buhl Hall. Freshmen and Sophomores will find shelter on the ground floor and the first floor of Buhl Hall. The Junior and Senior day students will go to the lower corridor of the Library.

Night Air Raids

Students in the vicinity of Fickes and Mellon Halls will seek shelter in the nearest of these two buildings. Dormitory students on the main campus will go to Woodland Hall. Any day students on the campus at night will go to the lower corridor of the Library if the latter is open. If the Library is closed they will go to Woodland Hall.

Assembly Hall Activities

Before each performance announcement will be made relative to the various shelters that will be open to the guests of the College.

Protection of Shelters

It is imperative that all Air Raid shelters be made safe for the occupants.

Woodland Hall — plywood screens and curtains must be adjusted.

Mellon Hall and Fickes Hall — black curtains must be lowered.

Library—Venetian shades in rooms adjoining lower corridor must be closed if corridor doors are to remain open.

Buhl Hall—all corridor doors and classroom doors leading to corridors must be closed.

No one must leave the shelters until the All Clear signal has been given.

Condition of Classrooms

It is the duty of the instructors to close the windows, turn off the lights and close the classroom doors before leaving for shelter.

Dormitory Roll Calls

At the time of any Air Raid a roll call will be made by the various persons in charge of the several dormitories. All persons in those shelters must report so that information can be sent by local telephone to the various buildings.

Air Raid Wardens and First Aiders

All persons in either of these two branches of service will please report to their respective Senior officers. The office of Zone 7, Sector 4, Post 4 is in Room 7, Buhl Hall.

PEOPLE

B.M.O.C.

After a whole year of waiting, we have at last obtained an interview with PCW's most important—not to say only — Big Man On Campus: Ralph Martin.

He swaggered—or rather, staggered—across the living room of his Murray Hill home, greeting us with a wide five-toothed grin. He said he would be able to give us only a few minutes of his valuable time because his mother, Dr. Martin, would be home soon and that his out-of-office hours belonged to her.

Smooth light brown hair, dark brown eyes, and a mouth well suited to smoking a bubble pipe give him that distinguished Harvard look. Much too young—he was born on November 18, 1942—to maintain such dignity for long, he forgoes his somber appearance frequently to scramble around on the floor while talking to guests. His ideas about the facts of living are quite definite. His taste in foods runs to the vitamin side—eggs, oranges, mashed prunes, tomatoes, cod liver oil, and a quart of milk every day. His opinion of this vitamin business is high, because he is almost three feet tall and tips his baby scales at twenty-four pounds.

Everyone to his own taste—but if we happened to be nineteen years younger and had his good-looking blocks and handsome teddy bears, we wouldn't choose baby food jar lids as our favorite toys. As he said, "you can't make noise by slinging the bear, but just try jar lids—their clatter satisfies" (rough translation).

We looked at him, and he looked at us—you know how that goes—then we sighed. Could have been because we wished he could go to the Fall Formal with us. Then came the blow—he doesn't like soft, dreamy music, gliding waltzes, or even jumping jive. He's just a chip off the old block; taking after his Naval Lieutenant daddy, he prefers martial tunes.

Evidently forgiving the fact that a great many PCWites had invaded his privacy in his younger days when he was unable to defend himself, he invited more of them to visit him some afternoon. Being confined by a rather rigid schedule, he requested phone calls before such visits. Those who keep their eyes open in the aft-

ernoon can often see him whizzing along the street in his gasless carriage.

We were just becoming chummy with him when his mother arrived. Sad, but he jilted us, tottering to greet her and clutching chairs as he went. Taking unfair advantage, we asked her how Ralph behaved at home. She just laughed, and when her son shyly suggested that he would like to visit the Dorm sometime, she said that the girls might like that because Ralph is the best dust mop ever made.

Dear Mr. Butler:

We're still hoping you'll soon be back on the hill, sorting stacks of History of Art pictures (to be learned, of course), remembering all our names when we meet in the hall, and listening to our troubles.

PCW celebrated Color Day a few days ago and somehow we missed one of those impromptu chapel speeches you used to give to spur us on to victory. The Sophomores won, but we all needed you to lift our morale.

We've changed a little of course—there are new faces among the faculty but no one to take your place in the Art Department. Remember those reading lists we had to hand in every week—and the ten minute writtens we had to slave for? I heard a Freshman say the other day that one of her college ambitions was to take your Art course. So you see, we don't let them forget you!

You spoke to us all even if you didn't have us in class. You learned our faces and names and though we didn't suspect it, you knew about all of us. So many times we walked down the hill with you or stopped to talk to you, and we'll never forget those private conferences you frequently had to help us with our problems. Your advice always proved to be so good that we miss it now.

(continued on page 14)

KIM SQUARED

Knowing the Kims of the Speech department (formally known as Mr. and Mrs. George B. Kimberly, if they can be known formally) is a very Kim-ish experience. We hasten to add that the above used adjective implies the nth degree of being "out of this world." This explanation is for the enlightenment of those poor unenlightened souls who, not knowing the Kims, could of course have no way of knowing what Kim-ish means.

Now that we've written the necessary introductory paragraph, and hoping, dear reader, that your eyes are still racing along these here golden words, we proceed to the meat of the matter.

Well, as we started to say last paragraph, the Kimberlys are from Tech Drama School. Last year we met Kim, the man of the team in his stagecraft class. He thought we were dumb but we thought he was neat and were on the verge of slurping ourselves all over PCW in a swoon that would make Sinatra's fans look impotent, when we learned Ye Olde Awful Truthe . . . He had a wife! We whispered it around, trying valiantly to ignore it, but at last it grew to a great roar which disrupted the dignified, feet-on-the-ground Speech Department. We then had a moment of silent meditation in honor of National Platonic Week.

This year we met the Awful Truthe in the teacher of the acting, make-up and costuming class. Another whisper started around. The "A.T.," as she had been referred to, was definitely on the Up-And-Up. She surprised her class with the unexpected—real pistol shots for instance. When she talked to you, you were the most important gal in the world. Bob Hope had nothing on her when it came to fun. Again the whisper grew. This time it roared, "If we were a man, that's the kind of wife we'd want. Blessings on thee, lucky Kim."

We were talking to the "A.T." (now known as Mrs. Kim) the other day during a rehearsal recess about our love affairs and were bemoaning the fact that this big world held only one Kim. "That's right," said she through a big grin, "and I saw him first." Then she went on to tell us that they met as students at Tech Drama School. ("Curses," we mut-

(continued on page 8)

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PEOPLE

Kim Squared

(continued from page 7)

tered, we were probably just ugly little brats at that time.")

Then Mrs. Kim told about the time she looked out a store window and saw two noses flattened against the pane. On the other end of the noses were Kim and her brother. Inside the window were two black ties covered with splashy yellow roses. (No, you didn't misunderstand us, we said splashy yellow roses.) So Mrs. Kim was six dollars poorer and the men were each a splashy-yellow-rose-tie richer. The worst part of the story is that they actually wore them the next night at a dinner party. The grown-up men with yellow rose beds on their chests.

Kim has a serious message to convey to PCW students which he delivered with hands stuffed into the pockets of his green overcoat as he paced the floor in characteristic manner. He thinks the people at PCW can get a lot from working in the theater. "Some of them are going to be teachers, some are going to marry and take their places in the community, and by working in social groups, and religious groups, they can raise standards." He feels that dramatic education not only improves existing illiterate conditions concerning the theater, but is of great personal value to the student as well. And after the war, he expects to see a great boom in the field of drama. He feels that television will better drama, increase interest in drama, and also will call for a tremendous number of people.

Mrs. Kim has a serious message, too. She says that next to drama, cooking is her big interest. "Maybe that's 'cause I like to eat," she added.

The Kims give parties, too. Parties where they play Gracie Fields' records and have delectable things with which to stuff your face as you listen to their stories. But have courage, all you Pixie-Double Woo's

—(we're aware of the fact that that's a direct steal from the Freshmen song but we think it's worth stealing, don't you? This is intended to make all the Freshmen dash madly to buy tickets for the Speech Majors' play to be given after Thanksgiving and for which tickets will be on sale soon. Note—Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors are cordially invited to buy tickets, too. This is a plug, in case we've been too subtle)—the dreary old Speech Lab is having its face lifted under the supervision of the Kims and there's going to be a Lab-warming when it's finished and you can all come and meet the unbelievable Kims. For we have decided that you haven't lived until you have met them, and we can't have a lot of corpses cadavering around our campus. It just isn't nice.

P. S.—Kim's weak spot is coca-cola. He dearly loves PCW for its coke machine. All donations will be gratefully accepted. He told us to be sure to work this point in subtly, but we forgot until just now, and anyhow, Mrs. Shupp has taught us not to be subtle.

P. C.

In General

Who is people?

It is said that people have more fun than anybody. Obviously they have more painful sorrow than anybody because, after all, who is there left to have painful sorrow besides people? Everybody loves people some of the time and everybody hates people some of the time. But, who is people?

Your best friend isn't people. The man you're pinned to isn't people. The faculty isn't people. The faculty sometimes isn't even human.

It is said that people are everywhere but what about all those places where people aren't? Nobody knows where people is, let alone who people is.

People, says the men of science, are a combination of peculiar things

worth about ninety cents. But nobody can combine those peculiar things to make people so we don't even know what people is either.

What bothers us is, if nobody knows the answer to who is people? Where is people? What is people? How do we get people all mixed up in this war and now that we've got people all mixed up, who is there left to get 'em straightened out?

Fire Drill Rules

(continued from page 6)

ings or on green in front of these buildings.

Gymnasium—green in front of Buhl Hall.

Berry, Green and Dilworth Halls.—either on the green in front of Library or on Athletic Field.

Woodland Hall—either on Athletic Field or on hillside between Woodland Hall and President's House.

Fire-fighting Information

Fire hose on reel of carts is found in shed between Gymnasium and Heating plant. This hose can be attached to fire hydrants in front of Buhl Hall or in front of the Library.

Indoor hose attachments are found in the various classrooms and dormitory buildings.

Bicarbonate fire extinguishers are also in various dormitories, laboratories and classroom buildings.

The Air Raid Service has furnished the College tank sprays which have been distributed so that there will be at least one spray to each building. The bicarbonate fire extinguishers and tank sprays are very useful in the fighting of minor fires.

General Notice

Every faculty member must know the different means of exit from the various classrooms.

The students should acquaint themselves with all the means and locations of fire-fighting apparatus so that they may be ready either to serve as or give information to fire fighters.

All dormitory students must have in their possession a flashlight which is operable.

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FEATURES

HERE AND THERE

"Men, men, everywhere, nor any drip to date." The armed forces have—or had—the beautiful opposite sex manacled to tent flaps and periscopes. But somehow, by mass pass forgery or unnatural change of heart on the part of numerous C. O.'s, a flood of males has been loosened upon us—thereby increasing campus whispers to a thundrous roar.

However this miracle has come to pass—it is enough that PCWites are saved from schizophrenic introversion and the gossip columnists from complete relapse.

Success Stories

The phenomenal success of the sundry events of the past month is still being evidenced in various sunny campus countenances. Open House on the 30th netted "Doc" McKee phone calls and dinner dates with the A. S. T. P. man she met there . . . Nancy McCleery and Lee Hutton sing praises of the same fling—their two Edgewood boys seem quite interested, and interesting! The I. F. dance at the Schenley on the same date attracted, among others, Margie Mohn, Gigi Gilliland, Gene Wallace, Pinky Jackley, Jeanne Ritz, and Dolly Larson.

Tripping and Trapping

Then there are those weekends the kids have been taking—uneventful as the very dickens, of course . . . Tish Duff, Chickie Sawders, and Marjorie McSwegan trotted off to New York for a few days . . . Mary Wells keeps the rails humming between here and the University of West Virginia. She says football games are the attraction, but we'll have to see the games before we get that one.

On the Home Front

The gals who stay in their own back yards don't do so bad, either

. . . hear tell of a few girls who actually had their men in town for a while. Ginny Sommerfield was seen with a six-foot Navy man, while Joy Milliken was surrounded by the same glow when her Princeton boy came home. Ouida Mcgehee had her share of ups-and-downs one morning when she said hello-and-good-bye in a few short hours. Crowds gathered at Woodland's front windows to watch Patty Jaycox and her captain leaving for a big date . . . and more than a few lonesome femmes lingered over the evening paper downstairs when Mary Lou Burkhart's and Joan Titus's Army men called. Sally Lou Smith's Bob came all the way from California to see home—and her . . . Helen Myers had her "Bunny" and Ellen Saylor her "Spanky" home not so long ago. The marines, or rather the Marine for Kay Lowe landed as a surprise to his "pinned" girl.

Steady Regulars

It'll be June in February for Ruth Lynch if all goes well . . . Sue Norton is convinced that it's real—and her brand-new Phi Gam pin is convincing everyone else. Not every girl can be compared to Betty Grable and come out on top as did Marge Selleck . . . it seems the boys were discussing the famous beauty (Grable, of course) the other night, and Marge's man took two times-out during the evening to call and tell her she needn't worry.

Clothes Conscious

We've been noticing Mandy Harris's little black hat with the lace frills . . . Millie Corman's white Timmie-Tuft coat and handknit socks . . . Jackie Neal's penguin pins parading pertly over her sweaters . . . Ginny Little's wooden slat purse . . . Joan Wiley's *Phantom of the Opera* cape.

Campus Chatters About . . .

the fact that Lois Allhouse's luck holds—her man is stationed at Pitt! Less fortunate are the gals whose one-and onllys keep the phone wires buzzing from afar—Anne Coughanour's, Lee Hutton's, Evvie Mock's, and Marian Arra's calls come regularly. Doris Baird is also keeping the fires burning in the same way—via long distance.

Icecapading

Sammie Hamilton, Else Greger, Dolly Larson, Chub Arnold, Mike Michael Peggy Dodge, Jeanne Rambo, and Virginia Toy were shivering

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CAMPUS COMMENTS

This week the editors are still licking various wounds incurred in a frontal attack from a would-be Arrow staff member. Said aspirant caught the editors off guard, in a bridge game as usual, and pounced upon both of them—no mean feat in itself—saying, "Make me an Arrow editor—I want to go to Mrs. Shupp's staff party, so you'll have to make me an editor." The eds, although not certain of either her writing ability or her complete sanity, happened to be in a jovial mood. With the command to "Write!", they shoved over pencil and paper and joyfully awaited the customary dumbfounded expression. However, as this character was already half way through an article of her own devising the eds merely sat by in meditative silence while she tossed off 900 words of illegible script. Although determined to do a thorough re-write or throw-out job on the item, whatever it turned out to be, the editors, being mild-mannered and timid souls, were cowed—nay, beaten—into running the creation in its awful entirety, cutting nary a line of its galloping prose. Results: the write up of the Kimberlys on page 7. It probably serves us right.

* * *

It's a remarkable fact that among the prime causes of room-mate divorce ranks the seemingly insignificant window blind. It is superseded only by the passing of an opening two bid and the non-replacement of the toothpaste cap. On returning to Mellon Hall after a two weeks sojourn in the realms "beyond," the first—absolutely the first—words my room-mate uttered were, "Helen, thank God, the blinds are straight."

Theoretically, a window blind may merely be up or down. But the analytical observer will immediately see that there are innumerable phases of "up" and just as innumerable phases of "down." Herein lies the terrible potency of the window blind as a happy-dorm-room-wrecker. As if an ordinary Woodland Hall blind weren't trying enough, your campus-commenter was allotted an eight-windowed boudoir—each window pugnaciously bearing a Venetian blind.

Now, a Venetian blind can not only be up or down but, horrors of horrors, can also be open or shut or half open

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DAVID

Women's Sportswear

Wm. Penn Hotel
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Atlantic 1864

FEATURES

Sleep

Some day when life's demands are not so pressing, a treatise will be published—a treatise on the futility of sleep. Until that somewhat indefinite time, let these few words suffice. When rest can be accomplished without the ghastly processes of going to sleep and waking up—then and only then will it achieve a position of real worth.

When we go to breakfast or to classes in the morning physically, mentally, and spiritually lethargic—it's not because we are in need of sleep. It's because we haven't recovered from what sleep we did have. Our worst moods are those which occur immediately before and after sleeping. Obviously, these morbid senses could be eliminated if the cause, sleep, were eliminated. We may go to bed in a state of elation and wake in a condition of complete relapse commonly called a hangover. The only intervening action on our part has been sleep. Therefore, the cause of the change must be sleep. We retire in a warm, cozy room and our next conscious sense impressions are those of unwelcome light, jangling alarms, and intense cold. How much more sensible it would be to remain awake, adapt gradually to light, control the thermostat to taste, and omit the need for alarms entirely.

With our wits about us at all times, hundreds of accidents due to mental dullness and lack of conscious foresight would be totally eliminated. A sleeping man is a first class delinquent on the highways or in any time of stress. Thousands of people die or are murdered while in the coma of sleep. Perhaps wakefulness would not cancel all such possibilities, but at least victims could put up a running fight.

Then, too, time is ticking itself away as fast if not faster during sleep as during consciousness. Consider the working hours, the thinking hours, the hours of pleasure we cast upon the altar of time each night. Life is too short to be so squandered.

Friends, take heed. Sleep is not a virtue; it is the most villainous and consuming vice of our age.

H. H. S.

Here and There

(continued from page 9)

happily in the Gardens on November 5. They and the others whom the Icecapdes dazzled may not know that Marjorie Mayhall's father is the music director.

Bean Knots

Joan Kaufmann's heart-strings as well as her tongue were tied when she received that lovely watch as an engagement present . . . Martha McCullough's knitting plans for her coming visit to Paul into every stitch of that olive-drab sweater. Betty Fleck and Ed seem to have more in common than their piano-playing talents, because they're dating regularly. Chat Chattaway is proudly wearing a new Navy V-5 pin. While most of us pray for clear weather and warm weekends, Mary Lou Egan hopes for rain and more rain—come bad flying weather, and Kenny's trip to Pittsburgh will finally come true.

Star in Her Car

The A. W. V. S. made from Fran Hilbish Joan Blondell's chauffeur when she was in town. Fran had a little trouble keeping her eye glued to the rear-view mirror while driving, but reports that Joan is "darned nice."

And at Last

Ann McClymonds, after all these years, finally had her name changed to Turnock—only now she moans that more people than ever are calling her Mac.

The Cherub

Norma Bailey, who seems to have found the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, got in hot water again at her practice teaching school. Rushing to a class, she dashed down an "up" flight of stairs, only to be encountered by a stern-faced teacher who demanded, "You ought to know better! What grade are you in anyway?"

And So . . .

we, the grimy gleaners of garrul-

ous gossip, being alliterate, if not illiterate, bid you a fond and weary adieu until December 14.

After A Fashion

So you are interested in a becoming hat to wear with your new tweed suit? Don't, please don't commit the unpardonable and top a sport suit with a dressy hat. Instead, why not invest in a perky beret that you can don quickly and forget? In case of necessity, you can even park it in a convenient pocket, and this hardy little hat will never give away the secret. Save your more imaginative wanderings for your tea hat, and if it is small and has a touch of feathers, so much the better — it's the height of fashion at the moment.

Natasha Blue

As for color, the newest one to come to the front is Natasha Blue. Named for Tolstoy's heroine and representative of Russia, this striking shade is a vibrant and electric blue. Try it in a soft wool dress with glittering rhinestone clips and a touch of the same blue on your bonnet. It is as stunning as it sounds.

Cossack Fashions

The Russian influence is even more evident in the costume suits advertised this fall. Did you notice the number of dark reds and greens, cut with slightly swinging skirts and trimmed, Cossack fashion, in Persian lamb? Or the high fur hats featured in this month's *Vogue*, along with heavily embroidered coats and afternoon dresses? Cartier and Lackritz are even featuring heavy ornate Russian jewelry in styles that we would have considered gaudy two years ago.

Something to help you be your most polished self on these dull days is the Chen Yu nail-polish and lipstick combination. The shades are especially striking with blue and

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HAROLD'S FLOWER SHOP

232 Oliver Avenue at Wood Street

Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Flowers That Talk"

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Sully NESTA

Harold Krongold

FEATURES

DEFICIENCY EXPERT

I was born on August 26, 1943, at Buhl Science Hall, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. My father, Herman H. Hamster, Sr., came from a long line of Syrian Hamsters: his family tree can be traced back on his maternal side to the Honorable Heshia Hamster of Aleppo, Syria, who as burrow-master of his community, discharged his duties with such promptness and dispatch as to render his humble descendant, Herman H. Hamster, Jr., justly proud.

My dear mother, Roberta Rodent, formerly of Chicago Laboratories, Inc., was born into an impoverished but proud immigrant family from Syria—the Mesocricetus Auratuses—who, for the sake of assimilating themselves into the Chicago community as true children of the Statue of Liberty, changed their name legally to Rodent.

My father, Herman H. Hamster, Sr., married my mother, Roberta Rodent, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, as a result of a prearranged match, promulgated, as is the custom in our family, by certain authorities in the Department of Biology of Pennsylvania College for Women in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

With their bridal gifts of a handful of calf's meal and a half yard of cotton wadding, the Herman H. Hamster, Seniors, settled down to married life in their cozy honeymoon cage in Buhl Hall. My mother (now Roberta Hamster) proved herself to be a meticulous housekeeper—a pleasing trait for any young bride—by rearranging the cotton furniture from time to time to different corners of the cage. Lacking moving equipment, she resorted to the cache as cache can method by stuffing the cotton in her cheek, as is the custom in our family. My father, Herman H. Hamster, Sr., feared at first that his bride was not refined enough to live up to the flawless standards of all Hamster wives—he thought at first that my mother chewed tobacco. Needless to say, my father was more than relieved to discover cotton wadding in my mother's pouch rather than Crimp cut.

I was born into this proud family on August 26, 1943, with seven other brothers and sisters, two of whom, according to an old custom in our family, were eaten by my parents, the Herman H. Hamster Seniors.

My childhood was spent in an academic atmosphere—that of the Biology Department of Pennsylvania College for Women. I thus absorbed much information chiefly in the scientific field, although this knowledge was supplemented by a few tid-bits from Freshman English, and part of an advanced course in experimental psychology which I had gleaned from various eavesdropped conversations which came to me in my cage at Buhl Hall.

My other accomplishments included my mother's ability of stuffing a pouch, and a special trick of washing behind both my ears at once. I early developed a taste for Purina Chow Checkers which has remained with me to this day.

I resembled, as a young Hamster, a miniature bear. My fur was so thick and soft that students couldn't keep from stroking me, and the OPA threatened to put a fur tax on my humble self. I had (and still have) a tail which resembled to a large extent a tripod on a camera. I was

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MANSMANN'S

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East Liberty

**IS EASY
TO GET TO**

ANTHON'S

**FOR GOOD FOOD
AND PASTRIES**

EAST LIBERTY

Campus Comments

(continued from page 9)

or half shut or up and open or down and closed or—the possibilities are beyond sane comprehension.

Even such a situation as this can be overcome with supreme tact and delicacy. But the nth degree of injustice—the hurdle which neither tact nor delicacy nor undying patience can o'er leap—is that all eight, all eight Venetian blinds must, at one and the same time, be up the same distance, down the same distance, open the same distance, closed the same distance. I leave you to the contemplation of my fate.

* * *

I've got those "oh what an easy job you've got, all you do is wield a pen blues." The brain is blank. The room-mate's brain is blank. The hour is late. The cigarette has that end-of-the-pack flavor and the coke is flat because the ice has melted in it. An idea existed only in hysterical babblings of one called Plato. An impression is a smudgy molding-clay design made from wooden casts at the age of four. A criticism is a neatly typed precis of nothing. A campus comment is a wandering thing of fairy-scattered dust. Plug for the unsung institution of sleep.

LITERATURE

ANGELO by Louise (A. P. Terhune) Flood, '45

Angelo was a remarkable dog indeed. He knew all the answers: what became of the Lost Colony of Roanoke; who the Unknown Soldier of France was; whether the Prince chose the Lady or the Tiger. Or both. Or neither. Angelo know many things besides: the names of all Anonymouses in Poetry Anthologies: the correct identity of all pseudonyms—George Eliot's, O. Henry's, Dorothy Lamour's and many others. Moreover, Angelo knew about common denominators and little-known facts about less-known people.

Angelo might have been a Quiz Kid. He might even have become an expert expert-stumper on Information Please. But Angelo had one great handicap (or pawdicap since he was a dog): Angelo could not talk! No one had taught him as a puppy. His mother and his litter-mates were illiterates.

This lack of speech was unhealthy for Angelo—he was nervous and fidgety. He also had insomnia. And he wouldn't drink his Ovaltine. What Angelo needed was compensation for his inefficiency in language. Angelo decided to turn his hobby into a worthwhile career.

Humming was Angelo's hobby. He was especially talented for this particular avocation. Angelo had a soprano bark! Angelo could hit high C. He first discovered his gift one morning at four o'clock. To cheer the dead silence of the dark, Angelo started to hum *Yankee Doodle*. He thought the song amusing. A sleepy neighbor thought it was a howl. He threw a tomato at Angelo. Angelo, then and there, knew his talents lay on the opera stage.

But Angelo was torn with indecision. He listened to the radio one evening and heard "I've got those mad about him, sad about him, how can I be glad without him? Blues." Angelo hummed them over to himself. The song sounded excellent. Angelo was tempted to be a blues singer.

But he looked into a mirror and thought: "No, I can't be a blues singer. Since I am half collie, I must be a long-haired musician. Anyway I am especially talented for the latter. The cocker spaniel blood in me enables me to play by ear."

So Angelo became a classical mu-

sician. Eight hours a day he practiced. He hummed in his soprano bark. He hummed the Love Duet from *Tristram and Isolde*, the Choral from Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* and *Way Down Upon the Swannie River*.

So at last, Angelo, felt himself ready for the opera. He went to the Metropolitan for an audition. He was rather sensitive about his being a dog, so he dressed himself up in a zoot suit and sauntered in. Nevertheless he was turned down.

The men at the Opera-House said, "We like your voice. It has depth and tonal quality, but, my dear Angelo, how can you expect to sing Grand Opera if you can't say words? Humming's all right in its place, but opera-goers must hear words in order to follow the stories of the operas."

As Angelo staggered out into the glaring Manhattan sun, he wondered why opera-goers couldn't read *Stories From the Great Operas*.

Angelo indeed was in the dog house now. He was penniless, unappreciated—a victim of ignorant society. In this late year of canineteen forty three, a true musical genius was leading a dog's life.

Angelo then moved to a garret in Pittsburgh. Everything was gone except his music. He still could hum in his soprano bark. So one morning, Angelo was hitting the high C in the *Star Spangled Banner* when three beautiful and intelligent and charming girls walked down the street. They were, of course, Juniors at Pennsylvania College for Women. They stopped and said to each other: "Listen, he's good. Let's grab him for Color Day."

So before he knew it, Angelo was under an indefinite contract with the Junior class of PCW. It was bargained that they would keep him in cigarettes and dog biscuits if he would be the star hummer on Color Day.

So Angelo practiced and practiced with the Junior Class of PCW. This was his opportunity—he was to be the soloist after long, weary days of failure.

At last the morning of Color Day streaked in Angelo's garret. Angelo jumped out of his basket and ran to the sink to gargle. He started to

hum: "High on a hill . . ." but something was wrong! What had happened? His bark wasn't a soprano anymore—he couldn't hit high C! Angelo had reached maturity! His bark had changed to a bass.

Angelo was dejected. Color Day, his big opportunity—the Juniors counting on him. His life was ruined. He hummed again in his deep bass bark. Suddenly he realized he was humming the male half of the love duet from *Tristram and Isolde*.

Things were looking up. He still had a future before him—as a bass hummer. He scribbled a hasty note to the Juniors:

"Sorry, don't count on me! My bark is better than last night."

So, without Angelo's humming, the Juniors lost Color Day. And Angelo? He's now a member of the Princeton Men's glee club!

After A Fashion

(continued from page 10)

black, and should set off your winter wardrobe to perfection.

Satin's Smooth

Lately, satins has been lifted out of the realm of Belle Watling, and has become quite respectable. It is equally popular as trimming on afternoon dresses and the new short formals. Even Merry Hull, the glove designer, has employed black satin for evening gloves and tea ones, and John-Fred-erics' newest hats are tiny pill-boxes of satin and grosgrain ribbon. Try it with furs; the results are astonishing.

Dinner dresses — long ones—are scarcely a necessity these days, but if you find yourself trapped into buying one, be sure it is a narrow-skirted, long-sleeved one. In Jade green and Chinese gold, they are becoming to any type, and will be more practical later on. Save yours, with a feathered dragon fan, for your "After-the-war-reunion" at the Tarry. It will do the trick.

**Invasion Is
Costly fighting**

**Your Boy Gives
100 per cent;
How about your
bond buying?**



LITERATURE

IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT by Mary Jane Youngling, '45

Without taking his eyes from his book, John Baker reached over to the bed table and fumbled for the other half of his sandwich. He shifted the book to his left hand and balanced it against his knees. A piece of tomato fell out of the triangle of bread and landed on the quilt, mayonnaise side down. John stopped in the middle of the last sentence on page two-fifteen, struggled with the tomato seeds that slipped in his hand, and finally managed to slide them onto the plate. Then he smoothed his hand over the spot, because he didn't know what else to do, and rubbed it on his sleeve.

"Stop squirming, John. Hurry up and finish and turn out the light. I'm tired tonight." His wife yawned and the "tonight" dangled at the end of the yawn.

"Uh," grunted John, "wait 'til I finish this chapter."

Sue poked the pillow with her fist and pushed her feet way down to where the sheets were still cool. "Johnny was bad today. Wouldn't let Harriet touch 'im. Cried every time she went near. John; I don't know what we're going to do. We can't get another girl and he won't let Harriet . . ."

"Ah, honey, please—I've read the same sentence about four times now." John didn't look up from the page. *Last Man to Leave Attu* couldn't wait for John's wife to solve household problems.

Sue turned away from the light and pulled the blankets up over her head, leaving only her mouth and chin uncovered. The wool was warm against her cheek. She blinked her eyes and sighed without making a sound. "I'll have those bananas for John's breakfast. They should be ripe enough . . . Dear God—don't let the baby cry at Harriet . . . tomorrow . . . I'm . . . so . . . tired."

"Sue," John nudged her. "I hear the baby crying." Sue waited a second for her husband but he remained comfortable, with his book.

"Your turn." John swallowed a steel-worker sized bite of sandwich as Sue slid out of bed onto the floor.

"You would remember, wouldn't you?" she laughed. Sue searched for her slippers with her feet and

wriggled into them as she crossed the room. On her way out the door she grabbed her robe that was on the chair and hurried across the hall to the nursery. The baby was howling by the time his mother reached the crib.

"Shhh, honey baby. What's the matter, darling? Oh, you lost that ol' bottle and you still have some to go. Come on, mummy 'll fix you up again."

It was against the rules in the *How to Train Baby* book she got three weeks before Johnny was born, but she zipped down the blue tuck-me-in anyhow, and lifted the baby into her arms. Sue always told her friends that she and John intended to spoil Johnny because he was their first baby and had a right to be spoiled, and it would be time enough to go by the book when they had more children. At times like this, however, she wished they had pretended Johnny was their second.

The blanket with the satin binding was on the edge of the crib and Sue wrapped her son in it. His cry was almost nothing but a hiccup now and as soon as he got his bottle, he'd be quiet altogether.

Sue could not find the light switch that lit the stairs, so she moved cautiously down the steps in the dark. On the last step she tripped over the mat that had come loose two days ago when Harriet was scrubbing it. In the kitchen she shifted the baby to her left arm so that she could work faster. Two matches broke before she finally got the stove lit. "Darn this stove. I'll have to remind John to get a man to fix the lighter."

Sue tipped the bottle so that a few drops of milk squeezed out on her wrist. It was warm enough to give him.

"When there's a bottle, there's always hope. That was easy," Sue thought as she laid the baby in his crib and zipped him up again. He was looking up into her face now. It made her laugh to watch how fast his cheeks were moving in and out while he made funny sucking noises. She rolled up a towel and put it under the bottle to make sure Johnny could get the last few drops of milk. That was a good way. Harriet had told her.

Sue tiptoed out of the nursery and back into her own room. John had finished his book by now and was lying very still with his hands under the pillow.

"Asleep already. Lucky," she thought as she shook off her slippers and robe and crawled back into bed. It was cold there and the coldness made her wide awake. She stared at the patterns the moon made through the curtains and wondered if the baby would sleep 'til seven. "Glad I had the rest of the bottle to give him. He's probably asleep by now." She moved her lips but made no sound. The clock struck two, interrupting the stillness that was so big and dark. Sue listened carefully and realized that her suspicion was true, that Johnny *was* accompanying the clock—only Johnny would continue long after the clock had stopped. Again Sue got out of bed, this time not bothering with her slippers. She moved over to the table beside her husband and snapped on the light. It was like a conditioned reflex for John and he popped up immediately.

"I'm coming, dear—what do we have for breakfast?" he mumbled in a thick deep voice.

Sue giggled. "It's only two o'clock and the baby is crying. Was my turn last time. He's all yours now, dear."

John rubbed his head with a blurred movement—yawned. "All right, you win. What'll I do?"

"He's finished the bottle—there's nothing to do but walk."

Sue climbed back into bed and rolled over to her side. She lay there with her eyes closed, listening to the sound of John's feet on the carpet and then on the bare floor. She knew the route he was taking.

"I'll have to get the mat on that step fixed in the morning . . . Dear God, please don't let Johnny cry at Harriet—not tomorrow."



LITERATURE

MRS. McARDLE'S SIN by Jane Meub, '45

Susan settled herself more firmly in the chair. Her colt-like legs fell over the arm and her back twisted like an "s" turn. A chartreuse book, by title, *Mrs. McArdle's Sin*, was clutched tightly in one hand and in the other she held a sticky candy bar. The plot was thickening as she turned the page and her mother's call fell on ears listening only for the sound of the murder gun.

"Susan!" The cry was growing so loud even Susan was forced to hear it. "You must dress for dinner!" With a mumble so low it couldn't be heard past the third page of the book, Susan stumbled to her feet. Book still in hand, she entered the hall. On the seventh step Mrs. McArdle had planned the murder and when Susan reached her room the gun was being loaded.

She kicked the shoes from her feet and propped the book on her dresser. She leaned there tensely to complete the page, then ran to the closet to find her dress. If she didn't hurry she'd never finish the chapter before dinner. But, alas, it was too late! As Susan ran the brush through her tangled hair the doorbell rang. That meant the guests and among them the new minister.

No one could have hated ministers more than Susan did. If ministers only had wives like Mrs. McArdle, Susan could have entered into church-going with fervor.

She vaulted down the stairs in her usual fourteen-year-old manner, all legs and no grace. Her dress was awry, her face was white with excessive powder, and her lips were painted out of their natural shape. Susan had read in a book that ministers dislike make-up and far be it from Susan to please a minister. She wanted to do her best to annoy him because he was undoubtedly fat and fifty with five children.

Of course they were already seated in the dining room eating their consomme but Susan abhorred consomme so she didn't quicken her pace. She slipped noisily into her seat with an appealing, "Excuse me, mother." Her mother gave her a glance as cold as ice water and then, "Susan, my dear, this is Mr. Gibson." Susan's glance surveyed the table and stopped beside her mother. There he sat, the dream of her life, and a minister. But she could even disregard that

when the man in question looked like Robert Taylor, her favorite actor. She gave Mr. Gibson her most lady-like smile and then continued to stare but only when she thought he wasn't looking. Maybe religion wouldn't be half bad with a minister like Mr. Gibson speaking from the pulpit.

Susan listened intently to the dinner conversation. Her eyes grew wide when he said, "My dear, would you pass the salt?" He not only had asked her to give him the lovely glass salt cellar but he had also called her my dear. Susan felt tingly inside. She would remember those words for a lifetime. This must be the feeling that had led Mrs. McArdle to murder. She, Susan, must live in a parsonage—not the drab kind read of in books, but a home, glittering with Susan's wit and charm. She'd entertain lavishly and yet his congregation would admire her because she'd be a model of decorum. Yes, it would be thrilling. But one thing worried Susan—his salary. However, Susan knew that one of the wealthy members of the church would undoubtedly die and leave his estate to Mr. Gibson. And maybe someday an author would write a book about her. Minister's wives had such interesting private lives.

Before Susan had stopped day-dreaming dinner was over and Mr. Gibson was excusing himself. He had to preach an early sermon at church. Susan rose from her chair with more agility than she had shown since she last jumped rope.

She followed her mother and Mr. Gibson to the door and when it closed behind him she rushed to the window to get her last glimpse as his car faded into the distance. He was gone but he would come back for her.

That settled it! Susan had found her ambition in life; she would have to marry a minister—nothing must keep her from her purpose. With several bounds she was up the stairs and in her bedroom. *Mrs. McArdle's Sin* was still reposing expectantly on the dresser. With one movement she closed the book and threw it into the wastebasket beside her desk. Mrs. McArdle had fallen and My Thirty Years in the Pulpit had taken her place.

Dr. Butler

(continued from page 7)

Yes, we think you're about tops. We expected to see you back this fall but we're still waiting for your return. PCW just isn't quite the same—so hurry back!

Sincerely,

The Students.

To Bookworms

Before I came to the college on the hill I was in the gratifyingly intellectual habit of reading thoroughly about twenty-five books each month. My first and most acute disappointment in PCW was that I had no time to read. I even made an ineffectual attempt to find time to read.

Finally, in despair, I left the exhaustive perusal of self-chosen literary bits to the summer months. For two summers I bore up rather well. During sun-baths and between swimming and tennis orgies I managed to refresh my somewhat arid capacities for subjective thought.

Last summer, however, I spent in the throes of popularized defense-work. Forced to emerge into the ruthless world of wakefulness at 5:30 A. M., I found retirement at a "reasonable" hour a necessity to any sort of future at all. And so, into the maze of our fight for freedom I ground with my heel my innate yearning for life's better side. Vicarious compensation the psychologist calls it. I call it dictatorship of the mind. Nevertheless, the very vicariously squelched my mental fire to utter and indubitable demise. The awful truth is that I don't care anymore. I just don't care whether I have time to read or not.

This ellegaic epistle is, as you nave, no doubt, failed to gather, a sort of book review. Therefore, it is my great privilege to inform you, my dear readers, that because the books published before the summer of 1942 were extremely interesting, even uplifting, those which have since made their debut must surely equal, or supersede their ancestry.

Let this basis for criticism inspire you all to greater things in the magical realm of books.

LITERATURE

IS THAT ALL? by Edith Succop, '45

She woke as she usually did, suddenly drifting into consciousness and finding herself lying with her eyes closed. Something seemed to be jarring on her sub-conscious mind, and she tried to remember a dream that might have awakened her. She could find none.

Half asleep again, she attempted to turn over but could not. A sharp spear of pain ran up her back and strove to split her head in two. It kept throbbing in her head and ringing in her ears. Though she turned her head from side to side to silence it, the pain only came back more strongly when she stopped. It seemed to take up the whole of space and time. Her eyes opened wide and the cold sweat stood out on her forehead. All she could see was a greyness like the mist before dawn.

A cold shudder shook her and triumphed over the pain in her head

for a short minute. It left and the pain surged back. Then a sudden warmth made her glow all over until the bed clothes seemed to stifle her. When she tried to raise herself and remove a comforter she again felt the short stab of pain up her back.

Only her head seemed movable but it felt too light. She raised it carefully, and a black circle vibrated and closed around the grey mist which was before her eyes. The ringing in her head took a higher pitch. She wished vaguely that it would stop. Her head fell back to the pillow and she felt inexpressably weary. The pain slowly subsided to a dull ache that she seemed to have experienced for a life time.

Then someone came into the room. She could feel the presence although she could neither see nor hear. At the knowledge, however, she raised her head and the black circle again

began to close in on her. She could see only blackness but she knew her eyes were open. Her throat felt dry, and in the darkness that surrounded her she realized that her mouth was open too. She closed and opened it a few times but it seemed that she had little command of her muscles.

Something wet touched her lips. Someone was moistening her lips and tongue. The pain in her head increased as her throat mechanically tried to swallow.

The blackness before her seemed alive. And now voices reached her ear beneath the constant ringing: crushed . . . amputate . . . die. Die . . . Die—the words had no meaning for her. But the ringing in her head seemed to take up the cadence of them and it beat in her head with every pulse. Slowly it was impressed upon her consciousness
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Have a "Coke" = Come, be blessed and be happy



"Coke" = Coca-Cola
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Is That All?

(continued from page 15)

like a word that has lost all meaning after endless repetition. Suddenly she understood. A cold shudder again shook her frame. It drew the pain back like an ocean tide.

The loss of all such agony was the thought that came first to her mind. And as she raised her head once more she spoke in a husky whisper, "Oh, God, is that all?"

The black circle again closed around her. This time it was not vibrant and alive.

Deficiency Expert

(continued from page 11)

used to leaning on this tripod tail, with my paws up in the air as if I were about to go twelve rounds with one Jack Dempsey.

A great tragedy befel me in my childhood. My mother, the former Roberta Rodent, and my father, Herman H. Hamster, Sr., died. They were following our annoying family custom of eating their weak offspring; little did they know at the time, that Hubert, the son they were eating, would give them ptomaine poisoning. But he did, and they died, and I was left on my own.

It was then that I entered my career. I became a deficiency expert, a role long played by guinea pigs. I was moved to a smaller more compact cage, and no one would give me a Purina Chow Checker. For three days certain members of the Biology Department of Pennsylvania College for Women, put me on a diet with no carbohydrates. It is now my humble opinion that carbohydrates are necessary to a truly balanced menu. I ought to know—I almost passed into Hamster Heaven without them. But I snapped out of my weakened condition on the third day when at last I was offered a Purina Chow Checker.

I am now being plied with Purina Chow Checkers, a situation that bodes no good, I fear. I am being fattened up for another diet of deficiency plus. If I don't recover, think only this of me: Herb Hamster's glad to die, in interests of Biology.



THIS CHRISTMAS



*Please help keep crowded
Long Distance circuits clear
for necessary war calls.*



*There are no holidays for
war or the telephone.*

Give him a Crisp WAR
BOND for a CHRISTMAS
present to be remembered.
Keep on BACKING THE AT-
TACK.



THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF PENNSYLVANIA



The ARROW

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Resist It, Brother!

Rumor has it that a presidential election is to be held in 1944. We've been having nightmares of late thinking of the possible outcome if a great many votage PCWites rush to the polls. We keep drifting off to visions of a girl running hellbent into the voting room, grabbing a ballot and retiring to a desk muttering, "My word!—Roosevelt—Willkie—Bricker—Roosevelt—what's going on here?—Roosevelt—Willkie—eenie, meenie, minie—Ah! There! Willkie!" She drops her ballot triumphantly in the box, gets half a block down the street, runs frantically back to the polls, gets her ballot out of the box, (we don't know how—as we said, these dreams are very confused), and scampers around the room shouting, "Willkie? My word—I don't like Willkie! I'm not even a Republican. Good Lord! Give me another ballot! Roosevelt's our man—always was—you bet he was! Ah! There! Roosevelt!" She sighs with satisfaction, goes half a block . . . well, this process is repeated innumerable times, and needless to say that by now we are fairly blithering.

But to blither a little more—the inspiration for all this mental anguish is, as you might have inferred, the recent bickering and quibbling (not to mention hair-pulling) that have ensued in SGA for the past few

weeks. As we intend to leave for a prolonged vacation beginning today, we feel that we can express a few opinions on the subject and then get out of town.

It seems to us that the issue at hand, and other issues which have caused arguments, have been superseded by a much larger question. The problem now is not what to do with one hundred dollars or one hundred cents, but how to keep the whole system of parliamentary and democratic procedure from breaking down on campus.

The democratic machine is based on The Vote—the vote that expresses the will of the majority and that, once made, can be amended but not rescinded unless, after a period of years or decades, a reasonable governing board decides that it has been outmoded and should be replaced. But as a rule THE VOTE STANDS, and by it the country and the community are governed.

This business that goes on in SGA of voting and rescinding and voting and amending and voting and voting and voting just because it becomes a sort of fever—this, we say, is not government. It's ridiculous. In one SGA, students were hopping up and down so fast it looked as if some one had placed tacks on half of the chapel chairs.

The fault lies mainly in the fact that the controversial matters that set off these chaotic procedures are popped suddenly in front of the student body and rushed through their processing before the three front rows have heard what the suggestion is. Now, let us say right here that this isn't the SGA President's fault—she does a swell job, considering what little cooperation she has from the floor. The matter of what to do with the one-hundred dollar profit from the fall formal was brought up in SGA for the first time just after the first class bell had rung. Instead of letting the matter rest for a few days, the students pounced on it. In five minutes the matter had been discussed by about five people, two votes were taken, and the question was completely mangled. The voters wandered out with the vague feeling that something had just whizzed by them. You know—the feeling you get when you've been doing your short-hand in a lecture and then everyone laughs like mad at the joke that you didn't hear.

(Continued On Page Nine)

Greetings . . .

One of the nicest Christmas greetings we've seen in this pre-holiday season is the one reprinted below from a card sent to Norma Bailey by her brother, who is now with the United States forces invading Italy. The verse, originally in Italian, was translated by Aida de Bellis.

"Take, oh Lord, where this card goes
 Thy holy image, peace of angels;
 May Heaven hover over that home
 And give it His light of Christmas."

EVENTS

HOLIDAYS

Christmas is in the air. You can see it on the posters for the Snow Ball, you can smell it in the mince pies in the cafeteria, and you can feel it in the crisp cold air. It is present in classes, in chapel services, and midnight gab sessions. PCW's Christmas season is the best of all.

Formals

The formal tops the list of important events with its soft lights, sweet music, half-hidden mistletoe, and the rustle of long dresses. The Christmas dinner which formerly preceded the dance will be a separate affair this year. It will still be formal, and in addition to the usual good food and the exchange of gifts, there will be an entertainment.

Carols

Carols have always been a true sign of the holiday spirit, and this year is no exception. Caroling is an old tradition here at PCW. This event is set for today, and Woodland Road the scene of action. Several of the recent chapel programs have helped to get us into the spirit of the thing. The original carols by the music students, and Mrs. Collin's lecture about the origin of the Christmas carols gave new meaning to old favorites. Singing them in foreign languages is also fun. Madam Gill's French 1-2 class may be heard caroling in French Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. *Ces Grandes Roix* is the one they are working on at present.

Gifts

All the dorm students are contributing money to a fund for the employees' gifts. The girls have been doing this for several years to show their appreciation for all the maids, cooks, janitors, and watchmen.

The YW is sponsoring a party for fifty settlement house children in the gym today. There will be gifts for all, and a Santa a la Smith to distribute them, besides lots of games and plenty of ice-cream, cake, and candy.

Everywhere you look there are other signs of Christmas, such as the Brownie cards with their cherub-like children, which Dr. Evans has been displaying in Berry Hall the past few weeks, and the Christmas stories the general writing students have just finished.

If you need any other proof that Christmas is almost here, just listen

to the songs and the chatter in the dining room, *White Christmas* and *Jingle Bells* have been popular for some time now; and at every meal some one is bound to ask when you are going home, what you are going to do over vacation, or what to get so and so for Christmas.

Glenn Martin

The first of December meant "All aboard for Baltimore" for the women from the Glenn L. Martin Program who have been laboring silently in the Art Room of the library for the past fifteen weeks. And true wonder women they are, with an eight-hour day for five days a week in which they learn just what's what about aeronautical engineering in their four classes: Drafting, Manufacturing, Mathematics, and Mechanics.

Certification Exercises for forty-eight girls were held in Berry Hall Chapel. Certificates were awarded for the completion of their work here and they were further prepared for their future work by the *Building a Bomber* picture which was shown.

And now it's to the Martin Company for three months of further training. The girls, who, by the way, range in age from seventeen to forty-five, will then be ready for work in the Glenn L. Martin drafting department where the famous B-25 Bombers, better known as "Pistol Packin' Mamas," are built.

On December 13, another group of brain children arrived and took up their work for G. L. M. Yes, it's all out for victory and here are gals who spell it with a capital "V".

Snowball

Snow was the theme this year of the annual Christmas dance for PCW-ites. Bill Leroy's orchestra played from nine until twelve in the chapel, and afterwards breakfast was served in the cafeteria.

The decorations were blue, silver and white, with paper snowflakes on the windows.

Patty Eldon was chairman of arrangements for the dance, and the committee included Marion Lean, Martha Coate, Mary Ann Letsche, Mary Wells, and Jean White.

Peggy Korb was in charge of the breakfast and worked with a Sophomore committee.

JOTTINGS

Faculty Events

On Wednesday, December 8, the American Association of University Professors of PCW held their meeting, a luncheon, in Andrew Mellon Hall dining room. Miss Dysart discussed "The Scripps College Program for the Post War Curriculum."

The Faculty Club held a Christmas dessert party on Tuesday, December 7, in the Conover Room. Dr. Martin planned the entertainment.

Sophs Entertain Cadets

The Sophomore Class will entertain the Air Cadets and A. S. T. P. students of Pitt and Tech on Saturday night, January 15. There will be dancing in the Art Center and bowling and bridge in Andrew Mellon Hall. Refreshments will be served. Frannie Hilbish and her committee are working hard to make the open house a big success so that other classes will continue them.

Dorm Dinner

The dorm formal Christmas dinner is scheduled for Monday, December 20. Jeanne De Haven is chairman, and on her committee are Justine Swan, Georgia Raynor, Ruth Ford, Mariellen Roche, Helen Parkinson, Jean Yeager, and Virginia LeFurgy. An entertainment planned by Tish Heston and her committee, Doris Snyder and Myra Sklarey, will follow the dinner.

L. S. A. Dinner

The Lutheran Student Association of Pitt, Tech and PCW held their monthly meeting Sunday, December 12, in the Conover Room. This was followed by a dinner in Berry Hall and carols and games in the evening. Mary Lou Reiber and Mary Lou Oesterling were co-chairmen.

Calendar

December 17—Chapel: Mrs. Norton, speaker.

December 20—Chapel: Christmas Service.

December 21—Vacation begins at 4:30 P. M.

January 5—Vacation ends at 8:30 A. M.

January 24 — Semester examinations begin.

February 2—Beginning of Second Semester.

February 9—Chapel: Murl Dewising.

EVENTS

COMMITTEES

1943-1944

Permanent Nominating Committee

Betsy Meader, Chairman
Barbara Findley
Patty Smith
Peggy Chantler
Marian Lean
Norma Jean Chattaway

Address Book Committee

Marion Monks, Chairman
Elizabeth Shollar
Helen Dornberger
Jane Wilson
Nancy Means

Library Committee

Jean Bacon, Chairman
Janet Brewster
Miriam Egger
Ann Coughenour

Smoking Room Committee

Marjorie Selleck, Chairman
Betsy Kinney
Helen Jane Shriner
Tish Duff

Den Committee

Lillian Sheasby, Chairman
Dottie Barrett
Priscilla Hendryx
Sammy Hamilton

Juxe Box Committee

Kelly Jones, Chairman
Janet Harkless
Sally Villing
Peggy McSwiegan

Curriculum Committee

Phyllis Jones, Chairman
Dorothy Nelson
Jean Dalzell
Betty Rains
Elaine Sauerwein

Vocational Committee

Evelyn Fulton, Chairman
Winnie Watson
Mary Jane Youngling
Sue Funk
Betty Lowe

Constitution Revision Committee

Nancy Stauffer, Chairman
Polly Wilson
Frannie Hilbish
Marion Swannie
Peggy Donaldson

Pageant

As the holiday season draws near, the members of the music and speech departments are busy preparing the Christmas pageant which will be presented on Sunday evening, December 19 in Berry Hall under the direction of Mrs. Ayars, Miss Held, and Mr. and Mrs. Kimberly.

This year the groups are not intermingling the music and drama in presenting the program, but instead each will share separately in creating the holiday atmosphere. Mrs. Ayars and the glee club, assisted by Miss Held and the string assemble, will present the Christmas songs and carols, among which are two songs written by Miss Holst, a member of the PCW faculty.

Mrs. Kimberly and the speech department will give an adaptation of a Christmas play based on the Wakefield, York and Coventry Cycles. The staging for the production will be designed by Virginia Ricks and the lighting will be under the direction of Marjorie Selleck.

Sportiscope

In one of the most closely matched hockey games we've witnessed, the Seniors finally defeated the fighting Frosh in six quarters in the championship tilt on December 1. It was the second game of the contest between the two teams. Much credit is due to the first year players for the spirit and cooperation they showed in this hockey season, and to the Junior and Sophomore participants who put up good fights all the way. To the Seniors, our hockEy for excellence.

Which Reminds Us . . .

of a game in which the recognized champions of all classes played—the Honorary hockey match featuring the Army and Navy teams. The all-star line-up played on December 8 in true expert style, with Jean Purves doing an amazingly efficient fill-in job as Navy goalie. Army won, five to two. The players were:

Army

Janny Beck
Jean RigauMont
Nancy Raup
Gene Wallace
Mary Chambers
Marion Springer
Peg Donaldson

Substitutes

Carol Thorne
Helen Gilmore
Alice Hanna

Manager

Helen Smith

Navy

Ruth Lynch
Ellen Card
Jean Purves
Martha Harlan
Peggy Craig
Ruth Perry
Tish Duff

Substitutes

Alice Craig
Anna Thomas
Ginnie Vogt

Manager

Doc McKee

January Event

AA is planning a full program for January, starting off with a party on the nineteenth for all students who would like to spend the Wednesday afternoon swimming, ping-ponging, playing bridge, or just eating. More details later.

Clear Field

All this leads up, somehow, to thoughts of the ping pong tournament and the clear field for both old and new players. Last year's champion has not returned—there are no ceded players, no open-and-shut matches. Lots of chances for Freshmen again—it's anybody's game. The AA board has put its athlete's foot down about the play-offs of the tournament. If the rounds are not played off when the time limit is up the unplayed matches will be scratched. And that's final! Unquote—President RigauMont.

Hood and Tassel

The sale of War Bonds and Stamps on campus has been resumed by Hood and Tassel. Members will be in the front entrance of Berry Hall every Tuesday morning from 8:30 until 12:30, selling three denominations of stamps—10c, 25c, and 50c, and taking orders for bonds of all sizes.

Another recent activity was the ushering at the speech majors' play, *The Ivory Door*. The annual dinner for Hood and Tassel alumnae is being planned for some time early in the second semester.



FEATURES

CAMPUS COMMENTS

In the last issue of the *Arrow* there was a regrettable omission. We discussed the indubitable success of the Bond Rally but failed to credit one N. Maxwell with the talents she exerted to insure that indubitability. There had to be a melting pot, an integration center for a two-hour exposure of four skits, four booths, a master of ceremonies, and a bond sale exceeding \$10,000. We don't mean to insinuate that Maxwell is a pot, melting or otherwise, but she certainly has proven powers of integration. Big job, well done, Maxie. Pinned orchids to you.

* * *

Current magazines offer in their December issues sundry valiant suggestions for the uplift of the American morale during the Christmas season. The trend is consistently toward simplicity, usefulness, and low cost. Typical of the practical gifts for those hard-to-suit friends on your list is a lovely suggestion offered by *Vogue*—a sterling cab whistle—about \$4. Nothing could be more appropriate in these times of gas rationing when you can't get a cab with an air raid siren. **Do** buy several.

Evergreens this year are few and expensive. *Good Housekeeping* suggests that instead of futilely braving the shopping centers we make the most of the simple things we have at home. For example, a stray rubber tree from that unfrequented corner of your conservatory may be transformed into a colorful center of holiday activity. A green blotter neatly cut pine-tree fashion and glued over your mantle will be an item of interest not only during the Christmas season but later on when its removal from the wall is contemplated. By far the most scintillating exhilarating idea is that of planting one's favorite umbrella in a pail of damp sand. With bright blue balls hanging from the spokes and a silver star for a crown a delightful illusion is created—the illusion of an umbrella in a pail of damp sand.

Remember, too, say *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*—when you buy that annual hanky for a friend—tuck in a war bond. It's a lovely touch and certain to be appreciated.

* * *

Some antiques have connotational value. Some have monetary value. But when they give up the ghost of both and only stick around by virtue

of their having stuck around for years, then—then is the proper moment for liquidation. We love Berry Hall just as much without those lamps on the newell posts of the front stairs. The better to slide down the banisters. Thank you, Rachel.

* * *

Teas, to us, are a veritable bore—that is—ordinary teas. But lately we have had the pleasantly disillusioning privilege of attending two of the most unorthodox, the most untea-ish teas of our social existence. The first of these unsettling occasions was calendared November 21 and hosted by Miss Marks and Mrs. Park in our Dean's cozy Mellon Hall suite. The food was, of course, excellent. With superb insight and knowledge of a college woman's innate desires our benefactors replaced tea with beautiful hot chocolate. But 'twas the entertainment that set apart this tea from its less attractive fellows. The dignified Seniors of AMH let down their coiffeurs and threw themselves heart and soul into every parlor game from Tommy-Tommy-Woops to that consuming tirade inappropriately called Ghost. If Miss Marks and Mrs. Parks approached Monday morning duties with aversion due to fatigue, still they carried with them the eternal gratitude of twenty equally-fatigued students.

Only a week later, on November 28 came another "tea"—in the book-lined apartment of Mrs. Shupp and family. This apartment, like Mrs. Shupp herself, is one of those rare and charming combinations of casual ease and innate good taste. The afternoon, and we stayed for hours and hours, was enormously conversational. The world in all its philosophical and concrete phases was uplifted and downtrodden by turns. We slid from Shakespeare and the progress of the war to the proper type of underwear for men. A most stimulating and satisfactory experience.

Mrs. Shupp said she prepared all the food herself but we know she borrowed a few of those "ambrosia and nectar" recipes from some Greek god or other. The coffee, first clue to a cook's finesse, was positively palate-caressing.

And so, we reach the obvious conclusion—that teas, as well as life, can be beautiful.

(Continued On Page Eight)

HERE AND THERE

Even at Christmas when our human cats are caged and our snoopers devote their all to bucking down-town throngs—when we bubble and blurb with long-suffering goodwill and life's harshness is o'erlaid with the bleary blush of the holiday spirit—even through all this, gossip emerges bright and triumphant.

Of Men, God Bless 'Em

It seems that K. Lowe is a good person to know. She got dates for nine PCW destitutes—with Duquesne Cadets, no less. The girls say it was a riot. What's that mean? . . . Three kampus-kids, Murray, Heston, and Cox, (we eliminate the embarrassment of this revelation by keeping their identity secret) insist that they have lovely Platonic friendships with three equally lovely men. Yet these cherubs are religiously, vigorously, and masochistically doing Dubarry for all its worth. That's an awful lot of work for Plato . . . Common controversy debates which is brighter—Joan Sherrick's eyes or her diamond. She got it (the ring) by proxy, but she got it. And the ironic fact remains that she's a Freshman. We now pause for a moment of silent sorrow while we meditate on the fact that we, whose ring finger is unadorned, are a Junior . . .

Of Men, Bless 'Em

Sue Campbell was seen with Bud Friesell, a gentleman well known to PCW . . . S. Meanor and Hyde have long since passed the Hyde-and-seek stage. Smacks of the real thing . . . Piglet Jenkins has hogged it again. She's the pride of Moscoma and the Valley. She's lovely, engaged, and Dubarry did it again. She not only has a man and a ring, but she was presented with a certain fur-lined article at an impressive ceremony conducted by her room-mates and attended by a number of her admiring and envious public . . . Babs Gill is having a sad time of it. Her Merchant Marine, Tommy, is leaving for parts unknown this week-end . . .

Of Men, G—

He is, he isn't, he is, he isn't. Well, is Betty Lane's Junior coming home for Christmas, or isn't he? . . . Cosy and the room-mate think that Doody and Sid look better and better after every date with someone else . . . that Freshman's week-end dinner dates with the Navy (not collectively) are shot to pot. She is

(Continued On Page Nine)

FEATURES

Lament

Hedda Gobbler—Her Last Words

Friends, soon the breath of my existence will be snuffed out on the execution block. My life will be terminated, friends. My mortal remains will be embalmed with oysters and aged bread crumbs, and laid to rest in a galvanized roasting pan. It's tough, friends, but I am not—so I must be killed for my tenderness.

I am not afraid to die, friends. Life has held little for me. I was born in a barn, friends, into a huge turkey family in a low strata of society. My family weren't cultured or refined—my father chewed with his mouth open, and my mother never combed her feathers. Now don't get me wrong, friends, I was never, never ashamed of my brood—not that! It was just that I wanted to make something of myself — to find my perch in society.

Friends, I decided upon a career. I thought and thought, and finally made up my mind to overcome all obstacles to reach my goal. My mission in life, I concluded was to chart the history of my race—to be the historiographer of the progress of the Meleagrinae of the Phasianidae (that's Latin for what we are, folks) My principal material source was a ten volume epic called *The History and Influence of the Turk in Europe and Asia*. I read and read, scarcely allowing myself enough time to eat my corn and milk. Often when I crept into my nook at night, my eyes were so strained that my family mistook them for raisens and picked on me. But at last, at last I finished the last page of the ten volume *History and Influence of the Turk in Europe and Asia*. It was then that I discovered I had spent the best part of my life in reading about the wrong Turk! I gave up in disgust — my career, my burning ambition — all gone with the barnyard breezes. I then devoted every minute of my waking life to just scratching around.

Ah well! "The evil that Turks do lives after them, the good is oft interred in their bones." I'm going to die, soon—and perhaps then I shall be a success. Perhaps then, I won't be thought of as a jerky turkey. The good that's interred in my bones will go well with soup and crackers.

But I'm too young to die! Oh, friends, my heart is in anguish. Would that I were a worm. No one

eats worms for Christmas. Would that I were a gnu in the zoo, or a spotted hyena with chicken pox. Would that I were anything but a turkey with dark and white meat and two drumsticks. Oh, why do I have to stick out my neck on Christmas?

But wait! I must be patient and peaceful. Perhaps there is some gleam of condolence for my troubled state of mind. There is, friends. My one ambition now is to be a raffled turkey. To be auctioned off at the Bijou or the United Order of Ant-eaters—that is my goal: in one—after death. To be held up in front of a lot of people—to be appreciated—that's what I want.

My heart is at rest now, friends. And I have just these last words before I pass on and out: "My only regret is that I have but one wishbone for you to choke on!"

From Ghoulies . . .

With a mournful cry the gray spectre floated by us. We knew that we shouldn't have been in the tower at night, but we thought it would be a good place to look for the Christmas spirit for the pageant. Who could have been more surprised or honored? It isn't every day that you can meet the ghost of Berry Hall!

Really and truly, he was almost human in a ghostly sort of way. You won't believe this, but the poor soul was so lonesome that he collapsed into a shadowy little heap when Christmas was mentioned. We asked him what he wanted Santa Claus to drop down his chimney—that was a mistake. "I'm lonely and all that," he wailed, "but I don't want any more people dropping in here. This

Flood girl has an unearthly mania for sending her doggone reporters up to interview me, and all they do is stir up the dust." He sniffled and moaned, and we finally had to turn his vacant mind back to Christmas. He confessed, "W-well, I wish I had a new swishy sheet to wear, this one is a fright—it's my only top sheet, and the laundry only lets me change it once every two weeks."

He also hinted that he could use a new phonograph on which he could play his favorite record, *I Ain't Got a Ghost of a Chance*, or maybe a bundle of *sheet* music for his old piano.

The old boy may have been shy but he certainly had the beginnings of a wolfish personality. All the time we were talking he kept floating closer and closer, and rippling when he was happy. By this time we felt we could ask him a rather personal question. "What do you usually do on Christmas?" we coaxed. He blushed to a lovely shade of tattle-tale gray, and finally admitted that he just blew over to Woodland Hall to look at the Christmas tree.

We mentioned—as we invariably do—that we'd like to get a man for Christmas. That must have pleased the old fellow; he began floating up ten feet and then down ten feet, uttering ghostly noises. Seems he wanted to go to the Christmas formal with us. We hated to disillusion him, but neither did we feel like dancing literally on air for a whole evening.

The wind whirled around the tower, and the gray figure whooshed out through a crack in the window pane. Sort of sorry to see him go—he was really a nice fellow to get on spooking terms with.

DAVID

Women's Sportswear

Wm. Penn Hotel
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Atlantic 1864

B. K. ELLIOTT CO.

Opticians

An Optical Service That Satisfies

Thermometers

Barometers

Sport Glasses

126 Sixth Street
Pittsburgh, Pa.

FEATURES

Cardiograph

An uncommon topic of conversation in this day of unpremeditated wedlock is *What is Required of a Partner?*

Overlooking the subject of marriage for the moment, we should like to discuss that institution approached more ignorantly, with less foresight and premeditation, and approached thusly by more people, than any other existing institution. And that, friends, is the slaughtered, desecrated, downtrodden institution of bridge.

On bridge we would expound profoundly for yards and yards of **Arrow** script. And so we narrow the bounds of profundity and profusion to the aforesaid topic—*What is Required of a Partner?* or *How to Escape Being a Dumb Dummy*.

There are the utterly unutterable faults of passing an opening two bid and taking one out of a business double. These fox paws are so phastly that they do not permit publishable comments. Almost as abominable is an incorrect response or absence of response to a Blackwood four-no-trump. This act of violence is usually accomplished with a nonchalant smile. Your partner's opening lead which is not your suit, not fourth from her lowest honor, not the top of a worthless doubleton or a sequence, not a singleton, not the king

of an ace-king combine, surely will bring an overwhelming defensive score. Non-descript opening leads, hither-and-yon discards, and failure to return the initial lead are tops among the galling actions rampant 'midst a foresome. They often originate with, or are accompanied by, an experssionless stare and are classed under *blank-look bridge*.

Some happy fourths seem to consider their work well-done when they have counted the trump suit. In a hazy sort of way they realize that somehow during the game the other suits take care of themselves, distributing in a more or less regular fashion throughout the thirteen tricks. Some other players haven't heard of a finesse yet but in a defensive game they use it with more nonchalance than Culbertson. The only drawback is that it's your hand the partner's finessing. The advantage of playing against such people is that the offensive strategy is all carried out without so much as a tremor on the part of the declarer.

Now, we realize that there are fifty-two cards in a deck and that the possible combinations to be discovered in one's hand startle the imagination. Our only hope is that those people who offend in the manner suggested herein will startle their game into the suburbs of reality. We don't advocate what is known as cut-throat bridge. We do advocate that the proper precautions be taken to facilitate the protection of your own neck in the future. No self-respecting woman should reach maturity these days without having at her command a passable game of bridge. Practice is as good a teacher as any. Have fun this vacation and **do** be a willing fourth.

A La Christmas

"Christmas is coming;
The turkey is fat;
Please put a penny
In the old man's hat!"

Holly and tinsel and seventeen days of vacation are just around the corner (now that the same corner has been the last of that lurking figure, Prosperity). Christmas is coming! And the turkey—Whoops! Did we say turkey? Perhaps two *large* eggs will suffice—at least to give the impression of something fowl-like.

Now, about that penny—this year that may be about all we can give—what with our buying war bonds, paying victory taxes, and getting all those little things we dream of—with ration stamps. Yes, sirree, any money that goes into an old man's hat this year will be rare. And any hat with something in it this year is bound to be an old man's.

Ah well, undaunted, let's pass the egg-nog and sing a "rondelay", a rousing chorus of *Deck the Hall*. Someone might even recite, with sound effects, *'Twas the Night Before Christmas*, even if only the mice in the house are listening.

By the way, have you taken a look at that stocking you're going to hang up for Christmas—that is, if you've still got a stocking? Careful, it may be a Nylon. If so, Smithsonian Institute may be glad to hear from you, and Ripley is sure to keep your telephone buzzing. Also, it may not be a bad idea to act very good and treat that old gent, known in the vernacular as Santy Claus, extra nice this year. He seems to be about the only person giving anything away free these days. (Okay, Santa, here's your cut!) If you follow up-to-date advertising, a soft drink of some sort (ice-cold, of course), carelessly left on the hearth, before a blazing Yule-fire, might please the jolly old elf. He's sick of hot chocolate after all these years. (Now don't tell us you haven't seen chocolate for that long a time).

After nibbling at one more (or the only one) candy cane on the tree, you just toddle off to bed, where

". . . visions of sugar plums
Dance through your heads."
(Continued On Page Nine)

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FEATURES

GIVE AND TAKE

Look what the yuletide washed in—a swap column! The members of yon **Arrow** staff, being short in shekles and long in white elephants lumbering around the house, felt that the *Bulletin Index* offered the answer to our tradin' prayers. So here it is! The Give and Take Department, a permanent feature, we hope, for the purpose of exchanging our flotsam for your jetsam.

* * *

Swap I—One pair of size four English riding boots, slightly stretched. Worn three times, in perfect condish. Good leather, good horse appeal! Stirrup a good time—trade two rolls of Kodak No. 620 film, for many hours of equine enjoyment. See Ann M. Turnock.

* * *

Swap II—60 Shakespeare spot quote cards on history plays from *John I* to *Henry V*. All spot quotations except those used on hour written. Six thousand dirty fingerprints and teethmarks included on cards. Willing to exchange for all spot quote cards to be used on final in Shakespeare, or one bottle of Windex to remove those spots. See L. Flood.

* * *

Swap III—Five pairs of lisle stockings—wear better than silk, tear better than silk. Complete with heels and toes, stars and garters. Accurate Eastern War Time on sock clocks. Plenty of room in each stocking for both legs—big double value. Will trade for five lbs. of Birdseye horse-meat, tenderized, for dinner party. See F. Hilbish.

* * *

Swap IV—Duel offer! One Bowie hunting knife, one kitchen paring knife. Slashed prices, slashed fingers. Cut-rate offer—will trade for one Colt Revolver. No, Colts aren't contagious, even if this is a rotating colt. If no Colt available, will settle for one record of PISTOL PACK-IN' MAMA. See A. Craig.

* * *

Swap V—Will swap any honest-to-gosh bargains offered in this column for some genuine swaps for the next issue. Send 'em in—we've even heard of some one swapping a hand-made zither case for a rose trellis made of tin cans. It's worth a try.

Campus Comments

(Continued From Page Five)

"Don't start collecting things. Give me my rose and my glove."

True devotion is a lovely thing. For centuries a quirkish but universal turn of the human personality has prompted man to embody in an insignificant concrete object the essence of sweetness and light that is love. The power of material substance of any sort lies in its connotations—in the spontaneous interpretation of its significance by the observer. Any rose, any glove forces an interpretation of itself but the rose of a lover, the glove which has touched his hand, conjures ecstatic palpitations of untold potency. And so it is, my friends, that in your lives and in mine the discarded stub of a King Edward is without meaning—but to two trembling hearts in the class of '45 such an aromatic specimen is a symbol of abject devotion, a thing of beauty, a joy forever.

* * *

It is unusual, almost phenomenal, when a play is produced in which all the characters are really well portrayed. It is certainly phenomenal when the actors are amateur, in the process of learning, and when the play is extra-curricular. The Kims did it with our speech majors and *The Ivory Door*.

The sets with the artful touches which made them effective, we owe to V. Ricks. Under Mrs. Kim's direction and with her help P. Leonard and J. Swan turned out those medieval *Vogue* originals in all their colorful glamoor. The stage-craft class lived in blue-jeans so long working on the set that some of 'em had to be painfully peeled out. We liked it. The high-school sophisticates liked it. We like the speech majors. We like the Kims. The speech majors like the Kims. Is everybody happy?

* * *

Are you wondering what to give those friends at home for Christmas? Thrill 'em with a super-smooth, beautifully wrapped, gift box of PCW Products—*The Cream of Society*. Mu Sigma even pays the cosmetic tax. They're on sale now every Tuesday and Friday and any member of Mu Sigma will gratefully accept your order at any time. The money made is turned back each

year into two science scholarships. It's not often you can aid a worthy cause and do yourself a good turn at the same time. Be wise this Christmas. Put your money into that something more infallible than war bonds—PCW Products.

MENTOR CENTER

Christmas with all its tender and virtuous traditions has taken our faculty in tow. So rapt are they in the sublimation of ye olde season, so rare, albeit cosmic, their contemplation of things worldly, that they have no time spare enough to devote to this fair column set aside for student enlightenment.

In lieu of the intended authors, then, we, the editors, place our necks at the mercy of the gibbet and bring to you, proxy, the Faculty's opinion of the student body. The Faculty may of course, be a bit undetermined concerning such an opinion. They may, in fact, be unaware that one exists at all. If this be the case, 'tis our Freudian duty to clarify the existence and substance of the unconscious.

Believe it or forget it, our beloved instructors think you students of PCW are the most talented group gathered in any one place at one time. They envy your divers and diverse abilities in literature, music, and sports. They are willing to admit that every one of you is equally at home on the hockey field and between the covers of a classic. They admire the prolific union of your imaginative meanderings and sound seriousness. They gaze in awesome reverence at your masterful finesse in the social realms, at your arty conversations and your slicing wit. Your brilliance brings them to the lectern trembling and leaves them stunned into unreality. Their knowledge, when matched with yours, shrivels and fails. They love you. They would do anything within their power to add one tiny pleasure to your already exciting lives.

Bowing down to you in obeisance, they have admitted that tests of your learning are futile. They have banned, therefore, all semester examinations and have sent the registrar your grades—all A's. And that is their Christmas gift to you. Season's greetings from the Faculty. May they rest in peace.

FEATURES

Here and There

(Continued From Page Five)

waiting on dorm tables. Oh, well, two weeks isn't forever—or wouldn't be if it weren't for rationing . . . It may be romance for Betty Monroe and Bob of the orchid-suppliers union . . . Purves, L. Myers, and P. Smith were muchly in the limelight at the ASTP dance at Webster Hall the other night. We console ourselves that lime isn't a particularly becoming color anyway . . . Woe is Betty Beck. She has troubles which are truly woeful. Four of her men almost ran each other down trying to see her one cold night . . . Murph Rumbaugh has a friend. What's more, he's a man. What's more, he came all the way from Georgia to spend a week-end with her. Oh, for a friend with what's more! . . . M. Egger walked around on air for two days and three nights. Phenomenon due to ASTP from Oregon . . . H. Smith knows a man but we don't think she's taking advantage of it because he sends her room-mate Hershey bars. You may gaze fondly but don't grab. And that, dear readers is all we have for you concerning men and things. What more do you want? Oh, you want one for yourself. Well, there are always the high-school boys and Sal Villing can tell you how to get 'em.

Of Coiffures and Clothes

Lois Long the suit gal . . . Betsy Kinney with an angelic halo (wonder if it suits her personality) . . . Ginny Sommerfield looking glamorous in pig-tails (is that possible?) . . . Weezy Myers in a new red dress complete with fringe—for which *The Lady in Red* was written (we hear the rest of the song applies too)

. . . M. Himes in a new seal coat that is definitely droolable-over . . . Korb in a swish leopard hat (coat included by request) . . . Baroness Von Harklespook in clam-diggers (with special attachments adapting to gold).

Two Items of This and That

This—Doodle Letche was recording some school songs to send to ex-roomie Rowie for Christmas. Now she's swamped because everyone thinks it's a good idea.

That—Some people make queer doodles. Most people get rid of same fearing they will fall into the hands of some coldly analytical psychologist. Not J. Kaufmann. She not only makes queer doodles, she does queer things with 'em. She frames 'em. Why the psych classes have to trip clear down to the juvenile court for material we don't know.

Finally—since we've covered everything else on campus, we cover ourselves to hibernate for the remaining twenty minutes of night. Merry Christmas.

Editorial

(Continued from page two)

However, to coin a phrase, this is no laughing matter. It is the business of voters to know what's going on *before*, not after, they vote. Why this is such an obscure point, God only knows. The one student who actually got up and expressed her opinion of the adolescent conduct of the student body got a laugh for her trouble. And, strangely enough, that student was one of about five people who really do know something about the meaning and the value of parliamentary procedure.

All this indicates but one thing: the student body must learn, somehow, somewhere, that A VOTE SHOULD NOT EVEN BE SUGGESTED, LET ALONE TAKEN, until all the discussion has been exhausted. Up to now it's just the students who have been exhausted, not

the faults and merits of the various suggestions. It's hard to tell exactly what questions are going to set off bombshells in SGA. But the assembly will have to be made aware of how to discuss *any* question without feeling that no point is made unless it is voted upon immediately. If that is too hard a lesson, we might suggest that in the future, at the first symptoms of hand-to-hand battle, the question under fire be removed from the hands of the whole student body entirely and taken into committee, where at least the thing can be thrashed out with less wear and tear on the chapel.

And even this would be avoiding the issue. It is the student body as a whole who should be able to discuss an issue sensibly, and then vote—vote once, vote one way, and *let the vote stand*. True, a bad precedent was set last year when a vote about the Permanent Nominating Committee was changed—was it two or three times? A comment heard frequently in the last few weeks has been, "Well, they did it last year," Sure they did it last year. And we can do it this year and next year and the next—but it isn't *right*, no matter how often it's done.

Let this be the last time, and a new precedent of adult government will be established. The next time a quarrel seems imminent—or is in progress—just hang on to your chair instead of jumping up and yelling above the clamor, "I move we take a vote." Wait 'til the smoke's blown over, and then say your little piece.

Resist that impulse, brother—it'll make a man of you.

A La Christmas

(Continued From Page Seven)

We know—where did the sugar come from? Such a silly question shows you have not been keeping up with your latest issue of *Crazy Dreams and How to Avoid Them, If You are Nervous*. Don't let that frighten you. Lots of people are dreaming about sugar these days—the granulated type. And sugar plums might as well dance through your head Christmas Eve. After all, give the plums a chance to dance. It's a cinch you don't get a chance anymore. You can't invite a fellow in the Solomons or Guadalajara to come to a meager little college prom. He

(Continued On Page Twelve)

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LITERATURE

CHRISTMAS INCOGNITO by Louise Flood, '45

Scrooge had nothing on old Dan Cruickshank. Scrooge said Christmas was humbug—Dan said it was a damned nuisance. Dan owned Cruickshank's Gift Shoppe on Meadows Avenue. Women who know said Cruickshank's had the best gifts in town—and the most expensive. During the year all the most fashionable brides wrote thank-you notes to aunts, uncles and friends for china plates. Dresden mantle figures, silver cigarette boxes, vases—each with a tiny rectangular sticker marked "Cruickshank's Gift Shoppe—352 Meadows Avenue."

And Dan was a wealthy man. His gift shop was more than profitable, it was, as the saying goes, a veritable gold mine. There were twenty clerks, all efficient, all underpaid. Each day the package wrapper's hands were sore from overwork, and each day chauffeurs with shiny visors on their caps carried huge bundles through the revolving door to their long cars outside.

And Dan liked his clientele—the old ladies with ribbons around their throats and diamond bracelets on their wrists; the young matrons with tweed suits and furs lolling on their shoulders—and gentlemen with Homburg hats and bulging calfskin wallets. Dan had a certain smile for them, and a gracious bow in reverence to their bank accounts. And all these customers would say to each other:

"Mr. Cruickshank is a man of excellent taste and refinement."

But Christmas was something else again. Christmas was a mob of counter shoppers—noisy counter shoppers—in to have a look at the gilt holly leaves on the walls and the silver coated pine trees with colored candle lights. Cruickshank's Gift Shoppe was famous for its interior decorations at Christmas time. But the people for whom the holly leaves and the pine trees were meant came early mostly, and in the last week before Christmas only the mob remained, not buying much—just looking.

Dan Cruickshank's smile was slow in coming these days, and his black serge suit was perpetually erect, and his eyes wary. For he had to watch these people—these women with shopping bags, and men in leather jackets: three Christmases ago a

sterling silver gravy ladle had been stolen right under Miss Ella Gertz' sniffing nose. Miss Gertz had had fifteen dollars deducted from her January salary for her neglect, but Dan Cruickshank was kind enough to charge her only the wholesale price.

The morning of the day that Dan Cruickshank discovered Christmas he called a meeting of his twenty clerks a few minutes before the revolving door of the store was unlocked. Dan bowed and smiled his best customer smile and said:

"Good morning, employees, I called you together for two reasons: First—to remind you to be especially vigilant these last few days of the Christmas week—watch these people and watch them hard—you never can tell—they'll likely as not pick up something from one of your counters—so keep your eyes open, as I shall do."

"The old grouch," murmured Mary Smalley of the picture-frame counter, "the old grouch!"

"And," continued Dan Cruickshank, "the second thing I have to speak to you about this morning, employees, concerns your annual Christmas bonus of five dollars from the Cruickshank Company. I thought it only right to tell you beforehand that for this year, due to heavy taxation, it will have to be discontinued."

As the clerks moved to their counters, Miss Gertz remarked:

"He's gettin' to look more like a Billy Goat every day!" But Miss Gertz' weakness was comparing one thing to another.

The day moved on like any other day before Christmas. Dan Cruickshank put his hands behind his back and stared at every customer who pushed through the revolving door—women with fuzzy hair underneath felt berets; children who chewed gum and carried brown grocery bundles; young boys with heavy rubbers tracking snow on the thick carpets. The cash register did not ring much this day, and the gift wrapper had more than enough time to finish her magazine serial, and Dan Cruickshank did not bow or smile once until about three in the afternoon. It was then that one of the regular customers pushed through the revolving door—a woman with a good fur coat and mink-trimmed hat to match.

Dan smiled, brushed a speck from his lapel, and bowed. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Mithridge," he said, "I'm certainly surprised and pleased to see you today. I thought you had finished your Christmas buying by now."

"How do you do, Mr. Cruickshank," she said as she pulled at her kid glove, finger by finger, "I always have some last minute shopping to do, you know. Tell me do you still have the Christchild figurine I was looking at the other day?"

"We do, Mrs. Mithridge," said Dan, "you mean this Lenci piece over here in the showcase, I suppose?"

"Yes," she said as Dan lifted the china figure from the small glass cupboard—"that's the very one!"

"This is the very best thing we have in china work," said Dan, "This is of course an import, you know—from the Lenci House of Italy."

"It's beautiful," said Mrs. Mithridge holding her pince-nez to her eyes, "it's the most exquisite china-piece I've ever seen."

Old Dan held the small figure carefully in his hands, and turned it around. The face was that of a small child with long yellow hair underneath a jeweled crown, and clear red cheeks. The china child was dressed in a blue vestment edged with gold rosebuds, and balanced in its hand a miniature world topped with a tiny gold cross. Its right hand was raised as if in benediction. The whole figure was glazed and shone in the light of the counter lamp like a colored mirror.

"Clearly a buy, Mrs. Mithridge," said Dan, "You see it is signed on the edge by its maker."

And when the woman in the mink coat asked the price, Dan Cruickshank, seeing her interest in it, charged five dollars too much for the Christchild of Prague. Mrs. Mithridge paid for the china figure, and signed a gift card to slip into the box. Mr. Cruickshank promised to have it delivered in time to place it on her cousin's nursery mantle for Christmas day.

After Mrs. Mithridge left the store, it happened. There were several versions of the story, but Miss Gertz was closest so hers seemed most accurate. Dan Cruickshank, according to Miss Gertz, had placed the Christchild of Prague on top of the show-

(Continued On Page Sixteen)

LITERATURE

CHRISTMAS DE TROP by Helen Smith, '44

When Inspector Curby arrived Father met him at the door. My father is not ordinarily a nervous man but as he walked with the Inspector to the library he twitched his cigarette between his fingers until the ash hung raggedly on a few strands of tobacco. He talked quickly to Mr. Curby. Then he opened the library door and pointed to Aunt Evelyn still slumped in the wicker rocker where she had been murdered an hour before. Father did not go into the room himself. He closed the door quickly after the Inspector. He stood still a moment, his face very white.

Finally, "Where is your mother, Vincent?"

"Mother is with Aunt Louise," I said. "Aunt Louise is very ill."

Father ground his cigarette in an ash tray. "I must go to them," he said. "Louise and Evelyn were quite close—living together so many years. It's almost providential that we should be here. I can't think what Louise would have done alone."

"At Christmas especially. Christmas is a season of sentimentalism at best."

"Yes—yes, Christmas." His hand was trembling violently. He held it in front of him and stared at it a long moment. Then he clenched it hard. "I must go to Louise and Margaret," he said. "Where is Claire now?"

"She's in the morning room, Father, with the children," I told him. "I think Van has gone out."

"See that the children are kept away from the library, Vincent." He came to me and laid his hand on my shoulder. "You've been a rock in all this, my boy—a rock. I shall tell you frankly, boy, I didn't think you had it in you. I'm proud."

"I'm glad Father," I said.

He turned and went up the stairs. "A rock," I said to myself. I took a childlike pleasure in the word. Always Vincent the weakling. Poor lad, poor Vince, sick so much of the time, poor nervous fellow. A rock now—"A rock," I said aloud.

A library door opened. Inspector Curby stepped briskly out and glanced as briskly about as all Inspectors must do. He came over to me and, gluing his eyes expectantly on my necktie, he said in a voice stifled with his personal conception

of fact, "You, I presume, are the nephew of the deceased."

"Yes," I said helpfully.

"I must inform you that your aunt has not died of natural causes."

"She was murdered," I said.

His eyes vaulted to my lower lip. "Quite so," he said. "Quite so."

"Having noted the gun-shot wounds we supposed such to be the case," I said. "Aunt Evelyn was much beloved by us all. Such a crime is inexplicable."

"Inexplicable." He turned and began pacing the floor. He was a short man—utterly ineffectual and somewhat repulsive. "Yes, inexplicable." He stopped again in front of me. "I realize," he informed my necktie, "that this is no doubt the doing of an outsider. Nevertheless—" he assumed an appropriate air of dignity—"nevertheless, I must request that all of you remain on the premises until I have arrived at a solution."

A vague vision of a very delightful career confined to the bounds of a quarter acre flashed sacrelegiously through my mind.

"Will you please inform the rest of the household."

I nodded inanely.

"This will be difficult," said the Inspector, "but it is necessary." And he abruptly turned, walked into the library, and closed the door after him.

Aunt Louise was crying. I could hear the rhythmic bursting of her sobs semi-colonned periodically by my father's tired voice. I walked back through the hall to the morning room. Claire was sitting alone by the fireplace knitting furiously.

"Where are Alice and Buddy?" I asked.

"Oh, Vince. Good Lord, I'm as nervous as a cat."

"Not surprising, old girl. Where are the offspring?"

"Van got a small Christmas tree. They went out back with him to cut off some of the lower branches."

"Isn't a Christmas tree just a little superfluous now?"

"They have to have something to do, Vince. I can't keep them in one room doing nothing. Are the police here?"

"They're here all right—that fool Inspector Curby has the case." I lighted two cigarettes and handed her one.

"Do you think he knows what he's doing? I mean, is he really a good man?"

"He's a fool—an utterly ineffectual fool."

"But, Vince—oh here comes Van with the children. I'm glad they're not old enough to know."

"Yes," I said, "or to remember."

Buddy galloped into the room. His cheeks were red with the cold. "It's ready, Mommy. The tree's ready to trim. Hello, Uncle Vince. The tree's ready to trim. You gonna help us?"

"Perhaps, old man." I tousled his mop of blonde hair.

Behind him toddled Alice, submerged in a red snow suit. Her pug nose and round blue eyes were all that was exposed. I picked her up and swung her in the air. She began to cry.

"What's the matter with her, Claire. Usually she loves to be tossed."

"Maybe you've lost your old touch, Vince," said Van. He pushed through the door carrying a stumpy little evergreen.

"Perhaps I have," I said.

Claire had quieted the child and was stripping off the red snow suit. I helped Van set the tree upright in the triangular metal stand.

"Van, Vince says the Inspector in charge of the case is a bit of a numbskull."

"Curby?" asked Van.

"Curby," I said.

Van adjusted the last screw in the tree holder and straightened. "He's the only man left, isn't he, Vince? I supposed he'd take charge."

"He's been the only man since Hume died."

"Hume," mused Claire. "Not the famous detective Hume of the Alder case?"

"The same. Too bad he couldn't live to find the dear Aunt's assassin."

"Vince, for heaven's sake. This is not to be taken lightly."

"Relax, Claire, relax. A nice case of nerves won't do any of us any good."

"Let's trim the tree now, Mama, please," begged Buddy. He and Alice were dragging the Christmas decorations out of neatly-packed cartons and spreading them over the floor.

"In a minute, dear," promised Claire.

"I see you bought a paper, Van," I
(Continued On Page Twelve)

LITERATURE

Christmas de Trop*(Continued From Page Eleven)*

said. "There's nothing about this mess yet, of course."

"No, nothing yet. I can't say I'm anxious to see the particulars in print."

"Not you too, Van. I've never seen such a bunch of shivering frails."

"You're as hacked as we, Vince. Lord, you've always been a pack of nerves."

"Oh, we've all got the heebie-jeebies," Claire intervened, "and we're all entitled to them now if ever."

"I'm going upstairs to see how Mother's taking it."

"O. K., Vince, at dinner then," Van shook his head at the growing disorder on the floor. "Come on, kids, let's do the tree."

I left the morning room and went directly upstairs. Aunt Louise had stopped her sobbing and the whole house was quiet—hellishly quiet. I stopped in front of Aunt's room and lighted a cigarette. I glanced at my watch. It was 7:10. Twenty minutes 'til dinner. I was about to knock when the door across the hall opened and my father strode out.

"Louise is asleep, Vincent," he said. "I'm having dinner sent up to her." His face was haggard. "We've had a bad time, Vincent. She blames me. Keeps saying over and over that she loved Evelyn in spite of their differences. Keeps praying and crying."

"It's a damn shame—your taking the brunt of things. Why can't she be reasonable? Women—Lord!"

"She's older than I, Vincent, and weaker."

"Weaker. Yes, she's weaker. But it's a damn shame. Having to listen to all that."

He shakily lit a cigarette and led the way downstairs. "Have you talked to Inspector Curby?"

"Yes."

"Then you know we're not to leave the grounds."

"So he informed me."

"Not much of a compliment to the police force, Curby."

"He's a fool."

"But a well-meaning fool."

The maid came through from the back of the house.

"Are you ready for dinner, sir?" she asked.

"Quite ready. Miss Louise will have dinner in her room."

"Yes, sir. Dinner is served then, sir." She made her way quickly back to the kitchen.

With a noisy shuffle Van and family appeared.

"Go on in to dinner," said Father. "I'll call your mother. She's been resting."

By the time the soup was served Mother was down. She looked quite well—a little tired but quite well. Nothing was said for a very long time. The servants were in and out and no one wanted to talk.

"Where are the police?" asked Mother finally. "Have they gone?"

"They've gone for tonight, my dear," said Father. "There are a few about the grounds but none in the house."

"What do they know?"

"Very little if anything. Try not to worry, Margaret."

"How do you know how much they've found out?" asked Claire nervously. "How can you know?"

"Stop this. Stop this," said my father. No one knows or ever will know that we murdered Evelyn for her lovely income unless one of us gives the secret away with his babbling."

"Cut it," I hissed—and we fell silent. The removal of the soup went on interminably. Van dropped a fork on his plate with a clatter. A short cry escaped Claire. She bit her lip harshly. The air was stifling—pregnant and taut. Father's fingertips gripping the table's edge were white. My mother's only hint of nervousness was the rhythmic removal and replacement of the bloodstone she wore on her right hand.

Finally we were alone again.

"Father," said Claire. "Father, how long must we be held like this?"

"Yes," said Van. "The children are fretting. How soon—"

"When can we know?" Clair interrupted. "Do they suspect that we—that we shot her? I'm so tired of thinking—thinking and waiting."

"Thinking, yes—to think that Louise planned to go through this alone," my mother shuddered. "At least we're bearing up better than she. We should be thankful we arrived in time to help. Let's stop this worthless quibbling and plan our Christmas dinner. Shall we have the Inspector? He looks as if he might enjoy a good home-cooked meal."

A La Christmas*(Continued From Page Nine)*

just couldn't depend on his boss letting him free that Saturday night.

You can dream, anyway. (However, beware of dream-enemy No. 1—Frank Sinatra—as a present. You wouldn't want to break up a happy home, would you?) Why not fall asleep, humming:

"I'm dreaming of a white Christmas."

A white Christmas! A perfectly safe dream. You won't be the only one dreaming it, either. If you like company, there'll be millions of people all over the world dreaming with you. Of course, your position will be slightly more comfortable than that of someone in a muddy shack in Sicily or against a hard wall in Germany.

Who's getting gruesome! Well, maybe we did sit up too late to hear sleigh-bells in the snow. (We found out that the big noise on the roof wasn't reindeer anyway. Just an old shingle cracking. Roofer couldn't fix it. Couldn't get the materials.) Yes, that's right. Some soldier is using the material—in a little modified form. Not only that, the same soldier will be eating his Christmas dinner out of a can. Lucky fellow! At Christmas, when you're eating those two eggs, don't be angry, because that soldier and his buddies are passing plenty of "eggs" to—well, of all people—the Japs. As long as the eggs can be passed—well, those soldiers know, and so will you, that there is a Santa Claus!

So, plan today to reserve a Christmas Eve dream framed in khaki color, sailor blue, or forest green. And now, sagely laying one finger beside our nose (or noses), we say, little ones:

"Merry Christmas to all,

And to all a . . .

Good Night! The Union-Pacific has hooked our reindeer. And here we are, caught without even a street-car check. Looks like we'll have to put a touch on the old man with the pennies in his hat to get back to Santa-Land tonight!

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LITERATURE

BETWEEN THE DARK AND THE DAYLIGHT by Peggy Chantler, '45

Joe and I sat in one corner of the room and a big heap of Christmas in the other. I looked at Joe and Joe looked at me as we both raised our heads from our hands to listen to a sound we hoped was not true.

"Mother," came a muffled call through the closed nursery door upstairs. It was twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve and a small boy calling for his mother when he is supposed to be asleep so that Santa can bring a tree complete with gifts and village and trimming was not the most welcome sound in the world.

"Your turn to go and make up a story about why the little dears haven't heard Santa's sleigh on the roof yet," said Joe through a fiendish grin.

I started out of the room in my most dignified way and suddenly found my nose sniffing at a rose on the carpet. I had tripped over a pile of electric train tracks in the doorway. I knew the grin was there again only more so. I didn't turn back to reassure myself but hurried upstairs. I paused at the nursery door, hoping that Mikey had at last fallen asleep. But such a hope was not to be fulfilled.

"Mother," came the call again, this time louder and more insistent. It had that tone of "if-you-don't-come-soon-I'll-bite-my-sister's-hand-and-pull-her-hair-till-she-yells." That tone was not to be ignored, so I opened the door to see Mikey sitting bolt upright in his bed by the window and peering out with all too evident wide-awakeness.

"Well?" he said.

"What is it, dear?" I asked in my most motherly fashion.

"I haven't heard him yet and I've been listening for an awful long time," he replied.

"Shhhh, Mike, you'll waken Penny. She's been a good girl and gone to sleep. I told you, and Daddy told you, and Grandma told you that Santa Claus never comes until the children are asleep and what's more, he doesn't come at all to bad little girls and boys who won't do what their parents tell them."

That sounded like a goopy story to me, but I thought it might work. Then to my no-longer-so-loving-mother-ears came a sound from the other bed.

And with that, Penny was bolt upright in bed. What to do, oh, what to do, I thought, with two kids in

the defiant position of being bolt upright in bed at twelve-thirty on Christmas Eve. Bash in their little heads? Too brutal . . . Sing them soothing lullabies? Too mild. And besides whatever other qualities my voice may have, soothing is not one of them. Ha! I'll get them a drink of water. That ought to do the trick. It had been my experience that when children repulsed Morpheus, they always called for water. Maybe I'd even add a couple of knock-out drops just as a no-fail check on its powers. But, I remembered, the administration of water means a trip to the bathroom sometime within the next two hours when one's age is between six and eight.

Just then I was conscious of the end of a yawn coming from Mikey's direction. "Ah, beautiful yawn," I muttered with joy.

"What did you say, Mother?" came a voice from the same source as the yawn.

"Nothing, dear, I was just thinking," I lied.

"Funny way to think," mumbled Penny in her own inimitable way as she slid under the covers.

That slipping under the covers is a good sign, I thought. I must encourage same. I walked over to Penny's bed and tucked in the covers.

"Now wouldn't you like me to tuck you in, too, Mike, so you can go to sleep?"

"Yes," answered Mike, still sitting up in bed.

"Well then, you'll have to lie down," said I, in what I hoped was a persuasive tone.

"Why?" he retorted. "Can't you tuck me in when I'm sitting up?"

"Not very well, dear." The term of endearment had a slightly hypocritical edge.

"Try," he said, "I bet you can if you try." I could have happily choked the author of "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." And I would have enjoyed murdering the guy who taught it to my son. But I tried and finally closed the nursery door on a blanket-covered form sitting up in bed. I had proved to my son that I could.

I tip-toed down stairs to find Joe proudly surveying the upright tree which reached almost to the ceiling.

"The next time they wake up, you'll just have to go up on the roof and make like Santa's sleigh," I said

with hauteur (I hoped).

"No, Sally, it's the mother's job to put the children to sleep. You're the one with the magic touch, not I," said Joe in all sincerity.

"Shut up, Santa," I said, immediately realizing the inadequacy of my retort.

While the clock ticked away an hour or so, I wrapped gifts in colored Christmas paper and tied them carefully with red ribbon, thinking what a mess all that paper would make the next day when it was ripped off and tossed on the floor. Joe spent the time putting lights and candy and shiny ornaments on the tree. Would that I had married a man whose family has had a little less Christmas spirit, I thought. Joe must have believed in Santa Claus well into adolescence. And I wasn't at all sure that he wasn't still in that stage. This was one of the few times when I felt compassion for my mother-in-law.

When the tree was all trimmed, Joe beamed with pride. He thought it was beautiful. I thought it looked like Mae West wearing all her jewelry at once.

"Now all we have to do is set up the train and village," said Joe happily. I looked at the clock that screamed two o'clock at me.

"Just a second while I plug in the lights," said Joe as he crawled along on all fours looking for a floor socket.

A sickening thought occurred to me.

"Joe," I said dully, "there aren't any plugs on that side of the room."

"That's all right," he replied and went on looking. I was thinking of taking him to a Sonotone man when he turned to me with that sick cow look that had once made me say the fatal "Yes."

"What did you say?" he asked feebly.

