

Freshman Janie

Pardon me while I swoon! It seems to be the thing to do—since I've just been listening to "4-F Sinatra." Guess I must be gettin' immune 'cause he didn't put me out of commission tonight. I think everybody sort of swooned when he sang that song *Bessie May Mucho*, though. Maria Legg says Bessie May must be some gal to have a song like that written about her!

Somebody said an awful lot of people swooned over the preachers. Sue Everett seemed to think one of 'em looked like Paul Heinreid (I dunno *how* you spell it!) and she just couldn't eat for looking at him! Of course Betty Winslow was sent—but definitely!

Ida Raye Vann says she's going on a diet some time next year, so she's storing up while she's got the time—though the Toddle House is having difficulties keeping hamburgers 'n' pies in stock!

Somebody said Jean Campbell's been muttering phrases in *Español* to herself for some time now. It's nice to see people so fond of their studies.

Flash! The great Moomaw has been stumped by some insignificant plebian. Somebody asked her if she believed in interdigitation for college girls, and she said, "I don't know." Now I *know* she certainly would have said "yes" if she'd known what it meant. Well, anyhow, I don't think it's *such* a debatable subject.

Notice: I used to do a thriving business up here on third floor, but it seems that my schedule isn't filled every night as it used to be. Could it be that people aren't taking baths any more? Signed—Ann Edmunds.

Has anyone seen Helena Williams lately? You see, I'm sort of worried about her. She had a rather "beat-up" look about her the other day when she staggered out of the gym. 'Course I know I'm not responsible 'cause all I did was stand on her shoulders and then later fall on top of her while she was trying to hold me up in the air. I just think it'd be kind of humane, though, to ask about her, don't you?

One of those seniors told me the other day that May Bunn blushed so hard not long ago that her *hair* even turned red—but I don't believe a word of it! After all, whatta they thing I am—gullible?

Well, I must say *adios* and go study *Español*. Oh yes, I almost forgot—I've got to mention Harriet Whitaker and Betty Edwards. After all, they've only been bribing me for publicity for the past two weeks—and now I've got my price! Come to think of it, I guess they're worth mentioning.

BIRTHDAYS

February—

- 25—Bess Parker Banks
- 26—Spot Baskerville
- 27—Virginia Smith
Barnie White

March—

- 1—Sara Stockton
- 3—Marguerite Thompson
- 4—Sue Everett
- 7—Betty Ann Cooper
Gwen Hughes
Sally Ramsey
- 10—Frances Williams

PRIVATE JONES

(From P. 1)

cial interest is the stockade file; I have become so familiar with it that I sometimes identify a prisoner as "one of our boys"—much to the amusement of my fellow-workers. Most of the interviewing and testing of the Armored School's bad boys and psychological misfits go on right in our office. There is never a dull moment. My assignment has given me direct contact with a side of life which up until now has been no more to me than a few chapters in a sociological text. I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

LIFE IN BARRACKS

And then there is the barracks life. Miss Harvey and I often wonder what some of our former Saint Mary's students would think of it. Up at six every morning (or a good bit earlier when we happen to draw K.P. or stove detail), clean-up detail before breakfast, making our double-decker bunks in the prescribed manner, seeing that our individual areas are thoroughly G. I. (you get a gig if there is so much as a bobbie pin in an unauthorized place or a speck of dust anywhere), standing personal inspection in military formation (a gig if your hair is not above your collar or your shoes are improperly shined—and four gigs in a month mean extra fatigue duty on Sunday), then on Friday nights an extra dose of "G.I.'ing" (window-washing and floor-scrubbing) for special inspection on Saturday.

PLENTY OF RECREATION

As for recreation, there is plenty of that too—much more than we have time for. Almost every night there are G. I. parties to which the WACS are invited, but Miss Harvey and I haven't braved any of them yet. We go to movies fairly often;

the post has a number of theatres, and all the best new movies come here (only 15c admission!). We go to the service club occasionally, especially to its very attractive music room. Several officers' families (mostly Saint Mary's contacts) have made us at home in their homes; and we have also made some friends among enlisted men who have been in The Armored School since we came here. Then there is the time-honored recreation of loafing around the barracks. In fact, this letter got off to a very poor start because when I began it Miss Harvey and the friend who visited Saint Mary's with her were lying on the opposite bunk working a cross-word puzzle aloud, and I naturally had to have my say in that. One very un-G. I. pastime is the spreads we have almost any night and all day Sunday. Besides all the things you might have at a dormitory party, we have a choice of hot drinks—coffee, tea, or cocoa. Don't think this is characteristic of Army life. It's just a little custom our coal stoves inspired us to adopt, and as yet Uncle Sam hasn't gotten around to stopping us.

WOMEN CAN DO MORE

And there are other things about women soldiers that the old gentleman is taking a while to catch on to. Most of us feel that he hasn't learned yet how much work a woman can do and would be glad to do. But the boys are moving out fast now. Perhaps we'll be in over our ears before we know it. Perhaps some of you will be in with us before it is all over.

Affectionately yours,
MARTHA DABNEY JONES.

Pfc. Martha D. Jones, A405711
WAC Det., The Armored School
Fort Knox, Kentucky.

"MY DAY"...

As I'm only a beautiful flowered handkerchief belonging to a Saint Mary's girl, you doubtless think my life quite prosaic. It isn't—not in the least. I've always my weekly bath to look forward to; do let me tell you about it.

