

THE SATURDAY EVENING

Prom

Prom Script Post Prom Cereal

3:00 Hello—So glad to meet you—Yes. That's our Hall Clerk. You'll see her again before the weekend's over. Why thank you. I'd love a cigarette—just finished my last pack—Hmmm. Have you know Jim long? Oh. You kicked the slats out of each other's cradles? How nice. It is Dave, isn't it? I mean Bill. I really never forget a face.—Is this your first trip to Skidmore? I see it is. We are definitely not a Junior College. That was in 1911, Skidmore School of Arts, numbering twelve. They made hats and dresses, sewing school sort of thing.—Speaking of how times have changed, the beer picnic started an hour ago. What happened to Jim and Bunny? Oh. Well, you know how it is—spring and all. Can't lose a minute tho', can they.

7:30 Such a nice cocktail party. How come you've gotten so cute all of a sudden? Really, I thought I'd collapse when you fell in the brook. Was it cold, honey? Oh. Forgive me! Such lovely Manhattens. I just adore the olives.

11:15 You dance divinely, darling, why I can really walk on my own two feet—alone! Don't you think Skidmore has an unnatural, I mean unusual number of attractive girls? Although... But we just got here. Jim and Bunny have the car. Relief? No, just a sigh for young love. They're so cute together. You know, Spring and all....

Forkerism

By Private Crouchnagel

Hou've all steard the yory of Indercella. Well, shis is the thory of Judying Stanie. She was a Gidmore skirl who trived in a lippie in Horth Nall with roo twommates. Judying Stanie was an Stonor hudent and her hoommates who terent broo tight stad hudy (shor fort) do their thource seems, rook beviews, etc. while they out wet on dany mates with prany Minceton, Wartmouth and Dilliams men.

Cudy stidn't dare. She lat in the sibrary and wid dere thork thor fem and damed about the dree when a "Collsome Mandage Han" could wome wer hay.

Mime toved on as dimetill woo and Prunior Jom pame rutting cound. Judying Stanie didn't dave a hate. A danior without a Jute for Prunior Jom? Rorhurs! As usual, weet thackend rer hoommates each have ger a thive woudand theid worsis wro tite, and then they oo ktoff to bink dreer with meir then.

Stoor Judying Panie. There was shas with all wis thork to de bone, and dust jying bor a bran and a mew. All of a hudden the mouse sother came in.

"Do yont a wate?", she asked. And without ansing for an waiter she tubbed two bext toots together and, Poof! There was the loost becking matgers run (and tonde, bloo!) beating in the par siter. Next, the mouse-hother took a san of dardines, threw them win the outow an in nont of Frorth was the most pontiful gray contiac beauventible with sed reather leets.

Mudying's Stouse hother hooked at ler, decided she douldn't go to the cance in the wenes she was gearing, clent to the woset and got some rad glags out and jessed Drudying Stanie kit to fill.

As Ludying was steaving the ordy onder she becieved was to re in ty bwo. Saydless to nee, Rudying and her Mutgers ran were the lest booking castle in the cupino; but the quickening went too evely and soo toon it was gime to to.

Putting down the receiver of my phone, which matched the sea-foam tinted walls of the double that number 189 had procured me in North Hall, I gaily hummed the popular hit tune Minsouski's Mazurka 8 in A Flat, opus 61490. I was only too pleased to forego the usual Saturday evening supper of filet mignon and avocado piquant creme. For I knew that with Boris Slobosky, who was something of a gourmet, I would be treated to the rare delicacy of hamburgers and Floating Island.

Despite my intense excitement, I indifferently rushed downstairs, greeting Boris with a nonchalant breathlessness. When he saw me, he only pulled out a hammer, and dreamily murmured "Tovarich". But, at last, there we were in a luxurious limousine. It was a coaster wagon with an outboard motor. I had hoped for a gilt outboard motor. But Boris said only decadent capitalists gilded their outboard motors. How vividly I recall that ride! I was so happy I kept humming such gay collegiate songs as **I'm Looking Over a Four Volume Editon, Miracle of the Dean's List, and Smoke, Fiend, Smoke.** Boris even joined me once. His deep, rich voice boomed out in the starlight air. How he rolled out the syllables of **Oh, I've Been Slaving in Siberia!** I wanted him to sing **Home, Home on the Steppes.** But Boris told me it had been purged from the Russian juke boxes.

However, we finally arrived at the local version of the Coconut Grove, whose romantic name was Cactus Alley.

The head waiter gave his lariat a supple twist, and drew us up a small table covered with a red checked table cloth. Boris was ecstatic over the red table cloth. "Ah, Tovarich," he exclaimed. "Our Red Action Committees infiltrate everywhere."

"Pahdner, do y'all want to do me the pleasure of orderin' somethin'?" The waiter was pointing a pearl-handled revolver at us.

"We would both like vodka."

"Pahdner, in heah y'all take Prospector's Dynamite Liquefied Over Choctaw Ceremonial Fire, or else y'all depart."

"Where do we depart to?"

The waiter impulsively twirled his pearl-handled revolver, and said coyly, "Y'all just depart."

The music at Cactus Alley was divine. Never had I heard two gourd rattles and a rattlesnake drum send so solidly. I was dying to dance. But just then Chief Perpetual Snow in Saratoga strode by. Boris turned pale, and gesticulated wildly. Finally, after several choking attempts, he gasped out, "What was that?"

"A red skin," I laughed blithely. You should meet him. All the property in his tribe is commonly owned. Everyone works for the tribe as a whole. There are no classes of society.

"Communism does that for the ideologically pure. It turns them red all over!" And Boris went into a dead faint.

(Continued from Column 1)

Re can out of the Shasino and in do soing she lopped a droafer (she nad heglected to shut puvencing eoes on) and der hate afting runter her ucked it pip.

The dext nay he and a buddle of his cuppies went all camper ovus skooking for the Liddie who had lopped the droafer. After drying all the torms with no muccess they lent to the wibrary as a rast lesort, and there they stound Judying Fanie who thas we only one with a loot farge enough to lit in the foafer.

While her Mutgers ran put his praternity fin on her his conly oment was, "Acby, this is the bacivility!" and ley thived aftily ever happer.

The editors of the **Saturday Evening Prom** wish to present the first section of the adventures of the fair maid Lucy Scribner Puritanicamor on at the big brawl of April 1948—a story conceived in literal alliteration and fabrication steeped in the realms of history.

Once upon a fine day on April 23rd, to be sure, methinks fair maid Lucy Scribner Puritanicamor became involved in spiritual sustenance at a cocktail party. Having imbibed of the lively spirits she betook herself from Big Ben Franklin, her escort of the present (or should that be past about 1789), to betake herself of a Godly conversation with Lord Amherst who had been arguing with a Green Indian from Hanover. Lord Amherst gladly, oh so gladly, hastened to fortify the young Lucy's God-fearing admiration of Jonathan Edwards, casanova around Toga town.

Saith Lord Amherst to Lucy with a nasty laugh at the Green Indian and Big Ben: "Fair female, let me fare thee forth from these savages and autobiographical politicians. Know ye I am no John Alden and that I spake for myself. Pray that I shew thee the town. 'Twill save thy soul."

"Grand gouty Geoffrey," answered virtuous Lucy, "I accept thy offer to view lovely Saratoga. Let us begin with Peter's and then hie thee hither to yon brawl at the gambling jernt in the park."

The two departed from the New Wooden Hovel (hewn from fresh pine trees) where the cocktail party was still raging. They hopped into Amherst's Cadillac horse and buggy and withered away to Eskimoland (North Hall).

"May I stoop to 'adieu'," farewelled fond Geoffrey. "See thee in a handshake o' the clock."

The scene switches to forlorn Big Ben who was booming out his sorrow over a martini glass to a motley assortment of Green Hanover Indians. Peace brothers, tis time that all good men came to the aid of the party. Rebel Lord Amherst has upped and away with my fair Lucy. Tis necessary we rally together and retrieve her. "Gee, fellers, we got to do somethin' about this here situation. Lez draw up a secret pact and fight dat dere Lord Amherst. Dat guy stole away me treasure and he'll pay fer it 'mit a riot in de good ole Thoity Thoid Street fashion. What youse guys say? I'll steal away dat Lucy tomato from dat smothie. Youse fellers get youse tommithawks and blackjacks and off we'll go."

The Indians let off with a war-whoop that made Monty Wooley look up from his Scotch and soda in alarm. A stream of bourbon-thirsty Indians streamed out of the Umph-Umph New Wooden Hovel to Eskimoland (North Hall). "Ump-bump," said the tomtoms. "Glump-jump," resounded the pitter patter of little Indian feet leaping over the puddles in Broadway. Big Ben sprang into his model T horse car and hithered forth. He drove his horse car so furiously that even the Saratoga stallions could not bear the strain after so many years of dragging milk trucks. "Eskimoland or boist," shrieked bereaved Ben between swigs of Saratoga Vichy.

Fair Lucy peered from her glass-caged sleeping porch on North second and screamed in terror. Would she escape the attack of the Indians? Would Big Ben bind her to the railroad tracks to await the Laurentian? Would her hero, Lord Geoffrey Amherst, save her from scalping Indians, better known in this modern day as the "new look" feather cut?

