

## Peggy Wears Navy . . .



Three red fabric roses highlight the conservative navy blue of this silk crepe dress from Simon's worn by Theta Peg Lemon. Her accessories are of navy, including the off-the-face straw hat.

## '42 Dresses Are Just What They Used to Be

By Edith Laslo.

Ballerina skirts, peg-topped skirts, uneven hem lines, net backs, all of these and dresses too. Woe is the soldier boy home on leave when he sees what the gal he left behind is now wearing.

Back to 1914 we go for our style inspirations, and when we say back, we mean back. Hemlines that hit in the places that only Miss America can wear with impunity are the order of the day. The only trouble is that the hemlines don't even hit one evenly all the way around. They just kinda go up and then come down again. Dinner with your date will probably involve a couple of grande jetes, a tortuous twist, and what have you, what with your date in a ballerina dinner gown. You no longer have to view the Ballet Russe to get a glimpse of calves that have had the benefit of two years of required physical ed.

This Job's Draped.

Also in the dinner line is a little dream concocted by the designers for the worldly wise woman which consists principally of a draped toga job with a slit far enough up the front of the skirt to show just a bit of the ankles. Our only comment is that we can think of about only three women who have the torsos to carry the thing off, and they don't go to Nebraska and one's name is Veronika.

Sensibility creeps in with a black crepe afternoon gown that has as its back practically nothing but a piece of net. Sort of a teasing, tantalizing, temptress sort of deal, to help the boys forget when they're home on leave. The rest of the dress is strictly conventional but for the slight discrepancy at the hemline.

Yup, styles ain't what they used

to think they would be. Not only are we fighting a war like in 1914.

## After Official Order . . . Men Do Not Object, Coeds Laugh at Cuffless Trousers

By John Bauermeister.

After March 30 it will be official. Tailors will then no longer be permitted to manufacture trousers with cuffs on them and no one knows just how much the coats will suffer. The government, endeavoring to save on the consumption of wool, has issued an order restricting all suits to be manufactured with a minimum amount of material used.

Presenting the proposition to students in and about the Corn Crib, your reporter received replies of no concern at all to outcries of disgust and resentment toward the new regulation. For the men, it seemed practical to drop the cuffs as long as they didn't tinker too much with the coats. Coeds viewed the whole situation entirely from the humorous angle remarking that the boys would certainly look different in the new creation. Max Hofman came back with an interesting quip, "well at least they won't be able to use them for ash trays, but there probably won't be many men around anyway so it won't make any difference."

Some thought that dropping the cuffs wouldn't be noticeable at all. Marty Reed when queried, declared, "I like cuffless trousers. Uniforms and tuxes have always

# The Great Democratic Institution, Weatherman, Has Fun in Nebraska

By June Jamieson.

National defense or no national defense, something's got to be done about the weatherman. It's not that we don't like the weather man. In fact, it's quite the opposite. We like the weatherman. We think he's a nice, democratic institution.

How are you going to have a

democracy without democratic institutions, i. e., the weatherman? There's something a little grim about going to bed at night with no idea what the condition of the ground's going to be when you look out the window the next morning. It might be covered with snow. So you put away the nice spring suit you had cleaned and pressed and throw the saddle shoes back on the closet floor.

Attired in a parka and ranger boots, you struggle to open the front door against an 80 mile an hour wind. Extending your arms to either side, you're blown from the Drug to Sosh and make a perfect three-point landing before the door of your classroom. Noth-

ing daunted at this unconventional method of getting to an eight o'clock, you sit down, thaw out and take a six week's examination.

After Exam—Tra-La.

Here's the catch: "When the exam is over, you stroll out onto the mall and meet people dressed in jackets and no hats going to their nine-o'clocks. Naturally, you feel rather conspicuous in Eskimo garb because the sun's shining, it's 80 in the shade and some one asks you to join them on picnic that evening.

After all, you don't let a thing like weather get you down; so, casually avoiding the subject, you acquiesce and plan a big deal east of town. And so home to lunch and the afternoon siesta. True to your darkest suspicions, when you awake (after dreaming of a sunny beach in Florida), it's not raining liquid gold, but good old-fashioned rain. That automatically cancels the picnic and suggests the alternative of a good movie. By the time you are dressed in rain-coat, rain hat and old shoes, the snow has turned to sleet and it's too slippery to venture beyond the inside of the window. So you give it up and go into hibernation until summer. At least, we do.

## Reversibles Are Rainy Day Order

Rainy weather attire on the campus features the ever popular reversible. Turned wrong side out the so-called water proof material seems to keep the student dry, but what about the coat? Soggy shapeless reversibles are seen hung on the doors and in the halls of almost every house on the campus. Regardless, however, of the proficiency of these protectors, the lads and lassies still cling to their reversibles in rainy weather.

And what about boots? The majority of the students who still attend their classes regularly during this lazy spring weather are caught without their feet coverings when the pre-April showers pour down, but they do own boots. The coeds stick to their brown, red and white pull-over boot, some of cowboy style and others featuring aviation wings. The boys wear anything from zipper boots to dressy tight fitting rubbers, that is, when they take the time to put them on. The majority of the time they wade across puddles in their rubber soled saddles.

Summed up in one short phrase, the Nebraska students wear reversibles and boots in rainy weather. Well, doesn't everyone?

but doggone it, we're wearing the same old rags to fight it in. In another ten years we'll be wearing leopard skins again.

## Technologists Hear Manter This Weekend

Meeting here tomorrow, the Nebraska Society of Medical Technologists will hear an address by Dr. W. H. Manter at a banquet at the Cornhusker hotel.

Dr. Paul M. Bancroft of Lincoln and Dr. J. P. Tollman of Omaha will talk at the groups afternoon sessions at the Lancaster county medical society quarters in the Sharp building. Dr. Tollman is pathologist at the UN hospital in Omaha and is the new advisor of the society.

Officers will be elected and installed at the meeting with Ida Carr Blore of Lincoln scheduled to succeed Gertrude Ebers Hugnes of Broken Bow.

Prof. H. Vance White, head of the metallurgy department of Virginia Polytechnic institute, has discovered an alloy that softens as it grows old. It is a combination of lead with a small quantity of tin.

## Coeds To Wear Day Dresses To Tea Dance

One of the university's largest annual social functions, the tea dance given by the military department tomorrow from 3:30 to 5:30 p. m. at the Cornhusker, will see Nebraska coeds dressed in afternoon wear and men in military uniforms.

According to Marcia Beckman, one of the hostesses, coeds will wear afternoon dresses, hats and high heels and carry purse and gloves.

## Just what the Doctor ordered



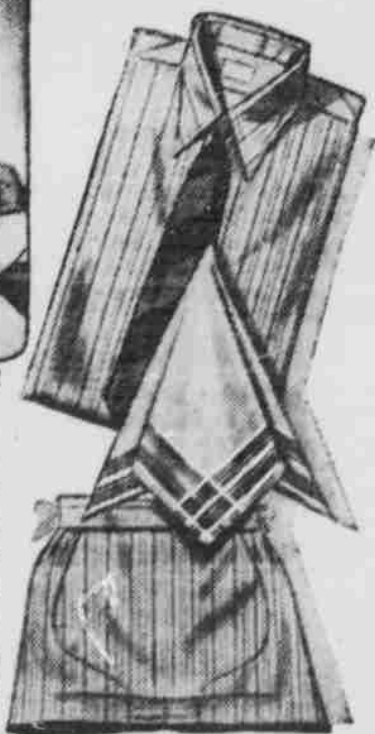
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