

Ragged Edges

'Dear John' Epistles Linger On Forever

BY JEANNE HICKEY.

This weekend promises to be a gay one. The men, well aware of the shortage of women, have employed wiles we didn't know they had. Rhea Kinnier and Jess Jensen, Phyl Bloomendahl and Tom Smiley, and Phyllis Snyder and Art Schricker will be dancing to the music of "The Young Man with the Band" Friday. Rosemary Biegler's fiance, Joe Workman, is coming up from Peru to share in the festivities. However, it looks as if Elaine Hensel and Bob Korte have included Omaha in their plans for Friday night. Not to be satisfied with what Lincoln has to offer, Liz Quante is journeying to Michigan to see her heart interest.

Homecoming Plans.

Corn Cobs have been spending their spare moments making novel signs and clever ditties about the wonderful orchestra while sororities and fraternities are giving their pledges a workout on the decorations.

Dates are arranged and Phyl Kokjer is looking forward to a wonderful Saturday night with Bob Diers, Glenn Blinde will be at the homecoming dance with one and only Shirley Coatman, and Blackie Blanchard and Kenny Younger will be seen together, as usual. This will mark the reconciliation date of Milt Meyer and Shirlee Hammond. Norbert Teiman will escort Dorothy Beckenhauer and Lucky Seamore (appropriate name) has made plans with Kay Kinsey. Tom Nye is making the journey from Colorado to be back for the game, and Nan Lilley will come from Omaha to be with true love, Walt Simon.

The newest handle hung on "Baldy" Loisel by his appreciative fraternity mates is "Stebbin" Fecht—get it?

According to opinion on the campus, it won't be too long before Kent Kratz and Bobbette Walters will call it a pinning, this week-end, perhaps. Speaking of deals, is Howie Esser going to De Pauw or isn't he?

To whom it may concern: Bill Moomey is free Sunday night and asks all interested to apply thru his secretary, Bill Vlcek at the D. U. house before Saturday. The ATO's are going to spend a rather novel Sunday at the little Sunday theatre off Times Square—pledges will stand the actives in a rousing game of football and loser pals . . .

In reconverting from war to peace, certain intangible possessions are being lost. Snafu, Ts, "off and on," and similar delightful phrases coined by the armed forces are gradually dying, and nothing in the civilian world can replace them.

It took a war to bring out our best originality in picturesque speech, and without that stimulus they can't be replaced. Sad, indeed, will be the day when Kilroy fails to pay visits, and a bitter tear will drop when Smoe loses his grip on the fence and stops watching us. When Smoe and Kilroy have died, we will know our esprit de corps has been crushed, and once-proud legions will have vanished into the dust of civilians.

History texts will carry an account of our war, true, but the vigor and life of our spirit will not spring from the pages. Our only hope for a lasting place in the daily lives of the people lies in the frequent use of the familiar phrase, "Dear John."

Yea

Yes, it got to be a form letter from the Girl Back Home. It began "Dear John," and continued something like: "I am writing this to tell you how much I appreciate how nice you've been, and I'll always cherish your diamond. But I have just fallen in love and married a very nice . . ." The V-mail negatives on these letters alone stretch to Moscow and back.

If goe to be a classic, the "Dear John" letter, and everybody

William Bendix forsakes heavy dramatic roles by assuming an all-out comedy portrayal in Paramount's "Where There's Life." The popular star will play a thickheaded, blustering Brooklyn cop.

Eddy Albert, appearing in "The Perfect Marriage," Hal Wallis production for Paramount, lists pork dressing as his favorite dish but adds that the best was to prepare it is to wangle an invitation to his mother's house.

The greatest building boom of all time is approaching for American universities and colleges. Federal government sources estimate that the state appropriations for the academic year 1946-47 will exceed the pre-war peak and general expenses may run more than 250 million dollars.

knew someone who had received one or two. Many of these men now fear that this, too, will die. But wait! There is hope . . .

Same Old Story

She was a cute little wench, just about right size, and seemed nice in her own little way. They'd danced several times, then sat down at a booth and drank cokes. Then more dancing, more cokes. The conversation drifted around without much direction, and after a while came down to a date. Friday? No, big test next day. Saturday? Afraid not, previous engagement. Well then, take you home tonight? Why, haven't you heard?

"Girls never leave bars With men without cars!"

"Oh, hello, Charlie. John, this is Charlie—he's my steady boy friend!"

"Oh-h? Well, thanks for telling me before I wasted my whole evening. But nice try, huh?"

"Yeah, I'll say. You and Beau Geste. Say, John, there's Miriam over there—I just know you'd like . . ."

"Uh—no thanks, kid. Nice of you to want to be one, but I already have a sister. So long . . ."

And now, if you'll pardon me—I have a previous engagement. Think I'll go push some little ducks in the water.



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—Courtesy Lincoln Journal
The engagement and approaching marriage of Miss Janet Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Johnson, to C. E. Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Johnson, was recently announced. Miss Johnson, a University student was a member of Alpha Xi Delta. Mr. Johnson, was just discharged from the marine corps. The wedding will take place September 14 at Trinity Methodist church.