

# Eager Beaver Percentage Reaches Peak at Library

BY BARBARA KIECHEL.

"See ya' in the library!"—has become almost as popular a departing sentiment as "see ya' in the funny papers" reputedly was when Mother and Dad were in college. It is really remarkable how rapidly the percentage of eager beavers has soared now that the "new" library is open for business.

In previous years, when the downtrodden student was forced to make the cross-country hike into the treacherous regions west of the administration building, and then enter "Library Hall" at the risk of trodding upon a rotten floor board and crashing through to the basement, relatively few students seemed aware of the invaluable benefits a library afforded. In fact, it was almost like a deserted tomb, inhabited only by a handful of groggy juniors with P.B.K. aspirations, valiantly digging around in dusty volumes, in hopes that some genius had left his notes there, and a smattering of wide-eyed pledges who wanted to revolutionize things and make their averages the first semester.

### Times Have Changed.

But now—ah, how times have changed. Through the stately portals of the Don L. Love Memorial library pass the campus big shots, the glamor girls, the football stars. Even the B.W.O.C. (big wolves on campus) have swallowed their inhibitions against anything that even smells intellectual, and decided that it's a pretty good place to operate.

The reserve reading room is coming to rival the ever famous Corn Crib as U.N.'s Grand Central Station. On second thought, it's even better. No sense in blowing a nickel on a coke when you can get the same atmosphere in the Love country club, for free!

This afternoon we were going to study for a big history test. Recalling the peace and solitude that was always ours in the library last year, we borrowed our roommate's notebook and started west, intending to spend an industrious and profitable afternoon reviewing and preparing our crib notes.

It was okay until we went in the north door and turned east. At that point, we suffered a broken knee-cap, but that was just because we didn't have it timed right. Two o'clock classes had just been dismissed, and the mass migration from "sosh" surged over us, everyone eager to get ring-side seats for the afternoon show.

### Feminine Mob.

The feminine members of the mob all made for the table where a handsome blond Beta had established headquarters, but, after a mild free-for-all, they finally quit being childish and drew straws to see who stayed. The defeated damsels surveyed the room for other prospects, and those lucky enough to spot a man (or reasonable facsimile thereof) tripped across to his table, flopped into the chair opposite him and proceeded to stare at the poor fellow over the top of "Economic Geography," until they had to tear themselves away and go to class again.

For awhile the room was quiet, except for the soft buzz of two

freshman boys discussing sex, and the brisk snap of cards being wielded expertly by an introvert at the next table, who had wandered in for a leisurely game of solitaire. We were just learning why it was that Washington crossed the Delaware, when two rough and burly workmen strutted across the room, dragging a 12-foot ladder and whistling "Poor Lil" in unison.

They scraped the ladder into position beside the fourth window, knocking down three chairs in the maneuver, and we noticed that the Venetian blind was at least 1/36th of an inch longer on the left side than on the right. Straightening it out must have been a very delicate task, but the master craftsmen finished it up in record time—only an hour and a half. The ladder fell down twice during the operation, and there was a good deal of commotion when one of the fellows dropped the hammer on his colleague's head, and the poor man hopped blindly around the room howling at the top of his lungs, but the crowd loved it.

### Psych vs. History.

A couple was smooching over in the northeast corner, a committee was meeting about two feet behind me. A determined coed was still working on the blond Beta, and the carpenters were having a feud because one of them wanted to whistle "Flamin' Mamie," instead of "Lil". About that time we put away our history and started thinking about changing the major to human psychology. An hour or two over here every day would work in wonderfully as a lab!

Don't be misled by the stacks of books that most of the patrons stagger into the swinging doors with. They're only props. Students may go to the library to watch the celebrities whiz by, they may go to get a date, a few go simply to "be seen,"—but study? Heck, you've gotta stay home to do that!

### Prof. Norman Hill Speaks To YM on Atomic Energy

Speaking to a YMCA meeting at 7:15 tonight in Temple on "Atomic Energy: Cooperation or Catastrophe?" will be Norman Hill, professor of political science. In charge of the meeting will be the World Relatedness Commission, Phil Frandsen in charge.

