

College plans breakfast

The Bizad college has planned a reunion breakfast, primarily for graduates of the college, for June 9, at 9:30 a. m. in the Union ballroom. Tickets will be on sale in Social Science 301 between June 5th and 8th. Seniors are invited.

War--

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guessed what had happened. Anyway inside of an hour there were about five hundred planes out looking for them. Instead of heading toward France or England like the Nazis expected they headed toward the Mediterranean planning on getting to Egypt, but they ran out of gas somewhere over the water and had to put her down.

Lucky dogs!

They sure had luck. A mine sweeper came along and picked them up. I'll be those sea hogs about fainted when they saw Mr. Hitler all tied up like a Christmas package." Dutch laughed.

"Yea, I'll bet they did, but where does it get us?" Piere said ruefully. "We're still fighting this damn war, ain't we? War's like this don't end just because one bigshot is put out of the way. When you get the whole world fighting, nobody can stop it just like that." Piere snapped his finger.

"You know, I been sitting here thinking," Frank said. "When we go up to the front tomorrow I wonder how many of us will know why we're still blasting hell out of them Nazis. It can't be Hitler because he's out of the picture. It mighta been at one time, but now it's more than one man or one country. It's just plain international dumbness. We're just too stupid to quit."

"Maybe you're right," Piere said.

"Sure I am. We're all dumb for fighting." He filled his glass again and then added, "What time do we pull out for the front?"

Third sister--

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timidly at two women who were entering as she left.

"Sonnets from the Portuguese indeed!" sniffed the librarian to the two women. "You'd think Alice Brandenburg had more sense!"

But Alice Brancenberg was out in the clear, still night again. A few more people were downtown now that the supper hour was over and the theater had opened. She lingered long before the window of a department store on the corner.

"That piece of percale would make a pretty house dress," she thought, "And pink buttons, for the collar." She heard a burst of laughter behind her, and turning, saw Ann Bennett and Jimmy Connors crossing the street toward the theater. Ann was laughing at something Jimmy had said. Her hand was drawn thru his arm; she wore no hat altho the night was cold. It was just a glimpse that Alice had of them; the girl small, eager, the boy young and laughing. Alice suddenly felt old. She turned from the window and limped down the street.

It's no use.

In her room again, Alice removed her hat, her coat, attempted suddenly to fluff out her drab hair. It was no use. She was indeed old. At thirty-five she looked to be fifty. She took down her thick brown hair, putting the heavy hair pins carefully into a pink porcelain box on her dresser. Sitting on the window ledge, she began slowly to brush her hair. One, two, three, four... rhythmically, monotonously, she drew the brush through her hair as she counted. Then the thoughts began to come, the thoughts she had held off all day, all week, for years it seemed. Almost wearily they came in a bleak procession. Frustrated, silent, lame, she would live possibly thirty years more before she could die. Oh, God. Thirty years of brushing her hair before a pale oblong window looking out into a deserted street. She knew all the arguments for living, all against dying, but it came to her now that there was no reason to live.

Alice got up, then, and put away her brush. Mechanically she went into the bathroom. Iodine spilled as she took it, staining the porcelain sink. She wiped it carefully, rinsed out the wash cloth and hung it on the towel rack. Then she limped back into her bedroom and shut the door.

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