"There aren't any sockets on that side of the room." There were no words to make it less than that.

So Hercules (that's Joe) and Herculina (that's me) moved the tree that Joe thought was beautiful and I thought looked like Mae West, to the other side of the room, leaving bits of broken ornaments and sticky candy on the way.

"That's not so bad," said Joe when we had finished our little chore. "Now all we have to do is set up the train and the village."

(Continued On Page Fourteen.)

LITERATURE

Between the Dark . . .

(Continued From Page Thirteen)

"Yes, you said that before," I replied, trying to sound reproachful and hoping that my husband felt sorry for his dutiful Mrs. Santa Claus. But he just pulled out his blue-prints of the lay-out and scrutinized them, utterly ignoring me.

For the next three or four hours I felt like Gulliver hovering over the Lilliputians. Not only did I hover over the little village people, but I also stepped on some of them and ground them to so much plaster paris pulp. This made Joe mad and he told me to sit in the corner and read a book while he finished. I might have complied with his request if I had been able to find an empty corner. I couldn't, so I timidly suggested that I go to bed.

Joe plugged in the train and turned to speak to me and all the lights in the house went out.

"Joe," I yelled, groping for him in the dark and throwing my arms around a prickly Christmas tree, "what's happened?"

"A blown fuse, I guess," came from the other side of the room. "Just sit still while I go down in the cellar and fix it."

So I sat still for half an hour until the lights came on again and found myself still sitting in a box of artificial dirt. I couldn't see what was so artificial about it.

At long last everything was finished and Joe was all for sitting around and admiring our night's work. I felt that I had played the loyal wife long enough, so I crawled upstairs to bed and left Joe to revel and add the finishing touches. I had been in bed a few minutes when Joe's head peeped in the door.

"Guess what we forgot, Sal?"

I tried pretending I was asleep but apparently this thing that we had forgotten was more important than my well earned rest. Joe tapped me on the forehead with his finger. I had an insane desire to bite it off, but I controlled myself somehow and went on pretending I was asleep.

"Sal," he said, shaking me vigorously, "we forgot the stockings."

"I'd just as soon wear socks," I grumbled.

Joe patiently explained that he meant the children's Christmas stockings that we had filled with a lot of silly this-and-that. I opened my left eye and quickly shut it. Then I

opened both my eyes to make sure that I wasn't having hallucinations in my old age. But I wasn't. There was Joe holding up a bright red Santa Claus suit, complete with beard.

"Surprise," he said, "you thought I'd forgotten but I didn't."

I could feel him beaming with delight. Beaming (even when done by one's husband) and the wee small hours don't mix as far as I'm concerned. I definitely wasn't in the mood for surprises . . . especially if they had anything to do with Christmas, and I had a haunting suspicion that this one did.

"I remembered," continued my dear husband, "that you said you always wanted to dress up as Santa and take the stockings into the children's room on Christmas Eve and hang them on their bedposts."

"How picturesque," I muttered, wishing that I had been struck dumb at any given time before uttering those awful words about wanting to play Santa Claus.

Joe couldn't stand to have me disappointed and would not be content until I had crawled out of bed, donned the frightful red costume and delivered the stockings to the nursery. I went into the room with fear and trepidation. Please, God, don't yet me wake them. I had never uttered a more fervent prayer. The Creator must have been duly impressed because they stayed asleep. I think Joe would have been disappointed because they hadn't seen the Santa Claus suit.

I returned to the bedroom to find Joe sound asleep. Brute, I thought. I started on another equally uncomplimentary thought but was asleep before I finished it.

I had been asleep for what seemed about five minutes when I felt something cold and hard moving across my face. I reached up to knock it off, too tired to wonder what it was and found a tin mechanical walking Mickey Mouse in my hand. Now if there was anything I didn't want to see, it was a tin mechanical Mickey Mouse, especially a walking one, especially one walking across my face. These thoughts were interrupted by two squeals of laughter. I opened my eyes to see four more eyes. They looked vaguely familiar. They were familiar. They belonged to my two children.

"Merry Christmas," they yelled, to

which Joe replied, "Joyous Easter" from the depths of sleep.

"Joe, dear," I called, "it's morning . . . beautiful morning, and the children are up and have come to wish you a Merry Christmas."

Joe couldn't ignore that without branding himself a hypocrite, so he woke up and said dutifully, "Merry Christmas."

And with that Penny and Mike were on top of him.

"We have something to tell you, Daddy," said Penny in her most grown-up air. I smelled a rat. I always smell a rat when my eldest speaks in a grown-up air. This was Christmas morning (Joe would have called it "Christmas Morn") and the odor was particularly nauseating.

"Daddy," said Penny again a bit more forcefully because Joe had fallen back to sleep, "we have something to tell you."

"What is it, dear?" asked Joe. Somehow his attitude was not the epitome of Christmas spirit.

Mikey and I know there isn't any Santa Claus," said Penny.

Joe gulped.

"We didn't want to tell you because we wanted you to have one more Christmas when you could have fun playing Santa Claus."

Joe muttered something that sounded like, "How kind of you."

I smiled at Joe in my most wife-like way. I hoped I looked understanding.

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LITERATURE

REUNION by Mary Gallagher, '45

Theirs was not an ordinary romance. It would, perhaps, have seemed more like an international affair, for Angus was truly Scotch and Marie was truly French—and their happiest moments were spent in Massachusetts.

They met on a steamship bound for New York. Angus had looked once at Marie's delicate features—her twinkling blue eyes, her charming smile, and her black hair curling from two blue bows—and suddenly he lost his longing for Scotland and the Highlands. Marie knew immediately that the Highlander, dressed in his red jacket and plaid skirt with the little white whisk broom, was the love of her life.

At first Angus just looked at Marie—then his look became a gaze. Perhaps it was because he was just bashful, or perhaps it was because he had been told never to encourage a Frenchman, but whatever the cause, Angus loved Marie more and more each day—but he never spoke! Marie returned his love and loving him so, she understood. By the time the ship pulled in at the New York dock, Angus and Marie knew they were meant to be together forever and always.

It was no real surprise to either of them when they found themselves on similar missions in the New York office of W. K. Dean, Importer. Being together eased the strangeness of the new country; they glowed con-

tentedly, side-by-side. But their paradise was short-lived, for early in December Angus was suddenly sent away to Mr. Dean's shop in Boston. No time for good-byes, no time for tears, only an agonizing longing for each other. The kilt of Angus uniform seemed to lose its old jauntiness and Marie's eyes surrendered their sparkle to a melancholy stare. Angus felt like a foreigner without a heart.

The calendar on the wall of the New York shop of W. K. Dean read December 24. And on that day, early in the morning, in fact, a wonderful thing happened. A telegram was sent to Mr. Dean—and that very afternoon Marie was on her way to the Boston shop and maybe (though she shouldn't think it) to Angus.

The Boston shop was small and Marie searched it with a quick, cautious glance. No Angus! Again her hopes fell and the two blue eyes filled with disappointment. She was sad. Soon, the same afternoon, Marie was sent away again with an old man who wore a little black cap—just like the tour-guide back in Paris! This time they stopped in front of a little stone house in Lakewood, Massachusetts. The old man accompanied her as far as the front door, and once again she was alone.

Then it was night time and snow flakes floated down on Lakewood, peacefully, like small, down feathers. Inside the Young home, a

Christmas tree smiled happily with bright lights and tinsel shimmering ornaments. A little stuffed Scotch soldier with a real jacket and plaid skirt and a jaunty white whisk broom sat under the tree and smiled happily at the little French doll with the twinkling blue eyes. Angus and Marie would be together forever and always.

Christmas Incognito

(Continued From Page Ten)

case and had walked back to the wrapping desk to give directions for the kind of tissue paper and ribbons to be used for the gift. Miss Gertz was checking her sales in the account book when she heard a tiny voice behind her say:

"That's an awful pretty little boy."

She turned around. She saw a thin and dirty little boy twisting a red knitted cap in his hands. His eyes were wide and blue and his mouth looked as if it were ready to blow out a candle, as he stared at the china figure of the Christchild of Prague.

"It sure is, Sonny," said Miss Gertz, "it sure is a pretty little statue, it is."

The boy reached into the pocket of his knickers and jingled some change.

"I'd like to buy that little boy doll," he said, "I'd like to buy it for my mother for Christmas. It doesn't cost any more'n eighty three cents would it?"

"It'd cost quite a bit more'n eighty three cents, Sonny," said Miss Gertz, "and anyway it's been sold already."

"Oh," said the boy scraping the thick rug with his shoe.

"But I tell ya," said Miss Gertz, "why don'cha just buy your Mom a pretty plant or somepin'?"

"That would be kinda nice," said the boy as he leaned on the counter, "but doncha have another of those little boy dolls?"

"Nope," said Miss Gertz, "that's the only one we have, and it comes all the way from Italy."

"Oh," said the boy and buttoned up his corduroy jacket. Miss Gertz turned back to her account book. Then she heard the crash—not a heavy crash but a muffled one on the

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

ANTHON'S

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LITERATURE

Christmas Incognito*(Continued From Page Fifteen)*

counter, just enough noise for a china figurine.

Miss Gertz did not look up right away, but reached for a handkerchief from the sleeve of her dress and held it to her mouth. She could hear Dan Cruickshank hurry up towards her counter, and the high gasps of his voice. Then she heard the crack of his hand against the little boy's face. Then she looked up.

The boy had fallen to the floor, his red knitted cap against the shiny black shoes of Dan Cruickshank. Dan kicked at it, and the little boy held his knee from the pain of the kick. The child did not cry, but just stared at Dan Cruickshank, waiting for more.

"What did you do it for?" screamed Dan pulling at his coat. "Answer me, why did you break that? Answer me, do ya hear me?"

"I didn't mean to," said the boy half sobbing, "I didn't mean to at all! I just wanted to see if it felt on my fingers as cool as it looked in my eyes. That's all. I didn't mean to break it—I didn't want to break the little boy doll."

By this time a crowd had gathered around—the mob of counter shoppers, with their shopping bags and leather jackets and old felt hats—but they were not noisy now.

"I just sold that figure," growled Dan, "I just sold it for forty five dollars. You could never pay that much for it now, could you?"

"No," said the little boy. "I don't have that much money. I've never even seen that much money in my whole life. But, Mister, I can put that little boy doll together again. I'm good with my hands. I can put it all together again."

Dan let one of his customer smiles deepen into a loud laugh, as he looked at the eight broken pieces of the Christchild of Prague rolling on the counter.

"Don't be a little fool," he roared, "you can't put that back together again. Give me your name, and I'll get that forty five dollars from your people if I have to go to court for it."

"Hold on, Mister," said a man from the crowd, a man with a dirty gray

felt hat, and a gold tooth in the front of his mouth, "Hold on! We don't like your Christmas spirit. It was an accident. Why should the kid do it deliberately?"

"What's the Christmas spirit have to do with it?" shouted Dan, "I aim to get that money. What's your name, Sonny?"

"Wait a minute," said the man with the gold tooth as he pulled his gray hat off, "Now there's lots of ways I can spend five bucks at Christmastime, Bud, but this is as good a way as any!" He dropped the bill into his hat and held it out in front of him. "Who's with me?" he asked, "Who's gonna help me pay fer that statue fer the boy?"

And every person in Cruickshank's Gift Shoppe that afternoon—all the women with shopping bags, and girls with colored scarves around their heads, and men with cheap cigars in their mouths—everyone in the store dropped dimes and quarters and dollars into the gray felt hat. Even Miss Gertz and Miss Mary Smalley and all the other clerks in the store dropped in their contributions for the Christchild of Prague.

Dan Cruickshank stared at them all, as if he had never seen them before. He watched the money drop into the hat, and he watched the givers' faces—all different yet all with the same smile around the eyes.

And the little boy sat on the counter, twisting his red knitted cap, and his blue eyes were wide and his mouth looked as if it were ready to blow out a candle. And when the gray hat neared him, he reached into his pocket and pulled out his eighty three cents and dropped it in.

"Stop it," said Dan Cruickshank, "Stop it! Take back your money! I don't want it anymore! I'm sorry for all this, believe me!"

But no one paid any attention to him. Most of the crowd wandered through the revolving door out onto the streets towards home. They didn't wait to be thanked. And the man with the hatful of money poured it onto the counter beside the broken pieces of the Christchild of Prague.

"Give the kid the statue," he said, "let him put it together if he wants to. It's our Christmas present to him."

The boy jumped down from the counter and grabbed hold of the man

with the gold tooth. "Thanks, Mister," he said, "thanks an awful lot. Merry Christmas to you!"

"It's okay, kid," said the man, "Hope you get it together all right. And Merry Christmas to you!" And he left the store.

Miss Gertz brought out some mending glue for the little boy to build together the Christchild of Prague. As he worked fitting one piece on another, Dan Cruickshank stared at the revolving door through which the counter mob had left. He stared at it as if in a daze, and suddenly he bowed and smiled his best customer smile. Only this time the smile was wider and lasted longer.

And soon the china Christchild of Prague was all together again, and only tiny spiderweb cracks showed where it had been broken. And Dan carefully picked it up and wrapped it himself in tissue paper and red and green ribbons. And the box was too heavy for just a small china doll when Dan handed it to the boy. All the money from the gray felt hat was inside too. And as the boy pulled on his red knitted hat, Dan Cruickshank wished him a Merry Christmas, and the little boy smiled and wished him one back.

And Dan then and there promised to his employees a Christmas bonus of twenty-five dollars, and for the rest of the day before Christmas he bowed quite a bit and smiled quite a bit to the counter shoppers who weren't buying much, just looking.

And as Miss Ella Gertz tells the story, she says:

"You know, that little boy in here was the spittin' image of that Christchild statue." But Miss Gertz' weakness was comparing one thing with another.

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LITERATURE

WITH APOLOGIES TO DICKENS by Margaret Browne, '44

Even the quiet snow and the starry sky couldn't do much to make the bomb-shocked city of Berlin look very festive on Christmas eve. Berlin was not supposed to believe in Christmas anyway, but here and there throughout the city, a candle shone behind the blackout curtains in a few of the fortunate little houses which happened to be left standing amidst the wreckage. Secretly some of the older inhabitants, the ones with grey hair and tired, lined faces, were being brave enough to sing carols very softly so that a passing soldier would not be able to hear them.

Somewhere within the city, a man with a little black mustache and a lock of starchy-looking hair over his forehead dozed nervously in a bed which was much too big for him—

just like his ideas. There was a bright star shining outside his window but of course he hadn't noticed it.

One of the remaining clocks in the city struck twelve but all wasn't well, especially inside the boudoir of the whiskered sleeping beauty because a small hand was tugging at the covers on his bed and as he opened his eyes to see what was happening, he stared into the face of an old man who had in spite of his face the figure of a child dressed in blue. The spectacle was horrible and the man winced as we might expect.

"Who are you and what do you want?" he asked.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past. Rise and walk with me." The spirit was heading towards the window and "Whiskers" didn't want to

follow.

"I am likely to fall," he protested. "You are destined to fall," chanted the spirit, "and you cannot help but follow me. Mortal power is useless against that of a spirit. I will touch you and you will be able to fly through space."

It was a funny sight to witness although no one in Berlin saw as the two sped through the air, the night shirt of one waving dramatically in the breeze.

"Where are you taking me?" asked "Whiskers."

"To the past—Christmas past. Look down there and tell me what you see."

"I see houses, lighted houses." "Don't you see the children around the fire places? Don't you hear them
(Continued On Page Eighteen)

Have a Coca-Cola = Welcome, Short-Snorter



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LITERATURE

*With Apologies . . .**(Continued From Page Seventeen)*

laughing? Can't you see their pink faces?"

"Yes."

"This is the Christmas of the Germany that used to be. This is the lighted Christmas with singing and laughter. It is what you destroyed."

"The hell with it—nonsense, that's what it is. There's no Christ and there shouldn't be any Christmas. Only weak nations celebrate such a fool thing."

"Then your country should be celebrating it tonight, my friend," replied the spirit.

"We are not weak. We are the strongest of all nations," shouted "Whiskers."

The strength of his voice made the spirit disappear into the sky above but as he ascended, another figure came down from the clouds. This time, the spirit was entirely clothed in black and his face was grey with dark eyes sunk into deep hollows. A tiny stream of blood flowed from his lower lip.

"Who are you?" asked "Whiskers" once again.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. Touch my robe and follow me. I have much to show you."

"Whiskers" protested, "I can't see anything."

"Of course you can't. Christmas is dark in Berlin this year. Listen, can you hear the moans of dying men? They are your soldiers, your super men. Don't you hear them?"

"They are dying for Germany. I like to hear them. Victory will be ours!"

"Look down again. Can you see any lighted windows? Can you hear any laughter?"

"No."

"See that little house. An old woman is weeping inside it and her grandchild is dead on the floor."

"Our enemies have done this. There is not enough food in Berlin tonight. We must have revenge."

"Perhaps your people are starving because it was they who deserved punishment."

"We deserve supremacy of the world."

"See another house. That young soldier has just killed his mother because she was praying."

"He is a good boy. There is no God and the woman is better dead."

"You are impossible," snapped the spirit "I will leave you at the mercy

of the Ghost of Christmas Future."

The third phantom approached softly, his green robe fluttering as he descended.

"Come with me," he said abruptly. "Look down and see the future. What is there—tell me."

"There are lighted houses and . . . and . . . but we are moving too quickly. I can't see."

"The future is always hard to see. You are lucky to have had at least a glimpse. We are away from the city now. Look down—the future down there is certain."

"It's dark and quiet. I can't see."

"Yes, you can. We are above a grave yard. Don't you see that plain grave over there—the one without any decoration on it?"

"Yes."

"Look hard. What is the name on it?"

The face of the observer twisted and his eyes grew large and fearful.

"Oh God. It's my name. It's my name."

ADDENDA

Apparently the fundamental criterion of the value of any commodity this season is the number of city blocks the line you're cooling your heels in covers. Taking advantage of that to-hell-with-life attitude prevalent among down-town shopping martyrs, cheery little uniformed women hop out from behind counters and practically compell you to join the WAVES or WAC. In your weakened state, what can you do? What can you say? The thing to do, I've found, is stand behind a blood-bank recruiter until she snags a victim—then collapse at her feet, slashing your wrist in preparation for the transfusion. After all, here's a way to get your pint without giving up those new State Store ration stamps. This procedure has only one drawback. The store may be so crowded that no one discovers you and there you are being trampled as you lie around with your wrist slashed.

Despite the competition of butter lines, turkey lines, Sinatra lines (he has some good ones even if he does forget the one about the Gal named Tess every Saturday night), to say nothing of bread lines—despite all this, the line leading to Santa Claus is still inexhaustible which your reporter is not.

After the hand to mouth existence I've been leading, the hand to hand battles I survived in my foot to foot

progress to arrive face to face with Santa were ghastly. I was firmly told by someone's five-year-old pride and joy to "get to the back of the line sister"—whereupon I found myself in the stock room facing a firing line of Junior Commando machine guns. After two and a half hours, during which the swing shift arrived for its daily dozen and five people fainted, including myself, I finally reached two points of disembarkation. The first was that (with apologies to Saroyan) people are not all beautiful. The second—shout, brother, shout and fifteen for the boys in the balcony—was that Falstaff-proportioned gentleman, that lovely cherub with the smog-stained beard, weighing two-hundred and thirty pounds—Santa Claus. Nov smoz ka pop.

When I had gained that helpful necessity of life called breath I stated my business to the old boy and he certainly was kind and sympathetic through it all. The whole rigamarole took several hours because this was no mean assignment the **Arrow** had allotted me. I had to tell Santa what the Faculty wants for Christmas and the Faculty must be kept happy at any cost.

Alphabetically speaking, our first cry in the wilderness slipped from the lips of that plastic-pulling prodigy, Kay Arnold. Kay would like to secure, with as little violence as possible, the mazuma owed her by two Senior Chem-majors.

Mrs. Ayars would love to have fifty more yards of purple cloth with which to enwrap the Glee Club.

Miss Irma Ayers' ideal gift to herself would be a perfect biscuit from every student.

Miss Bair, devotee of the employment bureau, wants just one more employee unburdened with cats, dogs, T.B., or fallen arches.

Mrs. Baldwin would love to have the Alumnae copies of the **Arrow** returned to their resting place tout suite.

Mrs. Dickey asks only for another chance at that rough and tough team she battled in the honorary.

Dr. Doxsee would like the books et al (especially et al) that have been borrowed from his office, back again before his New Year inventory.

Nurse Elder asks for bigger and better resistance to those bugs she's been exterminating these past weeks.

Dr. Evans' supreme desire is the realization of her motto—a chicken in every pot and a Brownie card in every home.

Miss Gunderman is asking, nay,

praying, for a certain system of retrieving all student ration books after Christmas.

Mrs. Hansen wants a pair of floor lamps to lessen the drowsibleness of the browsing room.

Miss Held would like some compositions without the accent on the after-beat.

Dr. Jacoby wants someone to invent a self-replacing balance cover for his recalcitrant class members.

Miss Kramer wants a system devised whereby the experimental matreial rampant on campus may be utilized.

Miss Maclachlan wants, as does the administration, a nice new gym sans holes in the floor.

Miss Marks asks only that she be spared any more difficult problems before Christmas. This failing, she begs that two more hours be added to each day in which to battle them.

Mrs. Martin requests a one-way ticket to the Aleutians.

Miss McFetridge wants a great big bottle of finger-print-ink remover.

Dr. Montgomery's wants are simple. His only request is for a new and better social order.

Dean Moor requests that he never again be awarded 8:30 for his class hour.

Miss Myers finds A easier to inscribe than F. Herein she asks your cooperation.

Mr. O'Neil's uppermost desire is that nothing else may happen to his spare and sparse crew of janitors.

Mrs. Park requests a private bath and we don't blame her a bit.

Dr. Piel hopes for a satisfactory convalescence following the pieeling-out of her appendix during the holidays.

Mrs. Seitz asks for quicker and more effective absorption on the receiving end of her math-method.

Miss Shamburger wants a dinner engagement which will terminate without the loss of her guests' hats.

Mrs. Shupp, asking the impossible as always, requests a complete set of polished floors and windows.

Dr. Spencer is looking forward to the publishing of an infallible book on farming.

Miss Staples patriotically requests a load of horse—well, fertilizer to bed her victory garden for winter.

Dr. Wallace asks for more appreciation of his railroad service in this day of war-time travel restriction.

Miss Weigand will be happy if someone will only balance those big ledgers to which she devotes so much of her time.

Miss Welker puts in a request for inspiration. If her students don't contract some soon, she'll lose hers.



THIS CHRISTMAS



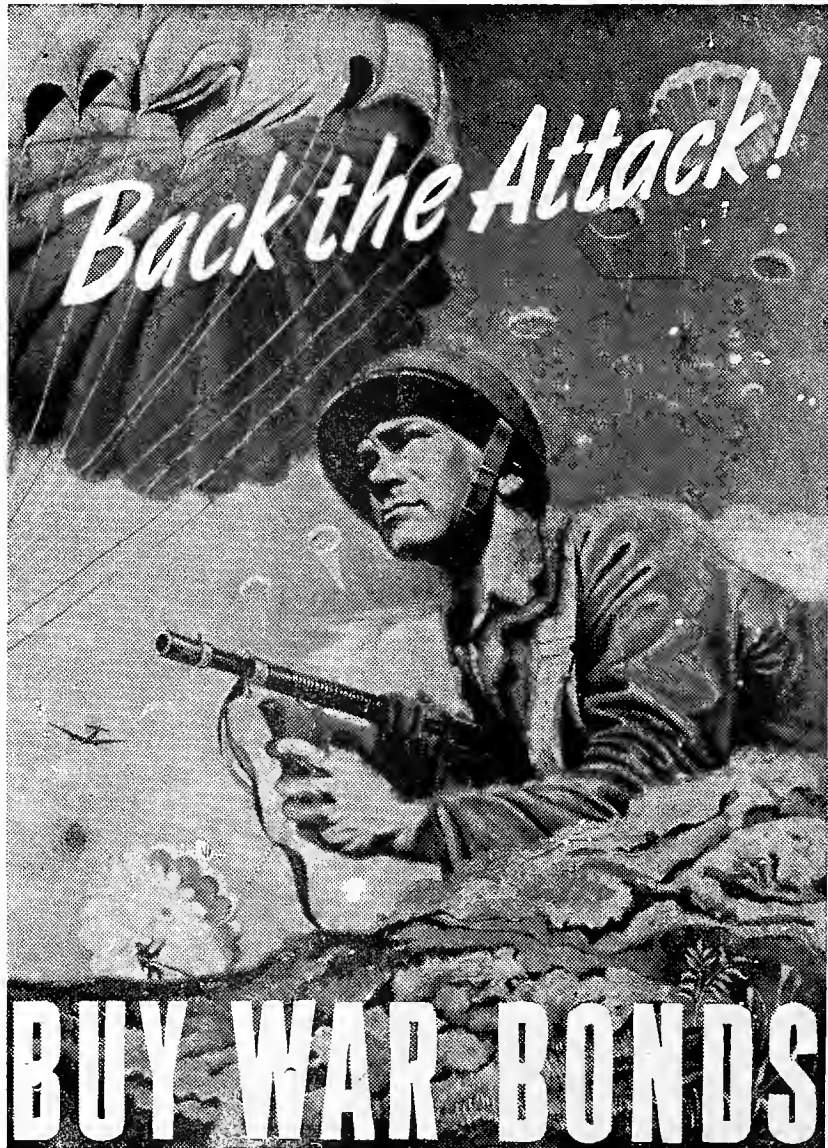
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*There are no holidays for
war or the telephone.*

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF PENNSYLVANIA





The ARROW

Vol. XXIII

Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburgh, Pa., February 16, 1944

No. 4



METAMORPHOSIS—(See Page 5)

THE ARROW

Pennsylvania College for Women

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From the Turret of 1903

Herewith we present an editorial from the *Sorosis* of October, 1903. It is the first editorial of that college year and is typical of all those following. Probably you'll get a charge out of it. We did. But what strikes us is that the students of that day took themselves with such abnormal seriousness.

Not that we of 1944 think the world is a huge joke. But, in general, we follow a day's events with a chaser of Morton's and a Mairsydoats. Wherefore the attitudinal change? Perhaps it's because Jupiter is in the fifth house of those born under Aries or because Mars crosses Taurus in the dark of the moon. We leave it to you.

* * * *

"The *Sorosis* of 1903-04 extends to all a hearty welcome! We are glad to see so many faces of old friends, and also to become acquainted with so many new ones.

Vacation is now only a memory. The winged days of

summer flew all too quickly. It seemed no dust could have collected on our books. Yet the three months have gone, and left but recollections—happy ones, we trust, for both old friends and our new.

Some of us have used the time in paying a visit to Father Neptune, and found unaccustomed pleasure along the borders of his watery domain. Some have climbed the hills and mountains, and stood with head thrown back and lungs expanded because we had succeeded in rising so high above the rest of mortals. Some have sought the quiet of the country—the simple, rural life, praised by the poets—and at length have learned to distinguish a wheat field from one of oats, or a potato patch from a tomato one. A few of us stayed at home, finding time at last to do the thousand and one little tasks, long demanding attention.

And now the play day is over. We must again take up our work. And why? Because we all desire to make advancement; and no continuous progress results without endeavor. Yet who can do this and not cast one wistful, backward glance, "Oh, for the last of June!" Believe me, the past did not rob the present of its joys. Each has its own pleasures. Of course you may have to expend a little more energy than usual. But what is the odds? This labor will serve as seasoning for your next vacation; and if you feel exceedingly depressed by that pile of new books and the prospect of examinations on their contents, just look beyond the present to next summer for "sweet is the pleasure after pain." All the world must work. Life can be maintained only by activity, and such activity as effects advancement. Unless an organism develops, it decays. This is a fact not only of the physical world but of the intellectual and moral. Hence it should interest all college girls, every one of whom desires to *live* in the fullest sense of the word.

"Build today, then, strong and sure,
 With a firm and ample base,
 And ascending and secure
 Shall tomorrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
 To those turrets, where the eye
 Sees the world as one vast plain,
 And one boundless reach of sky."

* * * *

We have sometimes cursed the **Arrow**-bearing quiver that hangs about our throats. We have entertained bitter thoughts as to this publication's fate. But our fore-Ed has said "sweet is pleasure after pain." Dare we bespeak our traitorous but heartfelt sentiment, "Sweet is the **Arrow** after the *Sorosis*!"

CAMPUS COMMENTS

FOR this gay budding semester, students, we generously offer the following incentive to higher learning—So work, that when thy summons comes

To join the innumerable caravan
That moves to that mysterious realm
Where each shall receive an estimate
Of her ability in things scholastic,
Thou go not like a quarry slave at night

Scourged to his dungeon;
But sustained and soothed by an un-
flinching trust

Approach thy grades,
Like one who wraps a trench-coat
over blue jeans
And goes in to a pleasant Dean.

THE impossible has become possible, girls. The out-of-this-world has been brought into focus. That muddy, bloody, and comfortless abode of the male element, called a fox-hole, can now be transformed into a scrounge lounge.

The miracle is performed by adding to the soldier's already burdensome pack one simple article—a fox-hole pillow. This remarkable pillow is shaped like a padded horseshoe and may be used *sou la tete, la dos, or la fanny*. Guaranteed for the duration—of the fox-hole.

NEW War Economics Professor May objects to one of PCW's wartime "economies." Lecturing on the second floor of Berry, he paused, flicked away a couple of icicles, and asked calmly, "Has the janitor died?"

SPECIAL Representative Bacon diverted her reknowned capability into channels other than the **Arrow** last month. Bringing Matthews, Filer, Ridge, Birrell, et al, back to the fold for a bull and bridge session highlighted the season for the Seniors. The class of '44 always has had fun en masse but the smooth-running of the Schenley shindig we owe to Bac. Guess the **Arrow** Eds can't keep her talents hidden under a bushel on private tap.

MRS. SHUPP to Mr. Shupp while correcting Eng. 129 finals: "Could it be that those girls have sat in my Shakespeare class for a whole semester and not have known that there was a war (of the Roses) on?" Could be; 'twas.

TAKES an AA party to flex the lethargic muscles of PCW intellectuals. Dozens of B-complex capsules

were tossed away as revitalized students toddled up from the pool and alleys and checked in for Conover bridge and delectable refreshments a la Swan. Wonderful for insomnia and premature old age. More of same!

THE government isn't kind enough to provide G. I. night-wear for its service men. But men's pajamas have become increasingly popular costumes for dormitory derms these past years. And so, Paul was surprised, but pleasantly, when he found he could borrow a pair just his size.

HOOD and Tassel rally made PCW believe that War Bonds are "the choice of the boyce in the service"—to the rollicking tune of \$2000. Success story incognito.

MR. DEUSING valiantly upheld his two-asterisk rating last Tuesday—even managing to please the unpredictable taste and arouse the somewhat jaded interest of the student body. No small accomplishment, Murl.

IMAGINE! Someone in Novel class asked Dr. Doxsee if his exam would be essay or objective.

A GLANCE into the Conover room on Tuesday last saw more than half of PCW with Dr. Montgomery enshrined in the midst thereof. Well, what woman isn't interested in marriage and, good Lord, there is a war on. Perish the thought that the doughnuts might have been an incentive.

STUDENT emerging from Miss Myer's office: "That was the blow that killed father." Blows issued semi-annually—\$175 each plus board. Administration.

SENIOR electives are studded with empty chairs since PCW's first mid-year graduation, and the science department has a dull edge. It is grudgingly and without the gracious joy of giving that we toss our crop of Chemistry majors into the hungry jaws of industry.

ORCHIDS being beyond the **Arrow** budget—we bestow an anemone or two upon Herdt and Collins for their fruitful efforts to make the Juniors happy at the College Club. Also, a blood-root or meadow pink to Flood for her prophecy on the same occasion. Moral: preserve wild life.

SPEERS threw the Valentine party in Woodland Hall last evening. At least she gave it momentum. One of those hand-to-mouth affairs or, considering the occasion, perhaps heart-to-heart is more appropriate. Anyhow, it fortified us as we sat, heart-in-mouth, anticipating the faculty drama.

High spots of said drama: the jargonese of

"'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Wave on, Old Glory, in the breeze"
adapting itself to Dr. Doxsee's smooth intonations so as to prove to his swoonaudience forever that doubletalk as well as Beowulf can be beautiful . . . innumerable frosty souls melting away as Mock Turtle Montgomery caroled ectatically "Beau-ootiful so-ooop, Soup of the evening, beau-ootiful so-ooop" . . . Dr. Wallace giving Mad Hatter part a calculating, scientific air . . . Duchess Shupp throwing baby to Red Queen . . . Dean Marks letting down her Mary Pickford locks once more . . . the faculty taking student body to the Wonderland where every prof is found to be a clown at heart.

The supremely successful farce proved again that Mrs. Shupp can wield a pen as well as crack a whip over creative potentialities . . . that our beloved pedants can really concentrate on that "we're all good fellows, really we are" impression. Many thanks, dear people, but we knew it all the time.

IT HAS been said that the no-parking signs scattered profusely over the pillars in front of the garage under the camouflage division of Woodland are superfluous.

Reasons: 1. Anyone who will risk life, limb, and recaps to maneuver into the place deserves to park there.

2. Anyone who has anything to park with will find a more secluded spot.

3. That other sign on Woodland Road which reads **Slow School** eliminates all possible necessity for precaution.

Well, now, do you think really—I mean . . .

NO Saturday classes on the 11th. It seems that we're celebrating something or other with Bernie Armstrong from 9:00 PM to 1:00 AM at the Schenley Ballroom. Those are pretty late hours for my father.

EVENTS

BOOKSHELF

Library Contest

Seniors! Once more books to the foreground! The Faculty and Student Library Committees for the fourth year in succession are sponsoring the Senior Personal Library Contest when you may submit your collections of helpful, diverting and inspiring books.

A first prize of ten dollars and a second prize of five dollars will be awarded the successful contestants on Moving-up Day. Entries should be made by signing up at the Library Desk before March 15 and lists of collections to be entered in the competition should be in the hands of the Librarian by April 17. The judging of the contest will take place Saturday afternoon, April 22, the judges handing down their decisions at a tea following their consultation. The libraries will be on exhibition all the following week.

Below are the rules governing the contest:

1. A first prize of ten dollars and a second prize of five dollars are offered to the Seniors who have acquired the best personal libraries during their college years.
2. All books shall be the personal property of the contestant and shall bear bookplates or other ownership inscriptions.
3. Books submitted may be of general interest, or may deal with a hobby or special interest of the student. However, they should form the nucleus of an interesting and useful library for future years. Titles of a distinctly textbook nature shall be excluded.
4. The judges shall be persons familiar with and interested in books, but not members of the Administration or Faculty.
5. The libraries shall be judged on their evidence of discriminating judgment in selecting books. Money value shall not have weight in the judging.
6. A minimum of twenty-five volumes shall constitute a library.

New Books

Fiction

Smith—*A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*.
 Marquand—*So Little Time*
 Buck—*The Promise*
 Flavin—*Journey in the Dark*
 Lewellyn — *None but the Lonely Heart*

Welty—*The Wide Net and Other Stories*

Non-Fiction

Carlson—*Under Cover*
 Brailsford—*Subject India*
 Hathaway—*The Little Locksmith*
 Adamic—*My Native Land*
 Mears—*Year of the Wild Boar; and American Woman in Japan*
 Santayana—*Persons and Places*
 St. George—*c/o Postmaster*
 Shiber—*Paris Underground*
 Curie—*Journey among Warriors*

NEWCOMERS

PCW is happy to welcome to the campus ten new Freshmen and several transfers. Most of the girls are from Pittsburgh and have just graduated from local high schools. All but three are day students.

Alice Kells, Jackie Greene, and Mary Groziano all come from Alderdice. Alice received her high school diploma last June but attended Marjory Webster Junior College in Washington, D. C., for one semester before entering PCW. While at Alderdice she sang in the a capella choir. Among her hobbies are stamp and record collecting. She is planning to be an elementary school teacher. Both Jackie and Mary were active in dramatics and were double-cast in the part of Suzie in their Senior Class play, *The Late Christopher Bean*. Mary was also vice-president of the Dramatic-English Club. She was a majorette and likes to practice twirling in her spare time. Jackie was a reporter for *Forward*. All three of the girls are day students.

There is another trio among the twelve new students—June Davies, Elva Braziell, and Janet Thomas of South Hills High. June was President of Student Council, secretary of her class and a member of the leaders club. She portrayed Aunt Helen in the play *The Youngest Profession*. She likes sports, especially horseback riding. Elva also helped with the production of *The Youngest Profession*. She was on the literary staff for the high school year book. She was also a member of the student government association and the leaders club besides being president of her home room. The third member of the trio, Janet Thomas, is the athlete of the group. She was on the basketball team and was a member of the Athletic Association.

Her favorite form of relaxation is playing tennis. Her other high school activities include belonging to the Girl Reserves and writing articles for the *Sesame*. She is majoring in history and hopes to teach.

Anna Hildebrandt and Alice Burns are our two transfer students. Anna is a graduate of Sugar Creek High
(continued on page twelve)

PLAY CONTEST

Innocent-looking modern Mata Haris mingle menacingly among classmates begging for information, coaxing, coaxing, knowing that "Loose Lips Sink Ships." Have no fear. PCW Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors are revealing nothing.

And whatsis all about? The play contest, of course—when the Juniors make their "last stand."

Everyone's simply popping with plans and preparations and the Seniors, not to be left out, are going to help the Kims advise the committees. Next Thursday in SGA each class will draw straws for its own special Senior big sister who might be Mary Lou Reiber, Helen Smith, or Barbara Findley.

Because of our secret agents who have worked night and day piecing small remarks together we are now able to divulge some valuable information.

Steering the Juniors into home port, Peggy Chantler and Louise Flood, author-directors, are being assisted by Virginia Ricks, technical director; Martha Cox, book-holder; Janny Beck, who'll help with props; June Collins and Edith Succop, who are going to "decorate" the cast.

Listen closely! The Sophomores, those songsters, have a new melody for their play written by composer Marty Yorkin. Script-writers are Joan Harms, Chickie Sawders, Penny Myers, Mary Lou Egan. Chickie and Joan are co-directors.

The Freshmen? Here's a juicy bit of news. The name of the Freshman play is *The Male's the Thing*. Jane Campbell, Ann McClelland, Mary Lou Michel, Doris Snyder, Jackie Neal, and Angie King collaborated as authors, and Mike is their director.

Will the crystal ball reveal the winner? Who knows? Perhaps crossed fingers will help on the morning of March 1, 1944.

FEATURES

HERE AND THERE

Saint Valentine's Day has come and went. We wish to make it clear that we are genuinely fond of you, Saint Valentine, but we have one complaint to make. It concerns those cardiac-shaped sweets saying "I Love You" or "Please Be Mine" or other similar phrases short enough to fit on a smallish piece of candy. We like the tender sentiments thereon, but we do wish you would ask the powers in charge to use some flavoring other than five and dime perfumes and nauseous grape.

Now that we have aired The Gripe (or should we say The Grape?) we put him to sleep in his orange and purple polka-dot bassinette and proceed to the Gossip. This time it concerns mostly men, but then doesn't it always, the above mentioned articles at all times being uppermost in our cerebrums, cerebellums, medullas and other existing parts of any given brain.

What This Concerns Mostly

In our revered Alma Mater, PCM (the name has been unofficially changed to Pennsylvania College for Matrimony) the engagement rate is rising. This time Helen Clewer doo'd it . . . Mickey McCullough Lohmeyer took the final step in the process and said "I do" to Paul. She dashed back for exams and then dashed back to see the dear boy. Room-mate Kelly is looking envious . . . Sal Villing now flaunts the Psi O pin of a guy that everyone said couldn't be lassoed . . . The telephone lines from New York are buzzing, but Coxie won't give in . . . Evelyn Knox (that is preceded by the best degree of all, "Mrs.") took her exams early so she could spend some time with the husband . . . Mort, fourth floor invader, paid a visit to Ronnie and Georgia . . . Maxwell's Jimmy sighted sub and sank same . . . Doc McKee's man who was reported missing in action in Australia has been found, so please be compassionate about the resulting glow . . . Patsy Speers wanted to spend a week-end at Lehigh so badly that she weathered a trip on the cattle cars that the Pennsylvania Railroad calls Day Coaches . . .

More of the Same . . .

FLASH! LOUISE FLOOD HAD A DATE . . . Peggy McSwigen wasted a perfectly good date craning her neck to see for a friend (female)

whether or not a friend (male) of the friend (female) had a date or had come stag . . . Alice Craig and M. J. Youngling double-dated with Ralph's cousin and friend. Where is Ralph? (Which Ralph?) . . . If Portia Geyer looks a bit dewy it's because her man is going overseas soon.

Questions and Answers

Fran Hilbish went to New York in an interesting way . . . Some PCW students have been expressing curiosity as to why the Prom is not being held on a Friday night this year. The answer is simple. Saturday is the one night that the A. S. T. P. boys have off . . . A friend of Marion Swannie's chose the inopportune time of exams to get a furlough. We are wandering what the grades will be . . . Patty Jaycox was spotted in the Drawing Room with a handsome guy. Later some one asked her, "Why isn't that man in the service. Is he 4-F?" to which "Joy-Box" replied in her own inimitable way, "He's my father." . . . Jenks is going all the way to Annapolis to see Kenny for two hours. Must be true love, traveling conditions being what they are . . . McFall and Speers are Junior Hostesses at the Canteen. They have been assigned to the game room. Do you s'pose they don't know how to dance? Or could it be that their charm carries better over a pool table?

These Busy People

Ruth Perry had to choose between exams and a man. She chose the former. My, my, Superwoman in our midst! . . . Here's a tip for those of us who are interested—and who isn't?—Jinny Vogt has a whole regiment of brothers . . . Weezie Meyers has been putting The Red Dress to work again. This time it has her going steady . . . Doris Sisler is talking of a little cottage with green shutters . . . Sue Campbell has changed her haunting grounds from the telephone booth to the mail-box. Her man has departed our fair city . . . A. J. Goodwin had a welcome few hours with sailor Tom . . . Doris Fairfield knows a lieutenant with a lot of courage. He braved Woodland Hall wolfesses to have lunch with her in the dining room of our happy, cozy, little home . . . Philly is the Mecca for all Cleo Bennett's—Jim's there . . . Helen Hunter has shot down a trophy—a picture of Paul . . .

(continued on page nine)

METAMORPHOSIS

So you're not on a par with either Lana Turner or Albert Einstein. You're happy, aren't you? You've never been classed with Clement Wood, and even though your romantic life has been blighted for a year, there's been a character (somewhat corroded of course) around every once in a while to keep the morale from descending to the Republican presidential hopes level. All you've had to do is stagger onward, from class to class, concentrating madly on more worldly matters than a required chapel or what kind of a nightmare the cook had last night that's going to be fully reflected in the lunch today. No sir, you're hanging on by every half-developed wisdom tooth you've got, and they haven't discovered your Hari-Karied corpse wrapped around a Berry hall bannister yet.

Then you see one. You can't, you won't believe it, you shriek to yourself, clutching the fatal sword in one hand and a bannister in the other. But that face with the leer keeps coming at you. That gnarled finger is crooked in a follow-me gesture. The body seems normal, but the head is definitely Mars—straight out of Buck Rogers and your favorite Saturday afternoon serial. Well, it might be a Mongolian idiot too, on second thought.

Quickly review your life. No binges lately. Only drove over 35 a couple of times—unintentionally. Haven't been praying too much lately, you guess. But you're doing same right now, and slowly following the creature into her lair.

Don't you remember this room? Of course — Freshman Speech wherein you were told regretfully that there was absolutely no hope for that favorite cleft palate. That's you gasping now! And the lair looks enchanted. A maze of fluorescent lights, tables, mirrors, an odd assortment of chairs, and two score of these unearthly souls leaping about greet you.

One looks as if he is burning with a bright consumptive flame. Another has enough wrinkles to look like a double octogenarian. And that one over there—it resembles Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm gone wrong.

(continued on page six)

FEATURES

GROWING (?) PAINS

Have you ever had psoriasis? We do not offer a cure. We only wish to console you. If you have by chance suffered with psoriasis you have at least escaped the throes of *Sorosis*, which malady carries with it twinges of the most excruciating pain we have endured for many a day.

Looking back into the dim, dense past as far as 1903 and 1904, we find some fascinating, albeit horrible, literary and journalistic gems in a little classic called *The Sorosis*, a far-removed (we hope) progenitor of the *Arrow*.

The class of '04 seems to have been composed of gay wenches fond of such nicknames as "Goo," "Pet," "Our Darling," and Little Carp." The following items, culled from the write-ups of the members of the class and reprinted in their entirety, may contain some profound philosophy or advanced literary style. At the moment, it eludes us. For instance . . .

"H. C. T. has the unique distinction of being born on the day of her birth, August 18. The exact record of the year has been lost, but approximately it is somewhere in the early part of the 16th century. Bradford, Pa., was the fortunate town whose population was increased by the first 'dropping in' of Toma."

"June 18, 1812, was the auspicious date on which our esteemed friend L. B. Y. first raised her voice at 4 AM and delighted the paternal wigwam. She is still shedding peace and goodwill over the inhabitants of 103 Dallas Avenue. Casey, Lidie, Brigham, and Love are a few of her appellations.

P. S.—Did anyone ever notice her hectic flush?"

Honest, kids, we aren't kidding—what we want to know is—were they? And may God help us if either of these two collegiennes turns out to be Somebody's Mother.

We deduced that the editors of the popular Exchange Columns of the day amused themselves by trading destructive criticisms back and forth. The *Sorosis* ed chides,

"The Allegheny Monthly is unusually good this month, but where is your exchange department? A personal department and a few jokes would add materially to your magazine."

"Is not the Vail Deaue Budget rather small for the price?"

"We admire the *Mirror* for three things: its cover, its 'Message to Garcia' spirit, and its exchange column."

Bet that settled one editor's hash!

The *Sorosis* selection of feature items is particularly appealing. Choice subjects: "Browning's View of the True Life of Man," "The Scenery of Horton and the Poems of Milton," and "Shakespeare's Inattention to the Denouement of Macbeth."

Charming feature—or should we say specialty—of the publication was its editorials. There's the sharply pointed one which sets out to discuss thievery and logically proceeds to a discussion of the merits of being prompt. Then there's the issue in which the editor gazes back fondly to Civil War days as "years that were the golden age of higher education for women. There was more general interest and enthusiasm than now. This enthusiasm showed itself in various ways which are now interesting to recall." What—the approach of cynicism in '04?

Moving on to the year 1914 one finds another staff writer commenting, still obtusely, on her return from Christmas vacation. "This vacation was a happy and busy one for all the Seniors. Now we are all back to work. What with psychology papers, reviews, tests, and "Billy" Sunday, we shall be busy for some time to come."

Well, I should say!

Here's a spicy bit inserted in the Personal column: "The more emotional you are, the sooner you will 'hit the trail,' says one learned Senior." Didn't know Seniors knew about such things in those days. Another item: "Alas, alack, some more of the furniture in the Senior Den has gone to wrack." Horseplay in hoop-skirts?

Perhaps the general tone of compliments in this age of gentlewomen differed from the present—at any rate, every one seems to have patted everybody else on the back trying to find a soft spot to sink the knife. The yearbook issue of the *Sorosis* is crammed with choice bits to show the children—imagine letting the offspring know that while in college you were known as the "most belligerent," "slowest," "most literal," or "latest." Imagine finding this squib under your *Pennsylvanian* picture—"It takes a wise man to play the part of a fool." One poor soul was brand-

(continued on page eight)

Metamorphosis

(continued from page five)

Your glazed eye settles restfully on one of the tables, and there lies the clue. An innocent looking box tenderly labeled, "Make-Up Kit." So Max Factor is the dog, and this is what he has done to your dear associates. They're peering into the mirrors with delighted grins, smearing away, digging orange sticks into their eyes in an effort to draw thin lines of age. Their hands look to you like an advanced case of leprosy—blue index finger, brown middle finger, and red ring finger. A system of some sort, you think, as one of them applies the index finger to her cheek. The result resembles acute Cyanosis.

It's no white collar job either you decide, inspecting the begrimed shirt sticking out of mother's favorite apron. And those bedraggled kerchiefs certainly don't keep any blond from having a chestnut fringe around her angelic head.

Now they're leaping onto the stage and a weird light is being focused on the victim. You stand there expressing your own manifestation of lightning-striking-twice on your simple crown. Those horrible fiends look human, and what's more, like all different kinds of humans, from grandmother down to little sister Phronsie. "It is true," you shout, recovering your equilibrium and kneeling down to praise Allah to the genius of the group and their own Aladdin's lamp—the Kims.

And just what have you been silently waging the Thirty Year's War with Chaucer for? For one cleft palate. Even you have to admit it. The Speech Majors have all the fun.

Courtesy of

E. M. YOUNG

Milliner

4714 Fifth Avenue

FEATURES

Prom Fashions

Let's suppose you have a date and a ticket and all the other incidentals well in hand, and now the question is: "What shall I wear to the prom?" As far as a little quiet census taking was able to determine, most of the dresses will be "slinky, not sweet." A little more questioning unearthed a PCW girl's definition of slinky: something straight and slim, with a well-fitted bodice and no sleeves, a bare back and very little trimming.

As far as color goes, anything does. Black, white and red are the favorites, but dark green and pale pink are the choice of a few. If this is what you want, here are a few suggestions.

There is one particularly lovely dress in red silk jersey with a low V neckline and a single halter strap that should look very well on someone tall and rather slim. The only trimming on the dress is a thin feather design of gold sequins around the hips and up one side of the halter strap. Now with a gardenia in your hair . . . !

Another which is a favorite of the shorter sisters is a black strapless dress—paneled taffeta—which gives a delicious illusion of height and stateliness. A wide band of pale

green velvet along the top and the very bottom of the skirt are the only touches of color. This combination looks best on someone with brown hair and creamy skin. As for the flowers, request a pale pink camelia for the back of your George Washington hair-do. Add a touch of *Tabu* perfume and there you are.

For those of you with lovely legs, there is a black satin and net ballet length evening dress. The top is of plain black satin, low necked and backless, with tiny cap sleeves of net. The skirt is very full—three layers of net—and ends about three inches above the ankle. A black velvet band around your hair with one tiny rhinestone clip, no earrings, and long black gloves with a narrow rhinestone bracelet should be all the accessories you will need. If you want flowers, ask for a wrist corsage of tiny rosebuds to wear in place of the bracelet.

For those of you who feel that, in spite of the trend of the times, a fluffy dress is more becoming, there is a lovely white net one in one of the downtown stores, with yards and yards of waltzing skirt and two slim rhinestone bands for shoulder straps. The waist is low, and gives a quaint, old-fashioned air to the dress. With this, an orchid in your hair would be perfect.

Then, along more sophisticated lines, there is a severe black velvet gown with a low round neckline and long sleeves ending in tiny lace frills at the wrist. The dress is fitted, with a regal, sweeping skirt, and a single gardenia at the waist would be the best solution to your flower problem.

If the tea dance materializes, trot out your gayest afternoon dress and the tiniest, most bewitching hat you can find. Add a sequin here and there to the veil, and you will look your loveliest.

M. L. E.

GIVE AND TAKE

This is a column where PCW angels fear to trade—their white elephants seem to be household pets. But we must carry on! Our aim is to make this swapper's paradise an **Arrow** institution. Trade-ition is our keynote!

Swap I — two Beethoven Concertos (Numbers one and five) for the piano. Play them yourself—turn on the old metronome—turn off Lowell Thomas—settle yourself for a quiet evening with the note. Guaranteed results. Willing to exchange for copy of *Peter and the Wolf*. Will also settle for Peter, the wolf, in time for the Junior Prom. See P. Chantler.

Swap II—one room-mate with typewriter — noisy Beeman's Pepsin chewing gum, steam engine whispers, machine gun giggle, cast iron bedroom slippers and other obnoxious qualities, for one room-mate, meek and mousey (perpetual larngytis included) who will observe all rules and silentations of quiet hours. See M. Cox.

Swap III—Complete set of rules of "Ring around the bathtub" — and "Spot in the morning, grease in the evening" for one scrub brush. See batless Josephines of third floor, Mellon Hall.

Swap IV — eight evening dresses (sizes nine to twelve) of all shapes and shades. In excellent condish. They have those mothball blues since owner joined the carry-the-torch-for-an-overseas soldier club. Wear a dress that hooked a husband! Willing to trade for cash to add to savings of 98 10/5% of army allotment for post-duration. See A. M. Tur-nock.

Swap V—All leftovers from stop-overs in Queen's Row. Including Robert pins, ticket stubbs, pencil stubbs, cigarette stubbs, knitting needles, record needles, porcupine needles, statistics blanks, income-tax blanks, blue-book blanks, funny papers, pen points, joke points, finger-nail points and all points west. Will trade for one gallon of condensed noontime air or one oversized rub-bish barrel.

See the Queen Bees, Woodland Hall. **Swap VI**—Our blood, sweat (perspiration) and tears for a swap item given in simple faith, hope and charity. Keep our column going! Don't be a traitor—be a trader and restore our faith in the bartering instincts of American womanhood.

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FEATURES

Growing (?) Pains

(continued from page six)

ed with the single comment, "Yet led astray by Cupid's soft delight." Ai, yi, yi!

It's this same class that produced a play called "The Girls of 1776," about which the historian commented, "The keynote of our play was to be originality, and such it surely was. Who ever heard of any other class producing an actress who becomes so absorbed in her part that she put on her beautiful ball gown and forgot to take off the overshoes she had worn over from the other house? Another of our stars appeared with the customer's slip marked 'Barbara' still pinned on a very prominent part of her dress. We hated shams and subterfuges, so no one minded when the paper stuffing began to fall out of the tops of the leading man's boots—and when, at a critical juncture, a letter, which was supposed to be torn up and thrown on the floor, had been forgotten, we went through the motions anyhow, and our audience was sufficiently broad-minded to appreciate our adaptability. When we forgot our lines we insisted upon taking the audience into our confidence by demanding in a stage whisper, 'What comes next?'"

We'd suggest a nice, quick curtain.

Said historian seems to have had a rather morbid nature; her class history is composed of recollections of all the fiascos, social and otherwise, suffered by the class during its four years. She recalls a tea in which the refreshments arrived at 11:15 PM—"Our poor committee felt that they were disgraced for life and have never quite forgotten it." Then at May Day, "Some of us were to represent Roman maidens playing ball, but, at the critical moment"—(at the sound of the umpire's Play Ball, we presume)—"we found that we had forgotten the balls, so, resourceful as ever, we danced out, posed gracefully for a few seconds, danced back again, and the day was saved." Was it worth saving, at that point?

The Sophomore year seems to have been largely occupied with a feud with the Freshmen, and they spent their spare hours capturing and recapturing a soft couch from the Freshman Den. After relating the Sophomore strategy in detail, she concludes, "So ended the eventful history of the Freshman couch. Since then life has been prosaic in the extreme." Our sentiments exactly.

"Our Junior party," she glumly recalls, "was a Ladies' Home Journal party, and probably the less said about it the better, for it was a bad night and very few people came." The Senior year was little better. All the girls looked perfectly awful in their academic robes, the paint fell off the walls of the Senior Den, everyone developed "Eaglesmeritis" and formed "chocolate-coated memories," and somebody probably flubbed Commencement. She manages to strike an epic note of pessimism at the end—"Perhaps the worst is yet to come."

Business picked up a little in 1915—highlight of scholastic events was the announcement that "Miss Holcomb will teach philosophy, and Faust and Shakespeare will be offered." For free?

Because we have a soft spot in our hearts for the writing classes, we pass on these little hints for short story titles: "If the Truth Were Known," "The Inner Man," and "A Country Doctor's Christmas Day." Or, if you prefer, take "The Indiscretions of Grandmother." First line: "I had been cracking walnuts under the eaves in Grandmother's wash-house on this particular afternoon." There, now—go where you will.

And may the troubled soul of the Sorosis ed sleep in peace.

Add Poem . . .

. . . from the Sorosis. The 1903 editor had the grace to apologize for this by saying, "The following composition was found on the editor's desk the other morning, signed 'Harriet'."

"I stood upon the shore,
And with a reed upon the sand I
wrote,
'Helen, I love thee!'
A wave came and washed out the
fair impression,
O, cruel wave, frail reed, and
treacherous sand,
I'll trust thee no more, but with a
high and mighty hand
I'll pluck from Norway's topmost
height, her tallest pine,
Dip its top deep into the crater of
Vesuvius,
And upon the high and varnished
heaven, I'll write,
'Helen, I love thee!'
And I'd like to see any old wave
wash that out."

Major Reasons

"Why are you majoring in history?" At least once a week I answer that question. I didn't decide in that last minute rush before my Junior year. I always had planned to major in history and I'm glad it's my field.

History is not all dates and battles and dynasties. It's a story about real people as interesting as any fiction that was ever written. There is a thread of romance in history that appeals to the emotion and a thread of fact that appeals to those who love detail. It isn't dull or dry as so many college students think. Instead it is vital and compelling.

History is one of the widest fields of study. It embraces every phase of culture: art, literature, religion, philosophy, and even music. In some phase history should interest everyone.

It is a study of people through the ages. The greatest personalities of the world, not just rulers but the common man, are revealed in its annals. Their lives and times come to life before your eyes as do their achievements and failures.

But history is not just a study of the past; it also deals with the present and future. Present day happenings in the world are making history and we can watch it being made. We are living through an eventful time and a study of the past can help us to understand the present and the events which lie ahead. History enables us to realize the mistakes of governments in the past and to try to correct them in the future.

Thus I feel that history is essential not just to a history major but as a field of study for every girl. It is important to have had at least one history course in college to stimulate thinking on current affairs and to broaden views of the past.

In fact the more history you have, the more interesting it becomes. Yes, history is fun. That's another reason I choose it as my major.

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FEATURES

Here and There

(continued from page five)

Frosh Fare

This love business comes not only to upperclassmen. The new Freshmen are getting their share. Jackie Greene has a ring from Franklin and Marshall academy. Elva Braziell knows a man who believes in telephones even if he is fur, fur away. The hitch is that she never manages to be at home to receive same. We do hope the poor boy calls Person to Person . . . Ask Josie Wagner and she will tell you that it's worth waiting nine long months if the termination of the stated period of time sees the homecoming of a favored Air Cadet . . . Marge Evans is getting in with the Family while Jack languishes on the West Coast — really keeping up the Home Front . . . Phi Gam House parties are improved by the teaming up of LaVerne Lowar and Ray . . . Helen Allen attended the President's Ball. She held hands with her Coast Guard and shook hands with Red Skelton and Walter Pidgeon. In which lay Ye Olde Thrille? . . . On again. Off again. On again. The state of being "On" applies to Russ' pin say our latest communiques from the Ginny Ramsay front . . . if you notice a slight drawl in the speech of the Kennedy sisters, be understanding, all you Speech Majors. They had a dinner party for five aid cadets, all from the Deep South . . . Norma Trozzo will be doing a lot of Hitting the Books this semester, we think (that editorial "we" is a bit awkward at times). Her man is leaving for the Air Corps soon . . . Ann Turnock has this

husband policy down pat. Apparently little terms of endearment come so trippingly to her tongue that she applies them to male faculty members—as of February 9. The resulting confusion was terrific.

What This Concerns Leastly

Leastly and lastly it concerns Women. Marylou Burkhart is taking this Economics major seriously. She is thinking of accepting the nomination for first woman president. Of the U. S. A.? . . . Doodle Letsche and Sue Funk are deserting our verdant campus for greener and verdanter fields, namely those of the Spars . . . Alice Lee Gardener and Evlyn Fulton went to New York. The Stork Club and Times Square were deserted for the Bowery . . . Glad to see Anna Mae Lewis back again . . . This item belongs to Flood's swap column, but we heard it first. The in-mates of "Peaceful Haven," known also as the second-floor wing, want to swap their beautiful souls for a little beauty.

Olma

Girls, when you set up house-keeping apres la guerre, and you want a really clever and graceful maid to serve your dinners and enhance their staid, dignified charm, look up an old school-mate named Olma Harkless. You will be thoroughly satisfied with your newly-hired menial, providing your idea of dignity is one dropped tray, one exploded glass, one floor full of food, and two gory knees full of pieces of the glasses that you bought because they were guaranteed not to cut human flesh.

Class Chat

You must all admit that J. DeHaven is a genius. The dear child had one semester of French and passed the reading test. She explains this phenomenon by saying that she just had to graduate . . . Betty McCrory and Tish Heston have become Florence Nightmares at Allegheny General Hospitals — Nightmares-in-Training, that is . . . We are conducting a poll. Would you say that M. Selleck has been out in the sun a lot? Or do you think . . . ? . . . L. Flood breezed into Speech Correction class babbling in her usual way. The teacher drew one of her earnest pupils aside to tell her that that poor uneducated child's speech was exactly what she meant by tuneless . . . And now chillun, we leave you with this little motto picked up from the literary efforts of Archie: "Toujours gai, kid, toujours gai."

Two Journeys: A Review

Eve Curie and Wendell Willkie both took a trip to see the Allied world at war. They wanted to see its battle fronts, its leaders, and its people. Both visited almost the identical places and spoke with prominent political and military figures. Both were greatly impressed by what they saw and heard and after their return to the United States, wrote an account of their travels. *Journey Among Warriors* and *One World* are strikingly similar in purpose and outlook. Moreover, I found that one book serves as a supplement to the other—where one is weak, the other is strong.

Miss Curie left for North Africa on November 10, 1941, while the United States was still at peace. She visited the British troops under General Sir Harold Auchinleck while they still played the desperate tug of war with Rommel in the Libyan desert. She visited Russia to study Communism at first hand, to see how it worked and why it worked. From Russia she flew to Calcutta, then through Burma where the British forces were steadily being pushed back by the Japs. In Free China she marveled at the work and courage of the Chinese people. In addition to her talks with the Generalissimo and his wife, she visited the Communist elements to better understand the political difficulties in China. Her interview with General Chennault of the Flying Tigers concluded her work there and she returned again to Calcutta just as Sir Stafford Cripps was arriving from Great Britain to submit a plan for settlement of the Indian question. She set to work to discuss the situation with the leaders of the Mohammedan and Hindu groups as well as those of the British government. She asked Ghandi and Nehru questions that any patriotic citizen would have asked who is intent on winning the war. On her return trip through Africa she found the United States had lost little time in giving aid, both in material and men, since her entry into the war. She found that America had shaken off her drowsy sleep and was beginning to get things done.

Mr. Willkie followed the same route. He too visited North Africa, Russia and China, but with this difference—his trip began approximate-

(continued on page ten)

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FEATURES

Blue Room

The roaring twenties—this was an age of songs, laughter, and exalted gaiety, an age in which women were idealized for their slat-like figures and men for their jingling pockets and checked suits. The new chugging automobiles and the old horse and buggy were competitors on the same road. Women were claiming their rights in the world and education for them was made more of a universal. And all this time PCW was slowly thriving, receiving women who aspired to higher things than catching a man.

The passing of twenty years has seen the addition of new buildings—monuments of learning. But, in the basement of the dormitory a little room exists that cannot be dubbed a part of these monuments—the smoker.

Standing outside it, listening to the noise from within, reminds one faintly of the twenties; once inside it "reeks" of that era's memories. A haze of beautiful blue gray fills the air, and through this is seen a maze of faces and figures—all, of course, female. Held sacred by everyone in the room is that 165 calories worth of energy, the Coke, the game called *Bridge*, and the little piece of white paper rolled around tobacco, the *Cigarette*.

Last year the room was a sad sight. Not that it wasn't used, an unthinkable thing, but it lacked the higher qualities that a room of its kind should have. The cards, scarce, dirty, and mangled, were scattered over dusty card tables, ashes were flicked on the plain cement floor, ashtrays were piled high with cigarette butts, and the old lumpy couch sagging in the middle was covered with a usually crusty cover.

But it's under a new management this year. Captain Selleck, heading the group, has drafted the smokers to clean it up. Now this "blue room" of Woodland Hall holds its own among the more notable rooms of the school. New chairs and a newly painted floor have rejuvenated it, and flowered drapes are soon to follow. The dozer's nightmare, the couch, has been re-covered and a generous contributor added ten new decks of cards. No longer is its floor chief collector of ashes, for the job has been given to ashtrays—

ashtrays, emptied regularly by the "girl of the week."

The chief occupants this year have replaced the air of solemnity that the Seniors left last year with that of the "roaring forties"—so called because of the popularity of singing school songs, fraternity songs, popular songs, and occasionally—but very occasionally, dear reader—a few "others." The new method of bridge playing slightly resembles the pea and shell trick popular in the twenties. Bridge games are hotly contested, often ending in yelling due to a little element of trickery that is being introduced.

Just as the curtain fell on the twenties with all its gaiety, so will it fall on the smoker this year, but memories will cling about the smoker as the place where gaiety and laughter were found that relieved taut nerves from worries and studies, just as memories of the roaring twenties did.

Two Journeys

(continued from page nine)

ly five months after Miss Curie's return to the United States. He left August 26, 1942, just at the time when the whole world expected the fall of Alexandria. His was the first official announcement to the press that Montgomery had stopped the Nazi forces and that Egypt was saved. Unlike Miss Curie, he visited Turkey, a neutral nation that will play a very helpful or harmful part in the battle between the Allies and the Axis. His trip to Russia was high-lighted by a talk with Premier Stalin himself. From Russia he entered through the back door the Republic of China. I was interested to find that it was through his suggestion that Madame Chiang Kaishek made her recent tour of the United States. From China he continued west, across Siberia, the Pacific

Ocean, Alaska, and back again to the states.

There is no doubt in my mind that Miss Curie had decided advantages over Mr. Willkie. First, the time element. Her trip lasted five months; Mr. Willkie's lasted only forty-nine days. This meant that she had more opportunity to speak with and observe the common people as well as the important political and military leaders. Mr. Willkie's time was limited. Where he was to go and what he was to see was carefully planned beforehand and only a certain amount of time could be allotted to each stop.

Secondly, Miss Curie's linguistic ability also proved a great asset. She speaks English, French, and Polish fluently and although she had to have an interpreter at times, her smattering of Pijin Russian proved valuable in her interviews with Russian soldiers and peasants. Mr. Willkie needed an interpreter during most of his trip.

Thirdly, the factor of personal prestige. Miss Curie is a Frenchwoman with a reputation established by her writings—especially the biography of her mother, the world famous and beloved Marie Curie. This fact, in addition to her own personal charm and intelligence, made her welcome wherever she went. Qualified as a war correspondent, she had little difficulty obtaining permission to visit the war centers she desired. There was, however, little or no attempt to impress her. She was able to go her way without attracting too much attention and she saw things as they actually were progressing—for better or for worse. Mr. Willkie, on the other hand, is an American, the defeated republican candidate for president of the United States, still prominent in the public eye and sent with certain orders by the President himself. It was obvious that Willkie was a man who would

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FEATURES

be instrumental in forming public opinion and a man important enough to get results. Wherever he went, he was met by men eager to show him only those things which would lead him to think as they did. His visit to Turkey was looked upon as a definite attempt to bolster relations between that country and the United Nations, but he was asked specifically by the President not to visit India because his presence might suggest interference by the United States in a strictly British problem. I am sure that Mr. Willkie was aware of these limitations and I sincerely believe that he made a success of his trip in spite of them. He was observant and alert. He asked questions that were foremost in the minds of all Americans and he asked them in the direct, frank, American way.

Journey Among Warriors is much longer and more complete than *One World*. It is a book full of stimulating discussions and explanations. It is written accurately and objectively and with a certain feminine touch that is truly refreshing after reading so many rough and tough accounts by members of the opposite sex. Eve Curie is a sensitive woman, keen to understand why the world

ticks, and tireless in her efforts to give to the reader the same common spirit of unity and understanding that she herself possesses. She is, however, a Frenchwoman and although she advocates certain steps necessary for an Allied victory, she is a little wary of telling the Americans in hard-boiled language just what exactly is the matter with them. Her greatest strength is in
(continued on page thirteen)

Mentor Center

Now I don't take Calisthenics exactly, but I've managed to have seen quite a few classes. The first few lessons were easy enough—even I could do those and still not puff. But then came this thing called co-ordination—for the improvement of mind and muscle relation. "Clap under the knee, behind the back, and over the head. "Just add a little hop to this," she said. Well, you can imagine the confusion and laughs as the class started off its teacher to match. Some looked troubled and some aghast, for this was one exercise they just couldn't get past. Now if you hear the girls practicing in the dorm, go easy, for next week they really have to perform.

It was an Army officer who came in for inspection and after the period he said, "Well, I've just about seen perfection." A "wreck from body-building class" was one Senior's claim. But Betsy has a sense of humor and knows that Physical Fitness is still our aim.

—Miss Machlachlan

Sportiscope

The bouncing ball Bettys of PCWhoops are giving their all these days. A smacking good time is being had at these leap-month Wednesday afternoon volleyball sessions. The Sophomores managed to edge out the Juniors two points worth in the first game of the season in spite of the valiant slugging of the '45ers. The much-depleted Senior team lost by six points to a Frosh setup complete with substitutes. Sad sight: the Seniors in mused skirts and baggy slacks facing a baby regiment of snappy shorts—uniformed Freshmen. But cheer up, chirps, the best is yet to come! Soon the champion team will meet the Faculty face to face across the net. Come that time the lucky class winners will have their one and only chance to test their strength and endurance against the professorial department—a true volley of decision.

Mintons

Incidental-like, goodminton, badminton, and indifferentminton are being displayed these days in the current tournament. The shuttlecock has not yet chowed the name of the winner, for the battle-dore is still on. Results later.

Baskets

Manager H. Smith is smudging the dates on her calendar until February 21. It is then that the Seniors plan to put all their eggs in the basket come willy-nilly. The Senior basketball team is suffering from athlete's kick because of certain gaps in their ranks depuis mid-year graduation. But the leftovers in their midst bounce a mean dribble and will most likely have a number of good points in their favor.

Snowin'

Ye Gods! These heads! Anyway—AA actives, optimistic innocents that they are, are dreaming of a White Saturday; they have been making with the plans for their annual Winter Carnival. We hope, with all four shoelaces tied, for the white stuff from the clouds on a Saturday in the very near future. But just in case, may we suggest the Consolidated Ice Company?

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LITERATURE

THE BOREDOM OF WHITCOMB CAXCOMB by Louise Flood '45

Not having anything else to do to ease his boredom, and being out of cigarettes, Mr. Whitcomb Caxcomb opened his penknife to slice his fingernails.

"Damn!" he said half aloud, "I'd forgotten I'd already bitten my nails to the quick."

"Don't swear, Whitcomb," said his wife who was rolling in wealth and excess avoirdupois, "I'm trying to count my poinsetta seeds."

Whitcomb Caxcomb plunged his pen knife into Mrs. Whitcomb Caxcomb, who immediately departed this life.

"All in a day's work," he chuckled, "Thank the Lord, I won't have to spend the rest of the evening doing double-acrostics. There's work to be done!"

The immediate problem was the disposal of the body. In a flash, Whitcomb thought of the trash can in the park with the big, bold letters; "Dispose Rubbish Here."

"What a thrill for the street cleaners," he mused, "to find dear, fat Lolla amongst the Beeman's Pepsin chewing gum wrappers. What a bright spot, what a gleam, in the dull monotonous of their lives!"

So Whitcomb put Lolla in the dumb waiter and took the escalator himself. He beat Lolla to the first floor.

"First floor," he said, "shoes, cigarettes, candies, gifts, ladies' undergarments!" Lolla did not answer even to inquire if bathbrushes were on this floor.

Whitcomb summoned the doorman who arrived with all gold buttons except one on his collar. The doorman had risen to the rank of Lieutenant, Junior Grade.

"Is there something you wish, sir?" said the doorman cracking the double-joints in his toes.

"Yes," said Whitcomb, "would you please help me carry my wife's body to the rubbish barrel in the park?"

"Certainly, Sir," said the doorman pulling on his kid gloves. "Do you wish me to use the fireman's carry or a half-nelson?"

"Suit yourself," said Whitcomb Caxcomb as they approached Mrs. Whitcomb Caxcomb who was flung carelessly over a marble spittoon.

"Inert sort of woman, isn't she?" said the doorman. "Did you kill her, Mr. Caxcomb, Sir?" he asked politely.

"Yes," said Whitcomb, "with my Boy Scout penknife."

The doorman looked thoughtful for a few minutes. At least he spoke: "With the corkscrew or the bottle opener?"

"Neither," Whitcomb replied, "she used to be the pillar of the W. C. T. U.—I used the main blade.

When the street cleaner found Lolla in the rubbish barrel beneath Beeman's Pepsin Chewing gum wrappers, he ran home and wrote a book entitled *Make Streetcleaning Your Career*. He converted thousands of young American manhood and made a million dollars.

Meanwhile Mr. Whitcomb Caxcomb found himself in the deathrow at Sing Sing. "Ah well," he smiled to himself, "all in a day's work!" He ate his last meal of hors-d'oeuvres, chicken a la king, mashed potatoes, peas, tossed salad, tutti-fruitti ice-cream and chocolate milk. He fed the olive seeds to his chiuaha, Mary Louise.

As Whitcomb was led to the little green door of the death chamber, he saw four newspaper men with ticket stubs in their hats. "Let me see your stubs please," said Whitcomb. "Your places are in section five, row M, seats 108, 109, 110."

"What about me?" asked the fourth reporter.

"You haven't paid the amusement tax," said Whitcomb.

"Oh, heck!" said the reporter who ran to the ticket office in the outer lobby.

At the last minute the execution was called off by the governor. It was discovered that Mrs. Whitcomb had been an enemy of the state. She had a violation of two and a half minutes on a parking meter.

So Whitcomb went back home and spent the rest of his days cleaning his penknife and working double-acrostics. He died of boredom.

Newcomers

(continued from page four)

School in Franklin, Pennsylvania. She attended Pitt last semester. She played basketball, volleyball, and softball in high school. She likes sports and reading for relaxation. Anna is a chemistry major and is planning to work in a chemical library when she completes her

course at PCW. Alice transferred from Dennison University in Granville, Ohio. She is an alumna of Shaler High. Music is to be her vocation and avocation. She has belonged to choral groups in both high school and college and hopes to join the glee club here.

Betty Weld comes to us from Schenley High School's February graduating class. She is taking chemistry with the idea of becoming a laboratory technician. She sang in the a capella choir at Schenley High and was chairman of the property committee for the Senior play which was *Kitty Foyle*.

Joan Werner is a recent graduate of Carrick High School. She was associate editor of the high school annual, played Christine in the class play, *Once and for All*, said was a member of the leaders club. She enjoys a good game of golf now and then.

Another one of the dorm students is Joyce White who was graduated from Butler High School last month. She said she has never had a chance to take part in many school activities because she moved too often. She is interested in music and art.

Lois Ann Zellers is the only out-of-stater among the new Freshmen. She hails from Columbiana, Ohio, which is near Youngstown. She participated in a great variety of activities at Columbiana High School. Lois sang with the glee club, played in the orchestra, had parts in the class plays, was a cheerleader, and a drum majorette. She was also a member of Gamma Rho. One of her hobbies is collecting charms for her bracelet. She is going to be a bacteriologist.

The Junior class receives transfer Bertha Bergman from Virginia Polytech, Sophomores Ann Lee Alexander, Becky Fellows, and Senior Anna Mae Devlin Lewis are back with us again, and Nancy Doerr and Jane Humphreys have returned for the last lap of their five-year nursing course.

Thought-of-the-Week:

Lives of great men oft remind us,
As through life our footsteps turn,
That we oftimes leave behind us
Letters that we ought to burn.

LITERATURE

REJECTION by Evelyn Knox '44

Near the headquarters of a small ranch, deep in the plains country, stood a Mexican woman holding a child. She was gazing meditatively at a small, square house, obviously empty, which rested on squat wooden blocks. It was ugly, she thought, and probably full of roaches—but then, all the other houses had been that way, too. Besides, this one was painted. It was white and had a barn-red roof. Goats grazed a few yards away, and in the distance a herd of horses meandered across the pasture towards a tank.

The baby in her arms closed and unclosed its tiny fingers uncertainly and went on sleeping. Quinita watched her quietly, smoothed the fine, dark hair, and pulled the worn blanket more tightly around her. Anxiously, she looked up the hard, flat road, hoping to see Pablo.

Finally, she shifted the inert weight from one arm to the other, sighing softly, and turned towards the house. A hydrant angled out of a muddy spot near the uncovered porch, and a twisted mesquite tree on the other side stood quite still in the cold sunshine.

Quinita tried the door, found it unlocked, and went in. Suddenly a rat rustled in the corner. She gasped and stepped back.

"Whazza matter?" piped a young voice behind her, and she turned quickly, swinging her bulky load to one side. "Whadda you doin' in there? Huh? Answer me!"

"Oh, nothing . . . believe me, chico," Quinita was no longer frightened, for the person who had spoken was only a boy about twelve in a faded plaid shirt and baggy trousers wrinkled at the waist.

She said, "I look in the house. That is all."

"Yeah?" incredulously.

"Really. Mebbe so, you live here. This ranch, it is your pap's. Yes?"

"Yeah, An' he don't like people snoopin' around, neither. Didn't you see that sign over there? 'No Trespassin',' it says."

"Please," Quinita began, and tears came to her eyes.

The boy looked perturbed. "Hey, now, cut that out. Come on now, quit. Aw, gee, lady! Look here, my name's Robert—an' I didn't mean to hurt your feelin's."

Quinita's lips wavered as she tried to smile. "My husban'—I am here

til he comes. He talk now to your papa. My name is Quinita. This, my baby, name Rosa. See?"

She held the bundle down a little, so he could see the child.

"Oh. Uh-huh, a girl. Well, that's all right, I guess, but I got no use for girls."

The woman smiled, "Tell about this ranch. I want to know. How big?"

They sat together on the edge of the porch, Quinita rocking her body to soothe Rosa who was beginning to wake up, and Robert talking eagerly, glad to have an audience.

"Gee," he said, "I hope you get to stay. Papa's been needing a new hand around here to feed cattle and ride the fences and everything. Last man we had, was no good—always wantin' to go to town when it wasn't even Saturday. An' one day I saw him whippin' a horse, too. That don't set so well around here."

"Oh, Pablo is very good man. He is good to horses, and he works hard. He want to stay, I want to stay. To have the house—that is good. No good for baby to travel all the time."

"Where've you been?"

"We cross the river one night—"

"The river? You mean, down 'tween here and Mexico?"

"Yes, yes, that is it. We cross at night, and these police do not see us. After that, we walk and walk. A little while one place, then move and move again. Pablo grub the pasture combined, get dollar a day—"

"Yeah, that's hard work, grubbing, trying to get out all those cactus and everything."

"Oh, yes, Pablo come back very tired. Then sometime he herd sheep, or cut the wood, or help put cattle on the train." She grinned proudly, "Yes, Pablo do many things."

"Can he rope good? That's what we need, a good roper."

"Roper? Oh, yes, he very quick."

Just then, Quinita saw Pablo coming, and sprang up to meet him. She spoke to him rapidly in Spanish, and the small-boned, haggard man nodded briefly to Robert.

"Come. We go now," he said to Quinita, and her face hardened. He took the baby, and together they started down the road without a backward look.

Robert stared, motionless, for a

minute, and then his mouth tightened. "Damn," he muttered, and hitching up his worn blue denims, hunched his shoulders and walked swiftly towards the barn.

Two Journeys

(continued from page eleven)

showing us the world as it is and the many people who are our allies. Just why we, as Americans, should strive for victory and how—is the task that Mr. Willkie assumes.

One World contains the words of an American speaking to Americans. The words are simple, precise, and pack a powerful punch—there is no chance to misinterpret them. Clifton Fadiman describes the book as a searchlight and I agree with him. Willkie tells us that we can no longer afford to be complacent or feel superior. That the world is small in size, in terms of modern means of communication, but that it is indefinitely large in conflicting ideals and interests. That although we are all fighting a common foe, we are not all fighting for "freedom" and "Democracy" in the same sense of the word. Above all, that we must work for unity, toleration and a post-war world now and not after the peace has been declared.

Miss Curie gives you detailed information on the Allied World and its problems, Mr. Willkie will tell you what should and can be done about it. For this reason, I say read *Journey Among Warriors* first. After you have finished it, you will put it down and wonder if we are doing enough—if we are worthy of all the sacrifices and suffering she describes so well. Then, read *One World* and you will get a slightly more recent and brighter picture and an honest, direct expression of what the United Nations must do in the present and in the future for a more successful and workable peace. I am unwilling to say on book was better than the other. In my opinion they are both excellent in spirit and in style. They both had a definite part in helping a bewildered student understand why we are fighting, with whom we are fighting, and what we will have to work for in the future.

—by Ann Thomas.

LITERATURE

THE END

by Doris Sisler '46

Blinded by the strong beam from the guard's flashlight, the pathetic-looking man, huddled beneath a few dirty covers, threw his hand in front of his face and yelled, "Hey, what the hell's the idea?"

"Ah, go back to sleep, I'm just checking off the roll," the owner of the flashlight uttered disgustedly as he passed along to the next cell.

As soon as he left, the disturbed sleeper raised himself in bed to a sitting position, scratched his head, paused a moment, and then lay back down again. He clasped his hands back of his head and stretched himself. His eyes, accustomed to the darkness, roved over the cell. Then suddenly he bolted up saying, "God, how could I have slept!" Throwing the covers back he stepped out on the damp, cold floor, walked quietly over to the bars, and craned his neck to see the clock on the opposite wall. "Huh!" he retorted, "I guess they better start getting ready for the fry." Then with a nervous laugh he slowly felt his way back to the bed. The bit of humor echoed back and rang just loud enough to cloud the atmosphere with mockery. The darkness that covered his face veiled his troubled look and a deepened frown. If it had been the face of any one other than Joe, one might have suspected a look of fright. With a strange smile he assumed his former position, and while the minutes ticked on, he lay motionless and stared into space.

A small stream of sunlight, immediately swallowed up by the gloom in his cell, and the shrill noise of a whistle were the only evidences that morning had come. The lights flashed on and the squeaks from the iron beds played weird tunes.

"Is there anything you'd like, Joe?" asked a guard as he came up to him.

"I suppose you feel like the farmer fattening up the pig before slaughter," he said sarcastically. There's only one thing that I want and that is for you to get the hell out —scram, see"

"Okay, Joe, if that's what you want."

"Damn silly dopes, I'll show them I can get along!" he muttered as he flopped into the chair, "I wonder what time it is? God! Why don't they get it over with? This waiting gets on my nerves."

"Joe, here's Father Louvet. Try to let him help you," interrupted a voice.

"I don't want to see any preacher!"

"Don't you think, under the circumstances, that it would be better, Joe?" said Father Louvet as he dismissed the guard and sat down beside him.

"Now see here, Father, I've only got five minutes left and no one in the world can save a soul in five minutes, so don't even try. For Pete's sake, let me alone!"

"All right, Joe, but just let me say a short prayer for you."

"If it'll make you feel any better, go ahead."

Quietness claimed the dark cell and was interrupted only by a few soft words by Father Louvet. For a moment the hard look on Joe's face softened as he intently watched the man asking forgiveness for him. "Imagine him being sorry for me—and being interested enough to want to help me. Maybe he ain't such a bad guy after all. Maybe I shoulda' known him when I was a kid—when I really needed some one like him, but it's too late now—all too late." This realization jarred him back into his shell. He calmly rose from his chair and walked to the door where they waited for him.

"I'm ready!"

For a moment he almost turned back, but with shoulders lifted and head high, he started down the hall. He walked slowly and with precise steps. His legs began to feel like heavy logs as he moved them. The blank expression on his face failed to cover the tiny beads of perspiration that popped out—the one clue to his nervousness. A numb feeling seemed to creep over him and as that last door was reached he felt as though the heavy throb of his heart was going to pound through his chest. Then he paused at the door, drew a breath, and entered.

Hegira

There's a little room at the head of the stairs in Mellon Hall—not much of a room—but homey; lived in, we, the tenants, shall say. To passersby it may appear "sloppee" but there is a certain something that lures and pulls by a strange magnetic force inhabitants from miles, yea feet, around. In a word (in reality, four words) it is the shower that is contained in our bathroom. As the great Omar Khayyam was once known to say, "It's a honey," and so it is.

Through the possession of this magnificent apparatus we have become vastly popular and our acquaintances have broadened immensely. One customer has arranged a schedule to meet her shower needs so that now every evening between the hours of 10:00 and 11:00 our door opens with an Inner Sanctum squeak and a be-haurached figure enters. Ofttimes a cohort is found tottling behind well-laden with towels, shampoo, and bath salts.

We have become rather good entertainers—for while one customer is trilling an aquatic descant, we find it our pleasant duty to amuse the other clients in the visiting room (bedroom after hours).

Then there was the night that neither of our patrons came. The hours passed. We grew frantic. Then went to sleep. However, the next morning who should arrive but the cherubs in question.

Thus far, this one departure from the routine has been the only mishap and we feel that with our all out attempts to make our clients happy and comfortable we shall further the move for bigger and better showers. Wake up, America. Don't delay. Take your shower today, but don't forget to put it back!

P. A. L.



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LITERATURE

THE MAIL ELEMENT

by Bee Keister '44

Betty straightened and a little lump of coal rolled from her lap to the carpet, leaving a trail of coal dust across her cotton housedress. The fire was out, but it would have to stay out until she came back.

Betty pushed her disheveled hair back from her face and walked into the kitchen to glance at the clock. It was time to get the mail. She pumped cold water into a basin and wiped the streaks from her face and hands. Then she pulled her jacket from the hook and walked back into the other room, pulling it on as she went.

There was no doubt about the fire. It would have to be built again. Pa would be mad if he came in and found the house cold. Betty glanced over the living room to make sure everything else was neat. The photograph on the table had fallen over and she automatically adjusted it.

The sight of her photograph never failed to fill her with satisfaction. She remembered that Jim had said she looked just like a movie star. "That upswept hairdo does do something for me," thought Betty, "and that black dress is really glamorous." Jim always said he liked girls to wear black.

The thought of Jim made her remember the mail and she turned and opened the front door. "There's got to be a letter," she thought as she closed the door and started up the cindered road, "It's been two weeks."

The weight of discouragement was pressing down upon her but she pushed it back resolutely. "He hasn't gotten my letter. Maybe he's been transferred." She knew it wasn't so, but somehow it helped. "He hasn't gotten the photograph, I only sent it Wednesday. When he gets that . . ."

She had reached the highway and the mailbox. She hesitated a moment before opening it, a flush of color coming to her cheeks. Her hand shook a little with excitement as she reached in, but the mailbox was empty, empty as it had been yesterday, and the day before, and every day for two weeks.

For a moment Betty stood there. Maybe the mail hadn't come. She crossed the highway to the farm on the other side. Mrs. Sutton would know if the mail had come and maybe Joe Sutton would know something about Jim since he was Jim's best friend.

None of the Sutton family was to be seen. Betty stepped onto the porch of the farmhouse, walked gently across it, and paused with her hand on the doorknob. A voice from within the house was saying clearly,

(continued on page sixteen)

Have a "Coke" = Come, be blessed and be happy



... from Idaho to Iceland

Have a "Coke", says the American soldier in Iceland, and in three words he has made a friend. It works in Reykjavic as it does in Rochester. Be sure you have Coca-Cola in your icebox at home. 'Round the globe, Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes* — has become the ice-breaker between kindly-minded strangers.

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"Coke" = Coca-Cola
It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke"

The Mail Element

(continued from page fifteen)

"But she's so gullible. She believes everything he tells her. She actually thinks he's going to marry her when he comes back."

"You've got to do something about it, Joe. He had no right to lead her on like that. It'll break her heart if she finds out he didn't mean anything he said."

"There's nothing I can do. Jim doesn't like to be interfered with—"

It wasn't till his name was actually mentioned that Betty stirred, although she had known all along whom they were talking about. She walked down the steps and crossed the highway. "This is it," she thought. "Now I'll have to believe the doubts in the back of my mind. This is what I needed. She began to walk more determinedly. "I have to make that fire."

Betty knelt before the stove to take out the ashes. Suddenly she stood up and walked across the room. She snatched her photograph from the table and, pulling it out of the frame, began to tear it into little pieces.

"A little paper will make the fire catch better," she thought grimly.

Query at Night

by Peggy Chantler

A myriad stars come out
And dot the velvet black of night,
Making twinkling laughter in the sky.
I wonder who lights them all?
There are so many.

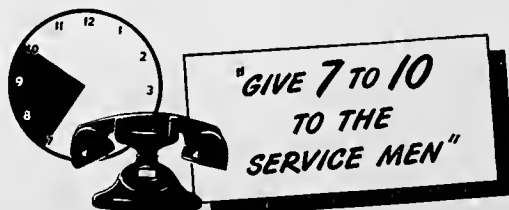
The moon climbs up the heavens,
Full of her lovely golden roundness.
Someone must polish her shiny face
each night;
Who do you suppose it is?
And does he use the clouds for
dusters?



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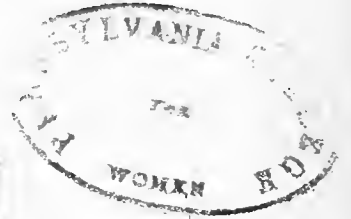
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The ARROW

Vol. XXIII

Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburgh, Pa., March 16, 1944

No. 5



A large black and white graphic for the Red Cross War Fund. The top half features the text "Let's Give" in a white, elegant script font. Below this is a large, white, hollow cross symbol. The bottom half of the graphic is a solid black rectangle containing the words "RED CROSS" and "WAR FUND" in white, bold, sans-serif capital letters, stacked on two lines. Vertical lines on either side of the graphic suggest it is a page from a book or magazine.

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Opinion

Editorialists are strange creatures. Traditionally, they are composed of endless networks of comments, criticisms, and opinions. Although thrust into this editorializing position by mere chance, we too have developed the standard habit of Having Opinions. Perhaps our constant and oftentimes futile search for comments to make and opinions to have, merely for the sake of this column, has made us opinion-conscious. Perhaps we were born that way and never realized it before. At any rate, we have been a trifle shaken of late by campus opinion—that is, by the sheer lack of it.

A certain type of opinion is plentiful—the class-chat, small-talk opinion that means much on these few acres and less than nothing off college grounds. Who knows whether or not so-and-so would have looked better in green than lavender at the Prom, or if this or that course requires too much work, or if spring vacation should be started on a Monday or a Tuesday? What's more—who cares? Now, some campus opinion is important—elections are starting soon, and are of utmost importance because the turning-in of a ballot decides not

only the character and efficiency of next year's student government, but may effect the tone of campus proceedings for several years to come. But putting questions like these aside—we can still say that present collegiate opinion is of little significance, and less promise, to the future.

What does this indicate? First, it indicates that most collegiennes are narrow. Second, it indicates that most of them are not thoughtful, or at least not thinking.

Lest this statement seem too harsh, we had better explain exactly what we have in mind at present—or, better still, just what suggested this topic. The latter was, of all things, the tax-bill controversy in Congress and the subsequent tax-bill veto. As we said, we have developed an opinion habit, and, logically enough, we had formed our own inexpert opinion of the significance of this fracas before encountering the views of others.

Although we don't go out buttonholing fellow students in search of hair-raising political discussions, we must admit that it was a trifle shaking to have a promising conflagration killed by some well-meaning individual who, glancing up from her philosophy or poetry book, would say: "Who is this man Alban, anyway?" or, "Good Lord—with income taxes just coming up, they should have enough money anyway" or, "What tax bill veto ya talkin' about??" The last one usually got us.

All of which leads one to believe that if college students could stay in college for the rest of their lives they would be a very gay bunch of scholars and everything would be lovely. But they can't—a five-year span is the most one can hope for. Sooner or later all little girls grow up to be twenty-one, with U. S. ballots in their hands and not a well-rounded political opinion in the world to record on them except the one they heard their Daddies express at table. Sad—if true.

A few faculty members are making an effort, in minutes snatched from class time, either to read articles of expert comment or to encourage students to read for themselves. To some few, it may mean merely boredom in class. To others who try to appreciate it, it may mean one of two things: welcome confirmation of their home-made political prejudices, or, on the other hand, the discovery of varied opinions may merely mean confusion. Many are now vacillating between Democratic and Republican views, making no effort to draw conclusions from what they have read and had told to them.

If the aim of liberal education is to teach students methods of thinking, it fails if it does not encourage political thought as well as thought along "cultural" lines.

It seems to us that the correct approach is to read intelligently on all sides of present political issues—to realize that there are no longer two clearly defined sides to any question, but many. One doesn't have to back the Democrats or Republicans violently to prove that he has some knowledge of the nation's affairs. The ability to form definite but flexible opinions, to read and discuss political affairs and comment intelligently—this ability, now more than ever before, must be acquired by every person who wishes to be thought—and to be—well educated.

CAMPUS COMMENTS

WELL, It's Over, Dears. We are frail creatures of dust—but—guilty as hell!

Junior author-directors bearing gardenias fresh from haunts of coot and hern . . . Yorkin, sans girdle, running the gauntlet of splintered glass to save recording from oblivion . . . a final tribute to all, with shoes and ships and sealing wax and cabbages and kings. Guilty perhaps, and frail, but for the first time we can chalk the annals of play-contest history with not one, not two, but three, properly prepared and executed one-act dramas. And Tech was here to see it!

PROPAGANDA, like the poor, we have always with us. In war time information is, of supposed necessity, more be-smudged than usual. We in the United States have the doubtful advantage of hearing "truth." Doubtful because we do not hear *whole* truth, and, for purposes of intelligent judgment the relative value of lies and half truths is an even draw. Resorting to a cliché—a little knowledge waxes dangerous. Propaganda has lessened our trust in second-hand information and we have rightly become wary. One result of this skepticism is our consequent wariness of highly propagandized "good causes"—one of which is the Red Cross.

Please don't stop reading our plug yet—because we're not going to ask you to absorb any more second-hand eulogizing about the Red Cross.

Gladys Patton came from battle areas direct to you. She was scheduled to speak the previous week. Her talk was postponed not because she couldn't think of a good way to get your contributions, but because she didn't know how to tell you about the four American divisions which are facing twenty divisions of Germans—about the boys who fight for ninety days, rest for five, and go back to fight again—about the syphilis that's dropping ten times more of our men than the much-publicized plague—about the hopelessness that becomes a part of men who have been cut off from the rest of the world so long that they seem to be fighting a war alone.

The little relief that works its way into the mental and physical darkness in which these men are living day after day and month after month comes from one source—the Red Cross.

The five-day rest given our soldiers between ninety-day fox-hole seances is spent in Red Cross settlements.

When a man hasn't heard from his wife for a month it's the Red Cross that gets the cable through to let him know she's still writing.

The only hot food a man in action gets for month-long periods is coffee—coffee brought to him right in the battle lines by the Red Cross.

When a soldier's stuck in a hospital—medicine can relieve his physical pain but the only weapon that fights on his side against morbidity and boredom and loneliness is the Red Cross.

Germany, it is said, is devoid of trust and trustworthiness. But Red Cross packages get through to our prisoners of war in Germany and, moreover, an official Red Cross box is never opened from the time it's packed until it is put into the hands of our men. Hitler himself couldn't do better than that.

That's the Red Cross from the European angle. Now we give you the South Pacific version from a V-mail letter written on February 15 and received last week when the **Arrow** was being prepared for press. The letter speaks more eloquently for our cause than we. Here it is without the change of a syllable.

"Anytime the Red Cross comes around asking for contributions, give them something. They really run the whole show over here—take the place of the U.S.O. and all the other service organizations that operate at home. Besides that, they run the best restaurants in town, arrange entertainment, billets, and transportation. Men on leave report directly to the Red Cross and it takes care of everything. Give them all you can."

THROUGH the crack of a door ajar, between the slats of venetian blinds, behind bushes and shadowed gate posts and closely-shaded windows they kept their patient vigil. Then—then—the soldier appeared and stepped unknowing, unprotected, into their net. In an instant all was havoc.

I guess the Seniors can't be blamed. They knew how many Freshmen waited, claws bared, at the Art Center open-house. Each time a soldier was seen to enter the fatal portals the Seniors put another check on the wall. It was that *extra man* that did it. Ah, much ado about much!

WOMEN of PCW seem always to have known how to act with men. Yet the talent avails us nothing if no specimens of the male element or reasonable facsimiles remain extant.

Even if a facsimile could be produced the effect would be unpredictable. And so, the Senior class, resting on the indubitable ability of women to act with women, chose for you a play in which the female element is, as always, all-embracing. All this over chicken-pies and chocolate-mint sundaes under the watchful eyes of two more than reasonable facsimiles in bronze of A. Mellon and R. W. Emerson.

In prickling expectation of said Senior production, we remain,
"Ladies in Waiting."

'SBLOOD! Blood! 'Tis with this cryptic sentiment and a chilly shudder that most of us answer Red Cross pleas. And blood-bankers throw back, courtesy of Hamlet, "Frailty, thy name is woman."

It's a faint heart that refuses to pour a pint into a bottle under sanitary conditions supervised by a staff of doctors. Perhaps some would rather let a quart or two run into a fox-hole, whip up a tourniquet out of a G.I. shirt, and lie around waiting for gangrene to set in. If that's the way you want to donate yours—get out and do it. If not, make an appointment at the Wabash building the easy way. Inclination as to method is relatively unimportant.

Hood and Tassel set the pace for us. They went down en masse last Wednesday night. Let's play a little game of follow the leader.

EVERY day in every way we're getting better and better (apologies to Coue) at making excuses. When responsibility throws another loop over our shoulders—when semester grades hit a new low—when our little paths become littered with sloppy term papers and assignments—when life is just too much for us—we get out the be-thumbed and worn excuse file.

Miss Marks has accumulated a mental collection of the alibis most popular among our procrastinators: "It's difficult to adjust when you've come from a small high school," "Too much outside work," "Exams just come too fast. Why, I had two in one day," "We don't cover the material in class."

When these "can't-do-it" themes come in Miss Marks takes them without a flicker, invariably dropping a few little words of sympathy and encouragement in the eager recalcitrants' ears. But one evening she told us, apropos of nothing in par-

(Continued on Page Four)

ARTS

FLIGHT INTO REALITY

Three contemporary authors have recently taken human nature for a ride. The drivers of the wagons are William Steig, cryptic cartoonist of *New Yorker* repute, James Thurber of demure canine fame, and the French Antoine de Saint-Exupery, author of *Wind, Sand and Stars*, *Night Flight*, and *Flight to Arras*.

