

Portrait of Any Senior Fraternity Woman

By C. CHESTER CHARLES

Illustration by Mary Atkins

SHE was one of those perpetual seniors, those never-never graduating co-eds, hanging on, year after year, playing with one set after another, living off the cream of the university, making of life a sparkling, bubbly thing. And yet—she's college: an endless round of fraternity dances and football games, a life in which the actual absorption of knowledge plays a minor part. Her eyes, deep black pools, held the wisdom of the orient. They told too much. Much too much. However, she possessed a violence of passion—was always falling in love, becoming infatuated. Once she fell in love with a young boy from watching him light a cigarette. She was always good for a "Who's that?" from strangers, and took an unfair advantage over the younger girls, who alternately envied and worshiped her. A very interesting career had been hers. A charming young woman, indeed. "You know I never date anyone for these informal dances", she had lately said. She came with a whole fraternity!

And here they were. A moon-light dance revived after much bickering with the faculty. Tall red tied Uvo leaves drooped from the walls . . . like weeping willows . . . or ostrich plumes from white knights. Like something you have always dreamed about but knew never happened. The gym was crowded with college types. Blasé young collegians, rollicking undergraduates, stags from the dorm who crashed free, chaperons trying to appear amused, freshmen trying to appear casual, and, of course, those world weary types who try so hard to appear bored . . . ennuyes, impressed with their own very, very thin shell of sophistication, their own swank . . . cynics and sophists, iconoclasts who are forever referring to the American Mercury, and people who are too tired to care. And such. But, oh, the girls: darling little things, sheathed in sheer silk, foolish young capables, thinking life consisted of fraternity pins and eight o'clocks as a necessary evil, gay bon-bon creatures with a smile, a song, and a lipstick.

Noise and noise and noise. And all the blond young men. And those couples who dance in the corner, forming little vortexes of their own behind the stag line, to get more room. Or is it to avoid being cut in on? A maelstrom of lives, children of conventional, non-convention all melting into the whirling ecstasy of college life. You would shove your way through the crowd, dragging your girl behind you, and when you were

finally there, the punch was sure to be gone.

Now she was dancing with Jerry. The mirrored ball cast colored snowflakes which frolicked and played on the dancers. Snatches of inane conversation came to her ears . . . "It's been banned" . . . delightful laughter . . . "NO one considers an engineer," somebody insisted. A dim light in the corner disclosed a callow youth reading something or other to one who squirmed uncomfortably.

"Oh, Angela,
You who are a distant dream
Of pale loveliness and lavender-scented
femininity . . .

The rest was lost in the blur of sobbing saxaphones and shuffling feet. They whirled about,



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bumping into nearly everyone in the world. It was so crowded. And so warm.

"May I cut in?" It was a tall chap, whose face seemed familiar. He danced rather nicely.

"Who . . . ?"

"I met you at the Engine Ball—"

"Oh yes, I remember". But of course she didn't.

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