Tune in next Monday night to WGY at 7:30 and listen to Frank Singiser who will give the answers to all these vexing problems.

jolly juniors jamboree

The Date I Liked Best Handsome Harry, Extremely Contrary Takes Advantage of Little Skidmary

Keeping Primed

By Miss Carriage

DATES! DATES! DATES! Like most Skidmore girls I've had thousands of them. Handsome hunks from Colgate, Williams, Union, Dartmouth. Dates with brains or brawn or, oh happy day, both. "Blind" dates or those that only get slightly clobbered. How to choose the ideal one? They're all men (?) and that's what counts—I hear.

Since the **Saturday Evening Prom** has asked me to describe "The date I like best", here goes.

My favorite male companion is the one who keeps you guessing. You wait all week for him to call, have a nervous relapse every time the phone rings, and by the end of the week are ready to die of a broken heart. Then comes Saturday night—8 o'clock, 8:30, 9:00—you're sitting in the smoker, cursing yourself for being such a fool and deciding never to talk to him again, when the phone rings—for you.

"Hello honey, this is your lover-boy. I'm down at the Colonial—be up in five minutes. Jump into any old rag. Sorry I didn't call before but I've been working like Hell all week—see ya." Bang—no time to tell him you aren't that hard up—that you're not the type to go out at the last minute—anyhow you're too busy changing into your green crepe with the seductive neckline and the "new look".

Having a little pride and strength of character, however, you keep him waiting a full five minutes. He looks you up and down with a condescending smile and patting you on the shoulder, says "Glad to see you didn't get too dressed up. We're only going down to Pete's." Grabbing on to your arm as you try feverishly to struggle into your coat, he shoves you out the door, into a car which already contains five other couples. You find yourself sitting on top of his roommate, who is sitting on top of somebody's date who is perched on top of a guy they met at the bar who wanted a ride up to North Hall. Your date slides in comfortably behind the wheel and you're off.

Pete's, the Cafe Rouge of upper New York State, is jammed. Your date shoves you into a seat next to a goof you've never seen before and excuses himself—he's just seen an old fraternity buddy he has to chat with. Half an hour later, after you've completely exhausted all conversation about the weather, with the joker on your right, Handsome Harry returns from the bar, slightly the worse for wear. You give him as scintillating a smile as possible and hope that he'll realize you haven't had anything to drink yet.

He's not so dumb. In another

five or ten minutes he comes to. "Beautiful, you don't have anything to drink do you? What'll you have?" You're about to suggest a rye and soda when he adds "Schlitz or Trommers?" Oh well, it was nice of him to ask what brand you preferred.

At last he's getting quieted down. He's giving you that old line about what a great party girl you are and you're loving it when he jumps up and races toward the door muttering something about Joe arriving and got to take care of Joe. He's back in a minute though, full of apologies and says he has to have a confidential talk. It seems Joe is a freshman with the most beautiful Buick convertible ever and since rush week is coming up and the boys thought he'd make a good brother—well did you know any smooth girl who would go out with Joe? It would be a big help to the brothers if you got him a date that really had the old stuff —. For the next half hour, while Harry stands out at the bar, pouring shots down Joe, you sit in the phone booth trying to get hold of a "smooth date".

Success at last. No, you needn't go along to pick her up. Harry knows her—you just go back to the table and talk to the schmoe on your right. Harry and Joe will just buzz up to Grove and pick her up—won't be gone more than a minute.

Twenty minutes later he's back—they stopped in at Casey's for a quickie. You certainly know how to pick 'em. Mabel is making a big hit with Joe—and Harry too! On well, you didn't feel like dancing anyhow and the guy next to you just informed you he was a geology major—fascinating, utterly fascinating—it must be thrilling to study all about those little desert plants and all—oh, that's botany? Well what exactly is geology then?

Twelve-fifteen and Harry discovers that Mabel isn't interested in hearing what a great guy he is and Joe isn't too pleased either. He turns to you again—oh happy day—and looks at you as if you were a T-bone steak and he hadn't eaten for three weeks. "Honey, let's get away from here. I know the nicest spot—you really do things to me—"

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday—but he said he'd call this week for sure. He couldn't have been lying when he said I was the only girl he loved or ever could love—he sounded sooooo convincing.

Nine o'clock Saturday night—never again will I fall for that big heel's line—he's not worth my little finger. "Hello honey, this is your lover-boy. I'm down at the Colonial—" Well what's a girl to do—there are some guys you just can't resist!

Gold dust, nuggets and even a few inlays made their appearance at the spectacular Junior Gold Rush Weekend. Dust was liberally sprinkled from the Casino to the Spa, from Newman's to the Pitching Host, from the back seat to North living room.

The rush started Friday afternoon as the Don Juans breezed up as usual, slightly—late. Off to the Klondike clatter of stockinged and only slightly splintered feet. Time for only a short one at the Colonial and back into the arms of the hatted, coated and key-jangling hall clerks. Then to the smoker for a short discussion on the presidential candidates for next year and to bed.

Saturday brought the fermented barley picnic at the Spa. Those escorts who were members of the W.C.T.U. opened the Pepsi bottles. The softball games would probably have been better if someone had remembered to bring out the bats. Birch boughs are good for hitting curve balls but they sure are generous with the splinters.

Then to the filet mignon and chocolate ice cream dinner at the Worden and back to don the pink strapless formals and to pin on securely the lovely red rose corsage. The Casino looked lovely and dusty (gold) and Larry was just deevine. A glass of milk at Casey's or a similar drug store and back to our front porches from which we cheerily waved our dates goodnight.

Sunday morn came in like a lion—our heads roaring and our appetites huge. We called the various hotels in town and had our dates waked up. They finally arrived looking as fresh as last night's gardenia, and off we went to the spacious and gracious Skidmore Hall dining room where Miss Potter and her highly trained staff served a most delightful breakfast. Leave a tip under your plate, gentlemen and you might get invited again.

Report To Chaps

My dear Chaperones:

I want to explain and apologize for the queer conduct of my date and myself at the recent Gold Dust Ball.

You must have thought it rather unusual when we climbed in through an open window to avoid the receiving line... but I had chipped half of the polish off my nails trying to open a beer bottle in the park and just couldn't show my shabby hands to anyone.

And I'll admit that my dandelion corsage with mustard greens was rather strange, but my date has a rather strange artistic quirk and you know how these artists are!! After all, I just couldn't hurt the poor boy's feelings!!!

Then lover-boy removed his shoes in the middle of the dance floor and caused quite a sensation, but after all, those protective metal toes on the shoes were quite heavy and my shins were beginning to resemble raw hamburger!!!

After that I really expected to enjoy a peaceful evening (what was left of it) until my figure slipped and tripped an unsuspecting couple. I certainly was glad to have straps on my gown or it would have been drastic. He was quite amazed, but then beauty is only skin deep—and mine wasn't quite that deep unfortunately.

I was quite embarrassed and sorry when, in a fit of anger, I accidentally hit one of your dignified group in the face with a glass of grape punch, but I was so angry—and my date was so agile. The punch really did make quite an interesting free shape on the front of her gown, though, and looked quite arty. I'll be glad to add a few more shapes in order to give an all-over pattern. It would be quite effective, I think.

I was very relieved when we finally left the dance because I really was quite mortified at all the uproar we caused. I promise it won't happen again (at least, not with that monster) and I hope you will accept my humble apologies.

Sincerely yours,
IMA JOLLY, JR.



MADAMEXCELLE

Do You Have A Job? A Future?

Are you pinned?—engaged?—married? You're not? Well then, do you have an eye on the future—do you have an eye?—do you have two?—if so it's easy to see. Yes, to see that now, and only now, is the time for every good girl—if she hasn't latched on to a man—to latch on to a career.

Few of you would be able to admit that you have been a success at college—an asset to the '49 gang. Few of you have attained your highest ambitions—have been able to sleep through classes, to pull all A's, and to go to bed at nine o'clock nightly.

Just to prove that life can be successful—that you can survive, after being dashed against the rocks of despair, by fighting back bravely when your beer mug is empty and you trump your partner's ace—we are presenting to you three typical—if there are typical—personalities that have adorned our campus in recent years—their hopes, their ambitions, and their ultimate successes??

Meet one of the gayest young sophisticates that ever sophisticated. It seems many years ago that she was in her element and her name—oh, yes, I remember, Leslie B. Slink. By the way, do you slink?—you do?—well, here take this piece of Life Buoy! We knew Les in her college days—and nights, too. We helped her balance her cigarette holder, we signed out for her every hour, we added up her demerits at the close of each day, and we sorrowfully accepted her rejected dates. Yes, you will have to agree, we did know our little Les Slink. Les, from the time she was two months old and balanced a brick on her head, has longed to become a model. An ordinary model?—No—but a model for that exclusive periodical, **Madamex-celle**. Her schedule, carefully scrutinized by her faculty advisor, included Textile Styling—or, hey, Mabel, what're 'ya wearin' Saturday nite? Another course was Portrait Painting—or, how to plaster on makeup two inches thick. She also tucked away a period or so of Body Mechanics—or, how to walk a straight line early Sunday morning. With this heavy schedule burdening her pretty little shoulders, Les flew through four years of hard work, late nights and honor roll marks—never below a D—for dandy! Come June—or came June, rather,—hanging on to her diploma, Les faced the world, head high, and turned her half-open eyes toward her planned modeling career. We remember her hopes of being connected with **Madamex-celle**—well, in a way, she is involved with **Madamex-celle**. "Slinky" places subscriptions for this fashionable magazine and arranges the copies faithfully every month on the periodical rack—yes, she may be found on the third floor of the public library at East Cupcake, New York.

