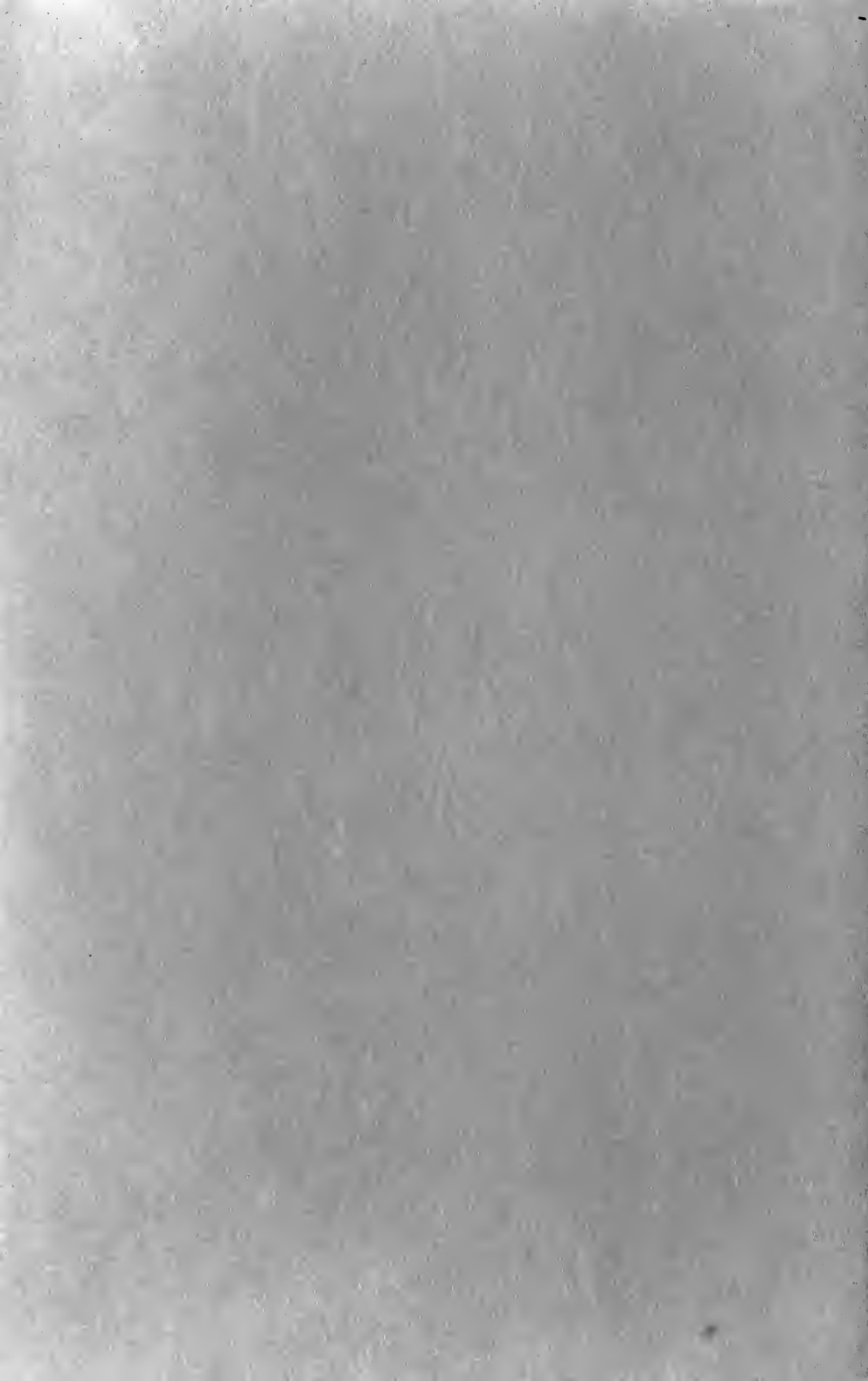




Opus 3

June, 1943



Opus 3

June

1943

DEDICATION

The Staff of Opus 3 and the Students of Jordan are indeed happy to dedicate this issue of Opus to

Hugh McGibeny

***Whose work in music for nearly fifty years in Indianapolis and Indiana has made him an institution in the minds and hearts of hundreds of men and women in the Hoosier State and all over the nation.

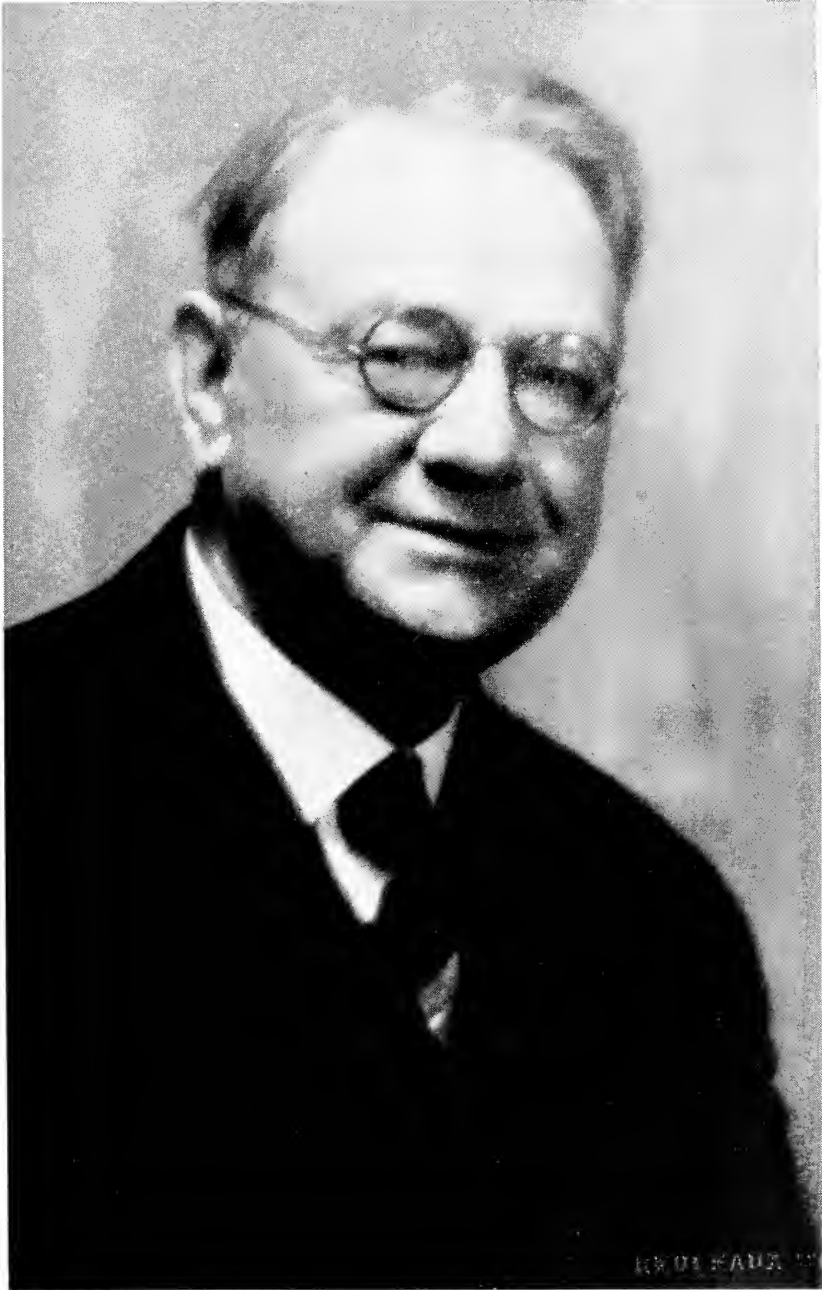
***Whose work as a teacher and educator has moulded the careers of many outstanding artists, inspired in countless others a true appreciation of great music both as listeners and creators.

***Who as a friend of music students at Jordan and elsewhere never closed the door of opportunity to learning, but always was there with encouragement and a helping philosophy of life.

***Who as head of the violin department served from 1903 to 1943, when he retired to be with members of his family, his golden memories, and to carry out his greatest desire — "to keep on teaching violin to just a few who couldn't afford to pay for instruction".

***Who as the first conductor of the Jordan Orchestra paved the way so masterfully that the orchestra today is a marvelous monument to his early efforts, dreams, heartaches and triumphs. Because of him great orchestral music marches on at Jordan as a part of Victory's Parade in honor of that tomorrow when music will function as one of the great post-war influences.

***Who as a great citizen, and as a man, as an artist violinist, instructor, and believer in the citizen-building and spiritual powers of music, has built for himself a LIVING MONUMENT.





Auld Lang Syne



Dear Students on the Campus and in the Armed Forces:

Wherever you are, at home or abroad, we extend to you all our warmest and most affectionate greetings. You will all be glad that Jordan is holding fast to its tradition and that the publication of *Opus* has again come into being.

We at home are carrying the message of music through our broadcasts, recitals at camps and community centers, through USO programs and allied activities, in helping to build a more stable morale, to engender a deeper faith and to live with more grace during these difficult days.

Those of you who have had your college courses interrupted and are in the armed forces are having most interesting experiences. Your letters have run high with enthusiasm for the things you are doing and at the same time they prove you are holding fast to your determination to make music your life's work. There is a place of service for each and everyone of us since the world will always have the need for the leavening influence of music.

Ada Becking

Director.

THE STAFF

Editor in Chief
JERRY MOHLER

Art Editors
MERCEDES RUSSOW
MARY V. TURNER
PEGGY MILLION

Copy Editor
DORIS MILLER

Business Manager
BOB BARTON

Advertising Staff

PAUL HARDER
JUNE FLOYD
ROBERT GWYN
SALLY WILSON



Left to Right: Barton, Wilson, Mohler, Miller, Turner, Russow

REPORTERS

CHARMION HARP

DALE HARROD

JEANNE HAVENS

MAXINE HENDERSON

MARGARET HESTER

BETTY MILLER

MARGARET WARNER

SALLY WILSON

LLOYD PATTEN

PATRICIA PEARSON

MERCEDES RUSSOW

JEANADELE SCHAEFFER

EDITH SPENCER

MARY SPILMAN

THE STUDENT COUNCIL



President

DALE HARROD

"Sub" Vice-President

PATRICIA RHEINHARDT

Secretary-Treasurer

ESTHER McCAMMON

Senior Councilman

SALLY WILSON

Sophomore Councilman

MARGARET HESTER

Freshman Councilman

JEANNE HAVENS

Not Included —

Paul Harder, Vice-President,
and
Mary Alice Dilling, Junior
Councilman



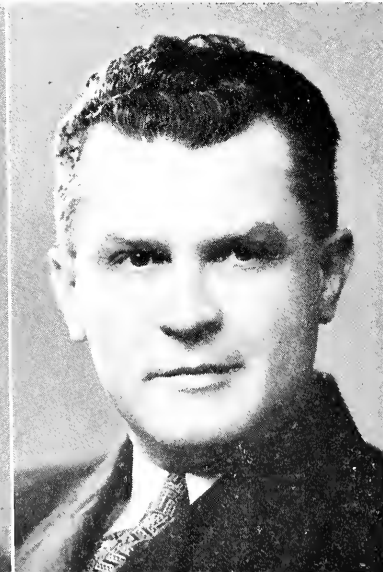
Administration — 1204 North Delaware Street

