



—Courtesy Lincoln Journal.

Announcement had been made of the betrothal of Miss Elinor Jeanette Paulson, daughter of Mrs. A. M. Paulson and the late Mr. Paulson, to Warren D. George, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. George of Schuyler. The couple are graduates of the University of Nebraska where Miss Paulson was a member of Kappa Phi, Towne Club and Pi Lambda Theta. She is now associated with the weather bureau at the Lincoln army air field. Mr. George was a member of Phi Tau Theta. He served three and a half years with the army in Hawaii and on Iwo Jima. The wedding will take place in the late autumn.

# Fate Flops for Frills Or Campus Caperings

BY BARBARA KIECHEL.

Today was one of those days Mother told me about. I knew it instinctively, from the first peal of the alarm clock. But, with the stupid determination of a foolish mortal trying to plot against fate, I lay in bed scheming for an hour or two.

The first thing to do, I reasoned craftily, was to decide which was the "right" side of the bed. If I got up on the "wrong" side, naturally my disposition would be horrible, and I'd undoubtedly go around falling in manholes all day. But if I rolled off the "right" side, I couldn't possibly be tricked. It was against the law of gravity, or something. The only problem now was . . . which side was which?

Another fifteen minutes of earnest concentration, and I reached a conclusion. I climbed out over the foot of the bed.

Humming softly to myself because of the way I'd cheated destiny, I poured ointment on the knees I'd skinned while scaling the bed post, and got dressed. I was still wallowing in the illusion that I had outwitted doom when I tackled my hair. I'd set it according to instructions in the new issue of "You Can Be Beautiful" magazine. I removed the hair pins, eagerly gazed into the mirror, waiting for the Maria Montez

transformation guaranteed to take place. Something backfired . . . I stumbled downstairs looking like a reasonable facsimile of Harpo Marx.

From then on, I gave up. My egg was watery, the toast burned. But I stoically resigned myself to fate's morbid policy, and gobbled them up.

The sun played hide-and-seek with a thunder cloud . . . and lost! I turned my ankle running after the bus, dropped my white mittens in a mud puddle. I mistook a bottle of cleaning fluid for my favorite cologne and reeked of kerosene all day. I got hiccups in my French class, and we had liver and pineapple for lunch. (In my conception of hades the daily menu is always liver and pineapple.)

Two envelopes were in my mailbox. One was a chilly letter from my bank, reporting that I was \$172.04 overdrawn. The other was the unsubtle "kiss-off" from the light of my life.

Hollywood parties are back in vogue. Take the one at David Selznick's tennis court. Electrically lit fruit salads—each salad set upon a tall silver plae equipped with light bulb and tiny batteries—were served!

# Union Weekend Includes Recital, Saturday Dance

Weekend activities in the Union will be headed by the dance Saturday night in the main ballroom. The Smith-Warren orchestra will furnish the music from 9-12:30.

The Faculty recital will be held in the ballroom at 4 Sunday afternoon. The weekly Variety Show will follow at 8 in the ballroom featuring Gregory Peck and Thomas Mitchell in "Keys of the Kingdom."

Buffet supper will be served in the Union main dining room from 5:30 to 7 Sunday evenings.

# Travelers . . .

(Continued from Page 1.) must appoint a member to take care of the petition.

Cost—\$11.

A round trip of less than 24 hours, the migration train will leave the Union Pacific station at 7 a. m. Saturday and will return to Lincoln by 5:30 Sunday morning. WAA will supervise concessions aboard the train to and from Lawrence.

Inclusive of the game ticket, the entire trip will cost a minimum of \$11. Miss Easterbrook announced.

Tassels and Corn Cobs must obtain petitions for their organizations at the poll booth in the Union.

# Moral of Story; 'See Your Dentist Twice a Year

MARY CONTRARY.

I used to think the ill-starred duke and the righteous little governess in Rachel Field's "All This and Heaven Too" exemplified self-restraint, well . . . well, anyway, exemplified something along that line, in its highest degree. But I have changed my mind. I witnessed a little real-life drama which made that couple's heroic control over emotion look a little sick.

