



Society

By Johnny Howell—Quarterback
and
Mary Anna Cockle

AS JOHNNY SEES IT

One of the brighter boys of our school cornered me yesterday and asked if I wanted to hear the economic explanation for the length of girls' skirts. I usually don't appreciate the economic explanation of anything but frankly, the idea of one on skirts startled me so that I lost my resistance and told him to fire.

I have been holding the belief for a long time that the length of the skirt depended entirely on the frame of mind that milady was in when it came time to decide whether the hem was going to move up or down. I had a mental picture of some razzle-dazzle delly taking a hasty glance at her calf and then deciding that her legs weren't really as bowed and fat as they looked in the mirror. The delly, according to my illusion, then whacked off an inch and three-eighths of cloth and set the standard by which all well dressed women must abide.

But this didn't exactly jib with the story the smart young man was telling me. In fact there seemed to be a definite clash in the trends of thought. He informed me that skirt lengths varied directly with the condition of the stock market. That is, if the market is up the skirt goes up (the leg) too. If the market is down the skirt drops accordingly.

You think it's crazy? Well, so did I until I heard the logic behind it. In the same definite manner as you just displayed when you threw this paper down, I drew myself up and started to stalk away from the be-spectacled scholar. But he clamped on a hammer lock and flopped me back into my straight back before I knew what was happening. Then followed the logic. If the market is up times are good and women will buy more skirts.

Skirt manufacturers, who are really the boys who set the length, shorten the skirt so that they will have more cloth to make more skirts so that they can sell more skirts so that they can make more money. Likewise if times are bad the women will buy fewer skirts. In protection of their industry, manufacturers must then put more cloth in the skirts to maintain some sort of balance in production. As a representative example of this trend you can remember back in the early twenties (or can you) when the women were wearing dresses a couple of inches above the knee.

Times were good in the early twenties, I hope. Then as the decade grew older times became steadily worse, the skirts steadily lengthened. When the market crashed in '29 they tell me women had to have four feet of train on a formal to be considered well dressed. Ordinary street dresses looked like Hattie at the barn dance in her grandmother's first formal. About four or five inches from the ground was the standard. Then came the WPA and Mr. Roosevelt and dressmakers began to apply the scissors more liberally. Barring an upset in Roger Babson's predictions for a good year, I predict another inch and a half swath from milady's last year's model.

(Note: This is the first of a series of two articles by John Howell, authority on feminine apparel. Tomorrow in this column Mr. Howell will discuss the relation between the skirt and the hose (sock) taking into consideration the present business recession. The problem which he will discuss has wide economic as well as social aspects and should prove interesting to one and all.)

AS MARY ANNA SEES IT

Before you get back to your studies, just a word about the week-end. It all started at the Phi Gam dinner dance, which by the way was elegant. The gals each received a corsage of three gardenias, so all evening you could catch whiffs of their fragrance here and there. But the

balls wrapped in blue cellophane and tied with silver ribbon were brought in. Instead of devouring them, everyone chiseled them down until they arrived at the favors which were hidden in the center. These, thanks to the Fiji's were smooth gold compacts with an engraved Phi Gamma Delta on top.

Sat on the balcony and watched the people arrive, as they made rather a colorful picture. Saw one little girl with a very tricky pair of white fur mittens to match the collar on her wrap. Noticed Claire Rubendall as she came in wearing something silver, and Helen Marie Kincaide looking queenly in white crepe. Priscilla Reitz' fascinating little blue sequin cap reflected the lights in the chandelier, and I couldn't help turning to stare at Frances Knudson in black velvet set off by a single strand of pearls.

On the dance floor, Tri Delt president, Alene Mulliken, was much embarrassed when a well meaning friend had a piece dedicated to her as Mrs. Allen Smith. These pranksters!

Met just scads and scads of people I know at the Phi Mu formal at the Cornhusker. Everyone was having such fun, that I even caught Mrs. Scott trucking when she thought no one was looking.

Had a glimpse of Junior Wilson and Fat Jensen which reminded me of something that happened earlier in the evening. Junior was at the Tri Delt house for an exchange dinner, and he and Dorothy Dell McClelland had been dancing quite a while when Ben Bushman suggested that they ought to be getting to the basketball game, but Claude kept saying just one more dance. This went on for some time, and finally Ben made Claude put up his entire funds, 77 cents, that he would leave after the next piece, which of course Junior failed to do. So Ben walked off with all the cash Junior had planned to spend on Pat. Couldn't tell you what they did for coke money. Or maybe Pat is used to Claude's gambling spirit.

But to get back to the subject of the Phi Mu party, would hate to tell you how many times we bumped into "Oolie" Anderson and this time she was with Sigma Chi, Frank Coufal. Speaking of Sigma Chi's, doesn't it amaze you to see Al Lefferdink on one of his non-stop flights around the rim of the dance floor? Looks like fun, tho.