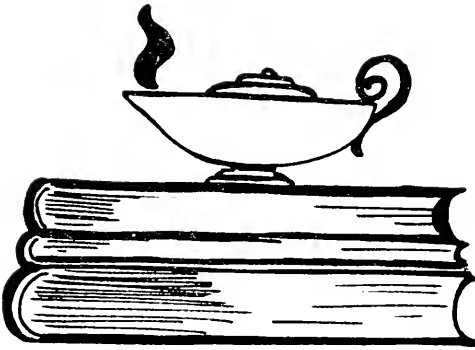


*G. V. Carrier
Business Manager*

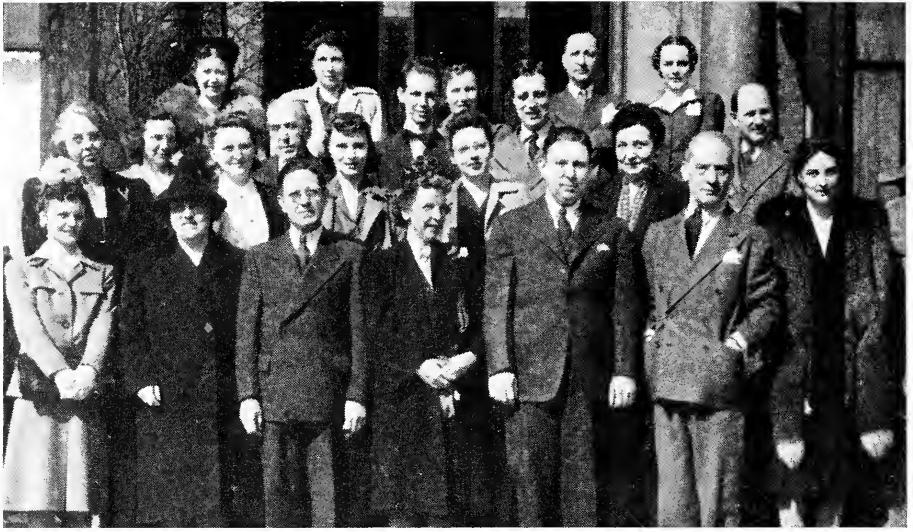
*Stanley Norris
Registrar*

*Walter D. Hickman
Public Relations*





Banks-Russow



Left to right (above):

First row: Turner, Quig, Jones, Rickman, Pruitt, Mirovitch, V. Jefry.

Second row: Gardiner, Ferrell, Poston, Woods, Brown.

Third row: Zorn, Schellschmidt, Phelps, Hedley, F. Jefry.

Fourth row: Pierson, Wagner, Leyenberger, Martino, Eaton.

Not present — Barton, Christena, Engle, Essex, Glenecke, Goslee, A. Harper, Hudson, Henzie, Laut, J. Lautner, L. Lautner, Lindstaedt, McGuire, Mohler, Mossman, C. Munger, D. Munger, Palmquist, Payne, Riley, Robinson, Sevitzyk, Taylor, Van Sickle, Wright.

Left to right (below):

First row: Coffin, Ratliff, Michels, Harper, Pacini, Peacock.

Second row: Hickman, Rutan, Sandground, Masson, Fitzgerald, Leonard.

Third row: Michelis, Norris.





JOSEPH LAUTNER, *Director*

THE PHILHARMONIC CHOIR

Oh yes, he is really getting desperate. Whenever boys pass his studio door, he pulls them in and says, "Sing Ah!". If they can carry a tune at all, he pronounces them man and — Oops! I mean he names them as new members of the renowned Jordan-Butler Philharmonic Choir. Talk about rapid changes now — each week more familiar faces are gone and, in some peculiar fashion, new ones spring up in their places. Yes, that "Papa" of ours is quite a man! He has a wonderful temper (wow!) and also a wonderful control of it, as we know from the patience which he is displaying with our "Freshies".

Our concerts? Yes, we keep our schedules as usual and still fill all requests for programs. You should have seen us bedraggled kids during the Christmas season again as we gave fifteen programs in the thirteen days before vacation. Just as an example of one day — while the few cars, with gasoline in their tanks waited outside, we dashed into the Women's Department Club, sang a full program, were shipped in robes and all, to the Butler Religion Building for several numbers and then just made it back to Ayres' in time to entertain the Matinee Musicale (which, incidentally, has proved to be the best concert of our year so far!). Fun? Oh, indeed it was — even though we did look sorta ragged toward the end! ha! ha!

Then there were those many times when it looked as though some of us would never make the go. For example, when Burckes' car got a flat tire on the way to Butler. How worried we were, but she just drove faster and faster, and, believe it or not, we actually got there before it was altogether flat! Well, so went our holiday season again this year — as you ex-members well know!

Did you know that we almost lost our "Papa" last semester? Uncle Sam spotted him and decided to let him help the other male Philharmonicers defend our freedom. Well, you might know how dark our future was pictured without any choir. After we stewed around about it for so long, it was decided that there was nothing we could do but "Sing and Bear It" if it were to be. We heard no more news for al-



most a week and then one bright, sunshiny day at about 3:45 p. m. "Papa" started his speech — "I've heard a lot of talk about my leaving for the Navy soon. Well, just forget all about it — I'll be here for a long time yet. As long as I can find any boys at all, we'll keep the Philharmonic going and fill all concerts and programs that come in. If you know any boys who like to sing, bring them around and even if they can't read — like some of you! — we'll teach them the notes."

So, maybe that'll explain how we are still holding the fort. I'm warning you, boys, it's really dangerous ever to even hum a tune when close to a Philharmonicer — you'll be mobbed — it's a cinch. Just keep that in mind.

Although twelve of our boys have left us lately, it was really swell to welcome back some of the old-timers again this year. Alice Jean Fisher is back in town with us as she works in a defense plant; our ever-faithful tenor, "Pat", is once again holding the boy-sopranos together; Annie Snedegar was keeping up the altos umphf until she became a school-marm in January; when the stand-by, T. Davis, hears his alarm (and he very seldom goes to bed to use it anymore!) he lends boost to the other men and lustily sings the part of the tired (how realistic) niggah in the favorite, "Old Man River". Oh, and we mustn't forget dear "Terry"—the Phil's one school-mistress in Indianapolis. She just keeps up the morale of all of us — as is easily understood if you spend a few minutes with her. Wouldn't you love to visit her class-room? — and then she tells how she hates the profession! Oh me, it's really some life!

Well, we've made a lot of the familiar rounds again this year. Remember the broadcasts from WIRE? There have been several of them so far again and, of course, the different church-sponsored programs are always being scheduled. A lot of the state's big-shots have clapped their hands red for us. Who? Well, let's see, there was Mayor Sullivan, Governor Schricker (who, by the way, fully agrees with us when we say we are the very best choir in existence!), Mayor Tyndall, and so

many officers in the WAACS, WAVES, Army, Navy, and Marine Corps. Yes, we are still getting around, even though the distances aren't quite as far as they used to be and as we wish they could be. The soldiers at Fort Harrison and Camp Atterbury have been so grateful for our programs, and they invariably still clap before that final chord in "Oh Suzanna". Yep, that's still in the repertoire and it gets more zip each time we do it. That's just the way with those old-timers, though — we still fall back on them and how the people love it!

I see that it's 3:35 already. "Papa" will really glare at me as I walk in late, but before I dash, I'll just have to tell you that Joe Lewis (our heavy-weight champ!) has donned the familiar uniform to do his bit, too. My, how we miss him, but we're just doing our best to fill in until the happy days when he walks into the rehearsal again with the rest of you swell guys. Gee, won't that be a happy day? Wait until "Oh Suzanna" rings then — the people will surely stand on their chairs afterwards!

Oh my word! There's the bang on the piano — rehearsal has started and here I stand, still. I'll just *have* to breeze up to the third floor now. When you see the rest of our ex-members, be sure to tell them that we're doing our darndest to keep up the choir, and their chairs will all be waiting for them on that glorious day when Hitler and Hirohito, and all their little pals are nothing but history-book characters with the others of their lot.

So long! Drop in again as soon as possible. A Welcome always will await each one of you.





DR. FABIEN SEVITZKY
Director of Orchestra Department



A HEART TO HEART TALK WITH MR. PACINI

(Assistant Conductor, Conservatory Orchestra)

(Mr. Pacini is the tireless, conscientious conductor who does all the "woodsbedding" so to speak, of the Conservatory Symphony Orchestra — who prepares us for our rehearsals with Dr. Sevitzky. Here he sets forth for the first time, some of the problems and difficulties that must be met and solved by the orchestra and its members. These problems are augmented by the unsettled conditions that prevail everywhere today. Some salient points are brought out in the following article.)

The war has taken a great many orchestra members. So instead of relaxing their vigilance, care, and enthusiasm, it is now more than ever, necessary to attend rehearsals regularly, and with serious intent.

Many students go about complaining that they are not getting anything out of the rehearsals, that they lack inspiration, that they are stopped too often for comment. If these students would be perfectly honest with themselves, and admit the truth as it confronts them, they would realize several things:

That in music, as in anything else, you have to put something in, before you can get anything out! Music is an art where you must push yourself. You must

furnish much of your own inspiration; and when there is none, plug away just the same, because you want to excel; because music is so strong in you that you *must* get it out — you work hard at it because you love it.

Take advantage of all the experience you can get in the course of your schooling while you have the opportunity. In the Conservatory Orchestra, you receive first hand training in symphonic literature and orchestral procedure from experienced instructors. It is an apprentice orchestra from which capable, thorough musicians may be produced to supply large professional orchestras. Take their tips — keep them in mind when practicing. Be a *real* musician while you're at it.

A green musician who pays no attention to the conductor, or who fails to practice, or learn the nuance and dynamic marks, and makes the same mistakes every rehearsal, wastes his own time, the conductor's, and everybody else's in the whole organization! It's not fair! An orchestra which could give many more concerts a year, and which is held down by a few careless, poor-spirited students who take it just for the credit, or to "help out", (we don't know who), is getting nowhere.

Keep your ears open for other parts of the orchestra score besides that which you're playing. Learn how the other instruments come in, what combinations sound well, and balance well. This intimate knowledge of the orchestra and orchestrations may come in handy someday, particularly if you happen to have a job teaching in a city without a symphony orchestra. Where your students are totally unfamiliar with a symphony, you must be equipped to tell them many things without having to look them up first.

Students who make the most of every rehearsal, who get something out of it, whether anyone else does or not; who practice faithfully; who play every time it is possible, for public and audience experience; who become experienced in large ensemble work; who are aware at all times of the conductor and what he is doing, and who are out of the stage of gluing their eyes to the music irregardless of what may be happening all around them, will be able to play a visiting show, which of necessity requires little rehearsing (sometimes none). They may find opportunity to substitute for a buddy absent at the last minute; at a concert on short notice, or a radio broadcast, or play in the symphony, a professional organization which must be able to do many things on short notice; to play with no rehearsal, a new composition.

A student who is taking Music Education and who studies his instrument merely because it is required, does himself and his future pupils no good. He allows himself to get into a mental and musical rut. He lets his instrument go down, and his morale concerning it goes down, too. Thus he has no enthusiasm, inspiration, imagination, no true or outstanding musicianship with which to kindle the ambitions of the young, untutored pupils which will fall under his jurisdiction when he becomes a teacher. Thus many fine talents are lost or stunted, simply because the teacher at that critical period in the pupil's artistic life failed to have the vision, the ability, and the knowledge to feed him. A music teacher's importance and worth in the growth of new generations is greatly underestimated.

Don't just "get by" on the minimum that's required to graduate. DEMAND THE MAXIMUM OF YOURSELF, AND YOU CAN DEMAND THE MAXIMUM OF OTHERS all during your career.

The law tries to eliminate shysters among lawyers, and quacks among doctors. There shouldn't be any quacks among musicians. Keep this ugly word from applying to you!

THE JORDAN CONSERVATORY STOCK MARKET REPORT

By your TALL STREET Reporter.

