

Coed Revels In Eligible Male Supply, Eagerly Gives Chase

Having "the boys" back in school is great! Somehow, ethics and policies seem twice as interesting when there are a row or so of males lending their presence, too . . . seven if seven-eighths of them do wear the final golden band, and the other one-eighth sneer every time you direct a wistful wink their way.

But, the increased enrollment has involved complications. We didn't realize, last semester, how simple the first week of the term was. We simply took our schedule in hand and strolled into the room designated beside the course, just in time to have the prof throw a fifty-page syllabus in our face. It was as easy as that—everything organized, no confusion. But that was when the classes were small enough to fit into the rooms assigned them—three or four hundred more students than the teachers expected didn't show up each hour.

Variety at Last.

Last week was a little different. Having been warned that our philosophy class would probably include a few "eligible bachelors" (a species we'd branded long ago as extinct), we put on our best black dress, pinned a rose behind our ear, and set out. Everything was timed perfectly; we'd arrive at Room 209, Social Science, about four minutes late, and make a tremendously effective entrance.

We paused outside the door to take care of a few last minute details—combing our eyelashes,

and pouring a little more perfume out of the hip flask we'd converted for that purpose, on our notebooks, to entice the veterans as we glided by. When we were satisfied that we looked as ravishing as possible, we threw open the door.

We got half-way across the room (using that Lauren Bacall gait we'd been practicing), before we realized that the room was empty. We didn't notice the note on the blackboard until after we'd frantically checked our schedule and the room number. We probably wouldn't have then, if we hadn't started beating our head against the board in a rage of fury. "Philos. 580 will meet in Morrill Hall Auditorium," it said.

Blooming Bases.

We put the rose back behind our ear, grabbed the reeking notebooks, flew out the door, slid down the bannister, and zoomed out of the building. We got stuck in the mud twice crossing the mall, but a kindly math professor

out for a morning stroll with a big black pipe, threw us a rope. We reached Morrill Hall with rising spirits, and mud up to our knees.

Walking nonchalantly through the basement, we tossed a few peanuts to the ferocious-looking animals leering out through the cages. We were finally convincing ourselves that this musty building didn't give us the creeps anymore, when the panther jumped off his shelf and started chasing us. We ran blindly to the auditorium door, but it was locked, and another sign confronted us. "Philos. 580 meets in Law-106." We looked around for the panther's furry shoulder to cry upon, but he had become bored and was sitting in his cage again, picking his teeth.

Stumbling out of Morrill Hall, we hailed a youngster playing on the sidewalk, and traded our wristwatch for his roller skates. We bumped into University Hall on the way to Law, and knocked

off one of the chimneys, but we made it!

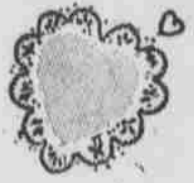
Befuddlement.

What happened after that isn't very clear. All we remember is a long series of gleaming white notes and helpful blackboard notations. We went from Law to Teachers, from Teachers to Bessey, from Bessey to Mechanical Arts, and then back to Sosh. Only the thought of the bachelors kept us from abandoning the search. We didn't find the class until five-thirty that night, when we stumbled into Don's, to fortify ourselves with a gallon of black coffee, and discovered the rest of the bewildered students under the table.

We decided to give up the search for the day, but we did devise a rather ingenious plan to follow for the rest of the semester. We simply congregate fifteen minutes before class, behind the teacher's office door. When he emerges, to address "Philos. 580," we follow him. Not wanting to be too obvious, whenever he hears our footsteps and whirls around, we all grab the nearest water fountain, or become engrossed in any handy bulletin board. Or, if he leads us outside, we hide behind trees, French and Indian fashion. We heard the other day

that the poor fellow has come to the conclusion that his wife has hired a squad of G-men to shadow him.

Anyway, the class is worth twice the time and effort we spend getting there. You should see the eligible bachelors!



You'll look charming as "his" Valentine

BEAUTE QUEST STUDIO

214 Fed. Sec. Bldg. 2-1717

Houses Learn Penny Carnival Booth Decisions

Coed Counselors will announce to each organized house today which of their submitted plans for the Pennq Carnival, Feb. 16, has been accepted for the carnival.

The booths will be voted on by students attending the carnival and will be judged by a committee of faculty members. The best booth will be awarded a trophy which is presented every year. Second third place winners will receive honorable mention.

Delta Delta Delta has carried off top honors for the last two years with Alpha Omicron Pi running in second place. In 1945 the Tri Delt used as their theme, "Test Your Love Appeal." Alpha Omicron Pi carried on a "Black Market in Final Exams."

Tickets, which are now on sale and may also be purchased at the door on Feb. 16, will be punched as they are used at each booth and will serve as ballots in the voting. The ballots will be counted at 3:00, therefore, anyone wanting his vote to count should have it returned to the ticket taker before that time. Climaxing the carnival, the results of the booth contest will be announced at 4:00.

To furnish refreshments, cokes and ice cream will be on sale throughout the afternoon. Anyone wishing to buy a ticket now may purchase it from a Coed Counselor member for 20 cents.

Joy Hill, Sally White and Phyllis Sorensen comprise the general committee in charge of the affairs.



Long-lost calfskin in exquisite handbags . . . black, luggage, navy . . . \$10.95 plus tax.
Gloves for a lady-love . . . supple kid-skin in white or black . . . \$7.50.
Exciting jewelry . . . bracelets, earrings, pins in metals, rhinestones. \$1 to \$29.95 plus tax.
Chiffon or crepe scarfs in sentimental prints and colors . . . \$1 to \$5.95.

Dickies for her new spring suit.
Chiffons, crepes, cottons . . . \$1.95 to \$3.95.

Princess Gardner billfolds . . . morocco and pigskin leathers. \$2 to \$10 plus tax.

Compacts are true Valentines! Shell, lucite, Sterling . . . \$2.95 to \$25 plus tax.

"Just a little fond affection" . . . kerchiefs in fine linens, cottons, rayons . . . 35c to \$3.95.

MAGEE'S

Accessories Shop, First Floor

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