



MERRY CHRISTMAS



ARX NEWS

At the Arx Dinner . . .

We spotted Hasskarl and his babe, Jerry Wood (a portrait painter from AHT school) imbibing dwy Martinis in the Dome, and babbling about gween dwesses. Three sips later Hassky said "Was that spider ciked?" Hmm. Then they began concocting words, thusly: Gniirs: the little things you find in your pockets after you empty them. Dint: the state of being the opposite of concave or convex, whichever. At this point we wandered on . . . we uncovered Ostergren and company sipping not-milkshakes in the Celtic bar . . . Down in the Old Town room we found a certain Southern Gal with a certain engineer . . . our already flagit eyes were ruined for the Army by the riotous effontry of Dunlap's necktie. We hear he has a sports coat to match. If it's true, our world is tottering. We know whay he wears a muffler . . . Remember Danforth slurp-

ing his dessert while that piano sneaked up and leered over his shoulder? But he played the keys down to the foot-pedals . . . we saw plenty of romantic couples: Mike and Eloise, Bud Binkley and Jenny Healy (Aha!), and, of course, Len Reinke and Marta.

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The war situation snagged off a couple of juniors last week. They are both good men and we hated to see them go. But Chuck Wright left for California to join the Army Air Corps. And Tom Sherlock went back to his job inspecting tanks. Luck, boys.

The next item of business for the Arx is Hilberseimer Day. It's a junior-senior project and oughta come off this Friday or Saturday. Let's all cooperate, lower-schoolers, and show that little prof a swell time. It should be pretty lallygaggy.

Threedoloo,
ANN EBRIATED.

XMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR

By Bennett Edelman

The time is getting closer. Get your girl friends mad at you. Stop talking to all your friends. And above all, don't smile at anyone. In case you haven't guessed by now, Christmas is coming. This beautiful holiday, which enables students to catch up on last semester's work, holds many troubles for the unwary person. For this reason, your beautiful reporter, who is a sixth cousin to an eighth aunt, who knows a friend that says there is no Santa Claus, will tell you how to avoid the pitfalls of Christmas.

The first thing to do, is to get your Christmas shopping done early. The best time to get this done is before the stores open. If this doesn't appeal to you, use the old World's Fair system. This consists of rushing into a crowded store, lowering your head, and rushing through the crowd, crying "Watch out for the 'ricks-haw!" If you try this system in the Loop stores, will you please keep an eye out for a small, red-haired fellow? He tried this system last year and the last we heard of him was a message by pigeon, last July. At that time, he was passing through the electric train department.

Another thing to watch out for is your local girl friend. Of course, if you go to Armour, and do all your work, you probably haven't seen her in several months. But don't worry! She'll come looking for you. To avoid this joyful meeting, and to save money (that filthy, green stuff), rip your telephone out by the roots. Stop riding to school where everyone can see you, and if this doesn't work, join the navy. This way, at least, you will get in the movies and adventure story magazines.

The biggest thing to watch out for is friends. At this time of the year, people stop asking for one cigarette, and begin hinting for a carton for Christmas. Other people are a little more conservative; they tell you that they are going to get you something for Christmas, and then wonder what you are going to get them. There is only one way to avoid all this, and that is to go to class all the time. In this way you will not see all your friends, who are practicing for the Christmas vacation by not going to class. (Ed. Note: By the way, I don't need any ties, but my straight-jacket is getting a bit tight around the waist and frayed in the sleeves.)

The last and worst person to watch out for is the fellow who can never take a hint. He is the type of person that doesn't even know when a ton of bricks falls on him. Well, throw some bricks at him. You may have to bring him a present in the hospital, but that can't be counted as a Christmas present.

However, if our parents have told the truth about Santa Claus, all this worry is for nothing. All you have to do is send a letter to Santa Claus telling him what you want and he will send them to you, postpaid.

(Ed. Note: If that's the case, I wonder why my gal told ME that she wanted a new wooden leg?)

WHO DONE IT?

Well, I nearly lost my sense of humor last week over the turn of things in the world and at home, but my American Spirit just refused to let me surrender anything to the enemy, and so, I got out my vest pocket air raid shelter, my gas mask, my typewriter, AND MY AMERICAN FLAG, and got to work on this spiel (Oh! Oh! That's a bad word, now), on Christmas.