OFFICIALS: Dr. Fabien Sevitzky, President of the Board of Exchange.
Renato Pacini, Vice-President.

(All quotations subject to extreme fluctuations due to wartime conditions.)

PRESENTING SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA QUOTATIONS

Violins off 2/5.
Violas steady.
'Cellos off 2/5.
Basses a bull in the market.
Flutes steady to sharp.
Clarinets . . . off one (1) point (May be off other ways, too, but
that's beside the point.
Brasses Stock market crashes, and bottom falls out of Brasses!
Tu-ba sure, a serious situation, indeed!
Tympani . . . Stock Exchange trying to "drum" up trade.

Members of the Exchange believe it may be necessary to take drastic measures to keep the market from going wild. It was suggested that we water the stock by buying short, several issues of Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra stock. This may be a bum steer, as we hate to compromise on quality! What we really need is a Russian Bear on the market!

Conservatory issues were sky-rocketed at the beginning of the year, by a large block of stock which went October 5, to the National United War Fund Drive. Unusual qualities were discovered in this particular block, consisting of Lawrence Tibbet, (pure gravy) and hitherto undiscovered abilities of stock holders to transpose; thus greatly enhancing value of said stock, and pleasing all officials of the Board, and members of the Exchange.

One little lamb was shorn when buying unknown stock called, "How to Play Banjo in Six Easy Lessons, or Three Hard Days." Stock was upset by *Arcady Dubensky's Variations on Stephen Foster Themes*. Stock failed to pay off, and gambler was forced to take it "on the lam(b)"; thus proving that "ewe" cannot "Buck" the Stock Market!

Vice-President Renato Pacini presides every Monday night over a full board meeting, discussing such stocks as the latest additions to Symphonic Literature, reviewing old stocks and bonds, and deciding the likelihood of dividends in the form of a concert (or more, depending on whether or not we have a quorum on the board to make such enactments possible).

All in all, it seems necessary to pool many of our resources (including board members), and to buy more war bonds (instead of selling our own stock) and to throw in all we can afford, to save the market during this crisis; thus to insure the post-war solvency of this organization and all like organizations and exchanges.

— Mercedes Banks Russow.



WALTER D. HICKMAN,
Acting Head, Radio Department

THE RADIO DEPARTMENT

Jordan's radio department has come of age.

Its influences now are being felt in all branches of the armed forces as well as in war industries, in the school room and in many broadcasting stations.

The demands of war have caused nearly the complete elimination of men from all radio classes but more women, from the ages of seventeen to seventy-two, are taking radio privately and in classes at Jordan than previously.

Radio instruction has passed the fad and experimental stages at the Conservatory and has definitely become a major department comparable to those in the larger universities.

On Saturday evening, May 15, 1943, Jordan Music, the weekly thirty-minute broadcast of the Conservatory faculty members and students, will observe its one-hundredth consecutive weekly broadcast over Radio Station WIRE atop the Clay-pool Hotel. Jordan Music is now being presented at six o'clock each Saturday evening for thirty minutes over WIRE as a "public service" on the part of the station. It is estimated that Jordan Music is tuned in by approximately 75,000 homes each Saturday night. Walter D. Hickman, acting head of the radio department for the duration absence of Frederic G. Winter, prepares the script for Jordan Music, acts as producer and commentator. This sounds like Orsen Wells but Hickman claims there is no similarity.

Local radio stations are using regularly members of the radio classes. Marjorie Spencer is under contract with WIBC and is a leading member of the Saturday and Sunday Jamboree broadcasts at Tomlinson Hall over WIBC. Peggy Million also is broadcasting over WIBC and may soon go on tour under the auspices of a nationally known product.

Shirl Evans, Jr., of the night radio classes, is now a full time member of the radio staff of WBOW, Terre Haute. Robert Lashbrook is in position to become major announcer at Station WAOV, Vincennes. Both men have made good in the full sense of the word.

Last November Frederic Winter received a leave of absence for the duration to enter the RCA plant in Indianapolis. Fred Winter, because of his tremendous energy, training and education, has successfully established himself on the home front.

WHERE THEY ARE NOW

Lieut. (jg) Morris Hendricks with the Pacific Fleet.

Pvt. John Robbins some place with our fighting forces in the Pacific.

Sgt. Ralph Martz in the Army Air Corps.

William Landrum in training in the Enlisted Reserve Corps of the Army Signal Corps.

Golden A. Smith attending the Navy School of Music near Washington, D. C.

Harold Modlin as production manager at WLBC, Muncie.

Ward Glenn with a Kokomo radio station.

Pvt. James Winkel at Camp Swift, Texas.

Lieut. William Lett, flying bombardier in the South Pacific.

Lieut. Carl Dawson with the Army Motor Transport Service.

Since Jim Winkel joined the Army, Mary Esther Guidone is acting as chief engineer with Peggy Million as assistant.

Jordan's radio department is meeting all demands of the war effort both on the active war front and the home front.



AN INTERVIEW OF "NOTE"

Expanding our point of view and musical experience, it is interesting to observe other symphony orchestras and their conductors besides our own. So we know that a face to face interview with the Conductor of the Buffalo Philharmonic will prove very interesting.

Franco Autori was born Francesco Michelangelo Giuseppe Maria Autoriello, in Naples, November 29, 1930. He got his earliest impressions of music from his mother, who used to sing songs that filled his heart and his eyes; also from his aunt, who used to practice many hours, and from whom he began his study of piano. At the age of six, he was taken to hear Aida. Deeply moved, mostly by the conductor, he decided then and there to become a conductor when he was grown.

At fourteen Franco Autori began the study of violin and composition, having taught himself, at the age of ten, to read any orchestral or operatic score. Entering the Royal University of Naples at seventeen, he intended to take a degree in economics and commercial sciences. But music lured him on, and at that age he gained his first experience as a conductor, amazing experienced musicians and critics alike. Later he became assistant conductor to such directors as Franco Ghione, Mascagni, Zandonai, and other noted Italian conductors who later became famous in this country as well.

In 1928, after his marriage to an American girl, Autori decided to come to America. He spent the first winter working in New York and Philadelphia, (where, I believe, he became acquainted with our Dr. Sevitzyk), and within eight months after his arrival, received a contract as assistant conductor of the Chicago Civic and Ravinia Opera Companies. When in 1932 both operas closed, he went to Dallas where he conducted two summer seasons of the Dallas Symphony, organized the Dallas String Symphonietta, a chorus of one-hundred fifty mixed voices, produced opera with entirely local casts, lectured and taught widely.

Mr. Autori is a medium-sized man, dark, with thinning hair; warm, vital, cheerful Italian temperament; generous, enthusiastic, and outstandingly sincere.

He never collects anything he can't use. He is a very skillful amateur photographer, a fairly good chess player, and enjoys bicycling. He loves languages, and speaks Italian, French, German and English; a little Russian, Polish, and Spanish. He has studied Latin and Greek.

Mr. Autori doesn't venture to make very arbitrary statements on modern music, since, he says, we are as yet too close to it to gain a great perspective; and it is not played often enough to make a rigid judgment of it. Mr. Autori doesn't believe that any revolutionary action will be taken to revise the present method of instrumentation and orchestration as it would cause a period of musical chaos during which time musicians would have to relearn the whole process of music.

In 1939, Mr. Autori was awarded the Distinguished Service Award from the Buffalo Branch of the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce, an award given annually to the man under thirty-six who has done most for the city of Buffalo.

MU PHI EPSILON

NATIONAL MUSIC HONOR SOCIETY

"Call your list and report how many will attend the meeting. This is a pitch-in supper and we must tell the hostess how many to expect." Orders from headquarters! (At least the telephone chairman to her committee). The activities of another year are under way for Kappa Chapter. This first meeting was certainly a busy one for it combined a business meeting, Musicale, and Convention Report.

September 29 we entertained women students of Jordan with a Reception at the Conservatory. Mari Wagner and Virginia Leyenberger combined talents to present a group of numbers for 'cello and harp; Mildred Reimer, accompanied by Mae Engle, sang; and Louise Swan and Marian Laut brought the program to a close with "compositions for two pianos." Yes, it was a gala occasion, and we certainly hoped our guests received enjoyment from the unusual program that was presented.

Opposite November 13 our yearbook says, "Founder's Day Celebration and Initiation." It really was a celebration! If the Propylaeum could talk, it would probably include among its interesting memoirs the wonderful time the Mu Phis had there November 13, 1942. Margaret Hester, Esther McCammon, Doris Miller, Jerry Mohler, Pat Pearson, Ruth Pearson, Maxine Snell, and Sally Wilson now proudly wear the triangle of Mu Phi Epsilon. We all enjoyed "The Voice of America," the pageant which has been brought to us from National Convention. Various members represented the Voices of the different war periods portrayed and songs of each period were sung. Following dinner a program was given by the initiates.

November 24, we joined Sigma Alpha Iota, Sinfonia, and Phi Sigma Mu to participate in a Noel Fest at the North M. E. Church. Fiddlers, trumpet players — even vocalists — packed their instruments into their most festive carrying cases and trotted off to enjoy an evening in which everyone participated. When musicians get together — don't we have fun?!

We certainly enjoyed our Christmas party and Musicale at the home of our president, Marian Laut. Gifts were sent to children at the Riley Hospital.

March 2, Kappa proudly presented Catherine Bell Rutledge, pianist; Alvina Palmquist, contralto, accompanied by Louise Swan; and the Mu Phi Trio, Jean Orloff - violin, Marjorie Bernat - violincello, Imogene Pierson - piano, in a public program at the Odeon.

At a formal guest musicale Bomar Cramer gave us a program of piano music.

Anticipated with pleasure at the time of this writing are a Reception and Tea for Mothers and the Patroness Club at the Conservatory, the program to be given by our scholarship student, the May eighteenth Initiation and Patroness Installation, and the annual June Frolic.

Add all these things to the regular musicales, dinner and business meetings, and campus activities which we enjoy, and you'll see why we were so anxious to buy those War Bonds to help assure others of enjoying American privileges.

ALPHA SIGMA CHAPTER

PHI MU ALPHA SINFONIA

National Honorary Music Fraternity

OFFICERS OF ALPHA SIGMA CHAPTER

Supreme Councilman	J. Russell Paxton
President	Louis B. Rutan
Vice-President	William F. Moon
Secretary	Kelvin Masson
Treasurer	J. J. Albion
Warden	Alonzo Eidson
Historian	Waldo Littell
Alumni Secretary	Harold E. Winslow

Sinfonia was founded at the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Massachusetts, October 6, 1898, by Ossian E. Mills. Its seventy-two chapters comprise the largest men's musical fraternity in America. Alpha Sigma Chapter was installed at the Metropolitan School of Music, May 25, 1926.

Alpha Sigma sends greetings to all Sinfonia Chapters. Our bonds of sympathetic understanding for your problems are great and full. We, too, are facing grave problems of organization and progress. For all of us the opportunity of service to the first object of our Fraternity is whether in camp, company, squad, or at home, promoting in the hearts of those young and old the ideals, the courage and the hope that is particularly the heritage of music itself.

Our chapter activities have been particularly successful. The male students and faculty members of the Conservatory were feted with a reception and a program shortly after the opening of the school year in September. Was it well attended? You answer that. Our invitation included the word "refreshments." This initial activity led to the pledging of six fine men: James Edington, Robert Barton, Mal-lory Bransford, Ralph Coverston, Ervin Reed, and Charles Hamilton.

Our joy will be complete late in March when these pledges accept for all time the honor and privileges of a Sinfonian.

