

# Cribology Offers No Credits-- Not in Classrooms, That Is!!

BY JEANNE KERRIGAN.

Have you heard of the new, super-duper, not to be equaled, course offered by the university department of Cocaphoshamer? I don't know why someone didn't think of it before. Of course, no credits may be earned through the taking of this course, but the rare experiences and exalted knowledge which may be gained make the thing invaluable. In case you haven't guessed, I am speaking of Cribology.

Since I know that a good many of you nitwits, I mean students, are already enrolled in this exclusive course, I don't need to tell you about it...you already are thoroughly acquainted with its merits. However, for you poor unfortunates who know nothing about it and always go home to study right after class as all good little students should, I have a little advice. Honestly, your profs don't expect you to study anyway when there is such an interesting lab you can attend and so much important research you can do.

### Lounge Lizard.

Of course, I am not advocating that you become a lounge lizard...that is, one who never goes home, but pitches a tent in the lobby of the illustrious union. But, believe me, to be regarded as a duly initiated member of the famed Criboholic club is indeed a great honor not to be ignored. Naturally, however, even

this can be carried to extremes—either way.

There are three types of cribology majors. One is the meek, mild individual who never really enjoys himself. He deigns to enter the club's headquarters only when he has a definite and specific errand to perform or some drastic and dreadfully important business to attend to. He turns up his nose at idle chatter and goes busily on his unmerry way.

### Second Type.

The second type is perhaps the best off of the three. He only spends three-fourths of his life in the Union. He considers this science a most important part of his schedule, but does his heavy study (twenty-six minutes a day) in the library—that is, every day but Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Friday or Saturday. Whenever he has a date, he drags her to Cribology lecture.

The third type is an effervescent character. You never come into lab and find him not there bubbling over with enthusiasm and zest for his work. He doesn't even try to think up any kind of an excuse for his presence, he's just there—a big wheel. He has very capably arranged his schedule so that he has no other classes that he positively has to attend. He's the one that spreads the word when a local casanova sails into the Crib six times in one afternoon, with a different girl each time.

# Fry-Day Comes Seven Days A Week; Ask Charred Coeds

BY DINA BUCKINGHAM.

This is an article in honor of Friday, spelled Fry-day (and don't think I'm not), not because I'm advocating basic English, but because it's the sad truth. You see, for me, every day is Fry-day now, and if you think that the truth hurts, try a sunburn!

Not only that, but I'm tired of having to point out to motorists that the traffic lights are in the middle of the intersection every time I stand on a corner.

My only consolation is that I'm not alone in my rosy glow. The whole campus has started sun worshipping in earnest, and every day class schedules from 11-2 are mislaid as eager students (oh you Taus!) bake in the midday sun. But watch them come out of the oven...

The "It's So Simple" type exists with a creamy tan at once. You immediately suspect Indian blood, until you see her grades in American history. This species is characterized by a fiendish gleam in the eye, and the tendency to run up to every friend they ever had (past tense is perfectly correct in this case) and start comparing inner elbows... elbows that is. With this, the ex-friend, now feeling like a character out of "Elsie Dinsmore," slinks off,

determined to get revenge—or a sunburn.

Then there's the "Burn 'Em in Oil" type. This fad, originated by Ali Baba for the benefit of a few choice friends, consists of slapping on all of the baby oil they can find and sitting out in the sun until they glisten like a cheap Christmas card. The devotees of this method guarantee that you should find a tan—after scraping off the one inch layer of oil and the two inch layer of debris which have collected meanwhile. However, this "Oily Ollie" variety (like a Kremel ad yet!) usually acquires a quick burn which may or may not turn into a tan. If it does not, she tosses the baby oil down the drain and becomes the third type.

The third type is the "I Should

Care" species. She races out into the sun flexing her upper arms (well, we can't all be strong!) and scorning all lotions throws herself down on her respective yard, roof or fire escape. After a two hour sunning, she hauls in her parboiled posterior, looking like the hungry answer to the meat shortage and doomed to a week of Shestak's "That blush is lush, thrush!" This species is also characterized by a lengthy stay in bed.

The only solution is to buy yourself a pair of dark glasses and feel disguised—like Flamin' Mamie maybe. And next time some one calls "Hay Pink-aaay!", don't be afraid to turn around—I'll be looking too!

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