



BY THE HAUNTER

An item just rolled in via Uncle Sam:

Quote, Paul "Ben Venito Challen!" Munson, the DU slayer of all women, has closed another chapter of his innumerable passionate, palpitating romances. In this instance, the victim is a heart broken Alpha Chi Omega coed. When approached concerning this, Paul states, "The reason for my latest parting is the fact that I cannot be fair to my admirers by loving only one. My college life has been nothing but one of deep love affairs. I must play the field." Unquote.

We ain't a sayin' it happened, but it came to us.

Last week when the University's incandescents went incompetent, all the students in geology lecture settled back for a slumber in the darkness of the room. But Professor Lugn foiled the lads as he whipped out a flashlight and continued lecturing with the limited beam of his five-watter.

Lugn is the essence of the BSA motto "be prepared." Not only does he carry a flashlight for such emergencies in the classroom, but also four hand lens and one rock hammer.

Norman Gordy, SAM, spent a tense evening last week while his sister awaited the arrival of her first born. When the young'n was finally blessed evented, Gordy received the call and was informed that mother and baby girl were doing nicely. The lad was so pleased that he sat up most of the night reverberating to himself the two words, "Uncle Norman, Uncle Norman, Uncle Norman—"

His frat freres, however, decided that since his new relative was a girl they should call him "Auntie Norman," so they do.

A sequel to the Marian Bremer, Awful Pee, and Neal Felber, Delt Epsilon, tale is that little Neal retaliated to Miss Bremer's posies with a message, "Thanx, I think of you with every board I take!"

The little deal we promised you at the Theta house is doing well and should break shortly. As the situation in question has been developing, another, which may be more of surprise than the first, has been doing likewise. Thus for further details, go to your local Theta house at once with three box car tops or reasonable fac-similes and get the lowdown.

Friday in Doc Wimberly's mammoth English class, a Western Union boy flipped down the aisle and presented the tutor with a message, which everyone figured was for L. C. himself. Upon inspection, however, the Prairie Schooner pater discovered it was for Jane Walcott, Mortar Board, who sat in the back row. All in the room burst with curiosity as the Kappa excitedly ransacked with the envelope, in which she knew not what she would find.

Finally, the taks don, she read, as some peered over her shoulder, "Just wondered how you were this morning Jane" and signed by one of her Omaha admirers. Barbara Selleck's spontaneous laughter signified to the class that the contents were not serious and the English business proceeded as Jane blushed on.

Tender-hearted Marian Bremers came round to us the other day with her tale of woe. It seems that the D. U.'s are doing the a-a-wfullest things to their pledges. First they tie them up on rafters and then the whole active chapter throws things at the squirming sufferers. Marian felt dreadfully sorry for Neal Felber and just the

thought of her friend strung to the beams almost made her cry. In fact, she confessed she had sent him a dozen roses with a sympathy card, which she hoped would cheer him up. Who has been telling Alpha Phi pledges such wicked tales?

When Dwaine Limprecht spied the suggestion in this column that he might look nice in rompers, he countered by sending your haun- tress a telegram to the effect that he would blossom out in a pair if yours truly would do likewise. This challenge definitely called for an answer in the form of a pair of blue numbers sent by messenger boy to the law library Friday night, accompanied by the enclosed message, "I double dare you." Dwaine, the sissy, sent them back in indignation.

Friday night at the pastry shop found Betty Orme and a chum of hers wandering about from booth to booth asking for contributions of foods. The cokes their dates had ordered for them evidently failed to satisfy, but the collection they gathered was not too appealing—one empty beer bottle, two dishes of catsup and a conglomeration of paper napkins and cigarette stubs. The only one who took pity on the girls was Joe Stephens who donated a plate of slightly stale shoe strings.

Lots of awfully funny things have been happening of late. Saw Adna Dobson massaging Goge Wallace's neck in the Drug last Friday and right out on Teachers college lawn, Barbara Selleck and Phi Delt Bill Williams scuffling over the remains of a lighted cigarette. Wandered past Sosh and to our utter amazement strips of the campus were being plowed, evidently in preparation for spring sowing.

Another tale concerning Alpha Phi's was about Mary Lou Daly who arrived home from a supper date with Bill Steckleberg to find her date of the evening entering the house. Mary Lou and Bill made a hasty get-away via the back door.

LINCOLN, EDGAR HIGH WIN DEBATE TOURNAY IN SATURDAY FINALS

State Championship Meet Slated to Be Held Here Third Week in May.

From the seven teams competing in the District High School debates which got under way Friday afternoon in Andrews hall, final winners were judged to be Lincoln in the Class A division and Edgar in the Class B group. In the finals Lincoln defeated Plattsmouth and Edgar defeated Walton.

BY THE HAUNTRESS

This week saw a candy passing at Bouton Hall when the president of the house, Elizabeth Mercer, and Dwaine Essam, newly elected president of the barb inter-club council, sent the sweets around to cinch their engagement. This was supplemented by a huge diamond ring.

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GOLD DIGGINGS

"No, I won't do it. I tell you I can't write."

"How do you know you can't? Your dad used to write detective stories for those dime magazines, didn't he? You're in the same family, aren't you? Well why can't you write? And besides that, Mr. Gold wants you to do the column. He says he needs you. Aw come on, chum, (Pee Wee always calls me "chum" when he wants something) you can't afford to pass up a dollar and a half a week. I haven't had any bird seed for a week now and you don't look so well fed yourself."

