

Talks on Panel

Miss Margaret Fedde, chairman of the home economics department attended a meeting of the

State Parents Teachers Congress at Columbus on Wednesday. While there she participated in a panel discussion on "The Family In a Disturbed World."

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3⁹⁵ to 7⁹⁵

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GOLD'S . . . Third Floor,

Society . . .

BY NINA SCOTT.

The big splash of news saturating everyone is that the SAE's are opening their house again . . . will they "warm" their abode with another Bowery party???

The Pi Phi Mardis sisters, Gloria and Marilyn, are buying lots of candy and seeing lots of two members of our armed service . . . last Monday night Gloria passed the bon bons with Phi Gam Dee Devoe . . . the Monday before Marilyn did the honors with Lieutenant Peterman . . . and while on the subject of sweet things, how about AOPi Pat Beetem and ATO Tom Dworak, who have decided that December is as good a month as any to delve into holy matrimony . . .

The pilgrimage to KU has begun . . . Kappas Jo Radcliffe, Addie McCague, Jeanie Guenzel, Ruth Korb and Mary Claire Clark are all packed, and the Thetas, Jennie Magnussen, Donna Lee Brugh, Dorothy Gallup, Charis Wells and Mary Miller are on their way . . . trips are popular . . . take AOPi Georgialee Hansen, for instance, who has been tearing up to Omaha to see Murray Minthorne, Farm House, now of Phi Chi, at Omaha's famed med school . . .

Sig Ep pledge Bill Mountford has been adding to his college education with Tibby Curley, pledged to Alpha Chi . . . and a Sip Ep incident which has caused fervor is the one concerning pledge Tom Mickey and Kappa pledge Frances Abbott . . . seems like Tom has not the honor of escorting Frannie to Harry James . . . Brother Ben McDowell has beat him to it . . .

Former ATO Gould "Figg" Flag has been renewing his courtship with Alpha Phi Margy Munson . . . Refusing to say "this little deal bears watching" because of the worn-out state of the phrase, shall be say instead, "We predict something steady in the future?" . . . Lt. Rog Cannel, Fiji, walked in the Union the other day with his pinmate, Alpha Chi Barbie Stahl . . . pins, lovely inventions, really cover a lot of territory . . . Betty June Baldwin, Alpha Phi, recently returned Lt. Paul Toren's Sigma Chi keep-sake . . . Beta Dean Neal has been escorting "Baldie" oftener and oftener . . .

Miss Grant to Wed . . .



—From The Lincoln Journal.

The engagement of Miss Marjorie Grant to Lt. Fred Turner was announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Grant. The bride is a member of Alpha Chi Omega. She is a senior in Teacher's College. Lt. Turner attended Washington State College.

Dorm Goes All-Out For Mail—Or Is It Male—Anyway Who Doesn't?

BY BARBARA KIECHEL.

Writing to servicemen is important. Nearly everyone agrees that, next to buying bonds and supporting the Red Cross, it is one of the principal ways civilians can really contribute to the war effort.

The conscience of the girl who neglects to answer the tender epistles of that "poor lonesome soldier boy," be he stationed comfortably at the Beverly Hills Officers' club, or in care of Postmaster, New York, is pricked unmercifully until she resolutely takes her pen in hand and bolsters his morale by relating in detail what a gruesome time she has been having lately with him away. Hearts have been torn by magazine articles or movie scenes which depict the celebrated mail-call and the heartbroken spirit of "our hero" as he turns away, empty-handed, now firmly convinced that Mary has taken to sitting under the apple tree with that knock-kneed 4-F from Peoria.

I am not attempting to burlesque this situation. Mail (spell it any way you wish!) is an enormous element in anyone's life—enough to make or break the person. Illustrating this statement, I ask you to consider the plight of the "sweethearts of Raymond Hall."

Zero Hour.

The mail usually arrives at about nine o'clock. By the time it has been sorted and is ready for distribution, a rapidly increasing throng of anxious-eyed "dormites" has already gathered outside the desk. Before I go farther, perhaps I should explain that "the desk" is the imposing structure in the front lobby of the dormitory—a window, flanked on each side by iron bars against a background of hungry-looking mailboxes. There are plaintive expressions on each face, and eager looks follow every move the girl inside the "cage" makes as she stops, consults her chart, and then inserts the treasured envelope in the pigeon-hole.

Doors are flung open, and the halls resound with echoes and vibrations of stamping feet. Here and there a door opens to reveal a sleepy miss attired daintily in a polkadot flannel nightgown, her teddy bear still clasped tightly in her hand, who ventures timidly, "Get mine, too, will ya?" I was usually inclined to treat such creatures with disdain, since students who manage to arrange their schedules without involving "eight o'clocks" have always irked me.

Below, the stack of mail is slowly growing smaller. The tension, on the other hand, increases. Occasionally it is relieved by a hoarse "oh" as one fascinated spectator catches sight of a smudgy envelope bearing familiar handwriting; or heightened by a girl who buries her head in her hands and moans, "I can't look!" while her roommate whispers comforting phrases such as "But maybe he can't write . . ." Into her despairing ears. Some maidens are cheerful, but the majority assume the pessimistic pose. Nervously wringing their hands, they sigh and bite their lips with the rest, but pretend to be disinterestedly waiting to collect their roommates' mail.

Onward, Charge!

As the last envelope is deposited, the girl behind the bars stiffens, braces herself, and turns around with a tolerantly determined look to meet the shouts of "1215," "409," "1318" . . . that greet her from all directions.

At last it is all over and the congregation slowly disintegrates, some leaping down the halls with joyous whoops, others dragging painfully toward their rooms, their heads as low as their spirits. Somewhere in the crowd one easily satisfied soul is sharing the glorious news that her grandfather has finally gotten his false teeth from the mail order house, while another self-consciously confides that Bill says, "I had K. P. last night, and honey—oh, I can't read that!"

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