Object and Purpose of the Fraternity:

- To advance the cause of music in America.
- To foster the mutual welfare and brotherhood of students in America.
- To develop the truest fraternal spirit among its members.
- To encourage loyalty to the Alma Mater.
- To give recognition for outstanding worth in musical activity.

Once a Sinfonian, always a Sinfonian. Long Live Sinfonia!

ETA CHAPTER

PHI SIGMA MU

National Honorary Sorority in Music Education

It's been a busy and a prosperous year for Eta Chapter here at Jordan and honestly, we don't mean to brag. It's just that we're bubblin' over.

There is no better place than here to offer a vote of thanks to our new officers who have been "super". They've worked tirelessly and we're proud of them. Perhaps you would like to know who they are. President, Jean Hegg; Vice-President, Mary Flora Wilson; Corresponding Secretary, Pat Pearson; Recording Secretary, Doris Miller; Treasurer, Mildred Reimer; and Historian, Elma Baker.

Congratulations are in order! First of all to our new members. Five pledges were initiated Sunday morning, October 20th, at an impressive sunrise initiation service. Following the initiation, the new members were guests of the chapter at breakfast. The new members are Mrs. Melvin Crafton, clarinetist; June Floyd, Mary Emily Spilman, and Marion Thompson, vocalists; and Ruth Pearson, flutist. We are quite proud of our new pledges: Maxine Snell, trumpeter; Mary Jane Harper, clarinetist; and Jo Marilyn Brown, 'cellist. May we welcome back Mrs. Beatrice Kerr, one of our former members, who returned this year to Indianapolis.

Incidentally, did you notice the Mrs. in the group above? Our congratulations to Beth Ann who was recently married to Private Melvin Crafton. Private Crafton is an A. J. C. graduate and was teaching in the Shelbyville Schools. While our thoughts are turned to romance — Lieutenant and Mrs. Lyle D. Hegg have announced the engagement of their daughter, Jean, to Pfc. Lou Pirko, Long Island, N. Y. Prior to his induction, Private Pirko was a member of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra and the Jordan faculty. Congratulations, Madame President and Lou. Best wishes go to Mary Emily Spilman and Elma Baker, both of whom are being very true to their fiances serving in the armed forces. And could this be the place to mention our Jerry Mohler and Bud Stone?

Due to the national emergency, it has been necessary for the campus to do away with many of its social functions. However, it seemed to all that now, more than ever, music was needed to help stabilize an otherwise turbulent world. So as usual Phi Sigma Mu joined with Mu Phi Epsilon, Sigma Alpha Iota and Phi Mu Alpha - Sinfonia for the annual Noel Fest. Service men were invited and it seemed that the words of the old familiar carols — "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men" — rang out more clearly and sincerely than ever.

We say goodbye this year to three of our old members, Jean Hegg, Jerry Mohler, and Sally Wilson. Jean's plans for the future include a "bungalow for two" while Sally and Jerry intend to teach school. We bid them a most fond "adieu" and best wishes for the future. We'll miss them greatly, but already we have started planning another interesting and eventful year with a renewed desire to uphold the ideals of Phi Sigma Mu and to keep alive the contacts it has made.

SIGMA ALPHA IOTA

National Professional Music Sorority

OFFICERS OF ZETA CHAPTER

President	Martha Egger
Vice-President	Jeanadele Schaefer
Recording Secretary	Mary Alice Dilling
Corresponding Secretary	Charmion Harp
Treasurer	Elma Lemley
Chaplain	Nellie Jones
Sergeant-at-Arms	Pat Rheinhardt
Editor	Lily King Shaw

Sigma Alpha Iota is proud of the high merit of the thirteen thousand performers, teachers, and composers who comprise its ranks. Zeta Chapter has a present membership of forty-one, supported by a select patroness group, and Nu Zeta Alumnae Chapter of over one hundred members.

Early in the school year our beloved National President, Gertrude Evans, heard the call to duty and resigned her office to serve our country through the WAACS. Kathleen Davison succeeds her. In our own chapter Mary Louise Houk and Jeanne Burr, vice-president and sergeant-at-arms, respectively, relinquished their offices to engage in professional performance and teaching in other states.

SAI's everywhere are following a Victory program. Zeta Chapter has wisely invested in war bonds and has appointed Pat Rheinhardt as Victory Chairman to lead these activities. Many of our members devote their talents to entertaining groups of men in the service.

Each year the Eva Schurman scholarship is awarded to some outstanding and deserving SAI. The present recipient and winner of the faculty judged auditions is Jacquelyn Mitchell, pianist, who is one of the artists of the Spring Musicale. This event is open to the public each year.

Despite many wartime limitations, Indianapolis SAI's have been culturally active, continuing traditional monthly musicales, on which every member performs during the year. We celebrated our Incorporation Day, December first, with a banquet at which some of the original minutes of our group were read by a chapter founder. We participated in the All Fraternal Noel Fest near the Christmas season. Our province president, Mrs. J. Alfred Neu, was entertained here during her inspectional visit. With proud hearts we greeted Rose Bampton, national honorary member, when she appeared with the Indianapolis Symphony in March, wearing the sorority colors, red and white. Other nationally famed members include Gladys Swarthout, Myra Hess, Lucrezia Bori, Lily Pons, Kirsten Flagstad, Rosa Raisa, Lotte Lehman, Deanne Durbin, Rise Stevens and others.

The Initiation Service held March sixteenth climaxed the year's activities when our president, Martha Egger, completed the induction of nine new members. A buffet supper, toasts, and a musical program followed to honor the new initiates, who in turn presented the musicale for April. Election of officers and an annual picnic successfully rounded out the year.

It's the fairest flower blooming — the Rose of SAI!

Dear A'Lums:

Wonder perhaps if you'd like to hear,
The news of the Dorm this past hectic year?
Things are so changed with the men all gone,
That a male on the campus is a phenomenon.
To their sweethearts away our girls are quite true,
And we all do our best so they won't get too blue.

In the big south room, the war widows hold sway,
And all that they do is write letters all day.
Jean Hegg writes to Lou (that tall symphony guy)
and a swell big diamond for her he did buy.
To another Lou, Mary Alice does write,
If their letters got mixed it would cause quite a fright.

A question: we wonder, are Dick and Paula yet wed?
A thought for another never enters her head.
Jacquie these days has become quite thin.
Do you suppose for a minute it could be Jim?
And Sally still can't make up her mind.
Is her heart by Marines, Navy or Army entwined?

Betty Lou must be thinking of Howard these days,
When she stares at her left hand with a pensive gaze;
And her roommate, Marjorie's, head's in a whirl,
She too wears a ring, and it's not a pearl.
Now Pat's roaming fancy seems to have settled down,
On a black-haired Romeo in a far southern town.

Doris of course still runs on the grace,
And more power to her who stands high in her clace.
There is a soldier that writes to Muriel quite often,
I'm sure her heart he is trying to soften.
And as Queenie trips merrily along on her way,
Her bubbling laugh helps brighten the day.

Then there's blonde Lucy—to her cheeks come a blush,
When you say "Bob"—it's the big campus crush!
The light brown hair of our Jeanne we admit,
With her Cutie-Pie sure made a big hit.
Helen is new in the Dorm, with energy unended;
Her determination in school must be commended.

Three of our girls are working these days—
Rosie, Betsy and Jacquie—and all say it pays.
That to serve our country and help turn the tide
Is something in which they take great pride.
Sally, Jean and Ann, their country did serve,
To Red Cross they gave blood, a life to preserve.

Mrs. Woodie sits hours, knitting needles in hand.
She can wear on her arm, an Air Raid Warden band.
Two more of our girls we must mention here.
They are now teaching school and it surely seems queer,
That Ann and Jeanne, roomies the four years past,



Are out on their own in a field so vast.
We wish them luck.

And to each one of you that preceded them, we wish it too,
And when you can, come back and let us see, the old students,
Pride and joy of our A. J. C.

THE DORM PARROT.

1213 North Penn St. is still standing although it's been through quite a lot in the last year. Yes, many have gone and many have come, but the dormitory still stands.

The dormitory had a much quieter being this year, since all the upper classmen, sophomores to be exact, were trying to get used to the new Freshmen and likewise the Freshmen were struggling with the names of upper classmen.

No matter how quiet, however, the year has been rather prosperous—that is in some ways, of course.

Late in the fall Mary Virginia Turner took a trip deep into the south to watch some graduating air corps cadet and returned with guess what? Another pair of wings (same young man of course). Her heart surely does take a power dive when she gets a letter from him.

Hester, better known as Peg, has sent her heart to the Marines for awhile, probably just for the duration. Now instead of Bob pining his heart away during her absence, Peggy will pine during his absence.

Colleen Schipper is working in the mail department (or is it male) of a certain large concern in the city. Nevertheless her heart still belongs to "Daddy." (We can't tell his name—mainly because we don't know how to spell it.)

As for Esther, well! There's no need to say much! Do you know Bob? No, well, he's the young man who sends 2, 3, or maybe 4 gifts to Esther each holiday. Yes, I believe he's got it bad.

Mary Jane still toots on her clarinet and right now she and Jody are mastering the flute. Can you imagine? Harper at one time made frequent trips to Fort Harrison. It was rumored that she was driving "Shelley" to see his nephew, but we wonder if Fort Harrison had any other attractions.

Logan is still residing on the third floor and has been joined this year by Spilman, who said she thought it was quieter on the 3rd floor???! There is a certain name that I recall whenever thinking of Frances—could it be Cecil? Yes, I'm sure that's it. He used to be around very often, but now he's gone south with many other soldiers, and letters come and go.

Spilman's birthday, on March 6, not only proved to be eventful in that she was 19, but now she is sporting a diamond, which proves that Ed, now serving his Uncle Sam, thinks she's O.K.

And then there are the poor little Freshmen—four of them to be exact. Eulalie started the year by practicing and still does. Wait until she's here a little longer. At one time we were quite interested in a certain person Eula met at Church, but she didn't give us much encouragement so now we don't know exactly what she has up her sleeve.

Jody took over Butler first thing and has had ball and chain on it ever since. At least that is what it appears. He, Bob B., is sure around enough to assume that.

Chick Euphrat, the girl with those big, brown eyes, played "Jill" rather successfully, and landed right on her *baid*. You should see what it did to the floor.