It all began when Sam and I picked up another couple on our way home from the Rialto last Wednesday night. (We had just seen Greta Garbo in "Camille" for the fifth time. Sam is in love with Miss Garbo; he only takes me out because he thinks our noses are alike, and we wear the same size shoe.)

Auld Acquaintance.

We picked up this couple for two good reasons. The first one was that Sam recognized the fellow as having been in his Sunday school class 12 years ago; and Sam's the sort of person who heartily agrees that auld acquaintance should never be forgot. Not when he needs 50 cents to buy the tickets to "Camille" tomorrow night. The other reason was that we almost ran over them as we turned the corner, and we knew that if we didn't herd them into the back seat and safety, they'd be killed before the evening passed.

They had eyes for only each other as they waltzed up O street on their private pink cloud. Oblivious to traffic or people, they drifted across the street, utterly engrossed in love's young dream, while the truck drivers sputtered savage oaths and the policeman patrolling the intersection danced a jig of rage.

Observation.

When Sam stopped and the two floated into the back seat, I turned as far around as I could, in order to get a better view of the fascinating pair. After all, Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor seemed pretty good the first four times but, with the fifth performance, I'd decided that their technique was really pretty juvenile.

Right away I detected something strange in the proceedings in the back seat. He had taken her into his arms, of course, and

Bing Crosby, currently appearing opposite Joan Fontaine in Paramount's "The Emperor Waltz" has organized a softball team among the Paramount technicians and plays second base on the outfit. Batting in lead-off position the other night he made threehits the first three times up.

was still gazing at her with that tender pledge of devotion that almost made me cry, it was so sincere. She was looking at him, too, her eyes mirroring his passionate promise. He tilted her chin and bent over it, their lips drawing closer with that magnetic attraction so inevitable when lovers embrace.

"Here it comes!" I thought. "This'll be a kiss that is a kiss!"

Tragic Love.

I clenched my hands and leaned farther over the seat, hoping to get a little "charge" myself, out of this burning osculation.

But just at the instant that their lips began to fuse, she uttered a plaintive little cry and drew away.

"Aha," I reasoned, "first impressions are deceiving. She can't stand the lug."

But, even as I thought it, he gathered her to his breast in fierce abandon, and they both looked toward heaven with the most tragic expressions I ever hope to see.

