

Hello

By Ed Faytinger, A/S,
USNR

Well, here's another quick-ee I'll admit it's not so hot, I'll dedicate it to you civilians, For a civilian, I am not.

I used to go to Nebraska, And I used to leaf all day, But now, I do things different, I do it, the "Navy way."

The Navy is a great branch, They work you all day long It's a great life if you don't weaken, But for God's sake, why be strong?

We get up bright and early, Near 5:45—on the nose The first time I went ou there I really, damn near froze.

We exercise quite briskly, It is done by the light of the moon If you'd do all things they tell you, They'd keep you there till noon.

Next we go to ohow line, By this time it's 7 o'clock, Get eggs, nearly every darn morning, Guess they have plenty on stock.

After this, it's "prepare for inspection," The words that I'll never forget, I clean my room every morning, But I've never passed one yet.

The rest of the day is your free time, You spend it just as you like, Go to classes, then swimming, then jude, Then boxing, next wrestle—then hike.

Time is also given to the drill field, "Chin in, chest out, eyes front," All seems to be going quite smoothly, Then it's "get in step, you runt!"

Now this gives a rough idea, Of why this life is so fine, What time you have left over, You spend it, waiting in line.

And now, my chicks, I must leave you, For back to my station I must trod, I know you feel like they all do, "Well, he's gone, what relief, Thank God!"

Sez You!

Wasn't it surprising that there was anything left of the Mortar Boards after they got through with the battle of "Union Parlors"—the question was who got the end of the reception line. The odds were 10 to 1 that every other man would run—as it turned out the boys were still so scared they had to be carried off. Some one started the rumor that "Chancellor" means the same thing it did in Germany—the freshman men were to be shot out of cannons for evading the draft and girls conscripted for cleaning Universitas buildings.

And of course Leonard Dunker (law grad—believe or don't) saw the line going out on to R street and thought they were finally selling brew in the grill. After six hours he woke up while meeting Dean Thompson—who wished him luck for the next seven years. Another interesting sight of the week was fraternity men attempting to obey the new rushing and pledging rules—if anyone was attempting. Keeping within the law was like avoiding a crowd while handing out dollar bills.

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The best coincidence was when men from one of the houses accosted an "already pledged" freshman in front of the Coliseum on Friday and asked him if he had found any place to stay while at school. After 15 minutes of extolling the virtues of Vina Chi the brothers were stopped snort by "I'm staying at the best, the Phi Sigs." Did you ever see a mardrop his jaw three flights while standing on the curbing?

Thursday we ran into four freshmen who were headed for the

Union station with all their belongings. They were all 4F and figured they couldn't pass Dr. Lyman's physical, either. The payoff came when they did take the exam and were pronounced "the healthiest men I've seen for three years." And four more sceptics were born.

Very short footnote: Girls, please stop and read the editorial for today. Untootnote, Lew just came in and said if the men

weren't too tired—(running)—by spring we should easily scoop the Big 6 track meets.

After their unadulterated diet of pure water and only water over the week-end, the girl rushees are all headed for the Choo Choo Omega house wher they furnish salt with it—the water, we mean. While we're dribbling along it should be more than emphasized that the new limitation on the size of chapters (for girls) will

decide which is stronger: the claims of the alumni's backward darling or the glamor of the gal without a legacy. There will be several slightly stunned dears from both sides of the fence. I think one little gal can be quoted as calling her inheritance, "blessed little edge."

Honest?

While you're reading this you must realize that the only reason

such stuff goes to press is either because: there wasn't enough advertising, or Chamberlin wanted some sleep Saturday night.

If you want to know what various people think of the student council set-up, inter-fraternity organization, and why the civies are glad the soldiers are confined on Friday night, tune in again—otherwise we'll have to get guys like Faytinger to write those awful poems.

Michael.

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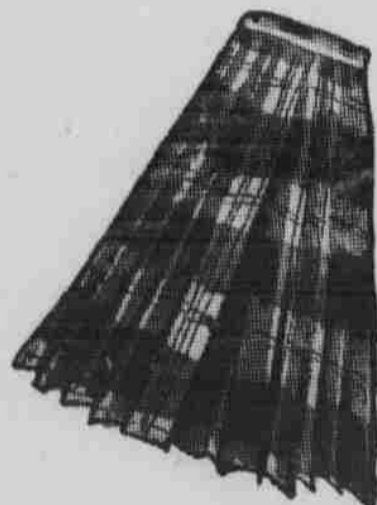
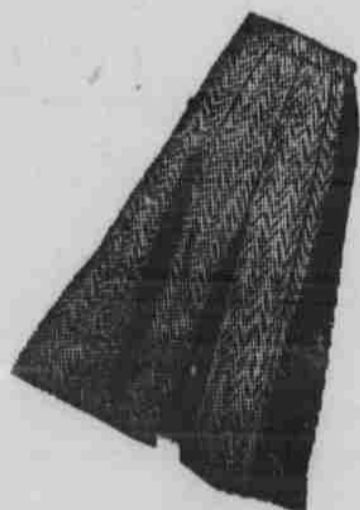
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