Steig stands aloof from human nature and scrutinizes it as a thing apart from himself. His acute perception of the essence of what really are has resulted in *The Lonely Ones*, a book of forty-six cartoons. Steig's ride is the bumpiest of the three. In fact, human nature is so shaken up that at times it becomes at the least neurotic and sometimes psychotic.

If this book can be explained (and we seriously doubt this possibility), Wolcott Gibbs has done it in the Forword to the bok. ". . . Mr. Steig offers us a series of impressions of people who have been set off from the rest of the world by certain private obsessions—usually, it seems by a devotion to some particularly disastrous cliché of thought or behavior. They are not necessarily unhappy—some of them, in fact, are obviously only too well pleased with themselves, and loneliness, or singularity, is, of course, by no means an unhappy state—they are simply not quite like the other girls and boys."

The three authors agree that human nature is a funny, funny phenomenon. Steig uses to express it the language of irony, and we have the feeling that his extra perceptual sense (which most of us were fortunately born without) has saddened, even embittered him somewhat. He shows the reader something true about human nature, but it is a thing you want to draw away from, perhaps by virtue of its truth. On first reading, you will say, "Isn't this funny?" The second time through your reaction will be, "Isn't this true, and isn't it sad that some people are like that?" But it usually does not take more than a third perusal to make you put the book aside because you see yourself in an all too revealing light.

Thurber's ride on the other hand is not quite so profuse in bumps. In his driving he is a bit more considerate of the passengers. He sees things as *Men, Women, and Dogs*. The point from which he observes

is less removed from his subject than was Mr. Steig's. He seems to feel more a part of what he is depicting. Perhaps this is the reason that, although his message is similar to Steig's, Thurber smiles a wise smile as he speaks. What he sees makes him chuckle. Through his cartoons the reader learns compassion for and love of human nature, not in spite of, but because of its endearing foibles.

The essential difference in content is that where Steig sees people as victims of disastrous clichés of thought, Thurber sees that the poor dears are innocently taken in by hokum and then he goes on to show how humanly they try to cover up the fact that they have been just the least bit gullible.

Exupery is the most gentle driver and his bumps are fewest and the most subtle. His book, *The Little Prince*, is a book of illustrations aided and abetted by a charmingly imaginative tale (or perhaps it is vice versa . . . we can not make up our minds). This is an *Alice in Wonderland* sort of thing because it can be enjoyed by children for the story and by adults for the satire. The *New York Times* has aptly labeled it a "sophisticated fantasy."

This book makes you feel neither
(Continued on Page Five)

Campus Comments

(Continued from Page Three)

ticular, how she knows that alibis are alibis. And here's the gist of what we gleaned.

Miss Marks graduated from a three-year high school, one of a class of nine. She studied alone the following year—taught herself Virgil among other things—then went to Pitt to take college boards: The C.B. system got a little out of hand and she had to take twenty-one Boards, one right after another. Then she went to Smith and graduated therefrom. After graduation she was offered a job that required typing and shorthand. She hadn't had any typing and shorthand but she wanted the job so, again, she began to teach herself. She learned enough in a month to work in a law office at the beck and call of no less than thirty lawyers. And legal documents and testimonies must be perfect down to the last comma—without erasures.

That's the story in short, students. Now go up and make your excuses.

PLAYS

Now that the smoke of battle has cleared from the air and the cats that have been so closely guarded are out of their bags, we can don our horn rims and catch a fleeting glance in retrospect of the inter-class play contest. Once again we saw some fine examples of histrionic ability, heretofore hidden under a nearby bushel, and in each play excellent proof of what the oft-heralded attribute, cooperation, can achieve.

The Juniors are singing their new theme song, "At Last," and, even though we may be slightly prejudiced, we think they were truly deserving of the victory. Flood and Chantler combined their unquestionable talents in penning the melodrama, *The Case Rests*, and the cast was headed by Mary Jane Youngling, who did an excellent job of neurotic characterization. Special mention to Virginia Ricks and the stage crew for utterly ghastly scenery and lighting effects, and, by the way, where can you get a spine de-chilled?

Honorable mention went to the Sophomore class for their usual fine performance in any contest. Diamond rings, furs, wine, cigarettes, and a cast with that *Harper's Bazaar* look were very much in evidence in their play of modern sophisticated society, *Hers for a Song*, written by Harms, Myers, and Sawders. A high note of the evening, Marty Yorkin's original song, *It's Over, Dear*, has been running through our heads ever since, in close competition with "Marsydoats." Frankly we hope Marty's wins.

Thanks to the Freshmen our evening was not without comic relief. Under the direction of Coughenauer, Jackley, Beale, and Chattaway, they produced a clever cross-section of dorm life, entitled *The Male's The Thing*. We loved the comments about such unmentionables as Lecture Fourteen, and in spite of all the quips, the play ended on thought-provoking note.

Needless to say, we're waiting for the Seniors' dramatic donation to wind up our theatrical year, but we think the play contest has given them a high spring board from which to take the leap . . . And oh, we almost forgot—to the Kims, Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Shupp, the three Tech judges, the Senior advisors, and chairman Patsy Speers—the **Arrow** camellias of the month. M. S.

FEATURES

SOMETHING OLD

When we came to PCW we heard a lot about tradition. Most of it seemed to be the Berry Hall ghost. But this is inadequate. Our tradition is Berry Hall and all the many uses it has been put to in seventy-four years . . . it is religious chapels and outside speakers . . . dances and plays and concerts . . . going to church on Sunday . . . the fun of boarding and the adventures of commuting . . . gym two days a week . . . glee club concerts . . . the solemnity and grandeur of graduation . . . It is even more than this—it is something you can't very well put into words—the way you feel kind of tingly and excited when you see Berry and Woodland after a summer's vacation . . . the difficulty you have telling someone who has never been here just why you like the place . . . the pride it gives you just to know you're a part of a grand school.

We wanted to know more about this tradition of ours, so we asked Mrs. Shupp for any available information she had, and then we went and talked to Mrs. Marks. Mrs. Shupp gave us some good written material with the admonition to "be sure and return it, because Louise Flood hasn't returned those last papers I lent her!" Mrs. Marks told us all about PCW when she was here. So now we, in turn, would like to tell you a little about this school "way back when." Maybe it'll help you understand a little better why we have our traditions—and why we like them.

First, last, and always there was Berry Hall. Back in 1870, it was quite the place. The Speech Lab. was the combined auditorium, chapel, and gymnasium; the cafeteria was the dining room; the typing room was a dorm room; the drawing room—well, it was the drawing room. Berry Hall, as you can see, was really the core of the college.

Then there was chapel every day in the auditorium. Most of the chapels were religious, since the school was then Presbyterian. Once in awhile there were outside speakers, but no one comparable to Mary Ellen Chase or Robert P. Tristram Coffin or Carl Sandburg.

There was gym—two days a week, same as now—but at five in the afternoon. On gym days girls were allowed to dress in their "bloomers" right after lunch and, as one alumna puts it, "to have the freedom of unhampered skirts." Must have been

quite a concession for those days. Also, and this is straight from Mrs. Marks, they had calisthenics then. Imagine!

Dances, then as now, were the order of the day, but at first they lacked something—MEN! Men were allowed only to concerts and plays! Dances were fun, but they were always over by eleven. To compensate for the lack of males at these first dances, there were always serenades by the Shadyside boys.

Everyone went down to Shadyside Presbyterian to church. At that time, Dr. Beatty, pastor of this church, also taught on campus. Some of the girls complained that this gave him an unfair advantage.

Boarding was as much fun then as it is now. Mrs. Marks says she lived in the present typing room. It was then divided into two rooms, each having two double beds and two bureaus for four girls. In other words, half a bed and half a bureau per girl. The girls used to raid the kitchen frequently, but one sad night

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Flight Into Reality

(Continued from Page Four)
bitter nor compassionate, but contemplative. Through the eyes of the Little Prince you regress and once again see things with the clear wisdom of childhood. You see that somewhere in the process of becoming a civilized adult you have lost the keen insight that allows you to see the true worth of a thing. The book enables you to recapture that lost treasure for a while, and frequent re-readings will refresh it and keep it alive.

You will see that people in general have an exaggerated sense of their own importance. You will see the individuals who miss a great deal because they have set life down in neat little formulae. You will learn to use your imagination again. And best of all, you will fall in love with the Little Prince and learn to be constantly on the look-out for him lest you come upon him unawares and pass him by without realizing his presence. "There are a few stories which in some way, in some degree, change the world forever for their readers. This is one."

We are not guaranteeing the results if you decide to venture on these three rides. We simply say that we would not have missed them for anything.

P. C.

MENTOR CENTER

. . . Dr. Doxsee

Immanuel Kant said that the whole enterprise of philosophy was embraced in the attempt to answer the questions: What can I know? What can I do? What can I hope for? One might not unfairly say that what Kant defined as the end of philosophy has been, and is, the end of what we call liberal education. The need to answer these questions is an ancient one, and the answers that men have given have changed with the growth of the knowledge of nature, and with man's experience in creating a culture. Every generation, indeed every individual, must face these questions afresh.

Perhaps we should state the problem in these days even more succinctly and say simply that our need is ultimately to know *what cannot be done, and what can be done.*

We need to know what cannot be done, that is, to disabuse our minds of the grosser illusions. We are subject to romantic obsessions, sometimes mild, sometimes fanatical. A mild but insidious romanticism is the sentimentalization of nature. It is not so characteristic of our time, sporadic perhaps, rather than epidemic. We are in far greater danger from the fanatical romanticism of hatred. We believe that we are engaged in fighting the disease in others, but we must employ all our prophylactic resources to resist infection ourselves. We need to be delivered from the illusion that reason is only the slave of desire, rather than the creator, or the discoverer, of the ends that make us human.

We need to know what can be done. We need to know that freedom in every sense is not a gift but an acquisition. We can by active participation enter into the freedom achieved in the arts, in science, in society. We need to know how and where we can ourselves enlarge the freedom we possess. We need to see that all our culture has come through man's creative interference with natural law. We need to realize that we can know the ends that can make possible the highest humanity. We need to know that in the accomplishment of these ends we can change human nature.

FEATURES

Nurses' Return

To begin with, it is very unfair to send an English major to the Science Building for an interview—particularly when said English major never got beyond the boundaries of the Freshman biology lab. But when the English major has hypersensitive olfactory organs and the Organic Chem Lab happens to be making bromobenzene—that's what I call undermining home-front morale.

Bolstered by a sheaf of recently-read Jap horror stories, a certain associate editor ordered a certain brow-beaten reporter to "get over to Chem Lab and see how Nancy Doerr and Jane Humphreys are doing after their two years at Allegheny General Hospital."

The two Senior nursing students (the number, by the way, was originally four) say they have found it much easier to get back into PCW's groove than it was to adjust themselves to AGH's rules. For instance, at AGH no one was allowed out of her room after 10 p.m., all lights had to be out by 10:30, radios turned on before four in the afternoon were confiscated and locked in a safe, and despite the fact they had had two years of college gym, they had to take at least two more hours per week. But of course, I kept reminding them there were internes at AGH to make up for these few strictures.

From September until February Jane and Nancy did eight hour shifts of floor duty. Until then they had both classes and floor duty—and, they emphasize, the classes were no pushovers. They spent last summer at the Warren psychiatric hospital and will have two months of public health nursing this summer. In September they will take State Boards and upon passing them will receive their RN degrees. Because of the shortage of nurses this fall they were among the first student nurses to receive higher training for supervisory positions and both were in charge of other student nurses on ward duty.

When asked what changes they noticed on campus after two years' absence, they listed more liberty in dress, (we take that to be blue jeans and plaid shirts), less class distinction, (i.e. you can't tell Seniors from Freshmen), and new faculty members.

Both Jane and Nancy listed the operating room and maternity ward as their favorites. If the war is still on after their graduation they intend to go separate ways, however: Jane to

the Navy and Nancy to the Army. Jane, by the way, has been putting into practice at PCW what she learned at AGH by being on duty in the infirmary one afternoon and evening per week and being the official First Aider at basketball games.

They have been counting ever since they got back how many days it will be until spring vacation. For two years they have just had three weeks summer vacation and twenty-four hours off for Christmas. Every day missed during the winter, too, has to be made up during the summer vacation.

An eavesdropping Chem Lab cohort suggested the headline for this article be "Blood, Sweat, Toil, and Tears."

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Something Old

(Continued from Page Five)

a girl met the cook halfway down the stairs, her knife and fork in hand, preparing to having herself a feast! Another evening Mrs. Marks, who was the proud possessor of a small heating unit (for the express purpose of heating poultices) felt hungry for a little oyster stew. So did her roommates. Buying the oysters wasn't hard . . . cooking them wasn't hard . . . but keeping the smell in that room was definitely hard. In fact, it just couldn't be done. And so the inevitable happened. There were footsteps in the corridor and an ominous knock on the door—one of the teachers, no less! Immediately, however, Mrs. Marks came to the rescue. Dumping stove, oysters, and herself on the floor, she threw her robe over the damning evidence. The teacher entered, looked, saw nothing, and departed. The party continued uninterrupted!

Commuting was fun, too. Ed, with his wagonette which brought commuters up Woodland Road, was one of the most popular features of the school. Ed's wagonette held about sixteen girls, and it made trips every fifteen minutes. Beside Ed on the seat always sat two dogs, one a pug, the other an Italian greyhound. In fair weather, the wagon was open, but in foul, black curtains were rolled down. At times like these, PCW girls called Ed's wagonette "Black Maria."

All of this was back at the beginning of what we now call our tradition. It's a good tradition—don't you agree?
M. A. M.

Dr. Nita L. Butler

With the recent death of Dr. Nita L. Butler, acting head of the department of classical languages at PCW, not only have the members of the faculty and administration and the student body lost a true friend and outstanding personality, but the world has lost one of its greatest authorities on archaeological research.

Dr. Butler's home was in Paw Paw, Michigan, and it was from the university of that state that she received her B.S., M.A., and Ph.D. degrees. Due to her great modesty, few knew of her many accomplishments and the honors which were conferred upon her. From 1924 through 1926 she was granted the Joseph Boyer Research Fellowship from the University of Michigan, the Research Fellowship in Roman Archaeology, the Near East and the Classical Fellowships. While in Italy from 1924-1927 she studied at the American Academy in Rome and in 1931 was granted a fellowship by the American Council of Learned Societies.

At the time of her death Dr. Butler was considered the foremost American authority on Pompeii, as a result of her extensive work there. Her main work was the painstaking identification of all wall paintings found in the cities of Campania, destroyed by the eruptions of Vesuvius in 79 A.D. It was no mean task to list the pictures, photograph them, describe them minutely, match each shade and tint with Ridgway's Color Standard and Color Nomenclature. It was a great work; one of those important enlightening links in the chain of the history of civilization.

As a personality in the United States, Dr. Butler was known to all in her field. She was Secretary-Treasurer of the Pittsburgh Society
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FEATURES

Here and There

The theme of the month is "Who, Where, What, and Why Is the Little Man Who Wasn't There." This we know about him. He is the one who wears tortoise shell glasses rims to read between the lines of the un-written law of the Land of Utopia. But more specifically, The Little Man Who Wasn't There is the collective "My Man in the Service." Not only this we know, but something more to which we turn for the nonce.

The Little Man

'Tis said that Kaye Lowe got a ring. She is a bit confused because she thinks it may be glass. (Who is she to be choosy in time like these here?) . . . Cleo Bennett's Jim came to the big town for the week-end. She cut classes the morning before he got here in order to dress and apply grease paint. She thinks she may be forced to cut the two days after he leaves in order to recuperate. (Just *who* is going to give with all the extra cuts?) . . . Lois Long's brother of masculine pulchritude unexcelled said in a letter to his sister that Harkless was his "dream come true" and that he would send her a coconut as a token of his feeling. (If we were someone's dream come true, we'd insist on more than a coconut.) . . . Planning to race down the old aisle soon are Reiber, alumna McKay and ditto Gillespie . . . Joan Wiley is still hanging on to a Valentine's Day nosegay. (Could be sentimental value, no?)

Who

Marty Coate has turned artist again. For proof see place cards for

Sophomore dinner . . . Back to see ex-roommates were Cookie and Rowie . . . For relief from a dull moment, see Gallagher's weekly letters from Arbuckle in Sicily. (Only seeing is believing in this case.) . . . Mrs. Knox cut bang as you have no doubt noticed. On a recent visit to husband Gilbert, she was unintentionally travelling incognito. Gilbert didn't cognito her . . . Murray got a shady deal from Shadyside. She had a long hem-ing and hawing conversation with someone she thought was Dick, trying to get dates for pals for the Prom. At the end of her nickel, the boy said, "O. K., now I'll get Dick" . . . (Now what would you do in a case like that, Mr. Anthony?) . . . "I ain't never made the gossip column," wept B. Findley. (Never will those words cross the ruby portals again, thanks to us.)

Wasn't There

P. Smith's Fred almost was but then he wasn't coming home. But his home port is now New York with bi-monthly visits to P. . . . FLASH . . . FLOOD HAD ANOTHER DATE! (She claims he wasn't all there, but then who is she to talk?) . . . Lots of Wasn't There's caused absences from the Prom.

Was There

These two beautiful words apply to Riggy's man . . . also B. Collins' . . . Speers' Lehigh lad returned the visit by coming to Pittsburgh for the Prom . . . Very Much There is Betty Gahagan Lindsay's baby.

To Conclude

It seems that The Man is more often Wasn't There than Was There. But we grin bravely through the misty brine and recite our motto . . . "Toujours gai, kid, toujours gai" and remind ourselves that even the Hundred Years' War came to an end.

Major Reasons

Yes, I did have a reason for majoring in psych. The field has something to offer that can be found in no other.

Psychology is a science—but not a cold, impersonal one, bringing back hazy memories of test tubes, microscopes, and Bunsen burners. Psychology studies the situations that surround us, and experiments with people; herein lies its fascination. The psychologist is interested in how we act and why we behave the way we do. With the objects of its study so much a part of our every-day living, and its conclusions so logically natural, how can we help being stimulated to learn more about what makes us react the way we do?

Practical Value

I think each college student should have at least a basic course in psychology for its practical value. An ability to understand society grows more essential as our society becomes more complex. Psychology has figured in this new mania, brought on by Thurber, Steig, and their contemporaries, for typing and classifying ourselves into absurdities. How else could anyone so accurately and humorously ridicule the minor neuroses and oddities present in each of us? Psychology offers a keen insight into people's attitudes, ideas, and peculiarities and, along with a sense of humor, a little understanding of people is required to enable us to laugh at our own eccentricities.

Applied Science

Psychology is a science whose principles can be applied. It is more than idle curiosity or intellectual theory. As we become more aware of its presence, even the most skeptical of our conservative scientists are realizing the improvements that are taking place because of it. It has stepped into such fields as industry, medicine, and education. In each one it has shown that through consideration of "human nature" results are overwhelmingly improved.

Psychology is still on the up-grade, and so offers a challenge to me; a challenge to be, if not a participant, at least an on-looker able to follow its progress step by step and realize the significance of the advances as they take place.

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FEATURES

Sport Report

Volley-oops!

Believe us—all those endearing young arms of the Sophomores couldn't keep the ball up in the air long enough to beat the Athletic Club, volleyball division, of the Professorial Department! Did we calmly swish our tongue to our cheek, and prophesy an easy victory for us, you students? Did we overconfidently prattle of the freshness of our youth versus the unlimberness of their age, etc., etc.? We (sigh) did. So, having casually noted the twenty odd point difference in scores between the student losers and the faculty victors, we raise one bottle of Absorbine Junior to our lips to wash down the words we have just eaten.

Basket-hoops

The aged and senile seniors won neatly the basketball championship thus proving, what we have feared for some time, that they are not *Girls With Their Limber Lost!* On the beam for Paul, Mickey McCullough Lohmeyer hit the basket with skill, thrills and chills. Her change from guard to forward was a slick switch for the Senior section. P. Donaldson was as usual a fast flash before our eyes as she whizzed up and down with a grin and a dribble. And two laurel wreaths to J. Knauss and K. Jones who made their debut on the gym floor—preliminary training obtained in basket weaving classes in grammar school.

Runners-up-and-down were the Juniors. M. Cox, stellar-feller-forward, and M. Swannie, goodly guard, had some good points there, as did M. Kelly—all of whom got black and blue for the red and white.

The Sophomoresie Doats and Tacks, for they came in last. But *toujours gay*, keeds, and all the rest, for you, as Othello would say, played not prizely, but well. Special note is hereby given to B. Fellows, M. Egger, and J. Purves who played devinely—but devinely, my dear (excusit pliz, once in awhile our being a sweet young thing sneaks in ahead of our being a hardbitten sports writer).

Big, juicy, fat orchids to the class of forty-seven with an added sprig of asparagus leaf to Snyder, Wylie, Chambers, and Wallace. The Frosh, by gosh, beat and defeat the Sophomores in the last game of the season. Their teamwork clicked like

the old grandfather's clock we used to have.

Added note—the enthusiastic cheerings from the sideline sisters—the screamings of whom encouraged the respective teams no end and almost drowned out the rendition of *Knocturne* rendered by the waterpipes.

Dr. Butler

(Continued from Page Six)

of Archaeological Institute of America, and Vice-President of the Classical Association of the Pittsburgh vicinity. Also among the offices which she held was the Presidency of the Colloquium Club. She spoke German, French, and Italian fluently and read both Greek and Latin.

Here at PCW Dr. Butler was at different times Advisor to the Student Government Association and also Advisor to the Class of 1941.

Words are always inadequate to express fully the sorrow of losing a friend. We who have known her will remember mostly little things about her—the way she always knew every student's name, new or old, her keen sense of humor, her art and classics courses by those of us who were fortunate enough to have taken them), her chapel talks—we remember these things, and those in the archaeological field remember her for the great work which she did. She, of course, will be greatly missed—and all those here at PCW should feel proud that Dr. Nita L. Butler was associated with the same institution.

Nurses' Return

(Continued from Page Six)

"With particular emphasis on the blood," said Nancy. "Tell her about the case you got one night, Jane."

"Oh," answered Jane, "do you mean the woman who strangled the baby and then tried to commit suicide by chopping herself—"

As they passed the smelling salts under my nose I was trying to tell them what a dirty trick it was to send an English major to the Science Building for an interview—particularly when the Organic Chem Lab was making bromobenzene and my olfactory organs were hypersensitive.

"Don't forget to say it has been wonderful training and that we are both crazy about nursing," they called as I went out into the fresh air to recuperate.

Return

By Mary Jane Youngling

When I return
And come into the room
Where he, alone, is playing
With the keyboard swaying
Of a thunder from his hand,
I shall say,

"Hello."

It is all I'll say
. . . and all I'll need to say,
For he will know.

That I love heather
He will know,
And walking bridges in the snow,
And thin, transparent clouds
That join together
In May-time weather.

And twining vines around my fingers,
And scent of rose that lingers
After the blossom dies.
(Flowers that still are pressed
Between pages of the best
In poetry)

And he will know
That I love rain
Beating on the pane of windows
In my room
While I'm inside with book and music low
. . . Or walking in the rain
To jump the puddles in the lane,
Or run against it with raindrops
Falling on my nose.

And he will know
I like to smell new hay,
And twirl spaghetti in a spoon,
The philosophy of *toujours gai*,
And tune
By Chopin—Opus twenty-two.

And he will know
That when I come into the room
Where he, alone, is playing,
I will never go away.
And when I say
"Hello."
I shall be saying
That I have come, at last, to stay.

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FEATURES

EFFICIENCY

by Alice Craig, '45

Daniel O'Toole, of the Plainville Police, paced the floor of the Duffy's dreary little front room and cursed his luck. He cursed the dullness of the day and most of all he cursed the state patrolmen who were clomping about in the back bedroom. He cursed the luck that had brought the patrolmen to the Plainville Police Station at the very moment young Peg Duffy's frantic call for help had come.

Outsiders, that's what they were—all of 'em—strangers. What did those state troopers know about Plainville and the Duffys? He glanced at the cheap photographs of the two uniformed Duffy boys smiling from the mantle. A duster made from an old dress of flowered calico was beside the pictures as though someone had been interrupted in the midst of cleaning. The cheap glass frames which held the pictures had not been touched; and when an occasional beam of light flickered into the room the faces under the glass appeared cloudy.

The smiles of the boys were happy and their white caps were set at jaunty angles; Dan wondered, after they heard of this, if they would still smile the same—ever.

He could hear young Peg sobbing back in the room where her mother lay dead—shot through the head. It was a darn good thing Dov Bradley was with her—he'd help calm her. Dan wondered what had happened; but he couldn't leave the front room to go back to see. Damned efficiency of the troopers—thought he was too

old to do any god. Told him to stay here—take care of people coming to the house. Huh—guess he knew better than them how to handle Plainville and Peg Duffy.

He imagined himself in charge of the case giving his story to the coroner's jury.

"About nine o'clock on the morning of October fourteenth, Margaret Duffy, the only daughter of Nora Duffy, widow of Thomas Duffy, called the Plainville Police Station and screamed into the phone that someone had killed her mother. Dan himself, and Doc Bradley, the official medical examiner, would have handled the case themselves if those efficient, high-handed state troopers hadn't arrived just at the wrong time. Doggonit . . ."

Dan's rational train of thought was interrupted by his growing indignation and the sound of an authoritative voice from the bedroom where the troopers and Doc Bradley were investigating.

"O'Toole! Tell Hawkins in the car out there to drive over to the station and radio the city for the Morgue ambulance. Tell him to cut the siren, but to step on it."

"Awright, awright. Don't have to get so' huffy about it." Dan limped to the door, shouted the instructions to Hawkins in the car, and limped back into the dismal front room. His indignation partly gone, the interruption gone, he began where he had left off.

". . . arrived at the house about five minutes after the call. Young Peg Duffy—lived alone with her mother, 'least folks always called Mrs. Duffy Peg's mother—was crying and carryin' on high. Her mother'd been sick awhile and spent most of her time in bed. Peg said she went back to bring her the mail and found her dead. Bullet hole in her head. Blood all over the place. One

of the troopers, young fe'la named Smith, took charge . . ."

The uncarpeted boards in the hall creaked as Doc Bradley joined Dan in the front rom. He looked about with obvious distaste. Fog filled the corners of the room and seemed to hang in the folds of the ecru curtains waiting to be shaken out. A lamp glowed dully near the upright piano but instead of brightening the room, it caught its own light and held it in its dirty shade. A dust mop leaned against the lamp. His eyes, in his survey, lighted upon the boys' pictures and softened. He turned and spoke to the other man.

"This is tough on the boys, darned tough."

Dan nodded but began to question him eagerly. "Who done it, Doc? Did you find the gun they done it with? She dead for sure, ain't she?"

"Mrs. Duffy was shot. The only bullet that hit her went through her brain and killed her instantly. The men found three other bullets imbedded in the wall. Criminal was evidently not a very good shot. That's all, Dan; she's dead. I guess we both know who did it. The men are questioning her now."

Dan's expression changed from interest to horror. The doctor realized he had assumed too much. He said gently, "I thought you had guessed, Dan. Yes, Peg did it."

He paused and then continued, "You knew the family pretty well, didn't you? Know much about Peg's background?"

Dan's face was buried in his hands—as an answer, he nodded. Then he straightened up.

"Think there's any way we can keep it from them?" He jerked a thumb at the pictures.

"That's what I've been thinking about. Maybe we can talk the boys back there into it. Maybe we can."

The sharp ring of the door bell interrupted.

Dan passed from the room into the hallway and opened the door.

"Watcha want, sonny? Don'cha know there's . . ."

"Dan!" The doctor's voice was sharp. He was beside the older man almost instantly. "Oh, Bob, it's you. Collecting for the papers? Twenty-five. OK son. How's your mother? Feeling better, is she?"

(Continued on Page 13)

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FEATURES

TUNE IN TWO-TIME by Helen Smith, '44

"Sonuvabitch," says Happy Harry as Louie the Leech lays his heart flush on the table. "Sonuvabitch, Louie. If I hadn't been dealing myself I'd blow your top for copping those last two spots."

Louie crooks his arm around the chips and drags them in. Harry tips back his chair and whistles for one of the jigs who always slap shots for the backroom of Charlie's cafe. "Two," he yells. "Two doubles."

Then he lights up a stogie, takes a long drag, and bets on the first stud card Louie has dealt him. He smiles at Louie, who is really a leech like his name.

"Louie," he says, "maybe you beat me with the sliders but you've got no broad on your ticket like my wife. Someday I'm going to beat a big fat stud pot and then I'll buy her that sweet shack she's always wanted."

"And you're gonna let me teach your kid sister how to tease the keys, eh, Hap?" says Jerry the Jiver who has just come in.

"If I ever let you give my kid sister the double-o, Jerry, then you'll know Charlie's jigs have slipped me a mickey. No, by God, Belle's going to have piano lessons," says Harry. "Piano lessons from a big shot. Belle's a good girl. She never gives the guys even a fling. Lord, she's only fifteen."

"Yeah, Hap, I know," says Jerry. "I know." And he sits down and joins the game.

Now, Harry is proud of his kid sister and proud of his moll who is married to him. None of the other guys who hang out at Charlie's is tied to one jill. But Harry is really dizzy about Katie his wife and about his kid sister, too. And all the boys tease him about being a one-moll jerk and they crack at his kid sister, Belle, he's so nuts about. But Harry doesn't get in an uproar or usually give the guys a tumble because he's always happy. That's why he's got the monocher — Happy Harry. And he's always happy because he knows the guys all wish they had one good moll instead of a string of broads. Everyone likes Harry. Everyone thinks he's a damn good egg and everyone is sorry for what happens this afternoon in Charlie's back room.

It's about three o'clock and Harry is dealing a hand of Chacago when

one of Charlie's jigs comes in and tells Harry there's a dame outside who wants him.

"A dame," says Harry. "Now what the hell dame wants to see me and why the hell?"

"Thought you were a one-dame guy, Harry," says Louie.

"Yeah, Hap, we've got you now," guffaws Jerry. "Another babe in your routine besides Katie. Didn't think you could hold out against the broads, Harry."

"Katie'd never shove this joint. Must be some moll from my block who wants to pay her protection. I'll show you guys." And he tells the jig to send the dame in.

Harry goes on dealing and he deals Louie a pair of kings but he doesn't see what Louie has because right then—in comes a sweet-looking blonde doll with long hair and big blue eyes.

"Belle" says Harry — and he knocks his shot all over the chips getting out of his chair. "Why'd you come here, Belle? Didn't I tell you to keep clear of this hole?"

"I had to see you, Harry. I want to talk to you," says Belle. And she looks around a little scared at the guys.

"Couldn't you wait until I got home, damn it?"

"No, Harry, I couldn't wait," she says, and her eyes look as if she is going to spill the brine.

The boys start to get up.

"Sit down," yells Harry. "Now that she's here she can talk." You can tell Harry is hurt and he feels bad in front of the boys but he won't ask them to leave.

"Harry, it's private," says Belle.

"You said it couldn't wait. Say what you've come to say."

The boys shift in their chairs and Belle begins to cry very quietly.

"Aw, Harry—," starts Louie.

"Shut up," Harry yells. "Go on, Belle."

She raises her head and looks straight at Harry.

"All right, Harry," she says. "Joey's leaving town. He's leaving in an hour and—"

"What's that dirty dago got to do with you?" says Harry very slowly. He's holding the deck of sliders so tight they're almost double. The back room is still as a grave-yard.

"I'm going to have a baby, Harry. And I think—I think Joey's the one."

The cards slip from Harry's hand slowly like a little waterfall. His ears are red as hell but his face is white as powder. He licks his lips and when he starts to talk he sounds like a ten-cent file.

"Is that all, Belle? Thought it was something serious." He pours himself a stiff shot and gulps it down loudly. His hands are shaking.

"Want us to get him?" asks Jerry very quietly.

"I'll get him," says Harry and he picks up his hat and coat and leaves with Belle.

"You want to finish the game?" asks Louie.

"No," says Jerry. "I'm going out to the bar."

"Right with you," says Louie. And the backroom is empty except for smoke and the pile of chips and cards on the table.

Harry never talks about his kid sister after that. And the boys never open their traps about her in front of him but they know Joey has married Belle and that Belle doesn't live with him. She lives with Harry and Katie.

After a while Harry loosens up and all he says now is about Katie. Pretty soon, though, he is kidding around as he had before and the boys are calling him Happy Harry again.

Harry and Louie and Jerry the Jiver get to be very good friends, very good friends indeed, and one

(Continued on page 13)

HAROLD'S FLOWER SHOP

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FEATURES

TIME ON HER HANDS by Peggy Chantler, '45

Saturday night. The little bar was crowded. The clinking of glasses was the only distinct sound in the thick confusion of gay talk and laughter. The men on the high bar stools looked like so many Humpty Dumpties on a wall. They were mostly older men, waiting impatiently for Joyce to come onto the little stage behind the bar and sit down at the mother of pearl electric organ to sing her songs . . . songs that she half talked so you couldn't miss their meanings. The glossy prints bordered with tarnished glittery stuff that graced the outside of the bar called her The Naughty Singer. She sang the same songs night after night, but no one ever seemed to get tired of them. But it wasn't the songs so much that brought in the customers. It was Joyce herself.

The bar was doing good business and its customers always had a good time. Partly it was due to Jackson, the bartender. He made a practice of memorizing the new faces at the bar in front of him every night. He also remembered what drinks were ordered so the next time they came in he could say in a comradely manner, "Same thing, tonight?" That technique makes anyone feel important. Yes, business was good . . . partly because of Jackson, but mostly it was due to Joyce.

The clock on the wall said eleven . . . time for Joyce's act. People began looking at wrist watches . . . checking against the big clock, hoping it wasn't fast. At last a door opened at the far end of the room. Clapping and whistling and stamping of feet started at the door and followed Joyce to the stage. Her smile flashed and the applause increased. Joyce had the trick of smiling at a bar full of people and making each one feel that the smile was meant just for him. She held both hands outstretched in a gesture that said she was grateful. Jackson mixed a double shot of Scotch and soda and put it on the edge of the organ.

Joyce sat down and started to thump out a syncopated bass with her left hand while she lifted the glass to her mouth with the other. She drained the glass in four swallows and started to sing . . . "Sally, Sally, sittin' in the shoe shine shop . . ." There was nothing subtle about Joyce. Nothing subtle about

her too-red hair, her figure, or the green dress proclaiming to the world that it was green.

Smoke from all brands of cigarettes climbed lazily to the low ceiling where it hung like a blue-gray blanket. Down at the far end of the semi-circular bar, a briar pipe held in a mannish hand added its darker smoke to the atmosphere. On the third finger was a Harvard ring, class of '42. The smoke rose from the pipe to the face that went with the hands. The dark eyes were fixed intently on Joyce's back . . . on a little split in the seam of her dress that opened and shut revealing a glimpse of white skin as she lifted her arms to strike the keys and struck them.

The boy waited until Jackson had mixed another drink for Joyce and then beckoned to him.

"Another beer?" asked Jackson.

"Yeah," he answered.

Jackson brought the drink and the boy tossed a quarter on the counter.

"With or without?" asked Jackson.

"Without."

Jackson slanted the thick glass and slid the beer in. The boy drank half of it and then got up and quickly left the bar.

That night after the evening's work, Joyce sat in her dressing room. It was comfortably warm, but she remembered the time when she first came to work for Jackson over two years ago and the room had been cold. Since then Jackson had had heat installed in the little back room to make the star of his bar more comfortable. She kicked off her spike heeled shoes and her tired bare foot in her hand, rubbing the arch gently. The last customers had drifted out of the bar and she was grateful for the silence . . . truly grateful. It wasn't the same sort of gratefulness she felt when she held out her hands in the practiced gesture to acknowledge the applause of her fans. She was tired of the whole business, tired of the smile that she turned off and on like a spigot, tired of traveling home alone on buses at two-thirty every morning, tired of the faces of men who had seen younger and happier days. She was even tired of the songs. She thought she might like to sing something like *Tales from the Vienna Woods* or Gilbert and Sullivan instead. The thought made her laugh at her foolishness.

She thought of Jackson too, in the silence. He was a good guy all right. He had been good to her, even when she first came and he didn't know what a success she was going to be. He was one of those people that are just born good, she supposed. She didn't quite know why she wouldn't marry him. Maybe if he asked her again she would. But he had long since given up as a losing game. He hadn't asked her to marry him for a long time, but there was always that sort of soft look in his eyes when he looked at her.

She looked at the dainty gold watch on her wrist that Jackson had given her on her last birthday, her twenty-seventh, and then changed quickly into street clothes. This thinking didn't get you anywhere. She would have to hurry to catch the bus.

The next week along as usual. Joyce smiled at the familiar faces and sang the same songs. She had done both so often she didn't have to think much about either. She studied the new faces as she sang. It broke the monotony. There was a young girl over in the corner drinking her third whisky sour in half an hour. The kid's too young to be in a place like this, thought Joyce. And again she wanted to sing Strauss.

She envied the girl, somehow. She was just starting out and could learn to know anything. Joyce hoped she wouldn't go the same way she had, because once you got started in this business, it was hard to get out of it. It was hard to meet nice people . . . people who liked Strauss and read books and went to the theatre and sent their children to college . . . hard if you were a singer in a little dive.

As she turned to leave the stage at the end of her act, she noticed another new face at the end of the bar . . . a boy's face. He was smoking a pipe. For a moment his eyes met hers and then she had passed him. They were pretty eyes, she thought, as she walked to her dressing room. And he had the kind of hair you'd like to run your fingers through.

That night after closing time there was a knock on her door.

"Come in," she said, hurriedly buttoning up her shabby gray dress.

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LITERATURE

The door opened and Jackson came in.

"Hiya, Baby."

"Hi, Jackson."

"Tired?" he asked.

"Kinda," she replied.

Jackson was the only one that ever asked her if she were tired and she liked him for it. She guessed he was about the kindest guy anywhere. He looked tired himself.

"You don't look exactly lively yourself," she said smiling. This time the smile meant something.

"I'm not tired," he said, "just got somethin' on my mind."

"Unburden, kid," she said, patting him on the shoulder as if he were a younger brother.

Jackson sat down on the soft chair and looked up at her. He has a nice face, Joyce thought. Sorta homely, like Lincoln. Only Lincoln probably didn't have freckles.

"There's been a college boy comin' in here regular the last week and a half," Jackson paused and looked intently at Joyce. "Do you know who he's been lookin' at, Baby?"

"Me, I hope," she answered.

"That's right, but I don't think you'd like the way he's been doin' it."

Jackson got up and walked to the door. With his hand on the knob he said, "Good-night, Baby. I'll be seein' you tomorrow night."

And with that he was gone.

Joyce finished dressing and went through the darkened bar room to the door. She locked the door from the outside and walked out into a January blizzard. Pulling her collar up around her neck, she hurried down the street. She saw a man standing at the corner and hurried past him.

"Hello, there," he said as she passed.

Joyce quickened her pace, but the man caught up with her.

"Hey, wait a minute," he said. His voice sounded nice . . . kind of cultured . . . and young.

"Please don't follow me," she said, wishing that she sounded firmer.

"If you'll just give me a chance to introduce myself, you'll see that I'm all right," he said persistently and rather charmingly.

As they walked along in the snow, he told her that his name was James Robert Hamilton III, that he had graduated from Harvard (he showed her the ring to prove it), and that he lived in Lake Forrest, Illinois.

Before she knew it, he had hailed a cab and was helping her into it.

"Where to?" asked the driver.

"Where to, Joyce?" asked James Robert Hamilton III.

By the time they had reached the down-at-the-heels rooming house on Eighth Street, James had asked her if he could see her the next night, she had refused, and then reconsidered, saying she would think it over and let him know.

He is nice, she thought as he helped her out of the cab and walked up the narrow flight of stairs to the door with her. Yet, somehow, she couldn't forget what Jackson had told her.

"Let me do it for you," he said as Joyce took the door key out of her worn pocket-book.

She handed him the key and stood back as he unlocked the door and opened it for her. The lights in the hallway were dim, but not dim enough to conceal the rickety stairway leading up to a patch of blackness or the worn red carpet and the furniture that had been stylish fifty years ago.

"'Night, James, and thanks," she said.

"Good-night. Try to make it yes for tomorrow night."

She watched him walk down the stone steps and get into the waiting cab. Then she ran up to her room on the third floor. She stopped abruptly at the door of the two rooms she shared with Maggie. Maybe it would be better not to tell her . . . at least not right away.

She turned the knob and went in quietly. The lights were out and Maggie was in bed.

"That you, Joyce?" she called.

"Who else would it be?" asked Joyce with a laugh in her voice.

"How was business tonight . . . good as usual?"

"I'll say it was," replied Joyce.

"First time you've sounded happy about it in a long time," said Maggie.

"Guess you're right, Maggie," said Joyce.

"Somethin' special happen . . . like Jackson proposin' again?"

"No, nothin' special," answered Joyce.

It wasn't anything special, Joyce thought, as she undressed in the dark. It was extra, extra special. She picked up her toothbrush and went down the long narrow corridor to the bathroom humming the *Blue Danube*.

The next night Joyce took extra pains with her make-up before she went out for the nine o'clock act. It was too early for the crowd, but she had to look nice for James. She was proud of the way she looked when she walked onto the stage and smiled at the applause. Only she wished her hair weren't quite so red. She looked down toward the end of the bar where she had seen James the night before when she walked off the stage. In his place sat an old man with crooked blue veins standing out on his forehead. She

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ANTHON'S

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LITERATURE

Efficiency*(Continued from Page Nine)*

"Sure, Dr. Bradley. She's fine today. Said if I saw you to tell you not to stop by today. Mrs. Duffy sick again?"

"Yes, Bob, she's mighty sick. Bye son."

"Thanks, doctor." The boy backed out of the door as though he knew something was wrong and let the door bang behind him.

"That was a close call, Dan. Better be more careful."

Dan nodded as they re-entered the front room. "Yeah. My gosh, Doc, Peggy Duffy! I've known her since she was so high." He shook his head in disbelief.

Bradley had walked over to the window. He turned around suddenly and asked, "How much do you actually know about the Duffys, Dan?"

"Nuthin' much lately. Heard tales around about Peg and a soldier from out of town. Gonna marry him, wasn't she? Her mother was dead against it."

The doctor nodded and then said. "I mean the older Duffys—Tom Duffy's family."

"Well—there was old Jim—he was a bachelor, wasn't he? And Tom—he was Peg's pa. No, Peg was the youngest boy's kid—Luke. Wasn't he the one whose wife went crazy and . . ." He stopped; the other man signaled for him to continue.

"Killed him. Tried to kill Peg too. Tom and Nora took little Peg to live with them, raised her like their own kid. Luke's wife hung herself in jail, didn't she?"

"I was just a kid when it happened. Wasn't too sure of the details, but that's about as I remembered it."

Both men were quiet for a time. Finally Dan broke the silence.

"Peg was always sort of a nervous kid, wasn't she—headstrong, always her own way."

There was another pause, longer than the first during which they could hear the troopers moving about

in the back bed room.

The doctor was the first to speak and then it was as though he spoke to himself.

"Her mother's refusal to let her marry that soldier—that must have snapped something in her mind. Letter in the morning mail . . . Tough, poor kid."

The heavy creaking of the floor boards announced the state patrolmen. The younger one, Smith, pointed to Dan.

"He know?"

"Yes," the doctor answered wearily, "he knows." "Is there any way you can hush this up?"

The trooper shrugged. "'Fraid not. The ambulance will be here in a minute. The neighbors will talk—then there's the trial. Nope, not a chance—gotta give the press boys a break, too."

Dan and the doctor glanced at the pictures. Dan began to mutter, "Damned efficiency—lookin' out for themselves . . ." The doctor's face was troubled, but he was silent.

The phone tinkled. Bradley moved toward it, but Smith's long arm reached it first. The men in the room could hear a woman's voice on the other end. "I just wanted to borrow a cup of sugar."

Smith's voice was rough and his laugh harsh. "Sorry lady—there's been a murder here." He hung up but not before they heard the woman gasp. Smith laughed again, "Guess that scared her, huh?"

The other trooper snorted; they heard the laugh of the third trooper guarding Peg, echoing the other.

A siren wailed. In a minute the ambulance and two police cars were parked in front of the house. Men streamed into the house and outside a gang of small boys collected about the cars.

The reporters and city police crowded the room. Bradley signaled quietly to Dan; they left the house and walked up the street which was now crowded with people. This time Dan cursed aloud, "Damned snoopers

ruinin' the lives of them two boys. They'll crucify 'em, Doc, it just ain't fair. It just ain't decent."

Bradley took a deep breath. "That's right, Dan, it isn't decent. It's murder. Oh, what's the use, Dan. What's the use."

Tune in Two-Time*(Continued from Page 10)*

evening early Harry says, "It doesn't look as if I'll ever hit a big pot and I'd still like my kid sister to take lessons on the piano."

This is the first time Harry has said anything about Belle since the day she was at Charlie's, so nobody makes a crack.

"Belle's nervous lately and needs something to do," says Harry.

Still nobody says anything. Harry gulps a double shot.

"After this hand—" he says to Jerry, "after this hand I'd like it if you'd come home with me and meet Katie. What the hell, if Katie says you're O. K. maybe you could—damn it—maybe you could teach Belle how to play the piano, Jerry."

"Sure thing," says Jerry.

Harry lets out a sigh. "Then it's all right," he says. And he sinks another shot. "Wish Louie was here to go with us—Louie's a right guy."

After the next hand he and Jerry leave the back room.

Harry tells Jerry more about how swell Katie is, how she cooks, how she laughs, and how it would help her and Belle to have something to do in the evenings when he is playing poker at Charlie's. Harry is so proud of Katie and so hepped on the idea of Jerry teaching the kid sister some angles on the ivories that Jerry is glad he has come along.

They are walking down Morgan Street. Everything is quiet. A woman all draped in the glad rags steps out from a doorway and walks towards the corner of 82nd half a block up.

"That's Katie," says Harry. He open his mouth to yell at her but he stops. He stops because he sees the guy at the corner. The guy has some money in his hand. He takes two bills, lays them on the sidewalk, and holds them there with his heel.

Katie stops and says something. He picks up the dough and takes her arm. She looks up at him and laughs and they walk up the street together. The guy is Louie the Leech.

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LITERATURE

Time on Her Hands*(Continued from Page 12)*

swept the faces in front of her with a smile, but she didn't see James.

The same thing happened at the ten o'clock show and at the eleven. It came time for the midnight show. Joyce took extra pains with her make-up. She didn't care how red her hair was. There would be a big crowd by now.

She walked out and there was James in his usual place at the end of the bar. Joyce was happy all over again and she decided to keep the date. When she passed him she whispered, "O. K., you win. It's a date."

James was waiting for her outside the bar. He smiled and took her arm as they started down the street. Lower New York had quieted down for the night.

The snow of the night before had stopped and it had gotten colder. It was icy underfoot. Once Joyce slipped and fell. As James bent down to help her up, his face was close to hers. Joyce could feel her heart pounding. He brushed his lips across her forehead.

"Where are we going, James?" she asked when she had gotten to her feet again.

"I don't know exactly," he said. "What's open this time of night?"

"No place, I guess," she said.

"Then I suppose we're going no place," he said and paused waiting for her to speak.

Joyce knew what he wanted her to say, so she said it.

"We can go to my place." She paused. "The girl I live with went home for a coupla days. Her sister's sick. It'll be warm," she added.

Again they took a cab, only this time James sat closer to her with his arm around her shoulders.

Joyce led the way up the stairs to her room. She unlocked the door and James followed her into the room, kicking the door shut with his foot.

The next day was slushy, but the sidewalk in front of the Biltmore was clean. Joyce walked in and looked around, her suitcase in her hand. A young boy in a uniform approached her.

"Take your bag, miss?"

"What? . . . oh . . . yes . . . just take it up there by the ferns."

"Yes, ma'am."

She followed the boy, trying to

(Continued from Page 15)

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LITERATURE

find some money in her new purse. She had a dollar and a half left, but that didn't matter. She was going to marry James Robert Hamilton III of Harvard and Lake Forrest. She'd have lots of money. She gave the boy fifty cents and thanked him.

The clock on the wall said five of two. James would be here any minute. Her heart was pounding again as she thought of the night before. He loved her and they were going off to be married. She remembered the way he looked when he asked her to marry him.

She thought happily of the pretty new clothes she had bought that morning and she thought of what was soon to be hers.

A young man entered the door. Joyce started quickly toward him with a smile on her face. When she got closer, she realized it wasn't

James, so she went over to the magazine stand and bought a copy of *Life* pretending that that was what she had intended doing all the time.

She looked up at the clock as she went back to the ferns and her suitcase. It was two-thirty.

She began thinking again of the night before and of how James had asked her to call him Jamie because James sounded too formal and all his friends called him Jamie. It sounded funny the first time she said it, but she got used to it and decided she liked it. Jamie . . . my husband, Jamie.

She wondered if he would like the new purple suit and the hat with the green feather. She had spent the last of her salary on it. He'd better like it.

The clock said three. Joyce walked over to the chair and sat down facing the door. This sure is a nice place, she thought. I hope we

can stay here sometime.

She remembered how just two nights ago Jackson had warned her about this man . . . the man she was going to marry. She remembered Jackson's face when she told him this morning she was going to quit her job. It had been kind of white and funny.

"Gee, Baby, you're kiddin', aren't you?" he had asked.

"No, I'm not," she had answered happily.

"But I can't go on, knowin' you're not here with me, Baby. I love you, remember?"

"Sure, I remember, but I'm in love and I'm gonna get married."

Jackson hadn't said anything then for a long time. Finally he said real low, "O.K., if that's the way you want it. I guess you know what you're doin'. Who's the lucky guy?"

"That boy you told me about . . .
(Continued on Page 16)

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the one that looked at me all the time."

And then she remembered the long argument with Jackson. Funny he hadn't said anything about what her leaving would do to his business. He just talked about what it would do to her. But he was wrong. This was the best thing that had ever happened to her. When she was a little girl she used to dream about getting married to some rich, handsome guy. But as she got older she forgot about it. She was a singer in a dive. Someday she might marry Jackson if she could make herself fall in love with him. She didn't believe in marriage without love. And the Jamie had come along and her dream had come true.

It was three-thirty now. Joyce wondered where Jamie was.

She was tired, so she let her head fall back on the chair. She wondered what kind of girl Maggie would get to live with her. She hoped it would be someone nice. Maggie was a nice girl even if she didn't know enough to like Jamie.

Joyce shut her eyes and fell into a sleep of pleasant dreams.

When she woke up, she couldn't remember for a moment where she was. There were lots of people walking around.

Then she remembered and sat up. She couldn't see Jamie among the people. She pinched herself to make sure she hadn't dreamed the whole thing. She looked at the purple suit and the new purse. No, she hadn't dreamed it all. But where was Jamie? She picked up her suitcase and went over to stand by the ferns and wait for him.

The hands of the big clock were just approaching six.



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No. 6



Ladies In Waiting . . . page 3

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Science in Liberal Education

There are various words in our language which are bandied about willy nilly in our daily conversation, with little or no regard to their definitive connotations: words like tolerance, democracy, Americanism. Definitions of such words are debatable and use of any of them without precise statement of intended meaning has resulted in many an argument.

Upon examination the difficulty seem to be that the divers connotations of these words change with the times. The virtues involved in *Americanism* vary with national and international developments. As governments shift in organization and principle, the meaning of *democracy* slides into new strata and spreads over new ground. *Tolerance* tenses and relaxes as social mores tense and relax.

Certainly as variable and controversial as these words is the word *culture*. Since culture is the ultimate goal of a liberal arts education, we, as students, should be concerned with a definition of it. It seems absurd to work for four years toward something so vague that its attainment or failure of its attainment remains a matter of conjecture.

It seems safe to say that for us culture is that state of mental and physical preparation which best fits us for the greatest possible usefulness to ourselves and others in the society of today—of now. Culture as the goal of the class of 1900 was not the same culture that is the goal of the class of 1944. Nor is the culture of 1944 precisely that of 1943 or 1945.

Our world today is a mechanized world—a scientific world. If our education is to prepare us for intelligent contact with the scientific world, it seems logical that a sizeable part of our training should be concerned with science—or, at least, with the exercise of deductive reasoning. Here at PCW the science requirement is six credit hours or one-twentieth of the required total for graduation. A hundred years ago—even fifty years ago—this much science might have been enough to fulfill the demands of culture. Now it is not enough.

Inductive reasoning is, in general, arm chair reasoning, dead reasoning. Deductive reasoning is reasoning that is alive, action reasoning. Our world is a world of action—of doing, not merely being. To illustrate—the social sciences work first inductively toward principles. We find that poverty is caused by certain general conditions. It is helpful to know these general conditions, but what good does knowing them do the Morelli family on Sixty-eighth Street?

Social sciences work next deductively and herein lies their value as sciences for the improvement of society. The specific cause of the Morellis' poverty is deducted from one of the conditions which lead in general to poverty and immediately something can be done to improve their situation.

Furthermore, deductive reasoning more often yields truth than does inductive reasoning. Consider, for example, that all time best-seller, the *Bible*. By spotting specific passages anything can, miraculously, be proved. Beautiful arguments, complete antitheses of each other, can be formulated. And then, consider Shakespeare. For three hundred years thousands of scholars have spent lifetimes tracking down absurd theories which originated in three or four lines of text. To drain off the richness and truth of the *Bible* and of Shakespeare into our lives and make it count for most, we must read the whole, get an over-all picture—then draw conclusions.

The physical sciences are almost wholly deductive. They are the most fertile source from which to obtain the deductive technique. They are also the bases for the immense mechanized development of today's world. Certainly culture demands that we devote more than a twentieth of a liberal arts education to an understanding of them.

No one would sanely propose that deductive reasoning should entirely replace induction, or that study of the physical sciences should crowd out consideration of other fields—although this proposition would seem more logical than the state of things which presently exists. It is contrary to the commonest sense to assume that, being five percent scientifically educated, can deal properly with a world that operates on a ninety-five percent scientific basis.

(continued on page nine)

EVENTS

HOOD AND TASSEL

For the past two years—really, ever since its founding—Hood and Tassel has been working toward being admitted to the national honorary society of Mortar Board. One of the requirements is that the society applying for entrance be at least four years old, and Hood and Tassel has almost “come of age” this spring. Contacts have been established with the National chapter of Mortar Board, and with the chapters at Pitt and Tech. If the organization is expanding at all during wartime, there is a good chance of Hood and Tassel’s admission soon. At present it remains more of a possibility than a probability, but the society has been working all year to bring that possibility closer.

One of the things that Hood and Tassel must do to be admitted to Mortar Board is to alter its constitution along the lines that Mortar Board itself has established. The nearer Hood and Tassel’s organization is to that of Mortar Board chapters, the better are its chances of admission. For that reason, it was decided that no honoraries shall be elected to Hood and Tassel from now on, because Mortar Board does not include them. Hood and Tassel realizes that many may be disappointed by this, or feel that it is an unnecessary move at this time. However, since it will have to be done some time if Hood and Tassel wishes to join Mortar Board, and since doing it now will be a point in the society’s favor when the time for its admission comes, it seems wise to make the change. Hood and Tassel has not made public its Mortar Board aims before, because the chances were slim before, and the organization had not been in existence long enough. Now, the members hope that the students will support them in their aim, and in the moves they must make to be admitted.

The regular members of Hood and Tassel for next year were elected in March, before nominations were posted. They will be tapped on Moving-Up Day, and initiated before the end of the semester.

This month’s Hood and Tassel activity was the annual Alumnae Dinner, held on April 14 in Andrew Mellon Hall. Martha Harlan was in charge of the event, which brought back Jean McGowan Marshall, Mary

Linn Colbaugh, Margie Graham Lathrop, Janet Ross, Ellen Copeland, Julie Wheldon, and Barbara Maerker, as well as many others. Feature attraction, besides the food, was a lengthy discussion of the past and coming activities of the present chapter.

On The Record

If you happened to be one of those people who at 8:30 Wednesday morning (way back on March 29) discovered your class had been shifted from Room C to Room L, and if you happened not to have been in chapel for the week before, you probably wondered why you were not allowed on third floor Berry Hall. In case you’re still wondering, the **Arrow** now speeds to your assistance. The Sophomore class (plus five Juniors and one Senior) took the Graduate Record Examination under the supervision of Dr. Kinder, Miss Kramer, and Miss Myers.

Originally prepared for Columbia, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton as an examination for admission to Graduate School, the test is now used as a prospectus for undergraduates.

Tests were given to all students in mathematics, physics, social studies, chemistry, biology, English literature, verbal factor, and fine arts. The ninth and longest test was the choice of the examinee, preferably in her major field. (PCW choices resulted in twenty English majors, twenty biology, eighteen history, eleven sociology, ten French, nine psychology, seven chemistry, two mathematics, and two economics.)

Results, in the form of a standard score profile, will be sent to each student and to the College. Dr. Kinder explains, “These results will not be used for grading purposes, but merely to show students where they are superior or inferior to other college students with similar backgrounds, and, also, to point out weak spots in our present curriculum.”

The ayes overwhelmingly have it that the test was “puh-lenty tough” but will be of unquestionable value in making out next year’s schedule. The **Arrow** feels that recognition should be given to the volunteer Juniors and Senior, so we offer orchids to Janet Brewster, Carolyn Cosel, Louise Flood, Nancy Herdt, Mary Kelly, and Martha Lohmeyer.

LADIES IN WAITING

The eight muses musing on the cover are (plus one more) the Sarah Burnhearts of the Senior play. They have all undergone rehearsal shock treatments for stage fright and are now “Ladies In Waiting” to show their production to PCW audiences.

Big news: you know the thing you are if you aren’t a mouse you are a —? Well, the Senior play is doing without one this year, as did the Ladies in Retirement last season—only more so. The situation gets worse and worse.

The play, written by Cyril Cam-pion, is to be presented on May 11 and 12. Its director is, of course, Mrs. Kim, assisted by Helen Smith. Mr. Kim is scenic director—that’s his official title, but everyone knows he’s the Seniors’ what-would-we-do-without-him man.

A large student staff is taking care of the rest of the production and publicity. Technical director is *Justine Swan*, stage manager *Martha Hutchison* and Martha Lohmeyer, Ruth Allen, and Trudie Schmeichel. In charge of lighting are *Marion Monks*, Portia Geyer, and Peggy Donaldson, and in charge of properties are *Betty Bush*, *Jeanne deHaven*, and Marjorie Harter, Betsy Kinney, Cynthia Say. Make-up will be done by *Jean Rigault* and Betty Johnescu. On the business staff are *Ann Turnock* and Gladys Heimert, Joanne Knauss, and Martha Harlan; ushering will be done by *Evelyn Fulton* and Jean Bacon, Betty Spierling, Kelly Jones, Virginia Baldwin, Winnie Watson, and Sally Meanor. *Amanda Harris* is in charge of publicity, with Dorcas Leibold, Barbara Caldwell, Phyllis Jones, and Evelyn Knox.

The cast of the play, which is a mystery centering around the wedding of an English girl, is as follows:

Janet Garner Betsy Meader
 Maud Norma Bailey
 Una Verity Lu Ann Isham
 Phil Blakeney Nancy Maxwell
 Pat Blakeney Betty Leonard
 Lady Evelyn Spate ... Betty Brown
 Dora Lester Nancy Stauffer
 Mrs. Dawson Jane Humphreys
 Pamela Dark Barbara Findley

PEOPLE

ARROW EDITORS

Every spring without fail, all **Arrow** eds glumly discuss what a wonderful **Arrow** they could put out if they were only going to be around next year. And each year, just when the working groove is getting a little more comfortable for the old hands, they find themselves supplanted by two equally ambitious and seemingly far more talented individuals than themselves. The Board of Publications, constantly on the lookout for new blood, insists on snatching away the eds' distinguished title of Miss Slave Girl of 194—, and giving it to two lucky, lucky Juniors. Therefore, the time has come for the Smith-Turnock regime to be replaced by the New Order of Louise Flood and Nancy Herdt.

Nancy Herdt really swishes around in the activities line—she's secretary-treasurer of the Glee Club and YW conference chairman. The bright idea of having movies on Wednesday afternoons in Science Hall can be traced back to her—also the book collection for soldiers overseas. Developing muscles that will stand her in good stead come next year when she'll be muscle-bound to a typewriter, she plays basketball and manages hockey teams. For relaxation she sings in a church choir or runs off a few hundred **Arrow** words. Speaking of the **Arrow**—Nance has been one of the more faithful few for the past two years. She has that mysterious faculty for handing in correct copy—correct copy being what bleary-eyed editors dream of like starving PCWites dream of Sodini's spaghetti —copy that's typed, correctly spaced, and with the words oh, so nicely counted. Shows something about her character—don't know exactly what, but editors cry for it.

Little Flood, otherwise known as Floodrick, has been chief Idea Man and Grub Streeter of the **Arrow** for the past year in her job as Feature Editor. She was co-author of the winning Junior play, but as far as we know her time's been pretty well taken up (or appropriated) by the **Arrow**. Her journalistic career has been stormy, to say the least. For two years, one very pedantic and conservative editor was set on removing Flood bodily from the staff. Said editor fired her—she wouldn't leave. Then she tried working her to death, but that too failed. At last she gave in—and made her Feature Editor. You see, all this was caused by

Floodrick's somewhat erratic style, and her attachment to the lowest form of humor, the pun. Her first assignment contained a sentence reading something like this: "The Music Department has moved Bach and baggage from their Haydn place above the gym to the new Art Center, where they hope to be no longer bothered by the Knockturne of the water pipes." Well, since that time her style has been patiently polished, smoothed, and perfected. She has seen the error of her ways, and now writes a beautiful, flowing, rhythmic style that pleases the Ogre Ed no end. Here is an example, taken from this issue: she speaks of the Sarah Burnhearts of the Senior play, and goes on to say, "You know the thing you are if you aren't a mouse you are a—? Well, the Senior play is doing without one this year." Well, kids, tastes change—that is, the editor's taste has had to change, because where the **Arrow** goes, Flood goes also. May God have mercy on our printer.

Graduates

The February Sweet Girl Accelerates, who fled the chaos of blue-books and chapel courts to the comparative calm of punch-clocks and pay-checks, have joined the Early-Bird-Catches-the-Job Association.

Most of the members of the EBCTJA are cooking with gas on the bunsen burners of industrial and research labs of Pittsburgh and elsewhere. Nancy Raup is one of the few women ever to enter metal research under Dr. Derge at Carnegie Tech. Also contributing PCW brains to C. I. T. is Marion Springer, who is fellowshiping in chemistry among the Carnegie Clan. At Pitt, Scotty Mackie is working in the labs of luxury piling up credits for her master's choice.

In the punch-clock club, scientific division, is Lillian Sheasby at Carnegie Illinois, and Evelyn Glick test-tubing at the United States Bureau of Mines. Having worn a path in the straight and narrow grass between Buhl Hall and James Laughlin Memorial Library, Peggy Craig is now a chemical librarian at Easton, Pennsylvania.

Out in Akron, two PCWomens have elasticity in their careers. Mary Lou Oesterling and Ruth Lynch are doing stretches in chemistry at the
(continued on page eight)

NEW OFFICERS

SGA

Our new SGA president was pre-PCWed at Ellis. Fifteen for Ellis!

Here at ye olde college she has arched, bowled, and volleyed. These diversions plus Dubarry have developed Jenks all around if not all round.

She helped plan the Junior end of the Bond Rally this year. She has handled dances and flung decorations about on various occasions. And those PCW jackets and emblems wandering all over campus these days owe their existence to Jenks.

She was second vice-president of SGA this year and knows a few of the trials and hardships of her new job already. She's been capable and dependable in everything that has come her way so far. That's the best recommendation we know for a new officer and, coupled with that win-'em-over personality of hers, is the best assurance of a well-managed and successful year for PCWites of '44 and '45.

YW

Phyllis Ingraham brought a nice big package of good college material along with that southern drawl when she left Point Pleasant for Pittsburgh. She's been distributing it lavishly over campus for three years now.

A couple of hockey teams were under her management. She was class treasurer last year and has been an active Glee Clubber all the way along. There are lots of committees to her credit too.

Most of her talents, however, have been devoted to YW activities. She is treasurer of that organization and manager of Co-op. She has been Freshman adviser, Girl Reserve Counsellor, and a faithful participant of the Woodland Hall discussion group. These are only a few of the many capacities in which she has contributed time and effort to YW. Looks like a good year ahead, Phyl.

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ARTS

c/o Postmaster

Guidebook to young men-about-town who have been converted, due to quick wartime regulations, into G.I. Joes is Corporal Thomas R. St. George's *c/o Postmaster*. "Right breezy" is this "Sergeant York's" tale of an American abroad — in Australia. As soon as he and his buddies learn their big destination in the war is not Fort Leonard Wood, they begin to believe what Sherman said. But, even in boots two sizes too large, they love life—as they find it: eggs without egg-cups, hours of waiting for chow, and all.

Arriving upside-down in the "Land Down Under," most of the fellows (at least those with no Ph.D. in languages of the South Seas and points east and west) begin boning up on the "native's" lingo. Result—a nice little bit of research on meanings of "biscuit," "koala beer," etc. And guess what! A cookie doesn't have raisins or nuts in Aussie talk.

In "this man's army" the boys find out what he-man life is. Their education includes a chance to turn an even blue in an ice-cold shower that is usually crowded. The barracks back home seem like heaven—without golden streets. To give an illusion of luxury the Americans have iron cots and cornflakes, much to the disgust of the hearty Australians who are all out for hard floors and mutton, themselves.

But the boys have their fun, too, what with balancing tea cups (producing more than just a "spot of tea") at parties, getting thrown out of cocktail bars (without proper dress and proper friends), and losing an unsuspecting private's shiny buttons to admirers. A week-end pass is not to be passed up, even if you pass out on returning to camp. An all night hike and sleep-out on the edge of an airy cliff fixes things up.

As fast as a Jeep or two feet can go, the Army gets around their new terrain. Of course, Mr. ———, who forgot to bring along an extra pair of shoes, misses all the fun. Except for an understandable but uncontrollable taste for American cigarettes, the "natives" are harmless, even likable, especially if of the female variety. A square-dance is taken out of moth-balls for "our boys," and jiving is left for Saturday nights only. Everyone gets dazed—on a sort of strawberry pop. Everyone from the "great

big U. S." is duly admired and granted favors.

All in all, Mr. St. George and his pals go on fighting the war without mentioning many reasons. Perhaps they are taking a cue from Arnold Bennett's philosophy that life goes on in a rather slow, unimportant way in times of crisis, even for a soldier. Like that old man o' war, Macbeth, they realize:

"Come what may,

Time and the hour runs through the roughest day."

In Australia life is rough but certainly not slow. A doughboy there feels just the same about a sergeant as he does here.

As one soldier has laconically commented on the book, "It certainly strikes home." Though not being in on military secrets ourselves, we agree that soldiers do act and talk like those in this new-minted story. In case you're not going to be drafted soon, and you are interested in knowing the "inside stuff" on the Army; in case you've been splurging on war bonds lately, and are caught broke, "ask the man who owns one" (a copy of *c/o Postmaster*) to let you borrow his, and you'll "fall in" for the Army for sure.

. . . by Phyllis Jones

Music Notes

The music department has planned several activities for the near future—activities which require a great deal of time and effort, to say nothing of talent, on the parts of the various participants. They deserve to be well attended.

Marion Cohen will give a recital on April 25. Mary Ruth Sampson and Dale Kirsopp are also scheduled for recitals but dates are as yet indefinite. Watch for these dates. They will be posted.

The first week of May the Glee Club will give a concert. Let's hope Fate and streptococcus don't interfere with this appearance as they did with the Christmas program.

On April 21 a chapel program has been planned. There will be a number of original compositions and also contributions from the string ensemble.

The music department urges you to attend these activities. They entail a great deal of preparation and are more than worthy of your attention and time.

NEW BOOKSHELF

A college's foundation is the quantity and quality of the books in its library. As new volumes are added to the stacks, new fountains of ideas are installed for the mental refreshment of the students—and so the college grows. Perhaps having this in mind, the late Dr. Nita L. Butler has left over 250 valuable books from her private collection to PCW's James Lauglin Memorial Library.

Through the years Dr. Butler amassed volumes with a careful eye for first editions and cultural values, and the collection which she has handed down to us is a memorial to her classic taste.

As may be supposed, the bulk of her books is comprised of artistic works—numerous biographies of painters and sculptors, art periodicals, art reference books—both ancient and modern—and her complete collection of pictures which she used in her history of art courses.

There are also small books of pictures and excellent comments on her travels in Sicily, Crete, Greece, and Italy, plus first-hand snapshots of the excavations at Pompeii where she spent several years in research. Besides the art books there are numerous fiction and non-fiction contemporary works which point to Dr. Butler's variety of interests.

A few of the books that caught your reporter's eye were *Munich Playground* by Ernest R. Pope, *Whistler's Mother* by Mumford, *Young Man of Caracas*, by Ybarra, Max Eastman's *Enjoyment of Laughter*, *Count Belisarius* by Robert Graves, *A Goodly Heritage* by Mary Ellen Chase, Ogden's *Psychology of Art*, *My Friendly Contemporaries* by Hamlin Garland, *Provence* by Ford, *The Medici* by Young, *Fulop-Miller's Triumph Over Pain*, *Complete Etchings of Rembrandt*, *Stories of the English Artists* by Davies and Hunt, Van Loon's *Tolerance*, histories of ancient Greece and Rome, and commentaries on contemporary painters and their works.

In the collection are a number of first editions of Gertrude Stein, including *The World Is Round*, in which "a rose is a rose" appears.

In the front of each book will be a name plate "In Memory of Dr. Nita L. Butler," and the complete
(continued on page six)

FEATURES

SPORTSCOPE

It's here again—and we do mean Spring! The thrills and chills of basketball gone, but not, we hope, forgotten, we can ramble on to newer and greener pastures, namely bowling, swimming, tennis, and what-have-you. For us, the gangling gals with the goggly glasses, the last is no doubt the best, but we have it — straight from headquarters—that the sport's the thing this spring. Not only are we, the PCW clan, staging a grand eloquent bowling tournament, per usual, but our spies report that each class is to have its own champion. There you have it—intra as well as inter-class competition. Something new has been added! And if that isn't enough to make some of you hep-cats sit up and take notice, we'll give you some advance info on the YW-AA swimming meet to be held Wednesday, April 26, at 2 o'clock. It's going to be keen fun, what with a Max Factor demonstration, all the trimmings that make any swimming meet what it's cracked up to be, and food! In charge are Hanna, Brewster, and Fleck. The only catch—were you waiting for this?—three hours practice before the big day. So shake a leg, sister, and climb into Mellon Pool some day when you're over in that general vicinity.

Great guns! We mentioned bowling and forgot their illustrious managers. Forgive us, won't you, and we'll toss in our latest data on the situation. Starting from the bottom up, or the top down, depending on how your eyes focus, we find as Frosh manager Rosemary Hoge, Sophomore Margie Couch, Junior M. Davis, and Senior Joanne Knass. That setup ought to be inspiration 'nough for youse gals who hit the pins.

Our information center lost out somewhere on the tennis angle. But tennis there will surely be, count on that—even if it rains all during April and half of May is spent rolling the courts. We do hear—and we hope our source is reliable — that Mellon Hall courts are to be used this year, at last. And here is something you may not know. Those courts were built especially for Mrs. Mellon to play on, and they're considered the best courts in Pittsburgh—and yet we gals of PCW who have the privilege of using them continue to let them mold away in the spring

sunshine. Let's hope they'll be used to good advantage this April and May.

Thought we might mention here the ardent desire of some Frosh to have golf a sport on campus. Seems there are quite a few interested. This is really one swell outdoor sport for warm weather—maybe we ought to take it up.

This seems to be all—for now. But watch the calendar for sports activities, won't you? We need sideline support as much as competition in the actual fray. Your interest and cooperation can really make the sport the thing this spring.

Major Reasons

When one is asked why he made a decision that greatly influenced his life, he is sometimes bewildered to realize that, on first thought, he can't remember. Such was my reaction when I was asked several weeks ago, "Why did you major in chemistry?"

I could vaguely remember asking myself that same question, perhaps with not the same inflection, one morning several months ago as the sky became lighter in the east. My lab notebook (more commonly tagged scrap-book), slide rule, about fifty too many papers, and at least six books were strewn over the desk in the Aluminum Room. However, I'm a firm believer in the philosophy that nothing really worthwhile in life can be appreciated, or even attained, without putting forth a little effort.

I suppose at the beginning it was something very concrete, like the dread of pounding on a typewriter all day, that started me on my way toward chemistry. However, I can clearly remember always wondering what such common objects as a chair, dress, or a window pane really were. And why was salt so different from sugar?

The thought of working in a lab fascinated me, and it still does. There is a reason for everything that happens during an experiment. And it is up to the chemist to find out what it is. This he does through a very logical process, proceeding step by step from what he knows until he can deduce what he doesn't know. His next step is to prove his deduction.

Chemistry is often accused of being

cold and abstract. It is difficult for me to understand accusations when I think of all the wonderful things for which chemistry is responsible. From one lab came the nylon stockings we are all treating so gently. From another came the high octane gasoline our Flying Fortresses use to bomb Berlin. And from still another came the miraculous sulfa drugs that our service boys carry with them to offset infection if they are wounded. All we need is a little vision past the test tubes and Bunsen burners to realize that chemistry plays a very vital role in all our lives.

I think the main reason I'm so very glad I majored in chemistry is that it is going to be much a part of all the exciting discoveries to be revealed after the war. To be the recipient of the startlingly new world to come is one thing; but to understand, if only partially, how it came to be is still another.

New Bookshelf

(continued from page five)

collection will be added to the general circulation collection of the library, according to the wishes of Dr. Butler. She felt that in this way her books would reach a greater number of the students. At the present time they are in the Tudor room until they can be completely catalogued; however, they may be borrowed now and quite a few are already circulating among the students.

Ruth Davies, a PCW alumna and close friend of Dr. Butler, plans to augment the collection each year with new volumes.

Though the students, who knew and worked under Dr. Butler leave, her memory will be kept alive by the books she collected and left as a parting gift to "her girls."

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FEATURES

HERE AND THERE

Now that we're over those desperate moments of trying hard to keep back the tears of disappointment at not finding an Easter basket waiting for us on Sunday morning, complete with jelly beans, squashy chickens, and big fat indigestible eggs, we can regain our former composed, savoir-faire attitude and cast cool, unimpassioned glances hither and yon, over the world in general. And by the way, Sherman was certainly stating an absolute—there wasn't even a fascinating piece of scenery in church on which to rivet the eager eyes. So we're back at the grind, with term papers not even started, but with a happy hope that another year will find us returning in a starry-eyed condition, the remains of chocolate Easter eggs smeared over the not-so-composed countenance.

Easter Parade

Vacation found the more fortunate PCW gals making pilgrimages over the face of the globe—to visit their loves, or the Universal Love, New York. We noticed that "I-was-buried-six-weeks-ago" look on the faces of Jonni, Leonard, Leibold, Bacon, Lohmeyer, Caldwell, Donaldson, Harlan, and Knauss, but they hastily assured us that every wild minute of the week was definitely worth the after-effects—from Greenwich to the Stork Club . . . Lucky Jean Dalzell has parents living in New York, while the rest of us have to return to the farm and the valley . . . As to other vagrants—Chickie Sawders directed her feet to the sunny side of the street in Atlantic City, while Janet Bovard headed south to Virginia and Charles . . . Johnny was the happiest boy in Mississippi when Betty Beck hopped off the plane, and we heard that the fleet decided to stay on shore when Murph hit Annapolis . . . Morgan and Hansen were taken to New York by the parents, and then each met her man there, agreeing that "Life Can Be Beautiful" . . . A nice con-

solation prize for many was an orchid from The Man . . . Berry Hall looked like Phipps Conservatory on Easter Tuesday.

Number Ten Lullaby Lane

You'll just have to start adhering to the "Marriages Are Made in Heaven" theory. It's no use even trying to talk to Reiber, Lynch, or Watson about affairs mundane . . . But then, we think they should talk to Betty Urban, who has forsaken school, career et al for Frank and the life domestique. There's a gal that's sold on marriage! (Confidentially, so are we) . . . Dr. Andrew and Miss Errett are spelling their names with a Mrs. . . . They're engaged, they're lovely, they use Kem-Tone—Riggy, Nellie Ireland and Phyl Ingraham . . . Then too, Lou Power is on the right road to a happy future—she's got Tommy's pin. (All this and Moore, we add with deep apologies for the pun.)

G.I. Jive

A. J. Goodwin's Wes was made a Pfc.—soon to be a general . . . Sophomore Spars Sue Funk and Doodle Letche are training at Palm Beach. Some people aren't so dumb, you'll conclude, as the rain continues to drip upon your shivering backbone . . . Advancing in the military world—Betty Anthon's Jimmy, from U. S. Coast Guard Academy, and Helen Clewer's fiance, George, from two stripes to three . . . Zimmerman has been filling the "B" box with letters for J. Brewster, to say nothing of a bracelet acquired by same from same . . . Dick and Bill are boosting morale in the manner we like to see—letters and more letters for Marty Coate and Betty Sossong, respectively . . . We can't all get mail from Egypt, either. Lulu Copetas has got the priority . . . By far the best news of the month was the word received by Ginny Van Kirk that her man, reported missing, is safe and sound.

(continued on page eight)

CAMPUS COMMENTS

MAYBE the superhuman effort to bag a man in these barren times has unbalanced advertisers along with college women. Maybe the advertisers are siezing an unfair opportunity to baffle us in our frustration. Maybe the open-minded candidness of our age has got out of hand. Maybe there's merely a trend toward compensation mechanisms. Whatever the cause or the motive, the result is frightening, simply frightening.

An innocent, leafing blithely through a magazine, discovers the most disturbing sequence of commercials. The tale begins with *Yu*, progresses to *Heartbeat*, to *Breathless*, to *Intoxication*, to *Possession*, and finally to *L'ardente Nuit*. Perish forbid!

AND ON with a few more choice tidbits . . .

Opium Dream. Oh! so different, and Oh! so utterly beautiful. Priceless too because it's so reluctant to chip. (That's my boy said that.)

Perma-lift brassieres. The Lift That Never Lets You Down. (Well gee now.)

Looking for that new material to make an old pattern come alive? Try Trigger cloth tebilized for crease-resistance. Trim it with long-wearing La Riche or Irelin. Or perhaps a yard of red and blue Tattersal will catch your eye. And do add those "inspired shoulders." (Gawd yes.)

Heel Latch makes its debut. The new custom-built shoe. Locks the heel in place, supports the arch, and massages the metatarsal. (Also guaranteed to remove dandruff on the first application.)

Cloud-soft face powder that has been buffed by whirling torrents of air. (Sou'wester rolling up alee.)

La Cross. "Very Well Red." A wise red with a gay blue twinkle. (And a darn good I. Q. too.)

You'll want a pair of these superbly-made gloves with kip seams and a Bolton thumb. (Nose goes with.)

Don't forget! It isn't a Layette without a Kantwet Cuddlenest. (How could dat a slipped me mind?)

Leave us face it.

(continued on page fourteen)

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FEATURES

Here And There

(continued from page seven)

Mary Chambers tarrying at the Tarry with an ensign . . . Sally Lou Smith with Pitt soldier Bob Cross . . . Scene in Child's—H. Gilmore with Roy, and C. Thorne with a male whose name she couldn't quite catch. (We have long been aware of the fact that you can't be too choosy these days, but it is nice to know these details) . . . The name is Dave, and the accent is definitely English—it all belongs to Sinewe, too . . . Gladys Heimert and med student, Tom, painting the town red. (Not for medicinal purposes, either) . . . Norma Bailey seems to be trying out the professions with M.D.'s and D.D.'s . . . Then there are those who contend with D.T.'s . . . Social gad-about of the month—Coxie, who remembered that luncheon date at Horne's about 9:30 P. M. on the appointed day. We understand that twelve hours a day is the average time she spends gazing obliviously at her smooth new picture of Carl.

This Love of Mine

The reflection that knocks you over is emitted from the beaming faces of Dorothy Nelson, whose Bud is home from Camp Maxey, Texas, and long-enduring P. Smythe. Fred is finally going to make it this time, and we're all as excited as she is . . . Those endless communications between Marco Polo and Penelope actually materialized during vacation. The nom-de-plumes belong to Chantler and Duff, greatest team since Stanley and Livingston . . . Now that Hydie isn't junior interning at Sewickley Hospital, his time belongs to Sally Meanor . . . The Purple Heart for Patience goes to Aida de Bellis—she's still waiting for Henry's furlough . . . It looks as if Jane Murray's little brother, Roger, wasn't very far from wrong, when he said some day she'd have the whole army camping on her doorstep. Gunner is expected any day now, Ben is demanding to see her this month, and Truman, who hasn't been home in 18 months, thinks he can be in Mt. Lebanon within a week or two . . . What's that song about an apple tree? . . .

What's New?

Ruth ("I'll Never Smile Again") Jenkins informs us that the latest communique from Kenny states his intention of taking sister Edith J. to the Annapolis Graduation Hop, since she is in Washington and Ruth isn't. Oh, well, there's nothing like keeping

it in the family . . . Pat Gersmann now an aunt, with a nephew . . . That wooden fetisch of Marian Lean's is a facsimile of Ski-Trooper Dick . . . The gold heart charm Mary Lou Egan has is from Duncan . . . Be-mumped Cynthiaanne Say singing, "Oh, Look At Me Now." . . . Eva Caloyer tells us that her deepest desire is to be a Girl of the Ozarks (whatever that means) . . . We leave you with a thought for a lifetime—Eleanor Goldfarb gets bouquets from an unknown admirer, signed simply and poignantly, "Johnny." Miss Goldfarb conducts her "I Tell You How—The Rest Is Up to Johnny" clinic between the hours of four and six, weekdays, Monday through Friday, in Room 406, Woodland Hall. Just take the elevator at the end of the first floor hallway. Interviews are short, analytical, and oh, so enlightening.

You can't live right and be in "Who's Who";

Ripley wouldn't believe you—we always do.

Of conscience and morals you must have a dearth,

Besides, do you *want* to inherit the earth?

Graduates

(continued from page four)

Firestone Tire and Rubber Company.

In the non-scientific division, Anna Adams, when not making dates with her husband, is chalking up appointments for her doctor employer here in Pittsburgh, and Betty Monroe is teaching the young of Youngstown, Ohio.

Out in Claremont California, Peg Johnson is singing in the sunshine, being coached in her arias by her teacher of last summer.

If the eleven accelerates of the Early-Bird-Catches-The-Job Association are portents of things to come, come June, the class of '44 will be one hundred percent employees in the realm of industry.

MENTOR CENTER

. . . Rachel Kirk

Up until now, no one of the present eager generation of PCW students has come into my office, seated herself cross-legged on my rug and asked, with shining eyes, "What was college like when you went to PCW, grandma?" It hasn't happened now, either. What did happen was that two **Arrow** editors tramped in one pre-vacation afternoon about five o'clock, when my resistance is low, and cajoled me into writing a Mentor Center piece. "Just write about anything," they said blithely. As an old **Arrow** editor myself, I know that columns must be filled, and I admire this fiendish device for doing it with virtually no effort on the part of the staff.

In my day, we jealously guarded the **Arrow** to keep it free from any faculty taint. We had an office all to ourselves where the Film Library is now. There we kept a boxful of old *Pennsylvanian* cuts, a couple of rulers, some old **Arrows** and a pile of copy paper. We borrowed Mrs. Shupp's paste, and on Saturday afternoons before the paper came out, we pasted up the dummy and wrote fillers ourselves. Before the **Arrow** in its present form, we had a fortnightly newspaper of four big pages; its most popular feature was a gossip column called "PCWhoops."

We were very serious about the imminent war my first three years. We could afford to be—it was still far away. Our debating team participated in very solemn round-tables; the Intercollegiate Conferences on Government at Harrisburg outlined plans for world federations and drew up radical declarations. (I am happy to report that PCW girls were always the belles of these conferences.) We had for a couple of years a very dull series of semi-revival meetings, sponsored by an or-

(continued on page nine)

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FEATURES

Science in Education

(continued from page two)

Some will argue that they have not the aptitude for physical sciences. Granted. However, the aptitude can, in all probability, be developed and it will be found that those people who do not have such an aptitude have, in most cases, made little or no earnest effort to attain it. Lack of interest is, more often than not, lack of knowledge.

Perhaps the physical sciences are shunned because their mastery requires a little more mental exertion than other courses. Perhaps they are avoided because their study involves an experimental technique which soils the hands.

Some few people there may be whose honest efforts in the behalf of science have availed them little—who have found Chemistry 1-2 a mortal struggle. These students must gather up what deductive processes and scientific by-lines they can glean from other sources, or plug along without benefit of any such assistance.

Perhaps our science courses are not so planned that they appeal to the greatest number of students. Perhaps a greater amount of applicable material might be obtained from a general science survey than from a straight chemistry, biology, or physics course. Perhaps students are looking for science from a purely practical point of view. If the general appeal is for an easy method of obtaining scientific and deductive facility—then we may as well forget the issue because there is no effortless way. Anything worth having is worth working for and rarer than rare is the truly worthy attainment that is borne in on a silver platter.

Finding the right system of scientific education to adequately meet the

needs of the average student whose inclination is other than scientific will be a professorial and administrative headache. It will require lengthy experimentation and more than one failure but whatever the trials and tribulations, success will be worth them all.

To graduate a student into this day and age with an education as low in science as five percent is to stack the cards against him—deal him a Mississippi Heart hand. It is sending him to bat with two strikes against him. To call such a student cultured is to break faith with the liberalism of the arts.

NURSE'S AIDES

Young women of college age—this war is close to you as well as others. Your schoolmates and companions, the youth of America are the ones who are and will be fighting our battles, on land, sea and air.

It takes little urging, I am sure, rather just putting the facts before you, to enlist your support for a noble service.

Red Cross Volunteer Nurse's Aides are needed in our hospitals, because of the number of nurses who have left to serve the armed forces and because the ill and wounded are being returned to our hospitals and need care. Nurse's Aide work is important and interesting and a real help to hospitals and communities.

The training and experience is of inestimable value for the future and while giving an urgently needed service, each Aide becomes a more valuable member of society.

Will you not defend the home front and give some of your spare time?

An accelerated course of training will be given during the vacation period. It will be held five days a week for a six hour period, 9:00 a. m. to 3:00 p. m. for three weeks. Part of the time will be devoted to class work and the remainder to practice on the wards.

The age requirement is eighteen years. Enroll now as classes must be planned in advance. For an interview, phone Grant 1680, or apply at Nurse's Aide Headquarters, Wabash Station, Pittsburgh, Pa. (Advertisement).

Mentor Center

(continued from page eight)

ganization called the Student Christian Union. So far as is recorded, no PCW student was saved, and we went on our sinful way, cutting chapel and not handing papers in on time. There was candy in Co-op, but no cigarettes.

You have Wednesday afternoons off because that was once club meeting time. Until four years ago, PCW was a welter of departmental clubs; we joined as many as we could and then attended the ones that served the best refreshments. When May Day year arrived, all extra-curricular activity was suspended for the second semester. Everyone, including faculty members, manufactured paper flowers for the Maypole streamers, refurbished old costumes and made new ones, practiced dances and griped. Then, when it was all over, and the papers had taken dozens of pictures, and people had come for miles to see it, we wanted to do it all over again.

We wore sweaters and skirts to school; only a few pioneering souls wore slacks, and blue jeans were left to the exotics at Bryn Mawr. We wore knee-socks and rubber-soled shoes and little bows in our hair and beer-jackets in the spring. The smoking-room was in the basement of the Science Building, and Berry Hall drawing-room and Woodland Hall living-room were the centers of social activity. The campus was only half as big as it is now, and if you wanted a place to park your car, you had to get to school by 8:30. We had no swimming-pool or Coke machine, but we did have men—men to act in our plays, to come to our dances, to take us to the movies and to invite us to college week-ends.

My last year, the war had come, finally. It was still in Europe, but we knew very surely that the United States must enter it too and that for many years no one would know security and peace again. And so, that spring of 1940, when France and the Low Countries fell, we studied for our last exams and practiced for our Senior show and play on the warm grass in the afternoons and listened to the mowing-machine humming over the hill. And we held tight to our four good years at PCW, as a talisman against the despair and loneliness and weariness that were coming to us.

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LITERATURE

A STORY OF TIN PAN ALLEY by Nancy Jane Herdt, '45

Now I've heard some pretty corny songs in my time. I ain't beat it out on the piano at Joe Gruber's "Shady Nook" sixteen years for my health. In fact, I'll even go so far as to say I've written some fairly crummy tunes my own self. But not since I'm knee-high to a grasshopper did something like *this* every really get me. "The Music Goes Round and Round" . . . well, that kinda made sense. And the "Beer Barrel Polka" . . . I still bring it out once in a while. I guess the closest I ever come to feelin' this way before was over that jaggy "Hut Sut" song. But nothin' . . . St. Vitus Dance and the DT's included . . . has ever got me like this "Mairzy Doats" business.

It wouldn't of been so bad if they'd of let me and the boys play it now and then. But, no, the customer's always right, and if they wanta sing it, they get to sing it. Thirty million times a night, I betcha, I was asked to play it . . . with everybody joinin' in on the first, second, and third chorus. It got so the other three guys in the band went out for a smoke every time it was requested, but not me. You allus gotta have a piano. It got so that I couldn't even go home without I was hearin' either the wife or one of the kids or some jerk over the radio singin' it. So that's how I happened to take my first trip to good old sunny Florida. I just couldn't take it no longer, so I stops in Joe's office one night after another fifty million playings of "Mairzy doats and dozy doats and liddle lamzy divey."

"Look, Joe," I says, "I've stuck with you through some pretty tough days . . . prohibition, the Crash, them lean early Thirties. But I've had just about as much 'Mairzy Doats' as I can take. Effective here-with now and tonight I'm tendin' my resignation. I can't play that song one more time. I'll go nuts, I tell ya."

Joe's an all right guy. And besides that, he ain't deaf neither. I know damn well he's sit in that little office of his off to the right of the dance floor and plugged his ears up with cotton or took another shot when it got around to the sixty millionth playin' in an evening. So he looks at me like only an understand-

in' pal can and says, "I know what you mean, Mac. I was wonderin' how long you'd go without crackin'. Anyhow it dawned on me not so long ago you ain't had a vacation is a helluva long time. Now I got a pal who's got some kind of a place down in Florida. He used it during prohibition for a sort of headquarters, see? It's stuck out in the middle of God's country but I'm thinkin' it's just what you need. You can buy a few cans of beans and stuff and take a little rest down there. He's in the Navy now and gave me the keys to keep. 'Use it anytime you want to get away by yourself,' he says. So how's about it, Mac? You can leave as soon as you're ready and stay two-three weeks. By that time things will have quieted down and maybe died a natural death. Then you can come back fresh as a daisy and pick up where you left off. How's about it, pal?"

Well, it sounds OK to me and I tells him so. I come down on the train not expectin' much, but it turns out it's a peach of a set-up. Nothin' to bother you but the birds and the crickets. First thing I did when I got in was to pull all the radio plugs. I wasn't takin' no chances of accidentally gettin' that tune started around my head again. On about my third day here I was really beginnin' to feel in the pink. And sleep . . . geez, I forgot what it was like not to be meetin' the milkman on my way home from the "Nook." Well, that sleepin' business was what started all this again. Every morning outside my window there's a little bird sits in the tree and sings good morning. He's got a nice enough little tune . . . in fact I likes it so much I puts another measure to it. Then every time he whistles his measure, I answers back with *my* measure. It got to be sort of a game and I even began to wake up before Capistrano (that's what I named him) got there so's I could have a coupla practice whistles in. This goes on, see, for about a week before it hits me. *It* in this case bein' a song.

I don't know why I didn't think of it right away because it struck me the first time as one of them tunes that gets started in your head and goes around and around all day.

I was whistlin' it at breakfast and I'd still be whistlin' it at supper. Anyhow it was about a week before I tries to put it down in black and white. Once I got started it come easy. Well, I sat up 'til 2:30 one morning finishin' it, and believe it or not, I could hardly keep my eyes open. Two thirty . . . imagine! I thinks to myself, "Maybe it just sounds good tonight. I'll see how it is in the morning."

So the next day . . . and I even waited 'til after breakfast . . . I sits down and runs through it. Well, bingo! Just like that I knew I had a hit. You can't play the piano in a New York joint for sixteen years without knowin' a hit when you hear one. But I waits until after lunch, see, because I hate to give up this nice vacation. About 1 p.m. I tries it again . . . and it's no use: I know as soon as I finish it that I've got to get back to Joe and show it to him. When you get something that's really good it just ain't fair to the public not to let 'em in on it. So I packs my bag and walks into town, (I had the phone disconnected, too) and sends Joe a telegram from there.

Naturally Joe likes it. He knows a hit when he hears one, too. In less than two weeks we puts it on every music stand in the country. Tommy Dorsey, the Merry Macs, and Sinatra fights over who's gonna make the first disc. Kostelanetz and Basin Street is at each other's neck to play it first over the radio. And "Shady Nook" . . . geez, we ain't done such a business since we con-

(continued on page eleven)

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LITERATURE

Tin Pan Alley

(continued from page ten)

verted from a speak-easy. Everybody comes to hear me play it on accounta me writin' it. Now I ain't got a singin' voice, but they even makes me sing the words Joe and me fit to the notes. The whole music world went bats about it. I'd go home nights (in a taxi, if you please) and the cabbie'd be whistlin' it; then I'd meet the milkman and he's hummin' it; even the nigger who come in now to do our cleanin' would sing it. There was boogie arrangements, Prince Matchiabelli violin arrangements, arrangements for trios, quartets, sextets, octets, and on up. Hope and Crosby used it for a theme song on visits to Army camps, and four platoons of submarine guys picked it as the song they'd most like to be submerged with. As somebody said who understands what it means, "Its ubiquity was complete." It even got so's I couldn't take the wife and kids no place for dinner without the orchestra playin' it the whole time . . . to please me, they thought.

You can just about guess the rest. You'll have to admit, even Shostakovich would get tired of hearin' some of his stuff played over and over and over. So, naturally, that's what happens to me. After about two weeks of hearing nothin' but my song (some wag even fit the words of "Happy Birthday" to it)

I buys another ticket to Florida and goes to Joe again for the keys. "Stay as long as you want to, Mac," he says, "and maybe you'll come back with something this hot again."

"Perish forbid," I says, stealin' a phrase from my friend Archie.

So that's how it happens I'm back to peace and quiet now. I just got here tonight . . . in fact, the train was an hour late pullin' in, but not even that made me mad. This place is to me what vitamin B-1 is to most guys. And now I'm gonna pull all the radio plugs and have the phone disconnected. Ah, peace and quiet, how I loves thee. Geez, I never knew it could be so quiet at ten o'clock at night before I come here. Let's see, first the radio plugs, next the phone. I guess that isolates me. Ah, and now to breathe in some of this fresh night air. I can't understand how even a dry town can smell so good in Florida. I figger there's no sense in tryin' to fight sleep once you get down here. As far as I'm concerned it's just a matter of gettin' upstairs, openin' the window, and ploppin' down on the bed before it sneaks up on you and you wake up next morning in an arm chair with the lights still on.

* * *

"Oh, God! Who plugged in that radio?" Them is my first words as the sun shines through the curtain and I hops out of bed. But it ain't the sun that's waked me up, it's that damned song. I tries all the radio dials, but they ain't on. Then it dawns on me. I lunges toward the window, opens the screen, and comes face to face with Capistrano. Over and over he's singin' the first measure of Tin Pan Alley's latest hit. "For God's sake, Capistrano," I says to him, "why don't you learn the rest of it if you have to sing it?"

Then I begins to really think. It won't be just *this* morning he'll come, it will be *every* morning. The part that gets me most, though, is that I encouraged him.

Kicking off my bedroom slippers, I tip-toes over to the bureau, opens the top right hand drawer, and reaches for my shiny black revolver. When I gets back to the window, I aims sort of slow and sure-like, and pulls the trigger. Capistrano falls to the ground between the second and third beats of the first measure. I wait a couple of minutes and then

lean out to look at the little heap of feathers down on the ground. A lump comes in my throat, and I whisper, "I hated like hell to do it, Cap old boy, but if you'd heard nothing but that damned song for the last two weeks, you'd understand."

Only then does the irony strike me. That was all Capistrano could sing. I'm feelin' pretty bad by now so I makes up my mind to get dressed and go for a walk. Maybe it will make me feel better.

The dew is still on the grass as I head for the little grove at the east of the house. It's a good-all-over feeling to be out so early in the morning. But I'm not more than three hundred feet from the house when I hear the faint beginnings of a very familiar tune. I stop quick and put my hands over my ears. I'm thinkin' a million things.

Then it suddenly comes clear to me. Capistrano was not an only child. And for that matter, neither was his mother and father. To face stark reality, the woods is full of Capistrano's relatives, all singin' the same song. The first measure of *my* song!

Then I turns around and runs back to the house, slippin' a coupla times on the wet grass. I gets to the bedroom, opens the top right hand drawer of the bureau, and pulls out my shiny black revolver. "I'll kill them all, that's what I'll do," I says to myself. "No pack of birds is gonna drive me nuts."

By the time I gets downstairs again, I'm beginning to feel a little bit calmer. I sits down on the couch and props my feet up on the mahogany coffee table. Then I looks at it this way: "There's hundreds of them and one of me. And besides, I'm the one that's unhappy, not them."

I put my feet down on the floor and slowly get up. There's a desk over in the corner by the high-boy, with paper and pen and ink out just like I left it last time. I dips the pen down in the ink bottle and writes, "I'm going out now into the yard to clean my gun. If anything happens, it ain't anybody's fault but my own.—Edward H. McCune."

A shot rang out in the still of the morning. Very soon the air was filled again with the happy song of the birds.

