

## Junior Women Tear Hair, Bite Nails, Awaiting Verdict

"Allah," "Allah," and another "Allah"... You must know by now... it couldn't be anything but the nerval and excital Junior Women, bowing and scraping before the most supreme "Cement Boards," not to be confused with the Masons.

For the past three or four weeks, the Junior Women have been quietly tearing their hair, chewing nails, and beating their heads against brick walls, waiting for that final moment if and when that mask is slipped over their bloodshot eyes. A great meeting of potentials could be found at any time in the union or in the drug, whispering, giggling or pausing for a moment of silent prayer. They have seemed to work out some sort of a schedule that they have followed faithfully for some time.

### Toothpaste Grin Scores.

The most important of their rules and regulations is to give each and every "motor boat" their best toothpaste ad smile, to open all doors for them, and generally knock themselves out to be seen working their fingers to that old bone, smiling happily all the time. Their motto is "service with a smile."

Outside of making the best possible impression on the most supreme, they must keep themselves busy enough to forget about those black robes. So they go to all the movies, and express their emo-

tions on sad pictures, just to make themselves feel better about the whole thing. Their motto for this action is "Weep, and Ye Shall Find."

### Diet, Its Wonderful.

"Food, food, go away, and come another day" is the motto for that disgusting nervous reaction of not eating for three days prior to "D" day and "H" hour. Several of the more hopeful Juniors have been starving themselves because they just can't take the time and effort to force nasty old food down their jumping throats. Eating is such a repulsive habit, isn't it?

Sleep is another nasty habit that they don't have time for. Worry, worry, worry, is all they can do in their little beds at night. But, then, they always say, "What is a bed for?"

The results of these time-worn rules can be seen firmly imprinted on each and every Junior Activity Woman. Deep, dark circles under the drooping eyes, shaking hands, the motto "MLC," fainting spells, and a complete nervous breakdown in general.

But the saddest part of all is that the ones that comply by these rules are the ones that practically have the royal order of Mortar Board cinched. Once they start to worry, they get carried away, and put on a big show the rest of the time. But they forgot something... "You can fool some of the peo-

## Society . . .

Society went to Ivy Day—the long-awaited event brought forth droopy-eyed MB's and slightly on the hysterical side the new BWOC—a beaming queenie and her court—sorority Jinny Linds whoop it up for the coveted cup.

Touching up the weekend here and there were the maypole stomp, union dance, and several big deals—Kappa Kids June Korb, "Hat" Lily, and Jean Kerl whipped out with Phi Psis Ernie Larson, Pete Anderson, and Sigma Nu "Tex" Cole.

Returning to the alma mater were Dick Hunter, Tau man in Florida suntans... But Fulsom, Beta, with Margy Reese, Alpha Phi... ATO's Phil Ford and Allan Casey... Dick Geeseman, DU, and Sig Ep Ted Hubbard after the grueling med exams... Mary Jean McCarthy, KKG, and KAT Mortar Board Dorothy Weirch Day... good to see ya!!

### Dancin' Here-There.

And they were dancin' at the Union... Dorothy James and Don Niel have invented a new swing, that of dancing with a book in hand... for supreme jitterbugs, we nominate no other than George Tierney Shestak... Al Harper and buddies just gaze... Howie Chapin, Phi Delt, declared Friday the time to be the lone wolf... Marcia Woodruff, Kappa, and the Looey were doin' a couple of the fancier steps.

Candy and diamonds are steadies at the Chi O domicile... Betty Ruth Dunlap displays the gem from Bill Hewitt, Sig Alph... Ann Atchinson and Boyd Hetch, Sig Ep, honored the gals and the guys with traditional five pounder and fags... More sweets went Pi Phi way... responsible members were Jinx Dougan and Lowell Anderson, Phi Delt.

### Wedding Bells.

Event of the day was the marriage of Gamma Phi Harriett Hayes and Lt. Bud Olson... and the bells will soon ring for Randy Salisbury and home town flame Wanda Withers.

Lincolnettes have declared double duty... now they play with the officers on Friday and the enlisted men on Sunday... and speaking of the army, a few members of the bird club are still wandering around.

Two-car Cap Thiesen of Sig Ep fame deserts ye olde campus and Pi Phi Patty Welch for a gob suit... farewell party rumored... and for a bang-up home-coming, Leo Beck, Phi Delt, entertains for six lucky couples.

Now's the time for the students to start on the exam week grind... the non-brains can remain in the social whirl!

## Mary Mason, Bride-Elect



—From Lincoln Journal.

Mrs. John G. Mason announces the approaching marriage of her daughter Mary, to Robert D. McNutt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman McNutt of Colby, Kas.

A junior at the university, the bride-elect is a member of Alpha Chi Omega. Officer Candidate.

Mason was president of the 1943 junior class and president of his fraternity, Sigma Chi. He was a member of Innocents and of the varsity football team. He is now attending officers' candidate school at Fort Benning, Ga.

The wedding will be an event of July 7.

## Indigestion Throws Dorm Into Upheaval

"How d'ya feel?" was the proper salutation Friday at the Dorm when a mob, a gang, or a group—numbered everywhere from the 90 estimated by Miss Hortense Allen, business director of the Dorm, to a guess of from 75 to 250—found bed the proper place to stay.

The casualty list included two groups generally, those sick from "that food" and those who helped those who were sick.

It all started when, about 9 p. m. Thursday, from two to ten girls on every floor began dashing down the halls all with the same goal in mind. Between 9 and 9:30, says one report, 40 individuals had made one to many trips "there."

### Discuss Unseen Enemy.

Groups gathering in the halls to discuss the "unseen enemy" heard various stories which explained the escaping of those few individuals. The enemy was the food for dinner; beets or ham or beans, every one agreed, including Dr. R. A. Lyman, director of student health. Of course a Lincoln radio station announced an "intestinal flu epidemic at the women's residence halls."

"If you drank milk for dinner, you're safe," said Detective Mundil.

"I drank tea and I'm all right," said Inspector Aggie Sorenson. On Friday neither one were down from the "poisoning attack."

"If you've eaten between din-

ner and 9 o'clock, you have delayed the action of the poison," said Helen Laird, wherewith Marge George began eating the cookies her mother had sent her and didn't stop until Friday night.

### Played Florence Nightingale.

Some girls whose stomachs were strong played Florence Nightingale all night. Ann Doudna, Barbara Boyd, and Red Green finally crawled in bed about 7 Friday morning. Only praise, and lots of it, could be found for Miss Allen who helped until 4 a. m. at least on Friday. Even Miss Sally Wilson and Dean Boyles looked a bit tired after their busy evening.

Beside that "stinky hospital smell" in the Dorm and the inconvenience to some people's stomachs, the "poisoning" will remain just another Dorm tale for freshmen to tell their grandchildren.

State College, Pa. (ACP). Good teachers should not be drafted regardless of age, marital status, or other qualifications, according to Dr. M. R. Trabue, dean of the school of education at Pennsylvania State college.

## Another Successful Ivy Day!

Our congratulations to the two May Queens and the new Mortar Boards

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