Hadn't been to the Alpha Xi Delt formal yet at the time of writing this, but we're practically on our way. I've heard they issued a limited number of bids, so the lucky people who have one ought to have fun. Couldn't tell you



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PHALANX CHOOSES AVERY

Honorary Military Group
Names Three Others.

Bob Avery was elected national commander of Phalanx; Bill Taylor, national adjutant; Frank Howard, local commander and William B. Williams, finance officer at the last meeting of Phalanx.

The honorary military organization was entertained by a discussion of the Ludlow amendment given by Lieutenant Bell of the 154th infantry and by authentic World war pictures shown by Sergeant Nelson of the military department.

whom some of the people will be with, the twins and everyone, but they'll all be there.

And later, we're going to try to crash the Dorm formal. Don't know what they could do to us, except to show us the door. It ought to be pretty well mobbed when all the Raymond girls gather forces.

While I'm on the subject of Saturday night parties, I might as well let you in on a word that's been going round at the Alpha Xi house. Remember Carolyn Skans, who was here last year? Her family moved to Texas or some place. Anyhow, she recently announced her engagement.

To close, I must tell you something about A. T. O. Bob Leadley. It happened way last spring, but it seems that at that time he got no little practice in typewriting while on dates only the poor girls took an awful ribbing.

Oh, and just one more word about little Leone Wilson, who claims she spends more time studying French than any other subject. She really tries but always flunks when it comes to recitations. All we can say is that she must be having her fling in class.

SHUCKS

(Continued from Page 1.)

every crevice by the battalion. Not Kids' Fault.

Coins Begin to Flow.

How most of them get in, still baffles authorities.

So you see, it isn't the kids' fault, it is our students who are the root of the thing. You can't blame a youngster for picking up

Major Wood Speaks

to Guidon Assembly
About Map Designing

Speaking on "The Methods and Problems of Map Designing," Major Wood of the engineering corps addressed the members of the Red Guidon association assembled for its regular meeting last Wednesday evening.

Major Wood spoke to the group following the regular business meeting, at which plans for attendance at the 341st-342nd reserve corps banquet were made. It also was announced that Major Jones will be guest speaker at one of the meetings in the near future.

pennies, fortune to him. Urchins aren't putting on a show, they're increasing their estate. As students toss coppers the kids will chase 'em.

Now, all we have to do is tell the student about 70-11 reasons why he should buy stamps with those brown coins instead of entering them in that maple melee.

(1) That floor, made of the choicest wood, is groomed and re-groomed by staff custodians, who watch over it with a maternal instinct. One good slide across that delicate finish with a hob-nailed shoe, as the youngsters wear, and all that tender care has gone to naught.

(2) Players move about the court with amazing speed and shiftiness. Get the floor "slicked up" a bit, or leave any foreign matter of any kind, or scuff the surface and the cager has a 2-to-1 chance to slip, causing an injury or at least a bauble in play. Amen is an example of this.

(3) Most of those waifs sneak into the coliseum early in the afternoon and wait for the game. They are the causes of disturbance and disorder. One instance can be cited where one of the rambunctious "kids" tore thru the crowd, ran into some students, and tore a coed's expensive evening wrap. Such things could easily be avoided if we would discourage waifs' attendance by doing away with the penny pitch.

(4) Even though kids shouldn't be there, the university doesn't want a lot of injuries done to the youngsters in a wild scramble for pennies on the basketball floor. One of the

BOYNTON, HUNTER WIN NEW ASSISTANTSHIPS

Miss Gellatly's Dramatic
Art, Speech Classes
Taken by Aides.

Miss Portia Boynton and Arm-Hunter have been named assistants in the department of speech and dramatic art for the second semester to care for the work previously handled by Miss Pauline Gellatly who has resigned.

Both of the assistants have been identified with the department and the University Players for several years. During the first semester Mr. Hunter was a graduate assistant in the department of philosophy and psychology.

little urchins suffered two broken fingers as a result of the copper competition between halves at the California game.

(5) Lastly, there might be an excuse for tossing pennies, but the "dirty, thick skulled, low lifes," who throw apple cores on the basketball court are just about three shades lower than a worm's boudoir.

Yes, Miss Ames, those are our students!

MISS WHITE WINS LEADERSHIP POST OF CITY Y. W. C. A.

(Continued from Page 1.)
automatically will fill the position of vice president.

The new officers were first nominated as candidates on the basis of the activities in the "Y," for scholarship, and for their personality with regard to the Y. W. C. A. ideals. The city president, Muriel White, has been a former member of freshman commission groups, the personnel staff, creative leisure, Estes Co-Op, finance drive, freshman commission leader, secretary of the cabinet, Hastings leadership training conference, and the Estes student conference.

Frances Boliman's former work in the "Y" includes freshman commission, freshman cabinet, program and office staff, conference staff chairman, and cabinet. Mary Jo Henn has been a member of freshman commission, freshman cabinet, finance drive and finance staff.

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