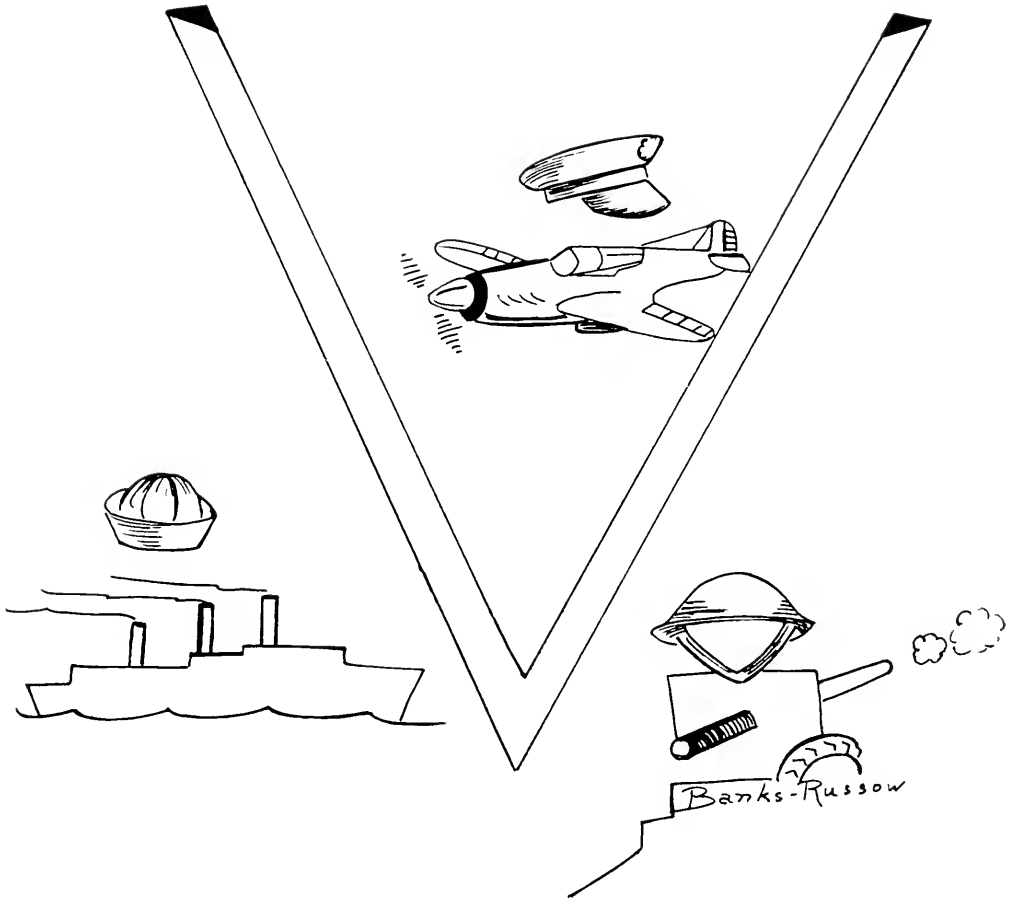
Half-pint Warner sure does swing a wicked fiddle, but we would like to drop a word of advice. She is going to land on her dome if she doesn't overcome her curiosity to see each and every visitor that comes. (We tell everybody that that thing hanging over the bannister came with the house.)

Yes, all present and accounted for. Oh! I forgot to mention the almost weekly sessions that have begun in the northeast second floor bedroom, when everybody tells everybody else what's wrong with him and *no hard feelings*. Want to get everything off your chest? Now's your chance.

Poor "Mamma Page" still sits patiently in her room wondering and hoping



that something unexciting will happen for a change. This year she has a system so that she can't hear all the bedlam that goes on. All she does is turn on the radio to keep out the noise. The neighbors never complain about us anymore—
 Oh, yes, 'tis gossip bold, but true
 Some is old, and some is new.
 But if you really want some fun
 Don't forget Lincoln 6261.



ODE TO SERVICE MEN

The world is all aglow again—

Not with sunshine's brightest ray
Nor moonlight's magic beam—
Not with brilliant light of day
Nor evening's starlight gleam.

No celestial, beaming glows
Thus set the world afire,
But base and treacherous, scheming foes
Lit this macabre funeral pyre.

Heavy-booted marching feet
Sound in streets of distant lands.
Relentlessly, a foe to meet
Goaded by their thund'rous bands.

And in the air, the sky is black
With birds of war that hunt their prey.
Avenging birds rise to attack
The evil force they hold at bay.

And on the seas, by tempests tossed,
By waves that rage and roar and foam,
An enemy's vast flotilla's lost
In Neptune's fathomless, silent home.

The cup of fury has been passed
From nations greedy with the lust
For power, and slaves, and riches massed—
For temporal dreams that turn to dust—

To wrongèd innocents who sup,
Their lips all wet with mud and gore,
The avenging passion's bitterest cup—
Human sacrifice, at Death's dark door.

But girded strong with sword and shield—
Faith in a just God's guiding hand—
Our Service Men will make them yield;
Their savage legions shall disband.

This global fire shall do its work!
These cleansing flames that sear the earth,
Will burn the dross that in it lurk;
And leave the gems—and prove their worth!

—MERCEDES BANKS RUSSOW.

Jordan Conserva

Earl L. Albertson
Jack Arnold
Howard Barnett
Lee Barrett
Paul Bechtold
Beverly Benton
James Bowers
Doyle Bowman
Paul Brown
Robert Blu
P. H. Brandes
Merle Bucklew
Calvin Burke
John Case
Albert Canine
James Chisler
Maurice Collins
Ralph Coverston
Nick Craciunoiu
Melvin Crafton
Carl Dawson
John Detroy
James Edington
Vernon Elbrecht
Charles Ralph Emerson
Edward Emery
Robert Evans
Sidney Flack
Richard Foster
Don Garrett
Joseph Gremelspacher
Howard Hanscom
Earl Harvey
Robert Gwynn
Virgil Hebert
Morris Hendricks
Malcolm Herr
James Hoggatt
Donald Holzhausen
Ira William Hopper

James Hosmer
Kenneth Hughes
Ralph Iula
Verne Jacobs
Herbert Johnson
Richard Jones
Herbert Kaiser
William Lett
Joseph Lewis
Gerald McCabe
Robert McKinley



Army Service Roll



Austin Parkhurst
Lloyd Patten
Paul Patterson
Owen Paul
Charles J. Payne
Virgil Phemister
Louis Pirko
John Purky
David Ramsey
Ervin Reed
Mary Reynolds
John V. Robbins
Thomas A. Roe
Vernon Roth
Arthur Schiller
Farrell Scott
Sam Scott
William C. Seibert
Jack R. Seward
Golden A. Smith
Charles Squyres
Marven L. Stevens
Howard E. Stivers
Orville S. Stone
Vincent Stouder
Paul E. Taylor
Jean Vickery
Malvin E. Walker
Mark Walker
Maurice Watkins
Gail Weimer
Charles Wetzel
Robert Paul Wilson
James Winkel
Winslow Wise
Tommie Wright
Dale Young
Leon Zawisza
Joseph Zinkan
Jules Zinter

Louis Mader
Ralph Martz
Van Miller
Robert R. Mitchum
George W. Myers
Paul W. Mueller
Richard Niessink
Ben L. Niles
Ralph Thomas Norris
Raymond Oster

News From the Boys

EARLE L. ALBERTSON (*Read this Opus at least twenty times*)

I am off today and I dug out Opus 2 and read it all. They in the pictures were as familiar to me as they were when I used to be there. I want to say now that the Opus meant more to me than I ever dreamed it would when I was home. Every activity at school is well represented, and I figured and figured, and I couldn't think of anything that was left out.

GENE BENTON (*Jordan's radio classes miss Gene*)

Well, here I am at Camp Crowder where I will be for two weeks of basic training. Basic consists of marching, shooting, and other things the soldier must know while in the field. At the end of this I will then start my regular training of field radio operator.

PAUL BROWN (*Hickman says Jordan's radio department needs Brown more than the Army*)

I think the Army life is fine. You don't have to worry about ration books and you get plenty to eat.

ALBERT CANINE (*Loves to play in a dance band*)

They are still keeping us busy playing in both the band and dance orchestra, but I like it. We are moving shortly to San Antonio, which we hear is a nice town, but it's getting us farther from home. How is school? I surely wish I were back with you and will be looking forward to a grand reunion.

RALPH EMERSON (*Things always go right for Ralph*)

Everything is going on as well as can be in the Army. We are kept quite busy at least. I am really doing the work that I so much enjoy. Give my regards to all my friends at Jordan.

HOWARD HANSCOM (*He walks on the highway of success*)

. . . am writing to you and hoping you will convey to each and every person who was responsible for the fine Christmas letter my sincere thanks. I'm just about half way through the flight training course. This has been just about the toughest thing I have tackled in my life, but so far I seem to be doing O.K. The strange part is that even though it is work, I like it more and more the farther I go.

DONALD HOLZHAUSEN (*Loves to visit Jordan*)

The Air Corps is on a seven-day week and although the band is on duty only five and one-half days a week, we are subject to call at any time to provide music for any occasion here at the field.

KENNETH HUGHES (*He is taller now than ever. 'Tis so.*)

Oh, yes, the news. One thing I learned at Jordan, was to play ping pong. Ha! Well the USO sponsored a tournament for the fellows at Dow Field. The finals were Sunday night. I had quite a struggle, but I won, and got a nice trophy and a write-up in the Bangor paper.

VERNE JACOBS (*He has overcome every obstacle*)

Give everyone my regards and thanks again for the very nice letters.

DICK JONES (*Love finds a way*)

Tell all the kids at school "hello," and Mr. Hickman, too. Ft. Eustis is pretty big. The training given us is supposed to be the toughest in any branch of the Army. Today we took an eight-mile hike in 2 hours, double-timed 6 miles of the way. The cadence was 169 steps per minute. Really fast! Yesterday we were supposed to get "haircuts." I didn't think I needed one, but the Sgt. thought differently. They almost scalped me! I am playing my clarinet and sax in a dance band. We are supposed to make some recordings. Everything's fine—the food is good.

HERBERT KAISER (*In an Army uniform, he's a fashion plate*)

Last night I started the Kaiser Laundry again. If anyone had told me I had to do this a year ago, I would have cried my eyes out. I would make a good housemaid now—if only I could cook!! Some fellow just played "Begin the Beguine" on an accordion, and it made me think of the choir. I hope it sounds O. K. this year. Wish I were going to be standing up there on that back row. Some of the boys here in the barracks are having a little argument over "whose is the best state." You should hear it. Of course I have to put in my two cents now and then—the home state is ALWAYS best! I wouldn't think much of a fellow who didn't stand up for his. Maybe some day the word "Furlough" will have a meaning, and then I'll be pulling into Union Station. I'm afraid I'll lose my Florida tan before I see you.

JOE LEWIS (*Jordan's pianos never will be the same*)

This week we started communications school and right now I'm in the throes of learning code. It's really not too difficult, but nevertheless it is pretty _____ (unprintable) easy to get confused.

LOUIS MADER (*He misses his violin and Jordan Music misses Mader*)

Louis Mader left for the Army Air Corps about the seventh of November. He spent about a month in Fresno, California, and then was sent to Truax Field, Madison, Wisconsin, for radio operator's school. He will graduate there the first week in April.

RALPH J. MARTZ (*Radio classes will welcome you home*)

Things are going quite nicely here at Baer Field. I enjoy my work and have had time to participate in the Post Radio program, Civic Theatre and the all-soldier productions. It makes everything go along very smoothly.

PAUL WILLIAM MUELLER (*The Army has its own sock darners?*)

I like the Army very much, but I also miss the symphony concerts and school in general. Those three years I spent there surely went fast, but I have many pleasant memories and I am looking forward to the time when I can return.

GEORGE MYERS (*Chief male actor in a campus romance which is a success*)

Last Thursday I was made a Sgt. in the Band, and I also take care of the supplies of the band. During the past week I composed a march and Friday the boys tried it out. With a few corrections I think it will be O. K. I know that we all miss the old place and all our friends quite a lot, but we're busy enough not to be unhappy about it.

TOM NORRIS (*Jordan never will have another Tom*)

As for my personal experiences, little can be told; at least not while the man with the scissors is so keen on editing my letters. Perhaps you have heard. I'm playing French Horn in a band, and let's not hear any snickers from the gallery either. I also sing whenever an arrangement calls for a vocal. Sometimes I think when the horn part begins to be too bad, they let me sing—sort of a case of the lesser of two evils.

JOHNNY ROBBINS (*He still creates music*)

Here I am somewhere in the Southwest Pacific. The band is being kept busy playing for the soldiers and in our daily duties. We are at a beautiful place here and are getting along fine.

SAM SCOTT (*Sam never flunked an exam*)

As you know, I took an exam in July, for entrance into the Army Music School. Well, I have been accepted, and I shall leave for the school "on or before February 1." Upon completion of the course I shall be a bandmaster with the rank of Warrant Officer. It's a great break.

