

The Summer Rag

The Summer Rag is published weekly each Friday and given away free to all students and faculty members of the University of Nebraska. The publication has the authorization of Prof. R. D. Moritz, director of the summer school.

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Kinsman Leads 'Music of Our Allies' Program

Directed by Dave Kinsman, a member of the university orchestra and varsity band, Phi Mu Alpha Sinfonia will present their weekly harmony-hour program Monday featuring "Music of our Allies."

Held each time in the music room of the Union, the harmony hour will take place from 4 to 5 p. m. Monday, and the general public is invited to attend the free program.

Lincoln . . .

(Continued from Page 1.)

That would be doubly interesting. Just imagine going down the streets and seeing a glass house with a Parisienne accent! Yes, indeed! Just imagine. This whole thing is a typographical error—Hagelberger said that. Not me.

He Doesn't Want Much.

Bill Todd, former Lincoln student who attended Chicago last year, offered the mild suggestion that we move Lincoln out to California. Also, he suggested that the university be moved out of town. "I've got that on my mind—getting a university out in the country where there aren't any people." Chicago must be some place to make that much of an impression.

Betty Hochreiter, winsome Alpha Xi, murmured "I'm perfectly satisfied with the way it is now. Only we need a few more tall, blonde men that know how to and like to dance. More convertibles and no gas rationing. More cokes and ——" And she is perfectly satisfied. What do you know?
Bob Bramson, junior Bobby

Taylor, also is in favor of more blondes—women preferred. He is also in favor of the plan that everyone have a car and a spare tire. He is also in favor of more blondes. He also is in favor of the plan that he make the basketball team. He also is in favor of more blondes—personally we think redheads would go better with you Bob. (For Bob only. Please note. We did not call you Bobby.)

Extend Campus.

Lee Christensen suggests that the campus be extended to 16th street. More buildings should be built, final exams eliminated and university jobs should pay more than twenty-five cents an hour. And then along came Quentin Samuelson, blonde and bland, and grinned, "I'd make it a wide open boom town!"

Dieter Kober, a musician at heart, and mind, etc., first suggested that Lincoln should allow beer to be sold on Sunday. Then "Set aside fund for more cultural activities. Have a new music building with a music library." We could have a concert every day and "have one city paper create a music department that knows what it's talking about."

Genevieve Wild seems to have been rather bored with Lincoln. "It needs excitement. I don't know what I would do with it—I really don't."

Of Course Not Men.

Grace Siems and Betty Schmaltz sat in the crib and talked to us over empty water glasses. "We'd like to have a way to get acquainted with more people." (The gals stay at the Phi Mu house.) "But we're not especially interested in men." Oh, there isn't any harm in trying—or is there?

Betty Moxham wants to move the town to California also. "Every lamp post would be a Greek God." One suggestion anyway for endowing Lincoln with enough eligible men. "Elect Clark Gable mayor and change its name to Jerksberg."

Oh we forgot a cute remark of Hagelberger's. "If you really want to make this town different, why not take a couple of zombies—or change your glasses." We had to have some way to end it—and we did. Cheerio.

Scrap Irony

By Chris Petersen

My Cold Diane.

A penthouse, penthouse, high above the hum; a goddess on a bearskin rug by the fire, my plump Diane; a glass of buttered rum between my hands. What more can man desire.

The burning stuff slides down and fires my heart, my brain does know rum fires gray ashes make. But sweet Diane, eternal appetart, never so my furnace flames can shake.

I do adore her so, a million times. To taste the sugar of her lips this night will only serve to quicken love's enzymes, increase my longing, and whet my appetite. This is a golden paradise to hold, yet still I weep. The gaudy wench is cold.

How shall I storm those underfrost eyes? How shall I mount those scarlet, icy lips? When all her looks bend on my call, to spite it, my tortured heart she flips.

Beneath the table, crawling there, I find again my heart where still it sits. The little red thing, empty now, tough in rind, must be so, else it now would lie in bits.