Preferring to be laundered on Friday morning, I slip into my mistress' laundry bag on Thursday night. In company with a crowd of sheets and shirts and other friends, I am carried by push cart to the laundry building frightfully early Friday morning. As soon as we arrive, a laundry worker pulls my friends and me from our bag and checks our names on a paper slip. We then are sorted. Frail objects are put in tubs to be hand-laundered, but objects of superior quality and constant color, such as I, are carried to a cylindrical cradle or, to be technical, a wash wheel. If you've ever been in a wash wheel, you know the delightful sensation you have when you rock rapidly back and forth inside, peeping out the little holes in the wooden top, feeling the good hot water, and tasting the delicious soap. After our fifteen happy minutes there, a laundress piles a great crowd of us into the revolving part of the merry-go-round, or aluminum extractor, and so there will be space in the center, presses us against the perforated sides. When the machinery is turned on, steam, pulleys, belts, and all kinds of fascinating

things co-operate to give us a thrill. They make us whirl around and around at a terrific speed. Of course the wind created by our rapid movement simply slings our bath water through the holes in the merry-go-round sides. When we come out, we are still damp, but our spirits are not. In fact, we feel equal to the next step in our adventure, the pressing. As I'm only a small handkerchief, I prefer to be pressed on the steam pressing board. Really, that is delightful. It makes me feel as though I were a delicious waffle in a smooth waffle iron. To be perfectly frank, I'm glad I'm not a sheet and don't have to be slipped under those five big pressing rollers. I'm also thankful I'm not a skirt and don't have to be pressed around the edges by hand when I leave the presser.

When my laundering is completed I merely relax in the cubby hole assigned my mistress' belongings. I am free to wonder why the horseshoe hangs over the ironing boards, to hear the eleven laundresses sing, to smell the steam, to listen to the radio, or to hear the wonderful clicking, sizzling, bumping noises all around me. Really, it is blissful. Soon, however, it is late afternoon and time for my friends and me to be checked out and carted away. Once home, I immediately make an earnest effort to become dirty enough for another delightful trip to my beloved laundry.

At The Theaters

February 26-March 11

AMBASSADOR

- 26 Sahara. H. Bogart.
- 27-29 Cry Havoc. A. Sothern.
- 1- 4 No Time for Love. F. MacMurray, C. Colbert.
- 5- 7 In Our Time. P. Henreid, I. Lupino.
- 8-11 Destination Tokyo. C. Grant.

PALACE

- 26 Syncopation. J. Cooper, Six Name Orchestras. Wings Over the Pacific. E. Norris, I. Cooper.
- 27-29 Sahara. H. Bogart, B. Bennett.
- 1- 2 Cry Havoc. A. Sothern, M. Sullivan.
- 3- 4 Black Dragons. B. Lugosi. Once Upon a Honeymoon. C. Grant, G. Rogers.
- 5- 7 No Time for Love. F. MacMurray, C. Colbert.
- 8- 9 In Our Time. P. Henreid, I. Lupino. Something to Fight About.

STATE

- 26 Women in Bondage. N. Kelly, G. Patrick.
- 27-29 Henry Aldrich, Boy Scout. J. Lydon, C. Smith.
- 1- 2 Beautiful But Broke. J. Davis, J. Frazer.
- 3- 4 Mr. Mug Steps Out. East Side Kids.
- 5-11 Fighting Seabees. J. Wayne, S. Haywood.

CAPITOL

- 26 Blazing Guns. K. Maynard, H. Gibson.
- 27 Charlie Chan of the Secret Service. S. Toler.
- 28-29 Rangers of Fortune. F. MacMurray, A. Dekker.
- 1 What a Man. J. Downs, W. McKay.
- 2- 4 Hands Across the Border. R. Rogers, R. Terry.
- 5 Coming Round the Mountain. B. Burns, J. Colonna.
- 6- 7 Girl Crazy. M. Rooney, J. Garland.
- 8- 9 Revenge of the Zombies. J. Carradine, V. A. Borge.
- 10-11 Stranger from Pecos. J. Mack Brown.

VARSITY

- 26 Five Graves to Cairo. F. Tone, A. Baxter.
- 27-28 Dixie. B. Crosby, D. Lamour.
- 29 Paris Calling. R. Scott, E. Bergner.
- 1 Burma Convoy. C. Bickford, E. Ankers.
- 2- 3 DuBarry Was a Lady. R. Skelton, L. Ball.
- 4 Crime Doctor. W. Baxter, M. Lindsay.
- 5- 6 So Proudly We Hail. C. Colbert, P. Goddard.
- 7 Bombay Clipper.
- 8 Hangmen Also Die. B. Donlevy, W. Brennan.
- 9-10 Crystal Ball. R. Milland, P. Goddard.
- 11 Frankenstein Meets Wolfman. L. Chaney, B. Lugosi.

WAKE

- 26 Danger, Women at Work. P. Kelly.
- 27-28 Captive Wild Woman. E. Ankers, J. Carradine. Taxi, Mister. W. Bendix, G. Bradley.
- 29- 1 Human Comedy. M. Rooney.
- 2- 3 Bomber's Moon. G. Montgomery, Annabella.
- 4 Hi ya, Chum.
- 5- 7 A Star Is Born. F. March, J. Gaynor.
- 8 Background to Danger. H. Bogart.
- 9-11 Here Comes Elmer.