GOLDEN SMITH (*The Navy Band is the winner*)

For three weeks I was out of touch entirely with my music. That was while I was in Boot Training in Norfolk, Virginia. Now that I am in the United States Navy School of Music in Washington, things are much different. I never felt better in my life and think the Navy is swell.

CHARLES SQUYRES (*Writes Squyres to Hickman: "D—— it, send me Jeanne's new picture"*)

From all letters received all we can say that he was in desperate need of a picture of Jeanne Burr. Did you get it?

HOWARD E. STIVERS (*He is married*)

I am very well pleased with my position as a member of the Air Force Band here at Baer Field. We all have new King band instruments and are very happy about it. Don Holzhausen and I would appreciate any news at Jordan that you might be able to send us. Please remember us to everyone.

ORVILLE E. STONE (*He is not afraid of stars at night. He flies among 'em*)

Last night I flew a bombing mission. We dropped twelve bombs and made a pretty good score. The weather has been so cold that any trip soon gets boring and thoughts wander toward home, the fireplace and everything that makes the picture complete.

ROBERT WILSON (*Expert letter writer*)

Charles Wetzel and I have corresponded since he entered the service, but since he has gone to Alaska he doesn't find time to write as often. He has realized one of his desires—that of playing his trombone in the band. He still is unmerciful toward his buddies though with that "G. I." bugle of his. How does he know when day is breaking? Well, I am now a "Buck Sergeant" in this man's Army and have one of the "wear the seat of your pants out" jobs that fits me for a clerical position in any branch of the service.

WINSLOW WISE (*When Windy blew, comedy left the campus*)

The censor won't let me tell what I am doing because we belong to the Forces Afloat. However, we are in Anti-Submarine Warfare. It's really fine. We don't plan to be here much longer though.



FRESHMEN INITIATION

Remember?—

Our first day at school—how we managed to get ourselves lost on the “great Jordan Campus”—How anxious we were to make a good impression on the upper classmen, and now we don’t give a —.

Election of the Student Council—we didn’t know whom we were voting for, but voted anyway.

HELL WEEK—It really was! We appeared even greener than we were (if possible)—and now we get to eat our meals without any strings attached—how when it was all over, every Freshman had to be introduced all over again, as they did not appear quite the same.

Bowing “praises” in public places to upper-classmen’s cruel faces—get the inference?

Our little red hats—a trifle on the corny side—but gruesome.

The “Colonial Tea-Room” for our debut as performers.

The publicity kindly given us by the local newspaper—pitchurs ’n stuff.

Our surprise at the way we were treated—decently for a change—the night of the Freshmen Party.

Our initiation being almost complete when we learned we were to call the Lautners, “Madam and Papa,” instead of “Mr. and Mrs.”

The bookstore for our nickels to buy cokes and candy.

Getting the “Dunker” and “Drugstore” habit.

The men—what men? Don’t be silly, we’re doing our part in the war effort, we’ll have you know.

Our trembling hearts on the first night of orchestra under Dr. Sevitzky.

Us—as little eighth notes in Eurhythmics class.

“What’s funny, Freshman?” “Wipe that smile off your face.”

AND NOW—

We’re looking forward to heckling next year’s Freshmen, and planning the Hell Week they’re to have—

What new torture can we devise?—“What’s it to you, Freshman?”—Unquote—

CAMP SHOWS

GIVE US A SHOW!

That is an invitation, not a command, from thousands of the men in service at Ft. Benjamin Harrison—Reception Center, Camp Glenn (Tent City), and Billings General Hospital—at Camp Atterbury in the Wreck Hall of the 331st Infantry, and before the men in service at Kirschbaum Center on North Meridian Street.

Faculty members, students and friends of Jordan Conservatory, in cooperation with Miss Grace Hawk of the Women's Overseas Service League, in the past eighteen months have given at this date (March 23) a total of one hundred twenty-seven shows at Ft. Harrison, including several chapel services at Billings Hospital and the Reception Center Chapel.

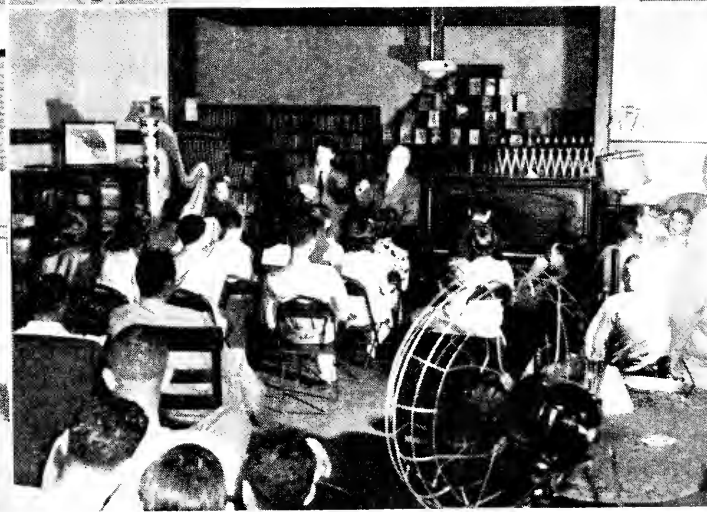
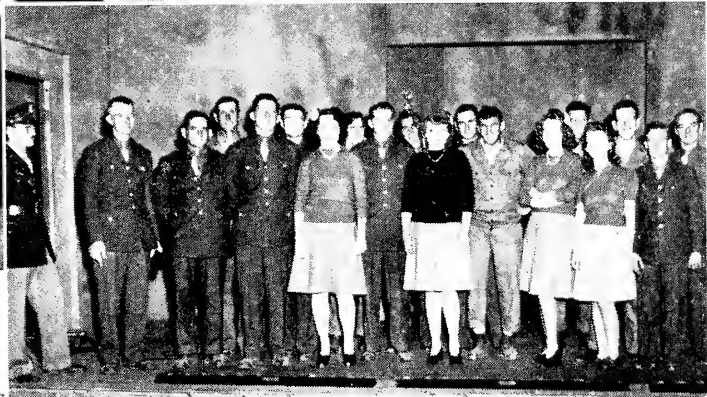
As a sort of a necessary evil Walter D. Hickman has been the master of ceremonies and general flunky for all of the camp shows. On many occasions he has had Jordan men on the stage as Jordan students only to find them in the audience as United States soldiers a few days later. This has happened to Jimmy Winkel and his accordion, Joe Lewis and anybody's piano, Bob Evans, Johnny Robbins, John Detroy, and many others.

Several members of the faculty and the student body have given much time to these shows. Way up in this list is Jerry Mohler with her girl twirlers, in a comedy and song act with her shadow, Marjorie Spencer; Helen Ferrell of the piano faculty who has made as many as five appearances as accompanist in one week; Erroll Grandy with the hottest boogie-woogie piano the boys have ever heard. Pvt. Winkel should be mentioned as a veteran entertainer because he made many appearances before his induction, and like Grandy "stopped the show" every time. Norman Phelps, in addition to training an orchestra for the Atterbury shows, even patted the bass in most approved modern fashion. Gardenias to Ann Snedegar and her very, very much blues in "My Man" style; to Jean Hegg and her marimba; to John Detroy and his piano; to Marian Starrett and Shirley Stonebraker of the radio classes, and to many others.

We have given shows at the camps when the thermometer registered the "comfortable" reading of one above zero and when it was registering around 90° and above. Our most difficult problem is a good piano. Wilma Thompson corrected that at the 331st Infantry Wreck Hall at Atterbury by giving the men her piano. They called for it in a big army truck presided over by a Lieutenant Ernster. Before the men left with the piano they were the happy recipients of mystery novels and a lunch, the latter being something which no longer exists nowadays in Indianapolis.

You all know about Grandy's impaired eyesight. One night at Ft. Harrison Reception Center the piano got so hot that one of the black keys leaped up in the air and sailed past Grandy's nose. Knowing that something was missing from the piano, Grandy grabbed the key in the vicinity of his head, licked it, put it back in place without missing a note. By that time 1,500 soldiers were on their feet, yelling and applauding. Grandy was never "hotter" than from then on. The M. C. just gave up and left Grandy on the stage for fifteen minutes more.

Jordan's total camp shows to date stack up as follows: Ft. Harrison, including Reception Center, Camp Glenn, Billings Hospital and the chapels—127; 331st

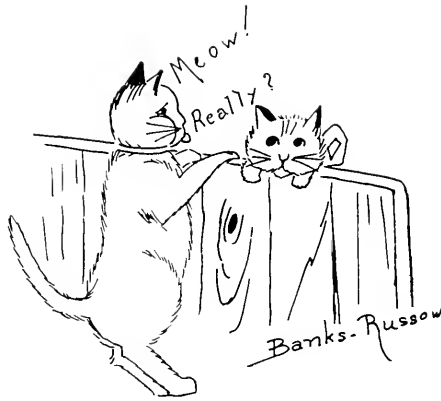


Infantry Wreck Hall at Camp Atterbury, Reception Centers 1 and 2—24; USO Center at Kirschbaum Center—16 afternoon recitals.

We are just trying to tell you men that Jordan Conservatory is carrying on on the home front.

THE BOYS WANT A SHOW!

And we are giving them just that.



GOSSIP—THEY ASKED ME TO WRITE

So Here It Is—The Comings and Goings of Jordan This Year

Time flies, leaves fall, September rolls around once more, and students return to A. J. C. campus, to work (??), to love (sigh, sigh), and to grow wise (??) . . . return to a different, seemingly strange, yet still the same dear old Jordan. DIFFERENT IN THAT

We now call the corner of 12th and Delaware "The Jordan Conservatory for Girls."

With five boys left on the campus, almost any day you can see a congregation of girls with their attention focused on one bewildered man!!

The theme song of almost every Jordan coed this year is "I Need a Little Lovin'" . . . One exception—Lucy Smith.

Jordan students now refer to chewing gum, cokes, and beautiful women as wonderful, precious luxuries. (The girls use all their spare time for war work, no more primping allowed.)

Everyone walks or else rides buses or streetcars, consequently classes never start on time—did they ever? Seen every morning making a dash for 8:55 classes are Stanley Norris and Mr. Phelps.

Erroll Grandy has the big job of providing students with their daily portion of jam and jive. Those hot sessions in room 15 are a thing of the past. Erroll Grandy, one cold winter day, astonished listeners with the remark, "Why, it's always spring with me!" Sounds like love to me, Erroll.

Miss Henderson efficiently manages the bookstore in place of Miss Schaefer. Her greatest worry is thinking up answers to all the complaints about no cokes to be had.

Betty Sue Nicholson, Mary Virginia Turner, Peggy Hester, Margie Spencer, and Jerry Mohler, along with the rest of the Jordan femmes, use their date nights to help Walter D. Hickman put on shows for service men. YET STILL THE SAME IN THAT

Bob Barton still carries on the greater share of the romancing done around school.

Peggy Million still woos and wows every man she meets.

Charmion Harp showers all her affections on one Herb Kaiser of the army, now stationed in Virginia.

The Harrison Dorm still has plenty of men visitors, and some to spare, evidently. Betty Roberts was seen on the steps of the Dorm one Friday night fighting off a man . . . What, Betty, in these times!!!!

Sally Green devotes her time to trimming Bob Gwyn and Bill Breedlove in a fast game of ping-pong.

Peggy Lee has her on and off moments as to the love of her life. For awhile it was Ralph Coverston, then a Johnny from the Herron Art School, and now it is a Harry of the Coast Guard.

Golden Smith, now of Navy fame, has gone back to the red-head of last year . . . she now wears his Sinfonia pin.

Bob Mitchum, lately of the Marines, comes home on furlough, and makes all the girls swoon . . . and he says he has no one to come home to. . . . I can name three girls at least, Bob, who would be glad to fill the bill.

