

Men: Take Heed in Picking 'Her' Christmas Present

BY NINA SCOTT

It's all well and good to say that it is the thought, not the gift that counts, but really, some thoughts that some men get about some Christmas presents are conducive to compulsory "oohs and ahs" that shouldn't happen to a dog.

Now that the dept. stores are festive, and the spirit is inspiring the male of the species to buy a little something for the baby of the moment, leave us go into this subject of what is near and what is NOT dear to the hearts of above mentioned recipients.

It's Not My Idea!

Before I go any further with this dissertation you must realize that this was an invitation, not an original idea. . . . You sweet boys and your generous natures hold no unpleasant memories for me. . . . But enuf of that or there will be an evident complex. . . .

Perhaps we should cite a representative couple who don't know what to wrap up for each other for Santa to deposit under the evergreen. . . . Ralph Ruffing-dorph is an enterprising young man with ideas. . . . His young woman, Ethel, has him worried. . . . Ethel won't give him the green light and he figures that the holiday season may be his meat if he can only think of something REALLY awesome for her Christmas surprise. . . . He is sick and tired of being sick and tired worrying about the situation, so he lopes downtown to give the current merchandise the once-over. . . . Just once, Ralph, and you'll be caught. . . .

Wrong Choice

Well, this is serious, because Ethel is a good kid, but she hardly ever wears that squeeze banded, heart locketed, shiny-gold bracelet he presented her with last Yuletide. . . . He thought it was just what she would want in which to carry his latest snapshot in his letter sweater. . . . It cost him a pretty penny, and she acted as if she wanted to push her 2 inch heels right through its jointed band. . . . Ethel is only human, and always said that if anyone ever gave her one of those things she'd throw it in his face, but she couldn't because Ralph was so pleased with his purchase . . . and after all she liked the way his hair curled over his ears. . . .

But now that Ralph has a crew cut, he hasn't a chance if he doesn't find the right article. . . . Flowers and candy are proper, but Ethel has acne and is on a diet, and she has rose fever too. . . . That's out. . . . books . . . records . . . perfume . . . hankies. . . . None of these would startle her. . . .

Black Wisps

Aha, something sensational like a wisp of this and that to be worn in the boudoir only. . . . Ethel is a sucker for frills and sheers. . . . so Ralph enters the rush in a local apparel shoppe and blushes up to the lingerie counter. . . . The saleslady can tell at a glance that his billfold is bursting with greenery, and that he is so anxious to get this over with that he'll buy anything . . . so she drags out this and that and the rest . . . but he is not satisfied. . . . "Don't you have anything BLACK?" drifts into her ears, and she believes she will take the sleeping pill overdose now and not later. . . . They always want black, and any woman who would appear in black chiffon and lace would be forced to blush at her dearest friend at a 50 years reunion . . . but, Ralph wants black and black he shall have, but Ethel will be termed all kinds of things if she gets black. . . .

He is discouraged and decides to look at jewelry . . . It is outlandish in price but nothing is too good for his little flame . . . He

doesn't actually like costume jewelry, but it costs a lot and is flashy . . . Of course, Ethel doesn't ever wear anything except her great grandmother's cameo and her add-a-pearl necklace . . . She is rather a plain Jane and is happy with her few good things . . . But poor Ralph . . .

Ah! Balfour!

The next lightning that strikes him is something from the Balfour man . . . He tears back home to thumb through the catalogue which assures the reader that a compact, lapel pin, locket, or ring with the appropriate crest is just the thing for milady's stocking . . . But some of the things they can do with those crests is enough to drive one to the cup of hemlock . . . He is filling out the order blank for a K3456457 in yellow gold plated tin with lavender opaque design when one of the "brothers" walks in and pooh poohs the idea . . . He is a man of experience . . . He is a smart man and knows that what Ethel really wants is a sterling silver manicure set . . . She is probably fresh out of lacquer and emery boards . . . Or says he how about a dresser set . . . Comb, brush, mirror, scissors, nail file, powder container, and picture frame . . . All in apple green plastic for \$14.86 at the corner "you want it, we got it, and you can have it" dept. . . .

