

Society...

By De Doity Shoit.

June is the month of brides, grooms, best men, honor maids, flower gals, wedding gifts and the start of summer school.

Sassassity in its collegiate a la Daily Nebraskan form rears its ugly head to pound forth news copy of what's what in the Cornhusker category of society and gore.

WEDDINGS, ETC.

Recently tied couples are Jean Carnahan, Coo Omega, and Dick Hiatt, Phi Delt; Mortar Board (1942 model) Jean Christie, Alpha Flee, and LeRoy Farmer, U. S. army looey; Triple Delta Mary Rokahr and Dick (not Charles) Boyer, Delta Tau Delta; Betts (Pep Queen) O'Shea, Kappa Alpha Theta, and John (Jake) Morrow, Scottsbluff Phi Psi; Stately Nan Talbot, Delta Gee, and Emmerson Ward, of the East; Ruth (Pi Phee) Harvey and AGR Floyd Hansmire; Bette Lou (University Theatre) Rangelor and Air Cadet John Blaine Johnson, Phi Gam; and the most recent wedding—Sunday—that of Dorothy Askey, Alpha Phi, and Delta Upsilon's Avery (the auctioneer) Forke.

We know we've oversighted a considerable quantity of other middle-aislers, but we plan to catch up with them later. The end of the school year marks the tie-up and the breakup of several of the campus romances that blossomed so flourishingly (?) during the year.

HURDLER HUDDLES

While Hurdling Champ Bill Smutz is prepping for the national collegiates, he takes time off from seeing his Awful Tired Out buddies to huddle with Jean Ann Donley, she of the beautiful Delta "Gams."

Harvey (The Hooker) Lauer is still in Lincoln and maybe that accounts mainly for Kay Tunison, Kappa, and her decision to remain in Lincoln this summer, altho she says, "To go to school, really."

Then there's that woosome-two-some Jackson Clarke, Kappa Swig, and Gracie Leaders, blonde rancher, who have tying-affection intentions in the fall.

ADD BREAKUPS

Biggest breakup, but to the college lad's delight, is that of George Montgomery, western star of the flickers, and Hedy Lamarr, glamour queen. Hey, how did that get in here?

Jean Porter, of the Arrow hut, and Phil Reed, of the Silo, have diverted paths—altho this is not very new news. The telephone number, guys, who like 'em short and tiny is 2-7564. Jean's at the Tri-Delt house, fellas, not Phil.

Scrap Irony

By Chris Petersen

Me? I've been dead one year this coming Tuesday. I was just an ordinary sort of a chap who made the ordinary sort of mistakes when I was living. I died eventually though after I drank a tablespoon of varnish remover once every two hours for a twelve hour stretch thinking all the time that it was cough syrup. It killed the cough, me, and two flies that roosted on the spoon.

My wife mourned. You know how it is—her loss, my gain. The only thing that bothered me about my dying was that was going to happen to my mortal remains. Melissa, I knew, loved the fanciful and unusual. All during my living days I realized that meant only one thing—if I died first she would have me cremated. In one of my more serious moments, I once said to her, "Melissa, the only way you will ever have me cremated is over my dead body!" That's the way she did it—over my dead body.

After cremation, my ashes were put in a silver urn. Melissa put the

urn on the piano. I would like to be alive for a minute or two now. Got a couple of words to say to the chap who dashed off "Chopsticks."

My wife has suitors. They are vieing for my place. She entertains them in the parlor. The piano is in the parlor. I'm on the piano. I see everything and hear everything but that's not my trouble.

The thing that burns me is to have these chaps flick cigar, cigarette, and pipe ashes into my urn with me. Ash trays all over the room but they still put ashes in my urn.

Throckmorton smokes cigarettes. He flicks ashes in my urn. Belliose smokes a pipe. He dumps ashes in my urn. Olson smokes cigars. He doesn't want to ruin the rug so he throws his ashes in my urn. Ashes, ashes, ashes.

That's why I cry. Why do they have to put more ashes in my urn? People that I live with in this

other world talk about me and to me. They say, "Say, Chris, your wife's suitors are sure making an ash out of you, old boy!"

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