Jeanadele Schaefer thinks only of Don . . . so much that wedding plans have been made for late June.

Among the noted notables of Jordan, Margie Spencer now ranks high. She has turned professional yodeler.

Some people are as crazy as ever . . . Now that yarn has been rationed, June Floyd, Betty Miller, Peggy Hester, and Jean Hegg all feel the urge to knit a sweater.

Walter D. Hickman still smokes the same strong cigars, and is always swamped with publicity clippings.

Cupid worked twice as hard as ever this year—looks like double overtime to me.

Such people as Elma Baker, Mary Esther Guidone, Jean Hegg, Marjorie Loertz, Esther McCammon, and Mary Spilman are all wearing sparkling diamonds—no plans made for the duration . . . at least that's their story now.

Jeanne Burr came back from Christmas vacation wearing a ring from Charles Squyres. . . . Ditto Lucy Smith from Bob Barton.

Wedding bells have already rung for . . .

Mercedes Banks—Carlton Russow

Beth Ann Brown—Melvin Crafton

June Tice—Lloyd Patton

Billie Myers—Keith Brown

Congratulations, all of you.

Dick Jones (now Pvt. Jones) and Betty Burckes both fell with a bang. . . . Betty has definitely settled down to being a soldier's sweetheart.

A new couple seen playing the piano, and also ping-pong, together is Bill Breedlove and Florence Wolff. Looks mighty chummy to me.

Bob Gwyn dated Mary Spilman for awhile—then his right one came along—June Floyd now wears his pin.

Bob Burford still sees the light of his life in Nellie Jones—so much so in fact, that he now sends her orchids.

Louis Mader (now a member of Uncle Sam's army) soon recovered from his broken heart of last spring, and gave his whole-hearted attention to one Mary Alice Dilling.

Ervin Reed made Ruth Pearson a much happier person when he came back to join us until Uncle Sam made up his mind.

Betty Burcham spends all her time telling about the sailor boy who has been coming home for the last two months . . . the only trouble is, Uncle Sam sees fit to keep him right where he is for a while longer.

Mary Jane Kent keeps busy answering letters from Al Canine and getting long distance telephone calls from a certain "Ernie" in Illinois.

Dave Ramsey manages to keep a steady girl friend happy, and still entertains all the lonesome freshmen girls on the campus.

Betty Miller and Betty Roberts have the worst time keeping their "men" straightened out. . . . Roberts calls hers a "disappointed" love affair.

Without Betty Burckes and Maxine Henderson to keep us all happy with their witty (??) remarks, what a dull, dead place this would be.

A last parting thought. . . . Under the mistletoe the Jordan coed stands, and stands, and stands. . . .

To all you boys in service, we all think about you all the time and wish you the best of luck until we see you on the campus again.
Some more news not censored.

The student council party was a terrific success to everyone. Sally Wilson was especially entertained, as she waltzed off with—by actual count—two-thirds of the sailors who showed up. They called her Our Gal Sal.

Meet a new Jordan faculty member, Miss Marybelle (that probably won't get through the censor) Mohler. Congrats to Jerry! She is really a changed woman. Such dignity.

Burckes is the gal who suggested that we use the wreckroom for our air raid shelter, on the theory that if bombs ever start to fall, we will just think that it is part of Erroll's solid bass. How about that?

When a teacher receives an apple from one of her students, that is not news. But when a teacher takes doughnuts to her students—well, ask Louisville's gift to Jordan, the pride of the string class, Miss Miller. Speaking of gifts, charm has come to the bookstore. Have you all met Miss Henderson? In case you were wondering, Miss Schaefer has a fine position with the State Library.

A word of credit to the sophomores who so kindly lent their brilliant minds to contriving those luscious Hell-Week costumes for the Frosh to wear. Ugh—sure leaves a bitter taste in one's mouth, doesn't it?

Anyway, we still can hear the Screaming of the voice students, the Scratching of the violinists, and Scrambling of the pianists—sounds which signify the approach of applied exams.



Left to right

Top: The copy editor in one of her many(?) idle moments. Lucy taking time from practice to worship at Jordan's shrine. Some of the "Frosh" during Hell Week.

Center: Mercedes milks (really) the cow she raised from a calf in 4-H. "The Champ" stops to beam at her dear public. Ervin Reed—"you know how transportation is."

Bottom: Floyd, Harder and Gwyn celebrate the close of advertising campaign by having pictures "took." Snell, "moonng" in broad daylight over her secret heart-throb.

“HEARD OVER THE COUNTER”

The other day at 12:45 Irene Nygard walked into the bookstore and asked who was in room 14 between 12 and 1 o'clock. She said they were not there and she wanted to get in an extra few minutes practice. Miss Henderson checked up and found that Irene was the culprit who was wasting away her practice time.

If anyone finds a rope with a key attached, please bring to the bookstore and we will see that once again it is returned to Eulalie. It has been said that the next time she loses it, someone is going to put it on a long chain and put it around her neck like a dog collar.

We, the students, are very ashamed to admit we have been so exasperating that we have had Miss Henderson all upset. She started to make a telephone call the other day and after dialing the number and waiting for the party to answer, she turned to Pat Pearson and said, “Whom am I calling and why?” We do apologize, really.

For the sole benefit of Mr. C. A. Henzie, we dedicate this space to him.

You know the ceiling in the bookstore is quite pretty or had you noticed? Mrs. R. H. thinks so, *now*. She walked in one day and all of a sudden she said, “Gee, that’s the first time since I’ve been here that I noticed the ceiling. It’s pretty, isn’t it?” I might add Mrs. H— has been with us—years. I guess we had better explain. You see when Mrs. R. H. comes, she has her mind on the students for that day— *NOTICE*: This last statement is not to be mistaken as the opinion of the editor or writer.

Oh, yes, by the way, here’s one for the little book, and some of the teachers will be interested in this one. Saturday, March 13, 1943, Jerry was in the bookstore and behold evidence was brought forth to prove that she had been concentrating!!! . Come to think about it, she did look rather feverish that day.

Mrs. D. M.— is beginning to complain about the Saturday afternoon bookstore help. It seems her husband offered to bring some lunch back to the help and he merely told his wife, “You can hold out until 2:30, can’t you honey?” At 2:30 Mrs. M. was seen leaving. She was too good to eat around here; she went clear down town. I don’t know that I blame her.

It is general hearsay that Mr. R. H.— prefers to do his Saturday afternoon teaching, pardon me, his teaching in the Phi Sigma Mu sorority room. mm mm mm?

Mr. F. F.— asked for the key to the Phi Sig room one time. He said he left something back there. Miss Henderson took the key and went back with him, but he didn’t find it. Oh, well, maybe that will teach him it isn’t good policy to leave things around.



THE FRESHMAN CLASS

Left to right:

First row: Warner, Havens, L. Smith, Roberts, Euphrat.

Second row: B. Smith, J. Brown, Padgett, Bullock, Burcham.

Not present: Anderson, Hendricks, Wissel.



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

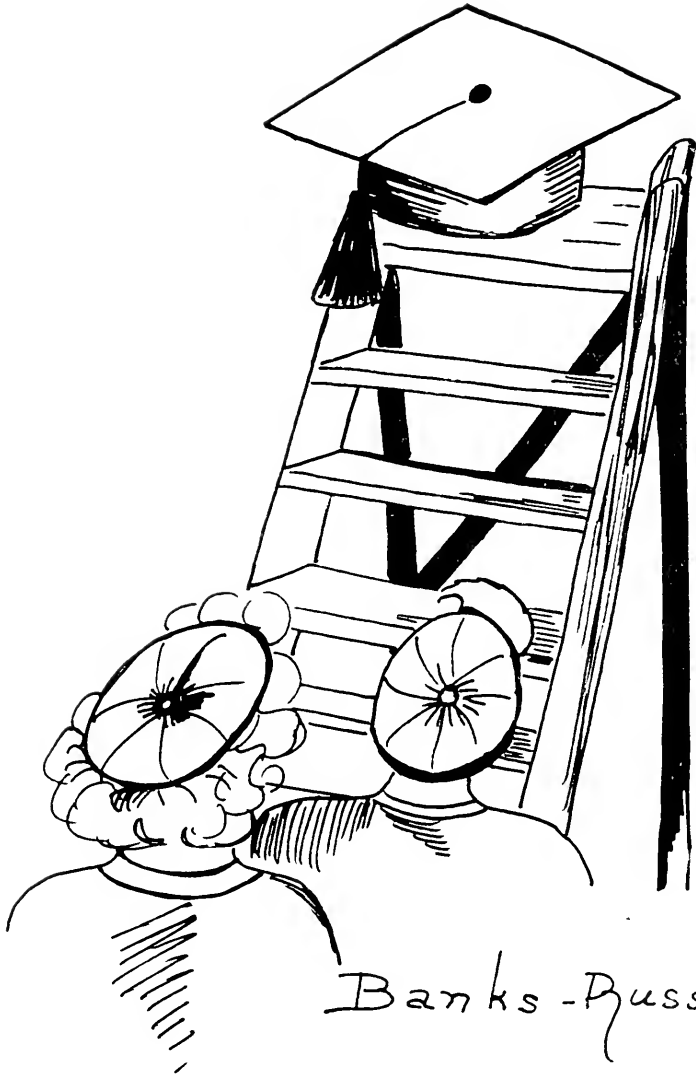
Left to right:

First row: B. Miller, Thompson, Kent, Lee, Floyd, Harper, Fowler.

Second row: Hester, Oeth, Logan, Gwyn, McCammon, Turner, Nicholson.

Not present: Bansbach, Breedlove, Fisher, Golden, Grandy, Million, Russow, Shipper, Spencer, Spilman, Trimble, Watkins.

Autographs



Banks - Bussow



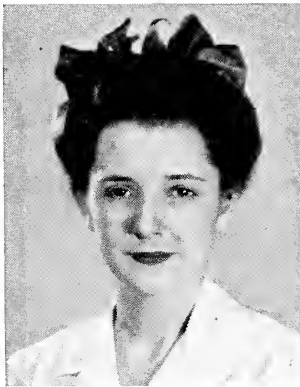
ELMA BAKER
Indianapolis



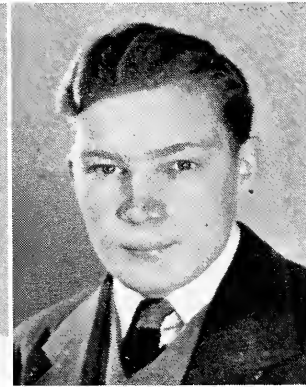
MARY ALICE DILLING
West Palm Beach, Fla.



JAMES EDINGTON
Indianapolis



MARY ESTHER GUIDONE
Indianapolis



PAUL HARDER
Indianapolis



BLANCHE HARRIS
Indianapolis



MAXINE HENDERSON
Indianapolis



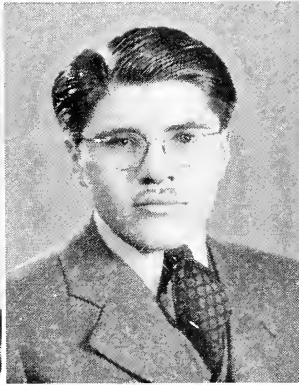
ROSE HOUK
Indianapolis



NELLIE JONES
Indianapolis



MARJORIE LOERTZ
Seymour



PAUL McDOWELL
Elkhart



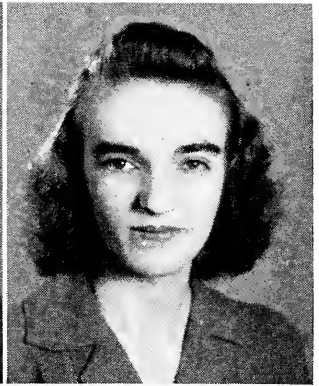
DORIS MILLER
Louisville, Ky.



