

# Sleek Locks Mark Smart '45 Coeds

BY GENENE MITCHELL.

"Milady's tresses are sleek, neat, and drawn back at the temples to reveal and accent the forehead, profile, and eyes," maintains VOGUE in accordance with hair fashions of the day. But around the campus the coed pays small heed to the dictates of la VOGUE.

Gazing around the colleges finds an array of sophisticates and hair-does like ne'er seen before. "Mort" Illingsworth lights the eye of many a college man with her dark locks done in straight bangs touching her forehead, and sides long with a slight end upturn.

Speaking of bangs, they seem to be the mode on the campus with more and more girls following the trend. Some like their frou curly on top, as Jean Morse wears hers.

### Flat-Top, But Not Dick Tracy.

The flat-top is unceasingly attractive. Forecast shows that the "Lake Bob" will remain popular for some time, while glamour girls Claire Wadder and Pat Holmes display theirs' to the usual best advantages.

A variation is added to Mimi Loomis' drop-side bob by an enhancing deep wave. Phyl Kokjer represents the red-headed version with her flaming hair, beautifully long, graceful and soft. A little different touch is given to the flat-top by Marian Eloe, who parts her curly locks in the middle, and draws the sides straight back.

### Short Cut.

Call it baby-bob, feather cut, or shortie, Jody Wolcott's style of a short cut brings out the gleam in her eyes to good results. And fellows, it doesn't need a constant powder room check-up in Lincoln's traditionally windy weather.

During the summer, braids encircling the head and a variety of bun arrangements came into pre-eminence. Although these mentioned are not practical for the classroom and flats, Jean Hickey steps out with her Saturday night man plus two lovely buns perched at the back of her ears. Pat Warren meets these rainy days with her hair braided criss-cross atop her head.

Not to forget the fellows, their motto seems to be fewer crew-cuts and more hair. Maybe it's because cold weather will arrive soon.

## Coeds Participate In Experimental Phys Ed Program

Running upstairs and downstairs, crawling under tables, swinging on ropes, turning somersaults, hurdling—such were the activities of 60 Nebraska coeds in the experimental physical education course given last spring and at many other universities thruout the country.

Ranking high, the Cornhusker coeds were above the average made by 700 college women. Average time for the 50 yard dash—8.8 seconds, Nebraska 7.71 seconds; for the 200 yard dash—30.5 seconds, Nebraska 35.06 seconds. U. N. coeds were able to bounce 7.07 more times and 50% of them were able to step up and down on a chair for five minutes. The national average is 30%.

Wrote one girl at the completion of the course: "I believe a test like this truly tells the story of what a coed can do. We girls are not as weak as we are thought to be."

### Sponsored by National Group.

Sponsored by the committee on research and studies of the National Association of Physical Education for college women, of which Dr. Alleene Lockhart, professor of physical education for women, is a member, the course was used in many colleges. Included were Wisconsin, California, Illinois State Normal, Texas State College for Women, George Williams University and Mills College.

The course, which was designed to test endurance, strength, flexibility and body control, was taught by Miss Lockhart and Miss Jane Mott.

## Registration Is Like Elections Only More So

BY BARBARA KIECHEL.

"Elections," boom our poly sci teachers, "are only sham battles over fake issues!" We think the same theory, slightly modified, could also apply to university registration. Confusion, misrepresentation, weary brains, aching feet—ah yes, registration is a picnic!

That light-hearted feeling that came over us when we emerged from the coliseum, nursing bruised shins and blacked eyes (it just doesn't pay to sneak to the head of a line—especially when the fellow you crowd out proves to be a former Golden Gloves champion), the bumps swelling on our head from mighty blows wielded by the Cornhusker salesmen standing watch on the back stairs—was like walking out of a dark and depressing winter's day into the balmy arms of Spring herself.

There they were—our new classes—right on the schedule. Of course, the ninth carbon copy was all they let us keep, and it was so blurred we couldn't read it; but that was okay. We ought to remember those classes—we'd been memorizing them for weeks. Because, according to various sundry sources of information, they were all snap courses!

### Snap Courses?

Every freshman, if he hasn't used the term before is familiarly tossing it around fifteen minutes after he (or she, as the case may

be) gets unpacked. Upperclassmen are usually only too happy to recommend their own private "snap" discoveries to their proteges. Nine times out of ten, we learned all too late, they have a secret grudge against the unsuspecting beginner, and sign him up for the stiffest course they know—just to watch him grind his teeth once he's in.

Today, after three weeks of school, we have come to the conclusion that there just is no such a thing as a snap course. Take just one of those "cinches" we walked into this year. We jubilantly marched to class the first day, ready for a nap and maybe a two-page assignment, when out of the fog, we suddenly hear the instructor mumbling something about fifteen hours library reading a week, completely outlined, and a notebook due every Friday. It's a "snap" all right. Anybody would snap at his own grandmother after a shock like that.

### Misrepresentation.

But that is only one phase of this "misrepresentation" we're complaining about. Every course sounds so interesting—so intriguing—when it is attractively displayed in the schedule booklet. You sort of lose your head, there are so many beautiful things to choose from. "Modern Dance," "Special Problems" (we thought they were probably something similar to the ones Mr. Anthony airs over the radio. Foiled again!) . . . On paper, they all look good.

The most bitter experience, though, seems to have happened to a fellow in line just ahead of us. He eagerly registered for "The Romantic Movement"—and was all prepared for something really romantic. We tripped over him as he was crawling out of Andrews the other day, and he tells us that

## YWCA Sponsors Get-Acquainted Tea in Ellen Smith

Using the scrapbook from the Pacific Northwest YW-YM conference as a theme, the first informal get-acquainted tea of the semester sponsored by the YWCA for all university women will be held today in Ellen Smith hall from 3:30 to 5:30 p.m.

The regional conference at Seabeck, Oregon corresponds to the annual Estes conference sponsored by the National Institute of Christian Councils in the middle west regions. Programs, souvenirs and bulletins used at the Seabeck conference will be shown to guests at the tea.

The first of the series of Friday afternoon get-togethers sponsored by the YWCA, the tea is given for all coeds. Refreshments will be served and campus clothes will be worn.

William Wordsworth hasn't quite got the right idea.

Oh, well—live and learn. We've almost decided you can't do both at the same time, but we're still trying!

First classes of North Texas state teachers college, Denton, were held on second floor of a local hardware store when the college opened in 1890.

Full advantage of the German mentality and its response to propaganda, strikingly dramatized, should be taken in the conduct of war guilt trials, according to Dr. E. L. Talbert, associate professor of sociology at the University of Cincinnati.

"This public super-trial should be a symbol of the society that the United Nations propose to establish," stated Dr. E. L. Talbert, associate professor of sociology at the University of Cincinnati.

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