

out that the language of almost every country is full of these picturesque expressions, and that slang dictionaries have been written in all of them as an aid to the understanding of current speech and literature. And as a final triumph, she referred the

British teacher to a lovely volume on British Slang which was on sale in Selfridge's book department, and which only the extreme lack of funds caused the A. E. T. to give up the pleasure of owning.

## THIS THING CALLED LOVE

JIM MITCHELL

"What is this thing called lo-o-ove?" wails the radio crooner in his agonized search for the "sweet mystery of life." All over the country, dowagers and damsels alike sigh and shed a tear of pity; and "the poor fellow" is voted to a high place among the ranking stars of radio. As his popularity increases, his paycheck grows about in proportion to the square of his "public," and life becomes a song for the crooner with the "catch" in his voice. What is the first thing our poor love-starved hero does upon landing a spot on a coast-to-coast network? Why, he flies back to Sac City and marries the winsome little lass with whom he has been in love all the time, of course. Oh, it's an old, old story, but it can't fool me anymore. I can see through it all with ease, because my problem is the counterbalance of that of the crooner.

The facts of my case are simple, but the cure is difficult. In fact, it hasn't been discovered as this goes to press. Between the first of April and the last of June each year, I find myself madly in love with every rosy-cheeked maiden with whom I come into contact. Needless to say, this isn't right at all; and the problem is getting worse annually. This Spring, already, I

am in love with the cashier at my neighborhood movie, about three fourths of Butler's coed enrollment, my English professor, a cigarette girl at the Coliseum, and a woman filling-station attendant. All this in fifteen days!!

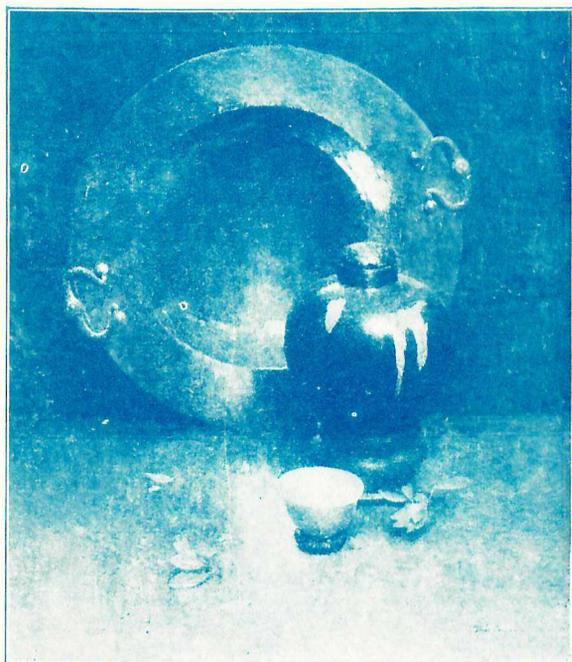
This disease is somewhat similar to hay-fever in that it is active only a few weeks each year. However, its reaction throughout the remainder of the year is as bad as the disease itself. Throughout the winter months, I look upon women as nothing more than "goons" and hindrances. This, of course, is the opposite extreme and is also very serious.

So, my affliction has become a year round proposition. In the Spring, I spend all my time and money on the ladies. During the remainder of the year, I not only ignore them completely but I find them disgusting.

The situation is becoming more and more acute as time goes on, but even the miracles of modern science are incompetent to cope with it. Now, I appeal to the world for aid. Perhaps a kindred soul somewhere can suggest a cure.

Maybe I should try the radio.

This thing called love—bah!



THE JADE BOWL

BY DINES CARLSON

*John Herron Art Museum*



THE HOPI WORLD

BY HOWARD MCCORMICK

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