

## Ragged Edges

BY BET KING.

All those people who haven't the flu are taking in the numerous parties on campus this week end . . . or they're thinking about how to wangle a date to one.

Taking more than its share of the limelight is the big Zip party coming off tonight. Each Zip has asked one non-member as his guest (and we don't mean his date). Theta Mick Miller will be on the scene with Gerry Gardner. And now—sit down and take a deep breath—Nog Chapin, of Sigma Nu and Eligible Bachelor fame, will be squiring pert Pi Phi Bunny Matthews. Could it be that Hink spent too much time last week at the Base Hospital seeing old high school flame, Bill Cook? Saturday night Bunny will be in the company of another Sigma Nu, Harold Smith.

### Night Club Movies to Lincoln.

Friday night the lights will glitter brightly at 1433 R St., too. The Tau's are throwing a night club party at the 1433 club. Dancing in the sophisticated atmosphere will be Gamma Phi Pat Toof and Sid Wells along with Bob Veeder and kite-girl Sue Lancaster (ATO's are favored by that family). Griff Jones will have Jean O'Neil (the half of the O'Neil twins that isn't pinned). Jackie Scott, Alpha Chi, and Lee Baughan will be together for the occasion. Lately Lee has been seeing a lot of Gamma Phi Lois B. Johnson.

Saturday night is the date the SAE's have chosen for their Christmas party—complete with stick candy. Janet Gibson, Gamma Phi, will make the trip from Ravenna to be with Arch Briggs for the deal. Lynn Stahl, of the Alpha Chi house, and Carrol Meyer will be a duo for the party, too, and Jean Hickey and Dana Rasmussen will be paired for an evening of fun.

### Pike Still a Favorite.

Saturday night will find Sig Chi's Johnny Bell (that Eligible Bachelor) and Phil Fredrickson dancing at the Pike with Kappa Joan Fankhauser and Ruth Hancock. Brother Lee Kjelson will join the crowd if he can find a date. Line forms to the right, gals.

Some parties don't wait for the weekend. Wednesday night found a group of the Navy fellows giving a big farewell affair for Al Liedel, recently discharged NRO. What will AOPJ Jackie Tobin do now that her man of the hour has said those goodbyes? Or perhaps it isn't a permanent goodbye.

### Believe It or Not.

Rumor has it the Chi Ohhhh lovely Jan Engle will get a ring, third-finger-left in the very near future from a returned Navy man. And what about the beachhead Marine Harold Parker has already established?

## Wage, Labor . .

(Continued from Page 1.) of smaller plants or socialism.

On the affirmative, Tom Sorensen emphasized that the minimum wage scale sought by labor was actually far below the levels of what comprised an adequate living wage.

John Van Horne, of the negative, then declared that labor's demands are unjustified and general unemployment will result if wage increases are granted.

### Questions Asked.

Following a spirited round table discussion by the members of the Forum, Moderator Bill Miller invited the audience to fire questions at the experts.

A straw vote at the conclusion of the meeting revealed that opinion was about evenly divided even with Professor Elliott, who had argued negatively, voting for the affirmative.

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## Christmas Spirit Invades Campus Like Commando

Every year about this time, the Christmas spirit cautiously approaches the University of Nebraska, timidly fearing the reception a campus, just convalescing from another zealous holiday, will give it. The campus, so far, has been very receptive, and it is rumored that every member of the student body has eagerly admitted the hesitant spirit, and with hearts full of ulterior motives, have bid it welcome. (At this point we make an humble plea that the faculty will reconsider their decision to willfully disregard the young visitor and realize that there are other things almost as important as studying.)

Since the day of the advent of the Christmas spirit (Nov. 23) there has been a prevalent sense of justification for the common lack of preparation of homework. After contemplating the problem from all angles, we give up after precisely five seconds and decide to go Christmas shopping instead of writing a theme on "The Possibilities of a New Civilization on Pluto."

### We're Off—Ta Ta Ta Da

On our way downtown, we're sidetracked momentarily at a flower shop where a brazen young clerk grabs our arm and insists we purchase some mistletoe. In spite of our persistent argument that we would have no use for such vulgarities, we buy ten pounds and continue our trip.

