

# THE COLLEGIAN

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Friday, February 4, 1944

## \$50 For Compensation

The tangled finances that resulted from the President's Birthday Ball in Rec Hall several weeks ago have narrowed down more or less to two items on the expense sheet. It seems that the band leader and another member of the band who is, incidentally a member of the sponsoring group, advanced the sponsors of the dance \$38 for which they were later reimbursed. This \$38 was for expenses which had to be paid in advance and which the sponsors at the time did not have themselves.

Meanwhile the band had been contracted for not less than \$100 and not more than \$150, depending on the number of tickets that were sold. Gate receipts justified the maximum price and the band was paid in all \$150. At that point the responsibility of the sponsors in regard to the transaction was fulfilled.

However, the band members were paid on the basis of \$100 which left \$50 to be split between the band leader and the other member in question as "compensation for the risk of lending" the original sum of \$38. And that's a pretty high rate of interest for a short term loan.

It looks especially queer since the \$150 was supposed to be paid to the band in order to comply with union stipulations for time-and-a-half for over time, and the band played four and a half hours instead of the customary three hours usually played at most campus dances. Since the band members were apparently willing to forego the compensation why wasn't it turned back to the March of Dimes fund?

—L.H.L., S.F.R.

## Collegiate Review

University of Texas coeds have decided to go back to the plain, old-fashioned "hello" when they answer the telephone instead of such fancy ditties as "Graveyard, what can we dig up for you?" or "Night spot, which night do you want?" They found out from sad experiences that male Texans were frightened away by such responses. **Suggestion: just say "Betty Grable speaking."**

According to the Utah Chronicle, University of Utah, it's amazing what college will do for a girl. Professors say that the purpose of a college education is to broaden your outlook on life. Well, it does!

When you're a freshman, you wear perfume called "Youth."

When you're a sophomore, you wear perfume called "Youth's Fling."

When you're a junior, you wear perfume called "Youth's Fling at Midnight."

When you're a senior, you wear perfume called "Youth's Fling at Midnight with Passions Desire."

When you're a freshman you only study IF there is nothing more exciting to do.

When you're a sophomore, you study WHEN there is nothing more exciting to do.

When you're a junior, you study BECAUSE there is nothing more exciting to do.

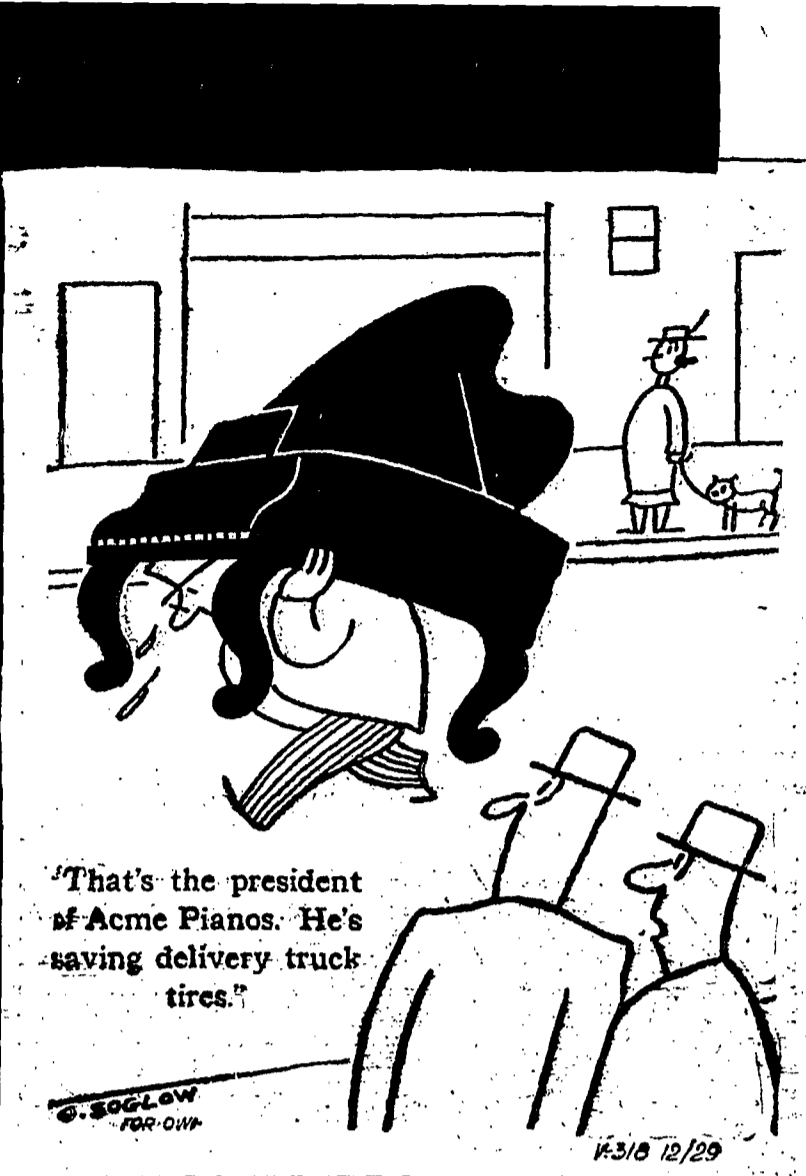
When you're a senior you only study.