My sweet Diane, while musing there I sit, goes, bored and languid, back to where it is hot.

To lean across the rail is ecstasy. The terrace overlooks the diamond town, aglister with a blinking mazda sea. My tears drop down, a hundred stories down.

My dear Diane, my lovely, lovely louse, back on her bearskin lies she there. To kneel beside her head, a quiet mouse and probe her eyes, it is despair.

Two star blue puddles, empty both of heat, stare upward at me, gorgeous, deadly eyes. My thumbs do itch to dig them out. They cheat me of everything I want, my prize.

Now at her feet I bend to scan the lush, white hunk of angel ice with yellow capped. I'll stay until the ice from you does rush, outst the penguin cold that has me trapped. Diane, until the snowball turns to rose, I'll crouch content and count your painted toes.

Dream . . .

(Continued from Page 1.) too badly, for 45 will be in there blowing, bowing and banging Tuesday evening.

Since Mr. Wishnow is the conductor, the music should be well played, and this music, not being of a depressing nature, should appeal to those who are weary of hearing of the war, of submarine attacks of Rommel, of the north-south railroad between Moscow and Rostov. Of course some of these individuals will probably ask, after glancing at the program and seeing "Caucasian Sketches" why the orchestra isn't playing "In the Oil Fields."

Wait and See.

This Saturday evening after the university theatre has presented "Outward Bound" there should be some interesting comments from those who see it.

Some whose intellectual capacities have not been sufficiently developed will probably dismiss the whole affair with the curt and to-the-point remark: "Screw y!" Those whose brain cells have been saturated with the arts will probably breath some sanctified sigh like "extraordinarily exquisite," and the self-styled genius will sneer, as is his habit.

The play, however, should hold the attention of all those who see it. It is rather unusual to say the least. There has been a division of opinion as to the pretending abilities of the university theatres players, but Saturday night will be their chance to prove how worthy they are of the most sublime art of acting...

Wrong Impressions.

There seems to be some slight misconceptions as to the wording and ideas behind last week's discourse on soldiers. Some seem to have gotten the impression (deliberately?) that I was advocating Beethoven and Brahms for the entertainment of the soldiers and nothing else.

This was certainly not its purpose. I meant only that the university as well as the private citizens should make a vigorous effort to keep the soldiers happy. There also has been comment to the effect that the soldiers are, as a lot, a bad crowd to get mixed up with. Well, perhaps I am one of the misguided democrats who believes that America's citizen army is one to be proud of. Maybe the intellectual aristocracy on the campus will be kind enough to enlighten me some day soon.

Every Tuesday . . .

J. A. Danielsons Teach Square Dancing Lessons for Union

. . . In Ballroom

Regular square dancing class will meet on Wednesday from 7 to 8:30 p. m. this week instead of Tuesday, the assistant director of the Union said yesterday. This will be the fifth class of the summer, and the class has been changed to accommodate the University Summer Orchestra concert to be held Tuesday.

Popular on both the city and ag campuses last year, square dancing is now having just as big a success with summer school students.

Over 160 students have been attending the weekly square dancing classes in the Union, which are held on Tuesday evenings at 7:30. All others going to summer

school are welcome to come, Pat Lahr, assistant director of the Union, said.

The six dancing lessons on the summer schedule are free, and are being taught by Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Danielson, who taught last semester's classes, with a typical old-fashioned orchestra supplying the music.

The Danielsons were taught by Lloyd Shaw, the country's foremost exponent of the square dance. In his home in Colorado Springs, Colo., Mr. Shaw has organized several square dancing troupes who have toured the country. His story appeared in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post.

Lincoln Sponsors American Heroes Day Celebration

Promising one of the biggest events in Lincoln's history, the committee in charge of the American Heroes' day parade on July 17 have planned an affair in which every civic and service club, veteran organization and the like will participate.

This parade is part of the retailers' drive to sell war bonds and stamps. Several bands will be in the parade.

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