Once inside a buzzing department store, we gain control of ourselves long enough to realize that prices are a trifle high this year and our bank account dwindled somewhat at our down payment on a share in a nylon factory. Slightly discouraged, we aim our feet toward home, thinking that perchance there may be something in our clothes closet in good enough condition to sell for one-twentieth of its original cost. Investigation proves futile, so we decide to drown the whole problem in a chocolate soda.

### Christmas Spirit Closes In.

We soon discover that the Christmas spirit has even invaded such places as the Student Union, and has penetrated as far inland as the Crib. We see evidence of this fact as we meander aimlessly up and down the formerly boisterous aisles. We now gaze into drawn faces, see fists fiercely clenching miniature calendars, and hear voices muttering hysterically, "Fourteen days, ten hours and eighteen minutes." As the atmosphere closes in on us, and we detect symptoms of claustrophobia, we dash quickly to seek solace elsewhere.

It is impossible . . . there is no hope! The Christmas spirit hasn't missed a cubic inch of the campus.

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## Does Your Life Lack Glamor? Read Further

BY JEAN HICKEY.

You say you're a shy little kid with no potentialities for love and life? 'Tis a sad world, but if college life can't brighten it, you're sunk, punkin'.

First, there's the problem of living and existing. Some people could lock themselves in their rooms for three days with no curiosity from the gracious public—not even a call from Mother to find out why they hadn't sent their dirty clothes home, or a postcard asking if they've brushed their teeth lately. If you are faulty, my dear, animate existence is beckoning. Youth can be yours.

### Follow This.

First, a schedule allowing from four to five hours for shut-eye should be enforced. A well rounded diet of four or five sundaes (at the Crib, natchery), is an absolute necessity. A budget permitting extra money with which to supply your friend with fags isn't necessary, but try to get away with "This is my last one" stuff and you might just as well join Rip at Sleepy Hollow. Now for the date life—a Buick convertible or a surplus of pe-

cunia would help but, here we must be realists. Spend faithful minutes before your most flattering mirror cultivating a smile, eyes thrown in, to be used in a compound way—to say "hello" to the girls and "I'm free any time" to the opposite sex. If teeth are missing you might try the dental clinic where they have sympathy and make lots of dates for you.

### For a Date.

When you've asked that certain male for a date, act shy for a change. Don't tell him he might be able to taste of the steak you had for supper. Chances are he doesn't like it anyway—steak, I mean. Try leaving the party at 12:27. It will give you a new lease on life to be "in" ahead of time. And, my dear, life isn't complete without a surplus of activities. Two hours in the Crib plus a well worn look is a good sign that you are participating sufficiently.

Father tells me most people live to be 58, but YOU, bundle of vigor, are lucky if you reach graduation day.

### LAST DAY

Today is the last day that students will be able to have Cornhusker pictures taken, according to Joyce Crosbie, editor. All pictures must be taken by 1:00 p. m. at Miller & Paine's sixth floor studio. This deadline does not apply to Navy trainees.

## Ah, Christmas, No Green Stuff Just Problems

BY GENENE MITCHELL

According to the phases of the moon it is now eighteen days until . . . jubilation . . . Christmas. The floorwalker in the department store will tell you that, discounting Sundays, there are fifteen more glorious shopping days until the eve of jolly old Saint Nick.

All these computations leave us with the ghastly thought that we must start skimming on sundaes in the Crib and fill our piggy banks with money to purchase presents for our loved ones and obligations.

As I, like many others, look into my receding coin purse, I discover one nickel, three pennies, an Omaha and Council Bluffs Street Railway token, a long-lost Botany lab key, a red ration point, and no more allowance coming in until January first, when my new fiscal year begins.

### Blessed Charge Accounts

Realizing the blessed presence of charge accounts, and, thus, finances well in hand, a shopping list is the next step toward a well organized shopping career. Heading my list are those nearest and dearest to me, including my immediate family, roommate, and the Sosh professor.

The men will most assuredly (See AH, CHRISTMAS, Page 8)



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