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LITERATURE

RAIN FOR REMEMBRANCE by Barbara Collins, '45

The rain had fallen persistently and mistily all day. The drops had lost their identity as they mixed with their predecessors on the puddle-covered sidewalk merging into a flat stream which soaked the sod on either side. The clearest puddles mirrored bare branches of overhanging trees whose trunks were slick with wet. The occasional drops which fell from them were larger than the sky-sent ones.

The sound on the bricks was steady as a clock, broken only once in a while by a hurrying passerby. Just when twilight began was not distinguishable, but toward the end of the day the trend of bustlers was interrupted by a girl whose stride was not rushed. She was attired in raincoat, sou'wester, and knee-high boots. Her hands were stuffed in her pockets and her face lifted to catch the weather.

She held a letter between her fingers in one pocket, and laughingly repeated parts of it to herself as her feet padded over the uneven bricks. There was something about his bunkmate being sick . . . she could picture him groping in the galley to find orange juice . . . the choppy waves and all the food falling out of the cold storage box onto his whites. This meant he would have to wash them some sunny morning on deck. She giggled to herself. Then her eyes softened at the memory of the part about missing her and their walks and talks. He wanted her to send him something to bring it all back to him.

A man with a big black umbrella bumped the girl. He apologized and the girl laughed and forgave him. The incident reminded her of the boy who had written the letter. They had walked in the rain by the hour and he had invariably bumped into something, so rapt was he in what he was saying.

A few more steps brought a wooden sign into view. It was small and swung on an outstretched piece of black and curving metal. The letters now were crying endless tears but through them one could read "Book and Gift Shop." Beside it hung an old fashioned lantern which gleamed with a dim and flickering flame. It was attached to a brick wall. Mortar oozed from between the bricks as if the bricklayer had been in a hurry.

To reach the doorway beneath them the buyer must descend several worn stone steps below the sidewalk level.

The girl passed a doorway in which were huddled women and their strainingly eager children. The door opened into a college inn and pungent odors filled the air outside its flower-boxed windows. She wished she could send those smells to him. They would be so familiar.

There really wasn't much she could send. She passed old houses around whose yards were high iron fences. Brown, old vines still clung to each handsomely carved paling. But they had been green when he had seen them.

Beyond them looking rather out-of-place with its light-circled marquee was a small movie house. It had been the very last row in the balcony to which they had climbed. Their hands had been locked tightly. The love stories on the screen had been rather unnecessary. If only she could put that shoulder next to shoulder feeling into an envelope.

Next to the theater was a building no larger than a stage set. Its windows were filled with popcorn, caramels and buttered, in a glass cage. Inside were jars of peppermint sticks and trays of homemade fudge. She could send these, but without the smiling, jolly, fat man behind the counter, the warm salty taste would be gone and the candy not nearly so sweet. The man had a baby grandson who sat, fascinated, in a little chair and laughed joyously when customers chose red cinnamon balls. The two of them had bought a sack of something different each time they came, but always a red ball, just to hear the little fellow chuckle and watch his eyes sparkle.

The store sat right at the edge of the hilly campus, all green and glistening now under the spring shower. Stone paths ran every which way. At the end of one was a gray, vine-covered library. The girl didn't take the path now, but she remembered the evenings in the biggest room. The tables were long and shiny, and polka dots of lights from green shaded lamps splashed over their surface. They had found it necessary to use only one polka dot since their books lay very close together. He must remember that still, whispery feeling. They used to have it on starry nights and in chapel at four o'clock vespers. Maybe the sea was hushed like that sometimes.

The girl walked down the steps and opened the door. A tiny bell, secretly attached up above, summoned the shopkeeper. A grey haired man came forward but the girl indicated that she intended to browse.

The walls of the room were covered with shelves holding books, cards, glassware, pictures, needlework, soap, leather boxes, and all kinds of bric-a-brac found only in book stores. She moved between the rows of pitchers and flower holders until she came upon a small, round table covered with tiny figurines. Little girls and big girls, old men, Scotch men, all types stood together as if at a great reception. The girl was admiring a little milkmaid when a thimble-sized umbrella caught her eye. Under it was a very young girl in raincoat, boots and hat. It was perfect. Even the china hair was as dark as the girl's.

She hastily picked it up and searched for the man. She gave him a Coast Guard address and selected a white card.

On it she wrote, "Bring her back soon."

From the Third Angle

—And is it true, this time-worn axiom,
That only where the heart is can be home?
Well—I am destined then to wander
Always homeless and alone through
a November world,
For where my errant heart has gone
To hide from reason, clinging to the
reckless promise
In your eyes and pleading smile.
I have no liberty for going
And no right to stay—
Although by canon of our love we're
ever one,
By code of life's convention we are
two—
And so I hide my wistful dream
And lock the silent longing close
Within an empty breast.
I know that I must turn all hope
Away from your mad offer
Of a sanctuary in your love,
And laugh to mask a song of loneli-
ness,
And clutch my failing courage
In a trembling hand, and finding
strength for smiling,
Somehow send you back—

. . . by Virginia Ricks

LITERATURE

A RINGby Marian Updegraff, '45

There was singing and rioting in the narrow streets and the tricolor burst forth at the least provocation from the breeze. Fat peasant women danced and children smeared with the blood of the nobility played in the gutters.

"Vive les citoyens! Vive la France! Vive la Guillotine!"

Jeanne de Chauvaigny made her way slowly to the Cathedral where Antoine and their son were awaiting with the Priest. Her face had been stained with the brown clay of the Seine and her hair was covered by a dark brown cloth. She clutched a basket in her hand, and in her belt were the passports for which the Priest had sent her—one for Antoine, one for Alexander, their infant son, and one for herself.

The tricolor floated around her and the noise became heavier as she neared the square. It was the sight of the guillotine and the frenzy of the crowd that forced her to lean against the wall closest to her and to stare horror-stricken at the leering faces of the mob. Near the guillotine, she recognized le duc de Beaumarchons, Antoine's father who was silently waiting.

Jeanne drew her cloak tighter about her shoulders. The Priest had given her this ugly wrap and had warned her to stain her face. The priest was clever, but Antoine had paid him much to gain passage to England and from there to Louisiana. Most of her jewels had already dis-

appeared into the Priest's pocket piece by piece. There remained only the necklace, the jeweled miniature, and her wedding ring.

Jeanne's eyes were fastened on Antoine's father. Her hands slipped to her face, and she covered her eyes as Beaumarchons moved toward the guillotine. Falling against the stone building behind her, she slumped downwards.

Suddenly, the loud cheers of "Vive la France . . . Vive le citoyen Robespierre," pierced the calm. Jeanne sat staring at the blood which had rolled from the platform onto the street. The wild cheering grew louder.

It was this shouting and the mad dancing about her that brought her to her senses, and when Jeanne looked up, the avaricious eyes of a fat citizen were watching her fingers. She clasped them together quickly, covering the wedding ring—the ring Antoine had given her with the tiny pearls and emeralds that resembled a wreath of flowers—the one that matched the frame of the miniature which du Faisson had painted of her as her wedding gift to Antoine.

With a scream, Jeanne jumped to her feet and madly ran toward the Cathedral, her cape falling from her shoulders. Once more she turned to look at the cheering mob, and stumbling into the street, she fell into the path of a carriage . . . the carriage of Robespierre.

Only the children ran to where

Jeanne lay . . . the carriage stopped, the driver jumped out and bent toward her body. He pushed her cloak back, then noticed Jeanne's fingers. Quickly he slipped the ring from her finger and put it into his pocket. A child grabbed Jeanne's basket and ran.

"It's only a woman," the driver said.

"Take her into the Cathedral," someone called from the carriage, "to get her off the street."

Jeanne's limp body was dragged up the three stone steps to the entrance and across the stone floor and was left lying near the door.

That night Antoine pulled the miniature of Jeanne from his clothes, and looked once more at her smiling face, her sparkling green eyes, and her slender fingers touching her throat. Once more he looked at the band around her finger which matched so perfectly the frame around the portrait. Then Antoine carefully closed it, and with his infant son, slipped out from the Cathedral and alone, the two left for England and for America.

* * *

Therese Leblanc heard the American soldiers singing downstairs . . . some silly American song which she couldn't understand, but it had something about "Parlez-vous" in it. It made no difference how slowly they went, she could not catch many of the words. Only one of the eighteen soldiers quartered at the inn knew French—Alexander de Chauvaigny, who lived in Louisiana and whose great-grandfather had been carried from France during the Revolution to America by his father.

Therese liked him better than the others. It wasn't that Alexander had been particularly kind to her, that he had told her about America, that he had acted as an interpreter for her. It was for an unknown reason.

He had said once, "I must fight for France too, for within me there is still some French spirit . . . some ties."

Therese thought she understood what he meant, how he felt, but there were other things that drew her closer to him. There was the feeling that she had always known him, that they had been together once before.

(continued on page fourteen)

ANTHON'S

FOR GOOD FOOD AND PASTRIES

EAST LIBERTY

LITERATURE

*A Ring**(continued from page thirteen)*

Now her blood was tingling. He was coming early, and Therese thought that tonight he would know that he had fallen in love with her.

Therese had asked Aline to entertain the soldiers and to fetch them wine when they called for it, and she could hear Aline's laugh above the Americans' voices. There was the song again: "Inky Dinky Parleyvous."

She paused to listen for the words, but they ended with a boisterous laugh. She reached for her green muslin dress and slowly pulled it over her head.

Outside it was quiet. The dull thud of the big guns at the front had stopped. The American soldiers had been tense today, and now downstairs, there was no sound. For each of six days, the guns had sounded closer, and the quiet meant a new offensive would start shortly. It had been quiet now for some hours.

Therese moved closer to the window in her room and looked toward the horizon. Her green eyes were smarting when she turned away.

Slowly she brushed her hair; tears were falling on her cheeks.

"Alexander, I must look beautiful for you tonight," she said softly. Turning toward a mirror, she pinched her cheeks and forced herself to laugh. It was then she noticed how simple her dress was, and opening the top drawer, Therese reached for an old brooch, when she thought of the ring Papa had sent mother one time from Paris.

It was a tiny ring made like a wreath of pearl flowers and emerald leaves. Therese turned it over and over in her fingers, and forced it over the ring finger of her left hand. It pinched as it went over her knuckle, but it fitted around the base of her finger.

"Therese," Aline hurried into the room. "It's Alexander. Hurry!"

Therese pulled at the ring, but her red knuckle was swollen so that it couldn't be forced off.

"A moment, Aline . . . tell him a moment."

Therese dipped her finger into the basin of cold water that stood on the table behind the Chinese screen, but the ring wouldn't move.

"Therese . . . I think Alexander is leaving in a few minutes for the front!" Aline handed her a towel, and watched her slowly dry her

fingers. Suddenly, Therese ran downstairs.

Alexander held his hands out to meet her, and she reached for them.

"Did Aline tell you? This is it," Alexander said.

Therese lowered her head.

"We're leaving for the Argonne." Alexander nervously slid his fingers to her hand and turned the ring around on her finger.

"Therese." Alexander gently pushed her down in a chair and sat on the arm beside her. "Therese, I might never come back."

She kept her head lowered, and said, "Never?"

"I love you, Therese. I've got to tell you that. I haven't the right when I might not come back . . . oh, Therese, it's all so mixed up."

"But I love you, Alexander." She was smiling at him; tears were rolling down her cheeks.

The soldiers turned and stared for a second at them, but when Alexander pulled Therese close, they turned their eyes away.

His fingers fumbled for a minute in his pocket. "I want you to have something from me . . . from my great-great-grandmother — something for me to claim after . . . after . . ." He held his hand out quickly, then snapped back the lid of a tiny lacquered box. Therese moved forward to see it.

Her breath caught in her throat, and she raised her left hand to the neckline of her dress. The ring on her finger sparkled beside her pale cheeks, her green eyes shone because of the tears. She was not surprised when she saw it; she was not surprised when he said:

"You are Jeanne de Chauvaigny!" Then bending low, he smiled, "But no, I'm not entirely crazy."

The room had become still. The soldiers had left the inn, for the orders had been given already for them to leave. Alexander looked up, then quickly he jerked her hand and held it beside the miniature and looked again at Therese.

"You will wait for me?" he asked.

"Yes." Therese's hand relaxed in his.

*Campus Comments**(continued from page seven)*

'TIS SPRING! Over at Mellon the daffodils are trying their darndest to work up into a golden host a la Wordsworth; the pond no longer claims to be the poor girl's Lake Placid; the lawn mowers are lawn mowing; the buds are budding with no buds about it; the poets are poet-ing — which reminds us of a poem we wrote in spring, on spring and inspired by spring. It is herewith presented and delicately to you, the PCWovers of spring in the fond hope that it will give you a new vital inspiration in this, the glorious season of Spring. Its title is *Spring*.

Spring

Spring in, spring — spring!

The springs on our bed do spring,

The springs of our clocks do spring,

The springs on our fingers do spring,

So spring, spring — spring!

DO YOU remember to dot your 't's'? Do you forget to cross your 'i's'? Do you write backhand forward? How is your 'o' slant? All this has a deep, soul-searching significance to Margaret Browne, who is famous around these parts for her on-the-beam analyses of handwriting. As soon as her talent was discovered, this Senior-hobbyist was hounded by a goodly percentage of PCW who were interested, impersonally of course, in discovering the inner lives of someone else. The poor gal has been having no peace—in between dark sips of lentil soup in the cafeteria, she has been tapped on the shoulder, and whispered to: "Say, Margie, I've got a page of psych notes here, what do you think of them, Huh?" So the PCWriting analyst looks steadily at the page and starts: "Well this girl, whoever she is, has no talent for science or math, she better stick to the Arts—and you see the way this letter curves, well she has somewhat of an inferiority complex . . ." and on and on, until the writer's personality has ceased to be a hidden phenomena. But the amazing thing about the situation is that the analysis is usually about 75% right, and Margaret doesn't limit herself to vague generalities, but makes outright.

THE WORLD'S *Safest* INVESTMENT
WAR BONDS

LITERATURE

statements that could be taken only one way. She has confided to us, after ripping open our character through our grammar school scrawl, that she has made an extensive study of hand-writing analyses through reading on the subject. "Anyone can pick it up," she said, "and it's most revealing!" We found out that it is a profession actually used by industrial concerns and police departments. But we were more concerned with the immediate use of the talents: those V-mail letters for instance. And Margaret Browne is a handy pal to sit next to in class — little do the professors know that each time they pick up a piece of chalk and write assignments on the board, they are laying their personalities open for the study of PCW's Dunningerine—for Margaret Browne can also read the handwriting on the wall—if she wants to!

Contrast

Shadow of wings on a swaying grass
Formed in a V on a cloudless track,
And a woman shades her eyes and smiles,
"The geese are back."

Shadow of wings on the swaying grass
Formed in a V flying one by one,
And a woman shades her eyes and prays,
"My son, my son."

I Wish

I wish that I could gather stars
And hold them in my hand,
Their magic dust against my fingers
Like grains of shifting sand.

I wish that I could catch the winds
That wander through the heather
And harness them to keep them here
So we could play together.

I wish that I could someday find

The twilight tides far out at sea
And ask them where the mermaids live
And where the Misty Isles might be.

I wish the most that I could take
The memory that caused you pain
And hide its darkness lest its shadow
Falls across your heart again.

The Roads

The road was smooth, the flowers bright,
The sky was always blue,
And the house was a mansion, wide and high,
Yet the world was empty too.

The road was rough and the flowers few,
Yet they were far more fair,
And the house was small, the sky quite gray,
But you were there.

... by Lelia M. Jarvis.

Have a "Coke" = A thousand miles is not too far to come



... or being friendly with a Chinese cadet

Chinese flyers here in America for training have found that so simple a phrase as *Have a "Coke"* speaks friendship in any tongue. East, west, north, south, Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes*, — has become the happy bond between people of good will.

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"Coke" = Coca-Cola
It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

DEAN'S LIST*Second Semester — 1943-1944***Sophomores**

Betty Beck
 Janet Bovard
 Mary Louise Burckart
 Lula Copetas
 Barbara Cott
 Miriam Egger
 Jane Field
 Mary Louise Haller
 Sybil Heimann
 Bee Kiester
 Arline Levinson
 Margaret McKee
 Sara Parker
 Jean Purves
 Myra Sklarey
 Marion Staples
 Ruth Teplitz
 Virginia Uber
 Martha Yorkin

Juniors

Lois Allshouse
 Grace Benner
 Peggy Chantler
 Carolyn Cosel
 Miriam Davis
 Alice Demmler
 Louise Flood
 Alice Hanna
 Nancy Herdt
 Mary Kelly
 Marion Leach
 Lois Lutz
 Marjorie Mayhall
 Virginia Ricks
 Edith Succop
 Marion Swannie
 Anna Thomas
 Pauline Wilson
 Charlotte Wray
 Mary Jane Youngling

Seniors

Norma Bailey
 Gladys Bistline
 Joan Bowdle
 Mary Elizabeth Brown
 Aida DeBellis
 Barbara Findley
 Virginia Gray
 Marjorie Harter
 Betty Johnescu
 Kelly Jones
 Phyllis Jones
 Martha McCullough Lohmeyer
 Sally Meanor
 Mary Ruth Sampson
 Helen Smith
 Nancy Stauffer
 Ann McClymonds Turnock

**"There
 are more
 Long
 Distance
 calls
 every
 day"**



**And more of them are in a
 hurry than ever before.**

**So when the lights get thick
 on Long Distance switch-
 boards the operator will
 say—"Please limit your
 call to 5 minutes."
 That's to help more people
 get on the wires during
 rush periods.**

**THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY
 OF PENNSYLVANIA**



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What's Past Is Prologue

It seems that there is a principle of nature or of life that compels us to go ever and anon to new and unfamiliar spheres of experience—that allows no prolonged sojourn in any particular phase of living.

Eminent men have spent long hours and a great deal of paper in the effort to convince us that this continual push to the new is good. But it will be noted that the times when such optimistic prose invokes the intended satisfaction with ourselves and our lot are also the times when, for a little while, the wheel of fortune is still and we contemplate rather than experience change.

The moments of actual change appear to occupy little of our time. But, like the interminable rippling of water after the fall of a stone, the echoes of change disturb our peace of mind long before and after. And—if peace of mind is not happiness itself, it is at the very least a necessary pre-requisite.

Contemplation of change and the futility of change is in itself disturbing, and so, few men have dared to write about it. Schopenhauer dared. He broke the embalming shell of philosophic optimism. Schopenhauer is widely read but his readers are seldom grateful for the look at life's purposes he gives them. Huxley dared and now Huxley himself has sought escape from his truth

through mysticism. Jeffers dared and Jeffers too is shunned by the seekers-after-sweetness-and-light.

It is not because the writing of these men lacks finesse that they are pushed away. These are three of the most brilliant masters of language. It is because truth is not comfortable—because change is not comfortable and we are incorrigible strivers after comfort. It is ironical that our striving breeds nothing but more change and more discomfort.

A college graduation is a small event in one's life. The ceremony in itself lacks power to alter any detail of existence. But graduation is a symbol of change. Its unsettling reverberations are its force.

Don't misunderstand. We're all glad to graduate. We love the teas and the breakfasts and the dinners and the picnics, the vespers and the speeches in our honor. We like to autograph your yearbooks and have friendly farewells penned in our own. But because of these farewells we're sorry too. Parting is such sweet sorrow—but sorrow just the same. Friends are friendlier than ever before. The campus is prettier than it's ever been. The faculty are more considerate of our shortcomings.

It's hard for Seniors to write a Senior farewell. But as we sit with pen in hand padding the **Arrow** for the last time these few lines of Shelley's keep pushing their way into consciousness and perhaps they best express the Senior sentiment on this—our moving-out day.

"We look before and after and pine for what is not. Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught. Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought." Thanks, PCW, for everything.

Forward

Last week Moving-Up Day merely meant a publication date for the **Arrow**—a worrisome thing, since it was to be our, the new editors', first test of our somewhat questionable abilities. When we clacked away on our typewriters last week, gathered in the copy, scrutinized the proof, and tried to memorize printer's terms and advertising rates—we saw Moving-Up Day only as a much-too-close Day of Reckoning.

But now it's here—the **Arrows** are in your hands, and we are hiding behind a nearby bushel.

Moving-Up Day is to us now a Day of Dread. When the Seniors walked out of the chapel door and we sat down in their chairs, it came to us all of a sudden that we were saying goodbye to some sixty friends—good friends whom we've known for three years and whom we'll remember for many more.

Then we realized too that we, the new editors of the **Arrow**, are on our own now—there won't be any running to Ann Turnock and Helen Smith for advice and a soothing word—or 'filler' articles.

This brings us to something else. We just want to say that our only hope for next year's **Arrow** under our hands, is that it comes up to this year's paper under Ann and Helen.

So goodbye, Seniors. And a special note to Ann and Helen—"We'll try!"

L. F.—N. H.

EVENTS

AWARDS

Hood and Tassel

As the Juniors moved up into the Senior section today, the eight of them who were elected in March to form next year's Hood and Tassel chapter were tapped. These girls were chosen to receive PCW's highest student honor because of their scholarship, leadership, service, and attitudes. They are: Peggy Chantler, Martha Cox, Alice Craig, Jean Dalzell, Louise Flood, Phyllis Ingraham, Ruth Jenkins, and Marion Swannie.

The Hood and Tassel Award of \$35, presented to an outstanding Junior for high academic standing and consistently fine attitude toward college standards, was given to Alice Demmler.

Amanda Harris received a gift from the society in appreciation of her fine work as chairman of the GPC for the past three years. It was announced that she would be succeeded by Marian Updegraff.

Short Story Contest

Two first prizes were given to the winning entrants in the short story contest. Louise Flood received one prize for her story *The Wild Harrison Boy*, and Edith Succop the other for *Wiedersehen*. Louise's story is reprinted in this issue; Edith's is not available at this time, and will be published in the first issue of the *Arrow* next fall.

First prize in the biography division went to Hertha Bergman for her essay about Ignaz Phillip Semmelweis.

AA

Two innovations were introduced by AA in its awards today—the cup formerly given to the champion class hockey team was replaced by a new gold one, and a completely new award of a similar cup was given to the winning basketball team. Both these cups were won by the Senior class.

Jean Rigamont received the Senior Award always given to the outstanding all-around athlete.

She and Peggy Donaldson received white flannel jackets as their rewards for accumulating over 310 athletic points. Bracelets were given to girls who had obtained 175 points, and PCW emblems to those who had 98 points.

A trophy was awarded to Jackie Neal, winner of the badminton tournament.

Mu Sigma

Two \$25 Mu Sigma awards were given today to Grace Benner and Edith Succop for the interest and progress they have shown in their respective fields of science.

Freshman English Awards

The first prize of \$5 was given by the English department to Ruth Melvin for her story, *Mrs. Jeutter*. Jeanne Ritz and Ann McClellan were tied for second place, and each received an award. Mary Alice Farneth was given the third prize.

Library Contest

The \$15 Personal Library Contest prize was divided between Patty Leonard and Ann Turnock for the collections of books which they acquired while in college.

Commencement Schedule

Wednesday, May 31

Commencement Rehearsal—10:00 a. m.

Senior Breakfast—12:00 a. m.—College Club.

Thursday, June 1

Senior Picnic—12:30 p. m.—North Park.

Dinner at Swans'—6:00 p. m.—Bakerstown.

Friday, June 2

Senior Dinner—Woodland Hall—Formal.

Saturday, June 3

Alumnae Tea—4:30 p. m.—Andrew Mellon Hall.

Illumination Night and President's Reception—9:00 p. m.—Front Campus.

Sunday, June 4

Baccalaureate—11:00 a. m.—Calvary Episcopal Church—Reverend A. B. Kinsolving, D. D.

Vespers—5:30 p. m.—Chapel—Reverend J. T. Orr.

Monday, June 5

Commencement—10:30 a. m.—Third Presbyterian Church—C. Pauline Burt, Ph. D.

NEW OFFICERS

AA

As new head of AA, Lois Long has been given the laurel wreath. Lois brought her slick pivot and tennis smashes from National Park Junior College where she graduated in 1942. Here at PCW she has flexed her muscles at major athletic events.

Other officers and board members are Jean Purvis, secretary; Gene Wallace, treasurer; Anna Thomas, Senior representative; Becky Fellows, Junior representative; and Norma Trozzo, Sophomore representative.

YW Installation

At a candlelight chapel service on Wednesday, May 17, new YW president Phyllis Ingraham presided at the installation of cabinet members for 1944-45. Those who formally took office include Janet Brewster, vice president; Josie McKenrick, secretary; Carol Thorne, treasurer; June Collins, social committee; Mary Jane Youngling, chapel committee; Martha Ann Stewart, Freshman advisor; Mary Wells, conference chairman; Betty Fleck, program committee; Norma Jean Chattaway, Co-op; Martha Coate, publicity chairman; and Sally Parker, social service.

SGA

To assist President Ruth Jenkins in SGA business, the following board members have been elected: Carolyn Cosel and Patty Eldon, first and second vice-presidents; Marian Lean, secretary; Sammie Hamilton, treasurer; Peggy Riffle, Junior member and Freshman advisor; Lucille Beale, Sophomore member.

Class Presidents

Guiding the Seniors down the home stretch is Marion Swannie's assignment for next year. She has been a faithful scribe of SGA for the past year and was awarded Sophomore honors last Matriculation Day. Good luck, Swanno, for the biggest and best year of the class of '45.

Into the upper division come the Juniors with Miriam Egger at their head. Eggo has shown her prowess on the basketball floor and trilled the scales with the Glee Club. Good luck, Miriam in your new and important position.

Barbara Gill, one of Mt. Lebanon High School's auspicious alumni has been elected president of the Sophomore class. In the fall Babs showed she definitely knew how to

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EVENTS

New Officers

(continued from page three)

wield a hockey stick, sparking the Freshman team on to a tie with the rugged Seniors. With her personality-plus, Babs has three big years ahead.

Activities, Honor, and House

Active is the word for Patsy—so, appropriately enough, Pat Speers will head Activities Council next year. A speech major, she has appeared in many of PCW's dramatic productions—also organized the Junior-Senior Open House in April. If the Valentine Dinner (for which she was chairman) is a sample of her work—it looks like a successful year ahead.

Jean Dalzell steps from a busy year of planning YW chapels to the responsible position of Honor Committee Chairman. She was class vice-president in her Freshman year and Sophomore representative to SGA. We feel the Honor System is in competent hands.

As new president of House Board, Martha Cox merely brings "the other two" dorms under her wing, for she has been Woodland Hall President for the past year. Coxie is versatile, to say the least, running the gamut of activities from basketball to **Arrow** make-up editor with perfect ease. All this and musical ability, too! She will be replaced as Woodland Hall President by Anna Jane Goodwin.

New Department

PCW is opening a kindergarten department! No—there won't be any quarter-sized chairs in SGA meeting, nor will Mrs. Benn add Gerber's strained asparagus to the cafeteria menu. We're referring to the new full-fledged department for the training of kindergarten and primary teachers.

The four-year course is designed to meet the "crying" need for trained teachers of pre-school children in this vicinity whose mothers are working in war industries. It will also prepare teachers for the post-war period during which time the kindergarten field will expand. The PCW department is receiving enthusiastic cooperation from the Pittsburgh Public Schools.

Dr. Spencer said, "This project is in accord with our long established policy at PCW, which is to give a maximum of liberal arts training with professional preparation."

The course, opened to next year's Freshmen and Sophomores, will include all required liberal arts and science plus work in education, child psychology, observation of teaching in the public schools, and a semester of practice teaching. Kindergarten training will lead to a Bachelor of Science degree.

And as Shakespeare would say, "What's in a name?"—Dr. Kinder, appropriately enough, will head the Kindergarten department.

Sportiscope

Tennis seems to be THE sport at PCW these days. Just try to get a tennis court some sunny afternoon. Go on—we dare you. We tried, hopeful souls that we are, and came away sadder and wiser—plus minor cuts and abrasions. Seriously though, tennis is hitting a peak this season. There are three courts rolled and lined and in fine working condition. So most of you who want to can play.

After the Ball

Mushball — or is it softball here? — is also in the limelight. Mrs. Dickey's class wears itself out every Thursday afternoon for two solid hours, and it is evident that the tennis fans haven't completely overshadowed the mushball addicts.

Very Warm For May

So far you see, kind reader, we have both tennis and softball in the same general vicinity. Needless to say, tennis balls are frequently found on the ball green, and mushball on the tennis court. But do not imagine for a minute that this is all that goes on on our hockey field of a sunny afternoon. Ah, no! For some of our most glamorous glamour girls, in various states of semi-nudity, bask in the sun of the hockey field, dodging tennis balls to the right and mushballs to the left—all for the sake of something which itches, which hurts, which causes needless suffering — and which is commonly called sunburn.

We think Chantler and Harkey have the best solution to the problem of a tan for the summer. They merely put on their bathing suits, grab a tennis racquet and a court, and play while they acquire a lovely tan. And if you doubt our word on this, just give them a squint the next time they go by.

Tennis, mushball, and sun bathing seem to be the bulk of this col-

umn. But we mustn't forget bowling. The games in the tournament are still being played off as we write. And here's where we'd like to say a word just to the Sophomores. What's the matter, kids? Maybe you don't know it, but you're the only class who has been crossed off the list for the tournament—because none of you, no, not one—played your games off in time. We hear your tennis games are going the same way. Is it any wonder that we're disappointed?

"Leave us no longer forget"—

. . . to point out that archery has been resumed in the amphitheater. Better watch your step, gals! We hear that one member of the archery

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Anniversary

Plans for the celebration next fall of PCW's Seventy-Fifth Anniversary have already begun to take shape. The week end of October 28 has been chosen for the observance, and the **Arrow** suggests you "red letter" the dates on your calendar now.

Friday evening there will be a student pageant on the history of PCW. Girls will dress in period costume from hoopskirts to blue-jeans with appropriate coiffures. Saturday the Alumnae will sponsor a mammoth luncheon at the William Penn Hotel. Featured at the luncheon will be famous women engaged in various occupations and careers. An academic procession and meeting will be one of the events to which educators from all over the country will be invited. In order to emphasize the spiritual side of liberal education, a service will be held in the Shadyside Presbyterian Church, which, incidentally, is the actual birthplace of PCW. There will also be a Vesper Service at which time a portrait of Dr. Cora Helen Coolidge, former college president, will be unveiled.

The general chairman of the Anniversary Committee is Mr. Arthur E. Braun, president of the Board of Trustees. Vice-chairman is Mr. Charles F. Lewis.

On the Executive Committee are: Mr. Braun, Mr. Lewis, Dr. Spencer, Mrs. Alexander Murdoch, Mrs. John M. Phillips, Dr. Edward Montgomery, and Miss Marks. Other committees have been formed of the Board of Trustees, the Alumnae, the faculty, and the students.

PEOPLE



* * *

Southern Lady

Miss Walker, we think, is public-shy. "You know," she said in her quiet South Carolina way, "this sort of thing embarrasses me."

But we couldn't let Miss Walker go back home to the South after eighteen notable years of teaching at PCW, without her own statement of her life and work and a few remarks on our part of just how much we think of her.

Before coming to PCW Miss Walker taught history at Peace Institute, a junior college in Aurora, South Carolina. She had received her education at the University of Missouri and Georgetown University in Washington, D. C. She also taught at Kentucky College for Women, now a part of Centre College.

After obtaining her Master's degree and doing an extra year of research at Columbia University, Miss Walker came here in 1926. She remembers the first night she came to Pittsburgh. It was midnight and a taxi brought her to the top of Mur-rayhill Avenue.

"I thought to myself," Miss Walker said, "isn't it strange nobody ever told me Pittsburgh was in the mountains?" It seems that South Carolina has few bumps in its landscape!

But in spite of the leg-wearing "mountains," Miss Walker has a friendly feeling toward Pittsburgh. She thinks that though it is a large city, it has the kindly atmosphere of a village. It has a certain simplicity, she thinks, different from the artificiality of some great cities.

Miss Walker, in the eighteen years she has been here, has watched the college grow. She remembers when the library was merely a small col-

(continued on page eight)

May We Quote

"Wonderful! Simply wonderful! An oasis in the midst of a hopeless world!" quoth John W. May, newest addition to our faculty, when asked what he thought of PCW. When questioned further concerning the PCW girls themselves, he gave forth with the enlightening reply, "I find them to be motivated by emotion and not mentality."

But more of Mr. May. Few new professors have gotten around quite so rapidly as he and few have gotten into the swing of our PCW campus quite so thoroughly in such a short time. He is fully entrenched in our campus. Before going further, however, a few pertinent details are in order. First of all, when questioned concerning his childhood and when asked if he were a precocious child, he modestly replied, "No, just precious." He had very little to say concerning that period except that his main interests lay along the avoidance of all constructive activity. Since that time and after the acquiring of greater knowledge, much has happened to change him. Mr. May is a graduate of the University of Missouri and it is there that he received his M.A. degree. He left Missouri to come north to teach at the University of Pittsburgh and at the present time is working on his doctor's degree, which is well near completion. Teaching in a woman's college is a new experience for him, but . . . and we quote . . . "We must all make sacrifices during war, you know." Seriously though, we do believe he likes it, for he says the only way he can amuse his baby son is to tell him about the PCW girls.

But all is not humor along the economics line. Having spent several years in Missouri, Mr. May runs true to form; in other words, he's got to be shown. You may think you're brilliant, and you may have the nerve to tell him so, but Heaven help you if you can't prove it. You're a sure loser if you haven't read the *Press*, the *New York Times*, and *PM* from front to back. However, if by some chance you happen to miss that last page, there is something you can do to compensate: go to Mr. May's home and work in his Victory Garden. His greatest diffi-

culty in the growing of it is, "I can't get anyone else to do the work."

And there you have him . . . May in the month of May. So much of the above has been of his characteristic good humor, may we seriously say that he is a real addition to our PCW faculty and an addition we are proud to claim. Yes! May by any other name would, . . . well, would still be May.

Mr. Daniel

Next year's radio broadcasting class will be taught by a man who is prominent in the field of radio—Mr. R. Clifton Daniel, Program Director of WCAE. The course, meeting three times a week, will include many aspects of radio work—announcing, continuity writing, acting, sound effects.

To get a thumb nail sketch of the newest addition to the PCW faculty, we contacted Marion Lambie Arnhem, last year's *Arrow* co-editor, now a member of the staff of WCAE.

Mr. Daniel was born in Memphis, Tennessee, later moving to Oklahoma City. It was here that he won his first speaking award, being the Oklahoma State high school champion in debating.

Mr. Daniel entered the University of Oklahoma as a pre-medical student—his introduction to the radio field came merely by accident. While wandering over the campus one day, he saw a long line of men waiting to be auditioned for an announcer's position at the University radio station WNAD. He joined the line and got the job.

He next did announcing at WKY in Oklahoma City before coming to WCAE in 1935. Here he also did announcing and continuity work and production. He became Program Director in 1937.

Mr. Daniel has studied radio and public speaking under Josh Lee, former United States Senator.

On the more personal side, we discovered that Mr. Daniel can fly a plane, roll a momentous score in bowling, and shoot a minuscule score golf game. And one of his favorite indoor sports is smoking a pipe.

Though we don't have a mike handy at the moment, we still would like to broadcast to Mr. Daniel a welcome to PCW.

SENIORS

SENIOR FLASHBACK

April, 1940, was an important month in the lives of some present Seniors at PCW. At that time, a dream of college became reality to a group of gay, even giggling high school students who were bewildered and entranced by a first view of bona fide ivy walls, boardwalks, the diningroom in the dorm, and an oh-so-long series of steps down to Woodland Road.

Dauntlessly, certain ones of us braved the heights and steps to return to PCW in the fall to begin our Freshman year. We soon found our days filled with placement tests, chapel programs . . . and classes. Everything was a whirl . . . with Matriculation Day, song contests, and in November the mock election, which heralded the opinions of PCW in the presidential election. We helped take part perhaps in the speech majors' play, *Prince of Pantoufla*, or in the play with W & J, in the spring. Young men were still abundant, to be had for *big* dances.

While many Freshmen cut capers among the new-found pleasures of the school, others learned the anatomy of pigs cut up in the biology lab. All of us learned, among other things, the significance of tradition (like the tale of the ghost of Berry Hall), the pains and joys of term papers, something of Keats' philosophy, and . . . as we thought . . . much about life. Everything was delightfully strange, especially the college's newest acquisition at the time . . . Andrew Mellon Hall. This, along with each song and unusual occasion, was exciting.

Sophomore year brought a "we've-been-here-before" feeling that boosted our ego. We decided to be the class to break the "in-between" spirit of past sophomore groups. Some sported "little sisters," whom we tried to teach all we knew about PCW. We looked forward to another year that promised to be like the last, until Japan and Germany interrupted our plans, along with those of Uncle Sam, with a war that began in December. Unaccustomed as we were to crying on school time, we shed tears and were perhaps frightened by airplane sounds, fearing the whispered rumors about bombings to come. But life went on in almost the same way as it had been going.

Through our Junior year, we learned that the war was changing the school and ourselves. We saw precedents broken . . . we had an informal prom. We saw rationing making its entrance in the cafeteria. But more important was the feeling of responsibility developing among students and teachers in coordinating school life with war conditions. PCW emerged from the dream still surrounding it as an active element in a world that was moving rapidly.

As we saw almost all the boys we knew leave for army and navy service, and some of our faculty for Red Cross work, we realized in our Senior year the work left for us to do. More and more we have tried to fit the many things we have learned and are learning into the pattern of life we are planning. At the close of four vital years of college education, we may look back on probably more of a problem-filled, complex period than any group of college graduates has ever known. The whole world has become a battle-ground. We have been told that a period of transition to revolutionize civilization has begun. We have seen PCW as the college of tradition, the college in war, and the embryo college of the future.

To most of us college has come to mean an experience that seems to add that necessary ingredient for a full and happy life. For many it has been a struggle that has paid for itself with bigger dividends at PCW than we could hope for elsewhere. Maybe the war has made us morbid. We don't think so. With our brides, our career girls, our future service-women, we are thinking of serious subjects as Seniors. We are looking forward to the "big things" that we know lie ahead.

P. J.

Courtesy of

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SENIOR PROSPECTUS

What to do with the proverbial sheepskin after one has it—that is the question confronting the June graduating class! A few of the girls' plans are still a bit indefinite, c'est la guerre, you know; a few others are all set, and still others are quite vague about the whole thing.

Some of them have already had their wedding bells and rice, so armed with a good marriage course from Mrs. Douff and various courses in home furnishings and the like, they will be hopping the first train to join their respective husbands. Among these are Mary Lou Reiber Peter, who'll be bound for California, and Evelyn Knox, who is giving up her beloved Texas for Baltimore and Gilbert. Ruth Jenkins Allen and Virginia Speer Baldwin will model their graduation caps and gowns for their husbands. Mickey Lohmeyer and Ann Turnock will be busy making plans and writing letters to Paul and Bunny, now overseas.

Then there is the group of brides-to-be who are busy selecting gowns and planning their weddings. Betsy Kinney, Kelly Jones, Lu Ann Isham, Marion Monks, and Winifred Watson are the happy lassies. Betsy is marrying John Sevreen Johnson on August 5 at the Mifflin Avenue Church. Afterwards she and her husband will live in Pittsburgh. Kelly will be Mrs. Jim Clowes after July 8. Lu Ann's wedding is to be June 10, Winnie's June 25, and Marion's will be sometime next fall.

Joanne Knauss has joined the WAVES and will be off to work for her uncle the twenty-fifth of June.

Those five-year nursing students will be real "angels of mercy" with a B. S. to boot, come Commencement.

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FEATURES

HERE AND THERE

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

And due to the dearth of gossip this month, we would perhaps do better discussing such mundane things. However, for the glory of the old school we will carry on in the old way, and give you what dirt there is to be found in these here academic halls.

For Whom the Bell Tolls

Cast the glance back over last year, and conjure up remembrance of Amy McKay, receiving weekly gardenias from a guy named Dan. She is now Mrs. Dan, as of May 13, in Zelienople . . . Then there's Phyl Kiester, who may be giving Semple a sample of her tennis prowess on their honeymoon . . . Mary Lou Peter (ex-Reiber), on returning from the honeymoon has this comment to make, with her own inimitable inflection, "I've never been so happy in my whole life." . . .

Look Homeward, Angel

They looked, they came, will they conquer??? . . . The Merchant Marines delivered the goods in the form of one Tommy, to Babs Gill . . . Then there are those that brought their hardware with them—namely, those belonging to Chambers and Burckhart . . . Kenny Horsburgh, known to all of you, no doubt, has this comment to make, on viewing the hockey field, bedecked with slightly draped forms,—"Can this be heaven?" . . . The Mediterranean has returned Peter to Jeanne Rambo . . . Ginnie Toy is responsible for the perfect decorum on the environs of our campus, because "M. P." Edmund is home from Fort Custer . . . "Ah, Spring, and Ben," quoth Phyllis

Y. W. Ingraham, as she tip-toed through the tulips enroute to the Terrace Room, to celebrate her birthday. (Have you ever noticed those tulips on the way down Fifth Avenue?) . . . Harping on the same old subject is Sue Campbell . . . Wiley (Joan) is wiley, consequently, the man came back for more . . . Lois Jackson and her man are also directing their feet on the sunny side of the street as of late . . .

The Best is Yet to Be

Henry is still coming home, so have courage, Aida de Bellis . . . JANE MEUB (not that she did anything, poor dear, but is suffering from an inferiority complex, due to the fact that she has never made this column of brilliant celebrities. Full caps are at her request) . . . Peggy Dodge's Wade has fifteen days out of the air. What more can she ask? . . . Sue Norton will have her heyday next month when Dave comes home . . .

Green Grow the Lilacs

Well, they aren't exactly lilacs, unless you spell orchid, LILAC . . . Cosey got one of the coveted bits of tropical vegetation from Private D. Of course, he's now a corporal, but we'd take one from a 4-F—even one of those creatures that came to the Dance—all eight of them . . . The moon had waned, before Jean Thompson got her's from Wayne, who is vacationing in Italy . . . Then there's always Patsy Speers, who's still waiting for Charlie's Easter corsage . . .

The Male Animal

Audrey twice Johnny week Divven's calls a (unscramble it yourself. Solution time—two minutes) . . . Night scene in downtown Pittsburgh . . . Characters: Dotty Firth, her date, Policeman, young minister—Sound Effects: Curfew—Action: Firth and the date as the curtain opens are found waiting for a streetcar, when along comes a policeman, to pick up vagrant Dorothy for picking up innocent date (supposedly)—Punch line: Next time Dotty had a date, it was with a minister . . . Jane Wood reports, "I met the love of my life. We're to be married July 6th." Come one, come all . . . It's a rock for McAdams, and a neat gal for the guy . . . Open house netted Nancy Herdt a soldier and Jean Held a sailor-artist . . . Findley has been seen with Charles Buttonfield . . . Meader reports that she hasn't been seen with
(continued on page twelve)

Jane Humphreys and Nancy Doerr are those joining the ranks of the R. N's.

Jeanne DeHaven is going to be a student dietician at Allegheny General.

International Business Machines has lassoed five PCWites. Betty Brown will work in Pittsburgh and the other four, Norma Bailey, Margie Harter, Betsy Meader, and Barbara Caldwell, will receive three months training at Endicott, New York, before being sent out to train others in the use of the machines.

Our budding scientists are well situated for the duration at least. Betty Johnescu is continuing her work at Mellon Institute, Helen Smith will be working in the metallurgy lab at Tech, Gladys Bistline will be doing research for Gulf, while Peggy Donaldson will be plugging away for Westinghouse. Another science major, Jean Rigauumont, is going to take graduate work at the University of Pennsylvania.

Teaching of various kinds has been chosen by four graduates. Justine Swan is opening a nursery school in her home town. Joan Bowdie wants to teach Spanish. Sally Meanor would like a position in an elementary school in the Edgewood-Wilkinsburg district. Nancy Stauffer's teaching will be for the duration only; she hopes to go to South America to do Pan-American export work.

Secretarial jobs are popular both for the work itself and as a means of getting something better. Dorothy Nelson wants to start out with a secretarial job and branch into retail merchandising. Mandy Harris wants to use her secretarial abilities as a stepping-stone to a spot in advertising. Aida DeBellis is interested in becoming an interpreter's secretary. Dale Kirsopp and Marion Monks are also among the potential secretaries. Evlyn Fulton and Portia Geyer will be taking secretarial courses next year, Evlyn at Tech.

(continued on page eleven)

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FEATURES

MENTOR CENTER

... Miss Marks

We are approaching PCW's seventy-fifth birthday, and it is easy for one who has spent over a third of PCW's lifetime with her to reminisce. There are only two of us here now who have lived with your Alma Mater for so many years—Minerva and I—and what we have seen and heard, young ladies! Some of it we can tell and some not. Minerva knows so many more things about the girls who have come and gone than I do, because of her strategic position at the telephone, that she should be reminiscing today and not I.

I remember when there were only gas lights all over the campus—in Woodland Hall and Berry Hall—when there was no Louise C. Buhl Hall of Science and no Laughlin Memorial Library—no power plant—no enlarged Woodland Hall—in fact, no nothing at all except Berry Hall, the original Woodland Hall, and the Gymnasium and President's House—when the grass was cut by five cows who browsed on the hill-sides—when round-eyed kindergar-ten children were brought each year by their teacher to see what a cow looked like—when Berry Hall housed preparatory school and college girls—when as Field Secretary I used to show parents over old Berry Hall (which then had one tub on each floor for thirty girls) and waited until I reached the ground floor again with them before saying, "O, you didn't see the bathrooms. Would you care to climb the stairs again?" The answer, thank goodness, was always, "No, thank you. We'll take your word for them." Those were the days when we always told parents they must choose between Berry Hall and Woodland Hall—that Berry Hall had atmosphere and Woodland Hall had plumbing. The parents usually preferred atmosphere, but the students chose the plumbing.

I remember when the typing room was the Library, and later the Li-brary was where the Speech Lab now is—when Commencement was in the evening and the graduates wore long white dresses and carried flowers and the exercises were held in the corner of the campus between Berry Hall and Dilworth Hall—when the Senior Play was held in

the same out-of-door spot with the stage under a beautiful elm long since gone. Those were the good old days when we fixed our eyes throughout the evening on the flash-ing lightning and the clouds and wondered at what moment we would have to pick ourselves up and run for the chapel already set up for such an invasion.

I remember when on one of my first Sundays at PCW the young Dilworth Hall girls took me into the Berry Hall Drawing Room and told me the nicknames they had for vari-ous members of the faculty. I wonder what you use for us today? I remember when Sunday Vesper Ser-vices were held in Berry Hall Draw-ing Room—when the faculty play was given in that room for boarders only—when lights were out at ten o'clock. I have seen the evolution of smoking on the college campus—from none at all to a half-hour after lunch and dinner in Woodland Hall (except on Sunday) to the present comparative freedom. I remember when girls were afraid to bob their hair because they had promised their parents not to, and we had to de-mand that girls should not cut their friends' hair while they slept and thus bring down the parental wrath.

There are so many funny and so many tragic things I remember in the past twenty-five years or so in this, college that I cannot share with you and that are best forgotten. But I remember best the long line of PCW girls I have known who are carrying on the best traditions of this college, and who in spite of the changing customs and manners have changed with them so that they are at home in any age and any place and any situation.

O, yes, I nearly forgot, I remem-ber with real nostalgia when there was no coke machine—and not a coke bottle anywhere!

Southern Lady

(continued from page five)

lection of books in what is now the speech lab. She watched the col-lection grow until it almost burst the rafters of the lab, and saw the Laughlin Library built.

"You know," she said, "I never step inside the door of that library that I don't get a thrill out of it."

As for her teaching of American history, Miss Walker said she has no "favorite" era, but is interested in the development of America as a democratic nation—how it began as an aristocracy and is still evolving into a perfect democracy. Miss Walk-er feels that the American people don't realize this as much as the world does.

"We've reached a point," she says, "where we can't turn back, but must go forward to the fuller realization of democracy."

Speaking of democracy, Miss Walker thinks that the students here have demonstrated the democratic spirit in their relations with one an-other more than any other place she can think of.

Interwoven with Miss Walker's deep and searching interest in American history is her love for music. She once studied piano for a year at the Chicago Conservatory of Music. Three years ago she brushed up on keyboard technique with Miss

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FEATURES

Welker for a semester, but had to give it up because of lack of practice time. She said she has always enjoyed the music on the campus, and that one of the things she'll miss in particular when she returns home is the Pittsburgh Symphony.

Besides music, Miss Walker has also painted. "Just a lot of colors," she says, smiling. Though she has given up applied art, she is keenly interested in the art exhibits here. Another hobby of hers is collecting early American glass. She was thrilled, she says, when the faculty recently gave her an antique sugar, cream, and spoonholder set in American glass.

We can just "blame it on the weather" that Miss Walker is leaving PCW. Having been in ill-health for the last few years she feels that if she leaves Pittsburgh "smog" for southern sunshine she'll be well again. She has no immediate plans, but will spend the summer at least on her farm in South Carolina, which has been in the family for over a hundred years. Her house sounds as if it ought to be the dream of *Better Homes and Gardens*. It is almost a century old and still has the original heavy oak logs of 1846. It is surrounded by a flower garden and a woodland of trees with trunks several feet in diameter.

Miss Walker leaves this message for us, the students: "Simplify your lives. Don't clutter life up with unimportant activities. Make time for reading and contemplation — give yourself an opportunity to know and make peace with yourself."

These things Miss Walker has told us about herself, but we'd like to add a few remarks on "our own hook." In the first place, we speak for Miss Walker's history classes—all of them, for the past eighteen years. Some of us have gone or will go on in historical research or teaching, or even (who knows?) politics; some of us won't. But all of us have gotten from Miss Walker's stimulating analysis of American history, a fine feeling for the ideals

of our democracy and for the people who have cultivated them. And added to this, Miss Walker has given us bits of human interest in history and "local color" both of which have taught us to hold the democratic ideals more tightly.

All of us will remember Miss Walker for her wonderful sense of humor, her sincerity and kindness to everyone and the way she has of telling a hundred year old historical incident as if it were the latest news bulletin. If the members of the faculty could have thumb-nail

sketches under their pictures in the *Pennsylvanian* as well as the students, we would like to offer what we think is the perfect summing-up of Miss Walker—"Southern lady."

PCW Sketchbook

The accompanying cartoon is a sample from the *PCW Sketchbook* now taking shape under the talented pens of Barbara Findley and Patty Leonard. The book will be published sometime in the fall of '44.



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FEATURES

Faculty Vacations

Summer activities, for faculty as well as students, run the gamut of all possible hot-weather activities, from pure rest to still increased effort.

Miss Marks plans to work here until July, then relax while the temperature soars, except possibly for a few short trips.

President Spencer will continue his schedule of dividing time between the city and the farm, where he dons a straw hat for hay-pitching.

Defense classes will occupy many

of Dr. Wallace's hours here on PCW campus, and Dr. Doxsee ponders a session of at least twelve weeks teaching English literature. Teaching will also take Mrs. Rand to the University of Alabama, and Dr. Martin soon assumes responsibility for some PCW Freshmen on campus.

Southward bound are Miss Shamburger and Mrs. Cotton, the former to farm in Star, North Carolina, and the latter back home to Texas.

Miss Challinor and Dr. Jacoby are leaving the school. Miss Challinor is to be married soon, and Dr. Jacoby is planning to work as chemist for a

textile mill in Allentown, Pa.

Mrs. Shupp hopes to attend her daughter's graduation exercises at Oberlin College and then go to Maine for a short session of, we understand, cooking and motor-boating.

Mrs. Owens and Dr. Kinder are thinking about WPA jobs as an off-hand alternative to other as-yet-unplanned occupations.

Mr. Collins is leaving to accept a position in East Orange, New Jersey.

Mr. Rosenberg is in New York for an exhibition of his paintings, and

From Major General Hayes to the women of P. C. W.

Probably no other group of young American women has so much to offer the accomplishment of the final victory as college-trained seniors such as you.

You have the education and training for leadership, the schooled discipline of mind and body, and a background of appreciation of the responsibilities of your generation in the world of tomorrow, the world of peace.

The Army urgently needs you and the contribution you can make toward peace and final victory. I am confident that you will seriously consider this call of your country.

Philip Hayes
Major General, U. S. Army
3rd Service Command, Commanding.

FEATURES

the Associated American Artists had a reception for him on May 22.

Rest will have priorities on the attention of Miss Gunderman and Miss Myers, who are dreaming of late morning hours and breakfast in bed. Miss Gunderman is also considering a trip to the shore. Mrs. Linton's rest will be a different sort—she is hoping for a chance to recuperate from her husband's operation.

Senior Prospectus

(continued from page seven)

Phyllis Jones hasn't made up her mind about what she wants in the way of a permanent job, but is all set for the summer. The first two months she will teach at a Y.W.C.A.

playground. In August she will go to Camp Calvary on Lake Erie to continue her teaching. Cynthiae Say will also be spending her summer at camp. She will teach at a camp for underprivileged children of the Lillian Home.

Betty Spierling is planning to take a retail training course at Pitt. Mary Ruth Sampson intends to keep on with her music at P. M. I. Meanwhile she will try to get a government job. Gladys Heimert is going into social work. Dorcas Leibold wants a job in personnel and Patty Leonard wants one in commercial art.

Marty Harlan, Jean Bacon, and Martha Hutchinson are all in favor of having a good vacation first, then worrying about a job. Marty is going to spend a month of her vacation with her brother who is stationed at

Santa Ana, California. Bake is hoping to spend hers living in a cottage with some of the other girls.

The "undecided" group consists of Betty Bush, Barbara Findley, Virginia Gray, Nancy Maxwell, Adelyne Supowitz, Jane Blattner, Margaret Browne, and Ruth Laird.

But wherever our Seniors go, good luck to them!

Pittsburgh

It has its nerve,
I'll tell the world!
It dares to burn
An orange urn
Whose smoke
Chokes the dark,
And tries to hide the stars
And the crescent moon.

... Louise Flood

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FEATURES

PLACE IN THE SUN

Greasily grinding the books is well-nigh impossible these days since the sun decided to warm things up a bit. A summer's sun in the early part of May is a quirk in nature's law of uniformity. But, since it's our second nature to go all out for the unusual, so the books have been abandoned to celebrate this strange phenomenon. A summer's tan is our new (shall we bring sociology into this?) proximate goal.

The only fly in the Unguentine is that nature is not playing fair in complying with the standards we've set up. We all started with the supposition of thoroughly and dcompletely and evenly tanning ourselves. Ugh! Glowing red foreheads, blistered backs and shoulders, legs with varigated shades of red and white, and peeled noses were Nature's answer. This horrible outward appearance was bad enough, but a kind of sick, stirred-up feeling in the pit of the stomach, chills and fever, and scorching hot back tagged along with the more noticeable symptoms of sunburn.

But some of us have finally reached the point where we have conformed nature to our way of thinking, and are getting that ultra look with a tan not out of an Elizabeth Arden bottle.

Now the poor reader must by this time be a little confused as to the exact purpose of this little dissertation. No purpose, but just in case there are some misguided souls in this world of ours who haven't yet burned in joy on the hockey field, this article might enlighten you.

On the green plain above Berry Hall, bare backs and arms and legs stretch out in utter ecstasy. The ground is cool and damp on the little old stomach while the back is sizzling hot. On the far side of the field by the goal post there are a few persistent souls who think they can combine the studies and the tanning. A half hour later they're dozing or looking for a bridge game. For as anyone can guess, when PCWites get together there must be a rubber of bridge. If it weren't for the "ping ping" of the tennis balls bouncing on the rackets of expert players, or the shouts of "Oops, my fault" from beginners, it might be quiet. But no, there would still be other noises such as "Doc, go get me a coke," "Who dealt this mess?," "Where's the olive oil?," "Don't lie so close,

you're shading my left arm."

It's just like Coney Island, but "er free." Bodies clustered together (due, doubtless, to a limited supply of blankets) soak in the sun. Sometimes it's possible just to lie in peace. But most of the time you're being stepped on by clumsy feet, bonged by a misplaced tennis ball, or sprinkled with ice water by some kind friend who thinks maybe you'll roast to death if she doesn't jump to the rescue.

Not to disillusion any dear tanned reader, but it might be that the faculty have another proximate goal in mind—namely, grades! A's perhaps will be handed to those with lily-white complexions, B's to those whose complexions are a cross between white and reddish brown. And to the sun-swept gals with that "ultra" tan go the flunks. Start fading, kids!

Here and There

(continued from page seven)

anyone. (The choice is not her own) . . . Caldwell and Mr. Brennanen were Old-Milling at Kennywood . . . J. Collins opening letters from Angus . . . Jeff Harkins has a picture from a man she's never seen (sounds contradictory) . . . And speaking of pictures, Joan Titus has a new one of Harry . . .

None But the Lonely Heart

Murph tells us that Vic must soon depart . . . D-Day is at hand . . . A real blow to all—Med and Dent students are leaving their Homes Sweet Homes for the Barren Barracks in July . . . Oh, well, we have each other.

Quo Vadimus?

In reporting this item, we wish to give only the facts . . . We will put it in the form of a syllogism. We leave the conclusion to you . . . 1st Premise: *Life* magazine of May 15th states on page seventy that when the lady wears bows on the top of the head, it means that she is out looking for a man. 2nd Premise: Mrs. Shupp is wearing not one but two bows on top of the head. Conclusion: Therefore?

And now, with nothing but an inanimate typewriter beneath our bloody stumps, we conjure up the ghost of Hamlet and say, "To be or not to be, is your question, not ours." So don the sunsuits, get your sand pails and shovels, and bury this column 'neath a corroded barnacle . . . P. C., M. S.

CAMPUS COMMENTS

It has been said that our **Arrow** readers follow the play-by-play progress of the Shakespeare course by reading the quotations crammed into each issue by the **Arrow** members of Mrs. Shupp's English 130. In order to maintain this magazine's high educational standard, and to balance the Bard on his pedestal at PCW, we offer this bit of knowledge—"What's Past is Prologue," the title for our first editorial this issue, has been lifted from ACT II, Scene 1, of *The Tempest*, our current play. You're welcome, Will!

* * *

We hear the YWCA book drive was a huge success. Over 300 books were gathered for our fighting forces—and not one volume of *The Bobbsey Twins at Grandma's Farm* in the bunch.

* * *

It came to us all of a sudden that Mr. Collins is leaving PCW. Unfortunately there was no time to have an **Arrow** interview with the long-time organist and teacher here, but we wanted to write a few remarks of appreciation for him to carry in his briefcase to East Orange, New Jersey. About his music work there needs to be no mention here, for everybody has heard his inspired playing. We'd just like to say something in appreciation for his morale building at college. He can always make us laugh—whether in private humor-stocked conversations, or in his many public appearances. None of us wants to forget him as the Prague music critic last Color-Day, and (confidentially) the **Arrow** presents him with an 'oscar' for *absolutely* the best performances in the faculty plays. Best of luck, Mr. Collins, in your new position. We're glad June is staying behind so PCW can have a Collins for another year.

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LITERATURE

THE WILD HARRISON BOY (contest winner) by Louise Flood, '45

Everyone thought it was the best thing when Johnny Harrison was killed—all the older people, that is. They said Johnny would have come to a bad end anyway—they said he would have been another alcoholic like his father.

The teachers at Hiram High School wouldn't let the editors of the *Hiram Heights* but Johnny's picture in with a black border around it and a couple of verses of Tennyson's *In Memoriam* underneath. Mr. Leebeyer, the *Hiram Heights*' advisor fingered his rimless bi-focal glasses and said:

"Hm—we—uh—that is—the other members of the faculty and I, have come to the conclusion that it is not advisable to have that Harrison boy's photograph in the annual at all."

"But why, Mr. Leebeyer?" asked Thad Stuart, the editor-in-chief, "Why? We all liked Johnny Harrison. We want his picture in our book."

Mr. Leebeyer rubbed a clean white handkerchief over his bald head, and coughed. "I'm sorry," he said, "but due to the—ah—circumstances of his death, we believe he was not of the Hiram High School caliber. Nothing more needs to be said about it—nothing more at all."

The city police were somewhat relieved when Johnny died. Most of them had been prophesying that he would kill himself sooner or later.

"Yes sir," said old Dan Hannon, who had been on the force for thirty years, "what have I been telling you? In all my thirty years on the force, never have I seen a wilder kid than that Johnny Harrison." Johnny's name had been entered and blotted in the registry eight times. Eight times he had been charged with speeding through the city streets—speeding at sixty or seventy miles an hour in his pale blue convertible with the musical horn.

Johnny's father, Craig Harrison,

had kept sober long enough to go to Johnny's funeral service. Then he went home to the gabled Harrison mansion on the hill. It took him only ten days to kill a case of Scotch, Vintage 1898.

Mr. Merker, who owned "The Drug," still had mixed emotions about Johnny's death. "Old Murk's" religion in life was profit, his hymn the ring of the cash register. Johnny's death was a fifty-fifty proposition with him. Now the respectable people in town allowed their high school sons and daughters to spend their nickles and dimes for cokes at Old Murk's in the afternoons. "That wild Harrison boy" wasn't hanging around the store anymore to give them wrong ideas. But on the other hand, Old Murk missed the five dollar bills Johnny used to throw on his counter to "treat the gang to 'shakes and frozen malts.'" Johnny always had plenty of money.

Only the Hiram High School kids were shocked when Johnny was killed. The day of his funeral the home room teachers of the senior class handed in quite a few absence slips to the principal's office, and Mr. Bailey had to dismiss the cast at senior play practice because they couldn't remember their lines.

But after the funeral, after Johnny had been buried in the Harrison plot, next to the white marble tombstone of his mother, Hiram High settled down and forgot Johnny—that is, everyone at Hiram High except the "Drugstore gang."

There were about ten or eleven boys and girls in the "Drugstore gang." The girls wore tight angora sweaters and identical shades of lipstick and nail polish—each boy had a sports jacket with trousers to contrast, and twirled a key chain around his fingers. Everyone called them a "fast" crowd—they went to beer parties at Jason's tavern, which had been raided twice by the police for serving minors; their cars were often seen parked at night along the tree-darkened stretch of the highway outside town, and most of them took five, or even six, years to graduate from Hiram High. But they laughed a lot, and they were Johnny Harrison's friends.

For a while after his death, the Drugstore gang went to Quigley's

for their cokes in the afternoon. Somehow, Old Murk's place seemed strange without the blue convertible at the curb out front—somehow, it seemed strange to go up to Ted, the counter boy, and ask for a vanilla coke with ice—in the place where Johnny had loafed—in the place where Johnny had died. It just didn't seem right.

But after about a month, much to Old Murk's relief, they went back to "The Drug" in the afternoons. They sat back in the wooden booths and at the glass-topped tables with the cosmetic displays underneath. Ted, the counter boy, would pull a damp cloth from the pocket of his dirty white jacket and wipe the pretzel crumbs and the milk shake splashes from the tables, and they'd tell him what they wanted—mostly cokes—Johnny wasn't there to buy them 'shakes and frozen malteds.

Their conversation at first was loud, full of the latest jokes and drinking stories, and pierced with loud, insistent laughter. But sooner or later, Johnny's name would be mentioned and the voices would be low, almost whispering, with no laughing at all.

"Poor old Johnny," one of the boys would say, "it sure was tough . . ."

"Sure was," another would add, "sure was tough."

"It sure makes you think back," Al Handley would say knotting the straws over his fingers. Al had been Johnny's best friend. "You remember when . . .?"

There were things they all remembered about Johnny Harrison. They remembered how he used to lean against the booth, thumping on the wooden back with his fingers never stopping, how he used to bite his upper lip when he was trying to think, how the stiff muscles of his face would soften when he smiled at something Al Handley would say, or when he smiled, for no reason at all, at Annie Michaels.

They all remembered the stories he used to tell. Johnny was always full of stories. The rest of the Drugstore Gang would be talking and laughing about the beer party at Jason's or something, but Johnny never seemed to be listening . . .

(continued on page fourteen)

GIDAS

Your Florist

3719 Forbes Street

Mayflower or Schenley 1300

LITERATURE

he'd just thump his fingers on the back of the wooden booth and stare at the foam on the sides of his milk-shake glass. But all of a sudden his fingers would stop thumping, and he'd slowly smile and run his hand through his crew-cut hair, and break into the conversation.

"Say," he'd start, "that reminds me of the time I was out fishing with Mother and Dad in the Canadian Rockies. Wow! What a time we had then . . . why those fish were as big as . . ."

Then he'd go on and on in his clear, quick voice weaving in bits of scenery, and conversations, and people he had met. And each story he told sounded as if he had memorized it from a book . . . and each story, somehow, had to do with things he had done with his mother and father together. And as he talked he put his long fingers around a glass and squeezed it so hard that it would almost shatter . . . and his eyes skipped from one person to the other. But just as soon as he finished he would start thumping again with his fingers, and fix his eyes on his milk shake glass on the table. Yes, Johnny was a great one for telling stories . . . all the Drugstore remembered him for them.

And the boys remembered when they learned to smoke at Johnny's huge house on the hill. They were younger then . . . just sophomores at Hiram High. But they sat in the high-windowed living-room in the afternoons and puffed on their cigarettes, and blew white smoke into the air calmly. They didn't have to throw their cigarettes into the fireplace every time there was the sound of footsteps in the hall. For Johnny's mother had died the last spring, and the only people in the Harrison house were the maids and Thomas, the butler, and they never seemed to notice or care what Johnny was doing. Thad Stuart went to the "smoking sessions" a few times, but his father found out about them, and Thad never came to Johnny's house again.

Annie Michaels remembered when Johnny took her to the Senior Prom in the gym at Hiram High. She had to tell her mother and father that she was going with some other boy . . . not Craig Harrison's son. Johnny was so good-looking in his black dinner jacket with the maroon bow tie and a maroon carnation in

his button hole. With his dark suit and blond hair, he looked just like a little boy in springtime in a navy blue Eton suit. Johnny smiled at her when they moved toward the faculty receiving line . . . a smile that made her feel as if she were the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. She had worn his white orchid on her jersey dress, and her hair was brushed to the top of her head and clipped with her mother's white combs. It seemed strange that she remembered all that. As they moved up the line shaking hands with the teachers, Johnny seemed to know exactly what to say to make them smile and nod to him . . . until they got to Mr. Leebeyer. Mr. Leebeyer hadn't smiled when he shook hands with Johnny . . . he just stared at him through his bifocal glasses and said:

"Now behave yourself, Harrison . . . this is a nice place you're in now."

Johnny didn't say a word, but Annie remembered how splotches of red had suddenly spread over the tense muscles of his face, and how tightly he squeezed her arm as they walked out to the dance floor. And Annie remembered how close Johnny held her when they danced . . . she could still feel his woolen dinner jacket pressing and scratching her bare arms.

"Don't hold me so tight, Johnny," she said, as she saw Mr. Leebeyer squinting at them from the receiving line.

"That's right," he said, "this is a nice place we're in now." His voice was slower than Annie had ever heard it before.

"I didn't mean it that way, Johnny," she said quickly, "it's just that . . . well you're just a friend of mine, and . . ."

"Nothing else?" he said. "Well I guess that's about it . . . I'm just a friend to everyone . . . nothing else. I'm just 'good kid Johnny' . . . that's all."

"Oh Johnny," Annie said, "don't talk like that. If there's anything I hate it's a boy who feels sorry for himself."

After Johnny had taken Annie home, the motorcycle cop escorted him to the police station. Johnny had been doing seventy miles an hour in his convertible . . . seventy miles an hour through the main streets of town. Johnny had pulled

a check from his leather case and signed over twenty-five dollars to the accounts of the traffic court. Back in her room, Annie placed the white orchid in the middle of her Webster's Dictionary, standard edition, and put the book in her drawer underneath her blouses.

Al Handley remembered the last time he had gone out with Johnny Harrison. They stopped for awhile at Old Murk's for a coke, then they climbed into the convertible, and Johnny pushed the button that made the canvas top slowly roll back. "Let's go for a ride," he said.

The car glided through the dark with the ease of a fish through a quiet pool . . . the air was soft and made their hair bristle back and forth. Neither of them said anything for awhile. Johnny's left arm leaned on the leather arm rest on the door. He steered with the knob on the wheel.

"Are you going to college, Al?" he asked suddenly.

"Are you kidding?" asked Al, "After I get out of this Hiram Hole, I'm kissing my school books goodbye!"

"But don't you want to know more stuff?" asked Johnny, "Don't you sometimes get the feeling, Al, that you don't know much of anything?"

"The way I look at it, Johnny, ignorance is bliss."

"But I'm not blissful, Al! I'm all mixed up somehow . . . I don't know what I'm doing. My mind feels like a . . . like a broken down merry-go-round."

"That's the way I feel after a beer party."

"But I'm serious, Al. Lord, Al, I wish I knew enough to write down the things I feel. I wish I could be a writer, Al. I wish I could grind out what I feel. Maybe I wouldn't be so mixed up then."

"Well why don't you go to college then? You've got plenty of money, Johnny?"

"Sure, I can just see all the colleges in the country throwing out their welcome mats for Johnny Harrison. I can just see the letters of recommendation that Hiram High would hand out . . . 'Johnny Harrison, the leader of his class, the up-standing, stalwart son of Hiram High' . . . I can just see them."

"Ah, cut it out, Johnny."

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LITERATURE

THEMA CON VARIOZIONEby Hertha Bergman

February, 1938. High among the rocks where the snow glitters throughout the summer, high in the lighter air of the 10,000-foot peaks—there we were, twenty, thirty young high school students on an eight-day skiing trip. Young, vigorous and free, we were drenched with burning sun and clear, cold air; forgotten the city with its haste and hate, with its fool's gold and greed—forgotten also the Mecca of Music—Vienna.

Eight days in black and snow-silver grandeur, with people who had shared joy and work of nine wonderful school years—we enjoyed them as never before. None of us, though, thought that this annual expedition was to be our last together. We did not know that for some of us it was the last relaxation for years to come—a last farewell from the great, silent mountains—a last week of youth. We did not see that for some, it had been the last happiness of their life.

The echoes of the engine's last thunderous blast had faded from the high hall in the Western Railway Terminal in Vienna. My father was there to meet me. But instead of the usual, "You look good and tanned—did you like it?", he greeted me abstractedly.

"Schuschnigg has gone to Berchtesgaden!"

I can still hear the tone of his voice.

In our first day back at school we were still blinded by our enthusiasm.

But in a few days we felt the school grow rigid and cold. We were told to moderate our open disgust with the brown hordes of our Neighbour. Those who had kept silent at political discussions formed little groups and started going home together. The Nazis appeared in offices, in factories, at the groceries, in the markets, in Town, in the suburbs. They rifled communities, split friendships.

When Schuschnigg came back, things grew worse. News was scarce. Every coming day was an uncertainty. The tension grew deadly. And so this chancellor, who had only one-fifth of the population behind him, decided on a last-minute measure to stave off the ruin of his country: he would let the people decide. A plebiscite was to be held Sunday, March 13.

This attempt was too late and too weak. Because of his background as head of the reactionary Christian-Socialist Party, Schuschnigg had lost the confidence of the workers, who made up forty per cent of the people. The impertinence of the other forty per cent—the Austrian underground Nazis, abetted and assured of victory by German agents—grew and grew. With flags and flaming swastikas they paraded the "Ring." Street fights broke out all over the city.

The workers remained silent. Beaten down in 1934 by Schuschnigg's predecessor, Dollfuss, how would they vote on Sunday? Would they forget the murderous execution

of their brothers, facing a common enemy? Would they join with the enemy to avenge that murder? Would they hold back and wait the developments?

Hitler did not leave us the time to decide. At that stage he still had to avoid a doubtful election because of the international opinion.

At 7 p. m. on Friday, the eleventh, Schuschnigg was to speak over the radio. The streets were dark and deserted. Austria was listening. Seven p. m.—and silence. Ten minutes later, without explanation, they started to play records. No one spoke. What had happened? The music played on. Was Schuschnigg killed? What had occurred in the huge town, muffled in the silent ether?

Then the records suddenly stopped. The commentator announced that the chancellor had just arrived.

This evening of the eleventh of March, 1938, the voice of the man who had passed through the history of his country with guilt and prejudice, but parted from it with courage and dignity at the risk of his life—his words and their expression will never be forgotten by his enemies or by his friends.

He said that his desire to see Austria governed by the Austrians had been frustrated. At that very moment Hitler's troops were crossing the borders of the country. To prevent fruitless bloodshed, he was placing the government in the hands of the German agents—"God help Austria."

Immeasurable was the silence that followed. Then, far as from the stars circling immutably above the reeling city, there came the theme of Haydn's Emperor String Quartet, Austria's revered hymn: "Gott erhalte, Gott beschutze . . ." It had been written when Austria threatened to break before Napoleon's army, when Vienna was the certain prey of the French. Clear and warm sounded the violins—a last farewell to the past, a prayer to the universe.

In the short moment of time which elapsed between this inspired melody and the tune that followed, there perished the remnant of an empire, and history dug the grave of a millennial civilization.

When the records played again, it was in derision of the past. With
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ANTHON'S

**FOR GOOD FOOD
AND PASTRIES**

EAST LIBERTY

LITERATURE

Thema Con Variazione

(continued from page fifteen)

rumbling drums, thundering timpani and shattering cymbals, with disturbed rhythm and pretentious bathos, the dreadful caricature of the Haydn melody thrashed in the ether. "Deutschland, Deutschland uber alles" it yelled; to the foundation of Hitler's millenium it blared from Vienna's hundreds of squares. Betraying their country, the Austrian Nazis had "come home" into the Reich.

In the morning Hitler's troops arrived. Two hundred bombers circled the capital. Triumphantly immense swasticka banners shrouded Vienna's great and ancient buildings.

The city we had lived in had vanished overnight. We were already journeying through a foreign country.

Harrison Boy

(continued from page fourteen)

"I wish I had the brains of somebody like Thad Stuart."

"That grind, Johnny? He's never done a damn thing in his life except beat the books. But we've had fun, Johnny . . . haven't we had fun?"

"Yeah, Al. We've had fun . . . lots of fun . . ."

Johnny put both hands on the wheel and clenched it hard. He pushed the accelerator with his foot and the car shot out through the darkness, faster and faster . . . sixty, seventy, eighty miles an hour . . . the wind blew harder against them . . . their hair stood straight on end . . . faster and faster . . .

"Slow down, Johnny . . . we're nearing town . . . slow down for the Lord's sake!"

"I can't," Johnny shouted above the wind. "This is perfect, Al, this is real! I can think straight now, Al . . . the wind is whipping through me and the motor is throbbing up and down. Don't you feel great, Al? Isn't this something?"

Old Dan Hannon caught up to them at the crossroads in his motor cycle. Johnny went to traffic court. He wrote another check for twenty-five dollars, and his name was entered and blotted in the registry.

Thad Stuart told the Drugstore Gang what had happened the night Johnny was killed. That day in

school Thad had gone up to Johnny and said:

"Say, Johnny, you've been around the country a lot. I was wondering if maybe you couldn't work up a feature on America for the lit section of *Hiram Heights*?"

"Who, me?" asked Johnny. "you want me to write for the year book, Thad?"

"Sure," said Thad. "If you can write the way you can tell a story, it ought to be a corker."

Johnny's face relaxed and he smiled and ran his fingers through his hair. "Well I might try something, Thad."

Thad turned around. "Look Thad," said Johnny, "Do you suppose maybe you could come up to my house tonight for dinner with me, Thad . . . so we could kinda talk this over?"

"Well, I don't know, Johnny . . ."

"You don't need to tell your family where you're going, Thad. Anyway . . . anyway Dad . . . well, Dad's changed, Thad." Johnny talked fast, and there were red splotches over his face. "Dad doesn't drink so much as people think . . . and anyway he won't be home tonight . . . he hasn't been for a week. You'll come, won't you, Thad?"

"Sure, Johnny . . . I'll be there."

They had dinner in the pine-paneled dining room of the Harrison mansion. There was a fire in the huge grate, and after dinner they pulled their chairs up to it, and Thomas, the colored man with a white jacket and black bow tie, brought them coffee and cigarettes.

Johnny talked too much and too fast. His face was flushed by the fire and his eyes blinked from the smoke. Thad listened quietly, hugging his knees and smiling as Johnny told his stories. There was one about Johnny and his mother and father trying to speak French up at the Gaspé Peninsula in Canada, and one about their pack-trip in the Big Horn mountains, and how he and his father laughed when his mother leaned over to tighten her horse's bit and the horse chewed her straw hat. There were other stories too, but somehow the conversation never seemed to get around to Johnny's article on America for the *Hiram Heights*.

Then Thad talked about a book he had read and about the courses he was going to take at Yale next

year. And Johnny didn't thump his fingers against the back of his chair once, nor stare at the fire, but listened to every word Thad said.

It must have been about ten . . . the fire had smoldered down to blue embers, and Johnny lifted a huge apple-wood log from the wicker basket and threw it in the grate. He was brushing the chips from his coat when all of a sudden he clenched his lapels, and his face tensed. There came from the hall, loud woman's laughter, and the thick voice of a man who had drunk too much.

"Excuse me a minute, Thad," Johnny said quickly.

He went into the hall. He closed the door, but Thad could hear the voices just the same.

"Johnny, m'boy," he heard Craig Harrison say.

Johnny's voice was low. "I didn't expect you home so soon, Dad."

"Home is where the liquor is, eh what?" said his father.

The woman laughed too loud. "So this is your kid, Craig darling?" she said in a creamy voice, "He could do with a few more pounds of flesh, I'd say."

"Please, Dad," Thad heard Johnny say, "I think you'd better let me help you into bed. I'll see that Miss . . ."

"Mrs. Craig Harrison," corrected the woman.

There was a silence in the hall, and Thad could hear only the soft thud of a log in the grate.

"What did you say?" he heard Johnny say slowly.

"Meet your new mother, Johnny-boy," rolled his Father, "Meet the new mistress of the Harrison household."

Thad heard the woman murmuring something to Craig Harrison and they both laughed too loud. When the laughter had died down, Johnny's father said:

"Come on and give your new mother a kiss of greeting, Johnny."

Again a silence. Then Thad heard Johnny. "Send her away, Dad, and let me put you to bed."

"None of that stuff, kid," snapped the woman, "your father and I were married today fair and square, and I'm living here at this house."

"Let's have a drink on our marriage, darling," said Craig, "Come into the dining-room where the Scotch is."

LITERATURE

"No!" Thad heard Johnny sputter, "I—I have a friend in there. I'll bring your Scotch to you."

"No friend of the kid is pushin' me out of my house," said the woman. "Let's get that drink, Craig."

Thad was standing in front of the fire with his back to the door when they entered. He turned to leave.

The woman came in first. Thad saw that she was a large woman and that her flower-splashed dress was too small. The huge diamond ring on her left hand was too tight for her finger . . . the flesh lapped over the platinum band.

"Hello, kid!" she said. "Excuse us!"

Thad didn't know whether to smile or not. He went half way.

Johnny's father nodded to Thad and weaved in the direction of the cabinet against the wall. He was smaller than Johnny, and darker. His tie was open and his eyes were red and glazed. He kept rubbing his

hands over his face, feeling the thick rough stubble of a two-day growth of beard.

He fumbled open the cupboard and pulled out a tall, dark bottle and four crystal glasses.

"Introdusche your pal to us, Johnny," he said, "maybe he'd like a drink to celebrate the new Mrs. Harrison."

Thad looked at Johnny. There were splotches of red over his face, and he clutched the bottom of his checked jacket. He kept turning his head, but Thad saw the tears in his eyes anyway.

Thad said quickly, "How do you do, Mrs. Harrison. I'm Thad Stuart. Thanks, but I have to go home now."

He walked towards Johnny. He heard the woman behind him laugh and say something about "teetotaler kids." Then she laughed again louder.

At the front door Johnny said

quietly, as if Thad weren't there at all, "That was my mother's ring on her finger!"

Thad creased the brim of his hat in his fingers. "Well I guess I'd better go and get at my Cicero," he said quickly. "Thanks for a swell dinner, Johnny."

"Sure, anytime," said Johnny, then added: "I'm sorry, Thad."

Thad didn't know what to say. "That's okay, Johnny. Well, I'll be seeing you tomorrow."

"Sure, Thad," said Johnny, "but say, listen, Thad, about that article for *Hiram Heights* . . . I might not be able to think of anything after all."

Johnny was killed that night . . . killed speeding through the streets of the town in his pale blue convertible with the musical horn . . . speeding at seventy-five miles an hour. He swerved into a pole across
(continued on page nineteen)

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LITERATURE

"I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE" by Mary Lou Egan, '45

Main Street was packed from end to end with a surging, pushing crowd of cheering people, screaming their lungs out in praise of the hometown hero. Children darted back and forth across the road, clutching tiny American flags, and using sharp, small-boy elbows and knees to gain a better place. The American Legion band, puffing mightily from music and exertion, then the portly Women's Auxiliary, then the boy scouts, marching proudly, then the high school cheer leaders with flashing boots and dimpled knees and brief, swinging skirts, and finally, a long, open car passed down the narrow lane between the noisy walls of people. A thunderous roar rose from thousands of open mouths as the watchers caught sight of the slim, bemedaled young man sitting there. His hand was raised in a perpetual half-salute to the crowd, and he turned from side to side, smiling acknowledgment of their applause.

(Oh, yes, he thought, I've been well trained. "Smile and be gracious," the Major said. Well, I'm certainly doing that. I wonder how much longer this goes on? It must be almost time for the speeches. Lord, I wish this day were over. I can't take much more. This is just a holiday lark for them. Fourth of July. And I'm the added attraction. Sort of a double feature, I guess.) "Hi, Sonny," he called to a little boy trotting along beside the crawling car. "Bet you'd like a ride." The little boy breathed an awestruck "Gee" and was swallowed up again in the sweaty, pushing crowd.

The parade turned left onto the old circus grounds and wound its way toward the bunting-decked platform at the far end. The car stopped beside the steps, and the band burst forth in a brassy version of the Marine Hymn as the sergeant climbed down and mounted the bare wooden steps. The whole town had followed the parade, and now there the people were gathering closer to hear what a veteran of Guadalcanal—and a hero at that—had to say to them. He found his seat on the platform between Major Kline and Jean, and smiled at each of them. Then he turned his attention toward the back of the mayor's bald head and waited for him to begin the introduction. A public address system had been rigged up on the grounds, and the mayor's voice echoed back and forth

as he began to speak. "Fellow citizens, on this anniversary of our great country's independence . . ."

"I might as well relax. He's good for at least twenty minutes. I've never seen so many people here in my life. More than there ever were at the circus. It's hot as hades, too. Well, it can't last much longer.)

"This young man, one of our own boys, has been through the most terrible experience of this war. He knows what we all are fighting for . . ." (You bet I do, you old fool. But you don't know. None of you know. None of you do. It's just parades and heroes and a few bonds to most of you. I'd like to get the pack of you vacant-faced people in the belly of a transport some dark night. I'd like to see you land on a beachhead and cut the insides out of a couple of Japs. Maybe you wouldn't be so all fired dramatic about the war then. You'd be better off in church prayed for my pals than out here listening to speeches. Take it easy, now, or you'll go quietly mad. But they are fools. Like Jean last night. "The hometown sweetheart." That's what the papers called her. She doesn't understand any more than the rest of them. Asking what the stars on my sleeve are for. I told her it was an Australian decoration—the Southern Cross. I'd like to tell her that the stars stand for the thousands of men we're going to lose. But she'd just murmur, "Now dear, forget all that." I can't forget it. I'd like to blast their ears off. I'd like to tell them what the whole war's all about. But the Major would throw a fit if I didn't start off with the speech he wrote for me. Lord, I'd like to talk about the men I knew who won't ever see this country again—the lucky devils. I've got to cut this out. It must be the heat. I've never felt so inadequate before. And the funny part of it is, I can't do a darn thing to make them understand. I wonder if they ever will? We haven't a ghost of a chance until they do. Ah, the old wind-bag's almost finished. Well, here goes. To blazes with the Major's speech.)

". . . to introduce one of our own boys, Marine Sergeant Bob Totten!"

Bob stood up and waited for the cheering to die down. Then he took a firm grip on the platform railing and shouted at the people, "Do any of you know what this war is all

about?"

Out of the corner of his eye he saw the Major stiffen. A look of amazement spread over the faces of the people near him. (There, that's a good start. Please, God, give me the right words. I've got to make them see it as I did.) Behind him, Bob heard the Major whisper, "It must be sunstroke. We'd better stop him." (You would pull that, you fool. They'll think I've gone nuts. Oh, what's the use?) "Fellow citizens, ladies and gentlemen, when you recite the flag salute, 'I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America . . .'" Bob felt the crowd relax. The Major settled back in his chair. This was according to form. (Forgive me, fellows, it wouldn't have done any good.) ". . . and to the republic for which it stands . . ."

Sportscope

(continued from page four)

class nearly landed an arrow in the derriere of an unsuspecting classmate who was innocently picking up stray arrows. No malicious intent, we hope! . . . to sympathize with the horsewomen around the school and lend them a helping hand while going up and down steps. The poor kids claim that a horse provides no soft cushions to sit on, and they are, to put it mildly—sore!

. . . to mention what a tough time the modern dancing classes have had all year. Mrs. Hutcherson left several weeks ago to be with her husband. The classes have been on their own since. We wonder how much and what type of dancing is done in the class periods!

This just about winds up the sports — and us. By the time you read this, most of the tournaments will have been played off and sports in general will be drawing to a close. But it has been a swell sports year. Won't you agree? We've had some mighty fine participants in all our games. With no prejudice or nothin', we'd like to say that we think the PCW athlete has just about the best sportsmanship ever. And as a closing thought, we'd like to throw a huge bouquet to Riggy, who has made one grand AA president and pepped us up to help make sports a big thing here at school. Thanks, Riggy, for a job well done.

Harrison Boy

(continued from page seventeen)
 from Old Murk's. They carried him there.

Ted, the counter boy, remembers that. He was the only one in "the Drug." He had just mixed himself a chocolate 'shake and had hooked the tin container on the electric machine, and turned on the switch. It made a whirring noise. They brought Johnny in and laid him on the floor. He stopped breathing in about three minutes and they put newspapers over his body. Ted saw his face before it was covered. There were two streams of blood coming from the corners of his mouth, and a smear of grease on his forehead. Otherwise his face was relaxed, more relaxed than it had ever been. Ted had to turn and switch off the milk shaker. There was chocolate foam splashed over the counter.

In the paper the next day there was a notice about Johnny. "John C. Harrison, Jr.," it said, "only son of J. C. Harrison, Sr., and the late Mrs. Harrison, was fatally injured last night when his car swerved into a telephone pole at the corner of Polk and Grantland Streets. Witnesses say he was traveling at an excessive rate of speed when the accident occurred."

That's all it said in the paper . . . nothing more. But everyone . . . all the older people that is, read between the lines. "Must have been drunk," they all said, "driving like a crazy fool that way. Yes, he was drunk all right. He was exactly like his father."

So Johnny's picture couldn't be in the *Hiram Heights* with a black border around it and a couple of verses of Tennyson's *In Memoriam* underneath. But there were a few things of Johnny's left: there was a white orchid crushed inside Annie Michael's copy of Webster's Dictionary, standard edition, his name was inscribed and blotted eight times in the police registry, and in the Harrison plot next to the white marble monument of his mother, is Johnny's smaller tombstone, and on it is inscribed:

John Craig Harrison, Jr.
 Aged 19

"THANKS"



for giving the boys a break"

You do someone a real favor when you stay off Long Distance lines from 7 to 10 at night. When a lot of people do that, a lot of service men's calls get through quicker.

The soldiers and sailors—their folks back home—and the telephone company are all grateful for your help.

So tonight and every night, "give seven to ten to the service men." That's about the best time they have to call.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF PENNSYLVANIA

INSURE your future—
Save WITH WAR BONDS

His patriotism is written in

BLOOD.



Yours is written on every Bond you buy
in the **5TH WAR LOAN !**

THE stepping stones to victory are red with blood of American heroes. Tarawa . . . Salerno . . . Cassino. Their patriotism is written in blood.

Your patriotism is written on every Bond you buy in this vital 5th War Loan. Your name on a War Bond means you're behind our invasion troops.

Help hasten the day of Victory by investing in *extra* War Bonds

now. Invest in *more* than you've ever purchased before. Invest \$100, \$200, \$300, \$400. Those who can, must invest *thousands* of dollars.

For this is the biggest job we've ever had to do. We *can't* fail our fighting men as they plunge into the biggest and bloodiest struggle of all.

WELCOME THE VICTORY VOLUNTEERS when they call to tell you about War Bonds

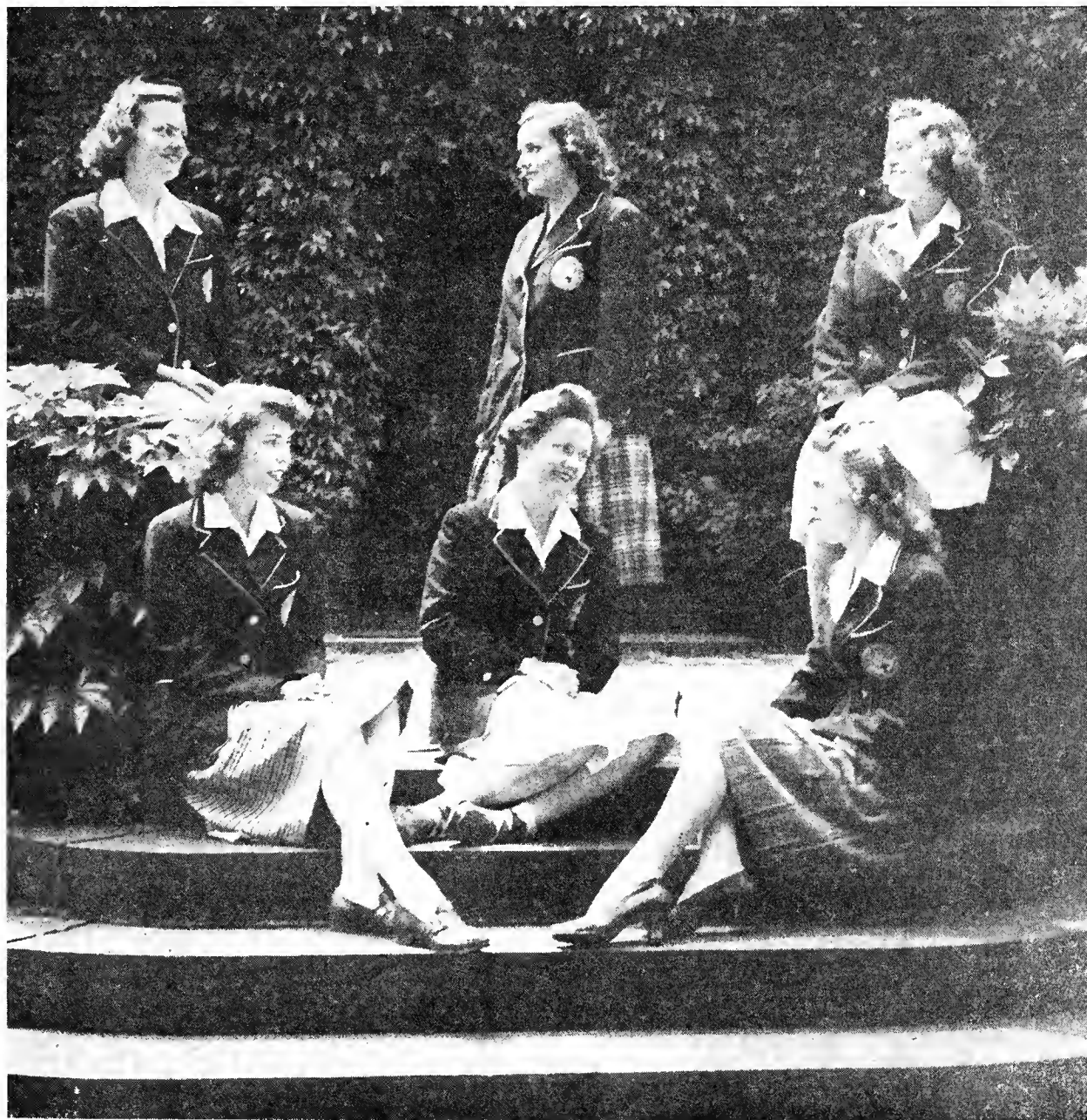


The ARROW

Vol. XXIV

Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 20, 1944

No. 1



Campus Leaders (See Page 2)

May, '44
Mr. How
comes to PCW
terian Church

THE ARROW

Pennsylvania College for Women

Pittsburgh, Pa.

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REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY
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EDITORIAL STAFF

Co-Editors..... { Louise Flood, '45
 { Nancy Herdt, '45

There will be a meeting in Berry Hall Drawing Room Tuesday morning, September 26, at 10:20, for all girls interested in applying for the **Arrow** staff.

COVER IDENTIFICATION

Left to right, standing, Martha Cox, President of House Board; Jane Meub, Editor of the **Pennsylvanian**; Patsy Speers, Chairman of Activities Council. Seated, Jean Dalzell, Chairman of Honor Committee; Ruth Jenkins Horsburgh, President of Student Government Association; Phyllis Ingraham, President of YW. Not pictured, Lois Long, President of AA; Louise Flood and Nancy Herdt, Co-Editors of the **Arrow**.

The Great Tomorrow

After the ink has dried on the Armistice treaties—after the flowers have taken root on our heroes' graves—after the big ships have been refitted with mural-walled dining salons and marble swimming pools on the upper decks—after the guns of World War II have been mounted in peaceful village greens for children to look at—then will the Great Tomorrow come.

The copywriters' dream of Tomorrow is a world of sun glistened steel and wind racing speed. Over and over again they have printed in today's magazines plans and illustrations of the dazzling world to be. Through them we can see huge planes winging us from New York for a weekend sightseeing tour of Paris. We can see boys tinkering with the engines of helicopters in family garages. We can see the world's great actors and statesmen and musicians flashed into our living rooms through television. We can hear thousands of lathes and drills and industrial furnaces pouring out plastic playthings, household gadgets, and bridge spans a hundred miles long. We can see gurgling mixtures in test tubes—fantastic armaments against pain and disease.

The copywriters are thus reflecting the American optimism in *material* progress—an optimism fanned by the huge strides already taken in technical science. We see evidences in every column of war news of the ingenuity of scientists and inventors in creating machinery of *destruction*. We look forward to the same brilliant

application of talent in the creation of machinery of *construction*. This is logical optimism.

But if Tomorrow is to be great, we must have more than mere material progress—we must push forward in culture as well. This cultural progression is in our hands. We students in the universities and colleges throughout our country form a definite minority in the American population, particularly in these war times. This opportunity for higher education is ours by chance, but nevertheless, it is our responsibility to maintain and improve the cultural tone of our generation.

There are two parts of this job of ours—the first dealing with books—the second dealing with people. In studying we must never lose sight of the large scope of things. Whether we are slicing with our scalpels the digestive system of a frog, or reading Chaucer in Middle English, or whether we are coloring on a map the nineteenth century manufacturing centers of the British Isles—we must consider them not as detached projects, but as illustrations of different phases in the evolution of our civilization. If we adopt this as a consistent attitude towards our studies, we will become truly educated people and “safe deposit boxes” of culture.

We have also special advantages here at PCW for the performance of the second part of our task of improving the cultural tone of our generation. Since we are a comparatively small college, the social contacts we make here are invaluable. We have the opportunity, more than in the larger universities, of making a wide circle of friends with varying backgrounds, nationalities, and religions. There are no sororities or social clubs here, so our friendships are not limited to a group of our own particular kind. This is as it should be. If we look at our college social contacts in the right way, we will probably be just a little more tolerant when we graduate into the super-sized mixed up group of the World. As tolerance is the backbone of a democracy, and as democracy is the keystone of a cultured people, we will be again guardians of the best in our generation.

This challenging responsibility is not a grim one, but is a most enjoyable task. We think the Class of '48 will find, as we other classes have, that while they are, consciously or unconsciously, aiming at the Great Tomorrow, they will be enjoying to the utmost their experiences in this peaceful college existence.

Merci Beaucoup

We should like to take this opportunity to thank the Alumnae for their cooperation in returning the **Arrow** questionnaire blanks which were sent to them during the summer. The information received was very interesting—and for a more adequate coverage of the subject, we refer you to Page 4.

Thank you again.

**THE ARROW NEEDS
 PHOTOGRAPHERS!**

PEOPLE

NEW FACULTY

There have been changes made in almost every department of PCW. Eleven names have been added to the faculty this year, ten of them to replace instructors who have either taken leaves of absences or who have resigned permanently.

Miss Shamburger, after eighteen years at PCW, has gone back to North Carolina where she will teach at Salem College at Winston-Salem. (*ed. note*—in the next issue of the **Arrow** we will publish a mail interview with Miss Shamburger which hasn't yet been completed.) Replacing Miss Shamburger in the English Department is Miss Helen Jean Moore (A. B. University of Pennsylvania, M. A. University of Pittsburgh). Miss Moore, together with Mrs. Ferguson and Mrs. Rand, will teach the new Freshman English-speech combination course, as well as an English class in the upper division.

While Miss Kramer is recovering from her illness in the West Penn Hospital, Mrs. S. Thomas Cummings (Duke University) will take charge of the psychology department. Mrs. Cummings comes to PCW from Hollins College in Virginia.

Miss Kathryn Challinor (now with a new last name) has left the chemistry lab's bunsen burners for her kitchen burners. Her place has been taken by Dr. Annabelle B. Horn, who received her Bachelor of Arts degree from Allegheny and her M. S. and Ph.D. from Pitt.

Another new resident of Buhl Hall of Science is Dr. Donald Foss Smith (B. S. University of Chattanooga, M. S. University of Tennessee, and Ph.D. University of Virginia). Dr. Smith comes to PCW from the United States Bureau of Mines. He replaces Dr. Thomas F. Jacoby.

Also in the science department—Dr. Helen Calkins has returned to the mathematics division after her year's leave of absence. Mrs. Seitz, besides teaching some math courses, will also be in charge of the physics department.

Mrs. Florence Franklin Shirley (of Pitt, University of Wisconsin, and University of California) will take Miss Walker's place in the American history division. (On Miss Walker, see May, '44 issue of the **Arrow**.)

