

Sports

Organizations

Fashions

Society

# WOMEN

## Is It Worth It? Coeds Brave Snow, Bankruptcy Saturday

BY PAT CATLIN.

This is going to be a dissertation on how to entertain your date to the Mortar Board party or how to go stark, raving mad in one evening.

The first problem in this time of strife is to find a means of transporting the two-legged animal known as man from place to place. It would simplify matters if he didn't expect dinner, but as he does you can sign your life away trying to get a space in a car transporting six couples already.

### Snow Plow?

Now you plow your way thru the snow that the pledges forgot to shovel only to find admittance is allowed at the back door. Don't get mad when the fellas won't call your date, it's up to you to see that he has an exceptional time. The Betas take great joy in watching the bewildered looks of a poor feminine creature, waiting for her date to get hungry enough to come down of his own free will, far be it from them to call the young man. The Phi Psi's on the other hand, make things as embarrassing as possible with a "call girl"

relaying clever little messages while you wait and wait and wait. At several fraternities, we won't enumerate them, the girl would be safer in taking blinders and ear plugs. But don't get mad—the young man you're escorting is expecting an exceptional time.

### Gone Is the Allowance.

Altho you spend your next three weeks' allowance for dinner, his feeling will be as grateful as those in the illustrious column "CHIPS." Finally, you arrive at the dance buried under coats, overnight bags, first aid kits, and canteens and wrinkled beyond hope from his delicate frame sitting on you ready to dance to soothing music while couples hit you from all sides.

The evening is climaxed when your date informs you he has a 'town permission' and leaves you at five minutes to one, out of gas, to walk home. But don't fret girls, remember Gene Bradley had a good time.

## Isn't That Putting It a Bit Strong Old Chappie?

... Shall We Say

The American Collegiate Press, Daily Nebraskan national news service, doesn't kid around. The American Collegiate Press (shall we say) doesn't sling the bull. The ACP (shall we say) hasn't gone looney like many people because of the war.

But an item in their latest release proves two things: that they will publish anything, and that anything can happen during wartime. From Washington State university at Pullman comes the (shall we say) devastating news.

College men at that university are expected to go to bed not later than 11 o'clock week nights. The action was taken by their president's council, a campus organization.

The University of Notre Dame was founded Nov. 27, 1842, by the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, a French priest.

## Glamour Trips A Soldier Home For Christmas

By the Women's Editor.

Is he coming home Christmas on furlough? Are you worried as to what his reactions are going to be? Is there doubt as to your future? All these questions can be simply answered by taking notice of a few tips.

Just remember that you're the frill in his furlough. He wants you to be feminine as pink ribbon, swish as silk. Keep any of your uniforms buried, if you have one. He doesn't want a tailored maid as he's been tailor-made too long. He wants lots of glamour, or glimmer to say the least. Key your lipstick to the hollyberries—and don't sit under the mistletoe with anybody else but him.

### On Dress Parade.

When you're on dress parade, be prepared for a bandbox inspection, for a general could not have higher standards than he. You're the belle in his Christmas and a chipped nail, a smeared lipline will

send him marching—the other way. Don't blitz your big moment by such tactical errors.

All card players have tricks, and this situation is equal to handling a full deck. You'd better have a trick up your sleeve. Build your charm on a good foundation so you won't lose face. Base your powder on a foundation that works all day, stays up all night. Be sure and have that "finished look", it does away with lots of unfinished business.

### Every Minute Counts.

He's got only two weeks, and every minute counts so be the life of his party. Keep fresh by using a pocket cleanser, don't take time out for major repairs. Be happy as a holi-daisy from party to party, from taps to reveille, and you'll be the star in his morning after. It'll be a hangover hammering at his heart instead of his head.

He loves you for the tilt of your chin, the twinkle in your eyes, the faith in your man. Bright brushed hair, mobile-smooth hands he's certain to like. You're the girl in his life and these are memory-makers, for days when memories have to be made in double quick time.

## College Heads Change Hours For Serenades

Even coed universities have their perplexing problems in these complex days.

The boys of the University of Illinois have been rationed in their time-honored custom of sorority serenades, while those, now miserable, sunny Californians are finding themselves locked from feminine dormitories at 1 a. m. instead of the usual 2 a. m. of a Saturday eve.

### Too Bad!

At Illinois the Interfraternity council has, after prolonged debate, decided to order the following sacrifice: "No fraternity may serenade more than five sororities in a single night." In addition to this drastic regulation all serenading on week ends must end by 2:30 a. m. With such privileges so curtailed, the Illinois warblers will scarcely have the opportunity to exercise their vocal cords.

The strain of war acceleration has at last been fully realized as far as the Pacific coast for the Women's Dormitory association of the University of California has decided that the girls need more rest under the speeded up program.

### Good Response.

Consequently the lockout hour in dormitories of the fairer sex has been moved up one hour. Now the war-weary damsels can retire for study or rest at 1 a. m. instead of 2 a. m. Incidentally the males have raised strenuous objections to the early curfew.

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