Hi ho! What do you know? (don't admit it.) Remember her behind that desk? But she was there—she paid rent on the space. Ever since Flo was three, and her big brother locked her in the broom closet with the Encyclopedias, she had been the shy type. Flo could describe every crack in the sidewalks of the campus and every book on the shelves of the library. We're not laughing at her—she was and still is, a very worth-while girl and we all are very jealous of this quiet, intelligent, and unassuming child. While at Skidmore, she enrolled in such exciting courses as Business Finance, Biology, and the History of Scotch—no, meant to say Scotland. Flo was a close friend of the amoeba and the paramecium—they used to read to each other—and her major was—well, how did you ever guess—it was Biology. Weekends were spent in the laboratory among her bottles. For four long years, Flo measured and tested, tested and measured, invented and un-invented, read and reread—and sometimes even reread again. All this education added up, and one bright June morning, Flo was graduated summa cum lousey. From here, she pounded the pavements of New York—no, of course not, Flo was not a cement mixer. Gradually, after a month of hard work, she pulled herself up to where she is today—and I mean up—for she may be seen walking her dogs on the terrace of her Fifth Avenue penthouse, flying her helicopter to and from work. Work—of course, our Flo works—do you think for a minute that all her brains should go to

Spring,—well it comes every year. Why this excitement when it does appear? The grass is still chartruese—Not emerald green. Robins may be here—But not one have I seen.

The profs are just as cruel. The food still tastes like gruel. I can't get excited or highly elated. The reason—you've guessed it—My date's been ill-fated. "Sorry my dear, I can't appear, But remember sweet, There's one next year." Spring, When I should be so happy, How I wish I were home with pappy!

'Tis spring, 'Tis spring, The bird is down in Florida trying to keep dry.

One of the first signs of spring and the summer yet to come are the white shirts, sneakers and pedal shovers being worn on campus. Also the washing of the third finger right hand of a certain outstanding class seems to be a hint of great gold and black things to come. And those beautiful buggies setting in front of North, Grove and Hammond. They too once had spring but the last trip to Glens Falls with half of the dorm coming along for the ride broke these few remaining ones (springs, that is). The jimmies on the cones at Norton's bring us back to the springs when we had nothing better to do than to fish all afternoon. Spring has sprung, The grass is riz, I wonder where I'll live next year.

My man arrives on little flat feet. He sits looking over his nose at North On silent haunches And then moves on ... to Grove

(Continued from Column 1)

waste? Where does she work—yes, this started out to be a dissertation on careers, didn't it? No—Flo is not a biologist—she works front row, third girl from the left at Minsky's!

Hello, there! You must be Dee Licious McBride. Why it seems only yesterday that you were imprisoned by the Home Ec scouts, the bars clamped on your windows, the budget shoved into your hands and you started your visit in that little white house with the kitchen on Union Avenue. My, but you were the domestic type.

The children—how you adored the children at the K.T. House, and they really must have worshipped you when they let those rights to the jaw fly as you bent over the sand box. The motherly type—forever doling out advice—but, dear Dee, you had the wrong slant on that Yale man—he never even offered his pin so how could I give it back and play hard to get?—and that motive of a stitch in time saves nine. Was it during Junior year that you changed it to a beer at night costs only a dime?

Why—no—we didn't know that you live at the Waldorf. And you always eat out?—don't you get cold in the winter?—And you have a maid! And goldfish—how enchanting! Bring out the motherly instinct.

Yes, readers, come Springtime and a young girl's fancy turns to thoughts of—beer? Of men? Of prom? No, none of these shallow and insignificant phases of life—but to thoughts of jobs and futures. To thoughts of making dreams come true. Yes, we all realize there are hardships in the world of careers, but we are willing to sacrifice the little pleasures we have enjoyed in the past. Each of us is striving toward a goal in the working world—determined to be successes—successes of which our friends, families, and Skidmore will be proud. These four years will not be wasted. That is why we are picking out our diamond engagement rings, running to the dressmakers to have our wedding gowns fitted, going on stupendous and unbreakable diets, collecting silver, and filling our hope chests so they ooze out over the edges. That is why we run off on weekends, crowd the mailroom, and wash our hair every Thursday night. That is why we cut our Monday morning classes, go to sleep in the library and count the days to vacation time.

Never under estimate the power of a woman, for Madame does Excelle.

It only comes but once a week. Girls all rush to get a peek. Mad looks, bruised shins, and pulled locks, For Skidmore's Sunday snack box.

"Just Turn to the Right At Toga's Traffic Light"

It's on the map again—Saratoga—and who put it there? Skidmore.—Skidmore—ah yes, on the outskirts of Saratoga, the popular winter and summer resort at the foothills of the Adirondacks. To acquaint you with this quaint town, I shall take you for a short stroll along the quiet shaded lanes of our fair city. A good starting place is Broadway, one of the largest streets of our thriving business district. New York may have its Radio City but Saratoga has its Congress Theatre. You can see the best in westerns and at the same time have yourself a good old fashioned scratch. And then, of course, you style conscious women will want to know just where to obtain that look for which we are all striving. Well, as you know, as a member of the Chamber of Commerce, I really shouldn't show any partiality, but I wouldn't feel as I had done my duty if I failed to mention that ultra exclusive fifth floor of the Inlet Shop. Now you probably want to know where to wear these new frocks.—No other place but Paramount Pete's. As soon as you enter Pete's you have a different feeling—smothered I think is the word to describe it. Ah yes, smothered with sweet, dainty perfumes and bubbles of champagne floating listlessly through the air along with slight curls of smoke giving it that debonair club atmosphere. And now a place to stay.—I think that most people are satisfied with the well reputed boarded—excuse me,—boarding establishments on Congress Street.

Many people talk about the bright lights of 42nd Street but that proves they have never seen those of Congress Street. These vine covered cottages give the weary traveler that homey, before-the-fire feeling.

Now after a good night's rest a day of touring Skidmore's campus is on the schedule. This you really have to see for yourself in order to have a full appreciation of its beauty. I shall describe a few of its monumental buildings to give you a glimpse of its rolling campus. The Little Theatre is one of the most ornate and illustrious buildings, but unfortunately seats only 1500. Due to Skidmore's rapid expansion, there is a drive on to enlarge the second balcony. Fortunately the stage is one of the most modern in the state; hence needs no improving. A typical, well-furnished dormitory is Park View, called this because of its choice location for viewing parkers at Skidmore Hall each night at 11:15. But wait until the occupants of Park View see us in action next year. Because of the demand for such dormitories as Park View, room drawing is necessary—hence only those with low numbers such as 563 have the opportunity of living in such desirable houses. That old English architecture is so popular.

And so, all of you misled people who had thoughts of traveling in Europe or the Orient, chuck those travel folders and buy those pullman tickets to scintillating, scenic, stupendous Saratoga!

Are You New Too?

"Nip-in" girdles
"Ballet" skirts
"Godey" bonnets
"Gibson" shirts.

"New Look" covers
Head to foot,
In all except
My bathing "soot".

She's Engaged Or Dux Does All

The FORTY-NINERS at Skidmore have suffered a high mortality rate and it's all due to the unceasing conquests of the lesser half of the population (I refer of course, to the MALE).

It, has come to pass—these warm spring days—that the world of college women is hopelessly split. There is a yawning chasm between two ideologies; namely, the "UNATTACHED" (or Playing-the Field element) on the nearer side, and the "ENGAGED", on the nether. The gulf of separation is spanned by but a single bridge—hope.

Disregarding the unsalvageable group who insist that the holy estate of "Feminine Fenagling" is purely power politics and who discuss MARRIAGE purely from the academic and intellectual standpoint (or sneak off to Skidmore's isolation to commune with nature!), let us consider each bank of the gulf in the light of present-day collegiate conditions.

To the "UNATTACHED"—or "Love 'em all"—group, each and every ring of the phone means another weekend of study shot. Their theory really makes "Life just a bowlfull of cherries". Nine out of ten weekends finds them solving the same old problem: Yale? Dartmouth? Colgate? (Ad infinitum). Yes, this is the group which keeps the true Bohemian manner—partaking of the Left Bank aura of Pete's; breathing in the esthetic aroma of Congress Park's statuary; and, drinking deeply of the Colonial's Trommers. To them the prospect of a Saturday night sans l'homme fatale is death itself. The ability to so construe their weekend plans to include not less than four different men is the highest of social goals; and, that these four are all Apollo Belvedere personified goes without saying.

But what of the "other" bank—those girls with the heavy left hands; you know the type—always smokes lefthanded, passes coffee cups lefthanded, even sings the alma mater lefthanded—to insure proper and efficient display of the chunk of South African anthracite resting on third finger of said hand. Yes, how do they keep the mind busy and the morale from sinking to a new low when the phones are ringing madly—for someone else?