Among the cardinal events of my childhood days, Christmas Eve stands out above all others as a time of joy and happiness in my life. The reason for this is that on Christmas Eve Santa Claus always came to our house.

The whole Christmas Eve ritual of those days goneby was built upon simple and sacred traditions. On the morning of Christmas Eve, we would say "good-bye" to our father, and he would go off to work promising us faithfully that he would get back in time to see Santa Claus. Then, with noontime drawing near, mother would start talking pig latin to our maid.

At about five o'clock in the afternoon mother would bundle us kids up in our coats and stocking caps, and send us off to the home of our grandparents. There we would have dinner and a visit which we thought would never end. But about 7:30 or so, grandfather would say to grandmother, "Well, mother, it's time we were getting these kids back home," and before we knew it,

we were in a taxi going back to that house of mystery that we had left so many hours before.

Then just at the psychological moment, a loud knock would be heard at the door. There would be a pause of a minute or two, and then Santa Claus would burst in upon us. He would first ask us if we had been good, try-to-be-good, or bad children, during the year, and if we answered correctly by saying that we had been try-to-be-good children, he would commence giving the presents out of his great, white sack. During this procedure, Santa Claus would always be highly bothered by the fact that our father was not present to receive his gifts; and we kids would have to beg and plead for dad, and as I look back upon it now, Santa Claus always seemed to smile while we enumerated to him the many virtues and fine points of our father.

When all the gifts had been given out, Santa Claus Would make us all say our prayers, and then wishing all of us the merriest of Christmases, he would go. About twenty minutes later there would be another knock at the door. It would be dad.

From there on, my memory fails me, but the peace and happiness of those days gone by will always serve to assuage the pains of the future.

Oh, say! Who put up the Christmas tree? I never did find that out. Who done it?

PLATTER PATTERN

by Charles I. Ball

by Ted van Gelder

A number of excellent singers are featured by Victor in its special Christmas releases — Helen Traubel, Marian Anderson, and Richard Crooks.

Helen Traubel is featured on two 10 inch records, the first featuring two famous carols—"Silent Night, Holy Night," and "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful" (No. 2186). "Bide with Me" and Malotte's ever popular "The Lord's Prayer" are contained on the second record (No. 2187). American born Helen Traubel, who this year took Kirsten Flagstad's place as leading Wagnerian soprano at the Met, is another example of an outstanding singer trained in this country.

Marian Anderson, one of the greatest contraltos of all time records arias from four of the best known oratorios in Victor Album M-850 (three 12 inch records). Accompanied by the Victor Symphony orchestra directed by Charles O'Connell she sings a selection each from Bach's "Passion of Our Lord According to St. John," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," and two selections from Handel's "The Messiah."

No longer may this country fear the lack of accomplished musicians when foreign born or foreign trained artists are not available. Schina was recalled to Italy at the personal request of Count Ciano; Jussi Bjorling is in Sweden; Flagstad is in Norway; Gigli and other great artists have disappeared into Europe. It is true we miss them, but a great number of capable Americans have taken their places.

With a Merry Christmas to all we find Alvino Rey spinning in the Christmas whirl with "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town" (Bluebird B-11353), the King Sisters on the vocal part. This is coupled with another Yuletide standby of "Jingle Bells" recorded by Glenn Miller and company. The chorus is taken by Tex Benecke, Ernie Caceres, and the Modernaires. This holiday special is one that nobody wants to miss.

"Silent Night, Holy Night" is recorded by Deanna Durbin with Charlie Previn's orchestra (Decca 18198) with the Male Octet and organ. The reverse side is "Adeste Fideles," sung in English and Latin. This well known Christmas pair is done in superb style by Miss Durbin . . . Another pair is recorded by Kenny Baker, Eddie Dunstetter at the organ, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" (Decca 2190) and "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear."

The top seller in new popular records is, of course, "Chatanooga Choo Choo" (Bluebird B-11230) recorded by Glenn Miller. Tex Benecke and the Modernaires take the vocal refrain and it's really on the beam. Coupled with this is another song from the movie "Sun Valley Serenade," "I Know Why" sung by Paula Kelley and the Modernaires. This record is tops. It's been the Coca Cola Spotlight winner twice already.

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