Mr. Howard L. Ralston, who comes to PCW from the First Presbyterian Church in Lancaster, Pa., will

teach organ and piano music, replacing Mr. Collins.

In place of Miss Irma Ayers, Miss Janice M. Stewart will be showing PCWomen the finer points of cooking and sewing in the Mellon Hall Home Economics labs. Miss Stewart received her Bachelor of Science at Ohio University, and has done additional work in dietetics at Western Reserve and Duquesne Universities.

In the education department Mrs. Cotton will be replaced by Mr. Michael V. Ference of Duquesne University.

In the library, Miss Helen Y. Long will take Mrs. Hubbs' place as Mrs. Hansen's assistant. Miss Long received her Bachelor of Arts degree at Smith College, and Bachelor of Science degree at the Carnegie Library School.

As Miss Marks' secretary, Miss Sylvia Geegan (formerly with the Pittsburgh Public School System) will replace Mrs. Thompson. Miss Geegan graduated from Oberlin College.

As mentioned in another issue of the **Arrow** (May '44) Mr. R. Clifton Daniel, Program Director of WCAE, will conduct a professional course in radio directing, speaking, and writing.

The faculty, therefore, has almost a dozen new members—a new source of dramatic talent for their Valentine Day production!

Saludos, Amiga

A Brazilian will be a student at PCW this year. This South of the Borderess is Edith Beatriz Dodsworth Martins of Rio de Janeiro, who will arrive in Pittsburgh sometime this month. Due to wartime censorship the exact date of her arrival is unknown, but according to a cable received by her friend, former PCW student Maristella Jardims Hockensmith, Edith is "on her way North."

A graduate of Collegio Andrews Junior College, where she majored in pre-engineering studies, Edith has been employed by the National Engine Factory of Brazil whose policy is to send its promising young employees to the United States for a year's education.

In recent years PCW has had a number of foreign students who have contributed their point of view and have learned ours. Having read the Coca-Cola ads we say, "Saludos, Amiga," or "Welcome to PCW!"

NEW STUDENTS

Welcome to PCW, Class of '48! Since you are to be the seventy-fifth graduating class, you are a distinctive class before you've even started. For your information we've compiled a few statistics here and there on your class, and here they are. There!

Peabody High School, for the second year in succession, wins the enrollment race of the entering Freshmen. To Peabody we send a purple and white letter of thanks for sending six members of its class of '44 to PCW's class of '48.

Second prize of a purple and white thank you note goes to Wilkinsburg High with five of its former seniors becoming Freshmen here.

Edgewood and Mt. Lebanon High Schools are tied for third place in PCW's enrollment Olympics. Each school sent four of its students, thus winning the third prize—a purple and white mental thank you note.

Other high schools and preparatory schools represented are: Ellis, Winchester-Thurston, Avonworth, Brentwood, Oliver, Bellevue, West View, Beaver, Rosemary Hall, South Hills, Shaler, Perry, Greensburg, Penn, Northfield Seminary, Springdale, Mars, St. Clairsville, Allderdice, Schenley, Greenwich (Conn.) High School, Philadelphia High School for Girls, Langley, Munhall, Latrobe, Somerset, McKeesport, Steubenville, Waynesburg, Hampton, Rochester, Sharon, and Collegio Jacobina High School in Rio de Janeiro.

Enrollment By States

Pennsylvania, of course, has contributed the most students to the Freshman class. Second in numbers are students from Ohio. And third place is tied by New York and Connecticut.

Alumnae Connections

There are five daughters of Alumnae in the Freshman class: Peggy Betz, Betsy Donaldson, Jessie Gilbert, Prudence Hamilton, and Frances Henry. Prudence and Peggy are first cousins, and come to their mothers' college after having spent their twelve years in school together.

Eight members of the class of '48 are following in their sisters' footsteps. Marjorie Caldwell (two sisters, Weezie and Barb), Patricia Copetas (who will at least see Lulu at lunch), Betsy Donaldson (whose sister Peg prexied SGA last year), Phyllis Dornberger (will probably

(Continued on Page Five)

FEATURES

QUIZZED KIDS

An old proverb claims experience is the best teacher. Believing then, that the Freshmen might benefit from the experiences of recent PCW graduates, the **Arrow** this summer sent a questionnaire to approximately one hundred Alumnae of the '42, '43, and '44 classes. If you like statistics, here's your dish; if you like generalizations, we think we have them, too. But whether or not you like advice, we'd suggest you peruse the quotations at the end—advice for Freshmen from gals who learned the hard way.

From the returned questionnaires we discovered that English majors were three times as frequent as elementary education majors, four times as frequent as sociology and Spanish majors, and eight times as frequent as French or economics majors. In round numbers the percentages showed: English, 24%; psychology, 11%; chemistry and history tied at 10%; elementary education, 8%; sociology and Spanish with 6% each; French and economics 3% each. The remaining 4% was made up of math and dietetics majors.

Stenography was the most frequent minor listed on the questionnaires. It led the field with 27%, followed by English and history with 11% each; biology, 9%; sociology, psychology, and economics, 7% each; chemistry and Spanish, 6% each. Social studies, speech, music, Latin, and home-ec minors made up the remaining 9%. So, class of '48, consider yourselves briefed on the academic choices of your predecessors.

Many times Freshmen are worried if they do not have their major chosen early in their college careers. When quizzed on this subject, the response from our questionees showed that 63% had chosen their majors before entering PCW. Of the remaining 37%, however, some said they had chosen a major but changed it before their Junior year; others admitted having no definite choice in mind but merely took the prescribed general Freshman course.

What, then, caused them to choose or change their major? Answers included, "I enjoyed the Freshman course in (speech);" "I unknowingly chose the wrong schedule my Freshman year, so I went ahead on the path of least resistance;" "After realizing the unlimited opportunities

in the field of chemistry, I decided upon a chem major after the first semester of school;" "The war offered so many advantages to girls in science;" "I made an A in Math 1-2 so . . .;" "My interests changed." These answers, we feel, are representative of the 37%, so perhaps they will express your sentiments this time next year.

The next question asked the Alumnae to list any course, which from their own experience, they recommended as a "must." From the variety of replies, we gather that there are very few courses in the PCW catalogue which are not considered interesting and important by the girls who have taken them. Naturally, English majors recommended English courses and economics majors recommended economics courses. Nevertheless, the smattering of suggested courses is so great, we shall list the most frequently recommended "musts."

History 1-2 and Economics 1-2 led the field, with American History, Economics of War, History of Latin America, and American Government also specifically mentioned. As one questionnaire said, "In these times college gal graduates are expected to *know* what they're talking about when they discuss the headlines."

English lit, creative writing, general and abnormal psychology, stenography, speech, art and music appreciation, philosophy, and religion were the next group of most frequently listed "musts."

What do PCWomen do after graduation? That was the next question we thought might interest Freshmen, so here are the percentages of grad-

uates' present occupations: 21% are employed by industry, some as IBM trainees, some as secretaries, some in personnel work; 20% are employed in the field of science as chemists and research lab assistants; 14% are school teachers; 13% are in the fields of journalism, advertising, and radio; 13% are devoting their full time to the important job of being a housewife; 7% are directly aiding the war effort as WAVES and Red Cross staff aides; 6% are in social or YW work; 6% are continuing their educations in graduate school. This resume, we think, adequately answers the question, "What do PCWomen do after graduation?"

Now for the advice which was promised a few paragraphs back! First the questionnaire asked, "In what ways do you think extracurricular activities are beneficial to Freshmen?" The general trend of the answers pointed out that activities participation helped Freshmen to meet their own classmates and upperclassmen, encourage class and school spirit, through a sense of belongingness, develop traits of leadership early in your college career, and at the same time are an excellent means of recreation. Then too, as a '43 graduate put it, "For some reason, if you don't go in for activities during your Freshman year it's harder to get started later. Also, it is surprising how many of the incidental skills you pick up that way come in handy out in the business world."

Interesting advice in a more general sense was also generously contributed and we have chosen excerpts which we think will be particularly helpful during these first mixed-up weeks.

"One of the bits of advice I would give to Freshmen would be to beg, borrow, or work for at least one year in the dormitory. For me and innumerable others, dorm life was a major part of college education."

"I would suggest that each Freshie be told to try to make a broad circle of friends instead of sticking too closely to a few girls. Tight cliques are a big mistake in a school the size of PCW."

"My advice to Freshmen living on the campus comes from sad experience. Bridge games and "bull" sessions are loads of fun and by far more interesting than shutting one's self in her own room and preparing

THE ARROW NEEDS REPORTERS!

See Page 2



FEATURES

the next day's assignment. But blue books roll around only too fast and this is one headache medicine won't cure."

"Spend time each day on daily work, keeping up with the class in the text and outside reading, and getting papers done on time. It helps a lot at exam time."

"I wish I had realized that as a day student I wasn't missing a thing that wasn't my own fault for missing. It's not only wonderful to be a dorm student but it's easier! You're around when things happen and an activity that calls for you to put in an appearance at 4:30 p.m. doesn't arouse wistful thoughts of a long, lonesome trolley ride home. But a day student can have every bit. She works harder for it, and I found, enjoys it to the hilt."

"Enjoy dormitory life to the utmost but reserve eight hours of each night for sleep."

"Don't crowd around the dining room doors . . . Know how to play bridge . . . Respect everybody—it may be a Senior . . . Don't be easily discouraged—some day you'll be a Senior or Junior and the chapel posts will be at your posterior . . . Study hard the first year at least . . . And obey the Girl Scout Laws."

"Have a definite time for study. Don't spend the whole evening getting ready to study."

"Think seriously of the type of work you want to do after graduation and plan college courses accordingly."

"By all means, do not limit your inner circle of friends to either day or dorm students. Day students particularly, should be encouraged to stay on campus after class hours so that they may either actively participate in sports or provide an audience for those who do."

"I would tell Freshmen—quite strongly—that nothing anyone does goes unnoticed. In PCW, as in Texas, the Eyes are upon you. If, in your Freshman year, you think no one notices you—you're making a mistake. I found out, when I was in a position to start judging people myself, that the tiniest things grew to great importance. A Freshman should remember that little acts of selfishness, of buck-passing, of meanness will be noticed. Sloppiness will not go unmarked. Neither will snobbishness. It's the total impression that counts most of the time, but it pays

to be careful about the things you think no one will see, anyway."

Well, Freshmen, (and we hope Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors too), that's the story as we got it from the gals who have been through the mill—or should we say High on the Hill? The matter is entirely in your hands, so make the most of it.

Anniversary Plans

PCW is observing its seventy fifth anniversary this year, marking it as one of the oldest women's colleges in America. For the past few months committees made up of Alumnae, faculty, and student members have been making plans for the observation of the three-quarters of a century birthday. The tentative schedule for the education, religious, and social program for the weekend of October 27, has been announced.

On Saturday morning, October 27, an academic meeting will be addressed by President Gaines, head of the American Association of Colleges and Universities.

The meeting will be followed by a noon luncheon at the William Penn Hotel to which students, faculty, and Alumnae will be invited. Toastmistress Mrs. John M. Phillips (Harriet Duff, '03) "The American Mother of 1944," will introduce widely known women of all fields. Among them will be Mrs. LeFell Dickinson, President of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, who will speak on *Woman's Tomorrow*; Miss Mary Ellen Chase, chairman of the English Department, Smith College, and notable author of *Mary Peters*, *Wind-swept*, *Silas Crockett*, and other best sellers, will lecture on *Women in Education*; Lena Madson Phillips, International President of Business and Professional Clubs, has chosen as her topic *Women in Business*.

On Saturday evening, PCW women will be hostesses at an Open House on the campus where there will be demonstrations of work in dramatics, music, home economics, laboratory sciences, and liberal arts.

Sunday morning a founders' service will be conducted at the Shady-side Presbyterian Church, the birthplace of PCW. In the evening a vesper service will be held during which a portrait of Sara Helen Coolidge, former president of PCW, will be unveiled.

DR. KINDER

Dr. James S. Kinder, head of PCW's psychology and education departments, was elected President of Zone II, Department of Visual Education, National Education Association, at a convention held in Pittsburgh this summer. A speech which he delivered to the convention will be printed in the October issue of *Educational Screen*.

In addition to this office, Dr. Kinder is also a board member of the Educational Film Library Association, an associate editor of *Film News*, and head of PCW's Film Service.



THE ARROW NEEDS A BUSINESS STAFF!

See Page 2

(Continued from Page Three) whip up the hill with Helen in the gray Ford), Lucille McKay (sister of '42 YW president Amy), Jeanne Rocher (Mary Ellen's little sister), Anne Watson (ditto Jean Watson), and Lois Bright (Martha Bright, '38.)

Transfer Students

Five students have transferred to PCW this year. From Stephens College, Jocelyn Beeson has entered the Sophomore class. Also to be Sophomores are Mary Alice Hoag and Nancy Lee Walters who spent their Freshman year at Barnard College in New York City.

Edna Croak, from Carnegie Tech, will attend Junior class meetings with her sister Helen. From Penn State, Mary Jayne Brine will enter the college from which her sister-in-law, Margaret Ballard graduated three years ago.

To the transfer students we give special greetings, and hope that they will be happy in their new Alma Mater.

FEATURES

Campus Comments

If you feel you were overburdened with work this summer, we'd like you to step up and match Nancy Spencer's farming record. While her father was taking care of PCW in his Berry Hall office, Nancy whipped up with her little tractor ten acres of potatoes (or bushelly speaking — 3,000 bushels) and thirty acres of oats. All this and three pound beef-steak tomatoes too!

* * *

The pianos were moved from the second floor of the Art Center back to their former Haydn place above the gymnasium. This move was taken because the Administration felt that, what with the new maple beds and bureaus for the Freshmen residents of A. C., a piano in each room might crowd things a bit.

* * *

Dr. Spencer, the coordinator of the Pitt, Tech, and Penn State Engineering, Science, and Management Training, announced that the valuable service has been discontinued in the Pittsburgh area. During the last three years, 29,927 men and women were trained under this group for essential wartime jobs. Another seventy three people would have brought the grand total to a round 30,000. The seventy three were probably out somewhere missing a boat.

* * *

We noticed in *Life* that Hamilton College for men, because of draft boards and things, is merely a fraction of its former self. The whole student body, we understand, is living in two middling sized fraternity houses. We must write to Hamilton and tell them that PCW is having the same trouble—no men.

* * *

Joanne Knauss, now a full fledged ensign in the WAVES, swears that while in training at Northampton she noted that Smith College girls have baggier blue jeans than we have. But we bet ten bobby pins our hair is stringier than any Smith gal going. So there!

* * *

Speaking of the Navy, we met a very interesting specimen on our way home from Chicago. All the way from Fort Wayne, Indiana to Crestline, Ohio, the eighteen year old glamour gob tried to tell us that he was different from any sailor that ever booted at Great Lakes Naval Training Center. We were unbelieving. Finally as the train chugged

into the Alliance, Ohio station he said: "Well, anyway I have false teeth which is more than most sailors have." We gave him that "oh-how-you-do-run-on" look. All the other bluejackets in the car said: "Prove it to her. Make like Popeye, Herman!" Slowly our friend put one hand in his pocket and pulled out a corncob pipe. With the other hand to his lips, in one gesture he pulled out his false teeth, uppers and lowers. Slipping his pipe in the side of his mouth, he said proudly: "I yam Popeye, the sailor man!" All the rest of the way we struck up a beautiful friendship, for if there's anything we like, it's men who are *different!*

Haze Craze

So, gals of '48, you think it's tough to answer telephones and use the back entrance into Chapel! Confidentially, when we were Freshmen we thought so too. But we leafed through some old *Arrows* this summer and read the hazing rules from a few years back — twenty three years back, to be exact—and we are slowly succumbing to the belief that each generation becomes softer. From the October 27, 1921, *Arrow* we quote the following hazing rules:

1. Respect to upper-classmen at all times.

(a) Freshmen must always offer seats to upper classmen in a crowded street car or any other public gathering place . . . and readily comply with any reasonable request of an upper classman.

(b) Hereafter it will be deemed a Freshman's duty to answer telephone calls, deliver messages, carry mail or packages from the post-office to the dormitory unless otherwise instructed during the week.

(c) All Freshmen must remain standing quietly at their tables in the dining room until every upper classman at the table is seated, even though the upper classman may be late.

2. Personal appearance.

(a) This week: No jewelry, no silk or rolled stockings, no high heels, no cosmetics, and only plain clothes—as middies and skirts, gingham or heavy dresses.

(b) No Freshman may talk above a whisper, except in her own room, outside of classrooms

and dining rooms, this week, at any time.

(c) House Freshmen may only use the front stairs to go to meals and in case of fire drill.

As a word of warning the edict concluded, "Any form of violation will invite individual punishment."

The aim of the hazing, it seems, was that if upper classmen could not secure the desired reverence due to their hard-earned wisdom and superior years by any other means, they would have it by force.

An *Arrow* editorial (1923) summed the matter up by saying, "There is, naturally, an end to all good things and what is funny in the beginning sometimes becomes a bore. Therefore, if we limit our hazing to a reasonable length of time and try to observe the rule of give and take, there seems to be no reason why hazing should not go on in the halls of PCW. Then when we are old and grey we can look back with the singular and perhaps ungrammatical thought, them was the happy days!"

Calendar

Wednesday, September 20

- 10:00 Chapel.
- 10:45 Classes begin — 30-minute schedule.
- 1:45 Freshman Assembly.
- 2:45 Vocational Interest Test — Science Lecture Hall (for all Freshmen and Transfer Students.)

Thursday, September 21

- 8:30 Regularly scheduled classes begin.
- 10:20 Student Government Meeting for all students.
- 2:45 English Placement Test — Science Lecture Hall (required of all Freshmen.)

Friday, September 22

- 10:20 Freshman Chapel — President Spencer.
- 8:00- Y W C A Get - Acquainted
- 10:00 Party for all students. Assembly Hall.

Sunday, September 24

- 6:30 Vespers—Assembly Hall.

Monday, September 25

- 11:30 Matriculation Day Exercises — Assembly Hall (Freshmen are required to wear white dresses.)

Wednesday, September 27

- 2:30- Faculty Reception. Andrew
- 4:30 Mellon Hall.

Saturday, September 30

- 12:30- Mountain Day.
- 4:00 Hockey Field.

LITERATURE

MY LIFE IN BERRY HALL TOWER by *Gretta Ghost***Chapter I. My Fearful Discovery**

The first remembrance I have is of my mother, a dear, unselfish woman — the memory of her haunts me I think back on one storm-swept night. I was sitting on the floor of the darkened Tower Room listening to the rhythmic click of her dear finger bones as they knitted me a cobweb bib. A feeling of utter happiness enveloped me at this domestic sound, and I slowly opened my eyes to gaze at Mother. Suddenly I jumped up, ran to her, and flung my arms about her sweet bony shoulders.

"Mother," I cried, "what's the matter? You're as white as a sheet!"

Mother never missed a stitch. She opened her mouth to speak, and until I live I will never forget the words she spoke in her hauntingly beautiful voice. She said slowly, "You ain't lookin' so rosy yourself, kid. Run to the mirror and take a peer!"

I jumped to the glass on the plaster-chipped wall, and stared at the reflection therein. Suddenly I shrieked.

"What's the matter, kid?" asked Mother. "You look as though you had seen a ghost." Then in her quietly humorous manner she added, "Well, you have."

It was then that I came to the sudden realization that I was different from other girls. I had always observed that many of the girls I had seen around were spooks, but I was the spookiest of them all. I could say "boo" to any of them. For I was, and am, and always will be, the Ghost of the Berry Hall Tower.

Chapter II: My Education

"Mother," said I one night as she was cooking some Coca-Cola foam for supper, "I have made a great decision."

Mother turned and said slowly, "What now, Spooko? Have you de-

ecided to wear your sheet in that new drape shape?"

"No, Mother," I said. "This decision I have made is bigger than merely the kind of dress I'm going to wear."

"Well," said Mother, "if you intend to get a reet sheet overcoat, you'll do it over my live body!"

"No, Mother," I reiterated. "My decision has nothing to do with clothes. Tomorrow they're starting another school year downstairs, and I'm going to matriculate. Mother, I'm going to be educated!"

Mother laughed like a radio star (the one that has a show on Saturday night called *Inner Sanctum*). "Gretta," she said, "you hain't got a ghost of a chance. For one thing, we ain't got the tuition, and how do you aim to go to classes if you ain't paid your tuition?"

I pulled up a hunk of air and sat down. "I have that all figured out, Mother. There are 350 students in PCW, see? And they all take on the average of five courses a semester. Each course they take, Ma, entitles them to three cuts, and I added it all up. I can go to 5250 classes a semester in their places. And we won't have to pay one cent of tuition. See?"

Mother saw. So I entered PCW as an unclassified student. I had to take quite a few courses on account of each class I went to was one that somebody else cut. If you want to know the courses I was taking, just look them up in the catalogue—all of them. But as I say, you never can get too much education.

Chapter III. My Search For a Man-Ghost

"Mother," I said one night, as we were sitting in the Tower listening to the static on the radio, "I want to go to the Junior Prom."

Mother switched to another station. In a little while she was back. She asked slowly, "What with?"

"Well," I said hopefully, "maybe I can meet someone interesting between now and then. I've got three days."

Mother looked at me sorrowfully. "Where do you expect to meet him?"

I thought for an instant. Then I said, "Well, where did you meet Father?"

Mother smiled with nostalgia as she sniffed from a bottle of that new fragrance, *Spirits of Ammonia*. "I met him at Cornell," she said. "One

of my friends introduced me to him at a Halloween party. So we were married and came to PCWooooo!"

"By the way," I said, "where is Father? Haven't seen him around for the last twenty years."

"Oh," said Mother as she smeared Pond's vanishing cream over her face, "he got tired of married life, so now he's back at his old haunts." I thought for an instant. "Well, Mother," I said, "you met a man at college. Why can't I?" I got all excited.

Mother wrung my hand. After she had hung it up to dry, she said, "Gretta, I haven't told you this before. I wanted to spare you your illusions. But now the time has come. Daughter, do you know what the initials P. C. W. really mean?"

"Why no," I said, embarrassed like.

"They mean," said Mother, "Pennsylvania College for Women!"

I despaired. But only for an instant. Pluckily I came to the conclusion that I was not destined to go to the Junior Prom. I couldn't even get married. But there was a way out. My life wouldn't be ruined. I was going to have a career.

Chapter IV. My Career

"Mother," I said one night in our Tower Room as she was sprinkling dust over the floor and hanging up cobwebs, "since I've decided upon a career, help me choose one."

Mother stopped working immediately. "There's only one to choose, kid! You must work on the **Arrow**. There's a job with a future."

I flew to the **Arrow** Office in an instant. The editors were sound asleep over their typewriters. They had ghostly pallors smeared over their faces.

I timidly touched one on the shoulder. "I've come to write for the **Arrow**," I said softly.

Suddenly there was excitement in the room. I found in my hands three Coco-Colas, two cream puffs, and an ice-cream cone.

"We need twenty inches," the editors shouted, "and we go to press in a couple of hours!"

"What'll I write about, for Earth's sake?" I asked.

"Anything," they shouted together. "Just write it."

So this is what I wrote—the story of my life. Its twenty inches long—the story, I mean.

**WE SEND THEM
THUNDERBOLTS—**



But do we give them the greatest weapon of all?

IN providing our men with the wonder-
weapons of all time, is our job complete?
Have we given them our best?

No! Not until every free dollar in America is invested in War Bonds have we provided our men with the greatest weapon of all. For it is support from the folks at home—support that lets the soldier know we're backing him to our limit—that gives him the greatest part of his fighting strength.

Curiously enough, the farms of America need those War Bonds as urgently as our boys need the weapons and the supplies those Bonds will provide. For as those Bonds mature, they will replace machinery and equipment and provide cash to maintain those farms as profitable business enterprises.

Have any of us yet really done our best?

Let's give those boys the greatest weapon of the war—all the War Bonds we can possibly buy!

**5 REASONS FOR INCREASING YOUR
WAR BOND PURCHASES**

1. The tempo of this war is hitting its highest point. Government expenditures for war are at the peak. **MORE MONEY IS NEEDED . . . NOW!**
2. In proportion to **WHO HAS THE MOST MONEY**, individuals are not buying their share of War Bonds. **America must correct this situation.**
3. War Bonds provide the farmer and rancher with the financial reserve he *must* have to survive the ordinary ups and downs of farming as a business.
4. Money will be needed urgently at a future date to replace and repair farm equipment, machinery, and buildings. War Bonds will provide it.
5. War Bonds are the safest investment in the world, return a good rate of interest, are easy and convenient to buy . . . from bank, post office, rural mail carrier or Production Credit Association.

For America's Future, for *your* Future, for your children's Future

✧ ✧ *Keep Backing 'em Up-* WITH WAR BONDS! ✧ ✧



The ARROW

Vol. XXIV

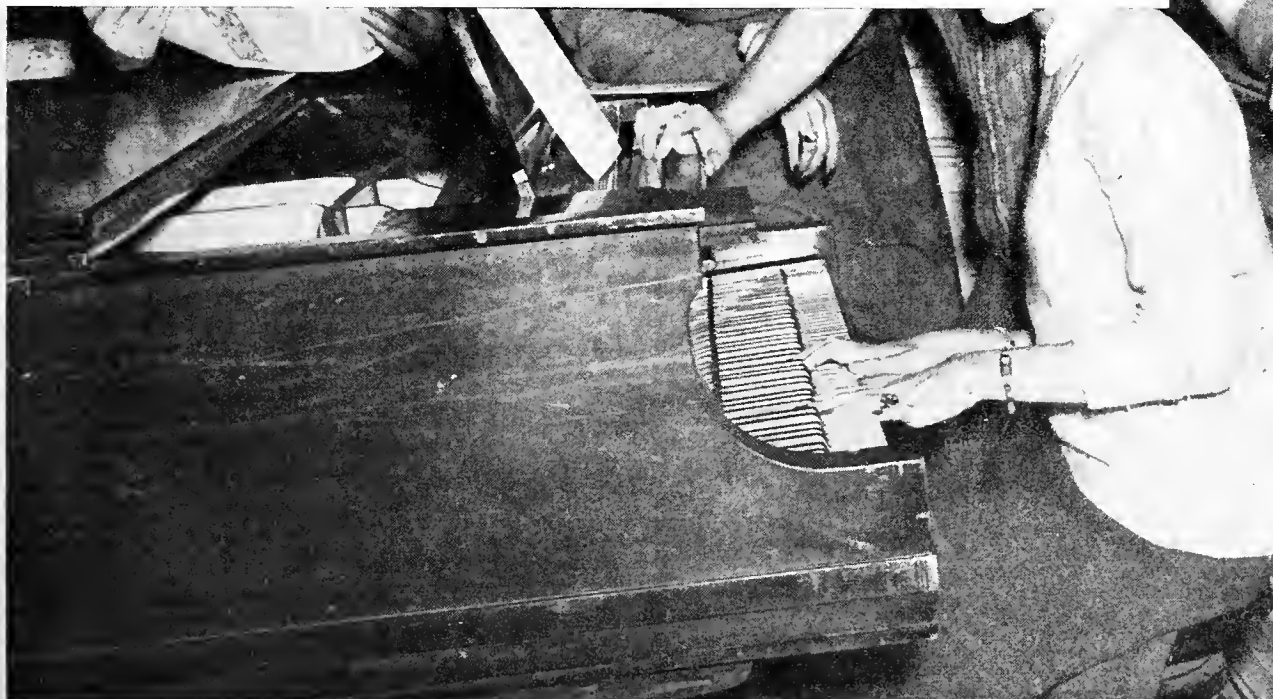
Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburgh, Pa., November 22, 1944

No. 3



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*This is not missing, but is found
in the back of Vol. 17-19, 1937-
39 because of its size*



Color Day See Page Three

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No. 3



Color Day See Page Three

THE ARROW

Pennsylvania College for Women
Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Cover Identification: Snapped as they practiced for the Song Contest are Evelyn Forcey, '48; Martha McFall, '45; La Verne Lowar, '47; and Martha Yorkin, '46.

Thanksgiving

Tradition has it that we should brush off our college pennants, fleck the mothball dust from our fur coats, and dash to the football game tomorrow to cheer for dear old local eleven. To make the picture complete we must pin a yellow chrysanthemum on our lapels and climb into Charley College's convertible to the tune of his Alma Mater and to the fragrance of his pipe.

Then, since we must be traditional, we should go to grandfather's corn-shocked farm for a dinner of milk-fed turkey and homemade pumpkin pie. As soon as the last afterdinner mint has cooled our throats, we must gather round the piano with our cousins who have flown home from military school, Princeton, or that job in the New York bank. As we bid goodbye to Grandmother, Cousin Sarah, and Great Aunt Mathilda, we mentally note that we must be thankful for living in such a great and glorious nation—the good old U. S. A.

But, in the last four years the Thanksgiving tradition has altered somewhat. World War II has a way of shooting traditions to pieces. Charley College has sold

his convertible and is now smoking that pipe somewhere overseas. The football game has been cancelled because the star quarterback is busy with deadlier rivals in the Pacific; Grandfather's farm is out of the "A" coupon range of travel; and anyway, the cousins and brothers couldn't get a leave somehow. Everything is changed.

But no matter what we do in way of celebration tomorrow, the core of the Thanksgiving tradition must still be with us. We must give thanks. Tomorrow is the one national holiday when Pollyanna sits at the head of the table. This is the whole idea of the day—this gratitude for what we have—this feeling that things could be much worse than they really are.

This was the Pilgrims' original idea. After their landing in Plymouth, their life had been menial, unhumorous, full of backbreakings and fear. Yet they set aside one day of feasting and celebration to thank God that their crops were fair that season. This Pilgrim thanksgiving implied a hope—a hope that the crops would continue to be good—that life would come more easily. This day, then, was a shaft of light in the darkened environment of early America.

The same highminded faith in thanksgiving must be with us today. America is even darker in 1944 than it was in 1621. No home has escaped that black smog of international tragedy. Everyone is embroiled in it. There are the little irritations of uncertainty and inconvenience. There is the great sorrow of death or its ever present threat. Celebration seems to be off-key.

Yet we must cling to the tradition of Thanksgiving. We must adopt Pollyannaism. We must be grateful that things aren't worse than they are. When we see the blackness of war and suffering around us, we must give thanks that we have the courage to stand up against it. We must be grateful that we made the choice of risking temporary happiness to fight for a future that is in line with our ideals of a good world.

Our Thanksgiving, like the Pilgrims', must also imply a hope—a hope that our life will come more easily after a while—that our struggles will end in victory—that victory will end in a "brave new world."

The Faculty and students of PCW extend their deepest sympathy to the family and friends of Miss Janet L. Brownlee who died last month in her home in West Middletown, Pa.

Miss Brownlee was associated with PCW for forty-two years—the greater number of them being spent as headmistress of Dilworth Hall until its disestablishment in 1916, after which she assisted the dean of Pennsylvania College for Women. She retired in 1930.

Miss Brownlee had many friends in the Pittsburgh area. It was in her honor that the Dilworth Hall Alumnae Association established a PCW scholarship which is called the Janet L. Brownlee scholarship. This is a fitting memorial to Miss Brownlee as her name will always be known to the students of the college where she spent such a great part of her life.

EVENTS

COLOR DAY

"The decision of the judges was final"—and the class of '48 did it again—walked off with the bonbons for the third successive year. Three years here, three years they've won the song contest—something of a record, we think.

"We commend the Seniors," said Judge Chairman Shupp, "and the winners are the Juniors."

It was so quiet for a second that we could hear the radiators going into their version of the *Clanky Serenade*. But with a sudden roar that must have made the passengers on the Fifth Avenue street car think we were an annex to the Pitt Stadium, the Junior section of the chapel registered their approval of the judges' decision. Then followed congratulations, cheers, the old standby,—*"For They Are Jolly Good Fellows"*—the usual chaotic results of another effort to produce the wittiest and the prettiest songs of the year.

PCW had been waiting with baited breath for this day—breath baited with alto or soprano harmonies. We had daily yelled: "Quick, Henrietta, the bicarbonate of soda!" as we hurried through our weiners and bean soup to get to song practice. One of the classes even had a picnic dinner in old Berry Hall so they could have an evening session with things melodious.

The "we ain't talkin'" attitude developed as each class sent its secret agents, to the chapel, gym, and Conover room to see what the musical score was of its sister and cousin classes. The spies, however, never even got to first base (*nor to first alto*—*Ed.*) as each class developed a sudden case of silentitus.

Last Thursday smogged in grim, gray, and gloomy. But we were all right—a dash of Listerine can do wonders for that itchy throat. We managed classes somehow that morning, though our minds weren't dwelling too deeply on Beaumarchais or the influence of the Ancient Greeks on the Spartan coinage system.

At 11:10 there was a mad checker game struggle for the right seats for the right voices. After everything was under control except Bertha Butterfly in our stomachs, we sat through a hymn, through the announcement of the Freshman Com-

(continued on page four)

Thanksgiving vacation begins Wednesday, November 22, at 12:30 p. m. and ends on Monday, November 27, at 8:30 a. m. For all classes missed during the twenty-four hours immediately preceding and immediately following vacations double cuts will be given. So go to all your classes, and — Happy Thanksgiving!

YWCA News

Dinner and Entertainment (Nov. 20)

Monday night was a big night on the campus with the YW serving chicken pies for dinner and the Freshmen "dishing out corn" a la carte. Frankly, we loved them both.

Helen Dornberger and Mary Kelly Delehaunty, co-chairmen of the dinner, are the gals to thank for serving 165 persons in the Berry Hall cafeteria. Others on the committee were Betty Rusbasan, Dorothy Firth, Jean Thomas, Marion Leach, Betty Beglinger, and Marian Updegraff.

Committee members for the Freshman entertainment, which followed the dinner, included Pat Copetas, Demetra Spanos, Dorothy Doolittle, Jessie Gilbert, and Shirley McKay.

Mistress of ceremonies for the evening was Suzy Sutton; Jimmie Queenth utilized her ingenuity for the dance routine of the Swirlie Girles; Tusa Santo and Lorraine Schaefer evidenced ample vocal talent; and Demetra Spanos rounded out the evening's entertainment with several readings.

We're glad to have you, class of '48. Your originality, pep, and talent promise great things in the future.

Freshman Commission

YW president Phyllis Ingraham announced on Color Day that the following girls had been selected as members of the Freshman Commission: Marianne Boggs, Jessie Gilbert, Prudence Hamilton, Mary Jean Kimball, Nancy McDonald, Shirley McKay, Shirley Morrow, Mary Jane Picard, Suzy Sutton, and Carol Watson.

As explained by Phyllis, the Commission is an honorary junior cabinet of the YW, composed of ten members chosen on the basis of leadership and interest shown in YW activities during the first six weeks of school. This commission, meeting at intervals with the YW cabinet, plans various service projects during the year and interprets YW activities to the Freshman class.

MOCK ELECTION

You may think that Dewey and Roosevelt held the center of the national stage the second week in November, but they really didn't. Matters of far greater importance were decided here on the PCW campus:

1. Has Fala begun to think of himself as indispensable?
2. Has our nation become a decadent one—a slave to alcohol?
3. Has the time arrived for a change?
4. Has Communism proven itself to be the answer to our post-war problems?
5. Has the time come for the women of America to grasp the reins of power?

These and numerous other questions of equal importance were the concern of the student body for weeks before the Mock Election was held on the campus November 6. In a series of skits, campaign speeches, and mammoth rallies, each class and the Faculty expressed its candid opinion of our democracy.

The Freshmen, representing the Democrats, satirized our beloved leader, his beloved wife, and his beloved dog in an attempt to turn again and again and again into again and again and again and again. The Sophomore class followed the hatchet of that representative of modern thought, Carrie Nation, on a crusade through the American home. The Juniors could see nothing but red, and acted accordingly. Their masterful prophet, Earl Browder, used his eloquence to the utmost in an attempt to sway right-thinking people, among them the judges, Miss Barbara Caldwell (class of '44) and Judge John P. Egan, to their way of thinking. The Seniors based their arguments on the premise that we need a skirt under the peace table and the aroma of Chanel in the halls of Congress. The Faculty under Mr. May's sparkling enthusiasm, plugged away for the Republican party and Thomas E. Dewey.

Scene stealers of the evening, however, were none other than two canine campaigners, Fala and the People's choice, Matthew. In fact, the judges announced the victors as having won by a dog's nose!

The Seniors won the election, but don't take their platform too seriously; who wants a woman's world anyway?

EVENTS

ANNIVERSARY REVIEW

Step right-up and take a bow. PCW; you deserve several curtain calls for that fine appearance you so gracefully made at your Seventy-fifth Anniversary. From the top of your Science Hall to the basement of your Andrew Mellon Hall you were quite charming, well-dressed lady. You played every part well: the pleased young lady receiving greetings from numerous delegates; the amiable hostess pleasing all guests at your luncheon; the gracious receptionist meeting everyone at your Open House. Just think of all the people, who, voluntarily mind you, climbed those steps to attend your reception! Well, you made all the effort worthwhile.

Your Science Hall was as interesting as could be: the display of bacteria, bubbling test tubes, little hamsters cleaned up and peeping out at everyone, even the skeleton standing stiffly at attention. You must, however, forgive my family if they passed rather hurriedly by your collection of preserved animals; they haven't built up resistance to that sort of thing as yet.

Quite a few people were chuckling over the May Day pictures in your library; others were interested in old class rings and publications. Berry Hall, meanwhile, was staging a play written by Louise Flood and a fashion show of attractive models. Where did you get so many beautiful costumes?

Right next door at Woodland Hall you were really dressed for a party: every dormitory room thoroughly scrubbed, swept, and dusted — not even one nut shell or cookie crumb! Of course, your Art Center couldn't be outshone in any respect, could it? The beautiful singing and playing there were tributes to your music department.

Over at Andrew Mellon Hall your warm hospitality was glowing. There we met Miss Marks, Mrs. Spencer, Dr. Spencer, and members of the faculty, who graciously welcomed everyone. We heard pleasant music from the library penetrating throughout the rooms of the first floor; we inspected kitchens and laundries, dormitory rooms and bowling alleys, the Conover Room and the swimming pool. Your exhibition in diving, swimming strokes, and formations was well done. We thought it considerate of you not to



Nelson Sabin

PCW students and friends were privileged this week (Monday, November 20) to hear Nelson Sabin, one of America's outstanding baritones, when he gave an hour's concert in the Chapel.

Mr. Sabin made his debut at Chicago as "Alfio" in the opera *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Soon after his debut he made a concert tour of the United States and South American countries where he was acclaimed "America's Ambassador of Song."

Mr. Sabin was born in the United States and was educated in this country. He then studied under the supervision of Enrico Rosati, teacher of many distinguished opera singers.

use tank suits. Yes, you were considerate in every way. PCW. Your friendliness shone through every helpful usher.

Your anniversary celebration was a success. You deserved every compliment paid you. Now you can take off your evening dress and slip back into your blue jeans again. You may be seventy-five years old, but really, my dear, you hold your age very well.

WAR FUND DRIVE

The United War Fund drive has reached its goal on the PCW campus! Under the capable leadership of Mrs. Owens, with Miss Evans as Faculty representative and Patty Eldon as student representative, we have managed to swing over the top of our \$1,400 quota to reach \$1,623.50. Incidentally, this quota was increased substantially on the basis of last year's results.

Class participation in the campaign was 100%. First to reach its goal was the Junior class, but a close race was provided by the three other classes, Faculty, and employees.

Approximately \$3.60 was contributed by each person, and was collected by workers who were supervised by eight captains, two from each class.

Our contributions will be distributed to the U.S.O., Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., the forgotten people of occupied countries, war-broken families at home, prisoners of war, and to some eighty local needs which protect community health, care for the aged and handicapped, and provide recreation for underprivileged youth.

(continued from page three)

mission, through *Hail to PCW*, the presentation of the colors, and the reception of the new Freshmen. All the time we wondered—whether our class Rachmaninoff had remembered to fetch along her music.

Then out with the singing! First the Juniors, then the Seniors, the Freshmen, and finally the Sophomores all singing like mad as if the Metropolitan talent scout were behind one of the pillars.

Then it was over and the judges (Mrs. Shupp, Mrs. Horn, Dr. Wallace, Mr. Ralston, and Dr. Kinder) judiciously retired to the outer chambers of Berry Hall, and we were left alone with some 300 others.

The judges staged a comeback in ten minutes.

Mrs. Shupp bravely stood up before the four classes, and in her true New England economy of words only took fifteen minutes to announce the final decision.

With the announcement of the winning Juniors, the song contest was all over but the singing, as most of the songs will still be heard from the halls of dear old Berry to the shores of Mellon Lake.

EVENTS

CHAPEL PROGRAMS

On November 6, Mr. Murl Deusing paid PCW a return visit when he lectured and showed movies on bird life in Wisconsin. Many students will remember Mr. Deusing's popular lecture of last year. "Big Game Hunting in the Back Yard." We hope his appearance will be an annual affair.

Capt. W. Leggat Smith, of The Scottish Rifles, on November 13 told a PCW audience of his part in the Normandy Invasion of June 1944. Capt. Smith was wounded after several weeks of fierce fighting and is now on convalescent furlough. PCW women were impressed by his message, his accent, his plaid (House of Douglas) trousers, and his kindness in answering questions after the lecture. (Ed. note: *Queries, by the way, ran the gamut from "Do you believe Germany should be made an agricultural nation after the war?" to "Do Scottish troops actually march into battle with bag pipes playing?"—the answer to that last question, in case you've been wondering too, was "Yes."*)

Marian Cohen and Tusa Santo, two members of the Music Department, presented a joint piano and vocal concert in the Chapel November 14. Marian has been selected by the Pittsburgh Concert Society to give one of its five concerts in the '44-'45 season at Carnegie Music Hall. She is now working on this program which will be presented February 27, 1945. Tusa has appeared on a program with Dr. Caspar Koch in the North Side Carnegie Music Hall.

Fashionotes

Once there was a time when girls spent money buying clothes to take off to college . . . and Dad, don't think you'll get off easy when next Fall rolls around . . . but now, instead of dressing up in their new finery, they dress down in clothes a farmer wouldn't wear except when

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*W Leggat Smith, Capt.
The Scottish Rifles*

doing his chores and a ninth-grade-sophisticate would think passe.

Ah, comfort ('s wonderful) is the keynote to the college girls' wardrobe. Tailored tweed suits, wool dresses for town, and something black and glittery for dates—yes, of course. They still get a work-out too. But let's forget them and consider only what you might see if you were to visit dozens of campuses of both co-ed and girls' colleges.

The girls like to feel they can sit in classes, race all over campus, and lounge in chairs with one leg on the floor and the other draped over the arm while wearing one and the same outfit. Slacks, pedal-pushers, and blue jeans fill the bill—and of these, jeans are most popular. To keep slacks and pedal-pushers from looking like pajamas they must be well tailored and fit like a dream. Blue jeans with anything but tremendous, colorful shirts would be out of character. Furthermore, the shirttails are never tucked in but hang out and flap loosely somewhere in the region of the knee.

Where the fad for wearing boys' shirts entered the picture no one can say, but it arrived with a bang. As for boys' clothes in general . . . well, they are great favorites with everyone. The boys now in the service have given away shirts, tweed sport coats, even pajamas to be cut down to somewhat our normal size. Many girls are wearing sailors' pea jackets, using the Navy regulation black kerchiefs as bandannas, and rejoicing in Army fatigues and Marine field jackets. When the war is over and the

men return, they may find their uptil-now sacred Departments bought out by womenfolk.

What the uniform is to the soldier, the sweater and skirt are to the college girl. With these are worn a strand of pearls or a necklace of bright wooden beads. To keep a smooth, no-bulge neckline, a round, crisp, white collar is often used. Much to the relief of some people who shuddered to see sweaters hanging to the thigh with a ruffle of skirt protruding beneath them, the sweaters, thanks to the wartime shortage of wool, are now much shorter.

Unusual things appear in the hair of the girls on college campuses—that is, unusual considering the fashions of a few years ago. Bobby pins are now something to clip term papers together with, and professors in Qualitative Analysis or English 115 see heads bent over lecture notes—heads with neatly parted hair kept in place with engraved silver barettes or wide velveteen ribbons.

This is not intended to convince you that the college girls are a quaint species fit only for the local zoo, but is a report of what she wears while she is being educated. (Ed. note: *For a discussion on this subject, see Mentor Center, Page Eight.*) Whether or not women dress to please men is a moot question. They dress for personal pride and to raise the morale. To be sure, PCW girls never wear such outfits off campus, but, during long study hours and lazying about, something comfortable that can stand the strain is what you'll find them wearing.

—Ouida McGhee.

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SPORTS



SPORTISCOPE

The Athletic Association started this year's sport program with the hockey tournament which included games between class teams played on Wednesday afternoons. The enthusiasm and class spirit helped make this season one of the best.

The hard-fighting Sophomores came out on top and should be congratulated for their victory. Their first game with the not-so-green Freshmen ended in a Soph victory by one point. We are expecting big things from the Freshmen in the future. On the same day, the Juniors beat the Seniors 6-0 in a game of anything but hockey. Seven man golf a la soccer with a touch of baseball would better describe what happened.

The next Wednesday we saw a much improved Senior team which was ready to show us more of their hidden talent. The Freshman talent wasn't quite so hidden; consequently, when the final horn was blown, the Freshmen had more bruises and also more goals, the tally being 4-2. The Sophomores added another victory to

Honorary Hockey Team members Alice Craig, Doris Rowand, Carol Thorne, Evelyn Forcey, Ginny Vogt, Ruth Perry, Jean Purves, and Becky Fellows.

their credit when they beat the Juniors 1-0. The game was one of the best of the season as far as technique goes. The Sophomores excelled in passes and smooth team work.

November 5, the Juniors lost to the Freshmen by a score of 2-1. Both teams displayed good hockey, but the driving power of the Freshmen made them the better team. The Juniors insist the results of the election ruined their game. The "high swinging" Seniors excited everyone when they tied the determined Sophomores in a three period game. The following Tuesday the Sophomores, with a reinforced line, came through victorious in the tournament.

We wish to extend a word of thanks to those who made the food possible while the little girls banged around. Many dorm students mentioned that the food did not spoil their dinners (!!!).

Every year as the tournament

comes to an end, the AA board and hockey managers from each class choose two honorary teams, the Army and Navy. These teams were scheduled to play on Wednesday, November 15, but due to the condition of the field the game was postponed. As selected by the Board, the teams line up:

	Army	Navy
Center forward...	Forcey, E.	Card, E.
Left inner	Purves, J.	Fellows, R.
Right inner	Gilmore, H.	McKay, S.
Center halfback...	Chambers, M.	Long, L.
Left halfback....	Rowand, D.	Perry, R.
Right halfback...	Hoag, M.A.	Beck, B.
Fullback	Walters, N.	Craig, A.
Subs.	Vogt, V.	Thorne, C.
	Cox, M.	Gill, B.
	Swannie, M.	Wallace, G.
	Robb, D.	Bennett, V.

The ping-pong and bowling tournaments will start after Thanksgiving vacation. It is hoped that many will participate. It's all for fun and it will keep you from developing that sullen sogginess which results from sitting around too much. Let's go, kids!

FEATURES

HERE AND THERE

"Where there's life, there's hope," was the universal slogan on the evening of October fourteenth, as we set forth valiantly to meet the blind dates. We'd guess that the average age of said dates was somewhere between sixteen and seventeen calendar years — of course, they *seemed* centuries old, especially if you let the imagination soar ahead. 'Twas fun, though, keeping in practice till the man returns — a lucky few even had the authentic product there. Oh well, some got it. . . . and some ain't! The eternal problem of the haves and the have nots — and for variety's sake, let's discuss the fortunate haves, "the one-tenth of one percent who undoubtedly heat their homes with gas."

"The Rest Of My Life With You"

Dr. Smith told us confidentially that the sun's radiance hasn't increased in thousands of years. Nope, that glow and glitter's being given off by Allhouse, Coate, Closser, Peterson, and Ritz, Inc., new shareholders in an African diamond mine. . . . Congratulations to Ann and Bob Crossland . . . Nina Handloser's cooking must be quite an art by now, what with rushing home at noon and dinner times to feed husband John. Then there's the damp wash that we iron on Tuesday nights. . . . We refer Evie Matthews and Jeanne Rambo to the Board of Experts, our eight married gals, who prove that marriage and a career mix — for the duration, anyway. "c/o Postmaster"

Quaint custom — pen gals. Ask June Collins about Angus, who appeared on the scene in person — as

nice as his letters, and much cuter than his picture. . . . The "Live Alone and Hate It" matrons, aforementioned experts Horsburgh, Delehaunty, Ackenheil, Maxwell, Lewis, Crossland, and Zellers spending endless hours quoting and re quoting every word spoken during each day, to say nothing of the graphic descriptions of the slightest happening. . . . Must be serious. . . . A. Craig desperately worried about that letter, A.P.O. Miami, that arrived unsealed. Oh, for the life of a postman. . . . Dottie Barrett and Jim are definitely *not* discussing the weather in those volumes. . . . Mike's Larnie deluged with no less than fifteen letters in one day. . . . Classic of the month — Barbara Collins' simplified answer form letter to Jim. Just check the correct blank and return, with all her problems concerning the location of his dental chair solved. . . . Oh, yes, almost forgot, P. Smythe's *still* waiting. (*Ed. note: Last minute flash — Fred arrived Sunday morning. Waiting time completed.*)

"So Little Time"

Mary Lou Egan and Jerry (filthy with overseas ribbons) seen dining in the Rainbow Room, Woodland. . . . Shep Murray's more-than-usual glow due to brother Brud's return from the Pacific — not to mention ditto reaction on Tish Heston. . . . Jack finally made it, and Pinky Jackley's home as a welcoming committee of one. . . . Escapists Riffle, McGehee, and Lenz off for a weekend and a glimpse of the men. . . . McPherson's and Goodwin's mutual interests centered around Walter Reed Hospital. . . . D. D. Murray tells us any resemblance between her Harvard man and Cupid is purely coincidental. But he's *still* Archery Champion of the state of New Jersey. . . . Penny Myers celebrating V-12 leave with Bill Mardiga. . . . Sal Villing and Hughsie off to Ohio to spend the week-end with an aunt. Getting to be quite the family af-

fair, Sal? . . . Katie Morgan and Bob together in October. . . . Then there's always Pat Speers, whose current devotee can't stand to wash his wrist, fearing that he'll lose the scent of her perfume. Ironic note — Pat swears she doesn't use such lures, except with Charlie.

"Gift of the Magi"

Picture of the month — Joan Wiley, looking as if she won the Kentucky Derby, complete with old-fashioned nosegay and orchid — all from Bill. . . . P. Dornberger swearing the silver wings are "from a good friend" — you know what they say about Platonic friendship. . . . Rosemary Lakeland sporting the equipment — ring, bracelet, and locket — straight from Yale. . . . Lois Lutz now a PiKA gal, to say nothing of Harky, who is having nervous collapses upon the arrival of each package (always small jeweler's boxes) from "Hi, honey" Henry — current addition — the PiKA sweetheart pin. . . . that interior decoration scheme in Pris Hendryx's room does seem to center around the new picture of Brownie. . . . gift of the month sent to Edith Martins from that man who detained her in New York for one week — a huge blue and red felt horse, crowned with flowers. It answers to Oswald, Jr., which should settle one and for all the question of the sender's name.

"Our Hearts Were Young And Gay"

Have to mention, though it gives us a mortal blow, that Bobbie Swan seems to be carrying on in the pre-war tradition, with a different date almost every Saturday night. . . . Ditto the Saturday nights for Betty L'Hote, except that she appears quite contented with Pete Hendryx. . . . Dotty Robb and Audrey Bigelow entering into the spirit of the 75th Anniversary — even had their dates ushering. . . . Fran Forester the lucky girl at the Big and Little Sister Dance. Flooderick is definitely bringing up brother Tim in the best orchid-giving manner. . . . Ask Nancy Campbell about the forlorn soldier wandering through the halls of Berry. . . . Betty Urban Lydick a visitor now in the cafeteria. . . . Our best wishes and admiration to WAVE Pat Hull. . . . We beseech a fearless soul to glean the facts concerning one "Edward" from Cosel and Ingraham. All we know is that Phyllis is engaged, and his name is Ben.

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FEATURES

THANKSGIVING HISTORY

Most of us think of Thanksgiving as an "All American" institution. It's true, the Americans were the first to set aside one day in each year to give thanks, but actually nations have been holding days of thanksgiving for centuries.

The Canaanites were the first known to celebrate the day. The book of Judges says of the Canaanites, "And they went out into the field and gathered their vineyard, and trod the grapes and held festival, and went into the house of their god, and did eat and drink."

Next came the Hebrews, with their Feast of Tabernacles, so called because everyone lived in booths or tents during the festival in memory of the years when the nation had had no settled home. Their fitting and spontaneous thanksgiving occurred after harvest. The people were commanded to take holiday, to feast, and to rejoice.



The ancient Greeks' harvest-festival closely resembled that of the Jews. Their feast, which lasted nine days, was called the Feast of Demeter in honor of the goddess of agriculture and of harvest. Held in Athens in November, it was celebrated by married women only.

The Romans worshipped the harvest deity, Ceres. Their festival, called the Cerelia, went as far back as the reign of Romulus. There were processions in the fields with music and rustic sports, and the ceremonies ended with the inevitable feast of thanksgiving.

In England the fall festival was called the Harvest Home, which may be traced back to the Saxons of the time of Egbert. The day was spent in dancing on the village green, and enjoying rural sports, while at night

huge blazing bonfires were built and great quantities of homebrewed ale were drunk.

In addition to the Harvest Home, feasts were proclaimed in England on special occasions such as the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the discovery of Guy Fawkes's "gunpowder plot," and the recovery of George III from his fit of insanity. In fact, these thanksgiving holidays grew so numerous that they interfered with the care of the crops for which everyone was so thankful. Later Edward IV had to decree that it should be "lawful to every husbandman to labor on those holy days that came in time of harvest."

Naturally the English Puritans disapproved of all such feasting, but they didn't do much about it. Even under Cromwell, more than a hundred feast days were observed in one year. However, when the Puritans fled to Holland they grew accustomed to the more respectable fast and feast days of the Dutch.

The custom, brought over by the Puritans, appeared early in America. The first thanksgiving service was observed with religious ceremonies conducted by an English minister in 1578, on the shores of Newfoundland.

The thanksgiving of the Pilgrims at Plymouth is more familiar and is what we usually consider the first Thanksgiving. Plymouth Colony's first terrible winter, during which almost half of the Pilgrim company died, had passed and new hope had grown with the summer. When the corn crop was gathered in the fall of 1621, Governor Bradford decreed a day of thanksgiving. Great preparations were made. Friendly Indians bringing turkey and venison were guests. This thanksgiving was not merely a feast. There were prayers, sermons, and songs of praise.

The custom spread to the other colonies, and gradually through the whole nation.

Those who think of Thanksgiving as the original invention of Governor Bradford, had better think again.



Mr. John W. May
Asst. Professor of Economics

MENTOR CENTER

The great enigma of "womankind" is no nearer solution that it was ten months ago. It was then that I first mustered the temerity to cast my doubtful influence over the Woman of Tomorrow. This unpredictable alliance has borne fruit in the mundane operation of daily intellectual pursuits, but the results of any inquiry into the vagaries of the complex and contradictory mind of the co-ed has only reaffirmed the fact that she defies analysis.

A brutal realist in many things, she is still fundamentally energized by emotion. This combination of antithetical elements in one personality can bring forth only eulogistic wonder. The combination, however, also lends itself to doubt. Can the average student gain some semblance of objective erudition while her motivation stems from such a capricious source?

This question is of tremendous importance in education concerning human relations. There is no place for the prejudice born out of the instability of emotionality. There must be an appraisal on the cold impersonality of fact, an objective analysis.

Of what use is this education unless it trains a student to be objective? The capacity to view a problem of our immediate interests apart from our own emotion, and without minimizing its effect upon ourselves would be the essence of education.

Are you being educated?

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FEATURES

LIBRARY ADDITIONS

Opportunity is knocking loud and joyfully on each PCWite's door this year. Any gal who knows the value of good music and books should open the door and listen to the long lists of new records and books available this year, decide which ones interest her most, and then plan to sit down and enjoy them.

The PCW Record Library in the Art Center has a large number of new records including both secular and sacred music—vocal and instrumental. There are many kinds of chamber music, such as trios, quartets, and quintets. There are also volumes of symphonic music. Just to tempt you to action, here are a few of the numerous choices you have: Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*; Serge Prokofieff's *Peter and the Wolf*, an orchestral fairy tale, with Serge Koussévitsky as director and Richard Hale as narrator; a volume of Chopin's *Mazurkas* with Arthur Rubinstein, pianist; Beethoven's *Quintet in C Major*, and Richard Strauss' *Don Quixote*, with Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. But these aren't ten percent of all the new records, so what you ought to do is to trot over to the Art Center and delve deeply into the music world to discover just what is there. You can listen to the records in the library at certain times of the day, or you can take them out overnight.

Another library at PCW can boast of recent additions too. This group includes books which deal with philosophy, science, literature, sociology,

and the other educational fields. A few of the new fiction books are: *A Bell for Adano* by John Hersey; *Lost Island* by Hall; Smith's *Strange Fruit*; and *High Tide at Noon* by Ogilvie. Philosophy books include *Rousseau* by Rolland, *Twentieth Century Philosophy* by Rones, and *Biography of the Gods* by Haydon. Along the science line some new books are Sharp's *Fundamentals of Cytology*, Willards *Advanced Quantitative Analysis*, and *Man and His Physical Universe* by Herman Powers. Quite a few history books were bought, some being, *U. S. War Aims* by Lippman, Kohn's *The Idea of Nationalism*, and Burlingame's *Victory Without Race*. Besides all these there are biographies, psychology books, art books, and English and French literature books. The number of new books this month passes the hundred mark, so you can see PCW is really keeping its position as an up-to-date library. We have the opportunity to keep up-to-date too, so let's take it—and soon.

The Gold Dog

PCW exchanged realism for fairy tales Monday night when *The Gold Dog*, written and produced by Penny Myers, was presented in the Chapel.

The Gold Dog, a charming one-act play dealing with a wicked king, sprightly elves, and an unhappy princess, was written in the Speech Department's Playwriting Workshop. It was the second of four one-act plays to be given as class exercises.

Taking parts of the play were: Mary Lou Michel, Evie Matthew, Chickie Sawders, Fran Hilbish, Patsy Speers, Petie McFall, Louise Flood, Marjorie Selleck, and Norma Trozzo.

In several weeks *The Gold Dog* will have as its audience a group of children from Pittsburgh settlement houses.

GIVING THANKS

Thanksgiving in the dark days of our Puritan papas was quite the affair. According to our best historical texts these Puritan gents got together with the Indians for a big party-party. The Puritans joes felt that the red-men had been mighty good to them—planting their corn, showing them how to trap poor defenseless animals, and (something those history books forgot to mention) how to make apple-jack.

Of course, when the stalwart savages weren't being helpful, they were hiding behind trees taking pot shots at these same friends—as a sort of target practice. But all that was forgotten to give thanks for surviving a whole year in this wild country, which was practically a miracle, having such playful neighbors.

Thanksgiving—ah, yes—the fourth Thursday of November (the date is more or less standard now, or was at my last Almanac reading.) Leave it to our rugged Americans to think of a way to give thanks while sitting at a table. Shakespeare said, "Go down on your knees and give thanks, fasting," but we sit at the table and give thanks, feasting.

The food at this little get-together in 1621 was strictly point-free, and the Puritan mamas slaved for weeks to put out a big spread: plum pudding, pumpkin pie, oyster stew, corn bread, sweet potatoes (yems to those good Americans), baked beans, cranberry sauce, and many other tasty bits. Hungry, weren't they?

After this delicate repast, no doubt all the good wives had to dig in and clean up the tables and kitchens while the men sat around smoking Virginia Burley with their Indian pals. After a pipe or two they probably dropped off for a peaceful snooze. Hmm, 300 years hasn't changed that angle much.

Thanksgiving, twentieth century style, is slightly different. Food is plentiful and we do give thanks, but a few pleasures have been added and it's become quite a racket. Students of all ages go for the idea of a holiday, and they make the most of the Thanksgiving time off.

In fact, everyone plans something special except the housewife. She cooks, cooks, and cooks; does the dishes; and finally, collapses—and gives thanks—that it's all over for another year.

. . . by Lois Long

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FEATURES

ENGLISH PERSONAL NARRATIVE . . .

..... Agnes Practice Teacher

(Ed. Note: Miss Agnes Practice Teacher's 10-A English composition class has a style all its own, and Agnes tells us: "It's very easy to become under its influence.")

Practice teaching, an arduous task, is an ordeal. The first day I together with my girl friends, went over to Taylor Allderdice at which establishment we made the acquaintance of our critic teachers, that were to help us. They were nice to us and when we went to the teachers' room where we doff our wraps we got bawled out for making noise when one of the teachers were asleep. We pled "not guilty," but it was to no avail.

Next we were afraid of the fact that our classes would be unheeding of what we would tell them in so much as we are not so much older than them, however they listened to us and only one boy did not. So we decided after great deliberation that we should give him special attention, which we did.

Getting over there by bus is always hard and we have to eat our appetizing lunch fast, but we run very fast and we most generally catch the gayly-painted bus if we are not late and don't ride over in a car. The bus seems to sparkle in the sun like a boat on the river, and usually we sit in the back of the vehicle where it also rocks like one too.

Due to this arduous task of teaching we have to write long and involved lesson plans which gives the plan of the lesson which we are going to teach. Many other duties are in order for us who are striving to do good work well, because we have got to teach our pupils to do good work also. This entails the painstaking occupation of marking and grading the various sized and many differently written papers.

Walking down the halls, the doors through which we are enabled to see other teachers like us, reminds us of the time when we were in school. Oh, how wonderful to reminisce upon the most carefree days of our lives!

And now, in later years, we are nearing the goal to which we have long looked forward to with anxious

anticipation. We watch with close observation what the authoritative teachers do, so that we in turn will be able to do likewise and render service to our communities and exert authority properly. In doing so, it is our ever present desire to do so by winning the studious people along with the ones who aren't so bright over to our side.

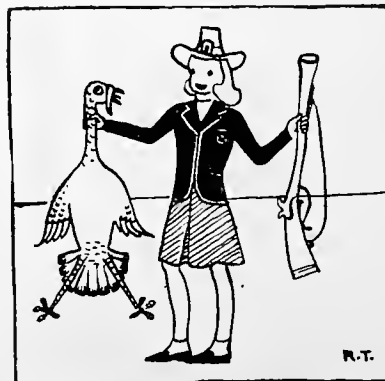
We teach Spanish, mathematics and history and music. Also we teach English. Some very funny things sometimes happen like when Gilbert came with a mousetrap in his pocket and snapped it when I arose to write on the board. "Good heavens," I thought to myself. "There goes my supporter." And promptly sat down. Oh! What an exasperating experience!

Another experience which I have endured is that which happened when my heel caught on the steps on my way to the second floor, causing me to fall flat on my face, breaking my red pencil point, to say nothing of the way my arm hurt.

Then too, there are many precarious students in the classes who know all the answers and they tend to make us more nervous. However, when I am in front of a class with chalk firm in hand, I seem to be able to accomplish more in this manner.

We realize we must endeavor to overcome this nervewracking difficulty.

Last but not least, when we stand in front and cast our eyes upon their eager, well-scrubbed faces, we firmly resolve to conquer our inexperienced faults and in doing so we go home tired but happy.



PCW FILM SERVICE

From the plains of Colorado to the rockbound shores of Maine, Andrew Mellon Hall is flashed on screens, a fitting backdrop for the "PCW Educational Film Service."

Surprised? . . . We were too, when, sleuthing around, we found that the films Dr. Kinder reels off in chapel, those we swoon over in biology and hygiene classes, and scads of others are rented to almost 500 schools in the tri-state area and a dozen other states! That's not all—our Alma Mater has the only educational film library in Allegheny County!

Anniversaries being "the thing" this season, the film service is right on the ball, celebrating its sixth year. Service with a smile is its policy, par exemple—quantity discounts, insurance on reels going and coming, and the purchase of a new movie when it has been requested five times.

Obtained from Castle, Educational Films, Erpi (now Encyclopedia Britannica), Office of War Information, Department of Agriculture, and Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, the sixteen millimeter reels are previewed in Dr. Kinder's office. So next time you shudder at a scream or break into a cold sweat listening to cannon fire, it's just a new movie you hear going through its paces!

Another fact uncovered!—The **Arrow** and **Pennsylvanian** haven't sewed up our publication system. Announcing current films, PCW Film Service edits monthly the *Bulletin*, with a mailing list of 900, no less!

New reels advertised in the *Bulletin* are strictly all reel! Witness—those covering the European situation: *Corsica*, *Picturesque Poland*, *Poland Forever*, *Report from the Peachhead* (Anzio), *Report from the AAF*, *Target-Berlin*: and "good neighbor" pictures: *Atacama Desert* (nitrate fields in northern Chile), *Belo Horizonte* (Brazil's "planned city with a plan"), *Fundo in Chile* (A fundo's ranch!), *High Plain* (Bolivia), *La Paz*, ("highest big city in the world"), *Lima Family*, *Sao Paulo*.

It had to come! The deep, dark secret is revealed! Sh-h-h. . . These movies are not all educational! The newest collection is peppered with cartoons and a Buster Keaton comedy, *Palooka from Paduchah*!

FEATURES

CAMPUS COMMENTS

Now that the election is over and the Dewey and Roosevelt buttons are pinned in the jewel box underneath our best plastic diamond brooch, we are surveying the field for another topic of argumentation. What do *you* think? Can growing girls like us get enough of the essential vitamins with only five meals a day plus time and a half overeating?

Speaking of the mock election, the Seniors' four-legged hope, FOC (Fala's Opposing Candidate) Matthew L. Flood, has conceded to his opposing candidate and has retired to private life. He has gone back to digging itches. It seems that his fleas have refused to flee.

Our congratulations to Mr. Clifton Daniels on his advancement to Station Manager of WCAE. That's what we've always said—the PCW Faculty have it in them to make good in the professional world too!

As long as we're on the subject of the Faculty we thought we might mention an interesting item that came up in Contemporary British and American Poetry class. Dr. Doxsee said (quote) "You know, I didn't seem to get very far with the red haired man's wife." (unquote) The class settled back to a quiet session of note-taking when it discovered that *The Red Haired Man's Wife* is the name of a poem written by James Stephens.

We noted the rapt attention of Mrs. Shupp's Shakespeare students at the Robeson-Ferrer performance of *Othello* two weeks ago. Not only were the members of last year's English 125 hanging on every word of that up-and-coming playwright from Stratford-on-Avon, but they were also startling the Nixon lobby eavesdroppers with their erudite comments on the development of Iago's character, the "tragic flaw" in *Othello's*, etc. The class, having switched to the study of Chaucer this year, is eagerly awaiting a Margaret Webster production of *The Canterbury Tales*.

Speaking of Geoffrey, we thought we'd mention that Marilou Haller has decided to change her new cocker spaniel's name from Rupert to Chaucer. The dog, it seems, has a Canterbury tail. We just thought we'd mention it.

We thought you'd be interested to know that when and if the necessary papers are signed and countersigned, the **Arrow** will have a foreign correspondent in India! As this U. S. Army sergeant claimed that our little journalistic attempt has raised his morale two notches, we decided that having a man on our editorial board would shoot our morale as high as Berry Tower. Since our future correspondent (name withheld) was once a newspaperman himself, we thought he might possibly qualify as an **Arrow** reporter.

Another friend of the **Arrow** has made a sterling contribution to this issue. We print his poem in its complete, unexpurgated edition.

They are **Arrow** writers
As everyone knows
They seem to have everything
Except beaus!

We hope you caught the pun. For the unintellectual readers, we hasten to include this explanation of our poet's symbolistic work! Arrows usually have bows (they are the things one shoots with) but because of war-time shortages, the **Arrow**writers do not seem to have beaus. (They are the things our big sisters used to tell us about). Get it? Ah well, this poet paid \$1.00 for a subscription, so what could we do? Someone please pass the **Arrow**matic Spirits of Ammonia!

We're glad to see that the housefly season has officially passed. Now the members of the genetics class no longer carry bottles of the half-dead creatures through the halls of Berry. This vivisection of houseflies should be reported to the SPCA. But if it must go on, we would like to appoint a committee to see that the poor things get a decent burial at least.

"A tea," Noah Webster tells us, "is a light collation, usually late in the afternoon, at which tea is commonly served." Well, that just proves (if anyone had any doubt on the subject) that Noah never attended a "tea" at the Shupp apartment. We go early, we stay late, we drink tea and coffee, and devour plates of tasty sandwiches and cheese squares. Ah, yes, chillen, it pays at times like these to have your name on the **Arrow** masthead. We understand Mrs. Horne had a similar gathering for gals in the Science Department not so long ago. Line forms to the right, please, to sign up for English and Science majors.

We are shocked by the Hood and Tassel's War Bond table in Berry Hall. It has a crepe paper skirt that is quite a la decor, but (and we blush to mention it) the skirt needs a slip underneath! There is another shocking aspect to the table—no customers! It is time for PCWomen to loosen up and loose their loose change on the enemy! Buy War Bonds and stamps from the H&T booth. We have spoken!

ANTHON'S

FOR GOOD FOOD AND PASTRIES

EAST LIBERTY

ADDENDA

JUNIOR SONGS

A Tale of Woe

(to the music of Shortnin' Bread)

Tired little student,
Lyin' in bed;
She heard the old alarm
But didn't turn her head.
Time flew by,
'Twas way past eight;
She sprang out of bed
'Cause she was gonna be late.

Grabbed a skirt and sweater,
Pulled on her shoes and socks;
Smeared on the lipstick;
Didn't comb her locks.
She knew she'd have to hurry
'Cause the cuts are few;
So she dashed up to her class
At PCW.

Snuck into Berry;
Climbed the famous stairs;
Was pantin' just as though
She'd been chased by bears.
Turned the doorknob;
Her heart stood still,
As she heard the prof say,
"Whom did Aaron Burr kill?"

Can't make the Dean's List
By lyin' in bed,
But that didn't bother
Our sleepy-head.
She'd rather be under covers
A dreamin' away;
But they fooled our little student
That fine day.

She snuck into the back row
A half hour late;
She slumped into the back seat
To escape her fate.
She pulled up her notebook
To hide her face,
And started to move her pencil
At a terrific pace.

Can't make the Dean's List
By lyin' in bed;
That was quickly learned
By our sleepy-head.
When the class was over
She crept down the hall,
When all of a sudden they got her
For her downfall.

They caught her with the overcuts;
They caught her coming late.
They caught her sneakin' down the
hall
To escape her fate.
She's had no cuts since that sad day,
Each class she must attend,
All her work she has to do,
And her ways she must amend.

Can't make the Dean's List
By lyin' in bed;
That was quickly learned
By our sleepy-head.
Hurry to your classes
At PCW,
And your woes and worries
Are bound to be few.

Crystal Dreams

(original music)

Crystal dreams, come true
PCW . . .
Dreams fulfilling aims
And richest ideals
Which lead us on
To brighter fields.

Through the span of years,
Crowning joys; knowledge great;
Friendship true.
Crystal dreams, come true
PCW . . .
Debts of gratitude
For joys unbounding,
And mem'ries true
Dreams unending.

DEAN'S LIST

Sophomores.

Margaret Cavanaugh
Norma Jean Chattaway
Kathryn Ciganovic
Marjorie Evans
Elizabeth Fleck
Priscilla Gersmann
Eleanor Goldfarb
Else Greger
Rosemary Hoge
Alice Kells
Esther Kennedy
Angie King
Virginia LeFurgy
Barbara Mason
Helen McMillin
Gloria Molinatto
Jeanne Rambo
Martha Raup
Martha Ann Stewart
Janet Thomas
Norma Trozzo
Mary Louise Wallace
Jean Yeager

Juniors

Betty Beck
Janet Bovard
Mary Lou Burekart
Barbara Cott
Helen Croak
Jane Field
Arline Levinson
Margaret McKee
Sally Parker
Jean Purves
Marion Staples
Ruth Teplitz
Virginia Ueber
Martha Yorkin

Seniors

Pauline Wilson Ackenheil
Lois Allshouse
Grace Benner
Janet Brewster
Carolyn Cosel
Miriam Davis
Alice Demmler
Louise Flood
Nina McAdams Handloser
Alice Hanna
Nancy Herdt
Ruth Jenkins Horsburgh
Mary Kelly Delehaunty
Marion Leach
Lois Lutz
Marjorie Mayhall
Virginia Ricks
Edith Succop
Marion Swannie
Anna Thomas
Charlotte Wray
Mary Jane Youngling



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LITERATURE

WIEDERSEHEN by Edith Succop, '45

(Ed. Note—This story was a winner of the short story contest of May, 1944.)

I believe that few women have ever loved a man as much as I love my husband Eugen Radamacher. Although we were separated a week after our honeymoon by a war in which he disappeared completely and infallibly, we live yet solely in each other's love. Through all the long years of days when any word, either good or bad, would have been more acceptable than the intense silence. I lived as in a dream; a dream from which I felt I should never wake and in which only I again met my love. It is a dream in which I have lived for twenty-seven years. Because of it, his son and mine was a poet and a dreamer who never faced life until in this present war, where he met it accompanied by death.

Let me tell my tale from its beginning: My sister and I were the only daughters of a wealthy Long Island family. Our home was within sight of the noisy ocean. Each morning of our lives we woke to an opalescent dawn with naught visible on the broad terrace but the white sea-fog.

Each morning I rise at the dawn-hour, now from habit, and the same thrill comes to me as when I first saw that damp dawn with Eugen at my side and heard him say: "What a glorious thing it is to feel the world take shape anew before us each day. We must never fail to rise before the fog does, lest we miss any of the treasures of life." That last week in April, each morning brought us a new treasure: the first cherry blossoms blushing as the soft garment of the fog was lifted from them; a pair of robins beginning early to build their nest in the crotch of a yellow-flowered maple tree; the large creamy leaf-buds of the horse-chestnut bursting their brown skins; and the pussy-willow slowly carpeting the grass with its yellow blossoms discarded from a fresh dress of green. There have since been mornings when the fog did not lift from the outer world, and the gloom hung heavy over my very soul.

My sister was engaged to marry a young man from New York, a scientist. I was vaguely troubled, as a younger sister is privileged to be, concerning my future brother-in-

law; for at fifteen I considered science and romance as the two farthest extremes, more surely separated than east is from west. David might have convinced me as he most certainly had convinced Alice, but he left that to the office of another and more eloquent teacher.

We went to the opera in New York City one night: Alice and I, David, and a fellow scientist whom he introduced to us as Eugen Rademacher, giving his name the German pronunciation as all of his friends did. I took little notice of the young man, being much more excited over the prospect of my first opera; but the intimacy of the other couple cast us necessarily on each other, and Eugen was too much of a gentleman for others not to observe the excessive care he took of me. I felt as though I were a grown lady for one night.

The story of Tristan and Isolde was as familiar to me as the books in my father's library could make it. Yet I found that Eugen could tell me of variations on the theme which I had not dreamed existed. He was a German by birth and education, and he talked with a most intriguing accent. With him he had brought a libretto of the opera by Wagner, and between acts he read and translated for me the German poetry into faltering English.

It was as though the music was a magic potion which produced the same effect upon me as the drink which Tristan had of Isolde. I was equally entranced with the music, the poetry, the pageantry, and my companion. He was the incarnation of all the romance which until that time had been for me contained only in books. I adored him from the first as I adore every hero of whom I read, as I adored Tristan in the opera that night.

Any attempted description of Eugen would not do him justice. One can enumerate his main features and dress, but the figure thus presented to the mind's eye would lack a vitality and virility that the man possessed. He always dressed with painstaking care, yet he wore his foreign cut clothes with the same ease that a farmer wears his overalls. His hair was straight and light brown, rising from an exceptionally high forehead. He wore his hair long, a fact which distinguished him further from other young men of the day.

His features were regular, his complexion pale, and the whole expression of his face from the lofty brow to the square jaw denoted strength and firmness.

His eyes were strikingly dark and fringed with heavy lashes, their color was so deep a brown as to appear black to the casual observer. To look into Eugen's eyes was to gaze into wells of darkness where light from the outer world disappeared, not to be reflected back. I do not know why a person should find so much expression in the pupil of an eye which is nothing in itself but the absence of matter; yet Eugen's eyes, and especially their pupils, seemed to me the very pathways to his mind and soul. Always large and vigilant, they narrowed to a pin-head when he concentrated on any subject, as if to admit no extraneous light to the working mind within.

As to the rest of the man, he was tall and thin, with an unusual breadth of shoulder. He carried himself with a soldierly erectness acquired in his three years of military training. His fingers were long and square, and I was not surprised therefore to learn that he was an accomplished pianist, for he had the hand of an artist. Although science was his life's work, music was his life; and it was on this plane that we met and grew to know each other.

Eugen discovered to me the music of Bach and Beethoven, those two greatest of German composers, and under his tutorship I studied the German language until we could read together from Lessing and Goethe. To him German was the most beautiful language on earth, and he has made it so for me. At times its constructions come more easily to my pen than the English idiom. He believed that for true appreciation its literature should be read with no attempt at translation, and I understood the feeling which had led him to give so faltering an English version of the Tristan and Isolde which we had seen.

I wondered at times that he should be a scientist who was so obviously an artist and a poet. His answer was simple enough, complicated as the threads were which brought him to his present position: a knowledge of science was essential to the future of the world, therefore he was learning American methods of industrial

chemistry to be of use to his own country; his art was too personal with him to allow the sharing of it with the world, which would be necessary were he to make it his life's work. To me Eugen has said: "You are a true woman: a pure soul, ruled more by constant passion than by absolute mind; yet the true beauty of your spirit will only shine forth against the background of a denser and darker soul. May I always be that man, your husband, in whose presence you will attain your rarest heights! The soul of a woman is a world removed from that of a man, but it is in reality the stronger."

His love, when I found it mine, amazed me in its depth and constancy. Although I worshipped him with religious fervor from the time I first knew him, his regard for me I had no means of detecting until fully five years after we had met, when he obtained permission from my father to address me on my twentieth birthday.

How characteristic of him that he should wait until I could understand his proposal, which he had resolved to deliver in German, the only language of his love! How considerate, that he should wait until I had passed my teens; for he understood my father's wish better than I could, that I was not permitted to marry until I was twenty-one.

With what joy we entered into our years of courtship, with what confidence we faced the future in to me a foreign land, I need not describe. With that distress we learned of war in Europe in August of that year, and with what anguish of spirit we learned six months later that Eugen was required to serve his country, I will not attempt to relate. Eugen was beside me in the dark hour of realization that parting was inevitable. Yet separation is always harder to face in the abstract than in actuality. We both felt it would be impossible unless we were married before he left. My father gave his consent under the circumstances.

We were married on a dewy April morning when spring was in the air. Eugen left the country on the first day in May. It was a beautiful May-day of sunshine and blue sky, but Nature has no power over her children to buoy up their spirits submerged in the billows of inner storms.

I could have found within me the will to curse that day for its sunshine; but Eugen was convinced that it was a good omen, and left me with a smile on his lips which for all its

brightness could not cover the sorrow in his eyes. He had told me: "Even if I thought I must die, the knowledge of your devoted love would keep me alive." His final words were: "Auf Wiedersehen!"

I had letters from him every week and oftener, and the pain of separation slowly subsided to a dull ache which was present in my consciousness much as the ticking of a clock which one hears without listening for, and then again cannot hear for concentrating on until it strikes the hour.

Eugen had always longed for a daughter whom he could call Lenore, but in January of 1916 a son was born to us. Eugen named him Rudolph. It was a sore trial for him to be absent from both of us during the first and most interesting year of the child's life, but he looked forward to an early peace.

Then in 1917 the United States entered the war against Germany and I never heard of Eugen again. Even the letters that must have been written and sent before this entry of my country into the world-wide war, never arrived. Not even the announcement of his death in action, which I might have received had I lived in Germany, was allowed to reach me.

That year is one in my life which I could wish blotted out forever. Mercifully it was short. I devoted all my days to Eugen's son and lived only to make him like his father.

At the thought of Eugen's death my mind stopped as before a blank wall. I never could believe he was dead, though I had no grounds for my doubt; and there were times when the feeling that he was alive was as positive as absolute knowledge. It came to me once on a warm summer night when the stars were out, the moon had not yet risen, and Arcturus seemed so close above my head that I could have caught it in my hand like a firefly; and another time, years later, I had the same certainty while listening to the throbbing development of Beethoven's seventh symphony. Each time this impression was so intense as to last several months before a doubt could dispel it.

When our son Rudolph left for the second war two years ago, it was as though the circle of my life, once completed, were beginning anew at the same starting point to trace the same weary course. We derived what joy we could from the fact that his service was required against Japan and not the Germans.

Then there was a day this August when the telegram from the war department informed me of Rudolph's death. I received the word alone on the veranda at twilight, and my mind fumbled dazedly with the sense which the words conveyed. Here, at least, was a confirmed fact. Would my mind receive it as such, or could I deceive myself into supposing that he was as alive as Eugen his father? No, now it must soon be that my mind would accept both their deaths, not one without the other.

The sun sank in the west, and in the orange light each blade of grass, with its individual shadow behind it, stood out as though I saw it with a magnifying glass. The shadow of the tree reached the drive, and a man crossed over it.

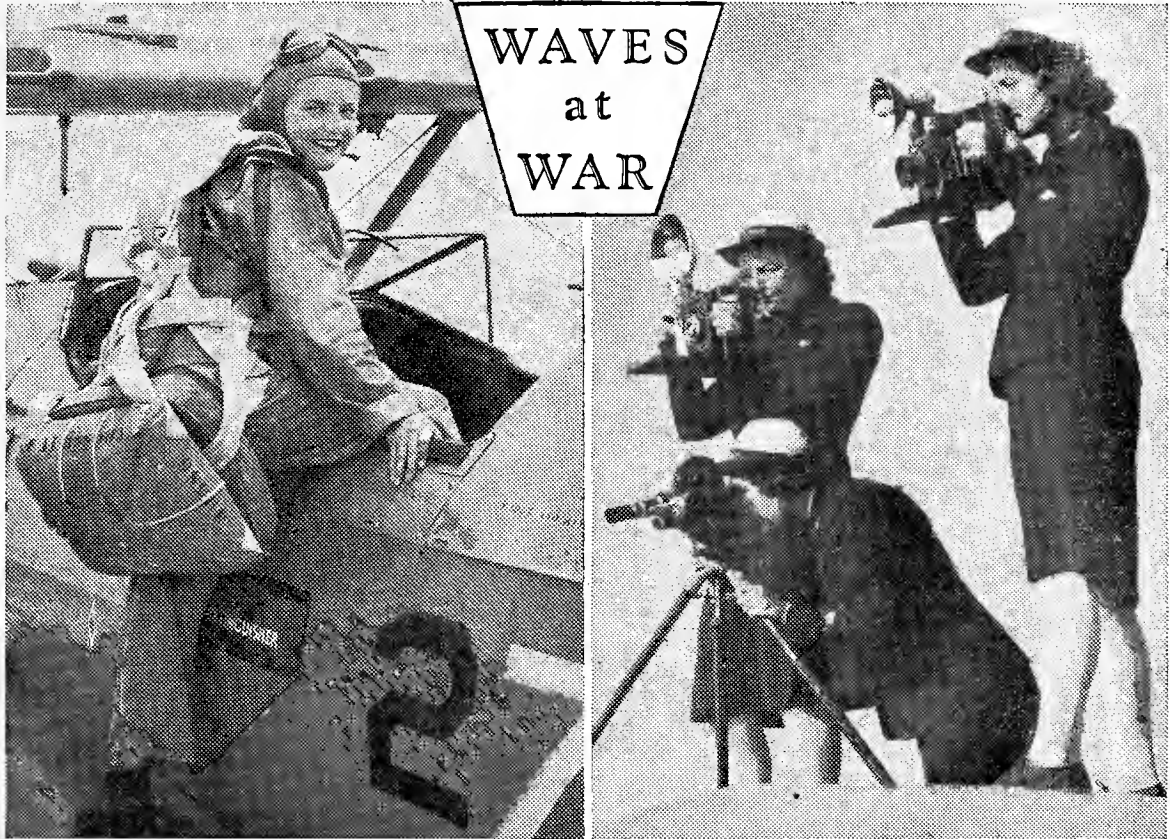
I sat watching the intruder with empty eyes. He walked with the precision of a soldier but he wore civilian clother of a foreign cut. He walked as though the path were familiar to him. My throat went dry as I realized how tall he was and how broad his shoulders were.

The twilight deepened as he approached, enfolding him ever in shadow, and I leaned forward in an agony of suspense. He paused at the foot of the veranda steps and removed his hat. The gesture revealed a high forehead and light-brown hair that was not clipped short in the modern fashion.

The sun dipped below the horizon, and I looked into the black-lashed eyes of Eugen Rademacher, my husband. And behind those eyes I could see the gravel of the drive!

Falling back in my chair, stunned, I felt rather than saw Eugen ascend the steps, take the telegram from my lap, tear it into pieces, and pass into the house, before I lost consciousness. When I awoke the moon was rising behind the catalpa tree and the torn yellow paper was in my fingers.

Since that evening, I have wakened in the night to hear the rippling music of Beethoven's first sonata played on the grand piano in the drawing room. I have wakened in the morning to see my husband walking on the lawn under the horse-chestnut tree; once Rudolph was with him, a boy of six chasing the fantastic fog-shapes. I have walked into the library to find a light lit beside the red leather chair in the corner, and a book lying open at Gooftfried Burger's ballad "Lenore." This and more I have seen and heard since Eugen has come home.



**WAVES
at
WAR**

Some of the war-winning activities in which WAVES are engaged—Left, Phyllis Hodgson, Dodgeville, Wis., Aviation Machinist's Mate, climbs into a plane preparatory to observing airplane motors under flight

conditions; right, WAVE "cameramen" shooting scenes at maneuvers at Port Hueneme, Calif. Thousands of young women, 20 to 36, who have no children under 18, are needed in the WAVES.



Lovel Lees, Bryn Mawr, Pa., left, and Catherine S. Pinzhoffer, Philadelphia, WAVE specialists, giving radio directions to incoming planes at the Naval Air Station, Anacostia, D. C. Right, Violet Falkum, Minneapolis, is wearing a big smile as she sews on her new rating badge—Aviation Machinist's Mate, third class. Young women interested in the WAVES may receive a free copy of "The Story of You in Navy Blue" at Navy Recruiting Stations or Offices of Naval Officer Procurement.



87 times straight - I've been lucky!

87 times I've gone out—and come back.

When your score gets that high, they usually let you quit for a while.

But sometimes that isn't possible. You just have to keep on going—perhaps till your number is up.

Out here, you get to understand those things. There's no question of quitting—no matter how much you've done.

Back home, it's the same way about buying War Bonds. You feel

good when you count up and realize what a high score you've got. You feel you deserve a rest, too.

But the war isn't over yet. And until it is, I'll make a bargain with you: You keep on buying, and I'll keep on fighting till the last Jap drops!

★ ★ ★

The 6th War Loan is on. And it's every American's duty to invest in at least one extra \$100 War Bond. If you haven't bought yours yet, do it today!



Buy at least one extra \$100 War Bond Today!

The ARROW

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No. 4



Exams Can Be A Pleasure . . . See Page Two

THE ARROW

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Dr. Spencer

It was a sad day for us last month when Dr. Spencer announced his decision to resign from PCW in order to take up the presidency of Bucknell University. It was sad because we realized suddenly that we were losing an excellent administrator and a very dear friend.

In his ten years as president of PCW, Dr. Spencer has made an indelible mark in the history of the college. Since his coming here in 1933, there have been new buildings, an increase in the endowment, a doubling of the student body, and new directions in the curriculum. All this is the work of a careful and far-sighted administrator. Dr. Spencer has done his work well. We at PCW know that, for the evidences are all around us.

When we finally grasped the fact that Dr. Spencer will have left PCW by the first of July, we realized how much we will miss him when he is gone. We could list here all the big, general qualities of his character that have endeared him to us—like his fairness, friendliness, kindness. But we'll be thinking of the little things about him—his remembering all our names . . . the wise, informal talks he gives in chapel . . . his home runs at every Mountain Day mushball game . . . the way he has of making us at ease in his office by showing us the finer points of the two pound tomatoes from his farm . . . all these little things we'll remember. To put it in modern collegiate vocabulary, Dr. Spencer has been the BMOG at PCW ever since he came here ten years ago.

It was a hard decision for him to make—this going on to an entirely new position. It would be much easier to

stay at PCW—Dr. Spencer has ten years of good will and good work behind him. He has innumerable friends here, and has made a deep impression in the civic affairs of Pittsburgh. It would be much easier to stay here where his roots are.

But he has deliberately chosen to start all over again in an entirely new place . . . "his reach is exceeding his grasp," and that is a highly commendable thing. A fine university has noted his work at PCW and has honored him by the invitation to become its head. Dr. Spencer accepted the challenge of new responsibilities. It must be a great satisfaction for him to move on to a new chapter in his professional life with such an excellent record of service behind him.

And he can leave with the promise that his work at PCW will be continued under another able leader. We are sure that the Board of Trustees will use him as a model in their selection of the new president. They proved ten years ago that they have excellent taste.

We must realize that, though Dr. Spencer is leaving PCW, he will be working still in our interest, for our college and Bucknell and Harvard and Vassar . . . all are integral parts in the liberal education system. Competent leadership for each institution is necessary to uphold the system as a whole.

So to Dr. Spencer, we would like to say that we have appreciated all you have done for PCW, and extend to you our best wishes for further success in the education field.

To Bucknell we say, "You have a good man. Ask us. We know!"

Exams

If you are working yourself into an emotional block because of the coming scourge of next week's semester examinations, take heart—exams can be a pleasure. We do not guarantee here that the local faculty are becoming soft and vacillating—they're not. It's just that we have come to the firm conclusion that exams can be a pleasure if taken in the right spirit.

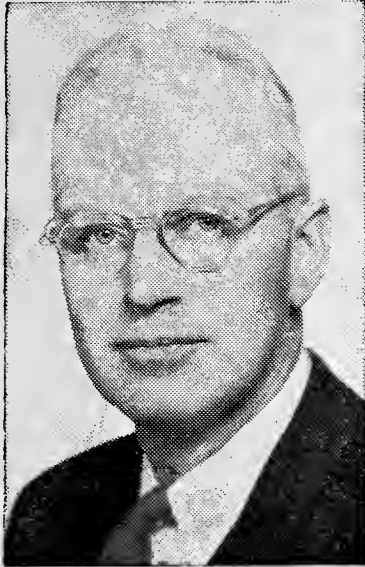
Since this is our seventh consecutive pilgrimage to the blue-book purgatories, we feel as if we can pass along a few words of advice to the cramming freshmen.

First of all, develop a home-spun philosophy about the whole thing. We must remember that exams are for our convenience—this summing up of fifteen weeks' work is psychologically essential for our grasping of the subject into an over-all picture. The actual review is the important phase of the whole system—when we put aside our text books and pick up our blue books we have completed the main object of the examination.

Secondly we must be efficient in our studying. Last minute cramming may accidentally chalk up an "A" for credit, but it does little for our mental progress. It is important to gather together our class notes and slowly and methodically sift the material into a unified whole.

This above all—we must keep our sense of humor. Think of all the fun Kieran and Adams have on *Information Please*. If we have a half decent imagination we can turn the current professor into Clifton Fadiman, and see how many sets of the Encyclopedia Britannica we can hoard for ourselves.

EVENTS



Dr. Herbert Lincoln Spencer

* * *

CAREER OF DISTINCTION

On Monday morning, December 18, Dr. Herbert Lincoln Spencer, announced his resignation before an assembly of students and faculty.

His acceptance of the presidency of Bucknell University was made known Tuesday, December 19. He will be inducted into the presidency in July, 1945.

Dr. Spencer's letter of resignation to Mr. Arthur E. Braun, chairman of the Board of Trustees stated:

"It is with very deep regret that I tender herewith my resignation as President of the Pennsylvania College for Women and as a member of its Board of Trustees. The same to be effective as of July 1, 1945.

"I submit my resignation with a great deal of sadness after many sleepless nights. As you know, I have had many opportunities to leave PCW during the past four or five years. All of these opportunities I have declined, because there is an indefinable personality about Pennsylvania College for Women, which I have not found in another institution until recently, and that institution is Bucknell University where I have been unanimously elected to the Presidency to succeed Dr. A. C. Marts who has just resigned.

"I have reached the age where I must now make up my mind to stay at PCW for the rest of my life or leave and take up additional responsibilities. Bucknell University appears to offer just the challenge that I need, and I have, therefore, accepted the Presidency of that institution.

"Please accept my resignation understanding the sincere feeling of regret with which I offer it."

Commenting on Dr. Spencer's new office, Captain Arnaud C. Marts, USCGR, resigning President of Bucknell, stated:

"The faculty, students, and alumni will soon come to know President Spencer, for he is a friendly man, and, knowing him, will respect, admire, and follow him. His personality and character make him the ideal leader for a co-educational, privately-endowed, Christian College of the Arts and Sciences."

Dr. Spencer has been the President of Pennsylvania College for Women for the past ten years. Under his leadership, the college has acquired three new buildings, Mellon Hall, the Art Center, and the recently acquired Fickes Hall. The size of the campus has been doubled by these additions. Also during his administration, enrollment has increased forty per cent and PCW has been accredited an A college by the highest accrediting agencies in the country, among them the American Association of Universities.

Before coming to PCW, Dr. Spencer served as director of the Henry Clay Frick Teachers College, and later as dean of the college of liberal arts and sciences at the University of Pittsburgh.

In addition to his educational administration, Dr. Spencer has been a mechanical engineer in various industrial organizations. During the present war, he has acted as coordinator in western Pennsylvania for the Engineering, Science, Management War Training Program of the U. S. Office of Education. He has been a member of the Regional War Labor Board, a member of the blood donor service committee of the Pittsburgh chapter of the American Red Cross, and an educational expert for the Army's student training program. He was appointed to the Fourth Naval District Navy Manpower Survey Committee.

(Continued on Page Four)

W. S. S. F.

On January 10, Miss Judith Austin appealed to the student body of PCW to contribute to the World Student Service Fund, an organization which provides financial aid for the education of students in war-torn countries all over the world. Miss Austin stressed the fact that if we expect to carry on negotiations in the future with educated people, it is our duty to our own country and to ourselves to make such education possible.

The work of the W.S.S.F. has spread to all parts of the globe, 30% of the funds going to China, 35% to the European nations, and the remainder to other countries of the world. This organization is non-sectarian and receives aid from students for students. In Great Britain, 34,500 students are striving for \$200,000; in Sweden, 14,000 students have set \$100,000 as their goal; 15,000 to 20,000 Swiss students are giving \$250,000. Yet with this fine example from students much more needy than ourselves, 600,000 American college students have agreed to raise only \$500,000. Are you particularly proud of those figures?

The W.S.S.F. does not ask you to get the money from your parents; it asks you to contribute to this fund from your own allowance. Skip a few of those jaunts into East Lib for a movie and a visit to Joyce's and you will be able to give a substantial gift to your fellow students—a direct gift from you.

Anna Jane Goodwin is chairman of the drive here at school, and will be glad to give you any more information about this worthiest of worthy causes.



WHERE'S ROOM M?

See Page Nine

EVENTS

NEW FIELD SECRETARY

Miss Lillian M. McFetridge has assumed the duties of Miss Rachel Kirk, who resigned to take a position on the *Pittsburgh Press*.

Miss McFetridge was graduated from the college in the class of 1939, and while a student here she majored in history, was business manager of the *Pennsylvanian*, a member of the debating team and the International Relations Club, and was on the Dean's list. After graduation she returned to PCW as an assistant in the business office. Last year she became Dr. Spencer's secretary, which post she resigned to become secretary of admissions.

Miss Kirk was graduated in the class of 1940. As an English major she participated in dramatics, was chairman of the honor committee, a member of the Dean's list, and co-editor of the *Arrow*. Previous to her position as secretary of admissions, she was society editor of the *Bulletin Index*.

Miss McFetridge has been succeeded by Miss Ruth Bergheimer.

Career of Distinction

(Continued from Page Three)

Dr. Spencer is also President of the Pittsburgh Personnel Association. He is a director of the Metropolitan Y.M.C.A., the University Club of Pittsburgh, the Federation of Social Agencies, the Frick Educational Commission, the Pittsburgh Academy of Science and Art. In addition to these activities, he acts as chairman of the exceptionally able youths committee of the Civic Club of Allegheny County.

The resignation of Bucknell's present President, Captain A. C. Marts, was announced December 4. Captain Marts will continue to serve on Bucknell's Board of Trustees. He prophesied that Dr. Spencer would lead Bucknell into its greatest era. He said:

"I look forward with enthusiasm and confidence to Bucknell's great days of progress, of achievement, of service to our country and humanity. When I shall hand the seal of Bucknell over to President Spencer next June, it will be with great trust in him and with great assurance for Bucknell's future."

PCW FORUM

On January 17 the first of a series of hour length panel discussions dealing with current problems was presented in chapel under the sponsorship of the YWCA. The subject of this month's discussion was the question of a year's compulsory military service for eighteen year olds during peacetime.

Dr. Doxsee discussed the question from the standpoint of education; Miss Moore presented the different plans already under consideration; Betty Fleck discussed the question with a view to its cultural and religious effects; Helen Croak discussed the necessity of such a program.

In connection with the panel discussions for the remainder of the year, a poll of the students as to their preferences in subject matter was taken during the last week.

The suggested subjects voted upon were:

1. Resolved: To work for a social order which provides for every individual, regardless of race, opportunity to participate and share alike in all relationships of life. This would be primarily a discussion of the Negro and Japanese-American problem.
2. Resolved: To support a program of full employment which will give a job, at equal pay for equal work, to every person willing and able to work. This would involve a discussion of the problems and potentialities of our economic life, of labor and management, of union principles and practices.
3. Resolved: To work toward the establishment of a world organization which will provide the means of dealing with world affairs through law rather than by war. This will be a discussion of world politics, international economic cooperation, good-neighbor policies, etc.
4. Resolved: That college women

should assume active responsibility for the political life of their community, state, and nation. This will be a discussion of present-day political practices, a review of important issues under Congressional debate, and a general summing-up of the home-front.

