

Hotel Sinton MARCH FIFTEEN



Harry Bachler

TO the accompaniment of softly colored lights and the haunting strains of a crooning orchestra, lovely ladies pass by on the arms of their devoted swains. The Junior Promenade is on.

The walls of the Louis XIV ballroom echo to the tinkle of feminine laughter and the soft murmurings of young men in love.

It is midnight, the enchanted hour. A sudden hush, the Queen of Hearts, the fairest lady of the Prom, is introduced amid a chorus of surprised and knowing Ahs.

The dance goes on and near the break of dawn tired but happy revelers wend their way homeward.

Just a real good dance.