Picture the picture; the hour is four on Friday. The weekend stretches gloomily before you: Well, you can always sleep. Meanwhile, phones are ringing, and the "UNATTACHED" are madly refusing the goons and accepting the Apollos. You, however, must withdraw into a protective shell bounded by an impenetrable psychological block and gaze smugly at your social asset, your ENGAGEMENT RING. (worn thin from being looked at!) The next quarter hour finds you scraping the bottom of the barrel for somebody to take in the movie with you; unproductive search further embitters you against mankind. Desperation sends you to "Fish-and-Pie-Night" dinner, which settles slowly and makes you glad you're a seafood lover. Even a walk downtown for a weekly magazine is frustrating ("Sorry, miss; sold out!") Disgust and minor revolution boil inside your brain as you trudge back to the morgue-like dormitory and seek solace in last week's crossword—"anybody here know a four-letter synonym for antisestablishmentarianism?"

The radio, notoriously dull on Friday nights, is squelched after a brief encounter, and early retirement, the symbol of life's utter futility, ends an otherwise glorious day.

Saturday is a toss-up between early breakfast and sleep, picking up the kitties and relaxation, books and bridge, Lucy Scribner and O'Malleys. (Needless to mention, the latter category always takes precedence in each case!) In fact, to the stay-at-home section of college society, Saturdays are pretty cut-and-dried; everything supersedes studying. Eventually sleep over rules the six spades you went down, and you stumble up two flights to unconsciousness.

Take Care What You Wear Where

Are you planning an evening at Newman's... spacious dining room and service with a style. **Madam** suggests the New Look in its most exaggerated form; say twenty-five yards of parachute nylon whipped into a skirt, and a Gibson girl blouse with the collar flapping and the black tie flying... you know... that wind-blown effect as you whirl around the postage stamp floor... and don't forget a good Saratoga mud pack sixty seconds before you go out... to refresh, of course.

Another place to spend your evening, only if you don't have a car, is Paramount Pete's—**Madam** advises something rather new... satins and laces are OUT on that crowded floor—your best green nylons will get snagged, your new suede shoes scuffed... so try on a pair of bedroom slippers and an old playsuit—then nothing can happen to make you curse the other seven hundred couples tramping around you.

For those dateless gals with their men at the U. of Mexico or riding on banana boats to South America... here's **Madam's** "what to wear" to Norton's, O'Malley's, or Mother's... A fresh pair of blue denims with the crisp white shirt tucked in neatly, is just the thing. Occasionally, one may slacks and wear a blue shirt. Socks that drool over the sneaker edges always look chic, and a red bandana tied around "your four weeks without a wash hair." **Madam** believes that if you follow these suggestions you will be right in style and still dateless.

The Ambassador and Casey's are two very popular places for the men after their dates are locked in. It seems that "the boys" get together down there for a night-cap or two, usually two (and that's their story)! Now **Madam** lends a tip to these young men. No ties, no coats, shirts rolled up to the elbows and anything else that might make for comfort while beer drinking. Have fun!

Now **Madam** would like to suggest a few health and beauty tips.

Regarding the hair, we find that pigtails are outdated, and now, we have straight from Paris, the Baby Bob. You who are blessed with straight hair must make this change. Instead of having long stringy hair, you now have short stringy hair.

As for lipstick... putting it on from the tube or by a brush is now out moded. **Madamex-celle** now offers you the lip mold. It is a wax impression of your lips. All you do is to cover the mold with your favorite color lipstick, press it to your lips and your lipstick is on. Drop in at Cottonworth's and pick up your lip mold.

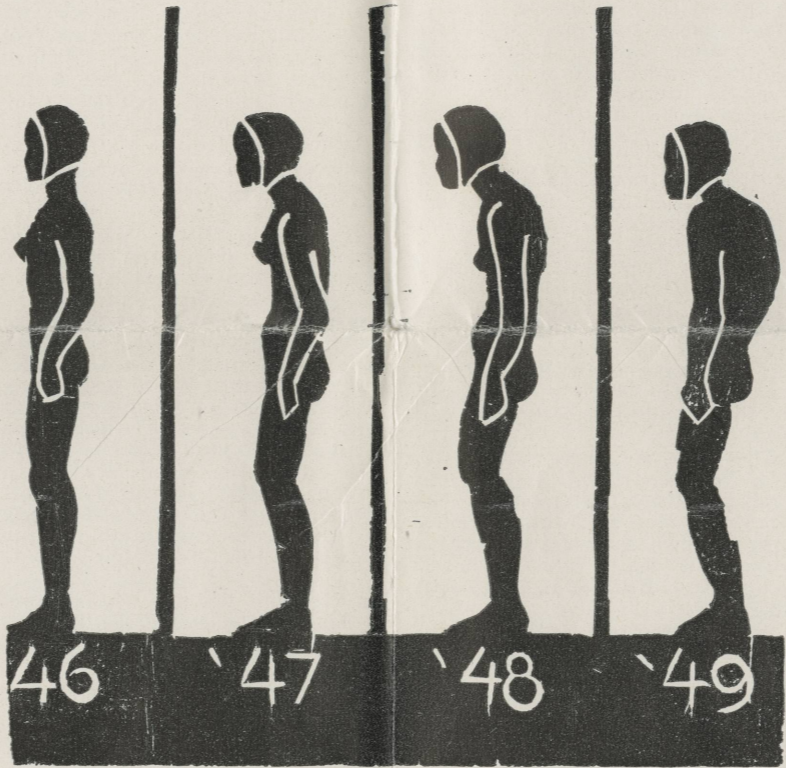
Now, a word about health. To be healthy you should eat three regular meals a day, get plenty of sunshine, and sleep nine hours a night. To be a college girl you eat from one to six meals a day, never see any sunshine except for a reasonable facsimile... moonlight, and get, if the gods are with you, five hours sleep.

In order to be healthy you must have good posture, and in order to have good posture you must take the advice you were given at your physical. The P.E. majors know what they are talking about (I don't), so pull in your stomach, get the kinks out of your back, raise your head, and just try to hold it five minutes!

In conclusion **Madamex-celle** hopes that these helpful hints will make you tired, uncomfortable, broke, but perhaps, at long last, Beautiful.

(Continued from Column 5)

If Saturdays are all alike, what more is to be said for Sundays? The routine of breakfast-plus-papers-plus-dinner-plus-sleep-plus-snacks-plus-Vespers is inevitably weighed down with assignments you should've done the week before. Around the Vesper hour, you again assume your "smug superiority" however when it occurs that all those of the dating class must bid adieu to their adoring Apollos, return from those bubbling weekends, and succumb once again to classes. But you—you of the ENGAGED faction are not exhausted from wild frivolities! Nor are you enduring a long train trip home—penniless and conscience-stricken; nor must you face bitter parting farewells. Nope, you're just sitting calmly, in Vespers—wondering how you can possibly have so much time on a weekend and accomplish so little!



Don't Worry If Your Legs Are Bowed Now It Never Will Be Known

The spirit of gay Paris has invaded the campus of Skidmore College. The fair sex is no longer conservative in dress, but has become gay, frivolous, and daring. **Madamex-celle** defines this revolution in fashion as "the new look." The basic item of apparel, the blue jean, has undergone a distinct change. Hems have been let down and cuffs now fit demurely about the ankle. Variations of this new length are seen in the uneven and fringed hemline effects.

The tailored masculine shirt has also felt the influence of the Parisian designers. Shirt tails hang down three to four inches below the jacket to give the tiered peplum look. Sleeves are rolled back once to imitate the stylish French cuffs. The newest thing in cuff links, the safety pin, helps to correct the absence of buttons. Shirt colors are especially good in the soft muted shades obtained by weekly laundering at the Bendix.

Shoes are a top item in the fashion parade this spring. The carelessly fitting loafer has been discarded in favor of the newer closed shoe—the sneaker. These are appropriate for any occasion. Sneakers are most popular in blue to blend with the rest of the ensemble. They can be matched exactly with blue jeans by tramping through any handy stagnant dew puddle until the proper shade is obtained.

The gals on campus are ultra chic in their Sophomore hats. These are worn in many different ways to suit the wearer's personality—the ingenue off the face look, the flirtatious turned down

brim, and the provocative wind blown angle.

Jewelry also plays an important part of the ensemble. **Madamex-celle** predicts the appearance of gold rings sometime in the month of May. A close runner-up in popularity is the fraternity pin, showing the continued success of antique jewelry. The classic diamond is still good this year as always.

Fashion has even adopted grandma's hour glass figure. This astonishing bit of alchemy is being performed with the aid of waist pinchers, padded hips, and proper restraining influences. A girl no longer needs to bemoan her lack of a Scarlett O'Hara waistline. Fashion creates it for her.

The biggest little show today is seen in the extroverted petticoat. It is extremely stylish to exhibit a ruffle of plaid taffeta or snowy white embroidery beneath the hemline. This is inclined to be a trifle confusing to the masculine audience, however.

Some express the opinion that with the new length it hardly seems worthwhile to wear shoes, but conventionality wins, as usual. To the dismay of the flat-heel followers, heels have sprouted. The Skidmore girl now literally goes tripping down the stairs of the dorm to meet her escort. But even though her feet are killing her and her lungs are gasping for air, she is consoled by the fact that it is all done for the cause of Fashion.

And so ends **Madamex-celle's** Last Word on campus clothes. To plagiarize from a well-known comedian, "Women is the cwaziest things."