When you're a freshman, you woo to get dates with handsome men,

When you're a sophomore, you try to get dates with men.

When you're a junior you try to get dates.

When you're a senior you just try—anything!



## Buzzing The Field

with Roger

The well-known doors of Rec Hall will swing open tonight for Green Tag Swingout, the fifth, latest and best of the well-known Air Corps Queen dances. Four Misses and a Mrs. will be there to vie for the well-known title. Our guess is that the girl who will steal the show is not well-known around here. We will bet our G. I. shirt on this prediction.

The local vendors of pretzels and suds probably were faced with reduced sales last weekend as a result of the loss of a certain group of their regular customers. However, it would seem that the influx of "imports" made up at least part of the difference.

In re the last graph, we quote the following from a recent edition of that popular chronicle of campus life, shortly before it became a war-time casualty: "The ban on coeds visiting such spots as the rose gardens and Hort Woods after dark came not from the Dean of Women's Office but from military circles who were loathe for their little charges to be led astray by State's she wolves."

That was one time the soldier got the credit, instead of the blame. "Characters" you may or may not know . . . The "Lounge Lizards" of Club Atherton's floor show . . . Vi, of Skellar Fame, who manages to laugh at our worn out lines, after all these years . . . The tall, "striking" girl who crossed her legs under the table and kicked a soldier five feet away . . . The couples at Winter Ball who spent the evening sitting them out . . . The blue-coat who broke up a boy-meets-girl act on an Old Main divan Sunday . . . The friends who operate downtown all Sat. afternoon, then let you grow old and cold waiting in the lounge that night . . . The students who can't make an eight-o'clock during the week but get up to hang out the windows of certain doms while the Air Corps does push-ups and back bends early Saturday morn . . . The boys who plan to play hard-to-get after the Air Corps and Engineers leave . . .

Overheard in the ranks . . . "But I am at attention, sir; it's just my overcoat that's at ease."

If you see any of us walking around with arrows in our backs and that long-gone look, remember that Dan Cupid's Day is nigh. That is one day of the year that serves to remind us that the advantages of Army brown, Navy blue and Marine green should be taken advantage of.

We thought waking up to C. Q.'s whistle was bad, but those alarm clocks coed residences use to shoe us away Sunday morning are unusually aggravating. You can tell the C. Q. where to go, but not—the alarm clock.

We have been accused by a young lady of "talking down" to the readers (if there are any besides her) of this column. Therefore, when we take off next issue, we will do a little high altitude flying and soar into a loftier plane of intellect. We have a review of "Lady Chatterly's Lover" or an original one-act tragedy in mind. Remember, tho, that you need an oxygen mask above ten thousand feet; the breathing becomes rather difficult up there.

ALWAYS . . .

The Corner  
unusual

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