5. A discussion of the progress of the war on all fronts and in all countries. A "briefing" of headline news of the past three months. This would include a discussion of our foreign policy or any important problems concerning our foreign policy at the time of the discussion.

The voting was by preferential ballot, and the results showed an overwhelming interest in question number five, indicating that the students are most interested in the war since it more directly concerns them than any of the other questions. Question number three ranked second; number two, third; number one, fourth; and question number four finished a poor fifth. It would seem that the PCW girl is not as interested in the state of the nation and the home-front as she might be. Every one of the classes rated the questions in the same order with the exception of the seniors, who rated question number one as least interesting to them.

As a test of the usefulness of such discussions, a surprise poll of Woodland Hall was taken on January 9. Of the eighty-three students polled, fifty-six said they were in favor of military conscription during peacetime as a permanent policy of the government, and twenty-seven opposed the measure.

Another poll on the same question will be taken this week to determine whether PCW students are broad-minded and intelligent enough to profit by a thoughtful and logical discussion of the proposal or whether they hold onto their opinions regardless of argument and evidence. How do you stand?

HAS SOMEONE BEEN EXTRA NICE TO YOU LATELY?

Thank Them With Flowers

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SPORTS

SPORTSCOPE

Heretofore Billy Rose has held the limelight in the line of aquacades, but since Friday and Saturday, January 12 and 13 respectively, we herald PCW's up-and-coming water queens.

Heaps of waterlilies to Miss Mac-lachlan, who organized, directed, and prodded our queens into the successes they made at our very first PCW water ballet.

Way down at the left end of the Mellon Hall pool, Helen Parkinson sat at the sturdy upright. This piano, known as "Old But Faithful" had been dragged downstairs to the tune of \$15.00. Parkie added to this tune when she gave out with *The Caisson Song*. At this juncture, the ballet began and rolled right along with the tide. *The Air Corps Song* accompanied a military formation, then came a formation geared to an original tune of Parkie's which she calls *Ocean Breeze*.

There was a spectacular Egyptian number with drums thumping in the background.

Howls of laughter echoed along the walls of the pool when the two Dorises, Snyder and Rowand, ap-

peared in borrowed faculty swim suits—of an earlier vintage than 1945. Said Rowie, "We wish to thank Mr. May, but we couldn't use his old bathing suit."

Probably the most effective number was "White Christmas"—and we were not too far removed from Christmas to enjoy it. Points of light from candles held in the swimmers' hands threw their glimmering reflections on the dark water.

Other good effects were achieved by using a raft towed into the middle of the pool around which formations were made.

The whole affair dropped anchor on the patriotic note of "God Bless America."

Throughout the ballet, narration was done by Patsy Speers and Penny Myers.

Those lovely swimmers in the so-glamorous tank suits were none other than:

Ellen Card	Ruth Melvin
Barbara Cott	Josie McKenrick
Barbara Gill	Elaine Sauerwein
Jessie Gilbert	Mary Lou Stone
Miriam Egger	Ruth Teplitz
Betty Fleck	Ginna Van Kirk
Ann Kennard	Jean White
Priscilla Hendryx	Joan Wiley

Laura Wiley

Bowling Tournament

This year the bowling tournament just didn't "march." It all started with a bang of enthusiasm. Most every class showed a big response to Doris Rowand's chapel announcement that "the list was posted." But

names on paper and games played off aren't spelled the same way. Tempus fugited, and still nobody had been eliminated.

Then the seniors, God bless 'em, got busy and showed their true colors. They played off the first round quick like a bunny. The juniors and sophomores limped slowly in the rear, while the freshmen absolutely couldn't even get their motors going.

It's all over now, but it was a long, hard pull, and uphill all the way.

Badminton and Pingpong

January 15 saw the opening of the badminton tournament. Let's hope our athletes can find time to raise the racket and swat the birdie for a long enough period of time to really play off this tournament. It ends on February 4.

Something new has been added along the line of sports. It's called the "ladder" and refers to the method of finding a winner for the ping pong tournament, which will be ushered in on February 7. The system sounds complicated, but really isn't. Names of competitors are posted in a long row, like rungs on a ladder. The bottom person can challenge to a game anyone two rungs above him, but no higher than two rungs. Thus, he can play one of two persons. If he wins, his name climbs up a rung or two—the defeated one goes down. This same rule applies to everyone on the ladder. Thus, nobody is ever entirely eliminated. He always can challenge some person above him—at least until the time limit has expired.

Under Cover

Without so much as a quick glance at the **Arrow** cover, how many of the objects surrounding Patty Smith can you remember? Take out a sheet of paper—any old blue book cover will do, and list all the items you have managed to retain. If you have ever passed the Girl Scout observation test, this ought to be a snap. Score yourself on our psychological rating scale below:

Ratings for articles remembered:
 2003-2006—Superior
 1999-2002—Excellent
 1987-1998—Average
 Below 1987—Bet you're not on the Dean's List.

If you hold a mental picture of the two servicemen's photographs you are a typical PCW student and for a price we will cheerfully be your maid of honor.

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FEATURES

ROOM SERVICE

"Room 110" has been the subject of so much recent criticism that we decided all would not be right with the world till we added our two cents to the general confusion. We hopped a streetcar to Carnegie Institute, panted up three flights of steps, and at last feasted our eyes on that now famous abstract, the first prize winner of Carnegie Institute's exhibit of United States paintings.

Well, here's where we differ from all those nasty editorials and comments you've been reading and hearing. We like "Room 110"!

Were you about to say "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like?" The classic reply to that so often heard remark is, "So does a cow."

You've probably seen "Room 110." It might be a hotel room or it might be a doctor's office. Printed on the door is a large 011 which you know is 110 written backwards. A pile of junk sits on a round table which slants at such an angle that anything on it should fall to the floor. This pile consists of a vase, a picture of a hefty woman, a bunch of grapes, and a few other whatnots. Leaning against the table is a weather-beaten umbrella. Oh yes, there's a rose sprawling directly in front of the umbrella handle. "Room 110" looks like the work of a first-grader. It's not. It's the work of Yasuo Kuniyoshi, a Japanese-born American. Mr. Kuniyoshi won the \$1,000 first prize. "But it doesn't mean anything," you say. Why must it have a meaning?

The trouble with Mr. Average Man is that he wants a picture that tells a story. That crazy abstract stuff is okay for the higher-ups, for the intellectuals, if they want it, but it's not for him. Incidentally, he feels it's about time they brought art down to his level. But why shouldn't he go up to theirs? He ought to consider what the artist has in mind and is trying to do. Maybe those strange shapes seemingly thrown together on canvases really serve some purpose:

Let's hope the following illustration will shed a little light on the subject of abstracts. When looking at a painting from a distance of five feet, you view it for its texture and for the manipulation of the brush. At twenty feet you view it for its subject matter. From across the room—say sixty feet away—you can see

only spots of color, light, and value, not a subject or texture. At that distance a picture is viewed for its abstract qualities. These are what the artist tries to capture. He wants to get the essence of pattern and design without the subject matter.

The artist is painting fundamental forms. Abstracts can be merely exercised, which, by breaking objects down to their simplest forms, help him to gain the design quality. In working them out he gains a better knowledge of color and of balancing light and dark areas.

Another name for abstract could be design. Abstracts don't need to have a specific meaning. Some do have a literary meaning, some verge toward realism, others are purely abstract.

You may ask, "What good are abstracts?" Abstracts have influenced the world around us. Looking at a good piece of architecture you see beautifully proportioned space areas. Since architecture is a pure form of art, no meaning is needed. Then why object when you see beautifully proportioned space areas on a flat surface? Printing has been influenced. Where should a certain item be placed on a page so that a pleasing effect will be gained? Carried further, into advertising layouts, the problem of placement is a pure problem of design. We can understand the design principle in these fields. Why are they resented in a picture?

Presuming you would like to know some of the attributes of "Room 110", we consulted PCW's Samuel Rosenberg who has worked with abstracts himself. Here's the expert's opinion. "Room 110" is an abstract that "verges toward realism", he said. It is "well balanced" and has "harmonious colors." It contains "sensitive relationships of color." The slight difference of the soft tones may be more difficult to execute than a brilliantly keyed composition. There's a "luminosity" about it, and a "feeling for texture," Mr. Rosenberg said.

Older people, used to the conventional art, are usually shocked by so-called "modern art." Youth is more easily adjusted to it. Remember—each new movement has been regarded at first with suspicion and dismay. Time will come when abstracts are "old stuff" and there will be a new movement to excite and stir us again.

by Ruth Teptitz.

CAMPUS COMMENTS

Miss Marks and Chickie Sawders were local casualties during the recent snowcastrophe—both managing to sprain certain choice vertebrae in their backs. Miss Marks chose Mellon driveway to sprain hers, while Chickie dramatically tobogganed over the shoot the shoots in the Natural Amphitheater. It's what we've always said—there's danger in this back to nature movement!

* * *

Speaking of snow, while we abstained from classes to cook a spot of whale fat in our local igloos, Mrs. Shupp, we understand, mushed through the December blizzards to her office in Berry Hall. After defrosting, she spent a quiet day of work on the catalogue. Plans are being drawn up to admit her into the International Confederation of Eskimos, Siberians, Explorers, and Penguins.

* * *

PCW isn't quite living up to its expectations. Long before we matriculated—long before we had learned the words of *Here's to the Purple and White*—we had heard about PCWomen sliding down the Natural Amphitheater on trays from the cafeteria. This, to us, sounded very exciting and quite woman-of-the-worldish, and we were more than anxious to sign up with a college who takes the trays out of its own cafeteria to give the girls a good time. So, back when we were freshmen, the first snow came. We leaped down to the cafeteria, drank our mushroom soup, and hurriedly chewed our ham and pickle sandwiches, all the time calculating just which gleaming tray would most comfortably seat

(Continued on Page Seven)

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FEATURES

MENTOR CENTER

. . . . Mrs. Shupp Speaking

This is not a Mentor Center message. Shall we call it, rather, a letter from a typical reader? Or from a typical faculty advisor?

We have a few words to say on the matter of chapel speakers. Several millions of words have been said about them this year at PCW, and a very good thing too. Now, it seems to us that a fraction of the millions should be put in print.

Many of our chapel speakers this year have been very good: authoritative and wise and highly appreciated. It must be admitted also, that some of them have been little better than mediocre. Of all of them, good and not so good, we have been very critical. We have commented on their opinions, mannerisms, delivery, diction, hair-do, information, and brand of humor. Do they know, we wonder, that we observe them with sharp eyes while they are speaking and use them afterwards in speech class, in history class, in philosophy class, in English class, in economics class as examples of how a public speaker has or has not missed his point?

However painful all this might be for the speakers—if they knew anything about it—we believe it is nevertheless eminently proper that it should be so. These speakers are part of our education; we learn from them—sometimes in ways they little dream of. We have a right to be critical; indeed perhaps it is our duty to be.

There are, on the other hand, certain points of view from which it might be wise to institute a "be kind to speakers" week. In the first place, let us remember we are a difficult audience; we (the students) are young, we have been going to chapel a number of years and we have set up a pretty good resistance to speakers in general, and we are informed. Yes, really! On almost any subject some person or group of persons is likely to have at least as much information as the speakers have. The Monroe doctrine may be taken as an example, and the Junkers, and the four books on religion. Furthermore, we are emotional. Light laughter, quickly aroused and quickly discouraged, may sometimes be taken by a speaker to mean that we think highly of what he is saying and are encouraging him to make more irresistible *bon mots* which is not always the fact.

As a constructive suggestion, we propose a tentative set of rules, warnings, and regulations which might be given to all prospective speakers. It might, of course, give them so great a sense of inferiority that they would leap rapidly down Woodland Road to Fifth Avenue and oblivion without making a speech.

1. Do not talk down to the girls.
2. Do not wisecrack except when a "wisecrack" is (a) functional, (b) inevitable (c) amusing (d) intelligent (e) less than fifty years old.
3. Take it for granted that in their classes, the students are subjected to mature analysis of and comments on such subjects as Plato's ideals, Geo-politics, the aesthetic theory of symbolism, the cult of unintelligibility, Freudian concepts of psychoanalysis, the theories of utilitarianism and the single tax, and invertibrate zoology. This sentence is to be translated to mean: it is not necessary to assume that we are BWOC of local Public School Number 3½.
4. Be sincere, be sure of your information, be real. We don't mind, even, if you are pessimistic. We can take it. We are quick to recognize integrity, intelligence, and information. We also like wit.

Campus Comments

(Continued from Page Six)

us as we went flying down the hill. We pulled on our boots and snow suits and ran to the nearest exit so that we could be waiting and ready when the trays were brought to us.

But time went by, and no trace of the trays. But we were patient. "Maybe," we thought, "the president of the Board of Trustees stopped at the Colonnade to bring some extra trays. After all, we have a pretty big enrollment, and not too many trays of our own."

So we waited, watching some of the seniors' skiing and sled-riding down the slopes of the Natural Amphitheater. It was then that we grew suspicious. For among the skiers was the president of SGA, and if anyone should have a tray from the cafeteria, she should. But she didn't.

It was then that we realized that we had come to PCW, under the in-

fluence of publication propaganda. We had been duped, we dopes. The newspaper pictures of happy, care-free PCW girls sliding down the Natural Amphitheater on shining trays had only been a product of the publication director's brain. The cafeteria trays would always hold soup and salad instead of the members of the class of '45. We had come to PCW on false pretenses. But, confidentially, we have no regrets.

* * *

We always like to extend our helping hand to anyone who has just gotten herself into a new job. Maybe it's because we're seniors and are beginning to get that slightly greenish cast around our eyes as we chalk off the days before we're thrust into the world, or maybe it's because we're the kindly type. Anyway, whatever our motive, we would like to donate to Miss Lillian McFetridge, PCW's new field secretary, a poem. This poem is not for herself—it is for her to give—hers to present to the parents of daughters, who, she feels are not quite the PCW caliber. P. S. We wrote this poem ourselves, and this is as good a place as any to have it printed.

Keep daughter home from college
If you fear she lacks ambition.
Heed my advice,
And your (r'e) in . . . tuition!

* * *

By the way, we wish Miss Kirk the best of luck and excitement on her new job with the *Press*. Seeing that she received her elementary journalistic training as co-editor of the *Arrow*, we expect at least three Pulitzer Prizes hanging on her wall, and enough by-lines to fill a telephone book.

The winnah! . . . So far, the Seniors hold the championship in the war bond contest sponsored by Hood and Tassel.

Sophomores . . . To you goes the booby prize! Maybe you didn't know that every Tuesday from 8:30 a. m. through 2:45 p. m. Seniors sell bonds and twenty-five cent stamps.

So far, Hood and Tassel's sales total \$8,849! Who'll make it \$10,000?

FEATURES

HERE AND THERE

We're all praying for some of ye olde snowfalls, say around the 22nd—and about five or six feet. Herein we offer "that certain something that makes exams pleasant," for use only during a "psychological rest period"; so stick a pin in the fag, and listen to the saga of those who have time for things romantic.

"The Love I Long For"

At this point Coxie says she'll gladly relinquish Van Johnson to Helen Robinson as soon as she gets that call from Carl . . . Martha Enright rereading love letters from Bill McShane . . . Miss Bair preparing a bill for H. Gilmore to buy new carpeting for the third floor—from her room to the telephone . . . rumor has it that Ronnie Staples' Harvey is a little on the Dennis Morgan side . . . Olma Harkless has her feet off the ground once more, since Annapolis and Dick Lazenby . . .

"A Fellow on a Furlough"

Helen Truxal proudly relinquishing her presidency of the "Two and a Half Year Club"—it's New England and thirty days, now that Dave's home . . . Freshmen debating the possibility of a snap biology exam since Lt. Martin arrived . . . ever-lovin' Mrs. Horsburgh caught every train to Cleveland for four days, till Ken finally called—a forty-eight hour second honeymoon . . . Avalon conductors seeing a lot of Ginny Ramsey these days, and so is Tom . . . Mousie Kline certain that New Mexico and the B-24's can get along without Jimmy for the next twenty days . . . as Petie McFall says, "You can always squeeze a Lemon, but just try and squeeze a peach" . . .

"To You"

Oswaldo seems to be the very soul of originality—not every day do we see thirteen turtles crawling down a corridor of Woodland Hall. Fortunately, Edith Martins has a talent for Anagrams . . . Then there are those like Mary Lynott who maintain a cataloguing system for gifts garnered from the many admirers . . . to each and every visitor Betty Fleck offers one scent of Bill's "Platine" cologne . . . Santa outdoing himself for Jeaneth White, M. J. Werner, Leigh Hutton, and J. Thomas, who got to make use of the mistletoe . . . Sue Campbell wonders if there's some subtle meaning behind the "Escape" perfume from Harp and the skunk pin from Quiz . . . the Sigma Chi locket on Mim Davis from Herky . . . we'll leave Bobbie Swan to fig-

ure out her own problem—which of the three men corresponds to which of the three bracelets? . . .

"Till Then"

Betty Beck wavering between thoughts of an A.B. and MRS. degree . . . Anna Thomas contemplating her two happiest moments of the year—a farewell to practice teaching, a hello to John . . . Pee Smythe buying her trousseau on the installment plan . . . Nope, Charlie isn't home, but that's his Phi Gam pin, presented to Pearlle Speers by the future in-laws . . . the hunk of ice on the Barrett hand delivered by proxy on Christmas day—and what did you find in your stocking?

"The Very Thought of You"

Among the species rapidly growing extinct—Suzy Sutton and Tom a regular weekend duo . . . Cousins Prue Hamilton and Peggy Betz dating cousins—you figure out the relationships . . . Jane Meub building her own Peace Bridge between the U. S. and Canada . . . Bobbie Carpenter, class of '46, saying "I do" in Orlando, Florida . . . It's a return engagement for Truman, with Shep Murray giving out on the second chorus of "Is you is, or is you ain't my baby?" . . . Question of the month, directed to Phyl Ingraham—were the twenty-four hours spent getting to New York worth the six with Ben? . . . Pris Hendryx was one of the lucky ones with a neat date over vacation. A local lad, too: Remember the Junior Prom, Pris! Peg Chantler, home for vacation from Northwestern, Christ-

maspartying in Mellon Hall with ex-classmates . . . Seems Marilou Haller shocked her Allderdice students by calling a knight a "medieval Boy Scout." But then, it made the *Foreward* gossip column so who are we to question the description? . . . Ginny Ricks looking like a fugitive from the Phipps Conservatory orchid room after the Friday night performance of *Janie* . . . Maty Yorkin knitting a sweater for brother-in-law Maurio, one of America's ten best-dressed men . . .

"A Good Man Nowadays Is Hard To Find"

Ask Milles. Korb, Van Kirk, Egger, and Ramsey if they still think that song title holds true after the Christmas dance . . . N. J. Herdt thinking of entering her fancy letter from Bob in the next Carnegie Art Exhibit—all those pictures and a lesson in Hawaiian, too . . . Rowie a bit backward about being a water nymph in front of Chuck . . . Jean Dalzell explaining to everyone that the picture on the desk (see *Arrow* cover) is hers! Patty's Fred is on the mantel . . . Ruth Ford hunting hula-girl Valentines for Mac . . . Polly Basenko still wondering what to do with that package in the back of her car.

Are you pinned, engaged, married? Does your lipstick taste different lately? No? Well, don't be discouraged. We can't all make the gossip column. Some of us have to be on the Dean's list.

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FEATURES

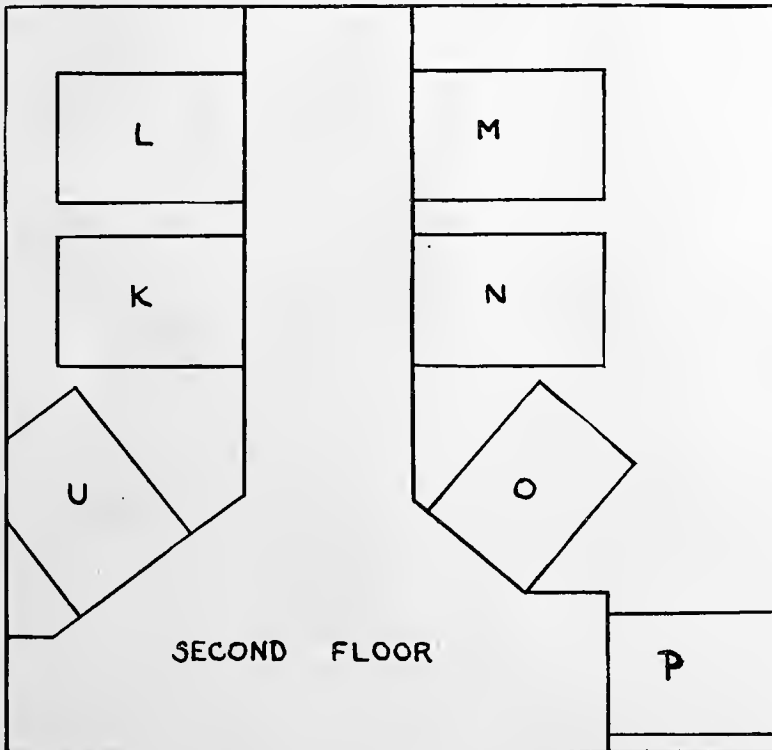
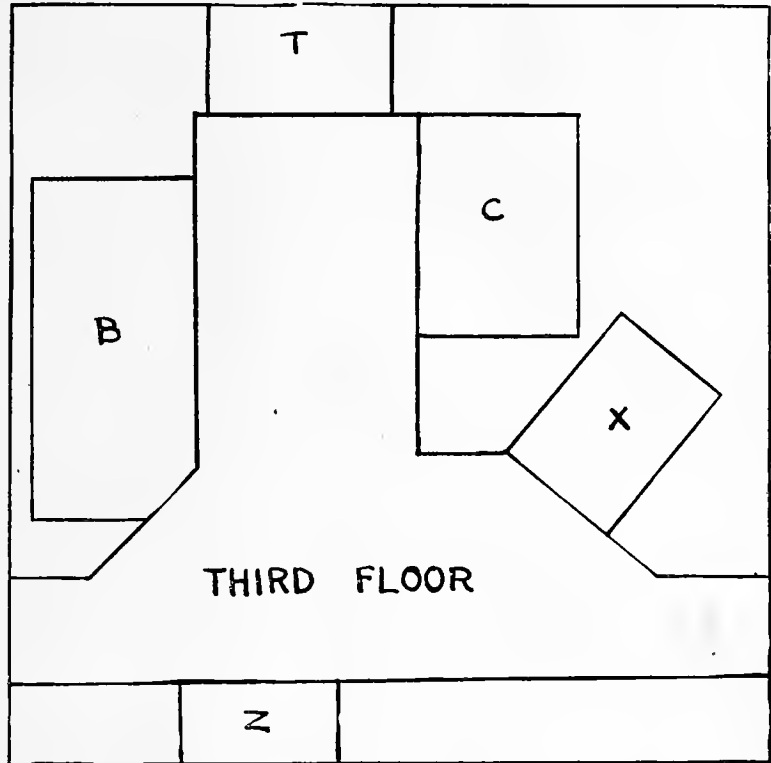
BERRY PICKINGS

Are you scheduled for a nine o'clock exam in Room T? Are you going to do the same thing you did last semester and wander into the Den about 8:59 a. m. and hope there's a freshman around who will guide you to the correct floor and approximate location of the aforementioned room? If so, you're the Miss Typical Reader this article is intended to help.

Seniors usually vaguely remember having learned enough about the classrooms in Berry Hall to have passed an orientation examination some years before, but from then on, rooms have been identified as, "You know, the one where we had freshman history."

The danger with trusting this kind of direction is that there are usually four sections of freshman history, so unless you can remember whether you were in the A, B, C, or D section (and of course you can't) this type of information is usually regarded as unreliable.

On the surface this ignorance appears to be the traditional carefree attitude of the average co-ed. But now sneak a glance at the floor-plans



sketched by one of our staff artists. Isn't it amazing that such a simple thing as the alphabet could manage to become so confused?

There are reasons, of course, because many of the rooms on the second and third floors of Berry Hall which are now shut off or used for other purposes were once class rooms. The letters remained on their doors for convenience in the office records. Nevertheless, with a nod to Max Eastman and *The Making of a Literary Mind*, we like to refer to the whole system as the "Cult of Unintelligibility."

The Science Building is—naturally—scientific about its numeral system, so no detailed explanation is necessary. Also the Library seminar rooms and the Speech Lab are apparently well enough known to be skipped over lightly.

It is hoped that when an emotional block creates a hiatus between you and the three hundred pages of drama you're reading the night before the exam, or when you reach your next plateau in note learning, you will take a hasty glance at this tourists' guide and decide which room you're going to reach *on time* for your next exam. Remember, it's best to start right, at least.

FEATURES

FACULTY RESOLUTIONS

In the midst of popping ink bottles, the string ensemble's rendition of *Auld Lang Syne*, and blue book confetti, the PCW faculty drew up the following New Year's Resolutions—it says here—:

Dr. Doxsee: I resolve to give fifteen minute objective examinations in each of my courses once a week.

Miss Dysart: I resolve to serve breakfast in bed to all Dysart Hall residents who remember the number of columns in the Parthenon.

Dr. Evans: I resolve to wear dirty brown and white saddle shoes as soon as they are no longer rationed.

Mrs. Hansen: I resolve to give a twenty per cent discount for cash payment of library fines if paid within a two year period after the book is due.

The Kimberleys: We resolve to chop down the pillars in the chapel with our own four hands.

Dr. Kinder: I resolve to institute a Bank Night program (with occasional free dishes) for each and every chapel movie.

Miss Maclachlan: I resolve to teach the senior class to play hockey before they graduate.

Miss Marks: I resolve to drink at least one healthful six ounce bottle of Coca Cola every day and to place the bottle on the floor beside my desk.

Dr. Martin: I resolve to allow all freshmen to take home their experimental pigs (point free) after the six weeks lab course is completed. (ADVT. See me for the Good House-keeping approved recipe for formaldehyde sauce.)

Mr. May: I resolve to vote straight Republican when I become twenty-one years of age.

Miss McFetridge: I resolve to recruit only freshmen with eligible big brothers.

Minerva: I resolve not to cut in on more than ten telephone conversations per five minutes.

Dr. Montgomery: I resolve to be just as "adorable" in the 1945 faculty show as I was in the 1944 extravaganza.

Mme. Owens: I resolve to use La France for all my blueing on wash-day.

Mrs. Shupp: I resolve to have a tea for the editorial staff of the **Arrow** after each edition.

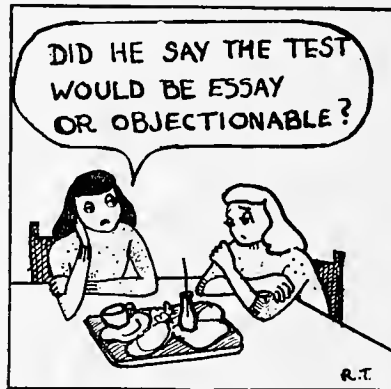
Dr. Spencer: I resolve to come back "again and again and again"

from Bucknell and to bring some eligible engineers with me.

Dr. Wallace: I resolve to hold a lottery open to the seniors to determine the lucky girl who may take my son to the Junior Prom.

Miss Weigand: I resolve to get an automatic coin changer to take care of the coke machine business.

Miss Welker: I resolve to introduce a course in Boogie Woogie to the curriculum of the Music Department.



Fill 'Er In

- | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|
- What goes in a hive? (And we don't mean calamine lotion.)
 - The kind of turn that you can't make in the street unless you know a corruptible judge.
 - The first word of a song, the other following words being: "Do I Love You?" (Question purely theoretical.)
 - Two times "U". (This ought to be a snap for math majors.)
 - What deaf people supposedly say every time someone asks them a question.
 - The word that is missing from the following phrase: "All men ... created equal." (Except sometimes.)
 - It makes honey. (Honey, in this case, is not a term of endearment.)
 - An exclamation.
 - If you're not outside, you're ..side.
 - The letter between C and E.
 - The first letter of a verb which is usually used in the clause, "Confidentially, it,"—which, by the way, is a very apt

UNITED WAR FUND

Comedy, tragedy, even romance follow each other in a typical day at the Information and Referral Center of Pittsburgh and Allegheny County, one of the wartime projects supported by the United War Fund.

The day starts with a weary sailor, just discharged from the Navy, who stops for a little morale-building, his ration board's address, and a rest.

Tragedy comes in the form of Mrs. B., who was managing fairly well on her soldier-husband's allotment, but had no reserve for emergencies. Her children fell ill, and the allotment had to go for medical bills. Then she received word that her husband had been killed in action. She is sent to a social agency, where she will receive immediate assistance.

And romance comes in the person of Mrs. C., who has a son who met and fell in love with a young Army nurse in Africa. Now the boy is in Italy and doesn't know where his sweetheart is, but knows that she has relatives in Pittsburgh and has asked his mother to trace them. Mrs. C. is directed to the Army Personal Affairs Bureau.

So passes a typical, busy day at the Center. Personal problems, legal questions, financial requests, and vocational needs, all are in the day's work. Allegheny County has social agencies to fill almost every need of war workers, veterans, servicemen, and individuals. The Information and Referral Center tells them which agency can best help them, and directs them on their way.

And so PCW can feel proud of herself, because she supported this organization by contributing \$1,640.50 to the last United War fund Drive. The official report received from Mrs. Owens is:

Students	\$ 837.00
Per student—	\$2.63
Faculty and staff	750.00
Per person—	\$13.39
Empoyes	53.50
Per person—	\$1.49
<hr/>	
Total	\$1,640.50
Quota: 117%	
Contributors: 100%	

descriptiin of this puzzle. It's the sentiment that counts, though, so need we urge you longer to Buy War Bonds?

LITERATURE

TERGIVERSATIONby Jane Meub, '45

It was the time of evening when the gray sky was preparing for night. The rays of the sun that had tried to break through all day had been gone now for several hours. Only a few clouds hanging low announced the rain that would fall before morning.

The waves along the shore were almost noiseless as they hit the jagged rocks and then rolled back. They were quieter tonight than they had been for several days. This was the season of rough seas. Soon the winter would come bringing waves that dashed against the rocks and sent showers of cold spray into the air. But now there was a stillness that shrouded the shore and the promontory that jutted into the sea.

A flight of steps, crudely carved in the rocky bank, led to the ground above—a barren wilderness except for a fir tree and a small cottage that looked over the sea. The cottage was sturdily built of a gray stone that was abundant along the shore. The door stood open and the light streaming from behind silhouetted the figure of a woman on the steps. A dark shawl was thrown carelessly about her shoulders and the soft breeze caught and blew a few stray wisps of her faded hair. Hers was a silent face. She looked toward the sea in a fixed gaze that held no meaning.

Every night at this time Elsa came to the door and watched for Jim's boat. She stood in the doorway for several minutes and then walked to the cliff. The ground was firm and dry. There had been no rain for several weeks. She walked until she reached the steps. From here she could look down the rocky shore line to the village beyond.

The windows in every house sent a beam of light into the evening. Elsa could imagine the men already home and the tables that were laid for their supper. One window was brighter than the rest. Elsa could see the outlines of the old lamp that sat in Mrs. Armstrong's kitchen. She lived just a short way down the beach. In her mind Elsa liked to

think of her as her neighbor although she had never spoken to her. But every night Elsa saw that light in the window and each time she felt the warmth of its friendly rays encircle her. So often she longed to walk down the beach to see Mrs. Armstrong and share a bit of gossip over a cup of tea. But their visits and chats had only been in her imagination.

Jim didn't want Elsa to have friends. He chose this spot to insure his privacy, and he had—Elsa knew only too well. No one ever bothered to climb the steep hill to the cottage. She herself never went down to the village. Jim went to the store once a month and brought back their provisions—he said he didn't want her to climb the hill and she never questioned his motives.

She remembered a Sunday soon after they were married. She had always gone to church and she especially wanted to go to this service in celebration of Easter. But Jim had said no. At first she missed going to church, but now she was indifferent. It had long since ceased to matter.

He was so late tonight. Elsa knew that soon he would be tying the boat to the dock. If he had a good day he would come up the path whistling, and clank the fish buckets against the hard stone as he set them down.

She walked back to the cottage slowly. She often wondered what was happening in the world outside the village but Jim didn't like a radio. They didn't even get a paper because Johnny Williams, the newsboy, wouldn't carry it up the hill every night.

In moments like these when she was alone Elsa often wondered about her life. She thought of the things she had missed. There had been no baby to care for, and no child to send to school every morning. Jim hadn't wanted a son.

For a short time she had one pet, a black cat, but she had found it dead outside the door one morning. She had given to her cat the empty place in her heart. During the day when she was alone she had held his silken warmth in her arms and stroked him. The hill wasn't quite so lonely with companionship. But even the cat was taken from her. One morning after Jim had gone for the day she had opened the door to call the cat. He hadn't come. Elsa couldn't under-

stand. He always came for his saucer of milk in the morning. Then as she turned to close the door, she saw him resting on the step below her feet. She had picked him up tenderly and carried his body to the edge of the cliff and buried him with a rock at his head. She thought about burying him in the sea but she remembered how much he had disliked the water. He associated Jim with the water and hated him too. When he heard the clank of Jim's fish buckets he scampered out the door and Elsa wouldn't see him until the next morning when Jim had gone. Sometimes a shadow fell on the steps as now and she thought she could see him on the step as she had found him that morning. Elsa still missed her cat.

The years with Jim had been like endless links in a chain. The days ran on in the same way . . . breakfast before the sun was up, then just waiting for evening. She had so little to do with her time. She would sit for hours by the window watching the sea. The sea fitted her mood, it was vast and silent. It kept its secrets well.

The clouds had obscured the moon and stars by the time Elsa reached the cottage. She shut the door heavily to close out the night. She had tried to make the cottage livable but the bare windows looked out on a friendless sky. Elsa still dreamed of crisp white curtains and soft chairs. A few pieces of rough furniture that Jim had made sat about the room. She had no gleaming china or gay linens. They ate from dull pewter plates that sat on the wooden table. She had only one treasure . . . a bowl that had always been out of place. Elsa's mother had brought it from her native Norway. During Elsa's childhood it had sat on the dining room table perpetually full of fresh fruit that Elsa and her sisters might eat when they were hungry. Elsa was always sorry that in her cottage the bowl was empty. It had been made of heavy china with a blue bird painted on the outside. The bright blue of the bird's wings and the bowl's polished whiteness were the only bright touches on the bleak room.

But now the bowl was split in two pieces that lay side by side on the table. She took them in her hands

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Buy more War Bonds now
for Future security, too!

LITERATURE

(Continued from Page Eleven)

and fitted the bowl together again. As she stood holding the pieces she was alive for the first time in years. She had broken the chain of days with this innocent looking bowl that Jim had hated.

Suddenly for the first time that day she realized that Jim wouldn't be coming home. Dazed, she had spent this day as any other—waiting for Jim's return. She had lived all her life in this pattern—now that pattern was broken.

This morning she had followed Jim down the steps to the dock. In his hands he held the bowl which he was going to sell in town. Something inside Elsa snapped. He had killed every happiness in her life but he couldn't take the bowl. She snatched the bowl from his hands and hit him. His eyes were frightened when he saw Elsa's arm raised to strike him.

He tried to ward off the blow but it was too late. His head made a soft thud as it hit the steps near the dock. He was dead. Elsa put his body tenderly in the boat. He was so defenseless in death. All the strength and cruelty had been drained from his face. She cast the boat loose and stood there watching it bob up and down in the waves—soon the little craft was only a dot on the horizon. She had given her secret to the sea.

Elsa turned from the table and looked about the cottage. There was nothing she wanted to take except the blue bowl. She latched the door behind her for the last time and began to walk toward the village.

The stars had broken through the clouds and a shaft of moonlight showed the blue bowl she held. The shadow of her hands hid the crack and made the bowl whole again.

The Itch Niche

Eds'. Note — for those who have that itch to write poetry, we offer this bit of Arrow space. Herewith we print the first contributions with a desperate plea that our readers will have mercy on our poetic soul, and present us with some poems for our next issue.

Conrad Cow

Conrad Cow is a tightwad,
Stinginess is his vice;
In order to balance his budget
He chews the same food twice.
N. B. We wud too if we cud.

* * *

Sweet Repose

My sweet tooth was the death of me,
O'er fudge and bonbons I went daffy!
But still in death I crave candy—
Please pass the epitaphy!

Todo marcha perfectamente... Have a Coke

(EVERYTHING'S GOIN' O. K.)



... or enjoying a friendly pause in Mexico

In the famed Xochimilco gardens of Mexico, the pause that refreshes with ice-cold Coca-Cola is an old established custom. Across the border, as in your own living room, Coca-Cola stands for a refreshing interlude, a symbol of good will wherever it is served.

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY

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Coke = Coca-Cola

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called Coke.

LITERATURE

MISS OLIVE CLINKCLANK FACES EXAMINATIONS

Olive Clinkclank, clutching her dean's card in her teeth, pounded on the glass door marked in red ink: "Failing Students Aid Company"

Easy-term term papers

Lab drawings of pig's esophagus

Five-word definitions of:

the theory of evolution

the Platonic Idea

Mill's utilitarianism

China's Open Door policy

Papal Bulls

and the effects of the War of the Roses

on England, America, and Roses.

Final Examinations cheerfully passed.

With a sob Olive pushed open the door. There with his feet on Roget's thesaurus and his bald head cushioned on Bartlett's Dictionary of Familiar Quotations, sat Dr. J. Cum Laude Bingbong, proprietor of the establishment.

"Howjaduly, Miss Clinkclank," said Bingbong spitting out the mortarboard tassel from his mouth. "You got my advertisement, I see. Largest mailing list in the world, I keep telling myself—everyone without an I. Q. on the Q. T. And what is your problem, my dear?"

"Oh, Dr. Bingbong," sobbed Olive, "my problem is that I'm flunking out of college."

"There, there, Miss Clinkclank," said Bingbong reaching into the hood of his black robe, "you won't fail—you've come to the right place, my dear."

"But Dr. Bingbong," cried Olive, "this dean's card says that I must sever my connections with this institution for higher learning unless I pass the final examinations—and I do so want to be a college graduate—so I can be a pillar of my community."

"Calm yourself, my dear Miss Clinkclank," said Bingbong, "and tell me—just what course are you er-having your little troubles with?"

"Well, there's Shakespeare and History of Civilization—and Victorian Prose, and—uh—what's that other thing I take—let's see—uh oh, I can't seem to remember, Dr. Bingbong."

"That doesn't matter, Miss Clinkclank," said Bingbong unlocking the files with his Phi Beta Kappa key. "The important thing is, these examinations you have to take are of the essay type and that simplifies matters completely."

"Oh Dr. Bingbong," smiled Olive wanly, "do you *really* think you can help me?"

"Of course," said Bingbong opening his copy of Roget's Thesaurus. "I've never failed yet and neither have my clients. But Miss Clinkclank, there's a slight fee connected with this."

"Oh anything, Dr. Bingbong, anything," cried Olive.

"Well, we'll say half of your college tuition then, Miss Clinkclank, for as I understand, if you don't pass these final examinations you will save the complete sum of next year's tuition. So if my prices are all right with you—"

"Oh anything, Dr. Bingbong, anything!" cried Olive.

"Good," said Bingbong. "Now let's get down to the business at hand. First of all—do you know anything at all—any facts, quotations, figures for us to start on?"

"Well," sighed Olive, "not very many, Dr. Bingbong. I do know a few quotations from Shakespeare like; 'neither a borrower nor a lender be' and things like that, and I know some dates in history like 1066 and 1492 and I've heard the name of Pre-Raphaelite—"

"Good," cried Bingbong. "We've got quite a bit to start with. All right now—first of all, you must have this basic rule for all final examinations: never, oh never, Miss Clinkclank, state a plain fact. Never say in one sentence what could easily be stretched into three pages. Remember that!"

"Oh I will, Dr. Bingbong, I will," said Olive fervently.

"All right now," said Bingbong replacing the mortarboard tassel in his mouth, "we are ready for the second premise. Listen attentively, Miss Clinkclank, here it is: if you know one fact, do not be satisfied to write it down only once. Our motto is: 'repeat the same fact every page and three quarters.' This is called our iron rule of repeats. Mentally mark that down."

"Oh I have it, Dr. Bingbong," cried Olive triumphantly. "I have it!"

"Fine, fine," smiled Bingbong. "You're grasping this quickly. Now then, here is the third basic law equally important as the first two. Ready? All right! Never, Miss Clinkclank, be specific—oh, how can I impress this upon you? When there is such a well of general statements to

be drawn upon such as truth, beauty, the cultural value of literature and so forth, it is absolutely nonsensical to be specific. Promise me you'll always abstain from the specific, Miss Clinkclank?"

"I promise, Dr. Bingbong," cried Olive sincerely, "oh I do promise!"

"All right now, let's start with your Shakespeare examination. As a matter of fact I think we can speak of your Shakespeare and Victorian Prose examinations under one category. Here are the suggestions. First of all, have at least four quotations you can fall back upon. You know one, Miss Clinkclank, 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be'—that I think is good for at least five bluebook pages. Now when you go home tonight, pick out and memorize three more, and you're all set for any question that happens to arise. If, for instance, the question is: 'State Shakespeare's philosophy of life and its influence on art and thought of his age,' you start your answer by saying: 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be'—that I think is Shakespeare's prevailing philosophy. It is my opinion that he means to say 'be neither a borrower of truth nor a lender of honesty.' Truth has always, yes in the whole history of the ages, even in the Bard's era, been an all-important element in idealistic living. Then Miss Clinkclank you go on from there."

"But Dr. Bingbong," asked Olive, "you said I could use the same quotation in most any answer."

"Yes, I was coming to that, Miss Clinkclank. Say for instance the question is: 'Give a brief summary of Shakespeare's life.' This you can see, Miss Clinkclank, falls right in with our quotation. Here's how you'd answer: 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be'—'this, I believe, is a simple statement of Shakespeare's most momentous worry in his private life. He probably was during the course of his life, both a borrower and a lender. He wants to tell us that borrowing is indeed a hazardous occupation. From the beginning of time, man has been confronted with the problem of borrowing. At first it was merely foodstuffs and articles of clothing, for primitive man had no coinage'—and so forth, Miss Clinkclank. Do you understand, my dear?"

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LITERATURE

SOME NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE

Eds'. note: Knowing that many term papers are coming due this week, it was felt that an ideal model, if printed in the *Arrow*, might help many of those uninitiated students who are laboring on their first long footnoted thesis. Herewith is an A paper—A bad one!

* * *

KING RICHARD THE THIRD

Act III Scene ii

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. (Knocking. 1)—My² lord!³ my lord!⁴Hast. (Within.⁵)—Who⁶ knocks?⁷Mess. One⁸ from⁹ Lord¹⁰ Stanley.¹¹Hast. (Within.¹²) — What¹³ is't¹⁴ o'clock?¹⁵Mess. — U p o n¹⁶ the¹⁷ s t r o k e¹⁸ of¹⁹ four.²⁰

NOTES

1. Knocking: There has been a slight controversy as to the spelling of this word. Rolphe claims it should be changed to read "Knoucking" which would indicate that perhaps George Wilkins or Cyril Tournear had collaborated on the work. Most critics, however, have agreed that it should remain "knocking." The meaning of the word has come down to us today in a slightly distorted fashion. In Shakespeare's time this method of announcing one's presence to someone on the other side of a door was accomplished by a sharp one-two-three rap with the knuckles of the second and fourth fingers of the right hand. Today the act of knocking is accepted, whether done with the palm of the hand or the toe of the shoe.
2. My: The Report of the Joint Committee on Grammatical Nomenclature recommends that my, thy, his, her, its, our, your, their, and whose be treated as possessive adjectives.
3. lord: In conjunction with the preceding word doubtless means "My Lord." Stole claims it should be said in a disgusted tone of voice, to convey the meaning, "What-the-devil's-keeping-you-so-long?" Phlay and Douden, however, believe that Shakespeare is using this as a kind of Greek chorus to show the decline of the divine right of kings and the feudal system.

4. My lord: Cf. notes 2 and 3. Also cf. A.W.T.E.W. 3:7 and *Coriolanus* 5:3.
5. Within: This stage direction is somewhat obscure. In the quarto edition it reads "Without," but it was changed by the Folio editors in 1623 to "Within." The discrepancy is caused by the fact that many writers were using "without" in 1593 when they really meant "within."
6. Who: Tommy Tucker Brook and the Cambridge editors have done a great deal of research on this matter and believe the poet is referring to Mr. W. H. or to the dark lady. Because of the metre in the preceding speech, Bradley agrees with the former conclusion and states, "The lovers perish by their own will in the excess of passion of love, which even in its agony appears sweet to us."
7. knocks: Third person singular (present tense) of the verb "to knock" or "to knouck." Cf. note 1. The fact that Shakespeare used this word twice in such quick succession presents conclusive proof he was preoccupied with the Essex situation.
8. One: one.
9. from: A favorite preposition of Shakespeare's, probably used because of boy actors who took the female roles.
10. Lord: A nobleman's title also used in *Timon of Athens* 4:3 and *King John* 3:1.
11. Stanley: A good old English name.
12. Within: Cf. note 5.
13. What: Shakespeare shows in the frequent use of this word that he writes for his audience. The people in the pit loved the word "what", so Shakespeare uses it indiscriminately.
14. is 't: Contradiction for the words "is it." Mrs. Jameson suggests this usage be restored because it has a "high degree of spirit, energetic, and strong sense, and therefore shows exquisite refinement, moral grace, and unblemished truth."
15. o'clock: of the clock. In this particular instance the poet probably means "of the watch," be-

cause it is doubtful that the messenger would be carrying a clock around with him.

16. upon: Shakespeare undoubtedly found this word in the course of his reading for *Antony and Cleopatra*. It has probably been taken directly from Plutarch's *Life of Antonius* or Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (1556).
17. the: Undoubtedly inserted by some lesser playwright and not to be considered Shakespeare's at all.
18. stroke: The use of this particular word in this particular instance was supposedly for Queen Elizabeth's pleasure. The queen was very fond of cats and kept one at her side to "stroke" during a performance by the King's Company.
19. of: of
20. four: At one time there was much discussion as to whether this meant four a. m. or four p. m. Jervinus and Koleridge, in essays on the subject, have assigned the hour as probably covering the period of from sometime between 3:50 a. m. and 4:05 a. m.

The meaning of the whole passage, then, would seem to be that a messenger knocks at the door and is asked by Hastings, "Who knocks?" When the messenger says he is from Lord Stanley, Hastings asks, "What is't o'clock?", and the messenger answers that it is on the stroke of four.



LITERATURE

AGESby Jean Dalzell, '45

Eleven

The forest stopped and across the side of the range there spread what might have been a plain if it hadn't been the side of a mountain. An old footpath crawled slowly up through the center of the clearing, stopping now and then to catch its breath under one of the gnarled, lonely pines. Now and then it wandered out a bit and then came back again to form a switch-back, until at last it reached the top of the saddle between Sheepshead and Twin Sisters and fell down suddenly over the other side. About half way up the path and to the right about a hundred yards, there stood a great rock. I walked out onto it slowly, feeling the rough sun-warmed stone beneath my sneakers, and stood on the edge that rose twenty feet above the top of the Never-Summer Range which circled the valley below me. The snow now was delicate and pink and melted into the glory of the sky. The wind came down from the snow tops and ran over and around me. I reached behind and undid my sash so that my dress could blow like a regal robe against my flat, skinny chest. Sedately stepping over onto the narrow ledge a little below, I sank gracefully into the circular groove that had been worn away into a throne. Placing my thumbs and middle fingers together to form a circle, I pressed them down hard on the top of my head and then lifted them away, leaving a small gold crown resting lightly in my hair. I was Her Royal Majesty, Queen of all that I proudly surveyed, Queen of my kingdom, Ruler of the most beautiful and loyal of all subjects—my Rockies.

Fourteen

My jodhpurs were too small and I walked a little stifflegged in my boots out onto the rock. I stood with my hands clenched in my pockets and looked out intently across the valley. The wind came down with morning freshness and my hands relaxed. I stepped down and dropped into my chair. I was alone at last, away from all the unnecessary, after-breakfast hubbub; away from the noisy chatter and planning. I was alone now, to find my self, to hear again the sermon, the challenge, the inspiration that came down to me in the wind, in the tumbling, roaring rapids, the great, unspoken language of all silent nature. I answered, promising with all my heart, that I

would not fail their trust in me. My oath was chanted to the time of strong, rapid heart beats. I would not fail! I would not fail to live the perfect life, perfect in truth, in love, in purity. I would champion a cause so great that it would spread the world around and men would be set free and would turn to gaze with humble eyes onto my face, my portrait, my statue in the town square, in India, in China, yes, even in Japan. Then I would turn and find beside me one who would be looking at me with love, and together we would bring forth sons who would grow into doctors, statesmen, philosophers. Some day he would come with me and stand upon this rock and, when he praised me for all that I had done and been, I would say, with great humility, that I had been given strength, long before, through the wisdom of the mountains.

Nineteen

The sense of freedom that I had as I walked out to the edge of the rock was only physical. My stockings were folded away in a drawer and my legs were bare. The night wind touched them and ran lightly up and under my skirt and caressed my whole body. My hands reached out to possess the world before me but it retreated and stood a dark silhouette against the moon-lit sky. I stood and waited for it to speak but I heard only the wind in the trees and the tumbling water—and the mountains were dumb. They were not mine or anyone's. They had no message; they gave no inspiration; they did not even care that I had not brought him back to stand with me before them. It was not even any use to tell them of my broken world, lying, like the pieces of a china cup, heavy within me—the handle forever lost. They would not hear. They did not know of the love and joy and passion of my winter. They would not understand the agonizing despair of the night when I found that my plain face and awkward tongue could not fulfill his need for beauty and for music. The moon caught for a moment on the Hook of Hallas, and then slid sadly down. I turned back and pulled out my torch and the light bounced across the rough rock and across the grass and cacti and down the path. I followed it, not realizing that the fever within me had cooled a little. The wind had come down and touched me.

Twenty-nine

I don't believe I've ever worn oxfords out on the rock before. The heels make it feel rather strange and unfamiliar. It's funny. The mountains still stand in the same order, with the snow on them in the same fields and glaciers and gorges. The water still falls in rushing torrents down their sides and the wind is still strong, but they've changed somehow. As I stand here in the noon day sun, they are outlined sharp and clear against the sky. They no longer have faint blurred edges; they are neither close nor far away; they do not speak nor are they mute. The wind feels good on my face. I've spent too much time in small class rooms these last ten years. I've got to come out here more often, now. It's relaxing and amusing to remember the summers that went by as I sat up here. How odd that once I could have owned these mountains as though they were marbles or could have heard them speak in Emersonian tones to a little girl just turned fourteen. There is a little tug of sympathy for the girl that had sat up here the first night of her last college vacation ten years ago. I really should have brought Hugh up here with me but he isn't much of a mountain climber and I'm afraid he won't enjoy this honeymoon as much as a lake trip. It's strange to be standing here and not asking the mountains for something—not asking them to let me own them, or asking them to teach me, or to pity me, or give me strength. Now I ask only that they let me love them—and I do.

Olive Clinkclank

(Continued from Page Thirteen)

"Utterly, Dr. Bingbong," said Olive truthfully. "Utterly!"

"Now then a few more remarks as to your literature examinations and then we'll go on to history. Just keep this in mind—your examiners in this subject, being students of English composition, without a doubt appreciate variety of expression. Never say, for instance: 'Huxley's idea was.' Oh never anything so simple. Say instead: 'It was Huxley's interesting comment on his environment that—', or 'Huxley has fashioned from the substantial modelling clay of his

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deep and piercing mind this valuable suggestion—' Understand, Miss Clinkclank?"

"Oh yes, Dr. Bingbong," cried Olive, "oh yes!"

"Well here's one last suggestion, Miss Clinkclank—since you're taking both Victorian Prose and Shakespeare, it is advisable to include Shakespearean facts in Victorian Prose and vice versa. It excludes all possibility of your being narrow minded."

"Well, Miss Clinkclank, the process for taking a history final examination is similar to that of literature. Except in history you juggle dates instead of quotations. No matter what the question is, whether it's to state the causes for the Russian Revolution or to name Napoleon's gain in Spain, merely say: 'This situation brings to my mind that of 1066. It was in 1066 that William the Conqueror came into England bringing with him Norman language, customs, literature, art, etc.—' You see, Miss Clinkclank?"

"Oh yes, Dr. Bingbong," cried Olive, "oh yes!"

"And always remember, Miss Clinkclank to include at least six times in your examination the phrase: 'This is another link in the chain of history.' That's always appropriate. And to help you jump the hurdles may I give you a few phrases to use in every answer? First of all—dissident nationalities (most every country has them), economic backwardness, sphere of influence, the rights of the common man, and so on—you'll think of them."

"Is that all, Dr. Bingbong?" smiled Olive.

"Just one more thing, Miss Clinkclank, and this refers to all of your examinations—if you don't know something, pretend that it is so obvious it need not be written down. Say something like this: 'I, of course, don't have to review the early life and customs of these people. They are well known to everybody.'"

"And now, Miss Clinkclank, I believe our lesson is at a close."

Olive kissed Dr. Bingbong with Tangee natural colored lipstick and cried ecstatically: "Oh, Dr. Bingbong, how can I ever repay you for your teaching?"

"Very simple, my dear," replied Bingbong as he heated a can of mid-night oil over his monogrammed Bunsen burner. "Just open your purse, pull out your checkbook, and scribble your name on the bottom line."

"Hello, Mom! It's Me!"



Of all the Long Distance calls that go over our lines these days, none brings more joy than —
"Hello, Mom! It's me!"

So please do everything you can to keep the wires clear for returning service men, and for those in camps, especially from 7 to 10 each night.

**THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY
OF PENNSYLVANIA**

The ARROW

Vol. XXIV

Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburgh, Pa., February 14, 1945

No. 5



Faculty Entertainment . . . See Page Four

EVENTS

NURSES RETURN

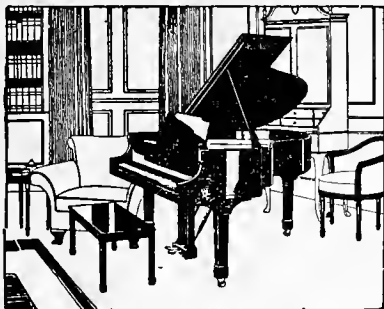
Roll out the bandages, tune up the stethoscopes, brush up on that professional air! We welcome eight student nurses back to PCW after a two year absence. They left for the Allegheny General Hospital in the second semester of their junior year, as part of their five year nurse training program. They look mighty good to everyone and especially to the seniors who don't mind searching for a seat in chapel as long as it means that there are eight more gals to fill their ranks—support too late for the song contest, but just in time for the basketball season and the annual senior class play. Ruth Firmin suggests *Cry Havoc* to the frantic play-reading chairman, and also volunteers her service as technician for the sound effects. She thinks that would be "child's play" after being in the maternity ward at Allegheny General. In that department especially, Ruth receives the "Eager Beaver" award, according to her co-workers. Her slogan warranting this distinction is, "Three babies oiled before seven." (Meaning seven o'clock in the morning, of course.) Oh, yes, alarms ring at five forty-five for every student nurse. Attention, junior class—that's what some of your gals are doing right now, so don't forget them as you sleep through the seven-thirty bell.

At twenty-five after six there's a five minute chapel for roll call. Immaculately dressed PCW student nurses in alphabetical order line up: Virginia Alexander, Agnes Conner, Ruth Firmin, Shirley Mays, Nellie Ireland Phillips, Jeanne McKeag Steele, Tillie Wilcox, and Louise Yeiser.

For two years they've been "Miss" even to each other, so now they're in a "Say-it-again" mood—Gini, Nellie, Jeanne, and Agnes being sheer music to their ears. Breakfast at six thirty and on duty at seven o'clock. "Donnie Dingbat" Agnes Conner has had time to stick her head out the window to report to all the weather. It seems that this is the only opportunity they have to check up on atmospheric conditions. In their dash from the Nurses' Home to the hospital they just don't have time.

They work eight hours a day, being assigned periodically in "DK" (diet kitchen), maternity, pediatrics, medicine, and surgery. From six

(Continued on Page Ten)



Piano Concert by Marion Cohen. Carnegie Music Hall, February 27, 1945—8:30 p. m. Tickets \$1.20 —see Miss Welker.

Chapel Programs

On February 5, Miss Jane Ellen Ball, Red Cross Assistant Director of Entertainment, on leave from London, gave PCW students and faculty a picture of Red Cross work in England.

Mr. Philip Noble, world traveler and expert photographer, will give an hour illustrated talk on *The Charm of Southern California* on February 16. Many of these pictures were made last spring by Mr. Noble while out on the Pacific Coast for a lecture tour.

Mrs. Patricia Reith, associated with the American Friends Service Committee as a Youth Secretary for the Middle Atlantic area, spoke to the PCW students and faculty on February 9. Mrs. Reith is primarily interested in working with college students and faculty who are sincerely concerned with the problems of international relations, reconstruction of devastated areas, and world peace. It is her job to help such individuals or groups know more about these specific issues, and to help them find effective channels of action through American Friends Service Committee projects and other practical experiments. She is a '41 graduate of the State University of Iowa where she was a member of Phi Beta Kappa and chairman of the Student Government Association. The YWCA cabinet and commission gave a tea for Mrs. Reith on Friday afternoon, February 9, in Andrew Mellon Hall. An invitation was extended to everyone in the school.

FACULTY ENTERTAINMENT

Two *Arrow* correspondents, names withheld for fear of reprisals, risked possible death and D's when they invaded the Inner Sanctum of the Faculty play rehearsal.

Disguised as two wandering hymn book dusters, the correspondents gently pushed open the doors of the chapel. Suddenly two bandannaed faculty guards, with role books as weapons, pounced on the newspaper women (disguised as wandering hymn book dusters) and said:

"What're you doing here, sister? This is the Faculty play rehearsal, see? No visitors, see?"

Our correspondents, the whiteness of their skin showing through suntan pancake makeup, said in a slick chorus: "But we've just come to dust the hymn books."

The professor guards leaned their role books against the wall and said: "Oh, for that vital job, come right in. But there are a few formalities you must undergo before you enter. First of all—your birth certificates please."

The correspondents quickly telegraphed to Winnetka, and the mayor immediately brought the certificates to Berry Hall by special plane.

The guards checked the credentials and the two correspondents started in.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute!" said guards Kinder and May. "You can't go in 'till we get your fingerprints." The correspondents stuck their fingers in some cafeteria bean soup and made indelible prints on the cover of a nearby blue book.

"May we go in now?" they asked in pianissimo voices.

"Not yet, not yet!" shouted head guard Spencer. "You have to frisk them, boys. Confiscate all writing implements."

Police Matrons Ferguson and Shupp went through the correspondents' purses, tossed the contents into a nearby bushel barrel. "Not one pencil," they reported. "Typical PCW students. Let them pass (if they have the quality points of course.)"

All was in readiness. The correspondents, dusters in hand (and, Reader, keep an eye on those dusters!) blindfolds on eyes, plugs in

(Continued on Page Twelve)

EVENTS

PLAY FRAY

Sh-h-h . . . it's a deep, dark secret. Nobody with inside information is allowed to exhale a syllable about it. Yes, the play contest is drawing near.

Since all plays were written and submitted for Mrs. Shupp's approval by February 7, the producing and acting divisions of each play committee are really busy. The freshman, sophomore, and junior classes will compete to win the contest on February 21. For several weeks now, the committees have been secretly plotting plays and ways with which to win top honors.

Mary Jane Youngling is managing the contest, and each class has an upper-classman as advisor: Marg^o Selleck is overseeing the freshmen; Patsy Speers, the sophomores; and Virginia Ricks, the juniors. Nancy McDonald is chairman of the freshman committee of Phil Dornberger, Sally Closser, Ruth Wilson, Lucille McKay, and Bobby Mueller; Nancy Walters heads the sophomore committee; and Chickie Sawders, Marilou Haller, Penny Myers, and Fran Hilbish are working for the juniors.

We aren't sure who the judges will be, but we're hoping for one from the Playhouse, one from Tech, and a third competent person. All arrangements aren't completed yet; but Mary Jane has promised us good judges, so don't worry, they'll be here.

As for the plots of the plays, there's no use asking about them. Nobody would even give us a hint. The only sure-fire way of finding out everything is to come February 21. We assure you enlightenment and enjoyment.

Valentine Dine

Cupid will shoot a dart into Woodland Hall tonight . . . Hand-made valentines feature the annual dinner set for six o'clock.

A surprise recipe will be the main dish, but fruit salad, rolls, and chocolate cake are also on the menu. There'll be twenty girls to serve the buffet supper and twenty girls—are you one of the lucky ones?—to clean up afterward!

Helen Gilmore's committee for the affair — which, incidentally, precedes the faculty entertainment — includes Barbara Collins, Virginia Alexander, Sue Campbell, Ann Alexander, Millie Corman, Carol Watson, and Ann Peterson.

On March 3, the Candlelight Prom is being held in the Hotel Schenley with Brad Hunt's orchestra furnishing the music. This year the prom will be informal (but that doesn't mean sweaters and skirts), and tickets will be on sale for \$4.20.

Chairman Emily Sawders is being assisted by a committee of four: Mary Lu Egan, senior member; Fran Hilbish, junior member; Patty Jaycox, sophomore member; and Marjorie Caldwell, freshman member.

The receiving line will be composed of Emily Sawders, Miss Marks, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Miss MacLachlan, Mr. and Mrs. Gwylm Price of the Board of Directors, Ruth Horschburgh, and Miriam Egger.

Under Cover

Two *Arrow* correspondents disguised as hymn book dusters (see Page Three) snapped the cover picture at a faculty entertainment reincarnal. The film was developed in one of Berry Hall's sub-sub basements and is herewith reprinted at great personal risk, since this annual Valentine Day drama is traditionally hush-hush.

We can only guess the content of the 1945 script as the action of the photo does not call to mind any of the plays studied by the Comparative Drama class. (Of course, the class as yet is stuck in the attic of Ibsen's *Doll's House*.)

Staking our editorial reputation, we herewith hazard a guess as to the action of tonight's drama. It is we believe, a matter of one faculty member's impersonating another, and so to Mrs. Kimberly we offer our favorite artificial pansy corsage for her fine make-up jobs. The cast, we presume, reading from left to right is: Dr. Wallace, grease painted as Mrs. Ferguson; Dr. Horne as Dr. Kinder; Dr. Spencer as Dr. Martin; Miss Stewart as Dean Marks; Mrs. Shupp as Dr. Smith; Dr. Martin as Dr. Wallace; Dr. Smith as Dr. Spencer; Mrs. Ferguson as Miss Stewart; Dean Marks as Dr. Horne; and Dr. Kinder as Mrs. Shupp. Kneeling beside Dr. Wallace (grease painted, of course, as Mrs. Ferguson) is the spirit of May (John W.) disguised as the Berry Hall ghost.

This article, we think, belongs in the Neatest Trick of the Week Department. Of course, we could be wrong about the whole thing, so our advice is come tonight at eight and see for yourself.

SPORT REPORT

For the benefit of all those unsuspecting individuals who didn't know that the bowling tournament is drawing to a close and the badminton race is on, we're here to urge you to prick up your ear. If you haven't signed up for badminton, come out and watch your room-mate bat the little birdie around. You'll find it an amusing past-time. And, if you prefer watching to playing, take yourself down to the Mellon Hall bowling alleys and see the semi-final winners knock the pins down. You may end up by setting pins for the champs, but it's good exercise, and definitely waist-slimming.

If you are one of the eager beavers who scribbled your name on the sign-up sheet how about playing off your match before your muscles get cob-webs! The bowling tournament, instead of gathering momentum, has slowed to a crippled snail's pace. With only one or two more rounds to be played off, you can't stop now. We forgave you during exams, as all of your energy was being used to produce brain waves. But that little ordeal is over now, so no more excuses! Let's end the tournament with a flourish, and award the prizes before tennis starts.

All the lucky gals who received byes for the first round in badminton should feel an added incentive for getting the second match played off. It's really very simple—all you do is hold the racket horizontally and wait 'til the little feathered object comes down and hits it.

Keep your eye out and your hand in for the coming basketball and volleyball seasons. As usual, the students will challenge the faculty to a hilarious game of volleyball.

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PEOPLE



Marion Cohen, Class of '45

Musical Debutante

On February 27, at 8:30 p. m. in Carnegie Music Hall, PCW's Marion Cohen will make her piano debut in the Pittsburgh Concert Society Series. Auditioned by Fritz Reiner, she was one of four contestants invited to appear before the Society.

We at PCW knew about Marion's talents long before Dr. Reiner did. Whether she was accompanying the modern dance class, presenting her own chapel concerts, or giving out with some solid boogie woogie, we have always been a foot-thumping, handclapping appreciative audience.

We thought an interview was in order, so we tracked down Marion and found her working out a concerto in the Art Center. Thinking she might need a psychological rest period, we sat down and asked her to help us write the "Biography of Marion Cohen." With some modest hesitation, she agreed, although she insisted that nothing exciting has happened in her life "except two cases of measles."

Marion started piano lessons, as many children do, at the age of eight. For a long time she endured *Narcissus* and *The Minuet in G*, but after four years she decided she had had enough practicing, and told her piano teacher (her parents being out at the time) to go away and never come back. She never did.

For awhile Marion threw her energies into things other than music. In seventh grade, for instance, she won a five dollar first prize for a Safety essay, and a year later graduated from Fulton Public School with an honor ribbon around her paper diploma.

All her spare time she spent "doodling" on the piano just for fun, and by the time she entered Peabody High School she gained so much attention that she was asked to accompany the Glee Club and other musical associations.

It was when she was a Peabody junior that she first came to PCW to study with Miss Helene Welker.

"It was Miss Welker," said Marion, "who first got me interested in the piano seriously."

For two years she spent a good amount of time at the keyboard, interrupting her practicing only long enough to graduate from Peabody with high honor and to win a Civic Club Exceptionally Able Youth scholarship to PCW.

It was here under Miss Welker's guidance that Marion began studying the black and white keys in earnest. Not only did she practice scales and sonatas, but also learned the ins and outs of harmony and counterpoint. All this, plus the regular college course in liberal arts has required an enormous amount of work. Marion admits to at least three to five hours of practicing each day. Some of this she accomplishes in the Art Center, her favorite spot on the PCW campus, but the rest she does at home.

"But I have very tolerant neighbors," smiled Marion. "As a matter of fact, they seem to like to hear me play more than my own family does!"

This Pittsburgh Concert Society prize isn't the first musical award Marion has tacked up on her bedroom wall. In 1942 she won the Pittsburgh ASCAP first prize for her original composition, *Variations on the theme of Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star*, and in 1943 won the Pennsylvania State award of the National Federation of Music Clubs.

Right now she is composing a sonata for senior honors work besides practicing for her Carnegie Music Hall debut. She has also managed to put together some popular, but yet unpublished songs, and arrangements of children's operettas.

(Continued on Page Seven)



Robert P. Tristram Coffin

PCW Revisited

Again this year PCW is marked as a stop on the itinerary of Mr. Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Nearly everyone will remember the visit paid to our campus last year by this Maine author. Of course, the most outstanding part of his visit was Mr. Coffin's reading his own poetry. It has the honesty and homeliness of the country people about whom he writes most of his verse. Favorites of many of us were such poems as his *Hound on the Church Porch*. . . . "If the passer-by were a plain friend, there would be three thumps, or maybe four, But if it was a good friend, it was more . . ."

An American poet of standing, Robert P. Tristram Coffin merits notice as having written some two dozen books of verse, essays, and fiction. He was graduated from Bowdoin College, and became a Rhodes scholar at Oxford. He was later professor of English at Wells, and lecturer at Bowdoin. Although he has written essays, history, biographies, and delivered lectures, he is best known for his poetry, for which he received the Pulitzer Prize in 1936.

Mr. Coffin will be here February 23, 24, and 25. We shall enjoy his chapel program on Friday, February 23, and will see Mr. Coffin in various classes on that and the following day. As during his last visit, he will also conduct conferences with any students interested in writing.

FEATURES



Left to right: Betty Jane Wu, Carolyn Wise, Barbara Lee, Wilma Stoebener, Grace Migliore.

* * * *

New PCWomen

"Well, hello there. How are you you?"

That's what we would all like to say to the new PCW students—freshmen and transfers. Since you might not have had the chance to do that yet, these brief interviews may help you to know the new PCWwomen.

Of the five freshmen, Barbara Lee comes from Mt. Lebanon every day and graduated from Mt. Lebanon High School in June, 1944. Blonde, blue-eyed Barbara's comment was, "I can't get over how friendly everybody is here. It makes you feel so much at home—not a bit strange!"

Soft-spoken Grace Magliore graduated from Westinghouse High School in January. She asked us to tell you that Bee Kiester is her big sister.

Distinctive eyebrows and long brown hair distinguish Wilma Stoebener who is a home economics major. Wilma is especially interested in writing because she was the editor of her high school paper at Cumberland Township High School.

Betty Jane Wu, one of the two freshman dormitory students, is a New Yorker. Her home is in Man-

hattan. She left before graduation exercises so that she could arrive at PCW for our new semester. With eight years of piano lessons, Betty Jane modestly claims she really isn't much of a pianist.

Marilyn Mathews is a graduate of Stonewall Jackson High School in Charleston, West Virginia. The past eight months have been rushed but interesting for her, as she has been working for the Signal Corps in Washington, D. C. Marilyn has already decided to be a science major.

The two sophomore transfers busily getting settled are Maurine Hatman and Carolyn Wise. Maurine is another Mt. Lebanonite who attended Mt. Lebanon High School and Winchester Thurston. When Mary Ellen Chase was here last year she said that she had only one freshman at Smith who could write. That girl we understand was Maurine, our new sophomore transfer from Smith.

Carolyn Wise has transferred from Allegheny where she had been for the past year and a half. Her high school home was Peabody. Carolyn claims her extra-curricular interest is the Navy.

BONERING-UP

Many types of publications make use of students' boners. The *New Yorker* uses them for filler; the *Reader's Digest* for their anecdotal and patter pages; cartoonists often caption their sketches with some poor sophomore's well meant definition; city newspaper editorials recently were laments over boners pulled by high school students in American history classes. Not to be outdone by other perhaps more famous (but confidentially no more illustrious) publications, the *Arrow* herewith presents a few PCW boners garnered from the first semester exams.

English literature: "People of the eighteenth century were often serious but never sober." . . . "Milton was a libertine." . . . "Henry Esmond was the son of James II."

Biology: "Of their own accord, swimming pools send in samples of their water to be tested."

Spanish (translations of the same passage): "After this time if you are yet contented to be mine and I yours, I will be your wife, but until then I am only to be your woman." . . . "If at the end of this time they are still content she would be his wife but even then only as a sister." (Eds.' Note: *Miss Staples tells us both translations are wrong—in case you're wondering what the Spanish classes are reading these days.*)

Government and Business: "So the idea itself is democratic and with public opinion, the courts, and Congress to control the control, I think control will be democratic. It certainly helps the mass." . . . After a discussion of wages one cautious economics student appended the following: "P.S.—It is hard to judge what a man is really worth."

In American history, one imaginative scholar traced the history of slavery from 1619 to 1945.

The honor pledge, when written from memory in those last precious seconds after the bell has rung, has frequently been garbled and twisted beyond recognition. Among the funniest of these are, "I have neither given nor received nor have I seen any one else." . . . "I have not received and God knows I could not have given any aid in this exam."

Oh, well, our profs have a sense of humor.

FEATURES

MENTOR CENTER . . .

Miss Moore Speaking

A mentor holds a position not wholly enviable. He is by definition a faithful friend who offers, from the abundance of his friendliness, good counsel. In practice, however, the mentor finds himself in the position of Tom Sawyer's Aunt Polly who conscientiously poured into Tom scalding doses of *Painkiller*; like Aunt Polly the mentor means well, but holds out unpalatable cure-alls for someone else's ills. College girls, like Tom Sawyer, have thrust upon them much uninvited help. They are told how to behave on dates, what to do at teas, how to write sentences, what to think on the post-war draft. They are told *ad nauseum* about their polish, their bandannas, their flowing shirt-tails, their blue-jeans, their manners, their morals, their hopes of the hereafter. To add one more voice to this chorus is only to contribute to the general cacophony. I have neither advice nor complaint. I like college girls. I find PCW girls unflinchingly polite, good-tempered, cooperative. Working with them is pleasant.

But though I have no advice to offer, I do have a problem to present. I wonder why college girls look upon the years beyond twenty-one as a complete desert—I should say a No-Man's-Land, if I should not be accused of punning. I am surprised to read in a theme a girl's lament because she is not now dancing, and her plaintive conclusion that the opportunity to dance again will come only when she is over twenty-one

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and will no longer care about such frivolities. I find a partial answer to my wondering in my belief that this girl and her friends who think as she does are the victims of the current variety of high-pressure advertising. Everywhere the emphasis is upon the transiency of youthfulness. A dress is right only when it gives its wearer the look of a "young sophisticate." A play, a movie, a book become musts because they present "The drama, the tragedy, the pathos of youth caught in a maelstrom of gigantic, uncontrollable forces." Mr. Mazer sells innumerable cokes and soggy barbeque sandwiches because he sets off the very young from the only young. Everything conspires to set the group apart. And I wonder whether college girls want to be a part of a cult aloof.

I am inclined to think they would find college (and life) a more meaningful experience if they looked upon those who teach them as beings rather like themselves in their own sincere and serious moments. Bradford Bachrach, the photographer, in his advertising campaign presents a truth of some depth. Mr. Bachrach is almost a lone voice crying in the wilderness, but he should be heard. In *The New Yorker* of January 6, he presents a pretty, fresh girl; the caption beside her picture reads, "Nineteen is such a thrilling age." In the issue of January 30, the picture is of an equally fresh and pretty young woman; there the caption is, "Thirty is such an exciting age." On February 3, the picture is of another fresh and pretty woman, and now the photographer insists, "Forty is such a fascinating age." How long this particular campaign will run one can only speculate. My guess is that there will be at least four more issues with appropriate messages—messages upon which you might all reflect. Perhaps the transition from twenty-one to twenty-two will prove less painful.

Musical Debutante

(Continued from Page Five)

Was she nervous when she auditioned before Dr. Reiner?

"Not particularly," said Marion, "although my foot seemed to joggle up and down for some unknown reason."

Marion has other interests too. She enjoys reading almost everything, conversations with people, and various sports. She is particularly proud of her first game of golf last summer. Never having clenched a mashie in her hands before, she somehow batted out a four par hole on the Schenley Golf Links.

But her greatest interests, naturally, are in music. She is particularly enthralled with modern composers—anyone from Art Tatum to Shostakovich. She is always at the Syria Mosque when Horowitz is scheduled.

She recommends us all to sign up for a piano course with Miss Welker. "On those days when you're down on the world," she says, "a piano is a mighty handy thing to take your gripe out on."

But then Marion added, after we had made her play a few choice selections from George Gershwin; "There's only one drawback—you're never a wall flower at a party, but you get to be a glorified piano bench warmer. But frankly I enjoy playing for people—and I'm getting quite a thrill thinking about February 27."

We decided it was time for Marion to get back to her concerto, so we got up to leave.

"Just one thing," she said, "please put down a special thank you note to Miss Welker for me. She's absolutely the tops!"

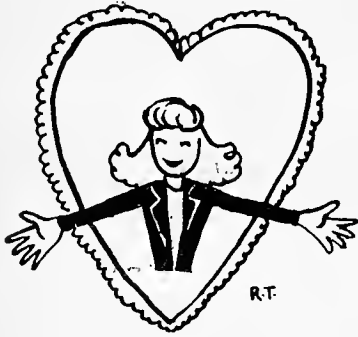
New Mentors

Mystery! . . . What goes on behind the closed doors of room B each Saturday morning?

Investigation reveals a new college geography course, not only for education majors but everyone. Dr. Elizabeth Stadtlander, a PCW alumna, teaches the class which also meets Tuesday afternoons. Miss Stadtlander is from the geography department of Aspinwall High School.

That's not all . . . There's a new Art Appreciation teacher, too! She's Mrs. Frederick Heinz, Pitt graduate, who also studied art at Carnegie Tech and UCLA.

FEATURES



Heart Darts

Love reigns supreme on Valentine's Day at PCW, for little Sir Cupid has scored many a bullseye on the campus. If the number of engaged and married women at PCW is any criterion for judgment we should be flooded with sentimental valentines, red roses, and heart-shaped boxes of candy. Never before in the school's history have so many "promised" women matriculated here.

Only a few years ago a married student was almost an oddity, and the only engaged girls at college were a few, mighty few, lucky seniors who had miraculously managed to snag their men in the last days of academic life. It's very different now.

Every class has several representatives in the elite inner circle of engaged girls. The three upper classes have members who are completing an education while their husbands are winning the war.

Frosh Sally Closser and Mary Lou Stone have already promised to be true to Freddie and Ed, while Anne Peterson, too, has recently joined the ranks of freshmen brides-to-be.

Sophomores: Jean Ritz, Joan Sherrick, and Pat Gersmann are wearing sparkling diamonds on the proper finger. The sophomores recently lost a member but Peter will soon gain a bride, for Jeannie Rambo has forsaken PCW to become a Navy wife. Two other sophomores, Ann Coughanour Crossland and Lois DeWalt Zellers are living proof that collegiate life and marriage can successfully be combined.

Betty Beck, Marty Coate, and Marjorie Elliott are the junior contribution to PCW's growing list of engaged girls. While Johnny, Dick, and Bob are far, far away, they are watching the mailbox and keeping

morale high by writing daily air-mail letters. The Naval Air Corps and Ensign Johnny were responsible for adding Wolf to Audrey Divven's name. This Valentine's Day will find, we hope, Evelyn Matthews honeymooning in California with Al

Seniors: Lois Allshouse, Pauline Basenko, Janny Beck, Barbara Collins, Phyllis Ingraham, Patty Smith, Helen Truxal, and Mary Jane Youngling are already running around tables backwards to get in shape for the senior dinner. (In case you didn't know, it's an old PCW tradition for engaged women.) Newly engaged Dottie Barrett is impatiently awaiting Jim's return. He's in Paris now, and she doesn't trust the sleek Parisian dames. Helen Clewer and Jean Thomas are walking on air, for George and Dusty delivered their Valentines in person.

The faithful wives, Ackenheil, Lewis, and Horsburgh are already yearning for commencement so they can settle down to years of uninterrupted marital bliss. Come June, Nina Handloser can forget her studies and devote herself entirely to making John happy. It shouldn't be hard. Allegheny General Hospital returned to PCW recently two married nurses, Jean McKeag Steele and Nellie Ireland Phillips.

It's a long list, and daily, with week-end passes and furloughs, it's getting longer. But take heart, you unattached females, the select group of engaged and married women amounts to less than ten per cent of PCW's enrollment. If it's any con-

solation, remember you belong to the majority. Use PCW products and you too may be lovely and engaged, or even, if things go well, get a date to the Junior Prom.

A Year Book Look

Far be it from us not to toss a bouquet where deserved, and the girls who have been slaving on the *Pennsylvanian*, rival publication that it is, certainly deserve one. Jane Meub, Helen Robinson, Mary Jane Youngling, Marion Swannie, Patty Smith, Mary Lu Egan, Louise Flood, and Carolyn Cosel have been batting out copy and their brains for the last few months to make this anniversary issue the biggest and best you've ever seen. Eps Shollar has done the drawings, and the plan of the book is something new and different in the way of *Pennsylvanians*. The book is just about to go to press, and you'll have to hold your curiosity in check until May, but the wait will be definitely worth while. In the meantime, your continued support of the **Arrow** will be gratefully appreciated by its jealous staff members.

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FEATURES



Practice, Teachers

(Eds'. Note: The following article is a freshman's view of practice teachers. The freshman in this case is Jean Queeneth.)

Before

One bright sunny Pittsburgh afternoon (one being singular) as I was sitting in history class, I heard a wild scream just outside the window. By just outside I mean, of course, three flights down and two hundred yards away. Straining and craning for all I was worth (which, incidently, isn't much) I gazed across the beautiful PCW landscape and there, right smack in front of the library were fifteen terrific seniors and one eager-beaver junior, giggling, straightening stocking seams, and adjusting their supporters. Jeepers, I thought, practice teachers getting ready to leave for their first day's work at the various Pittsburgh institutions (no explanation necessary). Drooling at these magnificent specimens (don't take me seriously) of PCW womanhood brought tears to my eyes. (To this day I haven't found out who had that waterpistol). Immediately I excused myself from Miss Dysart's presence and ran down the steps of Berry Hall (or is it Green) to see what was going on.

Scooting across the path toward the library's portals, I stopped suddenly and froze in my tracks. It was only September 25th but the sight that I beheld was ghastly! Four of the sixteen had fainted dead away

and were being gently carried to the infirmary where they were treated for an acute case of over-enthusiasm. That explains why they aren't in the picture. And speaking of pictures, those soulful expressions are really what those kids once looked like although no one seems to remember them as such. I wonder why.

After

Day after day those sixteen solid little ladies trudged to their various English, history, math, music, Spanish, and elementary education classes. And then it happened! After

answering questions such as, "Did Beowulf really write *The Canterbury Tales* or has it been proven that Bacon wrote them?" and "Why is it *la Madre* instead of *el Madre*?" our no longer solid but rather wilted practice (and they've had plenty of it) teachers staggered forlornly up the steps of PCW and quietly collapsed. No more kindergarten, third grade, or high school.

Slowly (that is, in an hour or two) they were over their bewilderment and found comfort in each other's mistakes. Take a peek at the change of fashions and faces. The clothes seem to have deteriorated and the faces have relaxed their resonating cavities for the first time in months. They have re-entered the human race with saddle shoes, socks, baggy shirts, slacks, sweaters, and smiles, and all sixteen were able to turn out when Mr. DeMille visited them for a screen test to play the lead of a demure professor in "For Whom the 8:30 Bell Tolls."

So the moral of our story is: if you want to be up on all the tRicks and not get Herdt, remain a Youngling by letting us Selleck you a Ford. Don't be the doubting Thomases but come to "Basenko and Rusbasan" and we'll Brewster up your spirits so you won't be able to Haller (the junior partner) if you're a Handloser at bridge. Thus for the Firth time we will Hanna bargain that really Dalzells to all who comply. Is that Clewer?



FEATURES

Nurses Return

(Continued from Page Three)

o'clock in the evening until nine they gather in each other's rooms to chat over events of the day. They are allowed this privilege because at this time of the day resistance is particularly high and it is practically impossible to contract a respiratory disease. Now we're only telling you what we heard.

In their rooms at ten o'clock—and if they're ready for bed by ten thirty when lights go out they're lucky. Most of the time they put their hair up in the dark, losing three bobbie pins a night on the average and looking their "off the collar worst" in the morning.

Mildly that's the typical day of a student nurse. All this while wearing black stockings and black Oxfords. (A student nurse's tip, by the way, for keeping your feet clean.)

In general their motto is "Life is

swell when you keep well, but a sense of humor helps." Shirley Mays is convinced that men are easier to take care of than women, but refuses to go into any more detailed explanation.

Unwilling to commit professional suicide, they remained unusually quiet about the three months they spent at the Warren State Hospital for the mentally deficient. Gini Alexander says, however, that she's glad to be back where her race is definitely established. One woman insisted upon calling her "my colored white cap" and constantly assured her that she was "just as good as those white girls."

Each gives her hearty endorsement and encouragement to all you nurses' aides. Although the gals admitted they felt like freshmen on their first day back, they didn't mind it. So come on, PCW, give them the three cheers they really deserve. Thrice—Hip! Hip! Hurrah!

PCW Poll-icy

As a test of the usefulness of such chapel programs as the forum sponsored by the YWCA on the question of compulsory military training, a second poll of Woodland Hall was taken this week. Of sixty-two students interviewed, thirty-six were against such a measure and twenty-six favored it. These figures show a definite shift in opinion since the program. The first poll, taken last month, revealed that thirty-three per cent of the students questioned were opposed to the plan while this month's poll showed that fifty-eight per cent opposed it.

We hope this proves that the PCW girl profits by an intelligent discussion of a question in which she is interested, and that she listens carefully to the discussion. However, there were criticism of the fact that the panel discussed the question from only the negative point of view.

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FEATURES

HERE AND THERE

"When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
'Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free.'
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me."

Housman, it would seem, had been caught in the trap at one time or another—and thereafter spent a lifetime in the throes of melancholy, a pessimistic and defeated soul. Far be it from us to wish such a fate on any mortal, but, as the saying goes, "What is one man's poison—" Besides, Housman wasn't faced with the man shortage.

"The American Romance"

Evie Matthews' telegram from California was short, but comprehensive — "Arrived Monday; met Monday; married Monday; very happy." . . . Add to the glitter and glow group—Helen Truxal, Jean Thomas, Mary Lou Stone, and SPAR Sue Funk. They can reduce the wattage in the lamps on Woodland Road—we don't need it. . . . It's on again, meaning that Sal Villing has won Hughesie back to her way of thinking, and has the pin to prove it.

Together Again

Craig monopolizing Butch for eighteen out of the twenty-one days of his furlough. What happened to the other three? . . . That cloud floating around lately has Mary Lu Egan sitting right in the middle of it.



Ah, men!

When we see her burning all the love letters but Jerry's, it looks as though that Captain might be holding up said cloud. . . . What the Ubangis lost was Ruth Mae Grasso's gain. . . . Ann Kennard "seeing Red" in Ohio. . . . Helen Clewer and George making post-war plans now that he's home. . . . Never at a loss for a date—Betty Rains and Eggs. . . . Carl in Pittsburgh to see Coxie—understand he's now in a rehabilitation center. . . . Marty Yorkin says it's been two years since David's been home, and now he's stuck in a snowdrift in Carnegie. Oh well, maybe we'll have an early spring. . . .

"To Have And Have Not"

Among the have-nots — Peggy Korb minus two teeth. . . . "Lips that have tasted butter shall never taste oleo," says Louise Baehr as she brings her own quarter of a pound to dinner. . . . Mrs. Shupp's myth-child, Pappert, definitely among the missing. . . . Eds.' Note: Has any-

one seen Mulroney?. Question of the month—who sat on the bottle of "Muget de Bois" in Ricks' coat pocket? . . . For those with an eye to glamour we suggest Jeanne McKeag Steele's art gallery, featuring none other than the handsome husband. . . . Congratulations to Mike and Larny—they're a Lieutenant.

"Take It or Leave It"

Marty Ann Stewart a walking floral shop, featuring three gardenias and two orchids from the ensign. . . . Mary Jane Youngling still shouldering Ralph's gardenias every month. . . . Edith Martins' month complete with another package from Oswaldo. . . . Dotty Lind, with crossed fingers, anxiously awaiting "Paquin" perfume from the G. I. in Paris. . . . The compliment with Sue Campbell's three pound box of candy must have been unique. Anyway, Sue, you're out of the Escape-Skunk class. For inspiration we suggest Lucy Beale's new picture of tar Bill. . . .

"Going My Way"

Semester vacation saw Marge Selleck off to Rochester and Al. . . . Ritz to Gettysburg. . . . Reports have Janice Wilson trekking to Cincinnati and Harrisburg—must have had an easy exam schedule. . . . Carol Lenz extending her Buffalo vacation due to convenient snow and not-so-convenient head cold. . . . Virginia Uber's plans for a jaunt to the drug hastily changed when she broke the ankle and ended up in West Penn Hospital. Was this trip necessary?

"Nothing Sacred"

McSwigan playing ring around the rosey in the Delt house. . . . Help wanted: Guides for conducting Mr. Daniel around the PCW campus. We'd hate to have him think the world begins and ends in Berry Hall. . . . Marjorie Bennett receiving nightly telephone calls from an unknown admirer—"bout time she got to know him. . . . Berry Hall's pin-up, Roosevelt, replaced by Lauren Bacall, now that the campaign's over.

"When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
'The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a-plenty
And sold for endless rue!
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true."
Want to reconsider?"

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FEATURES

CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT

There seems to be a lot of deep thinking and conversation going on in Dr. Doxsee's third floor office these days. If you happen to be one of those keyhole eavesdroppers, you would be hearing ideas bandied about between certain students and the Head of the English Department — ideas on religion, politics, philosophy, history, ethics and whatever else happens to be contained in the book list of English 127.

English 127, familiarly known as the Reading Course in Contemporary Thought, is a six credit seminar devoted to the reading of some eighteen outstanding books written within the past ten years. There are eight members enrolled, mostly seniors, whose business it is to read all books on the list and to write a paper on "some point of departure" in the contents. Then, when the books are read and the papers completed, a conference with Dr. Doxsee is in order. It is then that ideas start flying — are checked, refuted or double-checked.

"The idea of the course," said Dr. Doxsee, "is to get students to read a number of provocative books—books they all, as members of a liberal arts college, could read with profit—books not too specific or technical, but those in the general fields of contemporary thought."

For those who do not take the course, but would like to vary their reading habits with a few solid books on contemporary fields of argument, we here print a partial list of the required books of English 127.

Beard's: *Republic*

Stace: *Destiny of Western Man*

Hook: *The Hero in History*

Van Doren: *Liberal Education*

Smith: *Kamongo*

Shaw: *Everybody's Political What's What*

Adler: *How to Think about War and Peace*

Josephson: *Rousseau*

Lin Yutang: *My Country and My People*

Hayden: *Biography of the Gods*

Huxley: *Ends and Means*

The members of the course, representing not only the English Department, but also history, chemistry, sociology and speech, agree that the reading course in contemporary thought is the opportunity to weld together loose ends in their thinking

and to pull out some brand new ideas from the hat.

"Besides," remarked one of the students of English 127, "it certainly adds tone to our bull sessions."

Faculty Entertainment

(Continued from Page Three)

ears, were led to the rows of chairs to dust the hymn books.

"We have perfect confidence in you," said spokesman Martin, "not to betray any of our secrets."

But this is getting ahead of our story. Before our correspondents had been subjected to temporary deafness and blindness, they saw a junior class member of the speech department, sack over head, being led to the stage by guards, Maclachlan and Marks. The Faculty, it seems, did not know how to open the stage curtains. This feat being performed by the innocent junior expert, she was led, we understand, to Berry Hall Tower. She will be unchained from the bed tonight when the play receives its last curtain call.

The correspondents, meanwhile, temporarily deaf and blind, dusted hymn books like mad, not being able to see or hear one puny excerpt from the famous play. But then, these pseudo-hymn book cleaners (really **Arrow** correspondents in disguise) had a trick up their sleeves. Remember those dusters you were keeping your eyes on? Well inside one of those dusters the clever **Arrow** correspondents, had a concealed camera especially designed by Dick Tracy.

When they had dusted 323 hymn books, two Webster's Dictionaries, and one copy of the *Last of the Mohicans*, the **Arrow** writers had reached the first row of chapel seats. Lifting their dusters as if to dust their silver barettes, they pressed the lever of their concealed camera and rushed out the nearest window.

The results of the picture are here-with shown on the cover. The two **Arrow** correspondents have since been sent to a concentration camp to do just that—concentrate, we mean.

THE WORLD'S *Safest* INVESTMENT
WAR BONDS

THE ITCH NICHE

Blame It On the Chromosome

If you have blue eyes when you wanted brown,

A nose too up or much too down,
Or hair that needs a currycomb,
Just—blame it on the chromosome!

If you are freckled much too much,
Or have a skin that's rough to touch,

Or a stature proclaiming you a gnome,
Just—blame it on the chromosome!

If you look like an old bean pole
A figure that's commonly known
as droll,

Or a brain that says "nobody home,"
Just—blame it on the chromosome!

But if you're pretty, cute, or sweet,
And it doesn't matter what you eat,
It's not for you—this little poem,
It just *can't* be the chromosome!

Marriage of a Millipede

A little lady millipede
Was walking through a wood.
She walked with all her legs in step
The way a lady should.

While strolling slowly down the path,
Her gently roving eye
Beheld a handsome spider lad
As he went skipping by.

He winked at her and then he spoke
And she grew very pale,
With joy, of course, because she knew
That she had caught a male.

So he went home with her that night.
Poor mamma sadly stared—
A spider for her daughter's beau!
And papa merely glared.

And when at last the spider left,
They pleaded with their child
And all her thousand arms and legs
were stamped in tantrums wild.

But anyway, the two were wed
At three-fifteen o'clock;
And when one day the kiddies came,
They were an awful shock.

The offspring were mixed up indeed
As you will quickly see.
Some spidepedds, some millipers!

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

FEATURES

LET'S BE CATTY!

We are not usually superstitious. Therefore it did not bother us too much when several times a week in order to enter Dilworth Hall we had to walk under a ladder, on top of which some enterprising janitor was perched.

We were startled but not daunted when we were confronted with a long black cat which darted in front of us at Dilworth's entrance—invariably on the day of an American History quiz.

But we began to worry when, during the long, hard days of final exams, first one, then two, three, and four black cats would stroll in front of us, turn, shoot an ominous glance in our direction, and then disappear into the underbrush or through some half-opened doorway. We determined to find out where PCW's feline occupants had come from.

As we entered the basement of Woodland Hall, four luminous pairs of eyes peered at us through the darkness. As we approached, four cats scattered in all directions. Mrs. Atkins, who works in the storeroom in Woodland Hall's basement, couldn't tell us much about them except that Mr. O'Neil had brought a male and a female kitten up to school quite a while ago, and now we have four cats.

Mr. O'Neil is the man to see, we agreed, as we trudged up the three flights of steps to his office in the power plant.

"Oh, the cats," he said when we had told him why we had come. "Great ratters. They certainly cleaned this place up since they got here. Not a rat on the grounds, unless of course it's a stray. Why, those cats are on the payroll."

Mr. O'Neil had brought Tom and Katy, the papa and mama to school several years ago. Last year the family expanded when Tom and Katy received four little bundles from heaven. Mr. O'Neil gave two of the kittens away, but Jim and Mary, the other two, are still with us.

"The cats sleep in Berry Hall Basement next to the hot water heater in this cold weather," Mr. O'Neil told us, "and in the garage

when it's a little warmer. Lately Tom has been gettin' the wanderlust and stays away for several nights in a row.

"They're a great favorite with the men," he continued. "Smitty, one of the janitors, takes care of them and feeds them."

We ran across Smitty, on our way home. He was shoveling ice from the driveway. He wouldn't say much except that he feeds the cats milk and meat—usually pigs' kidneys, that it costs thirty-five cents a week to feed them, and that they will come to you if you will call "Kitty, Kitty, Kitty," in a shrill voice.

Don't get too concerned if Tom, Katy, Jim, and Mary should cross your path. They spell bad luck only for PCW's rats.

Campus Comments

We note a different atmosphere in the browsing room now that the blue book scourge has been temporarily disposed of. There is no longer that desperate mumble-jumbling of note memorization, or that stiff-backed attitude of the scholar. Instead the place looks like a PRR daycoach at three in the morning. Only difference is that the usual traveler doesn't try to hide his forty winks under the *Christian Science Monitor*.

* * *

Speaking of PCW's semi-annual clearance, one forward looking professor offered his class an open book, open notes, open Sesame examination. His theory, we believe, is that the student will be less inclined to nervous emotional blocks with all her subject matter conveniently strewn nearby. One member of this class, however, defeated the whole purpose of the examination. Surrounded by five text books, 103 pages of notes, two fountain pens, one bottle of ink and a complete set of the Encyclopedia Britannica, she was all set to make a B-line for a passing grade. All except for one minor detail. She suddenly sat up straight, glanced wildly around the room, clawed through the wastepaper basket, crawled under her chair, and sobbed to the rest of the class: "I seem to have misplaced my examination sheet."

* * *

While we're on the subject of pro-

fessors, have you too noticed that new streak of absolute authority rearing its frightful head over Mrs. Shupp's shoulder? After she gruffly commanded us to answer her roll calls in Eighteen Century Lit, and to "about face" the works of Dryden, Swift, et al, we decided to look into the matter of her recently acquired army discipline. Sure enough, we discovered that she is trying to keep up with her favorite G.I., Nephew Cole, who recently has been made a sergeant.

* * *

Miss McFetridge, although known officially as the Field Directress, is no longer playing the same. The reason is that she has now limited her interests to a single, solitary man who recently presented her with a single solitaire.

* * *

At the beginning of a new semester, we invariably take stock of our talents in copying class notes efficiently and thoroughly. At the beginning of this semester, our minds are also occupied with the problem of the whereabouts and howsabout a date for the Junior Prom. So combining our interests we have made tentative notes on the categories of men available for the third of March. We have divided all men into classes (we would also like to divide them up among the classes, with first priority going to the seniors):

I General subject—men

A. First category—Married Men
Definitely off our list—unless they happen to be married to us.

B. Unmarried men

1. Engaged men

- a. Those who use Pond's
- b. Those who don't

2. Unengaged men

- a. Those above fifty
- b. Those below fifty

(1) Those in the armed services

(2) Those in the Boy Scouts

It is this group that we will draw upon to drag up the receiving line. Tell them to wear uniforms and all merit badges—just to liven the Prom up a bit.

LITERATURE

THE RALLIE-RICK by Louise Flood, '45

Ricky threw Mommie's pink and blue scratchy cover to the foot of the bed and sat up. It was too hot with all those covers. He reached under his pillow and felt the cool ridges of the flashlight Uncle Dirk had brought him last night. He pulled it out and held it against his cheek. The coolness felt good.

He found the tiny button and pushed it. The light came on like magic and filled his darkened room with a long and narrow streak. It picked out the bowl of fish on top of the bookcase and the gold scales of Jeepo and Beepo sparkled as if they had lights on inside them.

"Hello, Beep and Jeep," whispered Ricky, "I bet you can't see me a'tall."

He clasped both hands over the flashlight bulb, and now the light was only a red glow through his fingers. He slowly lifted one finger from the bulb, and a narrow sliver of white light escaped to the ceiling.