NEW SHIRKER

PROFILE

INTELLIGENSIA

Of all the members of the sock family in America, one of the most distinguished, by far, is Mr. Fancy Argyle, of Skidmore—a gentleman of broad education, and striking appearance. Conceived late one Thursday night of a smoker discussion on "Something for the boy friend, when you're flat broke", Mr. Argyle's life began officially on the following day, when his first 72 stitches were cast upon a cold and unresponsive aluminum needle. From this point on, Flashy grew quite rapidly, in fits and starts; his development being marked as unique only in his attendance of college classes at the Junior level from the day of his birth on.

One of the high points of his young life was the turning of his first heel, which took place during an extremely dull lecture on the life and philosophy of Sismondi, an historian for whom Mr. Argyle has the highest regard. Fancy's main academic interest, however, is in literature; for a great part of his life was spent in "Modern Novel", a subject most conducive to the rapid growth of socks.

As far as Mr. Argyle's religious views are concerned, most of them were acquired in Bible 214; although his religious experiences also include several clandestine, and highly dangerous expeditions to Vespers. One cold snowy Sunday, while entering Vespers under cover of coat, Mr. Argyle was flattened against a Phi Sig frat pin, which caught in one of his second row diamonds (Flashy's, not the frat pin's—Ed.) leaving a scar which he bears to this day.

Having cut only three mass meetings, and two assemblies, Mr. Argyle's political experience is even more extensive than his religious and cultural experiences. Of all the elections he has attended, Mr. Argyle states that the most enjoyable one was the selection of May queen, for he rather liked meeting all the candidates—many of whom were sporting near relatives of the Argyle, or Cable clan.

After this mention of near relatives, Mr. Argyle went off on a tangent about the Russians. For his kin in that country he has utmost contempt: "they exist solely for functional purpose, with no thought to beauty, particularly of the more creative sort. Those peasants," he added, "have not one stitch of Argyle or Cable in them, just plain ordinary socks!"

"But, back to Skidmore. I have attended many meals here and have not found them very enjoyable—I hate to be worked on, a few stitches at a time, between courses. This reddish spot," he pointed to his instep, "is tomato soup, and this is milk. Sooner or later, I expect a dash of floating island; I hope," he added philosophically, "that, as long as it has to come, it will cover my cigarette burn, or this soot stain I acquired on the Laurentian."

"Of course," Flashy admits, "When it comes to recreation, what I really enjoy is wool-gathering—to this absorbing occupation I owe the greater part of my development. However, I realize that youth must end, so I am now awaiting the completion of my traveling companion, Mr. Allover Cable, with whom I shall journey to Dartmouth, and the more down to earth existence which awaits us there. I hope to bask in the carefree comfort of a loafer, rather than the restriction of a tight shoe lace." When asked if he would hazard some prediction concerning his future Mr. Argyle chuckled enigmatically: "Well I'll be darned!"

Do you think the rain will hurt the rhubarb?
Not if it comes in cans.
Who ever heard of rain coming in cans?

Here's to the vets,
Studying here,
Long may they join us at work,
at beer.

Love of women,
Love of laughter,
They're the ones we follow after.

Here's to the vets,
Average and bright.
They're in the Libe most every night.

Grab your hat,
Here comes your feller,
On the court in white and yellor.

Here's to the vets,
Good men be they.

BOOKS

OR YOU CAN HAVE THEM

Skidmore's classic, semi-classic, and popularized selections of re-known textbooks comprise a list unique in its diversity. Authors all too little known by their reading public are typified by respective members of the great teaching medium—the faculty; a minority group, to be sure, but certainly the backbone of any institution of higher learning.

The portable edition has been introduced in at least two forms: Joyce and Dante. It is not here proposed to draw any parallelism. The controversial Joyce may prove disappointing to those who read *Ulysses* for its more spectacular sections, but quite suffices as a 10 a. m. bedtime story. Dante's *Inferno*, on the other hand, should only be read in bed with ice packs at hand as man's punishment for a cold attitude.

Ruch, steadfast through faculty displacement, and an unquestioned classic, persists in locating the true red somewhere outside of the 400 to 800 mu spectrum; simply one more particular aspect of a particular phenomenon of which one must conceive.

Along with the ethical theist, Max Otto, has gone out the cryptic bearded humor of 'Skidmore's Thinker' to be reinforced by the more elusive Socrates, Mill, and Bacon and an equally elucidating, equally bearded though more subtle humor.

Gardner has succeeded in struggling *Up Through The Ages* with complete approval of all that might be termed Art—for whose sake?

Young, a contributing factor to the roundshouldered Skidmore slump, has been replaced by a less weighty volume; bouquets to Mr. X. *You and Marriage* still heads the non-text list; we wonder why since statistics still prove 17 the most marriageable age—disillusioning to any college student.

The most admirable job of textbook compilation has been administered by one of our own mediums of the political science department: complete in its own witticism, reliable, and printed in installments, it is available upon request.

And so the transcendental Skidmore ignores the simple problems and demands of a petty world, because she is becoming intellectualized through intermediaries, but above all through BOOKS.

TRAVEL

Have you ever wanted to take life easy, get away from it all?? Yeessss?? We have a solution to all your problems. A lovely rustic resort, away from civilization, with all the conveniences of home; running water, tiled "john", electricity, Beautyrest mattresses, a large indoor fireplace—plus all the beauties of nature.

We heard of this wonderful place from some friends who recently spent a restful weekend there communing with nature. These friends, all ambitious artists, enjoyed a very Bohemian time with brush in hand.

After traveling in a new smooth riding Greyhound bus, they arrived at the resort, which is situated in the foothills of the Adirondacks with a beautiful view of the surrounding countryside.

They unpacked, lounged on the porch in deck chairs for a time and decided to paint. It was a lovely sunny day with only a 90 mile gale. Painting their masterpieces which were blown around a bit by the spring breeze left them fatigued so they retired to the lodge for a seven course dinner prepared by the finest of chefs.

They then journeyed to Shermers, one of the near-by night spots for dancing and general festivity. After a delightful evening, they walked the short distance home in the invigorating night air and retired to their comfortable inner-spring mattresses for a refreshing slumber.

Arising late, they enjoyed a nutritious breakfast before the indoor fireplace and relaxed again on the porch to enjoy the fresh morning air. Noon came all too soon, and they regretted leaving this lovely place in the foothills of the Adirondacks to go back to the hustle and bustle of civilization.

And what is the name of this fabulous lodge?? Why, Skideron-dack, of course!!!! Whidsamat-ter, you ignorant, or sumpin???

MUSE-ICAL NOTES

It has been said that it is music that makes the world go around. How true! As an unbiased critic it is my duty to pass judgment on the big musical events of the week. As you remember, my last two articles were on Salzburg and Tanglewood. This article is going to be slightly different. I have been drawn to Saratoga to review the outstanding musical events of Skidmore's JUNIOR PROM weekend (never underestimate the power of women). Review, did I say? Yes, review, and also to suggest fifteen classic tunes to insert in your memory book on the page, "The most unforgettable weekend I ever spent."

"Mood Indigo" . . . Junior Blues
"Let it Snow" . . . Saratoga
"Melancholy Baby" . . . last minute telegram
"Trouble is a Man" . . . my blind date
"I Waited for You" . . . Where were you, ya bum?
"Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" . . . the Colonial.
"I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover" . . . the Spa.
"Cocktails for Two" . . . the Rose Room
"Moonlight Serenade" . . . Yaddo
"Three O'clock in the Morning" . . . six demerits
"Java Jive" . . . Junior Breakfast
"I'll Remember April" . . . Junior Prom
"Brother Can You Spare a Dime?" . . . the Monday after Prom
"Talk of the Town" . . . Gold Dust Ball
"So Far" . . . June 1949.

The copies of these songs may be obtained by sending five cent postage box tops, plus 10c for postage and handling services. Address all requests to the *New Shirker* in care of me.

True Democrats must be few and far between on campus; so far no one will permit herself to be Harried into the job of forming a Young Democratic Club.

Now the name Kinsey is our guide not only to pleasant drinking, but to pleasurable evening entertainment.

Are Ike Eisenhower's repeated "No's" equivalent to our "Stop, I love it?"

With the new increase in board, next year Skiddies will probably be buttering their bread on both sides. (Or at least they'll be served it one meal a day.)

BOURBON WEAVY

CHILD OF SCORN

Bourbon Weavy, la femme tres chic,
Grew pickled thru Junior-Prom seasons.
She sobbed that now her will was weak—
And she had reasons.

Bourbon thought of '46,
When life was pure and men were lacking.
The vision of a shot to mix—
Would send her packing.

Bourbon had started by '47,
To party a little—with sophomoric restraint.
She rode romances stemmed from heaven—
Yet she was no saint.

Bourbon scorned the life she kept,
But rhubarbed was she without it.

Bourbon wept, and wept, and wept—
And wept about it.

Bourbon Weavy, wept too late,
Joined the rounds without thinking.

Bourbon shrugged, and called it fate—
And kept on drinking.

OF A FEW THINGS

Barring rain, this should be a big weekend, however, we prefer barring at the Colonial.

The MacArthur for President boom continues. Here the war is just over and Americans are clamoring for products made in Japan.

It has always been an axiom that students shall learn from and even emulate their professors. Two members of the faculty have returned from Easter vacation with a ring on that vital finger.

The program of Skidmore's Young Republican Club is in full swing. Rumor has it that one of their latest measures (conceived in a smoker caucus) is to confiscate the "Wallace for President" buttons from the coats hanging on the hooks outside of the dining room.