Downtown again for Ralph, our hero . . . He drags his size 13 shoes from pillar to post and no success . . . That night when he finally falls into the arms of Morpheus (more welcome than Ethel's at this point) he has a dream . . . And what a dream . . . Ethel on Christmas morning with stars in her eyes and "Come here, beau of mine" in her tone . . . She has a package in her hands . . . It is opened . . . She is awed and sweet and smiling and oh, boy . . .

I'll Buy That Dream.

But, what is in the package . . . That part of the dream is all misty and Ralph can't see the contents . . . He is going mad . . . He is biting his fingernails for the first time since he ran for "Eligible Bachelor" . . . He didn't make it, by the way . . . What is in that package???

The call-boy enters at this point and wakens our main character by screaming, "French toast for breakfast, fellas . . . And stewed prunes, TOO!!" While all "fellas" trample each other galloping toward the morning menu, Ralph plays the thinker and sits on his bed trying to remember what was in that package . . . Hmmm . . .

Wait and See.

But, ladies and gentlemen, the secret cannot be told, because Ethel wouldn't be surprised on December 25th . . . If you sincerely want to know what Ethel found in that green and red package, peek in her window on present-opening morning and you can see . . .

Will it be some more pearls for her necklace . . . A bottle of her favorite but hard to get perfume . . . A cashmere sweater . . . A book of her most adored poetry . . . A picture of Ralph smiling at her . . . Or possibly, some records that are their very own songs? I won't tell . . . And neither will the reindeer . . .

Have yourself a merry little Christmas . . . Ralph and Ethel will . . .

A psychology laboratory assistant at the University of Kansas submitted to a kiss while six elector electrodes attached to his forehead, ear lobes and back of head, recorded the fluctuations of his brain while he received the kiss. The experiment showed that the brain is affected only slightly during the kiss. Oh yeah? —Daily Northwestern.

Wedding March Draws Correctly Gowned Crowds

BY PHEE MORTLOCK.

The cherished day of the march down the aisle is long remembered by everyone—even the golden wedding duo. And as this Christmas holiday seems jam-packed with weddings, let's see what's to wear!

For the bright morning wedding, your best sequin frock would be out. Something more in a dressy tailored style would be appropriate, cuz' who wants to bedazzle that early in the a. m.! Quantities of fresh flowers bedecking the body are nothing but effective, too.

For the buddy's "day of days" honor her by wearing your new beige crepe with the high Chinese neckline, simple gathered skirt and splashy taffeta bow. A like compliment would be the wearing of your most subtle pastel, styled in a slim, shirred waist molded into soft front drapery. Journey to Saks and it's yours in aqua, American Beauty, and black—for a "small" sum, natch.

Brilliant Afternoon.

Afternoon weddings call for a little more dressin', such as this—

your wonderfully brilliant new crimson dress with a button back top, nail-studded waist and softly-pleated skirt fullness. If you're a dreamer (and who isn't) this eye-opener can be topped with your new Russian lynx fur! Now, what'll we play? To set off the costume, the new matching wool semi-turban "Suze" cap. 'Nuf said.

It would be nothing short of sacrilege to ignore the reception—so why not wear your new soft corduroy outfit? As feminine as Victorian days, yet as modern as Bacall, it's the ideal reception mode. Deep wing sleeves, the fitted bolero, and opera-length skirt fit you beautifully. And this is to be had in "firebrand red," bisque or gray, topped with a matching fur halo.

For the night of all nights, the evening wedding—the war-time standards have been fairly luxurious. And for this occasion you've saved your very best till the last. And it's really worth it.

For tonight you're wearing your gala holiday dress—a gown to make your first war-free Christmas truly memorable. Sur-r-re and begorrah, there's drama in the one-shoulder line, star-dust in the sequins, and real excitement in the brilliant shades (either emerald green, royal blue or American beauty). And to match

Saint Nick's birthday you don your new Prince Matchabelli's Holly Berry lipstick! Wasn't it a gorgeous wedding?

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