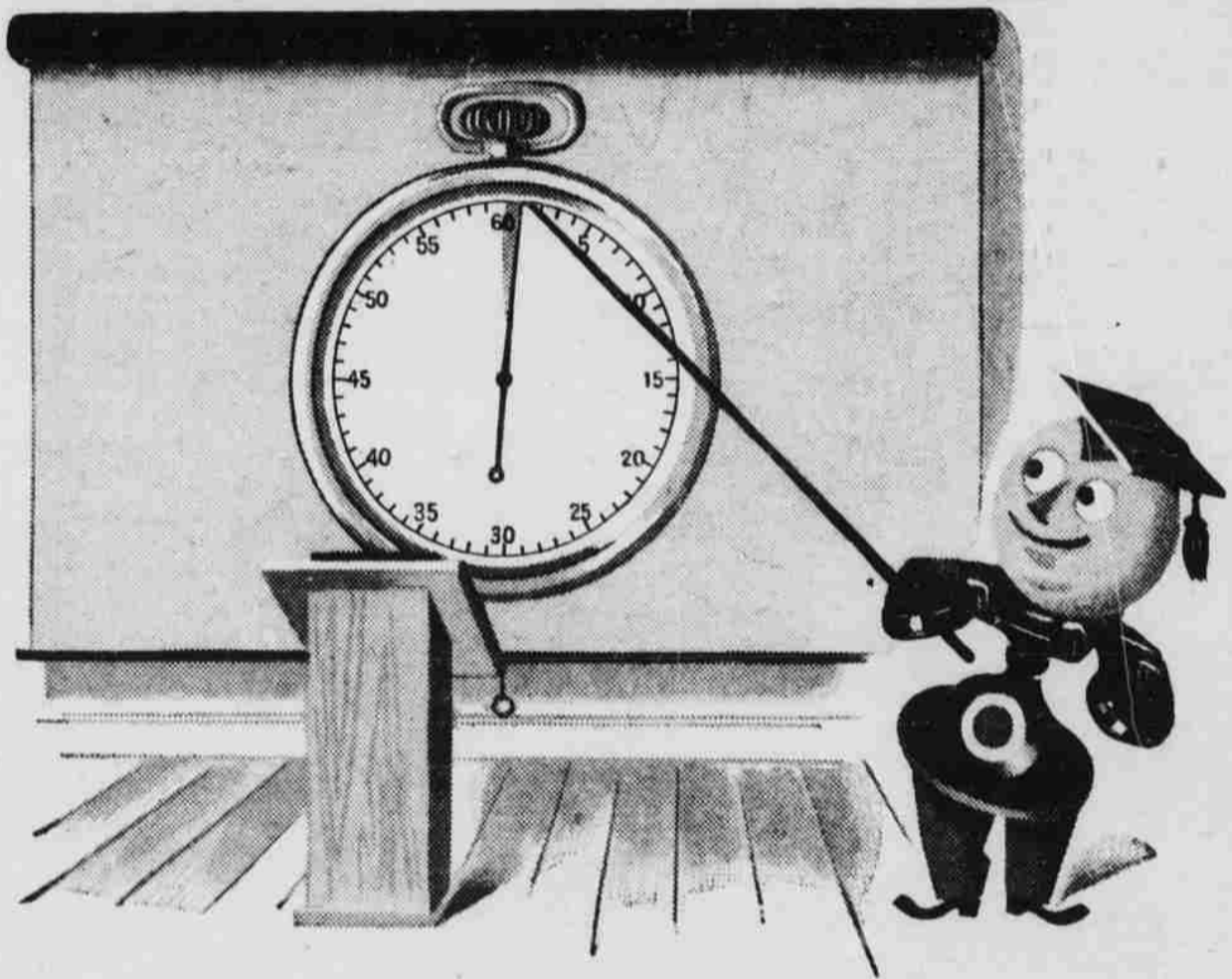
This heart-rending pantomime occurred several times. I searched my mind for an answer, but none presented itself. Was kissing outmoded, I wondered. Were they trying to conform to some new social order in which the traditional lover's seal was branded taboo? If ever two people were in love, I was looking at them; two people who mysteriously wrenched away from each other every time their faces touched. Mentally, I wept for them, but I was darned if I understood them. I learned the secret yesterday—Gracious—that trench mouth is terrible!

The greatest building boom of all time is approaching for American universities and college. Federal government sources estimate that the state appropriations for the academic year 1946-47 will exceed the pre-war peak and general expenses may run more than 250 million dollars.

MacDonald Carey has broken a tooth—and he wasn't in a fight. The actor got it by biting a supposedly de-stoned peach canned by his wife.

With five full-length golf courses nearby, Bob Hope's location trip to Monterey for "My Favorite Brunette" was the most pleasant of his career.

Four professional card sharks from Las Vegas have been imported by Paramount to teach Elizabeth Scott how to shoot a hota game of craps in "Desert Town." A typical gambling casino has been erected at the studio.



## Q. How long is a second?

## A. Sometimes it's 3 2/3 YEARS

One second is not always one-sixtieth of a minute—not in telephone mathematics. Suppose, for example, you find a new method that clips just one second from the time it takes to process a toll ticket. Then apply that saving throughout the Bell System where some 115,000,000 toll tickets are handled a month. The time saved every thirty days equals 3 2/3 years!

Important? From seemingly minor changes or savings frequently come the major improvements which mean better working conditions for telephone men and women and better telephone service for everyone.

In this industry, even long established methods of operation are never considered beyond improvement. For men with ideas and ability, that viewpoint is a stimulating challenge.

THERE'S OPPORTUNITY AND ADVENTURE IN TELEPHONY

# BELL



# TELEPHONE SYSTEM