True Democrats must be few and far between on campus; so far no one will permit herself to be Harried into the job of forming a Young Democratic Club.

Now the name Kinsey is our guide not only to pleasant drinking, but to pleasurable evening entertainment.

Are Ike Eisenhower's repeated "No's" equivalent to our "Stop, I love it?"

With the new increase in board, next year Skiddies will probably be buttering their bread on both sides. (Or at least they'll be served it one meal a day.)

TALK OF THE TOWN

CARELESS

The Mugwump Gazette carried an item the other day which we noted with some surprise and a great deal of alarm. A young man had recently visited Saratoga Springs and the college of Skidmore. Several days after his return to his native village, he found the young woman whose affection he had, uh, stolen (?) waiting for him on his front porch. Said young man was fairly paralyzed with fear when Susie grabbed him and screamed, "You must have it, Joe, You must!" meanwhile beating poor Joe fiercely on his manly chest—(a neat 20 inches.) After giving the poor jerk a thorough going over it was finally brought to light that Joe had accidentally run off with Susie's—well, her most important and precious possession. Just what do you think a girl wouldn't want to be without? That's right kiddies. Susie had handed Joe her new Peachy Glow lipstick (and you can take that literally) and had completely forgotten the cannibal paint for several days.

Well, it just goes to show what happens when a girl gets careless. She did get it back but only at a great inconvenience. As we wipe the cold dew from our foreheads at the conclusion of this hair-raising tale, we also conclude that now is the hour . . .

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

HANDY HINTS FOR NOVEL NOTIONS

The forty-niners are staging a Rush this weekend and gold dust is trickling from their pockets. With this thought always in mind, I moseyed around Toga Town to see what it had to offer to these dangerous damsels and their dangling dates.

Starting up Broadway, using the old familiar phrase, "Just looking, thanks", I found several items of interest.

Do you dote on elegant gadgets? Are you tired of having to dig deep in your gold-filled purses for such things as kleenex and cigarettes at the same time trying to keep your eye on that ever straight white line on the road? Ease your minds, you lucky girls—THE SHIRKER has found the answer. One of our better-known shops is featuring handy little dispensers for such necessary articles and they fit right under the dashboard. Just reach, press, and presto—your suffering is over. I mean! And all for the price of six golden grains. Find many bargains do ye?

Father Martin is featuring a special mix for this lavish occasion in honor of spring prom-trotters. Juniors won't be interested as they have already toasted more than Spring. But we can't leave our school-mates in the dark; someone has to teach them the facts of life. The mix is selling for the meager sum of 8,000 particles of that yellow stuff and you must buy it! Guaranteed to make: your ears wiggle, your tongue trip, your eyelashes quiver, and your outlook mellow. Candy's dandy but liquor's quicker!!

Now with the approach of sweet spring all mud foot impressions will lead to the sun deck. For those poor organizers who have to go to classes instead, Rulena Hebenstein is marketing liquid suntans. They come in three luscious hues—Sun Scorched, Gutter-mud Brown, which is very flattering to blonds and lastly, Yaddo Chestnut. Only a few nuggets are necessary for the purchase of these necessary feminine items . . . fifty cents an ounce.

And now I'm happy I can tell you about our new SHIRKER special. Some able chemists have succeeded in isolating the atom which contributes the delicious smell to the springs at the Saratoga Spa. With the atom these noted Noble prize deservers have compounded a fragrant perfume. It is a definite must for each Skidmore lassie who wishes to impress her date. Now you can all be Ladies of Stinction. Of course its price is dear. Oh yes, it can be sampled at Hathorn Spring. Hint to the men . . . this perfume is an excellent, "thank you for the lovely weekend", gift for your date. The perfume also would make nice Mother's Day gifts.

Please mention the name of this publication when patronizing our advertisers, and incidentally, if you have any gold cartwheels left the "Committee for Building a Fireplace in the Rec Center" would be very happy to receive your contributions, or save your gold nuggets—you might need gold nuggets, you might need them someday for inlays.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Needless to say *Goings on About Town* will be tremendous, stupendous, tres beans, excellentissimo, pip pip and all that sort of rot this weekend. . . . May we make a few suggestions in case you get stumped in the middle of your whirl this weekend . . . These places are carefully inspected and socially proven to give you more lasting enjoyment . . . In nine out of ten cases people have reported to us that these rendez-vous have been the inspiration of beaucoup things.

Night and Day Life
Local Hangouts . . . in town, where if your date is utterly . . . you can switch off and get a better one . . . the Colonial—practically another dorm on campus is a fine starting point at any time . . . known for friendly and congenial atmosphere . . . If the Colonial is full, the Ambassador next door or Casey's on the other side will fill the bill . . . They all have a Juke box and serve meals . . . but no dancing . . . Kings has brightened up with new wallpaper and it is the only air-conditioned bar in town . . . and there's **Mother's on Phila Street**. Need more be said?

A spot of Dignity . . . only 'cause they don't have a juke box . . . **The Worden** known for its Mich-elob and never ending pretzels . . . served as only Arthur can serve them . . . They also maintain one of the most substantial brass rails in case your date gets weak in the knees . . . (your date that is!!) **The Dog House** is out of town on the Albany road, it is a reasonable facsimile . . . an excellent place for long serious talks . . .

Party-Party Joints . . . or come one come all . . . **Pete's** . . . this is a debate of whether you party or play sardines, but always a stand by when your date doesn't have a car . . . nuff said . . . Now take the **Club Nicholas** . . . headlined by Bill Hurd (gee he's terrific!) . . . You can dance, dine, sing and make merry . . . for the Nicholas you need a car or thick soles . . . **The Swimming Pool Casino** . . . is similar to the Nicholas . . . It is on the Albany road . . . The orchestra is not too hot but fun can be found there . . . Out Church Street on the Corinth road we have the **Greenfield Village Inn** . . . dine, dance and party-party to your heart's content . . .

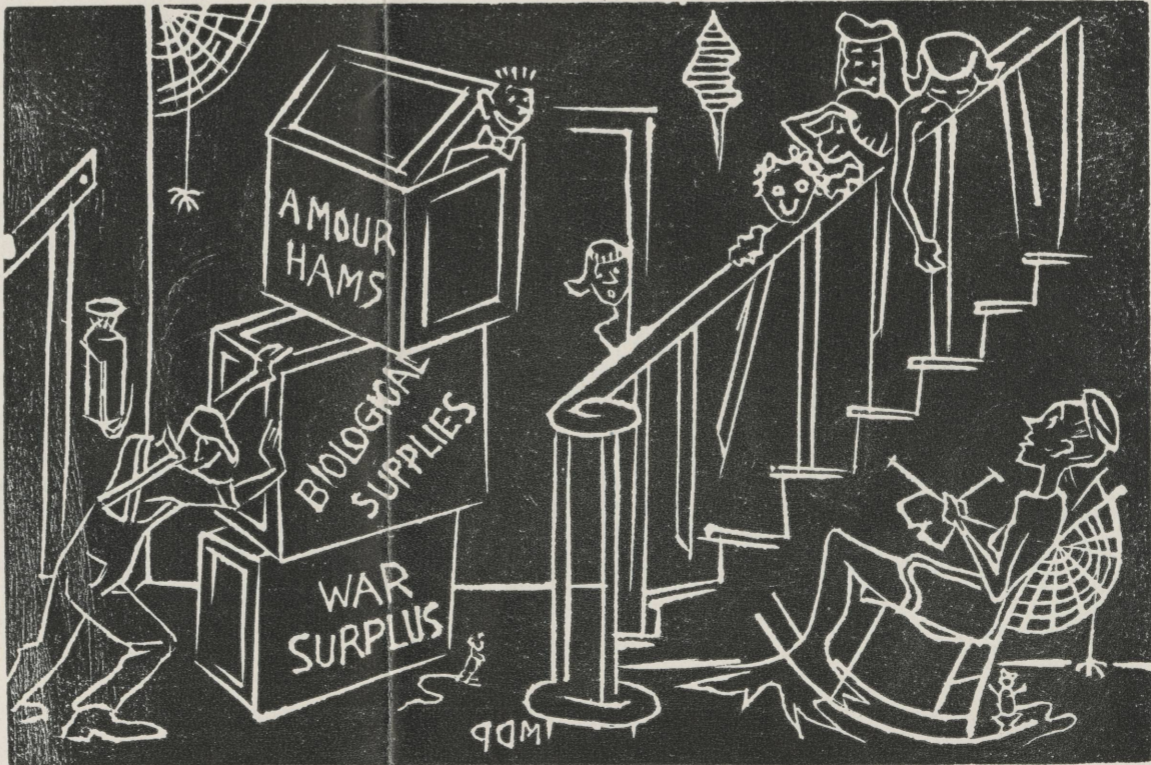
Dives, but oh what fun . . . or wear your jeans . . . In town we have the **Inn on Caroline Street** with Wes and his smooth piano playing and you may let loose with your bird-like trills if you like . . . **The Maranese** is another spot close to our campus borders . . . noted for its pleasant melodies from the juke box and those soothing beers on a Saturday afternoon . . . **The Night Cap** and the **Sanchez** are two more comfortable spots . . . The Night Cap is small but quaint—put your elbow down and you stick to the table . . . **Fusco's** an establishment on Beekman Street is noted for its wonderful and most palatable Pizza . . . accompanied by a foamy beer . . .

