

Old Grad Misses Homecoming But Gets Glimpse of Drawers

By Rich Martin and Chuck Hemmingsen

It had been twenty years since Homecoming Day of 1927 when I had been kicked out of school for selling cheating material in the girls' dorm. I had sworn that I would never dance to "Old George" Olson at a Homecoming Dance again; but, since most of the band were now using instruments I decided to participate in this battle.

Draw One

My first stop upon arriving in Lincoln was Don's, where I had hung out in the old days. After filling out at Don's I drifted up to the Supid Union, where Milt Meyer and Punk Shraeder were still playing odd man out, flipping two-headed coins. Mumbling to the bouncer at the front door about my buddies in the back booth I pushed my way into the Crib. Lusting slightly portside, I made my way up to the man of distinction, who was shooting double-talk to a two-headed cadaver at the end of the bar.

"Ajax," I said, slapping my gold dust on the mahogany, "crank out a glass of Smell-O (yellow, mellow, Smell-O is the beer that made Milwaukee shameless and Malcolm famous) with an extra straw for a Harry Mann," who had just slipped up beside me. After pinching Harry's straw I drew in those last delicious drops of Smell-O (yellow, mellow, Smell-O is brewed from the products of 33 fine, porcelain bathtubs). Ajax, looking at me

through eyes like two burnt holes in a blanket, said, "This is the last straw, you'll have to drink the next one straight from the glass."

Having heard that latest jive-box hit **Those Beautiful Strains from Hernia** too many times, I grabbed a huge Gallup Poll and vaulted out the window. Before I could pick myself up I was accosted by Lucy Drawers, who is in reality the mother-in-law of Harry Mann. I followed her to her spacious one-room apartment in the Pigalle of "S" street.

I was greeted at the door by Mr. Drawers and his son "Stinky." At first I tried to get rid of old man Drawers so Lucy and I could get down to some mad love; but, when Mr. Drawers told me he was an ex-dealer in second-hand furniture, I knew Lucy wouldn't allow much on the old couch.

Bottoms Up!

Hours had passed since I had had that last glass of Smell-O, so when Mr. Drawers offered me a glass I eagerly grabbed it just as Harry's palm clamped around the bottom of the glass (Harry follows me everywhere). Not wishing to cause any disturbance I released my grip on the glass and swiped Stinky's stein.

I was rapidly getting Stinko on Smell-O when I suddenly came to my senses—the game! The Homecoming dance! My parlay card! It was midnight—the old grads were older grads and homecoming was over.

Straight Skinny

Poop from a Group.

This week's best seller—"The Orgy in Room 432," or, "We Should Never Have Left Home," by Ax Adams, Grouse Draeger and Bill Monroe. Always fast moving, with smatterings of humor and sex, this tale is our choice for the Pollutizer Prize.

Sig Chis Musk-Oxen staged a momentous celebration in honor of their founder, Paul Buckley, this week-end. 'Betcha it was momentous. Is it over yet?

Thetas at Columbia wish to express their appreciation for the fine serenade given them by Dake Novotny, Rod Cox, Rollie Emmett and Rusty Galloway.

Old Stuff.

Ex-pinmates Johnnie Rushton and Shirlee Wallace are at it again. How long will its last this time?

Bob Metheny, who seemed to have the inside track in the race for Norma Rakow, is fading fast. Old flame Tom True seems to have this event by a length.

They Were Just Seen Out.

Bill Rundle and an unidentified girl were seen at the Pla-Mor Sunday night last. Well, they were just seen out.

A little blonde at Terrace Hall has been singin' the blues for weeks because she hasn't had a chance to meet Cletus Fischer. Help her out, somebody.

Kenton Couples.

Stan Kenton packed 'em in at the Pike Friday night. Johnny

Observe Sadie Hawkins Day With Dance Saturday Night

SADIE HAWKINS PROCLAMATION

Know all Dogpatch men who ain't married by these presents, and specially LLI'l Abner Yokum:

Whereas there be inside our town limits a passel of gals what ain't married but curves something awful to be, and

Whereas these gals' pappies and mammies have been shouldering the burden of their board and keep for more years than is tolerable, and

Whereas there is in Dogpatch plenty of young men what could marry these gals but acts ornery and won't and

Whereas we deems matrimony's joys and being sure of eating regular the birthright of our Dogpatch womanhood,

We hereby proclaims and decrees, by right of the power and majesty vested in us as Mayor of Dogpatch,

Saturday Night, November 15th
Sadie Hawkins Hop
Whereon a footrace will be held,

the unmarried gals to chase the unmarried men and if they ketch them, the men by law must marry the gals and no two ways about it, and this decree is

By authority of the law and the statute laid down by our revered first Mayor of Dogpatch, Hekzibiah Hawkins, who had to make it to get his own daughter Sadie off his hands, she being the homeliest gal in all these hills and no two ways about that, either.

Given under our hand and seal, this, the eighteenth day of October, 1947, in the town of Dogpatch, in the State of Kentucky.

I. J. MCGURGLE,

Mayor of Dogpatch

Git yore man and come to the **SADIE HAWKINS HOP** Saturday Nite, Nov. 5, 8:30 to 12. Student Union Barnflore Price—\$1.00 per couple, plus tax Dave Haun on the Fiddle Sponsored by the Student Union Activities Com. and Prairie Schooner Magazine

Ayers-Sal Holmes; Sandy Crawford-Julie Rathbone, and Brick Paulson-Nancy Miller were part of the big crowd that welcomed Kenton back to Lincoln.

What Gives?

Kappas would like to know what the skindorva is on this Bill Wenk-Mary Jean Rademacher deal. It's apparent it's parent trouble.

Nancy Watkins surprised DG

sisters Thursday with a sparkler from Curt Hasselback. It was a three-week secret.

Also Pikin' out to Kenton Friday night were Bill Eythe and Joy (what'll I do when Bob comes) Norman.

Sig Eps started Homecoming day with a breakfast dance at 7 a.m. Housemothers fast check on those Friday night dates.

Howland-Swanson

show a shapely ankle,
bare a pretty shoulder
in ballerina
or ball gown
that swirls you through the dance ...
whirls men off their feet ...
25.00 upward.



formals
on
second
floor