

Ragged Edges

By BARBARA TURK and GRACIE SMITH.

Some say spring's here. Some say it's not, but personally we think that Nancy Baylor has the best system. Thermometer in hand every morning, she decides what degree of spring her wardrobe will express. Guess everyone is rather eager and restless, especially Jerry Johnston with his trouble over the Interfraternity Ball. Final woman in this matter as we see it is Pepi Votava.

Saturday we find Ellie Lykke and Bunnie Mathews with brothers Ted Krumlen and Buzz Howard while Jo Seidle's Kearney interest, Dick Rolgers, is going to her home for a visit over the weekend. Another guest, but this time from Peru way, is Dick Gregg, here to see Margie Sturm. As both are in Teachers College, this might prove to be most educational; anyway, it's something to watch.

Theoretically.

Proving the theory that good things run together is Jo Trulson, who welcomes Notre Dame Preflight, Harold Engstrom down for this weekend, while a farewell party seemed to have been in order for Lou Nalfinger, navy man leaving for Illinois on last Wednesday. Reports say that Jont Van Horn had something to do with this affair—Sorry to lose you, Lou.

Formals are still setting a pace at full speed this weekend, and the AOPs have made big preparations for their dance on Saturday night. Jackie Tobin will be seen with Bud Douthit from Yale, while Jackie Wightman is going with Bob Hartman, a recently commissioned 2nd Lt. in the Marine Corps. Marilyn Miller will be escorted by Ken Nielson from Wyoming—what does Bob Green think of this?—If you are in any way inquisitive, you might question Mac Graham as to who will be Mary Dye's partner that night. Ann Manchester with Arlow Wirth; Peg Reynard with fiance Keith Jones; and Phyl Kokjer with Dick Stone will also take in the fun.

The Girls He Left Behind.

George Steele, who leaves for the Navy next Monday, will always be remembered as "quite a boy" on the Nebraska campus. In trying to make as much out of his last weekend as he could, he set a record of having six different dates in only five nights.—(a late

Spring... 'Tis Spring! Beware Future Swains

by Jeanne Hickey.

As I was sitting in psych class, my stable mind wandered to the landscape subtly beckoning from the south window of Andrews. I guess all women are the same—as soon as the first boid looms forth his head in search of a worm, a gal gets the same idea, only she prefers the human species.

You see, fellas, ever since little girls are old enough to be allowed to go to the movies—she goes to the movies; and it is here that she encounters the mad love of Charles Boyer, with another woman. Then and there, a strange new fascination is instilled in the tender young thing.

Time passes, and Mytie Mae comes to college. Now is her chance to fall in love. Alas, and alack, Mytie Mae made the sad mistake of coming to school in the fall! Days, weeks, and months, sauntered by, as our heroine spends her time in hibernation, before the mirror, perfecting the gleam in her eye, and saving her money for a goodly bottle of "One Night Will Do It" perfume.

Mad Moments.

Mad moments are spent reading novels and how to—well, must we go into that? Melodious strains of "Spring Is Just Around the Corner" can be heard from the larynx box of mysterious Mytie Mae. The tone quality is a cross between Lauren Bacall and Marjorie Main.

Now the crisis! The grass is taking on a half-alive look; the birds are beginning to fly above; and men are turning to thoughts of baseball and other forms of pitching. Mytie Mae has left her dungeon and is on the loose!

Take caution, my friends, and when you smoothly trip some sweet young doll, don't ask her where she's been all your life. She's liable to tell you!

date for someone, we'd say—) By the way, shall we congratulate or feel sorry for Jim Tagader and Gene Morgan, the proud new owners of George's "one and only one" car?

Tonight, the Sigma Kappa's will give their annual Saint and Sinner party, and we take it that Doris Ann Chamberlain will be there with her steady, Bud Lcenk, while sisters Jeanne Zehrung and Mary Ellen Howell will tote Bill Barney and Art Johnson.

In case you haven't noticed, Tommy Noble has a new interest

Man Had His Rights Before Woman Discovered Her Own Shrewd Wiles

Women are odd things. You just can't get around them. Man was endowed with certain inalienable rights and then woman came along. Came along with trunkloads of cosmetics, tantalizing perfumes, iron clamps, steam waves, and cold baths, and naively maintains that there are ways that man can be cornered, trapped and conquered.