The Latest Thing . . . or where the paint is clean . . . In this category you find the **Foursome**, **The Cascades** and **The Adelphi** . . . **The Foursome** or the old **Blue Bell** is a small cozy spot up the street from the Worden . . . Another spot on Church Street is the **Cascades** . . . It had its debut Winter Carnival Weekend . . . Here you are able to dine, dance, and play darts . . . big fireplace and big dance floor . . . **The Adelphi** . . . the newest place in town . . . ultra . . . ultra . . . it's two toned walls grow on you . . . as does the green bar . . . (feeling billious??)

Where the Elite Meet . . . or no ten cent beers here!! On the Albany Road as you go cruising along in your convertible, you come across the **Terrace Gardens** . . . good floor shows . . . no cover charge . . . **Newman's** . . . out Union Avenue . . . known for wonderful steaks and all the trimmings . . . A fine orchestra to put you in a super romantic mood . . . Last but far from least is the **Hitching Post** . . . a place you will never forget . . . watch your stockings at the bar . . . those logs are snag material . . .

Anyone who can't have a marvelous weekend at one of these places is a deadhead . . . after all, all you need is your big handsome man along and you will have your weekend cinched.

Weeks of planning and anticipation
More exciting than Spring Vacation,
Dances, picnics, parties all on the road.
Then I think of all my money owed.



GIRLS, YOUR DATES ARE HERE

DEATH

Billet Doux To the Editor

Editor dear:
I've had it! Life, love and a Prom have rejuvenated me. I write to tell you of a man that surpasses all men, a week-end that crowns all week-ends, and of a future . . . well, it's still a future, I guess.

It began Friday night. He arrived and I died a million glorious deaths cuz he was so gay, so debonair, and so beautiful. (I swooned several times when he wasn't looking.) Saturday was the best with the beer picnic, cocktail party, and the heavenly Gold Dust Ball. The day was rushed and we found ourselves flying gaily from one place to another with no other thought in mind except to have all the fun we could in our short time together. Our dinner was eaten leisurely. The glow from the cocktails remained with us and he even held my hand and told me I looked real nice. I kinda wish he had opened his eyes when he said it.

The dance was lovely and of course he was a divine dancer. I was furious with all those other people who seemed to be making it their life work to trip us.

The Junior breakfast was very impressive, tho' Homer really didn't do it justice. He left the table almost immediately for a glass of water and three-quarters of an hour later I found him guzzling it by the pitcher full. He said he didn't understand why he was so dry when he'd been so wet last night. I don't understand why he'd say that when the weather had been so perfect.

He left soon after breakfast looking very pale and wan cuz he was leaving me. He told me he must hurry on before it got too much for him. I'm still waiting to hear from him tho', no doubt he's busy studying and reliving our glorious week-end.

Your most sincerely,
Matilda the Mateless.

As dictated:

What a break, I thought, the Juniors were paying for it all, and my blind date—guaranteed beautiful, is a Junior anxiously awaiting her handsome of the world—That's me. I arrived, confidently rang the bell, and waited. That was my fatal mistake—I waited—I should have run while I still had the strength. The door opened and the tail end of the atomic fission exploded up to me, "Quick," she gasped, "We have a ride!" Frantically I leaped for the running board clinging desperately to the ski rack. Part of my jacket is now decorating the side of Peter's Long Distance and Local Movers. My haircut is courtesy of a Gulf Oil truck. We arrived. The car stopped, and after the three hundred occupants had stamped over my prostrate body, I made a fifty-yard dash to the beer. Ah, I thought as I drowned my sorrows in my sixth bottle of Schlitz, it is worth it at all costs, and pfft, I'm sipping cocktails; two seconds later I'm in high gear madly struggling into the traditional monkey suit. Dinner was a gulping affair. We were only thirty miles outside of Toga Town, and made the dance in ten minutes. Well, we made it. Entering the Casino, the sign "Gold Rush" appeared before my spinning head. Something Bill didn't know about—he called it a Prom, and here before my eyes is the answer. That's what they've been tearing me around for . . . my gold. It would have been all right if they had stuck to the gold, but they got my silver, too. After the dance came drinks, and then home to bed. All through Junior Breakfast, I kept saying to myself, "Courage, Homer, only a few more hours to go."

Now lying here in the infirmary with the thermometer between my parched lips, the doctor says, "Well, fella, what happened to you?" Half way through my tale of woe, I hear him call, "Quick, nurse, the adrenalin! He's delirious!"

Sincerely,
The Night Nurse.

Science

Dr. Freud, I Presume

Dozens were dozin' in the smok-er on this particular Saratoga morn, each pretty gal curled up with her own deep thoughts.

I gently removed my last Chesterfield from what had so recently been a brand new carton and feebly raised the rolled nicotine to my mouth. The fire from my match made a momentarily blinding light and I had just managed to get my cigarette lit, when poof! . . . out from the smoke arose the cutest, sweetest little geni clad in a severe pair of horn-rimmed glasses.

"What ho!" and "who?" I cried. I glanced at his cable-stitched sweater (of which I'm a connoisseur) and there upon his tiny, swarthy chest were the two initials which I have become so well acquainted in my intellectual browsing required by a certain department in a certain school-upon-the-race-track. The initials were S.F., and so I chimed in the manner of Stanley, "Dr. Freud, I presume."

"Precisely," said the little gentleman, perching upon my thumbnail. "And I have come in hopes of helping you solve your problems." "Problems, Dr. Freud."

"But, . . . I . . . we . . . that is, there are no problems" I ventured. "Precisely," continued the great doctor. "You are not aware of your dire need of me. Just relax and relate to me that dream you were having. You, will see the deep, perplexing problems that you have allowed to recess in your cranium." Whereupon, we began a discourse on **Death Comes to the Wild-woods of Saratoga or Come to the College in the Vale.**

"Well, Sigmund," I began, "this dream of mine has been recurring semi-weekly for a year, now, and always begins with my first naive encounter with college. I'm referring to classes; K.P.; classes; faculty, dean and administration appointments; classes; term papers; and classes."

"Ah, ha!" interrupted Freud. "You were not experiencing routine—you were getting into a rut—developing habits and, my dear, habits are nasty."

"Oh, but Dr. Freud, sir," I quickly replied, "we realized we were fast degenerating from this bad habit. We did all in our power to break ourselves. We began visiting O'Malley's frequently. Here we learned we could break the bottom of curves, our pocketbooks, and even coffee cups just before exams."

"Excellent psychology, my pet!" smiled the doctor. "Considering your tender ages, I should say you were well on the road to making a marvelous adjustment. Please go on."

"The Winter wore on as winters will, and that was some winter. We found we had to swear constantly in order to keep the air in the library carrels liveably warm."

"Swearing is meat for the development of the soul" piped up Dr. Freud, plaintively.

"Well, the skiing was good that year, and with a six week vacation during the cherry Christmas season, we found we were rushing into Spring." "Excuse me, my sweet, but of course you realize (you must—it's quite obvious) that you were suffering from skizophrenia?"

"Probably this year has been our most exciting, though, Dr. Freud. At last we have found time for meeting men. Gee, but we sure do have fun. Blind dates from Colgate, Syracuse, Cornell—all blind to our virtues and without many of their own. Is there an explanation for all this, Dr. Freud?"

"Yes, you and your colleagues are suffering from lack of affection. I propose more all college weekends and shorter work weeks. With this proposal there will be little chance for a decline of the 99% marriage rate of Skidmore girls. Goodbye now until next prom."

The poof of Dr. Freud melting in the atmosphere coupled with the whiff of bacon from Mrs. Boyce's frying pan awoke me and I scurried off to Junior Breakfast.

IT HAS BEEN HEARD VIA THE RHUBARB VINE THAT:

—the appearance of a new hairy chin in the philosophy department is the cause of one disappearing in the eco department. How generous can a man be?

—the shiny new Buick in the Phys Ed department can be explained by the vast amount of cereal that has been eaten and also ground into the floor in the dining rooms this past winter. Enclosing a box top, in twenty-five words or less complete the following statement . . .

—a certain prof in the psychiatric department boarded goldfish during spring vacation only so he could test their reaction times. Any not returned to their rightful owners were used in hors d'oeuvres in the last departmental cocktail party.

—the prevalence of capes in the artistic department is because they are so comfy for sitting on when the owner is painting in the great out of doors. Have sort of a Whistlerish effect too.

—the physics prof crammed so hard and so late for one of his exams that he slept right through it the next morning.

Could be we are overworking the faculty asking for so many exams. —The dogs owned by the musical faculty are for use by their owners when they are away from their talented pupils.

Whenever they get lonesome, they step on the tail of their pets and rrrk, they are back in the classroom again.

Or maybe they are to protect the owners from residents of Newman, Skidmore Hall and Peabody who don't enjoy hearing the do, re, mi's, before their alarms go off in the morning.

—the tres fancy accent sported by the advertising prof is indicative not of his education in Leipzig but rather of his birth-place—one of the better known sections of New York. Okay, youse goils, read on.

—it can happen even to school teachers as evidenced by the lovely sparklers being flashed around by some of our faculty. Take heed ye education students.

—the large black umbrella and briefcase seen wandering around on campus during the few rainy days belong to a member of the English faculty. Bet those lengthy legs wouldn't have much trouble scaling up to a second story balcony.