Contrary to general belief the earth is not round. If one were to sail in a westerly direction one would soon fall off the edge.

# Hats and History Combine to Make Women Lovelier

BY PHEE MORTLOCK.

Webster rates hats a dull "head-covering" but a hat can be much more—a clever dab of veiling, a piece of sorcery and a true compliment to beauty.

The chapeaus of each historical period have been reflections of passing events and eras. Hat history can be traced back to 917 B. C. when the Mesopotamians sported headgear of, surprisingly enough, 1916 vintage. Almost every hat fashion of today—turban, calotte, toque, bonnet—was styled then.

In the gay, insane period of Louis XIV hats were creative wonders with shimmering blown-glass birds and skyline plumes. In the England of the fanatical puritans, millinery was drab, almost downright nondescript. French headgear during the first war-to-end-all-wars spiritually resisted the despised Hun. It was mutinous . . . as far as feathers, felt and cloth could make it!

### Today's Hat.

The Hat of today is at its zenith. It must be correctly proportioned to your face, body and the ensemble with which you wear it, then beauty goes to your head! If a "friend" once told you a bit of beanie is just right for your small face, forget it. Slanting height in trim or brim and high crowns lend inches. A hat silhouette should be wider than your cheek's width, for broader-than-average cheekbones.

In the basic black or a sleekly tailored suit, splurge all the way for a goofy hat! But in fluff—a simple hat, see? Hats can put your beak in the shade, flatter that porcelain profile, and touch off your new feather cut. Clever, aren't they?

### Hairdo and Hat.

Shop for your lid in the hairdo with which you'll wear it, as some are styled for long hair, others for short. Too, in the shop, 'taint wise to simply squat in front of a 2x4 piece of glitter. Stand erect, cover the waterfront and take note of the monkey in the floor-to-ceiling looking-glass directly opposite you. You're usually on your feet when you're hatted 'n gloved anyway, so bub, it's only smart to get a glimpse of your overall portrait.

The bigger girls tell us that men weary of earthly visions. So, here is the time to appear a very angel. Get that new hat that you fear is too daring and wear it with life, knowing that you're honest and truly pretty.

Ray Milland, star of Paramount's "Lost Weekend," was once a member of the British House-

# MB Ball Calls Forth Fanciest Dress for Gals

If a gal has a date for the Mortar Board party, her main problem is just what she will wear. With not many formals available in downtown stores, the problem seems quite bothersome. Rumor has it that Gamma Phi Ely Asmusen already has found a black strapless deal that she'll wear with ATO Bud March. From the back the dress appears to have straps but they only connect with the sequin choker at the neck. Anyway, it's quite the dress and we advise you to take note.

Kappa Jo Guenzel will be looking her usual smooth self for ATO Chick Story. The dress she'll wear is a tight black draped affair. Slinky draped lines offset the cap sleeves.

### Soft and Feminine.

Tri Delt Mary Kay Bogan finally decided to get a blue chiffon deal to wow Delt Bob Keller. It is accentuated with silver sequins. Also hear 16 of the Tri Delt gals have made reservations for dinner to show the guys what they really like.

ZBT Fred Teller ought to be mighty proud of Marcia Civin in her yellow dress. It has three-quarter length sleeves and a

hold Cavalry, but failed early in his Hollywood career to get a part as a British cavalryman.

sweetheart neckline. Almost strapless, but not quite, is the dress Alpha Phi Nancy Mines will appear in. . . It is black, which seems to be the popular color for the MB affair. Clete Fischer of football fame, informs us he will be with Chi O Barbara Gooding but other than something "smooooooth" he like most fellows, doesn't know what she will wear.

### And What Else?

SDT Marilyn Adler will have on a black skirt . . . oh yes there will be some sort of a top . . . but what, we're not quite sure. Best bets will be on the peach satin cap sleeved blouse which, we are informed, has slit sleeves.

Wearing a new dress will be Phi Jane Little in a wine and green taffeta skirt with a black velvet top.

Other than the navy men, we have no idea what the men will wear. By the way the sailors ought to look quite sharp in the new uniforms.

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