"No, Pee Wee, I can't do it. Even if I could write the column, I wouldn't have time to run around every night trying to get the latest stuff. I know we need the money, but it's just too much for me to do."

"Well," Pee Wee said, "do you think you would have time to write it if I furnished the news? I usually fly around and look in all the spots just before I go to bed anyway. It makes me sleep better. I should be able to get enough stuff, and you surely should be able to do the rest—I'll take all responsibility for things you say. Just tell them you hear it from me. How about it, chum—"

And that's the way it all started. Pee Wee won out as usual, and here we are. How long we stay, we don't know. It probably depends on how many shirts and ties Mr. Gold sells. But it's too early to start working in commercials already. We're liable to lose the few curious readers that we may have accumulated so far. Better get down to some news.

But before we do that, let me introduce you to Pee Wee, my pet English sparrow. We've been friends for quite a while now. He's quite bashful, and you seldom see him except when we're alone. But then he breaks down and usually has something pretty good to tell me.

For example, his latest bit is that Marie Sandoz is writing a new book. But more than that, he says it's going to be about college life in general and Nebraska college life in particular. I asked him how he found out all of this, and this is what he told me. You can take it for what it's worth.

It seems that Pee Wee was making the rounds the other evening when he happened to look in the window at the Royal Grove. There sat Miss Sandoz with our own Professor Van den Bark, famous for his slang dictionary Pee Wee contends that it was quite obvious then and there that Miss Sandoz was learning some college slang for her college vocabulary.

But not to be out done, were a few other campus satellites, namely Dick Paul, Jane Bell, Al Souders, "Squut" Landis, and others. Their main contribution seemed to be atmosphere—

showing Miss Sandoz just how college kids really act on their night out. It was quite late, and a week night too. Pee Wee couldn't figure out how the girls got in, but he guesses they must have a drag. Says maybe it's because the afore mentioned group expects to have the leading parts in the show if the book is ever written and is ever published and is ever bought and produced in the movies. Some people get all the breaks.

And speaking of breaks, I'm afraid you gals will break my neck if I don't tell you about the swell Bradley Knits that they have just received. They are either tailored or classic, and believe you me, they are strictly high class. Better drop into Gold's and look them over.

You would probably hear more about these dresses but Pee Wee just brought in another little item. This one concerns Lynn "Doc" Thompson from the Delt house. This budding young M. D. appeared one morning wearing his white lab coat. The folks kidded him about his garb until he decided to leave it in the Awgwan office. Now from the age of the customary Awgwan joke, it would seem that nothing has been seriously disturbed in there for some number of years, and one could think of no safer place to check something. But this seemed to be an exception.

Anyway, if you had walked past the southeast corner of U Hall last Tuesday morning, you would have seen hanging from the roof a white body, with a paper sack for a head and a red feather in its cap. Oddly enough the corpse was wearing Thompson's lab coat. To make certain that he would find it, the pranksters had decorated it with a big sign, "Lynn 'Doc' Thompson". To further complicate matters, a member of the dean's official staff saw the body with "Thompson" on it and immediately thought it referred to the dean himself. Janitors were rushed immediately to the scene, and lowered the dangling figure to the ground. Pee Wee says he knows who put it up there, Doc. Would you like to know?

If you had gotten one of those new Bush Jackets in Gold's men's department, you wouldn't have been a social outcast in the first place. It would have saved you a lot of trouble and you would really be well dressed. Pee Wee says he will tell you who pulled the trick if you go down and buy a Bush Jacket right away.

Well, that's about all for now, but we will be seeing you every day from now on. Better watch out for Pee Wee or else stay out of trouble.

Panned By

Bob Hadham

The second round in Class A resulted in Plattsmouth winning over Auburn, Aurora over Nebraska City and Geneva over Beatrice, the Lincoln team drawing a bye in this round.

The third round saw Plattsmouth win over Beatrice, Aurora over eGeneva and Lincoln taking a decision from Auburn. Nebraska City drew a bye. The semi-finals and the finals were completed Saturday morning both A and B classes.

Class B contest, round one, resulted in DeWitt winning over Walton, and Edgar wining over Cathedral high school of Lincoln. Second round victors were DeWitt over Cathedral and Edgar over Walton, while, after the third round was concluded, Edgar had chalked up a victory over Dewitt and Walton won over Cathedral.

Before teams could be eliminated in the contest they had to be defeated twice.

Nebraska Affirmative Meets North Dakotans

The Nebraska affirmative team will vie the University of North Dakota in a debate Monday evening in room 126, Andrews hall at

8 o'clock. The topic to be discussed will be the C. I. O. question. All students are cordially invited.

NELLIE COMPTON RITES TAKE PLACE MONDAY MORNING

(Continued from Page 1.) had been bedridden since last October. Her brother, Charles Compton, arrived from St. Louis yesterday to take charge of the funeral arrangements. He also is a noted librarian and was president of the American Librarian association last year.

Bishop Shayler Holds Confirmation Service

Bishop Shayler of Omaha will be present at the University Episcopal church, 13th and R streets, at 11 o'clock this morning.

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