Ricky laughed. This was like the light that the Japs used to find Daddy's plane at night time. He had seen a movie with Mommie just last week, and our soldiers, they had a light like that, only it was bigger—so big that it was brighter than the moon. When they knew a Jap plane was coming, all they had to do was switch on the light and they could see to shoot the dumb Jap down with their guns. The Jap plane would go black all over and boom!—that would be the end of Mister Jap!

The Jap men had lights like that too, but they were too dumb to turn them on at the right time, and Daddy was so smart he could always steer his B-29 out of the light.

Ricky took his fingers off the bulb and the strong light flashed over the ceiling. Ricky circled it around the room. He could see the gold and blue stars on the wallpaper and his new football sweater on the chair, and as the light touched the dresser Ricky could see the picture of Daddy with his soldier suit on. Then the light flashed on the mantel.

As the light rested on the mantel, Ricky could see the wing tip of the B-29 model plane Daddy had made for him the last time he was home. Every evening after supper, while Mommie was doing the dishes, Daddy and Ricky went downstairs to the work shop in the cellar. Daddy would light his pipe, and then he'd open his big penknife and whittle on a piece of balsa wood. Pretty soon

the piece of wood turned into a wing or a wheel or a propeller in Daddy's hands. And all the time he was carving he would tell Ricky stories—wonderful stories all about soldiers who weren't afraid of anything.

Finally on the last night of Daddy's leave the plane was finished. There it stood on the work bench. It was painted grey and it had a real cockpit Daddy had made of celluloid, and on each of its four little engines there was a propeller that spun around when you hit it with your fingers. The plane even had a name on it in blue: "The Rallie-Rick." That was the name of Daddy's big plane—"Rallie" for Mommie whose real name was Charlotte, and "Rick" for him, Ricky. But the very best thing about the plane was the little wooden pilot sitting inside the cockpit—a pilot with red hair just like Daddy's.

Ricky circled the light around the plane, but he never hit it exactly. He couldn't. That was Daddy's B-29, and he was working the Jap light that was trying to find Daddy in the darkness. The Japs were too dumb ever to hit the plane with their lights.

Ricky's light streaked around and around the mantel, up over the ceiling, down at the hearth. But, somehow, it couldn't hit Daddy's "Rallie-Rick" straight on.

"Buzz, Buzz, uh-uh-uhuh," that was Daddy's plane high above the light. "Buzz, buzz, uh-uh," that was his gun shooting at the Japs.

Ricky stopped suddenly and turned off the light. It wasn't much fun playing war battle all by himself. When Daddy was home that was fun. Daddy would lie on the bed and pretend he was a Jap in a plane. Ricky would kneel behind the chair and when Daddy wasn't looking he'd throw a pillow at him and Daddy would roll off the bed onto the floor.

"Hee choy, hee choy," he'd yell, "you got me, Yank, with your flak."

Then Ricky would crawl over to Daddy and pull his hair and tell him to wake up, it was all over. Then they'd both laugh so hard that Mommie would come up to see what was the matter.

Nope, war battle wasn't the same since Daddy went away. Ricky put his head on the pillow and pulled the covers up again. He thought for a minute he could hear Daddy's laugh far off somewhere. Daddy was up in his B-29 laughing at the Japs who

were so dumb they couldn't find him with their lights. Far off—he could almost see him—far away . . .

Suddenly Daddy's laugh was gone and Ricky woke up. The lamp was on in his room and there was Mommie standing in front of the bookcase with Uncle Dirk. Mommie always came in at night to see if his covers were on, but it was strange that Uncle Dirk should be here so late.

Ricky was about to say: "Hi, Uncle Dirk," when he heard Mommie crying, and Uncle Dirk was putting his arm around her. Ricky had never, never seen Mommie cry before and he rather imagined she didn't want him to see her now. So he closed his eyes and turned his head to the wall.

Mommie breathed hard and said: "Look at him, Dirk, I just can't waken him now. I just can't."

"I know," Uncle Dirk said, "and there's no use telling him now."

Mommie cried some more and said: "How am I ever going to tell him about Richard, Dirk? What am I going to say? What *can* I say?"

Uncle Dirk's voice was low. "Sh, let's not wake him now, Rallie," he said. "Wait till tomorrow—that's soon enough."

Mommie cried some more. Ricky could still hear her as she and Uncle Dirk turned off the lamp and tiptoed out of the room.

Ricky sat up. He felt a funny stiffness going through him, and he opened his eyes slowly and stared into the darkness.

What was Mommie crying for? And what were she and Uncle Dirk saying about Daddy? It must have been a dream. But then it couldn't have been, for dreams weren't like that. They never had Mommie in them crying, or Uncle Dirk saying: "Wait till tomorrow."

It wasn't a dream, and they said something was the matter with Daddy. But then Ricky laughed. Daddy was all right—he was too smart for the Japs. Sure he was.

Ricky pulled the flashlight from under his pillow and switched it on. The light touched the ceiling and the chair and the dresser with Daddy's picture on it. It sparkled on the gold scales of Beepo and Jeepo.

"Buzz-buzz, uh-uh-uhuh—" that was Daddy's plane high above the light. The Japs were so dumb they could never find the "Rallie-Rick"—in

the dark. They could get close to it—Ricky played the flashlight beam on the mantel at the Mickey Mouse clock—but they could never hit Daddy's B-29 straight on. Daddy was all right.

Suddenly the flashlight slipped out of Ricky's hand. The light was still on, and as he reached to pick it up he slowly turned his head and stared at the mantel.

He sat up straight. His throat was dry like the time he had had the measles. He shivered. On the mantel in the beam of Uncle Dirk's flashlight was Daddy's model B-29. The flashlight had hit it straight on. Ricky could see the letters in blue paint on the nose; "The Rallie-Rick," and in the front cockpit he saw the little wooden pilot with bright red hair.

Ricky clasped both hands over the flashlight bulb, and now the light was only a red glow through his fingers. He suddenly threw the flashlight on the floor and listened to the smash it made. Then he covered his face with the pillow so Mommie and Uncle Dirk couldn't hear him cry.



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Itch Niche

(Continued from Page Twelve)

Now don't you all agree?

The papa spider groaned and
groaned

And little Millie cried—
The children were so sad to see!
The way out—suicide.

So now the moral of my tale:
Your parents always heed.
If you've a thousand arms and legs,
Please wed a millipede!

A CATastrophe

There was a cactus on the step,
A cat came strolling by.
The zest of Spring was in her walk,
A gleam was in her eye.

A dog came running from the house;
He spied the cat, Oh, joy
He barked! He crouched! He sprang!
He charged!
The cat, just acted coy.

She reared upon her haunches,
She spit right in his eye,
She scratched! The dog had yearned
for fun
But now he wondered why!

The cat backed into the cactus
spines!

She rose and howled! You bet!
She hurdled the dog and disappeared.
I think she's running yet.

Georgia Raynor



IT TAKES PLENTY OF WAR BONDS TO BUILD B-29s

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The ARROW

Vol. XXIV

Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburgh, Pa., March 21, 1945

No. 6



Nurses' Aides . . . See Page Two

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Cover Identification: Nurses' Aides Mary Alice Kline, Ruth Ford, and Norma Trozzo getting first-hand information from Nurse Helen Elder in the college infirmary on the fine art of bed-making. For further news of Nurses' Aides activities, see page six.

Nominating Committee

Tomorrow the nominations for next year's student offices will be posted. It is now that we should look into the purpose and the function of the student nominating committee.

For several months now the nominating committee, consisting of a chairman plus appointed representatives from each class, has been meeting to consider thoroughly each and every possible candidate for the major student offices. Their choices are based on their estimates of each girl's character, past services, attitude, and suitability for the office. A vote is taken of committee members, and the outcome determines the nominations.

The main criticism of the work of the nominating committee seems to be that their choices for student offices unquestionably receive the votes of students who do not know the various candidates for those offices. This may or may not be true. We believe, however, that for those who do not know the candidates either personally or by reputation, following the suggestion of the nominating committee is a far wiser way of voting than the eenie, meenie, minie, mo method.

The purpose of the nominating committee then is to present to new students (and to old ones too) the name of an office candidate whom they have painstakingly and objectively chosen. Very often the nominating committee's choice is elected unanimously by the student body, indicating that the candidate was well chosen. This is often the case.

But some freshmen and transfers have absolutely no other basis for voting in student elections except to adhere to the choices of the student nominating committee. This situation can be remedied, we think.

We propose that as the nominating committee chairman reads the name of its suggestion for a student office, she also present a short resume of their choice's past record of service to the college, or a statement of her suitability to the office. Later when nominations to an office are made from the floor, they too should be accompanied by a short summary of the candidate's ability for the office. This will require no soap box orations, but merely a short objective appraisal of various candidates—to give to new students particularly, some tangible basis for voting.

In this way, we feel, all the members of SGA can vote fairly and surely—by weighing the past records of all candidates, instead of merely selecting a name at random or following unquestionably the suggestion of the student nominating committee.

In Parliamentary procedure, a nominating committee is essential for the purpose of selecting and presenting candidates, but we feel that the suggestions would carry even more weight if accompanied by tangible evidence of the candidate's qualification for student leadership. This too goes for all nominations.

Voting for student officers is an extremely important matter. Personal friendships should not count. The important issue is the election of those candidates who can most efficiently and most imaginatively direct the all-important social affairs of PCW. All those who nominate and vote must keep this in mind.

Smoking Room

One of the more usual announcements at Student Government meetings lately has concerned the appearance of the smoking room. We are reminded constantly to keep it neater; we are urged to use the Conover Room. The "smoker," then, like the gymnasium, is not one of the delays en route during a prospective student's campus tour. Obviously its facilities are inadequate for the number of students it is supposed to accommodate. Efforts to keep it neat are futile since so much furniture must be crowded into so small a space. An eight minute walk (round trip) to the Conover Room for a cigarette is a bit impractical—despite Camel's claim from a few years back about walking a mile, etc.

We do not suggest that a smoking room should be constructed, for instance, before a new gymnasium, and we do not want to abuse the liberal smoking rules which already govern us. However, it has been pointed out that there is a lounge in the basement of the Buhl Hall Science Building which is not only larger but much more attractive than the present smoking room. We propose a move be made, literally and figuratively.

EVENTS

COLLECTOR'S ITEM

Seniors are rummaging through attics and blowing the dust from the books they have accumulated during four years at PCW. The annual personal library contest is getting under way, so don't be too friendly with a senior or she'll have you totting stacks of books over to the library for her.

The book collections will be displayed in the Browsing Room on April 28, and probably for a week thereafter. Tea will be served by the student library committee. Culture, and food, too!

The rules governing the contest are as follows:

1. A first prize of ten dollars and a second prize of five dollars are offered to the seniors who have acquired the best personal libraries during their college years.

2. All books shall be the personal property of the contestant and shall bear bookplates or other ownership inscriptions.

3. Books submitted may be of general interest, or may deal with a hobby or special interest of the student. However, they should form the nucleus of an interesting and useful library for future years. Titles of a distinctly textbook nature shall be excluded.

4. The judges shall be persons familiar with and interested in books, but not members of the administration or faculty.

5. The libraries shall be judged on their evidence of discriminating judgment in selecting books. Money value shall not have weight in the judging.

6. A minimum of twenty-five books shall constitute a library.

The judges this year are Mrs. Marjorie Carter, Librarian at the Sewickley High School, and Miss Mary Leopold, Librarian at the Carnegie Library.

The purposes of the contest are to find the best personal library, to give recognition to the owner, and to encourage the collecting of good books. The contest was started in 1941 and so far it has been very successful.



Chapellook

Chapel programs recently have been varied in subject matter and presented by interesting personalities.

On February 16, Mr. Phillip Noble came with pictures of the Charm of Southern California to lure us away from the Pittsburgh smog. Just when we were all convinced that Southern California was the only place for us, Robert P. Tristram Coffin came along with another sea coast, telling us about New England in general and Maine in particular. He arrived on the twenty-third of February to read his poems inspired mostly by Maine but written for all of America. The next week we moved South to Virginia for a unique program on American Folk Tales. Richard Chase, on February 27, sang folk tunes in the traditional minstrel manner.

We quit the delightful and the "light fantastic" for subjects of a serious nature, vital to a better understanding of our world. Dr. Michael Dorizas (whose accent, incidentally, for those who have been wondering, is traceable to the fact that he was born of Greek parents on an island in the Aegean Sea), aware of the importance of his subject, experienced, and obviously well informed in his field, lectured on the geographical and economic conditions and military power of Russia. His pictures were excellent accounts of the work of the Russian military machine and a fine study of the enigmatic Russian people.

Two days later on March 14, the YWCA-sponsored forum presented a discussion on the Yalta Conference. The speakers, Vickie Haverstick, Jean Yeager, and Mr. May were introduced by Mrs. Ferguson, who acted as Moderator.

YWCA ACTIVITIES

Conference

The YW spotlight was turned on the Annual Area Conference, then switched to "Duffy's Tavern."

The conference was held at Indiana State Teachers' College, Indiana, Pa., the weekend of March ninth. PCW sent seven delegates from the cabinet: vice president Janet Brewster and conference chairman Jeanne Thompson; Dorothy Firth, Betty Jane Wu, Virginia Toy, Audrey Bigelow, and Dorothy Robb.

The theme of the conference, Christian Fellowship at Work in the World, was introduced by Rev. Kautz who spoke on "What Is Christian Faith?", followed by discussions on "A Student and His Brothers of the Skin", "Christian Students and the New World Community", and "A Student Looks at the Christian Faith."

Duffy's Tavern

Posters and announcements proclaimed the opening of "Duffy's Tavern" at two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, March fourteenth.

Doc McKee was Archy of the Con-over Room's fun fest; her committee included Fran Hilbish and Jimmy Queenth. "Duffy's Tavern" sold cokes and doughnuts to satisfy appetites sharpened by swimming, bowling, or a bridge battle. If YW answered popular demand, "Duffy's Tavern" would be open every Wednesday from two until five o'clock, and Archy, too, would be busy saying: "Duffy's Tavern. No, Duffy ain't here. Just a bunch of PCWomen."

Hood and Tassel

The new members of Hood and Tassel were elected at a meeting of the Society on March 8th, and their names have been registered in the Dean's office. It has been a policy of the senior honorary association to elect its new members before the nominations for student officers have been posted. In this way there is no possibility that the present members of the society will be swayed by the office holding of any member of the present junior class.

The new members, selected for their past records of scholarship, leadership, service, and character, will be tapped on Moving-Up-Day, and formally initiated at the close of the second semester.

**Buy 'em and
Keep 'em** **WAR
BONDS**

EVENTS

VOCATIONAL WEEK

Vacation and vocation are on the minds of all PCWomen this week. You've probably planned your vacation—a New York trip or a term paper perhaps, but what plans have you made for your vocation?

Has your favorite aunt or chance streetcar acquaintance asked you this question recently? "My dear, what do you intend to do after you graduate?" Perhaps you have smiled and said, (as you have said many times before), "Well, I guess I'll pray that a particular soldier comes back safe and single and then we'll settle down in a cozy cottage for two. Seriously though, I haven't decided what I'd really like to do."

If this has been your answer, this week PCW offers you a vocational program which is designed to give you an opportunity to shop about for an explicit reply in regards to your future. In previous years PCW has found this program successful in that everyone may become acquainted with vocational opportunities as they exist at the present time. Alice Craig, chairman of the vocational week program, with the assistance of Betty Rusbasan, Arline Levinson, Marie Cohn, and Barbara Mason has invited speakers who have the ability not only to explain their fields in terms of the business world, but also to adapt their knowledge so that it will be helpful to a college student who is about to enter the professional world. They are able to give us an account of the problems which confronted them, situations which developed from an environment similar to our own. Too often we view frightening new business careers through the eyes of elderly executives who rose from the ranks "in their day." This week we are lucky to have a revised edition of vocational tips for a college gal. These men and women, experts in their fields will answer your questions to the best of their ability.

Two days have already passed in this five day program. If you have taken advantage of these excellent talks you know how good it feels to be getting a little of the inside information concerning your vocational interests. If you have let these first days slip by, today is the day to begin listening in. Don't miss the splendid talks which are to follow.

Here is the entire program for PCW's annual vocational week. Plan your vocation now!

Monday, March 19, 10:20, Chapel, Mr. J. A. Palmer, Jr., Personnel Director, Joseph Horne Co.

Monday, March 19, 3:00, "Physiotherapy and Occupational Therapy"—Mrs. Schmidt, Berry Drawingroom.

Monday, March 19, 3:00, "Advertising"—Miss Ryman, Woodland Hall Sun Porch.

Tuesday, March 20, 3:00, "Journalism"—Miss Kirk, Woodland Hall Sun Porch.

Tuesday, March 20, 3:00, "Retail Training"—Miss Vanderberg, Berry Drawingroom.

Tuesday, March 20, 4:00, "Careers with the Red Cross"—Room and Name of Speaker to be announced Tuesday.

Wednesday, March 21, 2:00, "Opportunities for Women in the Field of Chemistry"—Miss Sommerfield, Berry Drawingroom.

Wednesday, March 21, 3:00, "Careers in Radio for Women"—Mr. White of KDKA, Chapel.

Thursday, March 22, 3:00, "Jobs for College Graduates with Secretarial Training"—Mr. Carroll, Berry Drawingroom.

Thursday, March 22, 3:00, "Personnel Work"—Miss Pierce, Woodland Hall Sun Porch.

Friday, March 23, 3:00, "Insurance," Mrs. Hazel Price, Woodland Hall Sun Porch.

Friday, March 23, 3:00, "Social Work," Miss Florence Wray, Berry Drawingroom.

DRAMATERS

The night of Friday, March 9, in the deep, dark recesses of Berry Hall, quite a few valiant souls were pouring out their emotions reading try-outs for three one act plays to be given after spring vacation. Oh, PCW has talent; don't let anyone tell you differently. If you had heard those brilliant characterizations of angels, murderers, and crazy women (perhaps the last wasn't too far out of character); you would have been convinced of our ability.

Mrs. Kimberly was kind enough to conduct the try-outs, and she will be in charge of the play program. Since there are to be three plays, Mrs. Kimberly has chosen Virginia Ricks, Marjorie Selleck, and Mary Jane Youngling as her assistants. The plays are one-act pieces: *Caleb Stone's Death Watch*, a mild comedy with Pinky Jackley, Alene Hutton, Anne McClellan, Shirley Notovitz, Marianne Boggs, Frances Forester, Ann Kennard, Ann Crossland, Rita Ullom, and Marie Cohn; *The Man in the Bowler Hat*, a comedy with a flavor of mystery starring Carmella Fusca, Joy Wilson, Marian Staples, Mary Ann Hauck, Tusso Santo, Jimmy Quenth, and Peggy Riffle; and *Let It Go At That*, a story of mystery and intrigue, whose cast includes Jean Purvis, Chickie Sawders, Helen Suckling, Jeff Harkins, Joan Sherrick, Catherine Henderson, and Rose Parry.

The plays will be presented sometime during the week of April 15.

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PEOPLE

CAREER GALS

Some of the more ambitious seniors aren't waiting for opportunity to come knocking at their doors after graduation; they have reversed the procedure and are out knocking on that door themselves right now.

Jean Dalzell is putting her teachers' training course to use by tutoring ten year old Elizabeth Seneff for eight hours each week in the work of the fourth grade. Jean finds Elizabeth's habit of thinking of everything in terms of newspapers—her mother is Alice Hogg Seneff of the Sun-Tele—very entertaining. And Elizabeth finds PCW very entertaining, particularly the pool and the sailfish in Mellon Hall. She already has decided that she'd like to come to PCW, which speaks well for Jean as a teacher.

Jean McKeag Steele, back in school for the last semester of the five year nursing course, can't leave the work alone. She is assisting Dr. Irene Ferguson as her office receptionist and general handy-woman this semester. Jean told your inquiring reporter that she answers the telephone, makes appointments and takes histories—and that a patient gave her a chocolate cookie the other day. She finds the work offers more variety in an evening than hospital work did, because she doesn't work according to departments. "I think it is important," said Jean, "to keep in touch with the constant changes in nursing technique, and this affords me an excellent opportunity." Jean's post-graduation plans include working in a hospital in Oklahoma, her home, near the University so she can take some courses that aren't scientific, just fun. These plans, of course, extend only to the time husband John returns from overseas. Then she will live in Pittsburgh.

Virginia Ricks is putting into practice the technical information she gained from wrestling with staging problems up here as a technical assistant at the Pittsburgh Playhouse. She works backstage and is generally useful during the preparation and production of the plays there. Work of this type is definitely included in her future plans.

Polly Basenko, one of our musical seniors, has been working since her high-school days. She has played at most of the hotels in and around Pittsburgh, and has had a three month engagement at the Terrace Room with Russ Smith's orchestra.

She also plays for the dinner and dance sessions at the Pittsburgh Athletic Association and gives lessons to private pupils. She has three clarinet and seven accordion pupils at the present time. Polly got her start when she organized an all girl band at South High School, and later when she and her brother had an orchestra of their own. Brother Nick is now in the Pacific with the Seabees, but has found time to organize his own orchestra down there, and Polly does the arrangements for the boys and sends them via airmail. She has written compositions for the flute, clarinet, piano, and violin, and her most popular work to date is her piano suite for children. Polly can boast of the Musician's Club Award of Merit for clarinet, an honorable

The Board of Publications announces the appointment of Marilou Haller and Ruth Teplitz as Co-Editors of the **Arrow**, and Patricia Eldon as Editor of the *Pennsylvania* for the school year 1945-46.

mention for theme and variations for clarinet from ASCAP, a recital in Stephen Foster Memorial, and a \$100 prize and a week's engagement at the Stanley as a result of winning the Phil Spitalney talent hunt in 1941. Polly declined a contract to join Spitalney's all girl orchestra in favor of finishing her college work. She has studied theory and composition with Miss Held, piano with Miss Welker, and is studying voice with Mrs. Ayars in her spare time. All this plus her regular classes and practice teaching last semester! Polly hasn't decided what she wants to do after graduation, but assures us it will be musical.

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SENORITA MARTINS

That attractive brunette from Brazil, Edith Martins, has been here five months—long enough to have formed some opinions and ideas on our country and life. So say on, Edith. We await your pronouncements!

"I have felt at home, welcomed, since the moment I stepped out of the plane in Miami. Before I started. I thought it would be like going to a foreign country, with everything strange." She has gained some definite impressions during her stay, and sometimes she's dreaming, "that there is no Brazil, and that I'm not from any such place!" That's what happens when she waits fifteen days for a letter from home. But she very definitely knows there's a United States. For instance, there are no large department stores in Rio, "like Horne's or Kaufmann's," which made her want to spend a day visiting all the floors, and want to buy everything she saw. There is no Hallowe'en or Valentine's Day, though the celebration of Easter is essentially the same both here and at home.

Once and for all, "there are no chaperones absolutely required as in my parents' generation." And that is a legitimate question. Edith was disappointed at first at being asked so many childish ones. She felt we should know more about her country, since she knew so much about ours before coming. "The girls were very friendly here at PCW, and helped at first in keeping me talking so I wouldn't have time to think about how far away this is from home." She finds girls here sincere and straightforward.

As secretary to the director of the Brazilian Government Airplane Factory, Edith had the opportunity to come up here, by his request. She wants to learn enough about secretarial work and methods here to be of use to her at home. Also, she points out, "It is good to have a wide horizon, which one can get by travel in other countries."

In Rio de Janeiro, one of her hobbies was translating English short stories and poems into Portuguese. Edith plans, on her return, to try to translate novels from English into Portuguese. She finds it very enjoyable to read the literature of

(Continued on Page Ten)

FEATURES

MENTOR CENTER *Miss Dysart Speaking*

If, as is said frequently, this is a time when "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," it is also a time when man's care for his fellow men and his self-sacrifice for the benefit of others convinces one of the fundamental goodness of mankind. In a fair appraisal of our age, both aspects should be considered. There has been considerable fault-finding with our contemporary society. Perhaps some praise also is due. At any rate, if I am to write anything at the present time, it must be an encomium of those who have made a success of the American Red Cross War Fund Campaign on this campus.

At the time of this writing the campaign, though not finished, has so nearly reached the goals set that we may expect that will be accomplished by the time the **Arrow** is circulated. Those who organized the campaign in the city asked that we increase by five percent our contribution of last year, which was near a thousand dollars. We knew we would do that all right, and we set for ourselves a more important goal—a contribution from every person on the campus. To date, subscriptions amounting to over thirteen hundred dollars have been handed in, and now we are working toward a realization of one hundred percent contributions. We have no regulation requiring anybody to make a gift, and we offer no credit and give no grade for the gift. We do have a fine tradition of giving, and we are proud to maintain that tradition.

Almost every person who has participated in the work of this campaign is deserving of praise. No one expects or desires any special mention, I am sure. However, I have been so gratified by the prompt and liberal response to the solicitors, that I feel a few specific cases should be mentioned as typical of the spirit which has prevailed in the work. These cases are selected from among the men and women who are serving us every day in the buildings and on the grounds. When Mr. Thomas Mulloy was asked to solicit among the men, he replied immediately, "Certainly, I'll be glad to." Mr. Mulloy is a fine painter. He works long hours here at the college doing hundreds of jobs every week to keep the buildings in repair, and he does every job well. He has a son over-

seas in combat service, and he has felt a personal interest in doing what he could in this campaign.

Mrs. Lucy Shober entered upon the work of soliciting among the women with the same willingness and competence she displays in making those delicious chocolate and angel-food cakes and cookies and pies as wonderful as any PCW mother has ever made. It is greatly to the credit of Lucy and the other women that they were the first group on the campus to make their contribution one hundred percent. Another donor to whom praise is due is Mrs. Clara Stevens. The students who help with the dishwashing have come to know her by her cheerful disposition and her gentle manners, and they will tell anyone that generosity in giving to the Red Cross is in keeping with what they know of Mrs. Stevens.

It is a matter of personal gratitude that prompts me to mention Philip Merz, of the Art Center, but praise is due him for many other reasons. Giving is a part of Philip's nature, the same as dutifulness, carefulness, and courtesy. Whether he is mopping the broad floor of the recital room for the bare feet of the modern dancers, or dusting the Steinway pianos of the music studios, or looking after the needs of "his girls" in the dormitory upstairs, he dignifies the service. He works at the college six long days every week and on Sundays he teaches a class of men at the Western Pennsylvania Penitentiary. Those who know Philip recognize in his everyday kindnesses many a concrete sermon on Christian living.

It is not right not to mention all persons who have sacrificed to give to the Red Cross War Fund. Just another instance of their faithfulness and devotion to right living is the spirit they have exhibited in this work. And the same thing can be said for all—faculty and students and workers. For individuals to share in a work such as this, which no law requires them to do, but which an inner conscience tells them they must do, gives one faith that man's goodness may yet dominate our society.

DUTY BOUND

Trim blue aprons fifteen inches from the floor, white regulation shirts adorned with the R. C. V. N. A. insignia, and white nurses' oxfords (the official Nurses' Aides uniform) were not enough to give thirty-two PCW students confidence in their ability as aides when they started on floor duty last week. Sometime during the past week each one of the girls who had blithely answered Miss Rosemary Casey's fervent appeal for hospital aides, experienced for the first time the so-called thrill of waiting on real patients.

With lagging steps every one of the embryo aides found her way to the Volunteer Office at Montefiore Hospital where Mrs. Swartz, their ever-helpful instructor, was waiting to give out their first assignments. One might be sent to the third floor—Men's Wards, another to the sixth—Obstetrics, while another to Pediatrics on the eighth. No longer was there safety in numbers, or strength in union, for the class was completely broken up and each girl was sent to a different floor. So, wherever she went, it was all strange and new, a little awesome and more than a little frightening.

In theory, at least, the girls knew what was expected of them. They had faithfully attended classes every Wednesday and Saturday since February 7. They had taken notes, listened to lectures, practiced procedures, and even given each other baths. Now, they were to meet the real test of what they had learned. Could their knowledge be put to practical use? Would they remember Mrs. Swartz's hints and be able to apply them? The girls hoped so, but frankly they doubted it.

Not one of the girls went through the doors of Montefiore with a light heart. There wasn't one who wouldn't have traded the elevators of the hospital for the old familiar steps of Berry Hall. At that moment, the girls ceased to think of themselves as "angels of mercy" but acted instead like condemned women walking the last mile.

But like all things you dread, the Nurses' Aides unanimously agreed after they had finished their first day's work, that it wasn't nearly so bad as they thought it would be. The Supervisors weren't ogres, the Student Nurses were good kids, and even

(Continued on Page Eight)

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FEATURES

SPRINGING UP

Racks of cotton dresses hanging in the stores, Easter played up for all it's worth in the advertisement section of your newspaper, and chubby robins scampering o'er the PCW campus to find the city's choice worms, serve notice that spring has rolled 'round once again.

That lazy feeling we had all winter is masquerading now as spring fever. Of chief concern to PCW students is the fact that in spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. And of course they are counting the days till spring vacation.

We decided to conduct a little survey of our own on what the arrival of spring means to some of PCW's well known citizens. Apparently we phrased the question wrong, for our first victim, Mrs. Benn told us, "When spring comes I always think of rhubarb, don't you know?—and sassafras tea, too."

"Does it make any difference in the kind of food served in the cafeteria?" we asked.

"There's no difference in ordering the food because we have green things all year round," she replied.

We stopped next at Miss Weigand's office. Spring to her means typing comprehensive exams, ordering diplomas, finding out how each senior wants her name spelled on her diploma, and how many invitations she will want.

When warm weather comes, Miss Gunderman sees that all supplies are on hand for spring cleaning. "Mops, brooms, brass polish—we order every kind of cleaning supply you can imagine," she told us. "Some spring cleaning will be done during spring vacation but most will be done during the summer. We've got to line up some help for the summer. And of course I must see that all accounts are settled so that the seniors can graduate."

Mr. O'Neill has the biggest job of all to do. His "staff" has to make PCW presentable after an unusually hard winter. "We've got to clean up the campus, rake up leaves, sow seed, and fill up all the holes you kids made by sledding in the amphitheater," he said. "We'll fix the crumbling steps during spring vacation, too. There are a thousand and one things for us to do and we probably won't get everything done.

"What I'm worried about," he went on, "is that the grass will grow



In the picture above, Nick, Mellon Hall's garden expert, is supposedly pointing out to nature lovers Marian Arras, Jean Thompson, and Fran Hilbish, the first crocus of spring. Our photographer, however, had other ideas. Taking a fancy to the fountain nymph in back of Mellon Hall, he shouted, "Ah, there's your background!" "But there are no croci," we said. (Actually, we said crocuses.) The photographer only murmured, "Ah, the background," as he screwed his flashbulbs into place. Unfortunately the sun was spending the day in Florida. Result, no crocus, no background. But the girls and Nick are cute, don't you think?

too fast for us. We've only got two lawnmowers and not enough help to keep the situation in hand. Man-power shortage, you know."

We nodded. We knew!

Nick, the gardener, was out early this year raking the snow off the crocuses. As usual he is planning to have a gorgeous array of flowers this season, especially in the Mellon gardens.

The Physical Education Department is getting ready to start its outdoor season with tennis and mush-ball.

It appears that PCW will be buzzing with business this spring. As for us, we recommend an extra week's vacation for us to recuperate from the regular spring vacation. Do we hear a second to the recommendation?

Senior Play

The senior play this year is designed for suspense in every possible facet; the flavor of the plot being reminiscent of a Corwin-Obler collaboration, the opus being as yet untitled, and the author, a friend of the Kinbellys, preferring to remain an opening night surprise! Through three baffling acts the audience will be kept on the edge of their seats by the dynamic performances of ten senior starlets who are, in the order of their appearance: Patsy Speers, Jean Dazell, Marge Selleck, and Louise Flood (double cast), Janet Harkless, Mary Jane Youngling, Nancy Heidt, Patty Smith, and Helen Truxel and Petie McFall (double cast). They will be moulded into shape for Broadway by Mrs. Kimberley's famous direction.

FEATURES

SPORT REPORT

THE SENIORS WON! Brains and muscles finally came through and won for the seniors the coveted crown of basketball champions. It was their first athletic triumph in four years of struggling and losing. They deserve a large cheer for determination if for nothing else—but during this season they showed that they had more than a little of the something else — that something which wins games.

The games, in brief, were much like the games of other seasons except for a greater measure of spirit both on the part of the spectators and the players. More of that "do-or-die" stuff—that "our class is the best" spirit. It was appreciated by the players who remember playing to a cold, dark gym with no one to watch and cheer for them but the referees. It may be indicative of a rising interest in sports, but then again, it may indicate nothing more than the man power shortage and the lack of dates. Dr. Wallace, who wasn't affected much by the man shortage, came to watch and pull his senior class to final victory. (Now, if we can win the peace . . .) The food furnished by the AA didn't exactly keep people away in droves.

But more of the sport. In the first game the seniors defeated the game but green freshmen by teamwork that was just beginning to catch hold. The juniors went down, surprised by the sophomores, who managed their talent well. The juniors lost again the next week—this time the defeat was administered by the seniors, who, by this time, had the Long to Cox to Beck play perfected. The freshmen lost to a more experienced and fighting sophomore team.

In the final game of the season the seniors were out for blood—the blood of the sophomore class. The sophomores were no less determined. In the first half the seniors piled up a ten-point lead which the second year gals whittled down to the narrow margin of three points by the final whistle. The juniors, in the second game of the evening, defeated the freshmen by making every attempt good and by efficient guarding. The final tally stands with the seniors in first place, the sophomores second, juniors third, and freshmen in the last position.

The Honorary Game, won by the



Army team and captained by Doris Snyder, was played on Monday, March 12. Highest honors by Long (pun intended) odds go to Lois for her work in the forward court and to Alexander of the guards. Other season standouts were: Janny Beck, Becky Fellows, Eggs, and Wallace of the sophomores.

A game with Mount Mercy is scheduled for sometime in the future. A cheering section would indicate something akin to school spirit. How much do we have?

HONORARY TEAMS

Army

Snyder, D.
Thorne, C.
Staples, M.
Alexander, V.
Kennard, A.
Thomas, A.

Substitutes:

Cox, M.
Trozzo, N.

Navy

Long, L.
Beck, J.
Stone, M. L.
Wallace, G.
Craig, A.
Chambers, M.

Substitutes:

Fellows, B.
Egger, M.

Spring vacation begins Wednesday, March 28 at 12:30 p. m. and ends on Thursday, April 12 at 8:30 a. m. For all classes missed during the twenty-four hours immediately preceding and immediately following vacations, double cuts will be given.

Duty Bound

(Continued from Page Six)

the patients laughed off the mistakes with unusually good humor. Everyone from the doctors to the cleaning maids seemed eager to get this new class of aides started out on the right foot. They knew from experience that an efficient aide was happy in her work. They realized that the first day was the hardest and when it was over the new aides would feel ready to tackle almost anything. Being psychologists at heart, they knew that the future of the girls as Nurses' Aides hung on the outcome of the first day.

Of course, now that the girls have had their first taste of floor duty, their troubles aren't over. There is still the final examination on April 28. Then the aides will have to put down in black and white all the things they have learned in their eighty hour course; forty hours of classroom work and forty hours of hospital duty.

If they pass, and Mrs. Swarz hasn't lost an aide yet, they will graduate on May 11, receive their R. C. V. N. A. pins and be permitted to wear their caps. Even then, their work will only have begun, for each girl has promised to give 150 hours of volunteer aid at Montefiore Hospital within a year from the day of graduation.

This class started out as an experiment, but everyone of the girls hopes that she successfully will prove that college girls do make good Nurses' Aides. They want everybody to know that PCW aides are good, and not copy the smart young intern who asked one of the aides when he heard she was from PCW, "Is that good?" It is good and the thirty-two graduate Nurses' Aides are just the ones to prove it.

FEATURES

HERE AND THERE

The Prom was a great success—not one Boy Scout or Junior Birdman walking down the receiving line, unless he was in civvies for the evening. We thought Chickie Sawders and her little Prom group deserve a big juicy date for their gala, if not formal, soiree.

Bride's Book

The Thomases have done it again—confused everybody—by announcing their engagements at the same time . . . Add to the glitter group—Grace Savage, engaged to Chuck Freeble, interning at Suburban Hospital . . . Jeanne Rambo in wedded bliss, as of March 7 . . . Cleo Bennett's wedding in Johnstown, featuring Jean White and Eps Shollar in the "always a bridesmaid" department.

PM

The prom a huge success . . . Franny Hilbish and Bill Burnett taking tickets—unofficial receiving line . . . Haller and Means and med students . . . Gloria Loller with tried and true Earl Wallace . . . Pris Hendryx with houseguest Dudley—said house a bit confused with the arrival of sister Ginny's baby the day before . . . Happy gals with dates from afar—Jan Bovard, Josie McKenrick, Carol Lenz, and Joy Wilson . . . B. Collins and her dentist . . . Posy Lakeland's brother on intimate terms with Berry Hall's ghost after a three-day stay in the edifice. Dottie Berg the lucky date . . . A smooth naval flier with Marian Lean . . . A. Craig and Herby didn't quite make

it—spent Herb's forty-eight hour leave elsewhere.

National Geographic

Ouida McGhee off to Quantico and Hank . . . Edith Martins Irwin-bound prom weekend—needless to say, Oswaldo made it, too . . . Jaycox, Baehr, and the two Wileys seeing New York from the West Point of view . . . Vacation forecasting—Millie Korman and Midge Kovacs—planning to fly to Brooklyn . . . Ruthie Zucker to Penn State . . . Winter Prom luring Lefty Doolittle to Augusta Military Academy—there's something about a uniform.



Modern Romance

Ginny Sommerfeld's date bicycling down to see her—the war manifests itself in many ways . . . banisters at Fickes draped with eager females, catching a glimpse of Mary Lou Stone's fiance . . . a new interest in Dartmouth for Janice Evans . . . Aftermath of Beale's and Arras' weekend at Waynesburg—a letter from Rosemary Hoge's brother complaining about their ravenous appetites . . . Helen Croak joining a Turkish harem . . . It's a DTD fascination for Ruth Wilson and Donnie Exley . . . It promises to be an interesting meeting between Helen Robinson and J. Aloysius Flack . . .

Two of Janet Brewster's correspondents furlough-ing at the same time . . . Frequenting Woodland front hall—Sue Campbell and Mac.

Life

Sally Parker with two cameos from Naples and silver bracelets from Casablanca—via her ensign overseas . . . And still they come—the orchids from Hughes to M. A. Stewart . . . Mac a steady contributor to Ruth Ford's charm bracelet . . . Mary Alice Kline's brother, Sam, adding a bass "Heave-Ho" to the general confusion of the dining room . . . Jeanne Houston packing the newly-arrived blazer in moth balls—to succeed the WAC uniform . . . Gill and Sherrick directing a tour of exploration around the campus for two Army men—not to be confused with Tommy and Mac . . . Junior class nurses capped at Allegheny General . . . Second floor wing peroxidizing the hair . . . It's a topsy-turvy world, declare L. Flood and Mrs. Shupp—one minute you're up—the next you're featuring an elastic leg support . . . Mary Lu Egan with Jerry's Valentine Roses in her room for the Ides of March—also decorating the room with his man-sized picture, silver bracelet and a pair of silver fawns . . . Aunts Ellen Saylor and Prissy Hendryx hounding the infant's wear department for the right gift for the new babies . . .

Well, look through your own peep holes now—we're off to Washington for the annual egg rolling contest on the White House lawn.

The Itch Niche

Conversation of Sally Jane

You know what?
I found gold today.
She said, "That's not gold."
But hers is silly talk,
For there it was in front of me
On our sidewalk.

You know what I did?
I lifted the lid
Of my cardboard box,
And I picked up the gold
And said to myself,
"How nice to find wealth
On our sidewalk!"

You know what she said?
"That's not gold, instead
It's sunlight."
I smiled and clinked the gold
In my cardboard box,
And pushed the lid on tight.

. . . By Louise Flood.

ANTHON'S

FOR GOOD FOOD AND PASTRIES

EAST LIBERTY

FEATURES

CAMPUS COMMENTS

Now that the Ides of March have come and gone, and Poppà has stopped sticking pins in the effigy of Henry Morgenthau, Jr., we seniors have been tripping into Miss Wie-gand's office beneath the stairs to fork over our little graduation offering. Included in this month's spectacular ten dollar bargain is a diploma plus as many engraved invitations as our optimistic hearts desire. This raises an interesting problem—should we or should we not send invitations to the graduation exercises? If we do, this implies that we are obviously hinting for a bottle of Chanel, No. 5, or some other appropriate gift for the acquisition of some 120 college credits. But if we don't, some great aunt or other will be hurt to the quick and will cut sweet girl graduate Sue from her will. The only obvious solution is this—send Aunt Sarah the invitation, and explain to her that no present is expected—then hope to heck she doesn't believe us.

* * *

The most intriguing course at PCW, we think, is Education 110, or Visual-Sensory Aids. The whole idea of the course seems to be the reviewing of grade school projects that the gals somehow or other missed due to colds, sore throats, or mumps. The current work is the making of relief maps constructed of salt and water or paper mache. We were taken to the class's third floor showroom and shown the finished products of Ohio, South America, Egypt, and several unidentified islands. Complete with mountains, rivers and outstretched plains, the maps looked to us exactly like globs of salt, water, and paper mache.

* * *

Now that we're on the subject of classes, we thought we'd pause for a minute of silent awe for those mashed-fingered-students of typing one, who spend all their quaking hours in thumping out drills in the pursuit of speed and credits. We have only one suggestion to offer. There is a manpower shortage, and much obvious talent is going to waste in the typing classes. So, instead of producing: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party," a hundred times, plus time and a half overtime—why can't the student thumpers aid international cooperation by typing the Declaration of Independence, to be distributed among all the trampled peoples of war-torn

Europe? When that job is finished they might start working on the Encyclopedia Britannica, and sell them at cut rate prices to Clifton Fadiman.

* * *

It's not every kitten who can boast a Ph.D. godmother and godfather, but the latest additions to the Martin household on Murrayhill have quite an illustrious background. To trace the geneology: mama resides with Dr. Martin and family, poppa calls the E. K. Wallace residence home. The situation became a perplexing one, however, when this bit of news came to light. Seems mamma and poppa sport black and white fur coats while the children (bio-chemists as they're known in Buhl Hall) are as White as Jean. When queried on the subject, Dr. Wallace said thoughtfully, "Personally I think it's a triangle."—Off-hand we'd say it's a cat-astrophe.

Senorita Martins

(Continued from Page Five)

another country, and hopes to be able to write in English some of her favorite Portuguese poems for us. "They are nice," she said, "and I wish you could know them. Literature is important in each country; if you learn and understand it, you will know more about the people than you can find out in any other way."

Edith mentioned some facts generally not known here, about education in Brazil. First of all, she mentioned that in both high school and college there is usually no outside reading required. Most of the work is done in class. Furthermore, there is no compulsory education there. As Edith puts it, "You can stay home and study when you want to, or you can just not study at all." Here she finds conferences with teachers very helpful. She was rather surprised to find professors available outside of class time for questioning, since they seem to be too busy in Brazil to grant time for individual attention.

Finally, glancing at the "smog," and promptly ignoring it, she remarked, "It was my dream to come to the United States once in my life, no matter when; I wanted to understand the customs and the people, and you have to live in a country to do that, not just read or hear people talk about it."

TRANSFER ANSWER

Flood says to me, "Hatman," she says, "how about a 500-word article for the **Arrow** on what it's like to be a transfer student?" I have just about enough time to open my innocent eyes wide and ask for a repeat, when she says, "Thanks. Due Wednesday." "Oh, well," I sigh, as she leaves in a hurry, "that's life."

Then I sit down to think just what it is like to be a mid-semester transfer. I find that so far it's pretty nice. I figure that I knew about fifteen per cent of my class before I came—some from Mt. Lebanon High, some from Winchester, and the rest just plain previous acquaintances. That helps. That helps a lot. The first day was like old home week. I beamed. "This is good," I thought. I noticed the friendliness of the other eighty-five percent of the sophomores and of the whole school immediately. It makes a good impression, believe me. At Smith, we screamed and threw our arms around our best pals on first days, and the other gals were left right out in the New England cold.

In spite of the directions of my big sister, Nancy Herdt, my greatest difficulty at first was in finding my way around. It was immeasurably simplified when I found I had two classes in one room, two in another, and the fifth in the basement of the Libe. The biggest help was Sherrick, the gal who explained that Room C is on the floor above Room M. From then on in, I caught on quick. At least, I thought I did until I found myself in the gym when I'd thought all along I was headed for the den. I shuddered. I'm definitely not the athletic type.

My troubles are all over now, though. I have my own private puppet set up in the smoker and I never leave. They're good to me there. They give me *all* the butts since McSwiggan has stopped smoking.

No chapter of "My Life at PCW" would be complete without a few words about Mrs. Shupp. Mrs. Shupp is what I'm majoring in. I have nine hours of class with Mrs. Shupp every week. I adore it, but I'm afraid Mrs. Shupp will soon show signs of madness and will kick me out of all nine on my left ear.

Poor Flood and Herdt. This is enough!

FEATURES

VOCATION INFORMATION

(Eds.' note—Last year at this time, our two vocational week contributors were cramming for bluebooks and term reports, but now they are harrassed by the somewhat more complicated problems of earning the monthly pay check. Modestly hidden behind their own initials, these gals have something vital to say to the rest of us who are about to be shoved out of the third floor of our Ivory Tower.)

* * *

Things have shifted a bit since Elizabeth had her fling. There is still a tide—but, cruel fate, 'tis a tide in the affairs of women, not of men.

Ye Eds, hearing rumors of the time's trend, have made known a desire to be enlightened concerning the world beyond "the hill". And I, being a woman caught in said tide, have volunteered a comment or two.

Look honestly into your hearts, students, and, if you have hearts to look honestly into, you will immediately see that you don't really want to be "career women." However, it is only common PCW sense to take the tide at its flood—and so—you do want a job to while away the time until Iwo Jima becomes New Pittsburgh and diapers are back on the market.

A job is no picnic, cherubs, even if it's a job you like. (And you won't like the first two months anyway.) A strange illusion prevails among the uninitiated that work is like school without tests. We don't want to "dis" the illusion, but our job is like tests without school and shows little sign of improvement.

These is the conditions that prevail—we can't even find time to peruse *Esquire*, let alone *Forever Amber*. Our hands look like the "before" part of a Jergen's ad. Our feet hurt. We get tooth erosion from snapping bobby pins to put our hair up every night. We've added six inches to the

ends of our lordosis curves. We're so tired we can hardly pull up the Pequot at night, and B complex only brings on manic depression and stomach aches.

So—let's be a bit mercenary. There are lots of jobs. Better still, there are lots of high salaried jobs. There are jobs with good hours and long vacations. "Man only" jobs are now open to deserving women. No woman with college preparation is a drug on the market these days. Look around, take your time, and find what you want because what you want is there.

Don't be so mercenary, however, that you overlook a job with a challenge. See that your abilities are put to use. A snap job bores quickly and a pay-check won't compensate for boredom, wasted talent, and wasted time.

Above all, remember that this tide of ours is not only a Shangri La for women. It is a supreme test for women. We can prove now as never before that we are worthy of education and preparation, and that we can take responsibility in our stride.

H. H. S.

Advertiser

So you want to go into advertising! Well, it's not surprising—because a lot of people do. But I'll bet my newest spring hat that when you think of "going into" advertising, you have vague ideas of sitting down at a polished desk and turning out lush copy for Revlon, Chen Yu, and Bergdoff-Goodman ads . . . the New Yorker kind. Honestly, now—how much further does your information about the advertising business go? If you are anything at all as I was a year ago, it stops just about there.

If you really have an advertising job as your goal, you should start now to pick up some information about the business itself, so you won't be as abysmally ignorant as

I was when I ventured forth and, by sheer luck, became a member of an advertising agency.

For your edification, if not enjoyment, I'd like to give you a few facts about the organization of an agency, the jobs available to women, and the training one should have for an advertising position. Now, I'm not talking about retail or department store advertising. I know nothing about it. I understand, however, that inexperienced women may get jobs writing copy for daily newspaper ads. It's worth a try, if you have your heart set on writing copy and nothing else. In an advertising agency, where the accounts are mostly for industrial firms, no woman will ever, ever get a position as a copywriter. At least, not in Pittsburgh. The copy is far from "lush"—it's technical, and writing it is a man's job.

An advertising agency can be defined as a group of specialists joined together to give its clients the most effective and efficient advertising service possible. An agency is divided into departments, each department dependent on and working with the others, but each with its specific jobs and manned with persons especially trained for those jobs.

I could tell you about the Media department, which buys space in magazines and on the radio for the client's advertising message, or about the treasury department, which handles the all-important and complex system of billing, or about the production department, which takes care of ordering and supervising the making of plates, the publishing of booklets, the printing of billboards and car-cards, and so on ad infinitum, but I won't. First, because I think that at this time you'd be inclined to scorn the first two departments and think they weren't very much connected with the advertising job you're thinking of. There are openings for women — semi-secretarial positions—and if you were employed in any part of an agency for just a short time, you would know that they are just as essential to advertising as that rare bird, the copywriter, and, in their way, just as interesting as any other advertising work. There is not much use in telling you about the production department in detail, because it is operated entirely by men. No chance

(Continued on Page Twelve)

HAROLD'S FLOWER SHOP

232 Oliver Avenue at Wood Street

Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Flowers That Talk"

COurt 8846—8844

Sully Nesta

Harold Krongold

FEATURES

Advertiser

(Continued from Page Eleven)

for a woman at all—unless she happened to be a graduate of Carnegie Tech's printing school, and had spent ten years or so in an engraver's or typographer's shop as an apprentice.

And then there's the service—or creative—department of an agency. The job that is closest to what you have in mind as "advertising work" is the job which I hold—that of a service secretary. Before the war, there were no women in these positions—service secretaries were all men. The service department is made up of account executives, who write copy and act as liaison men between the agency as a whole and the clients. Each account executive has a number of accounts assigned to him—four or five big ones, or eight or ten small ones. The size of an account, by the way, is judged by the amount of space it buys each year. Some con-

cerns buy as much as two million dollars worth of magazine space alone. The amount of work to be done depends, of course, on the amount of space to be filled for the client, the number of special booklets to be put out, etc.

Each account executive has one or two service secretaries. The service secretary is the right hand—supposedly—of the account man, and performs services too varied to mention. She coaxes copy out of the account man in time to meet closing dates, she hounds him and clients for OKs on ads, she badgers the art department for layouts and finished art and corrections on artwork, she nurses ads through production, and tears around through all departments of the agency. She learns, to some extent, every job in the agency, because she works with all departments.

Your qualifications for service secretary work might be some of the

following: a good knowledge of typography and printing, and printing terms; a good knowledge or even a beginner's knowledge of advertising production (there are several excellent books available on this subject); ability to type, and a speaking acquaintance with forms of advertising layout and advertising art.

You understand, of course, that I knew none of these things when I started on this job. They are just afterthoughts, but I know that they are very useful. You have to learn sooner or later, and why not do it before you start to work?

The intangible qualifications for a position such as this are an ability to get along with all sorts of people, all the time. Since the work often involves a good bit of wear and tear on the nerves, it's sometimes rather difficult. A woman in this position should be very accurate in all things,

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

Acompañenos... Have a Coke

(JOIN US)



...or how to be hep in Puerto Rico

In Puerto Rico, as in Punxsutawney or Pasadena, Coca-Cola is a friend-maker your American soldier can count on. To natives and to his buddies alike, *Have a Coke* says *How ya doin', pal*. It's a simple gesture of friendly courtesy. Yes, Coca-Cola is truly an American symbol of a refreshing way to make friends.

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY

COCA-COLA BOTTLING COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.



Coke = Coca-Cola

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called Coke.

LITERATURE

THE WOP

by Marion Staples, '46

Eight men worked in the toggle shop of the Kirstein Leather Factory, stretching and shaping the leather. They were all sizes and nationalities, from Steve Kozwicz, a big six foot four Pole, to Nick Giuffrida, the Wop who was just four foot ten. At the shop they all appeared to be the same type: rough, hard, dirty, ignorant—even vicious. A leather factory attracts that kind of man. But away from work, how different they were. There was Bob Langlais, just a kid who played first base on the local team every night after work. And he was pretty good, too. One summer, he'd even practiced with the Red Sox. Steve Kozwicz had a wife and four little girls and he was one of the most faithful members of the little Polish Catholic Church down on Pulaski Street.

And then there was Nick Giuffrida, the Wop. He had no interests at all, as far as anyone knew or cared. He'd been the middle child in a large family. His father had worn himself out, by working too hard on a railroad crew, digging ditches and laying tracks. Nick had run away when he was ten. No one had come after him. No one had wanted him to go back. There were eleven other children and no one had ever cared much about Nick anyway. So he roamed around for a while and then somehow got this job in the leather plant. The work was hot and dirty and sometimes dangerous, but it paid twenty-two dollars a week, and Nick would do a lot for that. So he stayed. He was only twenty-four now, but he looked at least forty.

He moved into an old shack some boys had built one summer for a camp. It had a tarpaper roof that leaked and walls that let all kinds of weather in. But it was a place to put a bed and a table and to come back to after work.

Nick only ate two meals a day. He was saving his money, though he didn't know what for. There was nothing he really wanted. He had no favorite dream. He didn't think much about anything. Just went to work and came home again.

But there was one thing. He wanted a friend. Oh, he didn't know it exactly. But he used to watch other people talking together, laughing together, and just being pals. And he was sort of curious and a little envious.

In the cheap cafe where he ate.

breakfast every morning, he saw the girl behind the counter joking with the other men and keeping up a continuous line of patter as she took their orders:

"Hi ya, Mike. Ain't seen you fer a long time. Where ya been keepin' yerself?"

"You don't even hafta tell me what you want, Joe. You been orderin' the same thing every mornin' for years. I betcha yu'd curl up n' die if ya didn't get your doughnuts 'n cawffee some time.

"Well, Pete, that's some topper you got there. I betcha picked it up when it blew off of somebody else's head. Ha! Ha!

"Aw gee, Mac, cut yer kiddin'. Ya know I ain't got nothin' on Betty Grable."

Nick used to imagine what he'd say if she ever really spoke to him. But every morning, she just looked in his general direction and said, dully, "What's yours?" No, she wasn't pretty. She wasn't even young. But she was a person, and he would have liked to talk to her.

He liked the fellows in the shop and enjoyed a rather cruel popularity there. He was small, and he never got mad, and he didn't "squeal" to the foreman; so they could do about what they wanted with him. And they handled him pretty rough. Sometimes it was just a trick like ripping his shirt to ribbons and tying him up in them and then tossing him around. But sometimes they got a little more ingenious and once they stood him on his head for a few seconds in a barrel of chemicals. He'd tried to keep his eyes closed, but for weeks afterwards they burned and watered all the time. He didn't mind these things too much. After all, it was better than being ignored and maybe it even meant they liked him a little.

One day two new fellows came into the shop. One of them was just like all the rest, but the other man was older, about fifty-five maybe, and more quiet. The men treated him with more respect and Nick was sort of scared of him. His name was Johnny Carpenter and that made him different too, because all the rest had foreign names. For some strange reason, he wanted Nick for a friend, and it was so easy. The first time he said a few words to Nick, Nick began to adore him. And when he stopped Bob Langlais from setting fire to

Nick's shoe laces, he was Nick's hero, his god, and what's more, his pal.

He did wish Johnny wouldn't borrow money so much. Of course, when he lost his wallet, it was only natural that he should ask Nick for a small loan till pay-day. And then on pay-day, he had to send his check to some relative somewhere, and instead of paying his debt, he borrowed some more. And it had gone on like that. But he and Johnny were pals, and if he couldn't lend Johnny money, what kind of a pal was he anyway?

Johnny walked to work with Nick and after a while even ate breakfast with him. And the girl behind the counter fooled with Johnny and spoke to Nick once in a while too. And one morning, when he gave her his order, she looked right at him and grinned and said "Ain't you the one, though? Always wantin' a bottle of beer with your breakfast!" And the boys at the shop stopped picking on him so much and began treating him more like a person.

He loved Johnny. He'd do anything for him. He was happy; he had a pal and other people were beginning to like him too. When he walked to work with Johnny, men who'd never bothered before, hollered "How's the boy, Nick?" It was so long since he'd been called anything but "Wop" that at first he didn't realize they meant him. But he soon got used to his new-found dignity and worshipped Johnny more than ever.

But, one day, Johnny didn't come to work. All morning as Nick worked clamping the leather to the machines, he kept looking up towards the door to see if Johnny were coming. Then about half past eleven, he saw two policemen come in the door. Policemen never meant anything but trouble to Nick. They came right over to him and said "You Nick Giuffrida?" He was too frightened to talk but he nodded.

They took him down to City Hall and asked him some questions—not about himself, but about Johnny. They wanted to know how long he'd known Johnny and what he knew about him. There wasn't much to tell, because Johnny had never talked much about himself, but Nick told them what he knew. Then they said that Johnny had been caught stealing. It seemed he'd stolen quite a bit in different places at different

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

VETERAN

Jim opened the door. The cafeteria was crowded, as it usually was around six o'clock. All the fellows from Davis Hall and the DU House ate there every night and there were always some of the commuting students staying for a meeting.

There was a peculiar smell of grease and heavy frying and fish and gravy, and he could never get his breath in here. Apparently it didn't bother anyone else because everybody was smiling and laughing. Sometimes one of the fellows or even a girl smiled at him, but he knew it was just an accident. They had probably meant it for someone else and he got in the way, so they pretended they were smiling at him. But he never smiled back because he thought they'd say he was crazy, going around grinning at everybody all the time.

He got in line and looked at the sign on the wall: baked baby white fish, chile con carne, macaroni and cheese, hot roast beef sandwich—practically the same menu as the other nights he had eaten here. The line was quite long and there was much back-slapping and loud talking among the fellows. For a minute he was undecided whether to put his tray back on the stack and slip out the side door, or take a deep breath and get through as quickly as he could. He wasn't really hungry but he decided it would be too conspicuous to get out of line now. There was a sweaty smelling body close behind him and he could feel a hot breath on his neck. He didn't realize the line had been moving—he'd gone past the silverware table without even putting a knife or fork on his tray. The waitress behind the counter looked inquiringly first at his empty tray and then at his face. He quickly ordered a special dinner and watched while a girl at the end of the queue picked up some silver and passed it down the line to him. She was in his college orientation class and the perspiration stood in beads on his forehead when he thought of thanking her tomorrow before class began. Maybe she'd have forgotten it by them.

A scoop of mashed potatoes, a spoonful of gravy, a serving of peas and carrots, and a slice of meat loaf were arranged on his plate. Now all he had to get was a bottle of milk. ("Drink plenty of milk," they had told him.—"Better for your nerves than tea or coffee.")

The cashier dropped his change on the tray with a loud jangle, but no

one looked up, so he supposed it wasn't an unusual noise.

Most of the booths were taken and for a minute he was afraid he'd have to sit at a table with someone else. Oh, no, not tonight! Please, please, God. He didn't think he could stand it. He'd have to talk to people and smile at them and laugh at their jokes. He hadn't gone to Mrs. Reed's tonight just because he didn't feel like talking. She was only trying to be friendly, he supposed, but she asked so many questions. She tried to make him and the other freshmen feel as though they were eating in one of the frat houses instead of a boarding house, but he couldn't bear her motherly attitude. The other fellows didn't seem to mind it much, but they were young and always talking about things that weren't anybody's business—girl friends, home, grades—things he didn't want to hear about. The only time they tried to draw him into the conversation was to ask something about the Army—silly questions about USO dances and top sergeants. The glamorous, moving-picture side—that was what they thought of mostly, and even that seemed far away when there was a big basketball game to be played or a frat rushing party to attend. Even when he tried to explain, something happened and his words ran together. His hands would shake and then one of the fellows would say, "It was pretty rugged over there, eh Jim?" And he'd have to let it go at that. Pretty rugged.

This morning Mrs. Reed had winked at him and told him to be sure to work up a big appetite for dinner because she was baking scalloped potatoes tonight especially for him. He nodded and said he would and then tried all morning to remember when he had told her he liked scalloped potatoes. This was the hell of it—forgetting some things and remembering others.

He found a vacant booth and cleared off his tray. As he slid into his seat he noticed there were four girls in the booth next to him. They were talking and laughing and a faint whiff of perfume drifted past him. It's funny, he thought, how you can get in one of these moods. You can see and hear everything but nothing seems real. It's as though you've done all this before, in a dream maybe.

He took a mouthful of mashed potatoes and gravy. There were little hard lumps in the potatoes and the gravy was almost cold. The legs

by Nancy Jane Herdt, '45

of an Army ASTP uniform whisked by. The hum of voices made a buzz in his head. He swallowed another mouthful of mashed potatoes and washed it down with some water. The staccato click of high heels on the marble floor pounded in his forehead. Suddenly he laid down his fork and stared ahead of him. What was it about that girl in the next booth that bothered him? He couldn't see her face, just the back of her head. It whirled around in his mind and seemed to be part of the mashed potatoes and the wall light and the khaki uniform and the noise and the perfume—everything was mixed together. Then he knew. Her hair was the same shade his mother's had been. Just a grayish-brown—"mousey" was what his mother always called it. It looked so soft and shiny. Suddenly he reached across the table and ran his hand down over it. Whirling around and blowing smoke in his eyes, a girl in red harlequin glasses faced him.

"What gives?" she asked in a loud voice.

He tried to make his mouth smile. Her face was pasty and her lips looked like the taffy on a taffy apple. "Oh, I-I'm very sorry," he murmured. "I'm afraid I accidentally brushed ag. . . ."

"Yeah, sure. That must have been some accidental brush considering you're on the other side of the table."

* * *

The waitress stacked the dirty dishes on her tray and wiped away the crumbs. The worst rush was over. "Now what d'ya suppose was wrong with this guy? These mashed potatoes was good tonight."

The Wop

(Continued from Page Thirteen)
times. And he wouldn't be coming back to work.

They let Nick go back. The fellows at the shop had heard all about it. They didn't act friendly any more. They didn't even fool with him the way they did before Johnny came. They let him alone, but he could hear them saying that he was probably a thief too, because didn't they always know their own kind. And the men who'd yelled to him, just turned the other way.

The next morning, when he went to breakfast, the girl behind the counter just looked in his general direction and said, dully, "What's yours?"

SPEAKING OF ABSTRACTIONS by Ruth Teplitz, '46

I could feel a family crisis coming on. My sister Jean was standing in the middle of the living room angrily staring at the abstract on the mantel—my abstract!

"Can't we take that thing down tonight?" Jean demanded.

I studied the funnies and pretended not to hear her.

Mom poked her head in from the dining room and said "No." Mom thinks my abstract is good, even though she doesn't understand it. Daddy can't understand why I waste my time "doing stuff like that."

I'm particularly fond of this abstract. It has depth! Depth is most easily achieved with cool colors—blues, blue-greens, and colors with white in them. But I have achieved depth with warm—well, with red hot colors.

I will admit that when you enter our living room my masterpiece jumps right out at you and practically knocks you over. That's because our living room is a very subdued green and the abstract is brilliant reds, oranges, and yellows. Peps up the room, I keep reminding Daddy.

"I thought you were going to put it in the third floor bathroom," Jean said nastily.

"Wait till my stuff is hanging in the Metropolitan," I said. "You'll have to beg me for my autograph—on your knees."

Jean is never concerned about the abstract except when she has company. Tonight the company was special—a Pitt dent student. Jean was earning a little extra do-re-mi by typing his notes. A touch of mystery was added. She never met this guy. So far all negotiations had gone on by phone. Murray—that was his name—had got her number from one of her satisfied customers. The night he had wanted to bring the notes over Jean was going out with some girl friends to celebrate their release from high school.

"Leave the notes at the Sun Drug store at the corner of Forbes and Murray. I'll pick them up at nine," she had told him. So this was to be his first visit to the house.

Jean carefully dusted the dining room and the living room. I saw her quickly slip the abstract that had been resting on the dining room buffet behind the chair on the floor—definitely out of sight. My other abstract in the dining room was in a corner and couldn't be seen from the living room so she let that go.

Now she was trying to get rid of my last work of art in sight. Storm clouds were gathering. I was wait-

ing for the cloudburst. Oh, Oh, it was coming!

"Listen, Mom," she said with tears in her voice, "I'm ashamed to bring people into my home to see that thing. Mom, my friends think she's crazy."

"My friends don't think so much of you, either," was my snappy comeback. "And anyway, if you get stuck for conversation you can always talk about it."

Mom came into the living room and looked firmly at Jean.

"It's up, it's going to stay up, and that settles it. You should be proud of it."

"Hah! If Daddy were home, he'd be on my side," Jean said and sulkily stomped upstairs.

"This is just the kind of an atmosphere for a genius to be discovered in," I mused. "No one in the family but mother appreciates genius. Genius is insulted, laughed at. Perfect atmosphere! If I only knew what the lines I start with would turn out to be—if I only knew what the darn things really mean, I might have possibilities."

Jean called downstairs, "He had such a mature voice on the phone. Should I wear saddles or heels tonight?"

I'm not one to hold a grudge for long, so five minutes later I answered her. "Saddles," I yelled. "Don't kill yourself getting dressed up. He'll probably look like a Dead End Kid."

I carefully folded the papers with the funnies, laid them on the footstool and went upstairs. As I passed Jean's room I saw her slip on her black suedes with the spike heels. Jean is five feet five inches in her stocking feet.

"I hope he turns out to be five, one," I said.

I had homework in English Lit. and in American History. After a stiff debate with myself on whether I should hurdle into a girdle to be in on the kill, or relax in slacks and do homework, I decided on the latter.

All my history was done. After three hours of slave labor, I decided I had done enough for one evening and switched the radio on to Fibber McGee and Molly. Just then, the door bell! I strained my ears. Someone downstairs was answering—Jean was. I turned the radio down and listened harder. Jean was using her sugary sweet voice reserved for special occasions. I couldn't hear much—just a snatch of conversation here and there.

"Here on page twenty-three, I couldn't make out this word," I heard

Jean say.

"That's okay," he laughed. "It's like deciphering a code to read my writing."

Hmmm—nice voice.

A few unrelated words drifted to my ears every once in a while, but the conversation seemed to be purely technical—about the notes. I turned up the radio again.

Fibber McGee was over and Bob Hope coming on. The front door slammed. I was just going to yell, "Is he gone?" when a deep voice boomed, "How do you do." Daddy had come home.

I took the radio out of my bedroom and plugged it in the bathroom.

"Lucky we have a plug in the bathroom," Daddy always said. "You'd never take a bath if we hadn't."

He is probably right, I thought.

Laughing at Bob Hope, and soaking in an unusually fluffy bubble bath, I soon forgot all about our visitor downstairs. I put my hair up during Hildegarde, and wondered why I always listen to her when I can't stand her voice.

I felt clean, shiny, and hungry as I unlocked the bathroom door and a wave of cold air rushed in on me. I was just starting down the steps—target for tonight, the icebox—when I heard a strange voice saying ". . . so subtle it kills me," and I realized our guest was still here.

I hastily retraced my steps to my room, crawled into bed, and listened to the eleven o'clock news. Finally the door slammed. Not wanting to seem too interested, I lay in bed waiting for someone to come upstairs. No one came.

Then I heard Jean say very, very loudly—"Adorable, he's adorable. I must call Corinne and tell her about him. Is it too late?"

No longer could I restrain my curiosity so I jumped out of bed, whizzed into bathrobe and slippers, and nonchalantly strolled downstairs.

"Oh, boy, you should have seen him," Jean said to me.

"Yeah?", I skeptically asked.

"What did he look like?"

"Adorable, adorable!"

I looked at Mom. She verified the statement with a nod.

"Nice looking boy," Daddy added. And what I had kept myself locked up all evening!

"He's a cross between Henry Fonda and Tyrone Power," Jean sighed.

"We must let Luther Burbank know," I said. "What made him stay so long? What did you talk about?"

Jean started to laugh. "Maybe

your abstracts aren't so bad."

I smelled a rat.

"Murray liked your abstract," Jean giggled. "It has depth, good pattern, pure color . . ."

"And he asked if you had any more around," Mom interrupted.

"Did you show him the ones in the dining room?," I inquired.

"I forgot to show him the one behind the chair," said Jean. "Then he started using real big words and asking me questions as if I were an authority on abstracts. I didn't know what he was talking about but I pretended I did. He said, 'Room 110 is so subtle it kills me.' Make some more abstracts," she suddenly said.

"That one on the mantel does kind of pep up the room," Daddy said.

The sudden conversion of my two severest critics would have cheered me any other time but I was feeling bad that I had missed my chance to see this marvelous specimen of manhood who appreciated genius when he saw it.

"I wish I had seen him," I muttered.

"Oh you will," Jean smiled. "He's coming over Saturday afternoon to take me to the modern art exhibit. If you're nice this week, maybe I'll introduce you."

Advertiser

(Continued from Page Twelve)

and have an excellent memory and a gift for attention to detail. The longer one works in an agency, the more she is expected to know and remember about every job that passes over her desk. No mean feat, considering the fact that a secretary may have twenty to thirty different jobs, for various clients, on her desk at the same time, with about six or eight "in the works" at once. The total effect is somewhat like sitting in the center ring of a three ring circus, trying to watch all the acts and take in tickets at the same time.

One of the chief things I have learned in a year is that a college education is no pass-key to success in this business. Training and experience are what count, and the self-made man is the rule, not the exception. After graduation, if you enter into a business such as this, you must face the fact that you know next to nothing, and that no one is going to take out from a hectic day to instruct you in the fine points of performing your duties. When you graduate, you will have to cease being taught, and begin to learn.

—T.

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The ARROW

Vol. XXIV

Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburgh, Pa., April 25, 1945

No. 7



"Fools Rush In" . . . See Pages Two and Three

EVENTS

SENIORS' PLAY

If you've been seeing light streaming from behind the blinds of the chapel every other night for the last month or so, we're here to tell you that it hasn't been the organ tuner, or workmen dusting the chairs, or Father Time looking for the minutes of the last SGA meeting. The senior play rehearsals are going on.

Mrs. "Kim," with the assistance of Ginny Ricks, has been appearing on the scene every other night at seven to direct the eleven stage-struck seniors in the three act drama, *Fools Rush In*. She's been "throwing cues," developing characters, (stage ones, we mean), and figuring out the complicated problems of costuming and make-up—not to mention lending nickels for that quick coke, and furnishing pencils and paper for the offstage moments of studying. Mr. "Kim" already is eying the stage with hammer in hand and a ruler in his back pocket — planning another smooth Kimberly set, of course.

Students of every class are invited to enter the annual short story contest, the winner of which will receive an award on Moving-Up Day. Manuscripts must be in triplicate and handed into Mrs. Shupp's office by Noon, May 10.

Fools Rush In, a play about the wartime living of the Brown family whose men are all in the service, is partly a mystery, partly a comedy, and mostly an excellent comment on the American home front.

Taking part are: Jean Dalzell, Patsy Speers, Nancy Herdt, Patty Smith, Mary Jane Youngling, Petie McFall, Janet Harkless, Marge Selleck, Louise Flood, Carolyn Cosel, and Helen Truxall.

So far the author has remained anonymous, even appearing in dark glasses last week to make her disguise complete. But since the *Arrow* in eight months has not had one scoop, and since the author is the faculty advisor of this publication, she has consented to reveal her identity. So if you take a quick look to page two and run your finger down the masthead until you reach the words "faculty advisor," follow the dots to the right and there you will find a clue to the identity of the author of the senior class play, *Fools Rush In*. If you fail to guess, we'll tell you that we call her Mrs. Shuppspeare and that she's our very favorite contemporary playwright.



(Harris & Ewing Photograph)

Senator Burton

Last Wednesday, April 18, Senator Harold H. Burton of Ohio spoke in chapel on the subject of the San Francisco Conference and future world cooperation.

Senator Burton, member of the B2H2 Combination — Ball, Burton, Hatch and Hill — became Junior Senator from Ohio in 1941 after a prominent career in Cleveland and state politics. As a Senator he has been on the standing committees of Appropriations, Commerce, Civil Service, Immigration, District of Columbia and Pensions. He was a co-sponsor of the Ball, Burton, Hatch and Hill Resolution to Win the Peace.

In his lecture, Senator Burton stated that our major domestic problem in the establishment of post-war order is our national debt, which has mounted to some 300 billion dollars due to the necessities of our wartime economy.

"Our national solvency," he said, "depends on international stabilization. We must have continuing world production to avoid future collapse."

After the lecture there was a fifteen minute question period during which Senator Burton concisely answered questions on the Dumbarton Oaks Conference, Peacetime conscription, economic stabilization, and other topics introduced by his speech.

THE ELECT

In the elections held during the past two weeks, the following girls have been elected to office:

President of House Board: Martha Yorkin ('46). Running on a platform of "Meat seven days a week, hot water running all night, easy work in the kitchen for my friends, breakfast in bed until ten in the morning, and French provincial furniture for all bedrooms," Marty became the first president of House Board who will rule from Fickes Hall. Marty is College Song Leader and Business Manager of the *Arrow* this year. She has led the class of '46 to victory in the song contest for three years in succession.

President of Student Government Association: Miriam Egger ('46). Eggs is well known on campus for her activities as president of the class of '46 in her junior year; vice president in her sophomore year; and member of the YWCA Freshman Commission in her freshman year.

President of YWCA: Anna Jane Goodwin ('46). "A.J.," in addition to watching children in her spare moments, has held various offices. As a junior, she has been President of Woodland Hall; as a sophomore she was advisor to the YWCA Freshman Commission; as a freshman, president of the class.

Vice-president of YWCA: Betty Fleck ('47). Betty has been YW program chairman this year and in her freshman year was class song leader.

Secretary of YWCA: Elaine Sauerwein ('47). As a sophomore Elaine has been a staff member of the *Arrow* and served on the YWCA Freshman Commission last year.

Treasurer of YWCA: Carol Watson ('48). Carol is a member of the YWCA Freshman Commission.

President of AA: Jean Purvis ('46). Jean has been on the AA Board for the past two years, this year as secretary and last year as treasurer.

Secretary of AA: Norma Trozzo ('47). Norma has been sophomore class representative on the AA Board.

Treasurer of AA: Shirley McKay ('48). Shirley is a member of the YWCA Freshman Commission.

EVENTS



Glee-clubbers doing a bit of last minute rehearsing for tonight's concert. Standing, left to right: President Janet Brewster, Mary Graziano, Connie Lopez, Alice Kells and Mrs. Aydrs. At the piano is Virginia Barkley, Glee Club accompanist.

SPRING SONGS

Spring on the campus brings with it many things—the daffodils and cherry trees in bloom—the buzz of the lawnmower plowing its way through tall grass in the amphitheatre—the romantic spell of a warm evening coaxing us out of doors. But spring means more than the call of nature. It brings with it each year the glee club concert, directed by Mrs. Gertrude N. Ayars.

This evening, therefore, at 8:30 in Berry Hall Chapel, the women's choral will compete with the enchantment of spring. But while spring has burst upon us with but a few weeks' notice, PCW's tunesters have been practicing for three months to produce their program.

Tonight, the musical genius on the campus will have full display. The choral will start the ball rolling

with a clever arrangement of the "Echo Song" by Orlando di Lasso.

Other numbers by the chorus will include a mixture of tunes from foreign lands heavy with Russian or Oriental influence. There will be, for example, Cesar Cui's beautiful "Orientale"; the "Chorus of Priestesses" from the opera by Moussorgsky; a charming Russian Gipsy Song titled "Why Are You Blinking Your Eyes?" by Shishkin.

Dale Kirsopp will sing soprano solo when the chorus sings "Nina" by Pergolese; Else Greger will sing the solo in an old Siberian song called "Lovely Maiden."

Other solo numbers will reflect again the influence of the foreign. Especially prominent will be Russia, as Dale Kirsopp '44, sings four folk songs: "Vanka 'n' Tanka" by A. Dargomijsky; "Don't Go Gritziw"; "The Lost Maiden"; and "The Meadow."

Pauline Basenko, accompanying Dale on her accordin, will carry through the Russian influence.

There will be two violin numbers by Louise Baehr: Natchez' famous "Evening Song," and the gay "Caprice Villageois" by Paul Sladek.

No musical program at PCW would be complete without some selections from Marion Cohen, and tonight she will play two piano numbers, "The Fountain of the Acqua Paolo," by Griffes; and Chopin's "Scherzo in C Minor."

Solo numbers will be completed by Tusa Santo, singing a group of three: "Vergin Tutta Amor," by Francesco Durante; "Suicidio," by Amilcare Ponchielli; and "La Danza," by C. Rossini.

Closing the program, the chorus will shift from foreign to native influence and sing five American folk songs.

EVENTS

FACULTY DINNER

Since we were not officially invited to the Faculty dinner for Doctor and Mrs. Spencer last Saturday night, we signed up with the Olive Stone Gatherers, Local 4321, and got a job at the University Club just to see what was cooking besides the creamed chicken.

Three guests, Mrs. Shupp, Miss McFettridge, and Dr. Wallace, seemed to be suffering from loss of appetite—there were fat chunks of olives left on their stones—so we knew at once that they had arranged the party and were somewhat worried about its success. They needn't have.

As we were gathering the olive stones at the Spencers' plates, we noted the smooth gold bow pin, a gift to Mrs. Spencer from the Faculty, and the flowing academic cap and gown that Dr. Spencer received. Also on the table, we noted, was a beautifully illuminated scroll which formally registered the faculty's regrets at the Spencers' leaving PCW.

The dinner, attended by the Faculty and Staff plus their respective husbands and wives, was toastmastered by Dr. Montgomery who introduced the main speakers of the evening. Miss McFettridge light-heartedly reviewed the history of the Spencer regime, and we noted that she was especially fitted for her speech, having been both a student and a staff member under his direction.

Mrs. Shupp accurately described PCW's One Hundredth Anniversary. As we were particularly busy gathering olive stones at the moment, we heard only snatches. Dr. Spencer, it seems, will be invited to board his private helicopter and return to present the Hundredth Anniversary speech. He will find at his former college—faculty wearing slacks and curling pins to classes—oriental rugs and gold-framed oil paintings in faculty offices—a great PCW Vitamin service directed by Dr. Wallace, and supplying the nation with D, V. C, and other assorted health pills—and a helicopter parking lot for the convenience of commuting students.

All this sounded fascinating to us, but we had to make a quick exit as we had gathered our 400 olive stones and had to go plant them in our orchard.

Student Recitals

On the campus and off, for the remainder of April and part of May, the Music Department has planned student music recitals. These programs will include voice and instrumental entertainment.

The Current Events Club heard an hour recital at the College Club on April 18. Marion Cohen was the soloist.

April 20 was the date of a joint recital given by Edith Succop, flutist, and Martha Cox, pianist.

Continuing the series of musical events, there will be a joint recital by the Music and Speech departments on May 7. This program, which should be interesting as well as entertaining, will take place at the North Boroughs Woman's Club.

Another recital will be presented on May 15. Pauline Basenko, whom we all know as a very accomplished accordianist, will show her versatility in playing the clarinet for this presentation. Dale Kirsopp will sing in the joint recital. Since she graduated from PCW last year, this will be a "return engagement" for her which should be enjoyable to all.

Participants in the Commencement Recital planned for May 24 will include the string ensemble and students of voice and piano. An annual spring affair, it promises to be just as pleasing as in former years. This recital rounds out a full schedule for the faculty and students of the Music Department for 1945.

Activities

The Volleyball season has ended with the sophomores defeating the freshmen in a close game, and the seniors winning over the juniors.

Mary Lou Stone is our new badminton champion. She and B. J. Stewart, the runner-up, have brought signal honors to the freshman class.

When the swimming meet is held this month we expect to see class competition in speed and form swimming, relays, and diving. Don't be discouraged by the glamour suits. Remember that it's the school spirit that counts.

On May 4, AA will have its annual banquet at the Royal York for the AA board members and the winning basketball and hockey teams.

Board members are now spending their time adding up athletic points for awards at the end of the year.

HONORS ROLL

As though the acquisition of a degree after four years of hard work weren't enough of an accomplishment, five of the seniors are concentrating their efforts on special and general honors work. Edith Succop, Marjorie Mayhall, and Charlotte Wray are doing special honors work in chemistry; Marion Cohen is doing special honors work in music; and, ambitious of the ambitious, Marion Swannie is doing general honors work in English.

Edith and Marjorie started last summer on their projects which concern the production of methyl tallowate and esters of tallow and alcohol respectively. Charlotte, whose project is concerned with the same general field, began her work this fall.

As the first PCW student to try for special honors in music, Marion has written a sonatine, a musical composition in sonata form. Since each candidate for special honors must defend her project in an oral examination before a faculty committee, Marion presented a problem. It has been decided that she will have to give an expository discussion of her composition explaining her reasons for each part and defending her final result.

Marion Swannie is faced with the frightening reality of four days of examinations covering the entire field of English literature and her allied field, Spanish. The first day's examination will be factual; the second, short essay; the third, long essay; and the fourth day's questions essay questions on and in Spanish. But don't get the idea from this terrifying line up that Marion has done nothing but bury her nose in a book all year. She is president of her class, a member of Hood and Tassel, a staff writer for the *Arrow* and the *Pennsylvanian*, and, in the midst of all this, pinch hit for Miss Moore last week teaching the freshman English class.

An orchid to each of you for your efforts. We wanted to close with an appropriate quotation of honor, but all that comes to mind is "Honor thy father and thy mother . . ."

PEOPLE



Mary Lu Egan, '45

After A Fashion

We captured it—we baited a trap with an Army Captain and captured that *rara avis* (the dodo, for those of you who missed Biology 112); the senior whose future is assured, for a year at least.

Mary Lu Egan, winner of the Tobe Coburn Fashion Fellowship, is this bird, and we have every right to look proud, but casual, when the award is mentioned, and admit that she goes to PCW. It all happened something like this.

Remember those fuschia and grey posters hanging on the senior board and the door of Mrs. Shupp's office? Ever stop to read one? Mary Lu did; sent for the questions, received them, answered them (but good), and won the fellowship all in two months. The questions included some on world politics, fashion and wardrobe planning, and planning a magazine. (We read the entry and ordered a three year subscription to the magazine immediately.)

The school promised the good word on March 30—so we settled down to a solid two weeks of nail biting and telephone jitters to wait for the decision. We won't go into particulars, but the letter came on Wednesday, April 4. Favorable—but that's history now.

When we approached the winner for a statement about the school, she wasn't inarticulate like most contest winners. "The course," she told us, "includes a complete and specific

GUESTS IN THE HOUSE

Paul Engle, poet and lecturer, will be on the campus today and tomorrow to lecture, conduct classes, and hold conferences for those interested in creative writing, both poetry and prose.

Mr. Engle comes to us from the State University of Iowa. He is a former Rhodes Scholar at Oxford majoring in history, politics, and philosophy. He has traveled widely in Europe and has been on the scene of many of the major events of pre-war Europe—in Munich when the June 30 murders took place, in Vienna when Dolfuss was shot, in Paris at the time of the Stavisky riots, in Moscow when the big treason trials opened, and in Berlin when the first big military demonstration was held. In a recent letter to Dr. Spencer, Mr. Engle said he would like to talk with students who are particularly interested in history and politics.

Educated at Coe College, Iowa State University, and Columbia, Mr. Engle has written *Worn Earth*, *Break the Heart's Anger*, and the widely recognized volume of poetry, *American Song*.

All students who have done any creative writing are urged to submit their manuscripts for Mr. Engle's criticism at the writing workshops this afternoon and tomorrow.

Next Monday and Tuesday, April 30 and May 1, Miss Elizabeth Macdonald Osborne, consultant in personal development, Dorothy Gray Laboratories, will be a guest at PCW to lecture and hold "check-up" conferences.

During the past fifteen years Miss Osborne has visited colleges, universities, and girls' schools in every part of the country. She was previously a fashion editor on the *Woman's Home Companion* and also, for several years, conducted a personal consultation service in New York City. She is a graduate of Mount Holyoke College and has had special study in art and costume design.

course of training in every phase of the fashion field. Yes, it's like Pitt—only more so." (If Pitt reads this we're only kidding.)

Look for the name Mary Lu Egan—last name to be filled in from the portrait on the dresser—on the masthead of *Vogue*. Also look for her at the Barbizon Hotel in New York—we're going to!



Idamae Brody, '48

Oratory Winner

By way of bringing further glory to the already famous name of PCW, Idamae Brody, '48, won first place in the college finals in the Pittsburgh area of the James Monroe oratorical contest sponsored by the Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph. Idamae out-talked representatives of the four other city colleges to win a \$300 war bond, \$50 in cash, and a trip to Chicago for the national semi-finals in which all mid-western winners were entitled to participate.

Miss Moore, of the English department, accompanied Idamae to Chicago as chaperone, morale-builder, and general chaser of pre-contest jitters, although no jitters were evident the day we interviewed her immediately before she left for Chicago. For those of her public who may have wondered: Idamae planned to wear the suit she wore when she won the semi-finals at Stephen Foster Memorial. Her comment to the press for direct quotation was: "The hair will be down."

Idamae, whose oration concerned the application of the Monroe Doctrine to international order, came in fourth place in the Midwestern semi-finals. As we cornered her in the den after her return from Chicago, all she had to say was: "Simply wonderful time. Simply wonderful!"

FEATURES

MENTOR CENTER

. . . *Miss Kramer Speaking*

RESPONSIBILITY—that for which one is answerable or accountable, morally or legally; a duty, charge or obligation.

Have you noticed how frequently this word has appeared in the past two weeks? In times of crisis, the need is emphasized and the cry is for people to accept and carry extraordinary responsibilities.

Here are a few of the instances I've noticed. From President Roosevelt's final address, "Today we have learned in the agony of war that great power involves greater responsibility . . . We, as Americans, do not choose to deny our responsibility . . . We must go on to do all in our power to conquer the doubts and fears, the ignorance and the greed, which made this horror possible."

On the editorial page of the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph, April 14, 1945, were these words: "The presidency of the United States has fallen to Harry S. Truman at a time of grave national crisis, under conditions which require not only high performance of duty by him but also the very highest acceptance of democratic responsibilities of which the American people are capable . . . All the American people have vital responsibilities in this situation and urgent tasks to perform."

Senator Burton of Ohio, talking to our own student body, stressed the "opportunity and responsibility" of college trained people in facing the great problems before us. It is universally agreed that the United States, actually that you and I as citizens, shall play a leading role in this much needed reorganization of the world. That's some responsibility for you and me!

Now here's what worries me—how are we going to handle extraordinary responsibilities such as these if we do not recognize, accept or fulfill our ordinary obligations, if we sidestep the training in experience that comes our way? And, if we, who are among the most privileged citizens of the world, don't do a particularly good job of meeting our personal obligations, why should we expect other citizens or nations to carry their responsibilities? We are learning that among nations, great power involves greater responsibility; it is equally true that among individuals, great

advantages (in birth, education, living conditions) involve greater responsibilities.

What does this mean to the student of PCW? Just this—perhaps it is not a fair criticism, but it seems to me that today, even among college people, the specially privileged, there is a tendency toward the rejection rather than the acceptance of responsibility. All obligations are not pleasant and it is no longer the fashion to do things just because one should. The idea seems to be to do the things one wants to do first, if the others get done, all right. All events should be planned and rearranged for the individual's convenience. If a job isn't finished on time, an excuse will fix it. You often hear "Will it be any fun?" or "How much will it pay me?" or "What'll I get out of it?" these days. You seldom hear "Does this job need to be done? Let me try it." The word "boring" is applied so frequently that it seems that college life must be a dreadful monotony of one boring incident after another. True, all our duties aren't going to be exciting nor the training for them exactly thrilling, but there are certain and definite satisfactions in knowing that you've held up your end of a worthwhile job.

College, as I see it, is a place where you are carrying certain responsibilities—to your family, the school and faculty, fellow students, yourself—and developing your potentialities, getting ready to bear even heavier responsibilities—to your own home, your husband and children, your profession, your nation, and your world. You'll never be free of responsibilities—you wouldn't want to be, really, or you'd miss some of the deepest satisfactions of life. So, you might as well accept these sometimes interfering and tedious obligations as your own, as a part of life, and use college for a training ground. Get ready for these worldwide jobs about to descend upon your shoulders by tackling your present responsibilities. "Learn by doing" still has its points.

COURT PRESENTATION

There's nothing like a trip to Morals Court to gain an insight on this great society of law-breakers and its reformers. Among the various and sundry activities of the Epsilon Chi, the education majors' organization, was a trip to Morals Court. Naturally, being education majors, we grabbed our hats, pulled the brims down over our faces so that we gave a reasonable facsimile of Lauren Bacall, packed our pistols deep in the pockets of our satiny raincoats, hopped a street car, and jaunted down to that court of human relations at Police Station Number One.

However, before we reached our destination we endured quite a storm of unfavorable comments. Not being sure of the car stop at which we were supposed to get off, we asked the motorman to inform us when we reached the nearest stop to the Police Station, and consequently Morals Court.

We enjoyed our ride into town that bright Sunday morning (oh yes, dear reader, Sunday morning after the Saturday evening rush). Just as we approached Water Street, the conductor called us, but we were too engrossed in the beautiful morning sun to be disturbed. He, rather irritated, stopped the trolley, stood up, and shouted back to us, "Hey you girls, this is where you get off for the police station—and Morals Court!"

There was a silence of two minutes. Then we stealthily got up and walked out. But as we departed, we heard an ancient woman say to her ancient friend, "Look at that! Isn't it too bad. Those beautiful girls—a pity—tch, tch." And her friend replied, "You know how careless and unconcerned parents are these days. I don't know what this world is coming to." So we didn't look as

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

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FEATURES

DRUMMING MAJORS

If you freshmen and sophomores have been taking college just as a matter of courses, and haven't as yet chosen your majors, we suggest that you read the following articles contributed by upper class gals who have made their major decision.

English

It is rather difficult to tack down with words reasons for a person's choice of a major. It would be little short of heresy to say merely that "I like it" and let it go at that. But why do I like it? Why am I interested in it?

In the preface to Reuben Post Halleck's *History of English Literature* I have found one of the soundest reasons:

"Literature aims not so much to state a fact after the manner of a text-book on science as to start imaginative activity and to appeal to the emotions. . . . True literature calls for activity.

"If we would broaden ourselves and increase our capacity for appreciating the manifold sides of the life of the spirit, we must become familiar with the thoughts and ideals of those who have given us our inspiring literature."

Literature and the study of it, therefore, are not passive things but alive and inspiring. It develops the imagination and quickens the power of understanding. It does not build one in with the walls of sameness of pattern; it is as varied as are the writers themselves.

Literature hands us the key to knowledge. It does not give us knowledge—that we must find for ourselves. It is knowledge that, once gained, is never lost to the individual.

Enduring literature does not die with its past, but lives into the present; and through it there is something more of worth added to ourselves from the experience of the past. It is a study in philosophy, psychology, history, and rhetoric. It is a study, however, that alone does not prepare one for a specific occupation—but taken with something else, will strengthen and enrich the other.

It seems prosaic to say that a major in English is broadening; but it is just that. Your education becomes not a shallow vessel of specific and precise facts, sorted and filed, but it is a treasure chest of

limitless knowledge and ancient counsel.

. . . Dorothy Barrett.

History

If you're like me, you'll find it awfully hard to choose your major. If you know you want to be a Chemist or a Social Worker, your task is not half so hard. You just have to be willing to spend the next two years in the Science Building, or if you choose sociology, be ready to plan parties for the settlement children at Christmas and Easter. But otherwise, you'll just have to choose quickly and pray you've chosen right—as I did.

I didn't want to teach, I still don't. I didn't want to enter the diplomatic service for I have no aptitude for languages, yet I still chose history for my major.

I chose history because it has always held a special magic for me. Ever since sixth grade when I won the D.A.R. award (for excellence in history), I have wanted to learn more about the people of the past.

There's something fascinating about delving into the past and making the people of a thousand years ago live and breathe just as if they were right here beside us in 1945.

That, I think is the essential difference between a person who loves history and one who looks upon it as a dull, boring subject suitable only for the dusty shelves of antiquity—the ability to turn the people in history books into real, not imaginary characters. If you can do this, history will be as vital to you as the boy next door. Perhaps not quite so vital, but certainly just as real.

I know it isn't enough simply to like a subject. You have to get something of value out of a course if your time is not to have been wasted. Take it from one who knows—a course in history is never wasted, for history forms a firm foundation for many other courses that you will have to take in college.

Literature and history are especially linked, for the famous authors and writers of literature are often the personalities from which history is made.

A history course, however, includes more than a study of mere personalities; it is a bird's-eye view of the customs, culture, and civilization of a people. History invariably repeats itself to an extent, and if we are to avoid the mistakes of our

predecessors we must know what their mistakes were.

With so much emphasis being placed on the post-war planning of a better-ordered world, we of the coming generation cannot hope to take our place in society without some insight into the mistakes and shortcomings of the past. This insight can only come through history. That's why I chose it for my major.

. . . Harriet Hoffman.

Economics

"Why major in economics?" The answers to this require considerably more space than has been allotted but, in brief, may I begin by saying that I base my reasons on the fact that economics fulfills the three requirements which I feel must be met in the choosing of *any* major. First of all, in our very commercialized world and in a world in which women play such a prominent part, one must of necessity choose a field which will offer opportunity and promise of permanent employment. Secondly, and a very important matter to consider is whether or not one *really* enjoys the work she is choosing. And thirdly, one must consider whether or not she is suited,—physically, mentally, and emotionally to all which the work entails.

There seems to be little doubt that the various fields of economics offer vast opportunities and assurance of permanent employment. As times have changed, we have seen the economist take his place among the necessities of a democratic government. My main interest is in the labor field for there lies a wealth of opportunities for women. This field includes work with the National Labor Relations Board, the War Labor Board, and with various industries in which the cementing of good employer-employee relationships has been found of great importance. Not only has the labor field promise of opportunity; in the fields of public finance, commerce—including foreign trade, industrial marketing, air transportation, and in real estate work and insurance work, to mention only a few, the openings are enormous.

As for the second consideration, I have found that no one succeeds in work which she does not want to do. Therefore, in choosing any major, one must be sure the type of work appeals to him. I have found that

FEATURES

economics possesses a fascination all its own. The study of it is constantly changing. As fluctuations in business occur, as changes are made in legislation, as new uses for natural resources are discovered, the study of economics is rewritten. Being kept "on your toes" greatly appeals to me. But also very important among the reasons for choosing this field is that economics is a study dealing with human beings and with the conditions and laws which play such an important part in the satisfaction of the material means of human desires.

In regard to the third consideration, I have found this a difficult question to answer. Physically, I do not believe that any of the fields of economics make greater demands than any other type of work. Mentally, and it is here that I hesitate in saying that I've chosen the right field, I find economics requires an alert mind, one which is keen and observant and one which can logically reason. May I say that I did not choose economics because it came most easily to me,—a reason which I find many give for choosing a major field. There are many courses I have taken which required less time, less work, and less mental energy, but which I also found less gratifying in the end. Emotionally, economics requires a stable person because the study of times presents a futility of conditions which the student may never have felt before and any emotional instability is a detriment in the achievement of success in this field.

These, in brief, are a few of the reasons for one's majoring in economics. At best, they are inadequate, but perhaps they are able to partially answer the question, "Why major in economics?"

. . . Martha Yorkin.

Chemistry

For as long as I can remember, my interests have centered around chemistry. Perhaps it was the influence of my chem-engineer dad; perhaps a streak of insanity that originally aroused that interest.

I had always supposed that chemistry was synonymous with brightly colored solutions and complicated looking apparatus. High school chemistry certainly spoiled that illusion.

Freshman year, though, I suffered through Chem. 1-2—choked on sul-

phur, cried over bromine, and laughed with N-2-O—and finished convinced I was finished.

Then came Organic. That's what really decided me in favor of chemistry as a major. I came to the conclusion that anyone who can carry out a steam distillation and live, is born lucky and should have no fears. This was my sophomore year, the year at the end of which we must decide, once and for all, our major. And I was decided,—I think.

Now, engaged in the third year of chemistry (and related subjects), a faint shadow of doubt is beginning to appear. Questions such as, "Why does this sample test for cadmium when there is none present?" or "Is forty-five per cent iron close enough to thirty-seven per cent—or do I have to do it over *again*?" set one to thinking whether it wouldn't be simpler to just end it all now.

Don't misunderstand, however. I'm crazy about chemistry. It is positively fascinating. You all know something about the powerful medicinal compounds, the magical synthetic products that are oftentimes better than the real substance. And when we consider the possibility of future developments, we're positively overwhelmed. I don't think anything offers greater opportunities to both men and women than some phase in the field of chemistry.

For some strange reason, people are inclined to regard chemistry majors with awe and pity. Don't. We knew what we were getting into when we began. And we love it.

. . . Mariellen Roche.

Psychology

Psychology is a science and like any scientific study is based upon objective observation. It deals with human behavior—of thoughts, memories, emotions, feelings, desires, and aspirations. Psychology, then, is a science that deals with people, and therein lies its importance to me. With the object of its study so important a part of my everyday living, how can I help being interested in it? Regardless of what type of work I will consider upon the completion of my college career, I will be working with people. An appreciation of my fellow workers and a little understanding of the hows and whys of human behavior are more and more essential as society becomes more complex. The principles of

psychology are applied in the fields of medicine, education, law, business and industry, and even homemaking.

It is also important to me to be at least partially aware of my own behavior. Psychology is not based upon observation alone, but also upon introspection. The insight that psychology offers me into other people's attitudes, prejudices, ideas, and peculiarities helps me to know myself. Therefore, I believe that every college student should have at least a basic course in psychology for her own personal benefit as well as for its practical values.

Psychology is a challenging field because of the new advances which are continually being made in experimentation and observation.

The course outlined for the psychology major at PCW gives first a broad background and then an introduction to outstanding branches of the field—child psychology, differential psychology, personnel, and social psychology. The organization and interpretation of psychological data requires the aid of mathematics and hence a knowledge of statistical tools is required. The study of human behavior presupposes a familiarity with the physiology of the sense organs and of the nervous system, and a review of these is essential for good background material.

Many of our graduates from the Psychology Department have responsible positions in personnel departments, in testing work with the WAVES, in day nurseries, etc. But often an A. B. degree in psychology has served merely as a stimulus for graduate study in this immense field.