Like the hole in a Cheeriot, he'll be conquered. And evidently little Bo Peep didn't have the right technique on how to catch your man either, or she wouldn't have been out chasing sheep all night. However children, let us not delude ourselves, woman is not absolutely incorrigible (look it up in Webster).

Some coeds spend half the night fixing their tresses and then, come dawn, they wear their hair drooping over their face so that the befuddled male can't tell what's amulating beneath the mop. For all he knows you may be Hairless Joe enjoying Kickapoo Joy juice in seclusion. And then there are those who love "feather cuts."

Woman donates alarming capital to the subsistence of the Prince Matchbelli family. For her invested coppers she becomes the fond owner of a bottle of alcohol (now wait a minute—I'm not thru with the sentence) exotically scented—commonly referred to as

in blondes.—This time we're speaking of Shirley Lierk. Hear Ye Frat Brothers consider your lectures in the Crib quite interesting, Tommy. Anyway, they put you at the top of Shirley's date list for the week end.

For the people who have seen that fine specimen of manhood drifting about the campus—it is Doc Atkinson! Back on campus and flashing both mustache and goatee for impression plus.

On the "every night" basis we find Virginia DeForest and Dick Knutson—while singling out Friday night are Bill Lubine and Mary Stuht. After dating madly last week, Bill Swanson seems content to settle down and give attention to Gene Mitchell—seen so-o-o much together.

Before closing, we must not forget to mention the fact that Dick Finnell, plans to change his regular week end routine. Rumors have it that he will be seen tonight with Val Gould—surprise??? Yes, from the looks of things, this week end is going to be a happy one, so everyone have himself a time.

the commodity perfume. This she uses ludicrously, inanelly assuming that this produces wave radiations for sensations of the olfactory nerve which will incur the desired effect upon the beaten macculine gender. This is all to no avail for she immediately begins the process of obtaining wags from her male companion.

Her smoking totally obliterates the effect of the perfume while simultaneously asphyxiating her companion and other innocent spectators for a radius of no less than ten feet, with clouds of smoke and carbon dioxide expelled from her nostrils. This almost always creates the illusion of a scene in the C. B. & Q. freight yard—very fascinating. Then there are those who don't smoke—best we don't go into that.

Obviously at this point we consider the methods utilized in selecting alluring attire. Uncle Levi would undoubtedly hesitate to play a fast game of strip poker if he knew the length to which a coed will go to possess a pair

of his trousers. From sweat shirts and levis we continue our cussing and discussing on the matter of the black crepe dress. It is donned the minute a young thing attains the age of 16 years and from that moment forward it (the dress) assumes the nature of a snake (or second) skin. This is rarely or never shed—per chance it would be if she should be taking PE 52 and swimming. That is an entirely different subject and a rather messy one I might add and also undoubtedly the reason the coeds former dates don't recognize her on swimming days.

For the improvement of a sloppy job done by nature the female population apply night cream, noon cream, eye cream, tenail cream, chin cream, heel cream, you scream, I scream "Stop I'm going mad." O.K. Napoleon, I'll get into the white jacket now, and I don't mind living third floor back for awhile but you know Napoleon, I'm thankful I'm a woman 'cuz it'd be intensely boring and futile to be a man.

Howland Swanson

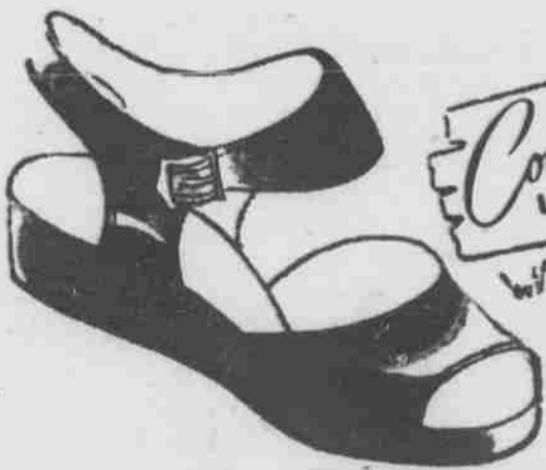


FOR PLAYTIME FUN
THE PEDAL-PUSHER

12.95

Tailored of white flannel with black saddle stitch trim. In sizes 10 to 16. Shown with B. H. Wagge black blouse, 10.95.

Get down to earth this Spring



Connie LO-HEELERS

in Turf Tan leather flatties

Sandals so light and flexible that your feet will want to romp and play in them all through spring and summer... leather soled.

4.95

First Floor

Ben Simon & Son