Speaking Of Data From the Dean

Room drawing will start from the highest number and work down. This is so that the "everyone" who has high numbers will be able to get a choice room. The previous plan of having those with numbers over 189 take rooms in the Worden was vetoed at the last legislative meeting.

All weekends in May will be closed so that each class can spend Friday and Saturday evenings practising their pop songs.

The "new look" shorter dungaree is not to be worn. The Infirmary is filled up with girls with colds. Could be it's those new angel hair cuts though.

All students having curling irons or hot plates are to use them only in the bio lab in Griffith. They are fire hazards and are not to be used in the dormitories.

And lastly but not leastly, all classes are to be held in the out of doors. All those but the cooking classes. The birds might prove bothersome.

The best remark of the week-end was made by an enthusiastic Junior when watching out the second floor porch in Hammond. Upon seeing her blind date walk in the door she was heard to say, "Ugh. Bring Father back."

The award for the most worthy deed goes to Mrs. Boyce and her staff for their rehabilitation work with china.

OH HEEL!!

Dates don't just grow on trees, Thought I on bended knees. Please come, if you don't I'll die. I couldn't be that bad, could I? Well, if this is the way you're going to feel, I'll ask someone else, you big heel.

Close-Up From Oil Cloth To Gold and Onyx

—of a Junior Skiddie—symbolizing a phenomenon and a year of profound significance, but of course!

On September 27, 1947, a frustrated female appeared at Moore's Kids College in Sara's Toga. After slinging the bull (possibly a purple one) and stating that she had burned her bridges, her warnings, and her frosh bib, and had successfully, slowly, subtly, but surely slid over the sophomore slump, this female was re-admitted to the college and was subsequently christened—a Junior Skiddie. By December, 1947, after the initial plunge into classroom activity and indoor pool, after the hubbub of filling straw mattresses and placing them into the cubby holes of North Hall, Happy Hammond, Park with a View, Grove, and Wellington, this Junior Blues singer and upper-class urchin had blossomed. Yes, she was in the non-de-bloom of life, yet she had blossomed into a modern woman, a polished procrastinator, and a weekend Woog-linder. Her indulant figure in mathematics class as well as in the Toni twin Ed O'Malley's course (Horse Club-course 300#) and her speculative smile concerning exams, stock market, or air male service were already becoming as familiar to all other colleges as those of Harvey were to the Bugs Bunny fans.

By January 1948, at least 6,000 prospective Winter Carnival dates were busy writing her poems of love, lunch, lollipops, and their fondest desires for some much-needed southern comfort over that winter weekend. The forces with arms (or commonly known as the armed forces) were carrying this Junior Skiddie's enshrined image with them into war-battered Pete's, the jungles of Yaddo, and through the typhoons encountered between Toga Town and the Snitching Post.

By February, 1948, and on through the monotonous months of March and April, this junior had absolutely nothing with which to occupy her time. She wrote a play called "A Streetcar Named Retire", she spent a great deal of time looking over a four-leaf clover which she had purposely over-looked before, she advocated all indoor sports concerning the muffin man, she lazily rearranged her bridge and social hand so it included four Heart Aces and a joker, and she waited for the winter thaw so that she could revive fall acquaintances with some of her snowbound colleagues.

April 23, 1948, this same personality decided to go on an expedition into the wilderness of an unchartered sanctuary, Skidmore Hall. She had won a chance prize number in the room-drawing lottery and decided to see which hangover haven would be large enough for her storage box and knitting needles. Besides, this was the first day of Junior Prom weekend, and she had to be on the look out for a half price dance ticket as well as a cap and gown, tips on the ensuing horse races, and gold. (She was an expert gold-digger). During the expedition she came across an abandoned senior's domicile and found three things: a senior thesis with the words "Oh, Inferno, what's a degree anyway" scribbled on the margins, a community survey of the lax conditions of the Saratoga Chick Sale establishments, and a junior ring. Upon spying the junior ring, she realized that the preceding months had not been entirely wasted and that the moments of goofing off were few in comparison to the days spent electing the Big Three, choosing a May Day Queen and court with pulchritude galore, showing her frosh advisees the ropes in which she, herself, had been entangled many times, and occasionally honoring the profs by attending classes.

Yes, this youngster, this junior, this soon to be woman of the world and this walking jewelry store with pins (safety or otherwise) rings, bracelets, and golden earrings wistfully glanced back over the year's activities and came to several dramatic conclusions. These conclusions were: a stately senior she would be after installation in May, a Junior Prom with hams or good eggs at the Sunday morning breakfast was the climax of a joyous year, and the phenomenal fillies of the junior class had more horse sense than she had given them credit for. Vive la compagnie, or—let's have another party-party gang in the front row seats of the Chapel in '49.

Movies "Skidmore Satchel"

One of the most interesting things about 20th Century Sock's production "Skidmore Satchel" is its unique setting. Nestled among sooty snow banks is the termite ridden shack The United North Halltel. Built entirely of double bubble gum this building, where-in most of the picture's action takes place, took thirteen and one sixteenth years in the making. Its structure is well worth over-looking.

The star Pollyanna Prune (played by Bingred Irgmen) is a wholesome young girl who is caught in the wheels of college life.

The picture's great highlight lies in Pollyanna's shocking downfall when attending the celebrated Junior Promenade. Led on to drink and smoke by this fast college life, Pollyanna faces the startling realization that she is about to become . . . a senior! Moreover, she discovers the theft of her one and only satchel and fears to tell no one but her gallant roommate Stupidon, stumbles upon the artily arranged body of Moe. It takes several more scenes for us to realize the cause of Moe's unfortunate accident. During this time the audience is impressed by the vast beauty of the Skidmore campus. Finally, the camera returns to Pollyanna who has recovered her composure. Moe, with magnificent chest heaving, tells his beloved of his heroic act in the recovery of her lost satchel. The article had been in the possession of vicious Vassar spies, and he alone had won it from them during a bar room brawl.

Why Moe gave up the attractive Vassar spies for the sake of retrieving Pollyanna's satchel may escape the audiences' mind as what it contains is never disclosed . . . Perhaps it should have held the producers' head.

Skidmore's paradox, I think, is one uninvertible kink. Take, for instance, the plumbing, which is not at all humming. In morn, noon, and afternoon, The hot and cold faucets are not in tune. For drinking it causes one to grieve, When only hot water one does receive. While at night at the time of bath, Only cold water lies in one's path!

Skidmore's paradox, I think, is one uninvertible kink. Take, for instance, the plumbing, which is not at all humming. In morn, noon, and afternoon, The hot and cold faucets are not in tune. For drinking it causes one to grieve, When only hot water one does receive. While at night at the time of bath, Only cold water lies in one's path!

Skidmore's paradox, I think, is one uninvertible kink. Take, for instance, the plumbing, which is not at all humming. In morn, noon, and afternoon, The hot and cold faucets are not in tune. For drinking it causes one to grieve, When only hot water one does receive. While at night at the time of bath, Only cold water lies in one's path!

Skidmore's paradox, I think, is one uninvertible kink. Take, for instance, the plumbing, which is not at all humming. In morn, noon, and afternoon, The hot and cold faucets are not in tune. For drinking it causes one to grieve, When only hot water one does receive. While at night at the time of bath, Only cold water lies in one's path!

Death Goes To Skidmore Spa Spree

Once a year the two hundred citizens who comprise the Junior Class of an institution christened Skidmore give a tea party, inviting notable guest candidates from other such institutions all over the United States. It is quite a social event.

The tea is held at the scenic Spa, which is located just 999,000 steps south, south-west of Saratoga Springs, New York. The location is ideal for such an occasion; a babbly brook, with ice cold running water, or, if you desire soda—pardon, spring waters, which are wonderful for the constitution and for cleansing purposes. Its healing waters are a sure cure for any malady.

This year the gay party looked colorful dispersed along the green bank and between the stately trees. The charming, various colored wool table cloths added the unique note, although the fashions were rather unique also. The "new look" blue demins and the angelic white damask comprised the outfits. The Spring chapeaus perched rakishly on the meticulous coiffures. This season navy blue and buff seemed to be the choice of the leading women.

The tea was served cold, because the day was warm. To save space it was found easier to have the tea bottled. Each time a bottle was opened a peculiar (peculiar to tea, that is) eruption occurred, but, luckily, none of the rich clothes were harmed or noticeably soiled. One man, learned in the field of the science of gases, said that this phenomena was not at all peculiar for bottled tea. He reported that he had observed it many times before. Canapes were served; delicious, dainty Vienna sausage sandwiches, fried poe-tatoes, expertly cut to a dainty thinness, and the sweet note was added by petite raspberry tarts.

Everyone seemed to enjoy himself immensely, in fact, the whole affair quite went to their heads. These teas always prove to be one of the highest social events of the season. Interesting views were exchanged between the prominent st--thinkers of the day. One famous guest, who asked not to have his name disclosed, offered a newsy price note when he said, "Things are getting too high around here!"

The party lasted until almost sunset and then the guests helped each other to their hotels and dormitories, where they prepared for the next event of the evening.

Another tea is over, but the next year's event will be just as successful, for the guests never fail to leave the party happy.



Picture of the Weak

The Skidmore Lovelies took their annual physical examinations last month. Six hundred and forty-four had their insurance cancelled by the London Guarantee and Accident Company.