. . . Phyllis Ingraham.

Elementary Education

What does the word child mean to you? Is a child dear and lovable or simply worthless? My idea of a child, as well as that of all elementary education majors, is the former.

Ask any education major why she chose elementary education for her major, and she will say that she loves children. However, merely to say you love children would be the same as saying you love steak and French fried potatoes. In other words, we must have had another motive or we would be in another field such

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FEATURES

HERE AND THERE

April showers bring in drops of information about the comings and wentings (anything to avoid a cliché) of PCWomen here and thereabouts. April also brings the publishing of that book-of-the-month, the PCW catalogue. So look into that colossal best seller, and choose your major as you'd choose your private—first class!

Visual Aids

Woodland's second floor's electricity system aided and abetted by the gleams from the third finger, left hand of Sue Campbell and Ouida McGehee. For Sue . . . Mac's tracks from Western to Woodland—for Ouida . . . daily letters from Hank, the Yank, at Quantico . . . also in the solitaire confinement group . . . Trux, being April showered like mad . . . Barbara Cox flashing the rock from fiancé, Jim . . . Jean White joining the ranks of the Beta Sweethearts—with all Buds about it . . . Dolly Larson has solved the Indian problem with that proxy-acquired DU pin from the Sergeant in Hinduland . . . Jean Dalzell mysteriously pins captain's bars in her hair . . . that's all for pins—on to the next point.

Fundamentals of Geography

Go East, Young Woman, Go East—PCW gals heeded the advice of Miss Horatio Greeley during Spring Vacation and tripped the light fantastic to all points at the right of the campus compass . . . Petie McFall off to Bucknell—oversaw the home-to-be of the Spencers and approved . . . Jeanne Ritz toured to Gettysburg not to see the battlefields—just Bill . . . Cosey, Nancy Herdt, Ruth Ford, Alice Demmler, Jannie Beck telling time by the Biltmore Clock . . . also in Gotham City, Mickey McKee, Doris Sisler, Helen Louise Myers, and Helen Parkinson . . . probably met Milly Corman and Midge Kovacs on one of those double-decker bus trips . . . "Sir John" Suckling and Jimmy Queenth leading the band for Sammy Kaye—ask Queenth to come up and see her baton sometime . . . Chub Arnold was literal and went as far West as Chicago and Bruce . . . Mrs. Shupp got the Maine idea and returned with bronchitis with dark glasses to prove it.

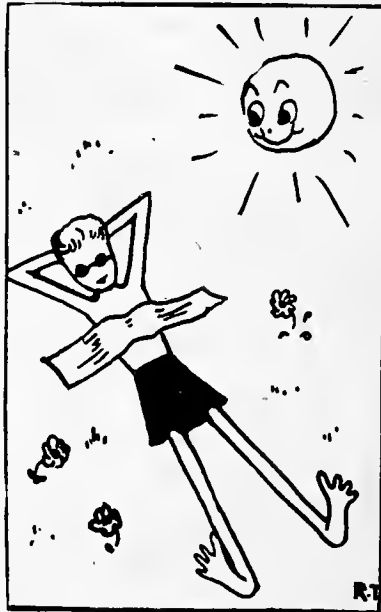
Logic and Ethics

Mary Lou Egan sees no logic but the new picture from Jerry in Italy . . . "Rowie" received only a suitcase, an Air Corps bracelet, a picture,

and a phone call from Chuck in Charleston . . . Such utter neglect! . . . what are the ethics behind the roses from Max to Jean Purvis . . .

Marriage

Evie Mathews "Happy the Bride the Sun Shines On" Reece returned from California . . . Al's an ensign on the high seas . . . Jean McCullough a bridesmaid at her brother's wedding . . . Harriet Hoffman and Barbara Work shared a bride's bouquet . . . their problem is, Mr.



Anthony, shall they both marry the same man?

General Writing

Patsy establishes spearhead . . . Charley's behind bars—BILL! . . . Jean Thomas "Dustying" every night . . . Rose Parry calling up Mrs. May Stern to get a quick hair appointment . . . Mrs. Stern a bit bewildered by it all, as was also Rose . . . Mrs. "Fickes Fixit" Howell at it again—this time a smooth number for Kathy Woolard . . . no wonder half the seniors will live in Fickes next year . . . Jeff Harkins celebrating six months of pinned bliss . . .

Contemporary Thought

Famous lines about the heart strings . . . Jean White: "In the words of Frankie Frisch, 'we're looking forward to a fine season'" . . . Sally Villing: "Golly!" . . . Barbara Collins: "I thought the day would never come" (scoop to *Arrow* reader's—the day referred to is the June wedding date for Barb and her dentist) . . . Hilda Conkling: "I'm overcome, come over!"

FACE TO FACE

When you saw *Oklahoma* at the Nixon, did you think it would be wonderful to go backstage and interview Curly and Jud and all the rest? Well, we did, and we did. We means Jeff Harkins and myself. All credit for the idea and the appointment making goes to Jeff; I just went along for the write.

We were told to come to the stage door at nine forty-five last Friday night and tell Sam we had an appointment with Mr. Alexander—Curly to you—for an interview between acts.

So far, so good, and the rest is even better. Offstage, Curly is still Curly. The smile, the swagger, the easy laugh, the enthusiasm that delighted you throughout the play are just as much a part of his real personality. Jimmy, for you couldn't possibly call him Mr. Alexander, said he has been interested in singing since his days at Miami University in Ohio. After his school days, he worked with different bands around the country, toured the United States, Central America and Mexico. In Mexico City, he organized his own band. They must have been very cooperative instrumentalists, because he spoke no Spanish; they spoke no English.

After the Latin American trip, Jimmy sang in various night clubs, had a few screen tests, sang a song to Constance Moore in the movie currently appearing at the Fulton, and was auditioning for Eddie Cantor's radio show when Miss Helburn of the Theatre Guild heard him, snapped him up for Curly in *Oklahoma*. He rehearsed for ten days, stepped into the part in New York for two weeks and then joined the company appearing in Pittsburgh. He has been in the show only eleven weeks, and, in our humble opinion, does a magnificent job.

We also met and liked very thoroughly Norman MacKay, the villain of the show. He is the complete antithesis of the cad you saw on the stage. When we asked him if he had anything to say to college girls, he smiled and said, "Hello." You figure that one out.

We asked Jimmy the usual questions and got the usual answers. He likes Pittsburgh and Pittsburgh audiences. He enjoyed a trip through Carnegie Museum and Phipps Conservatory. He thinks this is a wonderful

(Continued on Page Twelve)

FEATURES

CAMPUS COMMENTS

The local second-hand book shops have been having their cobwebs snapped these last few weeks by certain eager seniors who are intent on winning the Personal Library Contest this Saturday. We looked over our own meager collection and decided that our library was suffering from a complete case of gaposis in the classics field. Such interesting volumes as Thucydides, Homer, Rousseau, and Cervantes have entered our home only through the courtesy of the Carnegie Library. So we hied ourself down to a Liberty Avenue establishment that advertises 10,000 books at ten cents apiece. With a dollar and thirty cents in our wallet we entered the store, and climbed the stairs to the second hand department. As soon as our eyes became accustomed to the dust, we took a slow peer around the shelves. But no Thucydides, no Homer, no Rousseau, no Cervantes—only the *Bobbsey Twins* and the *History of Creameries in Pennsylvania*, plus assorted volumes on canning plums, refrigeration, and the method of drilling stalagmites in the Himalayan Mountains. So we went down the stairs, walked out of the store and into a nearby sportery. There we purchased a can of tennis balls, and went home to hit them

against the garage in preparation for the tennis tournament. Maybe, we figured, our tennis technique might be an improvement on our bibliotechnique.

* * *

We're the thrash type. That is—we thrash in bed all night, tying the blankets into half-hitches, grinding our teeth to a razor's edge—all because we suddenly think of some brilliant witticism that we might have thrown casually into the day's heated conversation. It's the same way with the *Arrow*. It never fails to happen that we think of some pointed remark we might have made in the last issue that would have thrown the journalistic world into a state of mass hysteria. Anyhow that's what happened to last month's issue. We printed a sketch of a chubby PCW robin. We printed it with no comment. We just thought of one. This'll make you roll in the aisles. This is the funniest thing we've seen in years. Here it is—hold on to your sides. Don't blame us if you have to have stitches inserted. Well this robin, see, he's trying to pull a worm out of the ground. He's tugging, folks, he's throwing all his energy into the work. But the worm doesn't seem to be budging—it has a firm toe-hold in Mother Earth. The robin's getting desperate, see, he doesn't know what he's going to do—he's got a wife and five kids to take home the bacon to—and the worm won't turn. The robin's mad now, see, we can see his eyes glittering, his face getting flushed, and his feet pounding the ground. And now, folks, this is the clinching line! Hold your hats. The robin pauses and mutters: "A guy can't get anywhere without a pull."

Didn't that slay you? Well, what's the matter with your sense of humor anyhow?

ITCHE NICHE

A Prayer

I pray that God in Heaven above
 May send to men the will to love,
 Each other.
 That nations, by love's saving grace,
 May each, across each border, face
 A brother.
 That henceforth, all men, hand in
 hand,
 May journey toward the Promised
 Land,
 Together.

. . . G. Norton.

Spare Time

Fifteen minutes on my hands rest;
 Mine is to make these minutes the
 best.
 Would I could file them and lay them
 away
 To use when I'm crowded for
 tempus someday.
 Or that, long ago, I had drawn in
 advance
 That quarter of hour to use at a
 dance,
 Or other such pleasure. How fine it
 would be
 If when in the morning about half
 past three
 My mean old alarm went to yelling
 and drumming,
 I'd say, "Wrong old timer, I had
 this time coming".

. . . M. Yorkin.

Music

Oh the gay and rhythmic swishing of
 a quickly wielded broom,
 And the sliding of the chairs when
 you're dusting up a room.
 Oh the snapping and the flapping of
 the clothes hung out to dry
 And the tinkling of the dishes as a
 truck goes lum'bring by.
 Oh the many sounds of living, like
 the slamming of the doors,
 Like the dripping of the faucets
 and the squeaking of the floors.
 Oh the clicking of the switches when
 you're turning out the light
 And the grating of the key when
 you're locking out the night.
 Oh the creaking of the springs as the
 children turn in bed
 And the whisper in the fireplace
 of the coal, glowing red.
 Oh you never fully realize till you've
 lived there many years
 That a house is full of music that is
 joyous to your ears.

. . . M. Yorkin.

(Continued on Page Twelve)

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FEATURES

(Continued from Page Eleven)

Room 9

There are doors that are closed by
unseen hands;
And this, I fear, is one.
It stands before me open now,
And the rays of the setting sun
Fall slantingly down from the win-
dow sills
To meet me as I come
Crossing the threshold with never a
care
Nor ever a serious thought
As to why my feet should be enter-
ing there
This month, and next month not.
Our daily habits this room and I
share;
But the lesson disuse will see
taught
Is the transience of all of the rooms
in the world;
Now, like home; and then, all
forgot.

. . . E. V. S.

War

The gay young lad, the grey-haired
man
Must don the suits of grey and tan
To fight the war with all they can—
to kill.
Amid the cannon's awful roar
Go down the heads of black and
hoar
While still the God of war cries
"More"—to kill.
They stand upon a conquered hill,
A voice that's small and low and
still
Cries out, "It's wrong, it's wrong to
kill—shed blood."
And when the war is o'er at last
Their minds go back to all the
past;
Go back to guns and cannon blasts—
—for blood.
And when they turn their eyes ahead

They see the many thousands dead.
They see the anguished hearts that
bled—in war.

And what's it worth when all is o'er,
The glory of the big gun's roar?
Is it worth the awful cost of war?—
think you.

. . . M. Yorkin.

Face to Face

(Continued from Page Ten)

city with wonderful people. We duti-
fully wrote all this in our little note
book, finally got him to break down
and tell us what he really thought.
His parting statement: "What I real-
ly like are gorgeous, glamorous, good-
looking girls." There's your chance.
Jimmy is twenty-six, unmarried and
unattached, and doesn't know many
people in Pittsburgh. And take it
from us, he's a very nice and very
good-looking guy.

Let's all refresh... Have a Coca-Cola



...or being friendly along the way

The camaraderie of the open road is summed up in the words *Have a Coke*. At stops, everyone steps up to the familiar red cooler for the friendly refreshment of ice-cold Coca-Cola. Wherever you go, Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes*,—a symbol of friendly refreshment.

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It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called Coke.

LITERATURE

RENNAby Ann McClellan, '47

It was almost eight o'clock. The wind was fresh this morning, and blew from the east. It blew the dust before it in swirls which swept over the city streets.

On Abermarle Street, there was a stir. The men were leaving for their offices, and some of the women came out to sweep the porch, or to throw the garbage out. Two or three boys were on the street already, running and shouting.

The Bailey children watched the street wake up through the windows of the breakfast room. They saw that the July sun was already hot. They were glad, for they would not have to wear sweaters.

The children were anxious to get outside. Jean, who was ten, was swallowing the last of her milk, and eight-year-old Jim had finished long ago. But Renna, the baby of the family, who was only five, had been stirring her cereal with her spoon again, and had not even started to eat. It was too bad of mother to make them wait till everyone had finished before leaving the table. Renna was so slow.

In fact, Renna spoiled everything. Jim and Jean had to take her with them wherever they went. Renna couldn't keep up with them, and they were perpetually waiting for her.

At last, Renna spooned the last bit of cereal into her mouth, and began to gulp down her milk. Jim and Jean pushed back their chairs, and impatiently waited until the last drop should disappear. As soon as Renna put her glass down, they jumped up, and ran shouting up the back stairs.

Renna slid from her chair and went after them. It was difficult for her to climb stairs. She would put her right foot on the first step, then her left foot beside it, and so on till she reached the top. It took her a long time, but she had never thought about an easier way.

Every morning, before they went out, the children went up to Mother's room to tell her what they were going to do that day. Mother would be making the beds. When they left, she would kiss them, and give them each a friendly little tap behind.

Yesterday and the day before that, as it was raining, they had gone into the garage. Today they went to the empty lot on the corner. The Nealer children, John, who was eleven and the leader of the group, and David, were already there. Soon after they

got there, Mary Rainer arrived, and they settled down under the elm tree in the middle of the lot. They began to build villages in the dirt.

All summer they had been playing here, cities and nations, and driving the toy cars around to visit each other. Although pointless, it was a wonderful game. Today, each was to build his own home, with property allotted, a square foot per person.

John had brought a glass full of burnt matches from the Nealer kitchen. With these they constructed fences. There were not enough to go around, so Renna, of course, had to do without.

As usual, she had been picking daisies and Queen Anne's lace to make a garden for her house, which was not yet begun. It was her own fault that she had to use crooked, uneven twigs for her fence. John, fearing that she would cry, gave her two match sticks for a gate.

The other kids knew that Renna must come along. Though they did not like it, they tolerated her. When she cried, however, they hated her; their mothers would scold them if they were mean to her. Renna cried about three times a day.

All morning the children worked on the village. At about eleven-thirty, they heard the clatter of iron wheels and horses' hoofs. The Iceman had come. They ran to the wagon where it was parked in front of Rainer's house. As Renna came up, John was climbing into the back

of the wagon. He had to be quick, because none of the children knew what the Iceman would do if he saw John there.

John caught up slivers of ice and handed them to the children. The girls wrapped their pieces in their skirts and licked them, but the boys put theirs into their mouths all at once.

John jumped down just in time, and they walked back to the lot giggling. The girls tried to conceal the ice in their dresses, and the boys, grimacing, clapped their hands over their mouths. With them, it was a standard contest to see who could keep the ice in his mouth longest.

Just as they got to the tree, Renna dropped her piece. When she picked it up, it was covered with dirt and grass. She wiped it off on her dress, but Jean threw it away, and gave Renna part of hers. She had a big piece anyway.

Soon after they finished their ice, they all had to go in to lunch. Each mother on the street had a different whistle. When the Bailey children heard one that went up and down the scale, they knew they must go. Renna fell and skinned her knee on the steps to the front porch. Mother fixed it for her, and said that before Renna started to kindergarten in the fall, she must have her eyes tested.

After lunch, they went back to the elm tree and set up a store in the village, with red berries from the

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

ANTHON'S

FOR GOOD FOOD AND PASTRIES

EAST LIBERTY

LITERATURE

CROSSROADS by Gloria Loller, '47

Janie followed Peter through the crowded station watching his straight back and broad shoulders as he pushed his way through the crowd, his blond head taller than anyone near him. The Navy uniform definitely makes him look a master of men . . . and women, she decided. So did that peculiar gait of his, a cocky sort of walk, long strides with a certain lithe springy motion which reminded passers-by of a small boy with change in his pockets. He turned now, taking hold of her hand and drawing her closer. He bent with a half smile to whisper in her ear.

"Say, Dugan, I don't want to lose you. This is Grand Central, little one, how'd you like to have a sailor kiss you right here in the middle of it."

Janie smiled abashed.

"Well, that's one the girls back at school are going to miss. Come on." He pulled her along for a minute and then stopped. "Hey, where's Dad! Do you see him anywhere?"

"Oh, Pete, you didn't lose them!"

"No, I didn't lose them. They lost us. I thought for sure that sister of yours would keep an eye on you as long as I was with you anyhow."

Janie stood on tiptoe and looked for a gray fedora and a cherry suit. But Mr. Lane and Mary were out of sight.

"I thought they were right in front of you, Pete. Maybe they've gone to buy the tickets. Let's go over by the waiting room and stand—they're bound to come that way."

Janie was not a bit worried. She knew Mary would come looking for her just as soon as they were missed. Mary worried about Janie and Pete, which Janie thought was all very funny. She stood patiently watching Peter again as he paced back and forth in nervous irritation, frowning slightly. The loudspeaker blared forth the information that the next train to Philadelphia was leaving on track nine in five minutes. Tossing his cigarette to the floor and cautioning Janie not to move, Pete strode off in the direction of the ticket windows.

Janie was thinking as she stepped on the burning end of the cigarette, that if Mr. Lane and Mary had left for Philly without them, she would like to stay in New York for the rest of the afternoon and go sight-seeing with Peter. The weekend had been

fun, but then anything was fun with Peter. And she ought to be grateful to Mr. Lane for taking her. She realized that she and her sister had been invited to New York only because Pete wanted it that way.

Mr. Lane had arranged the trip with his secretary, overriding Mother's objections and calming her fears beautifully in typical Lane fashion. Anything Pete wanted Mr. Lane could get for him. The Merchant Marine was a dangerous part of the service and Mr. Lane was more proud of Pete's promotion to third officer than he had been of anything Pete had ever done in all of his twenty-one years. Janie was proud of him, too. And her eyes were so full of dreams that she almost didn't see Pete until he stood in front of her smiling.

"Looks like we've lost them, Dugan. I bought us some tickets, let's go."

"And leave Mary and your Dad?"

"They're probably on the train already."

On the train all the double seats were taken. Janie sat reluctantly beside a fat man and Pete sat across the aisle. The fat man rose and offered to exchange seats with Pete. Pete grinned his thanks.

"The whole world knows I want to be near you," Pete said. "Everyone on this train is thinking who's that lucky guy and how does he rate the prettiest girl in ten states."

"Only ten states."

"That's the extent of my travels within these continental limits."

Janie did not continue the banter. People were always accommodating Pete.

"Peter, do people always do what you want them to do?"

"Always, Dugan. Now women tell me it's my irresistible charm, but I call it the Lane luck."

Janie leaned her head back against the cushioned seat. She felt her eyelids grow heavy. The cocktail Mr. Lane had insisted upon was taking

effect!

"Don't look at me like that, Dugan, or I'll kiss you here in front of all these people. Then they'll think you're a hussy."

Janie laughed. "You're just an alarmist, Pete. I'm not even worried."

"Gosh, you're sweet, Dugan. Nothing quite so sweet and honest ever happened to me before. I don't deserve it, but how'd you like to marry me?"

"Love to, when?"

"Now! Let's run away to Connecticut!"

He doesn't really mean this himself. It's all a game with Pete, and the role he plays is a sophisticated one. I wish I could be sure. Play the game, Janie! "That's not such a rash statement, Mister, considering that we're on a train bound for Philly." And besides, what would Mary say?"

"She probably thinks I've kidnapped you and we're gone already."

"Ha! She thinks you're a wolf. Doesn't know you're harmless. I'll bet you propose to every girl you meet—you do it with such suavity."

"Look Dugan, I'm serious!" Pete's voice was low and husky. "This matter of you and me is not a light one. You see, I've been a little reticent, afraid to get serious with you. Afraid, because the possibility of seeing you very often was remote and because you're too fine to play games with. Because, and very honestly, I know that one day you'll find I'm not nearly all you think, and that discovery will hurt you. I want you to believe that I am not being falsely self-humiliating when I say that—you're too good, too fine for me. But if you care enough in spite of that, if you're willing to take the chance? Janie, will you?"

Janie sat very still. All of a sudden she felt all choked up and tan-

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

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LITERATURE

Court Presentation

(Continued from Page Seven)

cultured as we had thought—so what! We had a good time.

Another of our wayfarers told us of her experience while she was trying to find the station. Although she was in the vicinity of the police station, she stopped two persons on the street to ask them the exact location. Their reply was, "Say, are you going there too? So are we. Now ain't that funny. Follow us. Say what's your rap?"

Finally, we reached our goal and as we proceeded down the hall, we saw in the distance the back of a tall, brawny man with a well creased hat on, his hands deep in his pockets, and a cigar fuming from his mouth. "Ah," we thought, "this is our big chance to meet a real, honest-to-goodness detective. Perhaps he's something like Nick Charles, Dick Tracy, or Bulldog Drummond." "Oh what wild thoughts passed through our minds! We straightened our hats and walked closer. The man dusted the ashes from his cigar, and turned around.

"Hello, Dr. Kinder," we, feigning nonchalance, said.

In a short while we followed the judge and Dr. Kinder into the court room. Being special guests, we were privileged to sit with the judge at the front of the court room. Each victim that entered the room to face the judge, was greeted by nine other faces too.

Cases were carried on very much like the procedure of the Philip Morris *Crime Doctor* radio program: the judge called the number of the case, a policeman brought in the arrested and explained his side of the story, the arrested gave his side, and the judge passed sentence.

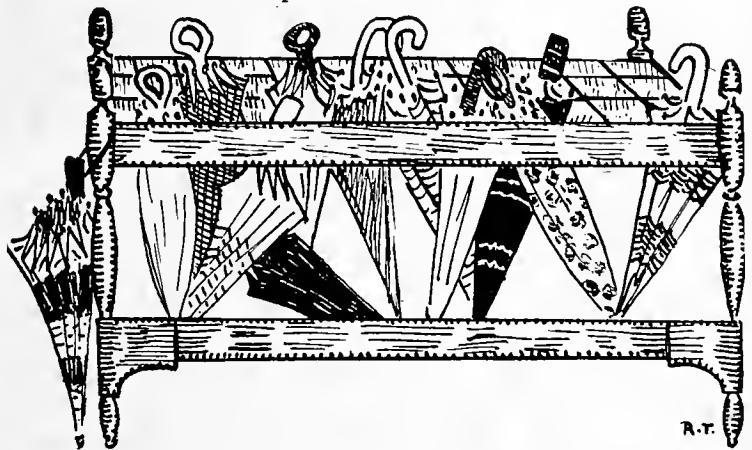
All cases involved moral issues (naturally) inclusive of drunkenness, brawls, desertion, and other vicious vices. One case was about a drunken college student who "brewed his own." Unfortunately it was too good, and "went to his head," causing him to raise a commotion in the neighborhood. He, very nervous and jittery, received the solemn sentence from the judge, "Go home, young man, go home."

Another case involved a mother of two children, deserted by her husband, whose harassing father-in-law insisted upon living in her house, much to her unhappiness. The case

was terminated when the judge forced the father-in-law to return the door keys to his daughter-in-law and leave the house. The daughter-in-law's last words were, "Grandpa, your bags will be on the front porch at three."

Names and more specific information have been purposely withheld for obvious reasons (it wasn't all printable). But if any Sunday morning you don't feel like going to Sunday School and you'd like to be enlightened about the society that surrounds you, just take a trip down to Morals Court—as a spectator, of course.

... Patricia Copetas.



Crossroads

(Continued from Page Fourteen)

gled inside like the wires behind a switchboard. She had to stop now before it hurt too much. "I wonder whether your Dad and Mary are on the train? What if they're still back in New York looking for us."

Pete sighed and shifted a little in his seat. "They probably are. When we get to Philly, we'll go up to the apartment and I'll mix you a drink, turn on sweet music, and make violent love to you. Then I'll get the car and we'll run away to Connecticut before Mary can catch up with us."

Janie looked up into Pete's dark eyes for the first time. She was looking for the characteristic half-smile. His tone had been half serious and half teasing . . . but his eyes were steady as they returned her look. Steady and challenging. She turned to look out of the window at the marshlands rushing past her. We're going too fast, she thought. Oh, how silly, of course, he's kidding. Her pulse raced as fast as the train's engine and it was difficult to breathe.

"They're probably up in the club car," she countered.

"Do you want to go see?" Pete said quietly.

Janie nodded, her throat full. She stumbled in the vestibule. Pete caught her arm.

"Steady, Dugan," he whispered.

Janie tried to laugh. Instead she made a funny sound in the back of her throat. Pete opened the door to the club car.

"There they are!" Mary cried, trying to hide the obvious tone of relief. "Well, morons, how does it feel to be lost in the big city?"

"Janie was worried," Pete answered, smiling his characteristic half-smile.

Elementary Education

(Continued from Page Nine)

as home economics, biology, sociology or psychology, each of which would give us an understanding of children.

Elementary education, however, is not simply one field of study, but combines almost every one. To be a good teacher of young children, a girl must have a broad view of every subject.

I highly recommend elementary education to those girls who want to help educate the children of America, who love children, who are interested in all fields of study, who are sympathetic, patient and, most of all, happy.

... Nina McAdams Handloser.

GIDAS

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Renna

Continued from Page Thirteen)

bramble bushes and some of Renna's flowers for sale. They used leaves for money. John was the owner of the store, and he paid Renna five leaves for her flowers, which he sold at an enormous profit. John's father was a merchant who had a chain of department stores.

Renna was steering her car up to the market again when they saw the boy. He was walking toward the lot, his hands in his pockets. He was large, untidy, and scowling. None of the children had ever seen him before. Jean got up suddenly and pulled Renna back against the trunk of the tree. Mary came and stood with them.

The big boy scuffled his way right up to John and stood scowling down at him. John took a few steps back, and David and Jim, on either side of him, fell back too.

The boy laughed, and then stepped into their village. Jean gasped. He had stepped right on top of John's house. Before Jean could stop her, Renna hurried herself forward and

More from surprise and shock than from any impetus Renna's advance gave him, the boy fell backward, arms waving wildly in the air. Renna plopped herself down on his chest and began to pull his hair.

Then Jim and the other boys came to help her. They pounded on his chest and held his arms. Finally the boy managed to shake them off. He was crying, and ran away without looking at any of them.

Renna had landed on Jean's house. She looked up at Jean apprehensively. Jean picked her up and brushed her clothes off. She did not say anything, nor did any of the other children. John sat down and began to rebuild his house, and Renna helped Jean with hers.

Soon the fathers began to come home from work. They parked their cars and climbed out looking very weary. The children always ran to meet their fathers. This afternoon Mr. Bailey arrived first. Jim and Jean ran towards the car. Renna ran too, but they were the first to fall on Father and kiss him.

After he had caught up Renna and kissed her, they all went toward the house. Father always ran in at once, calling Mother. The children usually followed slowly, and sat on the porch swing until dinner-time.

This evening, they did not sit on the porch. Jim and Jean took Renna and carefully taught her to go up steps in a grown-up manner.



TODAY AND TOMORROW and every business day something like four million Toll and Long Distance calls will be going over Bell System lines.

So we'd like to remind you that there's still a war-time rush on certain circuits and ask your cooperation when the operator says—"Please limit your call to 5 minutes."

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OF PENNSYLVANIA**



The ARROW

Vol. XXIV

Pennsylvania College for Women, Pittsburgh, Pa., May 30, 1945

No. 8



Supply and Demand . . . See Page Three

THE ARROW

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We Leave You Now

This ought to be the happiest moment of our lives, it says here. We're just about to walk up to the speakers' platform and receive our leather-bound certificates for four years of toil and tribulation. We've just about come of academic age and are now ready to enter into that great world we've been hearing so much about. We should be quite hilarious about the whole thing, but somehow there's something lacking somewhere. We aren't so gay as we ought to be.

We wish that we could write this editorial perhaps in ten or twenty years, and like Wordsworth, "recollect in tranquility." Then we might say something sensible about the glowing years after college graduation. But right now we're admittedly nostalgic—we're being disturbed by the goldfish in Mellon pond, by the warm sunlight in the stacks of the library, by the red and white tassels on the caps in the senior section. And we keep hearing things—like the slightly insane activity announcements in SGA—snatches of conversation about Nietzsche or Carl Sandburg—the sporadic chords of the chapel organ forming background music for our morning classes. It's just that when we see these things and hear these things around the campus, we realize suddenly that for us they are about to fade away. In spite of the flurry of parties and teas we seniors are about to attend, this graduation business is not too much fun.

The diploma we'll be receiving on June 11 will say in a few well-chosen Latin words that we have finished our days of learning at PCW, and now must fall out of our Ivory Tower into the routine realism of living. Our best and most productive years, obviously, are ahead, but the most carefree and irresponsible years are behind us.

It has been a wonderful four years. Here we were, while the whole world around us was in the midst of a terrifying uproar—here we were peacefully reading Plato or baking rolls in the home economics class, or puttering around with test tube solutions in the laboratory. Maybe in other years college students have had a more exciting time with their football games and cars and well-stocked staglines. But we've been more than fortunate to be able to spend four war-time years quietly broadening our own mental outlooks and developing our potential talents. In a way we have been escapists. But if upon graduation we PCW women use the knowledge we have acquired as students here to the best advantage of post war development, we can more than justify our four years of self contentment in a world at war.

Speaking of the post-war world, we graduates are stepping into an exciting era. We've come to maturity at a time when the world is going to enter into a peace that will be more glorious because of the bitter remembrances of the war around us. If we can believe the magazine advertisements, we'll be moving into a world of greater toleration, of industrial advancement, of world travel, of greater speed and more time for relaxation. We're coming into a time when women are doing things they've never been able to do before. We're graduating from college in a good time—and there's a brave new world waiting out there for us.

Just the same we aren't too gay about going. So we leave to the underclassmen some advice we wish we had heeded more seriously: make the most of whatever college time is left. Believe us, you'll wish you had.

Welcome, Dr. Anderson

We would like to take this opportunity to welcome our new president, Dr. Paul Russell Anderson, to PCW. Ever since Dr. Spencer announced his resignation, he and the Board of Trustees have been carefully considering all applicants for the position of PCW's leader. We think they have made an excellent choice.

This is a small college and the association between the Administration and the students is very close, so we will be seeing a lot of Dr. Anderson and his family when they come to this campus.

There are a lot of problems and adjustments to solve when a man assumes a new position. We would just like to assure Dr. Anderson that he can depend upon all of us at PCW—faculty, students, and alumnae—to cooperate with him in all his undertakings. We have seen this college steadily moving forward in the past years, and are waiting for the progress that will be made under the direction of our new president.

Not only we of PCW, but everyone in Pittsburgh welcomes Dr. Anderson as a new leader of civic affairs. We congratulate Dr. Anderson on his new position, and we hope that he will enjoy his work here.

EVENTS



Dr. Paul Russell Anderson

* * *

NEW PRESIDENT

When he assumes his duties at PCW in the Fall, Dr. Paul Russell Anderson will be one of the youngest college presidents in the country.

Dr. Anderson comes to PCW from Washington, D. C., where he was a special assistant for the American Council on Education. Prior to that he was Dean of Lawrence College, Appleton, Wisconsin where he was also professor of philosophy.

Dr. Anderson received his Bachelor of Arts degree at Ohio Wesleyan University in 1928, and became a Doctor of Philosophy at Columbia University in 1933. He also studied at Union Theological Seminary.

PCW's new president has spent his entire professional life in the field of education. He was an instructor and later director of student activities at the American University of Beirut, Syria from 1928 to 1930. He has also served as associate professor at Macmurray College, Jacksonville, Illinois; as professor at Lake Erie College for Women; as visiting professor at Oberlin College.

Dr. Anderson is the author of *Science in Defense of Liberal Religion*, (G. P. Putnam's, 1933). He co-authored the volume *Philosophy in America from the Puritans to James*, published by Appleton-Century in 1939. He has written numerous articles in philosophical and other journals. His latest book, *Platon-*

ism in the Midwest, will be published soon by the Columbia University Press.

Dr. Anderson participated in the Harvard Tercentenary Conference on Arts and Sciences in 1936 and in the Ninth International Congress of Philosophy in Paris in 1937. He is a member of the Committee on Teaching of Philosophy, the American Philosophical Association, and a member of the Committee on Post-war Problems, Presidents and Deans of Wisconsin Colleges. Dr. Anderson is also a noted lecturer on Near Eastern, philosophical, and educational topics.

A Phi Beta Kappa member, Dr. Anderson also belongs to the American Philosophical Association, American Association for the Advancement of Science, American Association of University Professors, Rotary Club, Delta Sigma Rho, Omicron Delta Kappa, Pi Delta Epsilon, and Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Dr. Anderson is listed in Who's Who in America, Who's Who in American Education, Who's Who in Philosophy, Directory of American Scholars, and Who's Who in the Western Hemisphere.

Mrs. Anderson is the former Betty Ann Brown of Quincy, Illinois. They have a seven year old son, Bayard Dick.

The Anderson family will move into their Woodland Road home sometime in August.

Cover Identification

"Sweaters for sale—good as new. I'm leaving for the business world." "Bargain: One Eighteenth Century Lit book at two-thirds cost. Margin notes for free." "My chair will stand up under any trouble while you sit down. Five dollars." When such notices as these begin to appear on the bulletin boards in the dormitory and the blackboards in the den, we realize it is the beginning of the end. Lamps, drapes, spreads, chairs, robes and mortarboards, textbooks—you name it, the seniors have it at the cheapest rates in town.

In our cover picture Carolyn Cosel—on her way out, and Margaret McKee—up and coming, seem to be dickering over the price of bluejeans. Anybody want to raise it? Going, going, gone!

MENTOR CENTER

. . . Dr. Spencer Speaking

Ten years ago today I made my first formal appearance before the students and faculty at the Pennsylvania College for Women. That was in 1935, and it was Moving In Day for me. Now in 1945, today, it is Moving Out Day. As I go, I certainly have a feeling of going out with the seniors into the "cold, cold world."

These ten years have been among the happiest years of my life. They have been filled with joy and happiness, and I shall leave with the fondest memories toward all of you. It seems very fitting, therefore, that on this particular occasion I should have the honor of presenting to you your new president, Dr. Paul Russell Anderson. I do so with great joy because I know that he will bring to the Pennsylvania College for Women a new quality of leadership. Dr. Anderson is a Christian gentleman and a man of sound scholarship. He is a man of whom you will all be proud as PCW's president. Dr. Anderson is a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University and received his doctor's degree in Philosophy from Columbia University. He also studied at the Union Theological Seminary and at the New School for Social Research. He has had wide experience as a teacher and as an administrator. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa and Omicron Delta Kappa. Dr. Anderson has attained real stature as a writer in the field of philosophy.

Pennsylvania College for Women is on the threshold of new and greater things. I am certain that new buildings, new equipment, and a larger endowment is just around the corner. I believe that Dr. Anderson will bring to PCW a new and stimulating influence.

Mrs. Anderson is a lady of great charm and I know you are going to admire her. She will be a distinct asset on the campus.

I leave here with a sincere feeling that PCW has its most glorious years ahead.

This has been a feat, believe me—trying to get something in the **Arrow** past my co-editor's eyes. But I found this little space, so here it is.

Nancy Herdt was awarded the Hood and Tassel senior prize.

EVENTS

ELECTEES

The following girls have been elected to office in the college elections held during the past month:

First Vice-president of SGA: Martha Coale ('46). "Marty" has earned her position after serving as vice-president of her class in her freshman year, YWCA publicity chairman, and a member of GPC.

Second Vice-president of SGA: Doris Snyder ('47). This year "Snyde" is treasurer of the House Board.

Secretary of SGA: Eleanor Goldfarb ('47). Eleanor is secretary of the Sophomore class.

Treasurer of SGA: Shirley Morrow ('48). Shirley is a member of the YWCA Freshman Commission.

Junior Member of SGA and Junior Advisor to the Freshmen: Lucille Beale ('47). "Lucy" was president of the class in her freshman year and has been Sophomore Member of SGA.

Sophomore Member of SGA: Mary Jean Kimball ('48). "Jerry" has been vice-president of the Freshman Class and secretary of the YWCA Freshman Commission.

Chairman of the Honor Committee: Mary Lou Burckart ('46). Last year Mary Lou was treasurer of SGA, and was chairman of the class nominating committee in her freshman year.

President of Woodland Hall: Rosemary Hoge ('47). Rosemary was a member of the Freshman Commission and has been treasurer of the Sophomore Class.

Senior Class President: Peggy Riffle ('46). Peggy was the Junior Representative of SGA. Other Senior Class officers are vice-president, Mary Ellen Roche; secretary, Jane Wilson; treasurer, Bea Kiester; AA representative, Becky Fellows.

Junior Class President: Barbara Mason ('47). "Mase" was a member of the sophomore nominating committee. Vice-president of the class is Mary Alice Hoag; secretary, Laverne Lower; treasurer, Martha Raup; AA representative, Gene Wallace.

Sophomore Class President: Phyllis Dornberger ('48). Vice-president of the class is Betty L'Hote; secretary, Mary Anne Houck; treasurer, Virginia Long; AA representative, Jessie Gilbert.

Awards

Prizes and awards presented at Moving Up Day exercises this morning were:

Junior Class History Prize—Jean Purves.

Sophomore Class History Prize—Jean Yeager.

Freshman Class History Prizes—Norma MacMillen, Anne Peterson, Anne Watson.

Ann Dravo Parkin Memorial Prize—Louise Flood, Betty Rusbasan.

Short Story Contest Prize—Jean Dalzell (printed in this issue).

Freshman English Prize—Nancy McDonald (printed in this issue).

Modern Language Award—Catherine Mitz.

Pittsburgh Female College Association Award—Marion Staples.

Hood and Tassel Scholarship Award—Betty Beck.

Musician's Award—Marion Cohen.

Biology Scholarship to Wood's Hole—Virginia Uber.

Personal Library Contest,

First Prize—Nancy Herdt.

Second Prize—Georgia Raynor.

Tapped for the Hood and Tassel Society—Mary Lou Burckart, Miriam Egger, Patty Eldon, Anna Jane Goodwin, Fran Hilbish, Peggy Riffle, Emily Sawders, and Martha Yorkin.

Senior Week

June 7—Formal Senior Dinner at Woodland Hall 6:30 P. M.

June 8—Senior Breakfast at the College Club 12:00 noon.

June 9—Alumnae Tea for Dr. and Mrs. Spencer and the Seniors at Andrew Mellon Hall 4:30 P. M.

The President's Reception for Seniors and the Illumination of the Campus 9:00 P. M. followed by a Dance.

June 10—Baccalaureate at the Shadyside Presbyterian Church 11:00 A. M. Vespers on the Campus 5:30 P. M.

Speaker: Harold Alden Dalzell, D. D.

June 11—Graduation at the Third Presbyterian Church 10:30 A. M.

Speaker: Peter Marshall, D. D. New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C.

ARROWHEADS

Each year about this time, just as the working groove becomes comfortable and the responsibility of your job seems not so overwhelming as you had first thought, tradition has it that the old officers are replaced by new ones who will begin to "work into" their jobs while the seniors are still around to answer a question or two.

So with a certain sense of relief (and reluctance at giving up our deadline daffy doings) we hand over to Marilou Haller and Ruth Teplitz our ACP clipsheet, the printer's address, Harold's telephone number, and our best wishes for a bigger and better **Arrow** next year.

Marilou has been an **Arrow** feature writer for the past two years and has been an active actress in many of the Speech Department's dramatic productions. Besides this she spent all her quaking hours of the first semester practicing her teaching on the students of Taylor-Allderdice High. So the education department plus English and Speech ought to find their way into the columns of each and every issue of the **Arrow** next year.

All the long fingered and long toed girls in this year's **Arrow** sketches have been the brain daughters of Teppy, our staff artist. Besides cartooning, Teppy has been pounding out features for us for the past two years. In her spare time (that time not appropriated by the **Arrow**) Teppy has been studying English, and painting with Mr. Rosenberg. She illustrated both the new PCW song book and the new pamphlet on Dr. Kinder's kindergarten class.

The Board of Publication's other appointees are Patty Eldon, editor of next year's *Pennsylvanian*, and Emily Sawders, its business manager. We're looking for something special in the way of art in the year book, as Patty has been a student of Mr. Rosenberg for the last three years. And if the success of the Junior Prom can be taken as proof, the business affairs of the *Pennsylvanian* will be well accounted for by "Chickie."

The Board of Publications is quite puffed up about the choices it has made, and we are waiting with great expectation for next year's **Arrow** and *Pennsylvanian*. We'll be watchbirds watching you. How many pencils do you chew a month?

FEATURES

Super Gals

Lights, curtain, action! And with those miraculous words the house was blacked out and the stage of the Syria Mosque became transported into the land of ancient Egypt. There we were, seven PCW girls, wide-eyed and excited standing behind the scenes of *Aida* getting our first thrill of backstage life. How? Well, you probably all noticed the sign on the bulletin board: "If anyone is interested in being a 'super' at Syria Mosque Tuesday night, see me before 11:45." (Signed: Sylvia Geegan.) We didn't know what "supers" meant either, but we decided to find out.

On Tuesday night seven of us, not knowing what to expect, mumbled the magic words, "We're to see Mr. Brice," at the stage door of the Mosque and as though we had said, "Open Sesame," the stage door opened and we entered. The Mosque was dark and deserted, and as we walked up to the stage, we hardly recognized the place. The stage was cluttered up with packing boxes, costumes, trunks, and scenery. It was here that in one and a half hours *Aida* was to be staged.

The house loomed enormous and empty except for a few early ushers. We were introduced to Mr. Anthony Stivanello, the stage manager, who gave us our instructions. He was a slight man with a heavy accent who insisted upon calling us all, "Darling."

"Darlings," he said after telling us what to do. "go downstairs and get your costumes and get dressed." So the "Darlings" went down to the ballroom to get costumes. There were extras, musicians, costumers, slaves, guards, and some cute little boys from Shadyside.

Some headresses resembling the ones worn by the Foreign Legion and six green costumes were given to us, which later proved to be Egyptian robes that were too short for the tall girls and too long for the short. You notice I said only six—for the other girls were given parts of slaves in the opera. Since I was too short to be much good on the stage, I was given the job of general handyman. With makeup, costume, and bare feet, the girls really looked "slavey."

At last 8:30 rolled around and this is where you came in. *Aida* was beginning. The stage was no longer a jumble of boxes and scenery, but a glittering Egyptian palace.

You can't imagine what it's like backstage. Although the air is tense and exciting, everything is in order, everything is according to schedule. I didn't have anything to do while the actual playing was going on, so

I could stand in the wings and see everything on the stage at close range. In fact, if I had extended my hand, it would have been visible to the audience.

While Milanov, Telasko, Valentino, and Ferrara sang on the stage, we all were silently thrilled. The high spot of the evening came when the six young "Darlings" from PCW made their entrance. If you attended the opera you no doubt noticed the singular grace and stateliness of the four canopy-bearers who accompanied the King of Egypt, and if you had adjusted your opera glasses, you would have recognized Ginger Long, Mary Graziano, Betty Wedd, and Eloise Robinson. These versatile young actresses played not one, but two roles—for later they stood poised behind the royal thrones of the rulers of Egypt looking solemn and stately.

Sally Ann Smith and Lois Stewart also had roles of some prominence. In the magnificent temple scene these Egyptian slaves strummed on huge winged harps and all the beauty of melody that mighty instrument can give filled the Mosque—(actually they desperately tried to strum their artificial harps while the harps backstage gave out with the real thing.) In another scene Sally Ann and Lois fanned Amneris, the Princess of Egypt.

Backstage it was all too breath taking for words. In a few minutes scenes were changed and new moods were created. I rubbed shoulders with stage hands, chorus members, and notables like Nino Martini. Scenery, props, and people were assembled with lightning speed to fit in each proper place. Every little thing I did to add to the total effect made me feel good. At each call of "Darling," I dutifully clonked up and down the iron steps stopping at dressing rooms to call, "The six imperial guards on stage!" or "Members of the ballet, here are your fans," or "Negro slaves take off your shoes." It was loads of fun, every minute of it.

For a long time to come we'll remember this wonderful adventure. As for the meaning of the word "super" we still don't know, but whatever it means it certainly is "darling."

. . . by Else Greger.

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ANTHON'S

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PEOPLE



So Long, Seniors

What do you plan to do this summer? Are you going to look for a job or are you just going to loaf? Do you know where you are going to work, or are you still officially "at liberty"? These are the questions this inquiring reporter asked the members of the senior class last week. Needless to say, everyone had a different answer. Some already had jobs, others didn't, but were going to start looking for one soon. The rest of the girls planned a summer of rest and fun before they even attempted to find work.

Chemists Ackenheil and Allshouse are looking forward to a two week vacation at Ocean City, New Jersey, with friends Lutz and Mayhall, before taking up their test tubes again at Gulf Research Lab. Dotty Lind too, plans to vacation in New Jersey, at Cape May before she takes up her duties at the Airlines Office

in the William Penn.

Of all the girls who practice-taught last winter, only Dorothy Firth knows where she will teach next year. She's going to be at Shadyside Junior Academy. Already she's arranging Prom dates for next year. Counselling children at a day camp at Deercreek, Pennsylvania will be a step in the right direction for Janet Brewster who is looking for an elementary teaching job for next winter. Note: Helen Clewer, Ruth Ford, Betty Rusbasan, Marge Selleck, and Mary Jane Youngling are still in the market for teaching jobs. They will welcome with shouts of glee any offers.

Alice Craig, Janet Harkless, Patsy Speers, and Marion Swannie will be PCW's contribution, this year, to IBM. (International Business Machines, in case you are not alphabetically inclined.)

Nurses' Aides Martha Cox and Patty Smith plan (it's the truth, so

help me) a bicycle tour of Europe spreading sunshine and cheer wherever they go, while Registered Nurses Tilly Wilcox and Shirley Mays plan to shake the dust of Pittsburgh from their skirts and minister to the sick away from home. Their classmates Nellie Ireland Phillips and Ginnie Alexander will return to Allegheny General as Supervisors in Pediatrics and Maternity.

Carolyn Morgan and Jane Wood won't lay down their notebooks for long, for both of them are signed up for retail merchandising at Pitt next fall. School too, will claim the attention of Jean Dalzell and Phyllis Ingraham for they both plan to get a leg at least on their Master's Degree next winter. Jean at Columbia and Phyllis, that's a good question—she hasn't decided yet.

While Jane Murray, Jane Wood, and Ruth Horsburgh are sunning themselves on the shores of Lake

Continued on Page Eight

FEATURES

HERE AND THERE

There's always the faculty's argument that good books are important to a real education. Aiming to please, as always, we have added the following volumes to our extra-curricular study:

Shore Leave

"Jenks" Horsburgh flying without benefit of the Wright's invention to spend ten days with husband Kenny . . . Gardenias delivered in person on the 28th by Youngling's Ralph who returned from Pacific waters—tall tanned, and terrific . . . Bruce stopped in Pittsburgh for Chub Arnold en route home from the battle of Great Lakes . . . He's an ensign now, and third floor, Woodland, is rejoicing. They've sweat him through these last tough months . . . Tay Eldon took a rare week end leave to squire sister Pat dancing at the Terrace Room . . . Mim Davis' sailor, Bill, home from Saturday to Saturday.

Anything Can Happen

Roddy has Swannie quoting Housman after gay times last week . . . "more than Milton can to justify God's way to man" . . . (Egan's date bureau functioning again) . . . Sal Villing and Hughsie are so sold on this steady twosome idea that they're promoting it between friends Hilbish and Baehr.

One Foot In Heaven

Janet Bovard's Charles from Washington spent six days here last week on his way home on leave . . . Practically became a fixture of the Woodland Hall sun-porch while waiting for music lessons and labs to be over and done with . . . And then there's Patsy Speers' particular problem of Bill vs. Charlie. Our only comment is: anything *can* happen . . . Ruth Wilson and Joan Wiley could be described as ecstatic what with a week-end at Princeton to look forward to as soon as school is over.

The Return of the Native

GINNA VAN KIRK'S GEORGE AND

Anne Peterson's Don, both prisoners of war for a long stretch, have been heard from and are about to head home . . . Ditto for the husband of Mrs. Geissinger, PCW's film librarian . . . Peggy Korb's Bob is due at any minute from overseas . . . Ann Crossland's husband phoned her from Connecticut the other evening when she had just about made up her mind he was to head for the Pacific from Europe.

Farewell To Arms

Pris Hendryx isn't the only one who's missing brother Pete along about now . . . Betty L'Hote is sharing that lonesome feeling since the Navy Air Corps has a new member. (Advt. to prospective freshmen: This year-long romance was the result of a blind date for the big and little sister dance in the fall.)

The Story of Mankind

The first baby of the class of 1915 has put in an appearance . . . He is the son of Mary Kelly Delehaunty, and arrived in May . . . He's about to be smothered with affection by some sixty-seven adoring aunts.

Live and Learn

Edith Martins saw her first baseball game last week with Helen Gilmore and Roy . . . Teacher Roy thought he was doing a pretty good job until he discovered, along about the fifth inning, that Edith thought the "black men" were playing, too. (Umpires to the uninitiated) . . . He really tore his hair when Edith asked why the men were standing so far away from the diamond when that was where the game was going on! Poor lonely outfielders . . . Why didn't somebody keep them company?

c/o Postmaster

All the past illuminated manuscripts N. J. Herdt has received from Scud are as mere candles compared to his graduation offering—a hand-drawn scroll and an envelope that is a masterpiece of decoration . . . Then there's Mary Lou Michel, who has a system which she will explain at the slightest provocation . . . If she doesn't get a letter from Larnie by Monday he'll be home a week from Friday before last . . . You figure that one out . . . Gems of literature have been flying back and forth between Alice Craig and Joseph for some weeks now, and we finally have a pronouncement on the subject: "He has a fine mind."

SUMMER SESSION

The members of the faculty may do pretty much the same thing all winter, but their plans for the summer are as varied as the outfits seen on the hockey field. Their plans range everywhere from Miss McFetridge's job in Panama to Madame Gill's house cleaning.

Some of the faculty are going to teach, and some of them are going to study. Mr. May will be herding the Economics flock at Pitt while Miss Stewart takes on a nutrition class at Magee Hospital. On the other hand, Miss Ayers hopes to attend Pitt summer school before taking a trip to Connecticut. It's a question with Miss Moore whether to follow intellectual pursuits at summer school or stay home and play golf.

Miss Gunderman and Miss Weigand will stay at their posts in Berry Hall for part of the summer, and then they will be off on their vacations, Miss Gunderman possibly to pay the former Dr. Andrew a visit in Minneapolis.

Among those who will stay in the city to work are Mr. Ralston, Miss Bergheimer, and Dr. Wallace, the latter claiming he will spend the summer twiddling his thumbs.

A lot of territory will be covered by the many who are going to visit their homes or go on pleasure trips. Dr. Calkins will go to her home in Quincy, Illinois and Miss Dysart to Osceola, Iowa. Of those who hope to spend part of the summer vacationing; Miss Unkovich will go to Lake Erie, Mrs. Ayars to their cabin near Emlinton, Mrs. Seitz to Lake George, and Miss Geegan somewhere out west.

Mrs. Shupp said that she was going to Maine, as she did every year, but in order to make her vacation sound more exciting, she said to say that she was going to work on a farm and specialize in contented cows. Happy milking, Mrs. Shupp.

Miss Myers is contemplating several changes this summer. Namely, that of her name and address. Next year if you want her just ask for Mrs. Harry W. Rankin, and the address is Mt. Lebanon.

Practically anywhere you want to look this summer, from Maine to Iowa, you will find some member of the faculty digging in a garden for weeds or in a book for information. And we hope they all have the wonderful time!

PETER POLI'S DAIRY

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So Long, Seniors

(Continued from Page Six)

Michigan this summer, Tobe-Coburn bound Mary Lu Egan expects to slave at Pitt taking some special writing courses.

Alice Demmler and Grace Benner are transferring their affections to Westinghouse. Alice will work as a stenographer and Grace as a chemist. Barbara Hansen and Miriam Davis are already to start their permanent jobs at Carnegie Illinois and United States Steel Company.

Lois Lutz and Marjorie Mayhall expect to ply their trade at the Bureau of Mines and at Tech. Kay Mitz's interest in languages has already paid off, for she's to be a government interpreter. Ex-Arrow editor Flood will be off to the Big Horn Mountains in Wyoming to visit a dude ranch. Marion Leach plans to keep house this summer and look for a job in the fall. Nina Handloser will again devote all her time to housekeeping although she might give it up if she is offered the right teaching position.

Thomas A. and Thomas J. haven't accepted a job yet, because they are holding out for adjoining classrooms so that they can confuse their pupils just as they have been confusing PCW for the past four years.

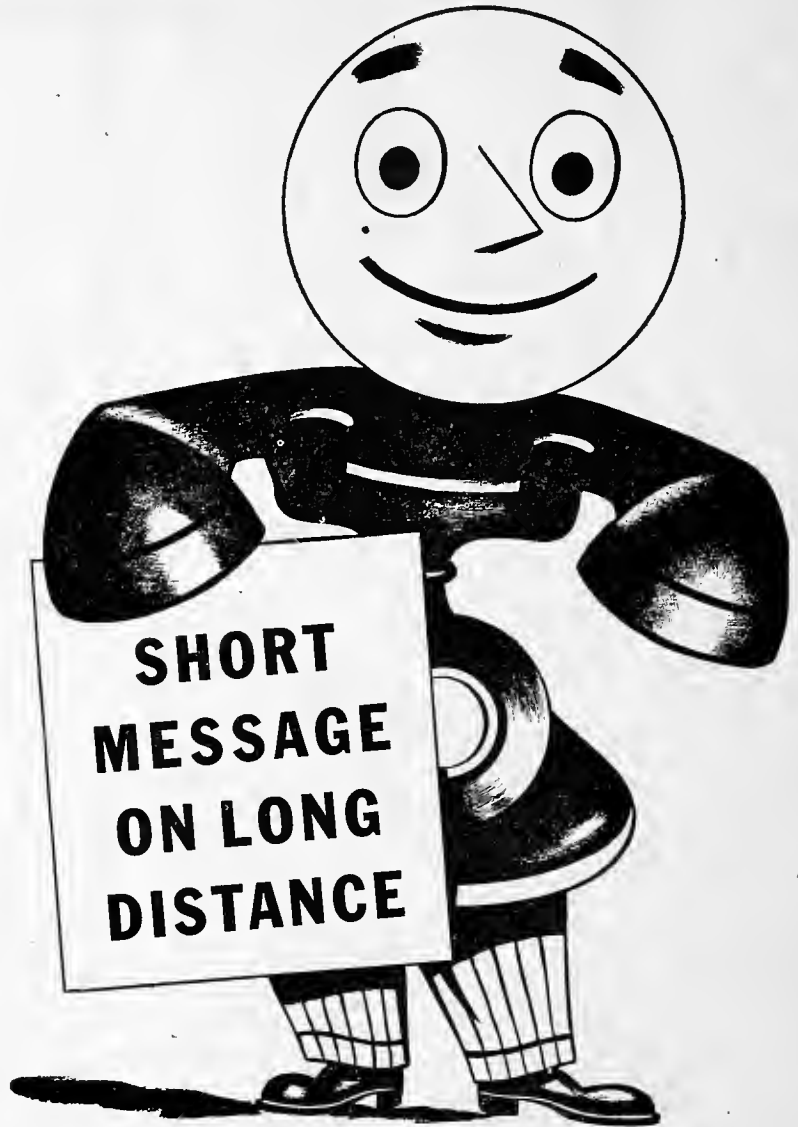
"Eps" Shollar has made no plans further ahead than meeting her Edgewood Park classmates at Hershey, Pennsylvania (that's where the chocolate bars come from) as soon as she graduates. Lois Long, the sportswoman of the senior class is looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to acquiring a sun tan and improving her golf game at Edgewood Country Club this summer.

So these are the ways in which enthusiastic seniors are about to test the deeper H₂O of the world. "Here's luck for we know not where we are going."

D-Day Records

The faculty and students of PCW wish to thank the National Broadcasting Company and Mr. Joseph Badino, general manager of radio station KDKA, for the complete set of D-Day records which has recently been given to the college.

These records are a complete summary of all the important speeches of radio commentators made on this historic day. The series has been placed in the Record Library in the Art Center where it is available to all students.



There are many more Long Distance calls than before the war and more are in a hurry. But service keeps on being good for most people, most of the time.

Some lines, however, are carrying an extra heavy load and sometimes all lights are lit on a switchboard. Then the operator will ask your help by saying — "Please limit your call to 5 minutes."

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FEATURES

CAMPUS COMMENTS

This month's Campus Comments will be "recollections in tranquility"—we hope—meant especially for the seniors. As we were gathering our rubber cement, copy paper, red pencils, scissors, no-doze-awakener pills, and other personal belongings from the **Arrow** office, we found a box of dusty **Arrows** dating back to '39 and '40—when we were sophomores and juniors in high school and the class of '48 was still toddling around in rompers. When we got into the '41 and '42 issues we began to feel old age and the Alumnae Association creeping up on us. To put it candidly, ye olde eds got shamelessly nostalgic and thought a few steals from our freshman and sophomore year **Arrows** would have that same effect on others of the senior class who like to reminisce about the good old days.

* * *

In the October '41 issue we read, "Launching its first project of the year, the Activities Council has begun preparations for a Fiesta, to be given on the campus the evening of October 29. The evening will get underway with a grand procession, led by the Queen and her court, which will proceed from Woodland Hall to the Art Center for the coronation. Students are expected to dress in costume, wear masks. Feature attraction of the evening will be dancing in the patio of the Art Center, which will become a South American cabaret for the occasion."

In the same issue was an announcement of Mountain Day.

"Buses laden with chattering girls lumbered down Woodland Road. The date: October 4. The occasion: PCW's annual AA-sponsored Mountain Day. Once arrived at Mill Grove (Eds' note: We traveled as far North as North Park in them days.) PCWites lost no time in descending upon Nina Maley's food committee."

And then there was the announcement about the Annual Open House Dance for dormitory students. So help us, it said that men had been invited from Pitt, Tech, W & J, and Duquesne!

The first judges not to give us the Song Contest prize were Mr. Earl Collins, chairman; Dr. Martin, Miss Staples, Mr. Yeager, and Miss Shamburger.

The Art Center was officially opened on October 27 by the first Pescha Kagan piano concert.

The only frosh to make the gossip column at that early date were Barbara Frank, Martha Cox, Eleanor St. Clair, Peggy Chantler, and Thelma Lou Payne.

In November of '41 we read of the civilian defense program which had just been inaugurated at PCW by President Spencer. The committee chairman was Dr. Montgomery, assisted by Dr. Ferguson, in charge of Defense Training Committee; Dr. Martin, Conservation of Defense Materials; Dr. Wallace, Fire Prevention; Madame Owens, War Relief; and Miss Walker, American Unity.

The freshman entertainment brought forth a skit showing the difference between a past and present

date and another skit revealing barber shop life at PCM (Pennsylvania College for Men). There was also on the program a Jitterbug Dance; a harp solo, several songs by Petie McFall; monologues by Lapsley, Em-minger, and Herdt; song parodies by Marie Minnemeyer; accordian solo by Pauline Basenko; and a Truth and Consequences game with prominent school and faculty members taking part. The planning committee was headed by Carla Gregson.

Kiski entertained PCW freshmen that fall and according to the printed report bade them goodbye by presenting the girls with a bag of doughnuts to stave off starvation on the long journey home.

Carl Sandburg, Mortimer Adler, and Mary B. Gilson were chapel speakers.

Another quotation which strikes us as extremely funny in these times concerns a Pitt Panther invasion—"Celebrating their first victory of the current football season, the 'Pointless Panthers' invaded the campus last Monday. Cars overflowing with exuberant Pitt men roared up Woodland Road for more than an hour—one shift left with almost a minimum hornblowing and yoo-hooing, and another arrived to take its place. Miss Bair took personal charge of the front door of Woodland Hall and valiantly withstood the advancing troops, sighed with relief when only a few decided to stay for lunch and the rest departed for more rejoicing elsewhere."

On Monday morning, December 8, 1941, chapel plans were changed to make time for Dr. Spencer to address the student body. We were asked to pray for the "men who were murdered yesterday" and to remember there must be no waste, that we must conserve our health as well as materials, that the duty of every student "is to do, as well as she can, the work that lies before her."

March, 1942 saw the joint performance of Jaymen and PCWomen in *The Male Animal*. Louise Flood went on the air with her prize-winning radio script, *A Staten Island Ferry Tale*. Buses took thirty-five lucky girls to W&J for the annual Quadrille, supervised by Mr. and Mrs. Lovett.

PCW had its first "authentic" air raid on April 21. Messengers and air raid wardens found over twenty "victims" on various parts of the

(Continued on Next Page)

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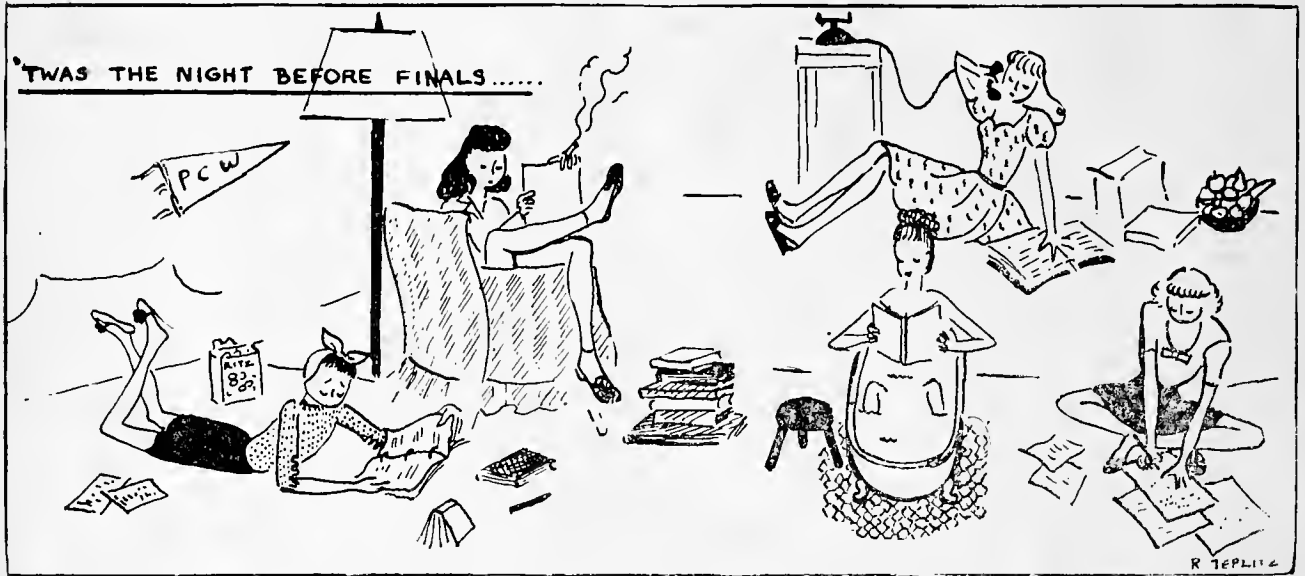
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FEATURES



Campus Comments

campus. There were injuries ranging from fractured skulls and broken legs to hysteria and shock. Well-trained first aid crews quickly cared for victims while members of the Recreational Leadership class led games and singing in the various shelters. One too-cooperative victim remained hidden in the spot where the bomb felled her until several hours after the practice raid was over and then trudged down to the dormitory infirmary to see if she could be fixed up or if she were already dead. We can laugh about it now but air raid drills were grim business in 1942. Mu Sigma assembled a disaster chest which was stored in the casualty station in the Science Building, to be opened only in case of an air raid or similar emergency.

PCW Glee Club's annual spring concert was augmented by bass and tenor sections from W&J; Helen Dornberger was off to Penn State for the Spring Dance with Tommy Dorsey's orchestra; and Petie McFall hit the road for Cornell. Freshman English prizes were won by Jane Strain and Dotty Barrett. It was announced the language requirement could be met by completing two years of college work in a foreign language. Jeanne McKeag was busy trying to decide which man she was in love with.

Retreat was held at Warrendale, and seniors presented their original musical comedy *Right About Face*, music by Matheny and Norris . . .

"Dear Diary," "With This Ring," "Cooperation Makes A Nation," "Dear Mr. Moon," "Footloose Gal."

1942 found the following new faculty members: Mrs. Hansen, Dr. Arnold, Miss Myers, Mrs. Brecht, Miss Busch, Miss Mulholland, Mr. Kimberly.

Mountain Day became Mohamet Day, thanks to gasoline rationing, and we went to the mountain top hockey field. *Letters to Lucerne* was the speech majors annual dramatic production, highlighted by Flood's memorable fluff, "She's been quiet as an evening all mouse."

The Activities Council event for October 5, '42 was the circus—the class of '45 (sophomores by now) advertised they had "the only penguin alive who drinks coffee." The hitch was that he was out for the evening looking for some coffee.

Clement Wood made his first and to the best of our knowledge last visit to the PCW campus on November 23 and 24, 1942. Anybody here fond of shortnin' bread?

A share-the-ride investigation divulged there were approximately thirty-five cars making the daily trip to Berry Hall. No kidding, freshmen, you had to arrive at 8:15 to find parking space!

Helen Clewer was receiving an average of three letters daily from George . . . Mary Jane Youngling was being faithful to Ralph . . . Phyllis Ingraham joined the PPU via Ben and West Virginia U. . . . Cynthia Dawe took her vows at

semesters. . . . A penny collecting booth was set up in Berry to get more of the coppers back in circulation. . . . Faculty entertainment in '42 was highlighted by a modern dance class taught by Miss Errett with Zorina Collins and Herbertina Spencer vying for the honor of being first ballerina. . . . Breaking an all-time tradition, the Jr. Prom became informal.

This could go on for inches and inches, but we'll have to have something to talk about at the first reunion, Seniors. Let's leave '43 and '44 till then. Besides that, we're getting into that mood indigo—how about you? . . . N. J. H.

In Memoriam

Last Monday morning at chapel time the faculty and student body took part in a tree planting service in memory of Betsy Donaldson, '48.

A flowering dogwood tree was planted in front of the Laughlin Library in a service which included Scripture reading by Dr. Spencer, a few words of remembrance by Susie Sutton, and two poems read by Marilou Haller, *The Tree* by Jones Very, and *Song* by Robert Le Gallienne.

The brief ceremony was appropriately concluded with the benediction in unison:

"The Lord bless us and keep us.
The Lord make his face to shine
upon us, and be gracious unto us.
The Lord lift up his countenance
upon us
And give us peace."

LITERATURE

THE WHITE FLOWER by Jean Dalzell, '45

A poet once defined courage as "a lone white flower in a fire swept land."

The shape of the island, elongated and twice as wide at one end as the other, was outlined first at one point and then another by the waves opening, breaking, and spraying against the rocky coast. Except for this indefinite, inconsistent frame the island, to the scouting pilot above, might almost not have been there; it was as black as the sea that closed in around it. He circled, coming in from the south for a landing. The motors went off just as he passed over the hospital buildings and settled down onto the landing strip.

Stella went up the two steps of the nurses' barracks and started to open the screen when she heard the plane. She had lived with it for so long now, the noise of planes over head, that usually she paid no attention. But tonight she looked up and watched as it disappeared, a blacker shadow against a black sky, behind the narrow strip of trees separating hospital from airport.

The surface of her mind mused with the wonder of whether the pilot dreaded leaving the sky to return to the suffocating muckiness of the island or whether he was just longing for sleep. But mostly she was concentrating on remembering to wake Nora before she fell into bed. She opened the door and closed it carefully behind her. After groping a moment for the matches on the table by the door she found them and lit the lantern wick. Nora's cot was the first one. Stella bent and shook her roughly, then straightened up.

She didn't speak but stood looking down until Nora forced open her eyes.

"Okay," Stella said. Nora's eyes popped a little with the effort to stay open. She sat up and swung her legs over the edge quickly, brushing them against Stella, for she knew without thinking that each moment she resisted consciousness it became more impossible to regain it.

Stella unbuttoned her uniform as she walked around the cot and over to the second empty one and stood just long enough to slip out of her coveralls. The old springs squeaked as she sank down onto them and leaned over to unlace her shoes. They squeaked again as she straightened and stretched out slowly. She tried to relax, but was asleep before she could.

Nora rubbed her hands over her face and hair, as unconsciously she was trying to push away the words which leaked into her mind now always when waking. "Will I ever get enough sleep?—ever, ever, ever never, never" over and over until the leaden fear spread through her and pushed out the emptiness. She shivered and knew that she was awake. Putting her weight on her feet she stood up and walked to the other end of the shack. Macky had filled the water pitcher that afternoon and now as Nora poured her wash water into the basin it felt as thick and warm as the air. The sliver of soap broke in her hand and she put the little end down carefully in the saucer. She longed for a shower with water all over at once. Now while she was rubbing her arms, her face was feeling sticky and sweaty again. The towel was limp, refusing to absorb. Returning to her cot she took a fresher pair of dungarees down and changed from the mussed ones she had been too tired to remove five hours before.

The shack returned to complete darkness again as she stopped on her way to blow out the lantern. Out-

side she looked up, the sky seemed impenetrable. The button of her torch light stuck, and then snapped, and the ring of light played on the dust that would soon be mud. The rain would come any minute now. She skirted the large red cross painted on the tarpaulin, spread out in the middle of the hospital compound. The light touched a muddy boot mark on it and it crossed her mind quickly, that believing in superstitions could be a sign of cracking. Boot marks weren't ominous. Joe had told her once about the fellow in med-school who had believed that every unplanned, unexplained incident that happened to him, was either the prediction of evil or the fulfillment of a prediction. She had smiled then, but lately she kept remembering. There were, of course, other footprints across the tarpaulin, made by a runner, and one had chanced to fall on the cross and had dried light against the red.

In the lean-to kitchen she found a can of K rations and using the opener that hung by a string from a nail in the wall, she opened it. Not caring if the hash was heated, she forced the swallows down with luke-warm water. Finishing the can, she put it down feeling that she had done fairly well. She would have to eat more later but she'd feel more like it then. Turning, she stood looking up at the sky for a long minute. The planes had come the last three nights and it was probable that they'd return again tonight.

There was a break in the clouds toward the east and several stars appeared. One was brighter than the others. It looked as the evening star had looked over Illinois. Nora's eyes caught it and clung to it as the only connecting link to home.

"Star light, star bright, first star I've seen tonight; I wish I may, I wish I might have the wish I wish tonight. Oh, God!, Oh, God!" and she whispered the same prayer that she had whispered years ago in high school. "Oh, God! Oh, God! please . . ." The words should have been a prayer learned in childhood and constantly repeated until they were said mechanically for they never changed. But she never saw her star, she never made her wish without catching her breath and feeling the muscles of her neck and stomach tighten and the words come out from some hollow echoing space within
(Continued on Next Page)

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LITERATURE

The White Flower

her. "Oh, God! Oh, God!" the words continued and began to fade. They were gone as she walked by the rubbled pile of Ward C. Not turning her head, she saw the debris and she still saw it as she walked on and up the sloped planks that served for the splintered steps of Ward D. She held the screen door with her hand until it had closed.

The light in the single room came from a lantern hanging from the center post supporting the roof. The hospital's generator was not yet repaired and the bulbs strung across the room were useless. The light was not strong but it was reflected here and there on the tin cups and enamel pans. The sheets and bandages stood out from the shadows between the cots lining the walls. Nora walked toward the light and the woman sitting at the makeshift desk beneath it. Macky looked up and grinned.

"Hi. Nice night; not much hotter than last night. It ought to rain soon now." She finished filling in a chart and stood up. Her report to Nora was brief and she said it quickly, jerkily. Nora listened, nodded, her eyes still heavy. Macky's were bright and glistening; the shadows under them would have been almost as deep in the sun light as here in the lantern light. As she spoke she fingered the charts, making the pile even and pushing it up to be flush with the top edge of the desk.

"That's about all, except the anesthetic is affecting Benson in the usual messy way, and it'll probably keep you busy for another hour or two, I should suppose. Strolinsky's calmer today. Don't think he'll be so bad tonight if there's a raid. Did they leave any coffee?"

"No. But the kettle's on."

"Thanks. Well, I'm off to sweet dreams. And listen, Kid, it'll be okay tonight. My hunch is the boys'll scare 'em off this time." She grinned.

"Yeah, I'll be all right, Macky." It's just—" But Macky was walking off, longing for her coffee.

Lord, but she wanted to follow her, to go back to bed. To go to sleep in a room all her own; for next to sleep she dreamed of solitude. Nora had never slept alone nor had her own room. She'd shared a room with at least one other—at home with Nancy and at the hospital dorms with Betty and Smithie. After she'd joined the army there had been barracks and on the transport there had been several in one small cabin. She'd never had

a vacation away from home, except that last thirty-six hour pass and then there had been Joe. For just a little while she'd like to be alone, to be able to lie down on cool sheets and sleep without anyone around, knowing that there wasn't going to be a raid.

Picking up the charts she began to go through them quickly. Then taking the flash light with the frosted glass she went from one bed to the next. Clark spoke and she helped him shift his position. Fornock smiled when he heard her move beside his cot. She touched his hand and went on. So far Benson was all right, just moaning a bit. She wished the anesthetic would wear off, even silence was better than a constant groan. Strolinsky was sleeping; she felt the strap that stretched over his chest and around under the bed to make sure it was tight.

She returned to the desk and began going through the charts again, looking at temperatures, pulses more carefully. Fornock whispered to her and she got up, went to the table on the other side of the post from the desk, and then over to him. As she waited she heard the beginning of the rain. It began, not with the light sprinkle as it did at home, but with a sudden downpour.

"Thanks," he whispered. He was so afraid of disturbing anyone, his words were always almost inaudible. The buckets behind the curtain at the south end of the room had been emptied just before she'd come on duty and the water pitchers filled. She had put off making sure of this because she hated the job so. But either Stella or one of the corps men had had the time and she wouldn't have to worry about it till near morning.

She returned to her charts. There would be eight of the fellows getting out by hospital transport tomorrow and she had to be sure they were prepared as the morning shift would be too hurried with the new casualties.

It was still pouring; what was the word that has been so popular in stories back home? Tor . . . Tor . . . torrential. "Dear Family," she thought, "we're having the usual torrential downpour . . . and when it stops they'll come and I'm scared . . ." No, you didn't write that or say it or think it. But she knew it. She wasn't afraid of the bombs. It was just that she knew that tonight it would happen. She knew that to-

night while she was fighting Strolinsky, trying to keep him down during the raid, she'd be screaming as hysterically as he. And they'd give her a hypo and because she was a woman, send her back to transport. If the doctors hadn't been so blind with work and weariness they would have seen long ago that she couldn't take it. She wished she'd had the courage to tell them a couple of weeks before—before she would have had the chance to make such an abominable fool of herself.

Her watch showed that an hour had gone, an hour and ten minutes; but it wasn't fair to count the minutes. They went on the next hour and would make it shorter. The second boy from the door was asking for water; she helped him drink and smooth his sheets. Benson's cot was next and she turned and leaned over him. It took her thirty-five minutes to fix him up making it time for rounds again. That took longer this time and there was more chart work. Four hours had gone. It was still raining, or rather it was raining again, for it had stopped for a while.

Nora heard two of the corps men outside. She held the door open for them as they carried the stretcher in and placed it beside the only empty bed. While the men helped her transfer the boy to the cot they explained that he had been in the operating room since afternoon. The doctors had thought that it wouldn't be worth moving him, though they had done the best they could. But now the men were cleaning the first aid rooms out, getting ready for the Emergency and he had to be put somewhere. Ward C was being repaired and a make-shift wall put up on the south end; the roof had been mended enough to keep out most of the rain. It would have to do for tonight's load.

She looked at the new man wondering why he didn't die. If a person wasn't going to regain consciousness why didn't he just die—why should he be kept alive? She went back to the desk and made a chart for him, then fastened a duplicate to his bed. One of the corps men motioned to her and while they carried the buckets out and replenished the water she hurried to the kitchen where she found some food prepared for her. Though the food had no taste she was hungry and gulped it all. After she returned the minutes dragged. The rain stopped. She tried not to hear it when it stopped.

LITERATURE

There were endless trips from the table in the center of the room to the cots and then to the south end and then back again to hold water to dry, hot lips, to change bandages, to give hypos. The rain had stopped—anytime now . . .

Once turning she saw Joe in the door. He grinned his grin and went over to Fornock; when he spoke, Fornock answered immediately. He'd been tired enough before he was knocked down to sleep a week, and now he was wounded, too. Why he wasn't completely out she couldn't understand. She wished he could take larger doses of sedatives, but, thank God, he could take a little to dull the unbearableness of the pain. Nora remembered the time she had had to wear a black patch on one eye and it had made her so nervous that she'd had to grip her hands to keep from screaming: Fornock's eyes were both bandaged and yet his hands lay still and quiet on the sheet.

Joe went on from cot to cot, occasionally speaking to a man, but usually noticing that they were asleep and passing on to the next. Joe hadn't had a beard when they had been at the post hospital near Denver. Someone had told her that he had a mustache as an intern at Gallsburg, but she couldn't remember anymore about him than his name and a white intercoat before the unit had arrived at their post out West. The beard was all right; made him look like Methusala—no, Moses—well someone. She knew why he was here. It was to give the men awake something to think about for a minute, and also, to reassure her. She was grateful, for she needed all the strength she could get from him, but other than that she felt nothing for him. His love had lasted; hers had not.

Joe went across to the desk. This wasn't regular rounds, but he glanced through the charts. His hands were red against the white paper; she looked at hers and they were as rough. Looking at them she remembered the pretty little speech he'd made about them as he ran his finger around her hand, making an outline of it on the pillow. Though it had thrilled her at the time, it must have been rather silly. Then he'd pushed the pillow up against the headboard with his elbow, as he

propped himself up.

"This isn't an affair, Nora." Her fingers ached in his clasp, "It's something more. We've got to get married."

But there hadn't been time: the unit had been moved out. And now all her love for him was gone.

The faraway drone of planes made her mind go dead, as every nerve in her body went rigid. The edge of the desk cut into her hip as she pressed against it. Joe had put down the charts and was listening; his hand was in his pocket. She knew, rather than felt, that it rested on her shoulder for a minute.

"It's only one of our scouting planes, Nora." He turned and left quickly.

Taking deep, deliberate breaths, she turned and walked over to Strolinsky's cot and adjusted the strap. He was still asleep. "Please God, keep him asleep." She couldn't stand his screaming. But she knew he'd waken with the blast of the warning whistles, planes, and the bombs. And she knew that, for her, all the noise in the world couldn't drown out those screams.

There was a thin bandage around his head, but except for that, and his straggly whiskers, his face was clear. It was a broad face, and strong, and seeing it she could picture the rest of his family as they sat around the dinner table at harvest time, eating their food silently. Heaven knows he had a right to scream, all the boys did. She laid her fingers on his forehead, pushed back his light hair and turned away.

It was time for Thompson's injection. While she set up the intravenous apparatus, she listened; Fornock was breathing steadily behind her, asleep; Gibson had stopped groaning; the scouting plane had landed, another had taken off. The sky was quiet. Thompson didn't move as she put the needle in his arm, but before the vial, hanging from the rack, had completely emptied his breathing had grown deeper. Nora put the equipment away and began the rounds. The men were waking and restless; these were the long hard hours for them. Her feet began to hurt, she wanted to loosen the laces

but there wasn't time.

She straightened from the next to the last cot, and was walking to the center table, when Stella opened the door and came up to her. They looked at each other. "They didn't come," Stella said.

Nora shook her head. After she'd removed the pillow from under Maxwell's leg and pulled up the sheets, she returned to Stella. In a soft voice she explained and reported until the last of the charts had been placed on the desk.

"I passed Joe on the way over from the kitchen," Stella said and she went to Benson's cot to begin the changing of his dressings.

Nora reached up to the shelf beside the door and ran her hand along it until she found her flashlight. As she opened the screen and held it until it closed, she looked at the sky. They hadn't come. There was a faint line of gray over the edge of the forest. It was difficult to find her star, it was so pale. Her breath caught, "Oh, God." The same. It had been the same when she was happy and tight with joy, when she was shivering with love and longing, when she had been lonely and sick with fear, when she had needed courage. "Oh, God, don't go, please don't go . . . please God."

Someone called her from the kitchen. She walked past Ward C toward Joe. He stood in the doorway holding a cup, and taking it she tasted the hot bitterness, even before she raised it to her lips.

"Fornock reminded me of McCandless, remember him?" Joe said.

"Yes. It's the way he smiles on one side of his mouth."

"He'll make out."

"Yes, most of them do. I don't see why."

He stood and looked at her quietly as she drank her coffee. When she had finished, he took the cup and continued to watch her as she turned and started toward the nurses' barracks. The coffee had helped the tightness only a little. She still felt drawn as though held by adhesive tape. Her shoes made dull thuds on the rough wood floor of the shack. She sank down on her bed and doubled over in one movement and unlaced her shoes. Slipping her feet out of them, she lifted her legs and lay back on the pillow.

The girl in the next bed sighed heavily. Nora's bed creaked once.

SENIORS

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LITERATURE

MARINES ALSO CRY by Nancy McDonald, '48

Until the day I die I shall never forget Pat Ryan, a Marine, who made me see life from a very different point of view. That December afternoon at the USO last winter I had hardly expected to meet anyone who would have such a profound influence on my attitude toward the future. In truth, the afternoon, until the time I met Pat Ryan, had been similar to a dozen others spent at the Canteen. The gameroom downstairs, as usual, was softly lighted and noisy and filled with smoke and the spicy scent of frying doughnuts. Tiny lights, embedded in the star-studded ceiling, cast a flattering golden glow on soft red leather couches and glistening black linoleum, on the smooth shining hair of Junior hostesses, and on countless multi-colored service ribbons on broad blue, khaki, or green covered chests. Outside the broad windows at the far end of the room I saw, as I had seen so many times before, tiny features of snow drifting lazily earthward against a background of flickering red neon signs, the gray sky of a late afternoon in winter, and the twinkling lights of cars on the boulevard that gave the illusion, from a distance, of a great spangled serpent winding its way down the hill. Inside, however, all was warm and cheerful and full of pleasant odors. Opposite the windows a bright blaze burned in a big stone fireplace. Little fingers of yellow flame clutched at the big logs and their movement was reflected on the shining black floor before the fire place. The rustic smell of wood smoke mingled with the man-made odors of hot pastries and expensive perfume and with the scent of melted snow drying on heavy woolen coats and jackets. The sounds in the room, too, were very familiar. Above the conversation and laughter, I could hear the sharp crack of a ping-pong ball bouncing on a table's hard wooden surface and the sound of pool balls clicking together on the brilliant green felt of a pool table before they plunged deep into the pockets at the corners of the table. The melodic strains of a symphony filled the room from a loudspeaker on the wall, and for competition, two sailors in navy blue with jaunty white caps on the backs of their heads were seated at an upright piano pounding the worn yellowed keys to the tune of *The Cow Cow*

Boogie. Until the time I saw Pat Ryan I had done, that afternoon, the things I had done so many times before at the Canteen. My most recent ping-pong partner, a soldier who had walked with the aid of a cane with a big black knob on one end, had departed for a Chicago-bound train. I had lighted cigarettes and eaten cup cakes and played the top part of *Chopsticks* for at least three hours before I saw Pat Ryan.

At first glance, the big Marine, slouched in one corner of the lounge, looked like hundreds of other boys I had seen and talked to since I had come to the USO. *Pat Ryan's special quality was not a surface quality*. I could tell that he was big even from a distance. His long legs in rumpled green trousers were stretched out for an incredible distance in front of him, and he held his head in two huge hands. But I had seen many big boys before—especially Marines. I had seen boys so big that their visible strength almost frightened me—until they played *Liebestraum* on the piano with caressing fingers, the same fingers that could snap the vertebrae in a man's neck with a single twist, or when they bragged to me about their little sisters. As I approached Pat Ryan, I saw that he was a rather good looking boy. Pat's hair was light brown, bleached yellow in the front by the sun, and cut very short. His face was a ruddy tan color, and the same sun that had bleached his hair and darkened the color of his skin had left his eyebrows and eyelashes very blond. Pat Ryan's eyes were the only part of his face that did not blend in with his regular but very masculine features. They were the most amazing blue I have ever seen, with a deep cobalt hue, and his fair eyelashes were entirely too long to waste on a boy who would never need them to flutter or to wink with over dancing partners' padded shoulders. Even these good looks, however, were not unusual. I had seen many boys at the Canteen more handsome than Pat Ryan. I remember a paratrooper with three rows of service ribbons on his chest who had black wavy hair, huge somber brown eyes, a magnificent grin that displayed flawless teeth, and a "Cary Grant" cleft chin. He was much better looking than was Pat Ryan. Also, there was a blond version of Anthony

Eden from the RAF, who almost produced a swoon from an admiring feminine audience as he seated himself casually at the Canteen snack bar one afternoon. There were these two boys and others—all better looking than Pat Ryan. The fact that Pat Ryan was a Marine could have attracted my attention to him, because the Junior hostesses at the Canteen have a slogan. "You can't go wrong on a Marine." The slogan, as a rule, is fairly good advice, because United States Marines seem to have a distinctive romantic quality associated with them, inspired, perhaps, by writers of fiction, but present nevertheless. Their uniforms are almost immaculate and they look very military. Marines, as a rule, have knife-like creases in their trousers and they wear their stiff green hats far down over their foreheads like those of West Point cadets. Then too, they are usually very entertaining. They tell funny things that have happened to them, even in the midst of the horrors of war, and they take great pleasure in assuring the hostesses that they, as American girls, are much prettier than "those Australian babes." Except for the color of his uniform, however, Pat Ryan did not even look like a Marine. His uniform was wrinkled as if he had been riding on trains for a very long time; his face was not clean, and there were no service ribbons or any kind of insigne above his heart. He certainly was not jolly like his brothers in the service, because when I sat down beside him he did not speak a word to me, but, instead, he stared straight ahead, seeing, I am sure, nothing.

This Marine, Pat Ryan, told me the strangest story I have ever heard. I sat beside him fully ten minutes before he uttered a sound, however. Part of my job as a hostess has been to try to cheer up lonely soldiers and sailors—boys who were going overseas to face war or boys who had just returned from overseas to find the girls they dreamed of in the midst of battles married to deferred welders or bald insurance salesmen. It did not occur to me that the Marine seated beside me did not belong to either of these categories. I used all of the tricks I could think of to make Pat Ryan forget his troubles, at least for a little while. Would he like some coffee and doughnuts? He

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shook his head. How about a game of ping pong? Again no. For several long minutes I sat very still, aware of the contrast between the noise and gaiety in the rest of the room and the stillness of my particular corner. My attention was drawn to Pat Ryan's hands by their movement. My eyes traveled from the tips of his blunt fingers, which he never stopped twisting together, across the back of a very brown hand to a hairy wrist—and the face of an expensive make of watch. The watch startled me. The shattered crystal was a mass of zig-zag cracks and the small hands beneath it were bent and crushed into the face of the watch. They read 2:15. Then I saw the criss-crossing of white bandage beneath the watch that extended up the boy's arm and was soon hidden beneath the sleeve of his jacket. I made a mental vow to attempt conversation one more time. "Where are you from?" I asked. The Marine's head swung around and his eyes were fierce and staring at me. "I'm not from anyplace. What difference does it make to you?" he demanded. My pride was hurt. "Well, really . . ." I muttered, rising. Suddenly I felt a strong grip on my wrist. Swinging around I saw the blue eyes again. They had changed completely—they were no longer blazing with anger, but they were soft and pleading. "I'm so sorry." Pat Ryan said. "Please sit down again." I hesitated a moment and then obeyed. "Listen," the boy said, "I've got to tell this to some one. I'll lose my mind if I don't." Suddenly, as though his heart had broken, releasing its torrent of hurt and sorrow, this Marine told me his story. Pat Ryan and his brother, as twins, had joined the Marine Corps when they were nineteen years old. Until that time they had spent most of their lives on a small farm in Alabama, living with their parents, to whom they were devoted. Pat's brother had been fortunate enough to have been admitted to the Marine Air Corps as a pilot, while Pat himself became a tail gunner. By some stroke of fate they were assigned to the same plane, and, in that status, they went overseas and were stationed at a South Pacific air base. As Pat spoke I could not help watching him intently. His eyes almost twinkled when he talked about his family, but his eyelids narrowed and a funny little muscle in his cheek twitched when he spoke of

having been overseas. When the Ryan brothers had first arrived on the tiny island air base, the war between the Japanese and the Americans had been very much in favor of the little yellow men and the Americans were greatly outnumbered. One afternoon a plane bearing Pat Ryan as a gunner and his brother as pilot flew away from nature's sunset in the heart of "The Rising Sun" on a bombing mission. Over the target, at exactly two in the morning, American bombs made mountains of flame spurt from the huge vats of oil and gasoline far below the plane, but countless Japanese aircraft finally forced Pat's plane to make a crash landing—in Japanese-occupied China! As the huge plane plummeted through the air, Pat remembered the screech of air outside of the metal hull of the airship and the silent human figures within; the sheet of fire that he could see enveloping the cockpit, and, finally, a horrible thud, followed by complete blackness and loss of memory. Two days later Pat woke up—in a Chinese guerilla camp. "I was the only one thrown clear of the plane," Pat said. "Those guerillas didn't have time to get anyone else." An ugly but friendly Oriental face was bending over him and yellow hands held a bowl of tepid tea to his lips. His left arm was throbbing. Observation disclosed that it was swathed in a dirty brown rag saturated with blood. Pat's head hurt, too, but he drank a little of the semi-warm liquid offered to him. The Marine remained in the mountains with the Chinese guerillas for almost a month. Then one cold morning he was aroused, and, with the aid of sign language, he was led to a rocky ledge atop a mountain that overlooked a broad plain dotted with squat brown buildings. In the center of the buildings a flag pole had been erected, and atop the pole, whipping and lashing in the stiff breeze, was a flag—a white flag with a round blotch of red on its surface. Silently and helplessly Pat Ryan and the Chinese men watched four figures in leather flying jackets accompanied by smaller figures in bright green uniforms come to a halt before the flag pole, heard the sharp crack of rifle shots echo through the morning stillness, and then saw the figures, which had slumped to the ground, surrounded by the little men, in green. I felt numb all over as the Marine continued his story. Almost two weeks

after the execution one of the Chinese guerillas staggered into the camp and let slide from his shoulders to the ground a lifeless, sagging lump of green uniform and yellow flesh. The bearer pointed to the left arm of his Japanese victim. Above the yellow hand with long, shaggy fingernails rested a watch. Through the shattered crystal Pat read the hands—2:15. "That was my brother's watch," Pat said. His blue eyes were staring ahead of him again. Suddenly he lowered his head. Then he spoke again. "Now you're going to ask me why I don't go home," he said. "When I finally got back to my outfit there was a telegram waiting for me. My mother and father were killed in an automobile accident a year ago—while I was in China." I felt a stab of actual physical pain deep down in my heart. I had never before felt so sorry for any living human being as I did for Pat Ryan that moment. "I'm so sorry, Pat," was all that I could say. How empty words are to express real feeling! "Where are you going to go?" I added. The blue eyes turned to me and glistened as the Marine replied, "Go? I'm going back over there and kill and kill and kill—till they get me." The tears were close to the long lashes. "I'm not going to let a girl see me cry." In a flash Pat rubbed one big hand across his eyes. Then—"Thanks for listening to me. Maybe I'll kill a Jap for you some day." The corners of Pat's mouth curled up in a queer kind of smirk. He stood up, incredibly tall, and for a second enveloped my hand in his huge one. Then he turned and, walking very fast, disappeared through the Canteen door into the gathering darkness beyond.

After the stunning effect of the encounter with Pat Ryan began to leave my mind. I could not help thinking what a very different person the Marine would have been if it had not been for the war. He would have thought of other things besides hating and killing. I am sure. I could not help visualizing Pat as he might have been if the war had not entered his life. Perhaps he would have worn a uniform, but not a rumpled Marine suit with medals and service ribbons stuffed into a pocket so that no one would call him the word he despised, a hero. Somehow I could see Pat Ryan in a white wool uniform with a big number on the back of it standing in the middle of a baseball dia-

mond. I could see a felt cap jammed down over light brown hair, shading the bright blue eyes a little from the glaring sun high in the cloudless sky above the field. I could see Pat's big fingers entwining the smooth leather cover of a baseball and I could see the ball hurtling through the air, past a stupefied batter to stop with a loud thud in the worn groove of a big brown catcher's mit. And the face above the mit—obscured a little by the criss-crossed wire of a safety mask—loomed before my eyes—almost identical to that of Pat Ryan. I think I will never forget the sight of the watch with the shattered crystal on Pat Ryan's wrist, but somehow I could see the watch there, unharmed, if there had been no war, and I could see the hands below it doing other things besides twisting their fingers or supporting a weary head. Perhaps they would have been helping their owner glide through warm silvery water in a powerful swimming stroke, or they might have guided the wheels of a tractor through dark brown mounds of freshly turned soil. The hands might have screwed a silvery needle into the arm of a record player or they might have snapped, with a bottle opener, the red and white cap from the top of a clear green bottle of Coca-cola. And I could see Pat's mouth, not tight and twisted in a smile which held no mirth, but relaxed and grinning at the lined face of a small woman with gray hair whose hands held a steaming pie or at the lovely face of a tall girl with long silky hair whose hands held a dance program. The Marine's blue eyes never would have seen lifeless bodies in green uniforms splotted with bright red blood, nor would they have even beheld the rugged landscape of the Chinese mountains. In all probability, Pat Ryan's eyes seldom would have seen little but the familiar scenes he had viewed all of his life—blobs of snowy cotton, top heavy on the gently swaying green bushes; white teeth in black Negro faces grinning over chunks of pink watermelon with glistening seeds; long-eared mules standing patiently with their eyes closed in blistering sunlight. Pat Ryan could have belonged to just such a happy life if the war had not changed his existence so drastically. I doubt sincerely if I will ever see Pat Ryan again. Perhaps some day I will pick up a newspaper and read that he has received some medal for extreme bravery, but I am afraid I never will actually see the blue eyes again—those soft blue eyes that did

Book-of-the-Year

A masterpiece, we call it, and we do mean the super job done on the 1945 *Pennsylvanian* by Jane Meub, Helen Robinson, and their cohorts. The first all-senior annual has made a fine start. Between those definitely smooth green leather covers are pages of delightful originality.

We're off to a fine start with that "it-looks-like-plain-stick-figures-but-try-to-do-it-yourself" map on the fly-leaf. Ginny Ricks deserves a National Geographic compass for her pictorial tour of the campus.

Continuing in the *Pennsylvanian*, 1945, we find a page from the *Pennsylvanian*, 1883, which is the key to the theme—PCWs Seventy-Fifth Anniversary commemoration. It was carried out of course by snapshots of the young BWOC of the Pennsylvania Female College.

Following is a detailed class history, perfectly annotated, showing the results of freshman term paper training.

Among specialties concocted for the surprise and enjoyment of all is the section devoted to a senior class prophecy. The familiar red and white *Bulletin Index* cover made us stop and take notice of the seniors' fortune telling division. Inside the "BI" cover (on which clubwoman McFall and career gal Egan tried to look ten years older) were personal ads, swaps, and a guide about town column which advised us to go to hear Marty Cox, "the hottest thing in swing," and Joe Grape and his Bunch.

The senior picture section of the *Pennsylvanian* included not only the sixty-eight gals in formal portraits; but also individual snapshots of each member of the Class of '45. Two men (Messrs. Horsburgh and Lewis) and five dogs and cats managed to make the snapshot division of the senior class.

Big, "able to be seen pictures of underclass gals were also much appreciated and made ample space for signatures and comments. All in all, little PCWites "Then and Now," sketched by Eps Shollar, guided us through a yearbook that really rates a best ever.

not belong in the Marine's manly body. *But they will haunt me until the day I die unless I help to make sure that boys like Pat Ryan, never in the history of the world, will have to see and do what they have had to do in this, World War II.*

Moving Up Day Songs

Senior Song

(Tune: *These Foolish Things*)

The steps up Woodland when our books were heavy,
The teachers' faces when reports weren't ready,
And so a little thing will always bring mem'ries of you.

The songs we wrote that didn't make us winners,
The teas and parties and the Valentine dinners,
And so a memry brings these little things to remind us of you.

We laughed, we cried, we planned and schemed,
But it will always seem, you were in our perfect dream.

The chain of laurel and the pastel dresses,
The way the Alma Mater's words possess us,
And so a mem'ry brings all of these things to remind us of you.

(echo)

A faded tassel that is ours to treasure,
The hours of study and the hours of pleasure,
We hate to leave you so, but as we go, we're reminded of you.

Itch Niche

Katie Kangaroo

As a method of conveyance
For the babies of her race,
Practical Katie Kangaroo
Has a built-in traveling case.

Percival Pig

Percival Pig, while rolling in mud
Got a germ of some sort in his eye
He rubbed it hard with a grimey paw,
So now has a real pig sty.

Robert Robin

The menu of Robert Robin
Isn't difficult to guess;
I know he had tomato juice,
For he spilled some on his vest.

Frances Fowl

In the school of Frances Fowl
Many young drakes were instructed.
But in hunting season, for an obvious reason,
Most of her class was deducted.

. . . By Louise Flood

