

January...

and when the cards were turned up-
ward . . . the grades were passing . . .

*So smile and dance and sing your song
And bow because you're through
The next act waits in yonder wing
S'en allez vous . . . s'en allez vous . . .*

From the Lyrics of Little Joe

■ January . . . blues . . . perennial blues . . . low grades . . . two times . . . bad news from home . . . depression . . . depression . . . and ten years hence? . . . All forgotten . . . She with the husky voice . . . he with the wavy hair . . . ten years hence to meet again . . . where? . . . how? . . . small world this . . . knew you at college . . . remember? . . .

■ January . . . the half way mark . . . interlude . . . exams . . . Play boys . . . popularity girls . . . bleary eyed . . . at Ship's and the Campus Shop . . . no more tete a tetes . . . fol de rol . . . only muttered dates . . . formulaes . . . prayers . . . blue books . . . Cruel world . . . Lights late at night . . . in E. E. lab . . . 303 Swift . . . in Dorm . . . awful grind this . . . College . . .

■ January . . . basketball . . . thump . . . thump . . . dazzling white lights . . . blare of music . . . rollicking tunes . . . feet stamping . . . hands clapping . . . "halfback from Alabama . . . All American Girl . . ." Someone tap dancing . . . voices roaring approval . . . Stand for the Alma Mater . . . not many more times . . . to sing that . . . maybe in years to come . . . a chance whistler . . . Son . . . say Son . . . where did you learn that? . . .

■ January . . . rolling by in chilly blasts . . . Free-hand classes migrate to McMicken Hall . . . Debates . . . Clever cigarette ads in the "News" . . . Activities Girls . . . no more Campus cheers . . . frowns . . .

■ Again . . . soft music . . . gleaming sabers . . . polished boots . . . swirlin' evening gowns . . . Soldier's day . . . the Military Ball . . .

■ January . . . Fresh Painters . . . Call me Comrade . . . advance publicity . . . feet tapping again . . . and what are you thinking of? . . . nothing . . . nothing . . . only . . . when another year rolls around . . .

■ Aimless snowflakes meandering out of leaden skies . . . snow ankle deep on the parking lot . . . figures in fur coats . . . stepping gingerly over icy walks . . . coffee at lunch instead of cokes . . . Days going away . . . away . . . friends too . . . to other climes . . . but under the same stars . . . Maine . . . New York . . . China . . . and soon you too . . . January . . . perennial blues . . .