

# KHAKI CLIPS

## Not Quite So Monotonous

By DICK MURWAY

Cartwright settled back in the overstuffed chair, relit his pipe and smiled.

"I, too, have a story," he said. "You want a story with everything—a Christmas tree in front of the fireplace, gifts tied with wide red ribbon, snow on the roof, the moon hanging in the clear night like a great candle, everything . . ." He paused and modestly blew eleven perfect smoke rings.

\* \* \*

"It was Christmas eve on the Riviera. The sand of the beach was white like the snow of my native Cascades. I stood looking out to the sea—the purple eyeball, as Jeffers called it. Suddenly, I saw something white coming out of the surf toward me. It stopped about 20 paces from me. When my eyes focused, they were almost blinded by the dazzling beauty of the girl who stood there.

"She was Hedy Lamarr and Betty Grable skillfully blended into one by the men who knew tobacco best. She was dressed, in a pair of sheer nylons. Her hair flowed in the sea breeze, the ends dipping into the purple moonlight over the edge of the world.

"Hello, soldier," she said, and her voice sounded like a juke box with a Duke Ellington record playing.

"Yeah," I replied, trying to be nonchalant. I was drooling like a were-wolf, but I'm not a were-wolf.

"What time is it, please?" Again the voice. This time Artie Shaw's old band and 'Begin the Beguine.'

"Eleven forty-five," I told her, glad that my wristwatch had a luminous dial.

"I must leave at midnight."

"Leave! I thought you girls had late permission tonight."

"Some of them may," she purred, "but I'm different."

"I can see that."

"Do you want to dance?"

"Imagine! she asked me! I took her in my arms and started to dance. An invisible orchestra played 'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.' I was holding her as close

as I could without making her think I did my dancing at the Holland. I damned myself for having my G.I. shoes on.

"Having a good time, soldier?" she asked.

"I looked at her close then, but she hadn't turned into a USO hostess. 'Who are you anyway?' I wondered. 'You're not engaged are you?'"

"No, I'm not engaged," she winked.

"I had to be sure. She didn't have any sweater to hang a frat pin on. 'You're not a new vocalist for Owen Bailey's band?' She shook her head. What a gal! She hadn't even asked me for my liquor card yet. I wondered if she would fit into a barracks bag when I shipped.

"In three minutes I go," she announced.

"What do you mean?"

"I appear for 15 minutes each Christmas eve. In my own small way I try to give the boys something to fight for."

"Oh, but how about a week's holdover by popular demand," I pleaded.

"Sorry. Think of all the boys at Camp Adair."

"I'd sooner think of you."

"Two minutes," she said.

"I pulled her closer. I wasn't going to let her get away. We danced like Fury riding a Southern Pacific streamlin'. The world was a crystal sphere whirling in spaceless time. The moon was laughing.

"One minute," she declared, like a proctor ending a three-hour calculus test in an hour.

"Oh, no," I cried. "Be my

## ASTU Sports In Limelight

By DAVID PIERCE

Last week was a sports weekend for hundreds of book-worm ASTU men who battled valiantly on the Igloo's basketball courts. Twenty-five cage squads from companies A, B, C, and D participated in the basketball tournament which is not yet completed.

Right after the physical inspection Saturday, 20 of the 25 teams swung into action. There was basketball "all over the place." There were three games blazing away for three hours in the ASTU grand basketball tournament. In some games the basketball was of the spirited but "unsmooth" variety, but in most cases there was a surprising display of excellent ball handling and flashy sharpshooting.

"Honest" John Warren, who coached the ASTU Brainbusters football squad, had his eyes out for talent among the section's teams. No doubt "Honest John" beamed at the acey left-handing of Bob Worth, glowed not a little at the work of a cager by the name of "Sully" and was pleased no end to see ivory tickler "Sut" Sutton sink long shots with the same ease as old "Sut" grinds out the boogie woogie beat in the ASTU band.

