



The Junior Prom Orchestra, relatives and friends of Harry Bachler—eminent member of Sigma Phi Eta.

Peter Waldman, president of the Junior Class, in a character pose combining native shyness with that touch of masculine ruggedness. He is shown nonchalantly overlooking the gate receipts at the Junior Prom.



An Off Campus Scene

PLACE—Kitchen of the Elite Restaurant, G. Sabolus, Prop.

The evening rush has slackened. Mame, the beautiful strawberry blond, is slipping her new lavender "sleeveless" over her head. With a shrug of the hips the frock is adjusted. Gertie, standing by in an attitude of appraisal, shifts her chewing gum to the other side of her mouth.

GERTIE—Gee, that's a regular evening gown ya got dere, an' only \$2.50 down. (She examines a pin on Mamie's dress.) Say, whatz' is thing?

MAMIE—Oh, I forgit to tell ya. Funny looking ain't it? One of these collich guys what's allus hang'in aroun' give it to me. Ya know that fellow wit da baggy clothes—he's awful soft on me. Comes in every noon real late, so's he'll get a chance ta talk t'me when I ain't workin'. It's whatcha call a frat pin.

GERTIE—It's kinda cute—kinda odd, if ya know what I mean. My ole man's got a lodge pin looks sumpin like it. What's that thing stickin through it—a sword or a hat pin?

MAMIE—That's a sword. I lent it to Sady yestidy to wear to Danceland and Joe thought she went and joined some Sunday School club.

GERTIE—Gee, Joe's a card. What's those funny letters on it—hieroglifits or somethin'?

MAMIE—I dunno. They must be somethin ta do with mathematics. The middle one is a triangle. I learned what a triangle was when I went ta school.

GERTIE—What's it for?

MAMIE—I dunno. He wouldn't tell me. Said it was a secret. These collitch guys is awful sentimental.

GERTIE—Oh, gee, all these collitch guys is crazy. They never work, but the dames fall for them.

MAMIE—Yeah, they ain't so swell.

GERTIE—There's Bill's horn outside. Bill ain't educated, but he sure can drive a truck.

MAMIE—I'll say so. Me for a guy with a steady job. Gimme your compact.