

### Introducing--

Somebody told me that if I wrote the society column for the Rag, I'd either have to be a Carton Broderick with all the BW-BMs on the campus side licks (my wounds being sort of deep from the few jabs I supposedly shall receive from those campus cut-ups upon whose reputational toes I may chance to step) or a Jidge Mason or a Mary Louise Goodwin with tied and two sisterhoods behind me, the second being the gals in the black and yellow capes whom all you freshmen women met at the chancellor's reception.

But I am not Cartie, not Jidge, not Goody. I am an entirely new and surprising personality. In fact I was just born two days ago.

To be completely frank with you, I am a man. Actually, I am a student—more or less—during final exam week. I am 4F but that was a surprise to me since I have left foot and a bad flat eye—since last night. Confidentially my great uncle on the draft board told me that the only reason the great white father at Washington accepted my application for deferment was because the army preferred a blind man with a degree to one without.

But really girls, I'm a nice steady fellow and I'm available most anytime. When I tell you, "Gorgeous, you're the most beautiful thing in this room!" I mean it. I'm not like that wearer of the four diamonds on each shoulder who spent the time between 6:30 and 7:15 last Friday night hanging over the back of a Grill seat and talking to the blonde in the yellow sweater. Yep, I mean it—at the moment.

Speaking of the Grill, seems to be a favorite "I'm T. J. Porter, New York. You're that redhead I've been watching from the libe window. How would you like to do the town Saturday night?" Or just "Porter, Redhead, Saturday night?"

Why, you women don't even have a chance to look at the guy with that languid smirk you've been practicing all summer, and say, "No thank you sweetly." I mean, "No thank you." Sweetly is the adverb modifying you. Now when I ask you after a respectable 15 minutes of conversation, "How's about a trip to the cin-a-maw Saturday night?" you can

look at me with that fishy stare and me! Yeh, that would have discard me like you would a broken coke straw, and know I'll be back for more punishment—a day or so later.

Society is a sort of slissified thing for a man to be writing, but when I applied for the job, I was well aware of the sacrifice I was making. A staff full of women

and me! Yeh, that would have been fine only the editor, Marjorie May, who looks like one of her freshmen reporters instead of a Mrs. as of three months ago, said, "Incognito and out of the office, bud, or no column."

"OK," said I, "no column." But then I remembered how I'd promised to tell all the girls that

Bob Henderson, only Innocent left on the campus and Cornhusker business manager, is free again. Mary Louise Miles, Tri Delt, and he finally decided to call it quits for good this time. This, however, has hapened before.

Another news bit revolves about Betsy Wright, Alpha Chi O, who acquired a diamond from Lt. Nate

Holman of Fort McClellan, Ala., during the holidays.

Diamonds are appearing in such quantities nowadays, no peacetime method of recording them is adequate. Watch this column for a new, unique, stupendous way of bringing to you the latest results of the current racket—diamond digging.



## HOVLAND-SWANSON

This is Lincoln's official Mademoiselle store. Our Staff attended the Mademoiselle Clinic in New York—yes, they've been to school—they know what you back-to-schoolers will want and how you'll want it.

Come see three gay young shops teeming with new college fashions! The biggest and best collection of sweaters and skirts you're likely to find. Same for suits. Come see bright suede vests.

Enchanting young jumper dresses. Wonderful new ways with separates. Plenty of plaid, plain skirts, and blouses to go with. Officer's coats as hand-some as your lieutenant's. Honey-smooth date dresses. The right everything, down to make-up. Fashions and fashions galore, and so much fun trying them on!



The dress for a girl with a date—simple, yet smooth in Fall's gayest mood and colors, 19.95



Surely you'll want a... Chesterfield—it's a must. Our collection includes... black, browns, reds, blues at 39.95



What will you have in a suit—3 pieces or 2? We've both in every new color and style. Plaids or plains—stripes too, 29.95

### Sig Alph House Quarters Girls For Rush Week

Sigma Alpha Epsilon house, no longer a fraternity, now bears the sign "Panhellenic House," and quarters 75 upperclass girls who are going through rushing.

As this is the first time rush week is being held during the period of registration, it was necessary to find room for the girls before they could pledge and move into organized houses. Mrs. E. G. Bivens is acting as house supervisor.

"It is really a Panhellenic house," says Mrs. Philip Schmelkin, Panhellenic advisor. "The Gamma Phi Beta sorority donated a bed for the week, Sigma Delta Tau gave mattresses and Alpha Phi lent the sheets. The pillows are from the Alpha Omicron Pi and Alpha Chi Omega gave tablecloths."

Panhellenic has set up rules for the house which include information as to meals, hours, and rooms.

The total number of rushees going through the rush week's activities is 380, the largest number in several years. The girls come from all parts of the United States with one girl coming to Nebraska from Honolulu.

The rush week program has been simplified this year. Parties for all sororities are uniform and refreshments will be the same at all houses.

### Residence Halls Hold Open House For All UN Men

University residence halls held their first social event of the year in the form of an open house from eight to ten Saturday evening. All university men were invited, whether in cords or khaki and were greeted by the head residents and the dormitory officers.

Entertainment was ballroom dancing and square dancing. Doughnuts and punch were served.