IRENE NYGARD
Seattle, Washington



PAT PEARSON
Indianapolis



RUTH PEARSON
New Augusta



PATRICIA RHEINHARDT
Evansville



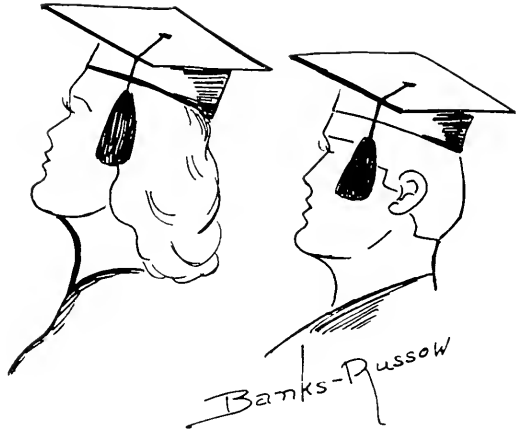
MAXINE SNELL
Bourbon



FLORENCE WOLFF
Indianapolis



BETTY LOU WOOLRIDGE
Kokomo



MARY ATWATER Indianapolis
Music Education (Piano)
Piano Ensemble, Conservatory Chorus



ROBERT BARTON Crawfordsville
Music Education (Clarinet)
ΦΜΑ, ΑΧΑ, Conservatory Orchestra, Con-
servatory Band, Butler Marching Band, Philhar-
monic Choir, Business Manager Opus 3.



PAULA BLUST Madison, Wisconsin
Voice
ΣΑΙ, Philharmonic Choir



BETTY BURCKES Indianapolis
Music Education (Voice)
Philharmonic Choir, Vocal Ensemble, Butler
Choir.





JEANNE BURR Adrian, Michigan
Music Education (Violin)
ΣAI, Philharmonic Choir, Conservatory Or-
chestra, Opus 2.



HELEN FERRELL Indianapolis
Piano
ΣAI, Piano Faculty, Matinee Musicale, Amer-
ican Guild of Organists.



SALLY GREEN Indianapolis
Music Education (Voice)
National Women's Table Tennis Champion,
'40, '41, '42, '43. Conservatory Chorus.



CHARLES HAMILTON Indianapolis
Music Education (Voice)
Conservatory Chorus.



LEWIS LYONS Indianapolis
Music Education (Piano)
Butler Choir, Conservatory Chorus, Piano Ensemble.



JERRY MOHLER Indianapolis
Music Education (Piano)
ΦΣΜ, ΜΦΕ, ΑΧΩ, Sophomore Councilman,
Copy Editor '42, Editor-in-Chief '43, Head
Drum Majorette Butler Band '43.



ROBERT ROUSH South Bend
Music Education (Violin)
Conservatory Orchestra.



JEANADELE SCHAEFER Indianapolis
Organ
ΣΑΙ, American Guild of Organists, Vocal Ensemble, Philharmonic Choir.



MARI ELIZABETH WAGNER Indianapolis
Harp
MΦE, Vice-President ΔΔΔ, Conservatory Or-
chestra, Harp Ensemble, Y. W. C. A., Associa-
tion of Women Students.



MARY FLORA WILSON Martinsville
Music Education (Piano)
ΦΣM, Vice - President MΦE, Philharmonic
Choir, Senior Councilman, Opus 3.

Seniors Not Included

MALLORY BRANSFORD
Music Education

ROBERT MARPLE
Music Education



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Photographs

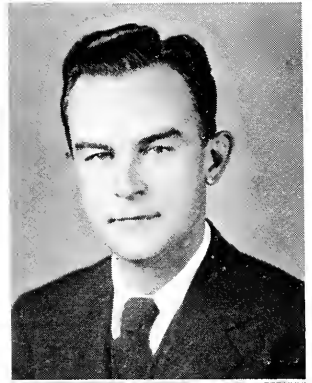
INDIANAPOLIS TIMES
AL ROACHE

Advisors

WALTER HICKMAN
WILMA THOMPSON

MASTER OF MUSIC DEGREES

CHARLES GEYER
Indianapolis
Music Education



RICHARD ORTON
Indianapolis
Music Education



LOYD PATTEN
Gallup, New Mexico
Voice

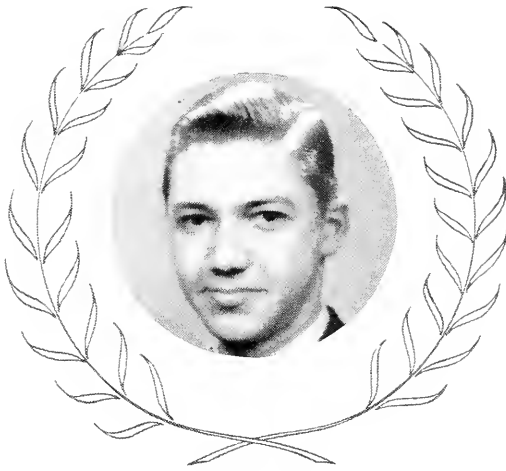


LUCILLE WAGNER
(Left)
Indianapolis
Musicology



MARIE ZORN
(Right)
Indianapolis
Piano





PAUL EDWARD TAYLOR

1919 - 1942

Although Jordan has given much in the way of service and men to our struggle for Victory in the present world conflict, the full impact of what it means to see our young men leave us in uniform was brought to us with its full importance when we read the news of the death of Paul Taylor. Not all of us knew Paul so very well; he wasn't an obtrusive fellow. But those of us who do remember him recall impressions of a quiet, serious chap intent upon doing well the work of the moment.

Paul graduated from Arsenal Technical High School in 1937 and entered Jordan in September, 1939, studying here during 1940 and 1941. A request for deferment until he could complete his semester requirements was refused, and he left for the service on New Year's Eve, 1941.

A special convocation was held in memory of Paul and his name was the first to be placed on our honor role. Miss Bicking had this to say:

"We all knew Paul as a conscientious student and a young man of fine character and high ideals. His soft, sympathetic eyes smiled the kindliness and goodness to all with whom he came in contact. His salutations were the embodiment of genuine friendliness. He loved to sing. He had a sensitivity to beauty, and he loved truth."

Paul had developed a very definite philosophy of life and an attitude toward the war which are partly expressed in a memorable letter to his parents. Let him speak for himself:

"Every so often the question comes up as to what we are fighting for, and the usual point of profiteering, democracy, and their subtiles, but even this large question seems clearer now. If there is hope for a peaceful settlement, if there is hope for a steady advancement for mankind, certainly that hope will be found in a nation and government whose responsibility and aim is education for all and where responsibility and decision is the people's. What could come closer to the recognition of the value of the individual? What hope of fair treatment of conquered nations can be found in any other philosophy? Or, perhaps, it is better said this way: What form can offer more respect for the right of advancement of these peoples?

"Of course, our interests are not entirely unselfish. Many interests seek wealth and commercial strength from the struggle, but what nation would be more apt to be unselfish than one which already possesses nearly all of the essentials. We are fighting for what appears to be the strongest hope for advancing the status of the individual man the world over.

"Knowledge is an immense force. Even God's judgment is according to knowledge. To really know a man, a country, or a people is to be more sympathetic or tolerant toward them. Someone said: 'If you really know a man, you cannot hate him.'

". . . . In short, we fight not because we hate."

Tribute was paid Paul in a speech delivered on the floor of the House of Representatives on January 6, by Representative Louis Ludlow, Indiana. He read Paul's letter, and then he said:

"The letter which Private Paul Taylor wrote his parents deserves to be enshrined in the permanent literature of this tragic age. His message shall be an inspiration to all right thinking people of this sorrow-laden earth."

"Christ, the Blessed Savior of Mankind, must have had such as he in mind when he said: 'Greater love hath no man than that he lay down his life for a friend.'"

On taking his farewell of the school, Paul said to Miss Bicking: "Well, I'm going out into a great adventure. I'll put my best into it and only hope I can make a worthy contribution." A more worthy contribution would be hard to imagine. As Miss Bicking said: "Sacrifice was his very best—it was his all. . . . He had lived his prelude of life wisely. He went away quietly but triumphantly on his last great adventure, and he has entered into the deeper and sublime mysteries."



COLONIAL TEA ROOM

1433 North Pennsylvania Street

CATERING TO PARTIES

LUNCHEONS - - - - 11:00-1:30
DINNERS - - - - 5:00-7:30

Riley 0763

Indianapolis

PHOTOGRAPHS

like good music
live forever

=

FITCH STUDIO

24 East 14th Street
Lincoln 0777



958 N. PENNSYLVANIA ST.
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

A Quaint Old English
Hotel



INDIANA MUSIC COMPANY

Wholesale and Retail

Accordions, Band and Orchestra Instruments
and Accessories

EXPERT REPAIRING

PAUL H. RINNE, President

115 East Ohio Street

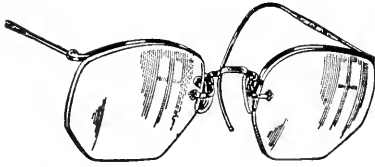
Indianapolis, Indiana

FRanklin 1184

EYES EXAMINED

DR. JOS. E. KERNEL

Optometrist



GLASSES FITTED

Traction Terminal Bldg.

104 N. Illinois Street

RI. 3568

MARKET 4334



ENGRAVING COMPANY INC.

1 5 1 E A S T M A R Y L A N D S T R E E T
I N D I A N A P O L I S , I N D I A N A



THE ARTHUR JORDAN FOUNDATION

congratulates the staff and students of Jordan upon the current publication of Opus 3. This is evidence of another strong link in the Jordan tradition and is indicative of the broad future program.



Indiana's Largest Exclusive Piano House

WILKING MUSIC CO.

120 E. Chio Street

Indianapolis

"The Home of the Steinway"

WHERE MUSICIANS MEET

GLADYS ALWES Music Shoppe

MUSIC FOR ALL NEEDS

Standard Sheet Music Octavo Music

33 Monument Circle — Room 201

Indianapolis, Indiana



WE ARE GLAD AS ALWAYS
TO PLEASE YOU

Phone: MA 4413

"Where Sportsman Serves Sportsman"

The Sportsman's Store Inc.

126 N. Pennsylvania St.

INDIANAPOLIS

CLARENCE E. CRIPPIN & SON, Inc.

225 N. New Jersey St. Indianapolis



Printers to

ARTHUR JORDAN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

and the

INDIANA STATE SYMPHONY SOCIETY

Louise Hudson Grill

1309 North Pennsylvania Street



Lincoln 0532

Indianapolis

DOROTHY KENT REDUCING SALON

108 West 38th Street

Our method used and endorsed by Elizabeth Arden

Evening Appointments

HUmboldt 6535

Call for information

B. M. FLORA

PHONE RI. 1783

PEOPLE'S CLEANERS

Quality Work and Service



116 East 13th Street

Indianapolis, Ind.

NEESE'S BARBER SHOP

QUICK COURTEOUS SERVICE

106 East 13th Street

F. F. NEESE, Manager

Riley 0965

A Friend of Jordan Conservatory

JACKSON'S GRILL

EARL SHARP, Proprietor

1102 North Pennsylvania St.

MEET YOUR FRIENDS HERE

Best Place for a Quick Lunch — Day or Night

DORN'S ^{CUT} DRUGS _{PRICE}

1301 N. Pennsylvania St.

Linccln 6319

WHERE STUDENTS MEET

