

## ENTERTAINING

Looking for entertainment? Then gather around, and we'll run over some of the best in recorded music. Have you heard Will Bradley's latest contribution to boogie-woogie? It's called "Rock-a-bye the Boogie", and features the voice of Ray McKinley. "Scramble Two", on the other side, is a typical swing number. Russ Morgan's record, "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes", with "It's Eight O'clock" on the other side, is one of his best. The latter song is a tune copied from the Lucky Strike one-minute transcriptions used to announce the time on the radio. "Falling Leaves" by Glenn Miller is sung by Ray Eberle, featuring the typical Miller arrangements. On the reverse side is "Beat Me Daddy" (eight to the bar) sung by Jack Lothrop, the guitarist. Another record by America's No. 1 arranger is "A Handful of Stars". For all Glenn Miller fans, this is a "must".

From the modern dance band tempo, we go to the more serious music of the symphony orchestras. From Victor has come an album of music that should be in every home. It is called "The Heart of the Symphony" and features eight movements of eight different symphonies by Tchaikowsky. Decca has released an album of the William Tell overtures, as played by the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. The overture is very popular, and for those who want a familiar piece of good music, this album is a good purchase.

In spite of the ASCAP-B. M. I. feud, the radio is still a source of musical entertainment. Tommy Dorsey fans can now hear him on his own radio program called "Fame and Fortune", on WJZ at 8:30 o'clock every Thursday night. If you think you have the inspiration and the ability to write a popular song, now is your chance. Tommy Dorsey is holding a song-writing contest every week. If your song is good enough, you will receive \$100.00 in advance royalties, plus a publisher's contract. See Al George for further details. Incidentally, there are second and third prizes of \$25 each. Tommy features Frank Sivatin, Connie Haynes, and the Fied Pipers as soloists, along with some of his finest arrangements.

D. W.

**STEELE'S**  
**SUPER SERVICE**

24 HOUR SERVICE

**HAZLETON DINER**

Always The Best

## IN PRINT

### THE GIRL

It was in the spring of 1930, following the stock market crash, when I was graduated from a school of pharmacy. I started on the hopeless task of looking for a job, and trudged the streets for months before I was finally hired by the owner of a drug store, an old man, tired after a life-long in business. He had allowed the business to run down, and I found great pleasure and valuable experience in trying to lift the store to a higher level. Soon I was left in complete charge, and it was very seldom that the owner came in.

Two years passed, and the solid security of the place held me. Looking at it now, I can see that I had lost all ambition and was content to sit smugly back and let the world go by without me.

It was an evening in late fall, and I was just waiting for the closing hour. It was nine o'clock in the evening when I heard the outside door open. I was in the back room at the time, and I went behind the counter and looked at the customer who had just entered.

It was a pretty young girl, eighteen years old. She was of the delicate sort, fragile, like a white china doll. I was afraid to speak, afraid to break the illusion of her presence. I didn't have to; she spoke first, and that voice will preserve my illusion through eternity. It was soft like a breath.

"I want a bottle of iodine", she said.

The words didn't matter. Her voice would have given melody to filth. The iodine was at arm's length, and I reached for it mechanically. I started to wrap the bottle, but she interrupted.

"How much?"

I told her the price. She started to dig into her purse and finally put a lone dime on the counter.

"Thank you," I said, but I doubt whether she heard me. At least she made no response. The iodine clutched in her hand, she walked toward the telephone booth. She went inside and I waited for the cling of the coin as it rattled into the box. I didn't hear any sound, so I moved my position until I could see her through the glass window.

The receiver was on the hook and I could see that she didn't intend to use the phone. She was sitting on the small seat in the booth and had a wispy handkerchief in her hand. She was crying.

The girl was still holding the bottle of iodine in her hand. When I saw her bring it to her lips, I ran to the door and pushed it open. I was just in time to knock the bottle from her hand.

At first she stared at me, bewil-

dered, not knowing what had happened. Then she burst into a fit of crying. I took her by the arm and led her from the booth. She was small and delicate as she stood there, sobs racking her body. I realized that we were standing in plain view of people passing outside. I took her into the back room which I used as a laboratory, mixed a sedative and gave it to her to drink. She didn't want it and shook her head in refusal, but I insisted and she finally lifted the glass to her lips and drank.

"How do you feel?" I ventured to speak.

The girl looked up but didn't answer. I stood looking at her, wondering what had driven this lovely person to the point of taking her life. I turned many ideas over in my mind. Then I went to the fountain and prepared a malted and a sandwich. I brought the food over to her, and she started to eat as if it were the first mouthful she had eaten in days. When she finished, she leaned back and a faint smile played on her features.

"Thanks, that was good."

I said nothing. I was curious to know all about her, but I didn't want to pry. I wanted her to tell me, to take me into her confidence and create some small tie between us.

She rose from the stool and moved toward the door.

"I think I'll go now," she said.

Something inside me fell when I saw her about to remove herself from my life. She swayed slightly and I took advantage of this to have her sit down again. I went to the telephone booth, picked up the bottle of iodine from the floor and corked it. Then I went back to the store.

"You must never try such a thing again," I said.

"Do you think I wanted to do it?" she asked.

We spoke together for several hours, which passed like moments as I drank every syllable. It may sound like fiction, love in one evening, but it was true. There were qualities, the girl herself, that left me no doubt.

"Have you any place to go?" I asked.

I saw her stiffen as she prepared for a proposition. A hopeless stare in her eyes made me feel that she would have accepted, that she was too tired to fight on any longer.

"Here is some money," I told her, pressing some bills in her hand. "Take it and go to a hotel. You'll feel a lot better after you've had a good night's sleep. Then come back, and we'll see what we can do."

Continued on Page 6

## CENTERING AROUND

According to the reports from students who have visited the DuBois Center, the D. U. C. has instituted a merit system for students who are scholastically "all there." The students who achieve academic laurels are amply rewarded, and from many a watch-chain and bracelet dangle gleaming medals for such scholastic endeavors.

The Art Exhibition that we have been viewing here has also been seen at other Centers. Altoona and DuBois first interchanged the paintings and the prints and then Hazleton and Pottsville, did the same.

At the Schuylkill Center, the twenty prints were shown under the direction of Mr. J. Y. Roy, while here, as most of us know, the lecturers given at the exhibition by Mr. Isenberg was a definite success. Those of the students who have viewed the many paintings and prints have gotten an insight on modern art, its appreciation, and its application.

It is of noteworthy interest to glance at the social calendar of one of the other Centers and see what goes on there. At the Altoona Center the girls had an unusual treat when they attended a jewelry style show at which they saw beautiful pieces of jewelry, novel and dress bracelets, rings necklaces, and pins. Besides this we hear that teas are quite the rage out there. And of course this brings to mind the successful tea the girls of Hazleton held for the male students.

They say that the Altoona Center has organized a school band which they hope will be good enough to boost the morale of their basketball team at the home games. This might be a hint for our own Center orchestra to do something besides making noise in room 1.

E. L. H.

**ACE**

**PHARMACY**

39 N. Wyoming Street

Phone 1071

Hazleton, Pa.