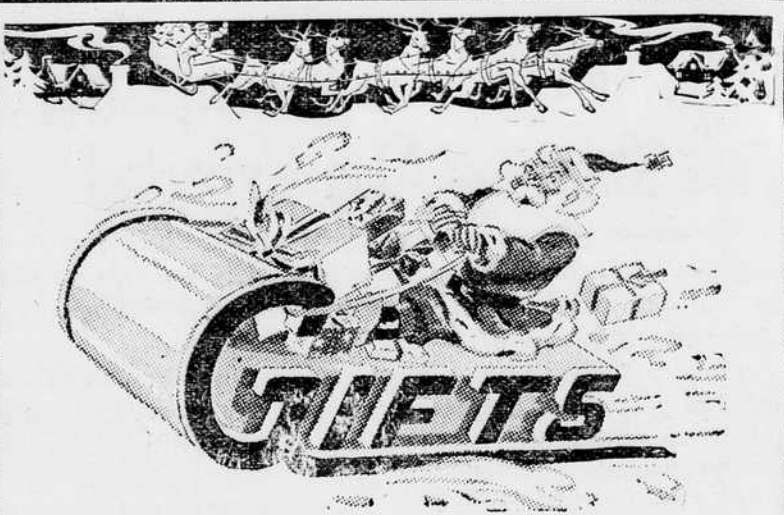
At this time the contest has narrowed down to three contestants. (1)-1-1 the Rhu La C boys) whipped A-1-1 after a hard battle to win a place in the finals. B-1-1 and C-5-1 will clash tonight to decide who will go against the stellar ROTC. five.

Christmas present. Be under the tree in the day room in the morning. Be my valentine. Be anything, but be . . .

"Apparently my speech training had been of no avail. She dissolved, quite simply dissolved in my arms. All that remained of her full, beautiful form was a straight, unattractive broom.

"Oh, well, had to have something to sweep out the room with in the morning. . .

A new electric pottery kiln, the only one of its kind in Iowa, has recently been installed at Iowa State Teachers college.



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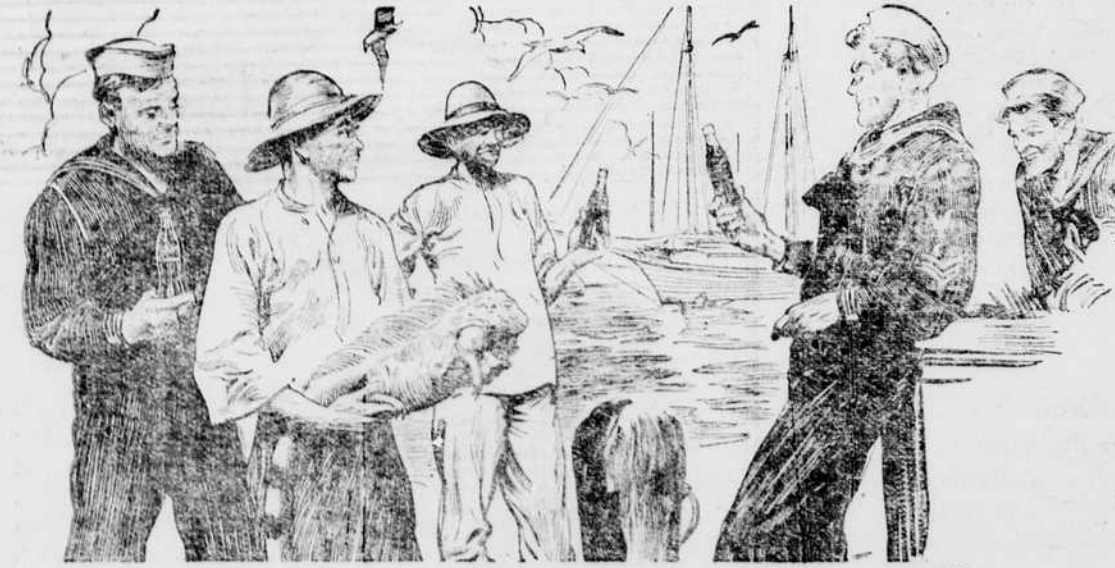


### Gift Suggestions

Men's Gift Sets	Plastic Picture Frames	98c
Dresser Sets Lucite, \$6.49	Manicure Gift Sets	\$5.00
Cedar Cologne, \$1.00	Evening in Paris Perfume Sets	\$2.50

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