

Vaudeville Heads Name Show Cast

Entertainers for the old fashioned Vaudeville show, to be presented in the street in front of the Side at 4 next Thursday were announced last night by Kloh Ann Mayer and Bob Chambers, co-chairmen.

Gay Baldwin will be master of ceremonies and the cast will include Jackie Wren, Bob Corrigan, Phil Thorne, Carol Johnson, Ron Stevens, Bob Weber, Russ Haehl, Barbara Corn, Phil Green, Janet Standing, and Bob Chambers.

Dr. Elston Schedules Talk on Folk Music

"The Relation of Folk Music to Art Music" is the topic Dr. Arnold Elston, professor of music, has chosen for the third in a series of lectures sponsored by the House Librarians, to be held Wednesday at 4 in the browsing room of the library.

Dr. Elston's program will include recordings of folk music from several different countries. Everyone is invited.

The Music Professor

(Continued from page six)

glow there, but the corners of the room seemed darker.

I still knelt in the shadow of by the window. He walked over to me, then, absently singing under his breath, "... and put a knife into her heart." He put his hands lightly on my shoulders and stared into the rain.

I suddenly became very uneasy, but I didn't move.

"It's really quite a feeling, Barbara," he said in a new, light voice. When he took his hands

away I could feel ten small circles burning on my shoulders.

Although I didn't know what feeling he referred to in his last remark, I didn't ask. I got up and went to the music stand.

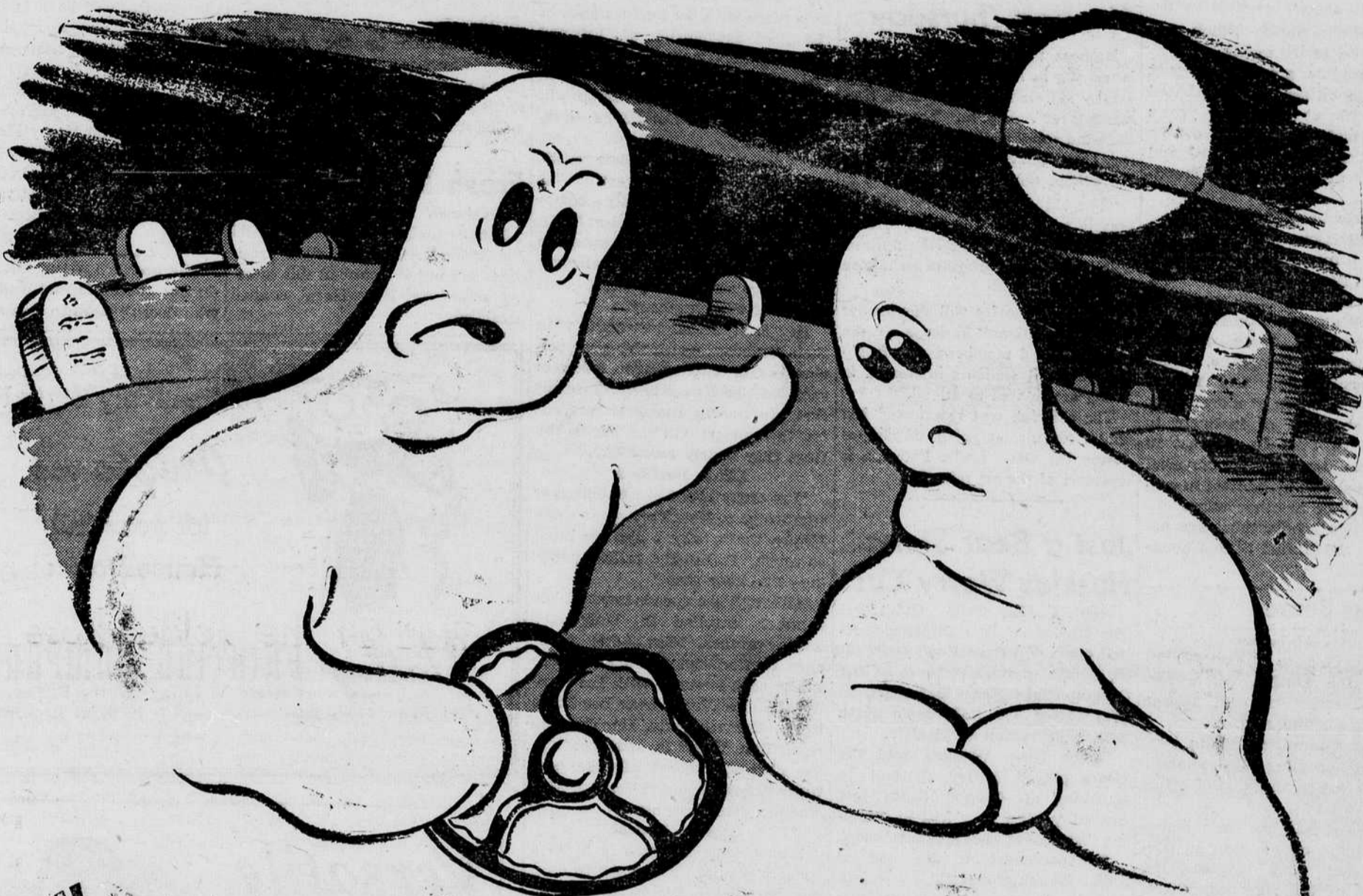
Then he said, matter of factly, "Barbara, there's something I have to do in this hour. I'm sorry, but I think I'll have to ask my favorite pupil to come back Thursday at four. Would that be too inconvenient?"

I came back Thursday at four, but he wasn't there. He was never there again. He had left Portland, I suppose, for he vacated his

apartment in the northwest district near Henry Thiele's restaurant, and no one ever saw him again.

There is a very faint possibility that he might see this story, but I don't care, because I don't think I have said anything bad about him. And subconsciously, every time a symphony plays the work of a new composer over the radio, I expect the cellos to sing out with the ballad of the golden rose. But they never have.

To win a reputation as a prophet one has only to predict trouble.



- BUT I WAS RIGHT DEAD RIGHT!

"I was going into that intersection first. I had the right of way—that truck driver should have stopped when he saw me—I was right, dead right!"

"Yes dear—you always were right—the other fellow always wrong. That's why we're here."

You know the kind, you've met him on the road—and ducked. He always barges through traffic when it's a question of split-second judgment. Never anticipates other drivers' actions—just assumes that traffic will give way. Owns the road. Drives with his horn.

He may get away with it for a time, plus a few tickets, because other drivers are more careful, more conscientious. But his kind eventually steps on the gas once too often—and for the last time he is "right—dead right!"

4,000 people died last year because "know-it-all" drivers violated rules of the road and the courtesies of driving. Good drivers never need to hold cemetery post-mortems. They drive carefully and live longer.

