

### Snipe Huntin'

with  
JUDGE MASON

All the paper which has been devoted to the subjects of orientating the veterans back to school life and how to treat them has sadly missed its calling. We are firmly convinced that the veterans are doing fine.

It is the poor coeds, confronted with the experience of having men back on the campus again, instead of the reasonable facsimiles they have been dating for the past three years, who really need the help. Someone should write a treatise to the veterans on how to treat the coeds.

The situation is something like this: The phone rings and upon answering it her heart flutters at the sound of a deep masculine voice. Through her nearly stalemated mind runs the thought that here is something different, something at which one might raise an eyebrow. The deep voice casually asks if she is doing anything Saturday. Putting on her most demure manner she makes the usual reply, "I had planned something, but nothing that couldn't be changed perhaps."

A short laugh from the other end of the wire cuts her short and she awakens to the embarrassed realization that this won't work on him. He knows darn well that the coeds outnumber the eligible men ten to one!

With no more beating around the bush the date is made and for the remainder of the week she worries about what to wear, how to act, and what to talk about. By the time Saturday night comes around she is so excited at the prospect of spending an evening with the imposing, world-wise veteran that the everyday procedures of putting on lip-stick and combing of her hair become major operations.

Possible subjects for conversation are whirling through her long-rested, aching brain and the fear of making a "dumb" impression on her new escort is a torment. When the long-awaited moment arrives and he is actually standing there holding her coat, she tries vainly to suppress her eagerness and act as if this were "just like any other date."

Out of force of habit she begins her conversation with a discussion of the weather. Her former teen-age escorts always took up this topic eagerly. She receives rather surprised stares, and then sly smiles appear on the faces of her escort and his friends. That was definitely the wrong approach! She settles back silently in the car seat, thankful for the darkness which covers up her blush.

They arrive at the pike, find a table, and arrange themselves about it, the men laughing and talking easily to each other. Encouraged by their nonchalance, she ventures to open her mouth again during a lull. "By the way, did you hear the joke about—" Startled glances turn her way. Nervously she resumes, "Oh, it's not what you think—it's just about the absent minded professor who scratched the pancake and poured the syrup down the back of his neck."

The laughter ends with a puzzled frown on the face of the veteran. Again she ducks her head and her brain, beginning to limber up with practice, ponders on the subject. Does the old adage, "never speak of politics or religion in social groups," apply in this case, too?

He asks her to dance and she starts out warily on a new campaign: "What did you think of Argentina's cabinet resigning?" (She vaguely remembered glancing at a headline to that effect and hoped he wouldn't ask her what she was talking about.) He presses his cheek against her forehead, executing a slow circular dip which suffices to shut her up

### Ragged Edges

BY PAT GILLIGAN and PAT TOOF.

Quiet weekend for lots of the gals—while the fellows deserted the campus for the hunting season. Planned or otherwise—Pi Phi Pat Welch went home with sister Betty Lysinger so—Sigma Nus Bob Pierce and Ivan Hasek went that way for hunting. What kind of hunting did you do, fellows???

Taking in the Lincoln Hi-Northeast tassel Friday night were ATO's Bob Veeder and Ted Randolph with Theta Sue Lancaster and Tri Delt Vida Haskell. Starting out for the game with good intentions were Alpha Chi Johnny Sloss and SAE Gordon Cooley—but ending up at the SAE house for dancing.

#### Betas Party.

Choosing Saturday night to "get on the right side of easy street" for that was their night to shine, was Beta Theta Pi Bill Swanson, lighting up the party with KAT Dona Leigh Brugh—Appreciation for beauty was shown by brothers Del and Lyle Roth escorting KKG Alice Christenson and Gamma Phi Gracie Smith—DG Mary Ann Loomis with tennis king, Billy Barrett.

Not to be outdone by the Betas—Pi Phi featured a Hawaiian theme at their open house—Lou Jane Johnson and Sherry Leeka seemed to be enjoying themselves with Fiji Bill Nelson and DU Wilber Prussie.

#### Settling Down.

Settling down early in the year is Pi Phi Ann Jennings with the Beta diamond of Dick Hall of Iowa U. That's one girl who isn't tired of letter writing.

Taking advantage of the fast disappearing picnic weather were Sig Eps Bill Hunter, NRO, and Ralph Graves with Alpha Xi's Nita Bellinger and Liz Stuart.

Frequent twosomes: Mary Lou Laune, Gamma Phi, and SAE Jerry Gardener; Phi Psi Bob Green with Pi Phi Sandy Motter; L. J. Starbuck, Alpha Phi, with Tau Tom Noble.

—and they dance. She feels better.

They divide the rest of the evening between dancing in silence and talking enthusiastically about the 'good ole days' of student migrations, Kosmet Klub shows, Rose Bowl and, of course, the future of UN.

The moral of this story is that the veterans should take pity on the stay-at-home coeds and be patient with them if they seem a little stupid. After all, they have to get orientated too!

### AUF Solicitors Continue Effort To Reach Goal

Officially ending yesterday, the \$3,000 AUF drive wound up with \$1,900 in its collection box, and a last effort will be made next week to push that total up to the original goal.

In the last two days of the drive, only \$22 was turned in by organized houses. Speaking tours Monday night will go to all houses which have not contributed 100 percent and further explain the purpose of AUF and attempt to collect more donations.

**Correction on cost of homecoming decorations: The cost was raised to \$15.00 by the Council and not lowered to \$5.00. Decorations top-cost was \$7.50 during the war and before the war it was \$25.00.**

Phillip Reed was released from the Navy just in time to play the part of a returned soldier in Pine-Thomas' "Hot Cargo."

### REID'S SHOES & SOLES

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