



The engagement and approaching marriage of Miss Patricia O'Donnell to Louis P. Knecht of Philadelphia has been announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. O'Donnell. Miss O'Donnell attended the university, and Mr. Knecht is a former student of Pennsylvania Military college.

Tearful Gals Learn Truth Of Misprint

I rolled out of my warm bed and stumbled sleepily down to breakfast, picking up Friday's Rag on my way.

As I gnawed on a week old roll and drank my bitter coffee, I glanced over the morning's headlines. Because I had nothing better to do, and because I was in no hurry to get to Spanish class, I even read a story or two before I found "it."

There in the last paragraph in the report of the Mortar Board ball it said, "Tonight has been listed with the Dean of Women's office as a two o'clock night."

No More Breakfast. I pushed aside my rock of a roll and dashed to find my roommate to convey the glorious news. Together we reread the paragraph, and together we rejoiced. "To think," I exclaimed, "I will have an extra hour to tell Harry goodnight. Now isn't it just like the Dean to give us such a happy surprise at the last minute!"

The thought of my eight o'clock didn't bother me anymore, and I trotted eagerly off to class.

As I walked out the door, who should be passing by but Mimi Ann Johnson, AWS president. "Oh Mimi Ann," I shouted cheerfully, waving the Rag in her face. "I think you're just wonderful. I think the Dean is just wonder—"

Belligerent Approach. "What do you mean—wearing your pajamas to class," she interrupted belligerently.

"But, Mimi Ann, haven't you read—"

Finally, she listened as I told her the glad tidings. Then she sat down on the curb and began to pull out her lovely yellow curls. "It isn't true, it isn't true," she cried, "It's a misprint. Confound that newspaper, anyhow. Of all the trouble they have caused me—and now this! I can see it now. All day long I will have to make glad hearts sad."

Her big blue eyes looked into my tearful eyes, and she said kindly, "No my dear, tonight is only a one o'clock. I'm on my way to club the reporter who wrote that story."

Off she went, and off I went. To Spanish class? On no. Back to bed. I was glad I hadn't bothered to dress.

Depleted Finances, Tired Feet Make MB Ball, Evening to Beat

BY TOTTIE FIDDOCK.

Friday the thirteenth—and well it may be called unlucky! After the turnabout dance Friday, the more fortunate girls (that is, the ones who were smart enough to stay at home) are the only ones with any money.

I had my evening well planned and my finances well budgeted. First I went down to the blood bank and nobly donated a pint of my well-watered blood, for a consideration, of course. I was cheerful, in spite of the weak feeling in my knees, for now I could show my date, Ugguldy Smith, as good a time with \$25 as he showed me with 25c.

Out to Dinner.

We went to dinner. He had two T-bone steaks, three broiled lobsters, four apple pies and six malted milks. I had a glass of water and one meatball.

"Oh, well," I thought benevolently, "the poor thing probably doesn't get much to eat over at the Party-Poop-Out, so I'll let him eat as much as he wants to."

At the dance, which was uneventful for the first half hour, we had a lovely time walking on each others' feet. After Ugguldy had crushed my last toe, he apologized quickly, and I assured him that it was all right, since I walked on them, too.

Free Christmas Gifts.

Then Ugguldy wanted a picture to commemorate the evening. I counted my money; I could afford it. So we had our pictures taken.

It was a darling picture. Too darling, Ugguldy decided that he would like one for each of his 33 brothers and sisters and one for each of his 12 grandparents. Nothing like getting your Christmas shopping done early, is there?

After the dance ended, we found a taxi, and Ugguldy wanted to ride around for awhile and watch the meter tick. Every time it jumped, he howled with delight. Some people are so easy to entertain.

More to Eat.

Then we roared out to the Yum-Yum Hut where I bought Ugguldy two dozen yum-yums and a cup of coffee. The water out there is awfully good, too.

When we finally go back to his house, the housemother was just turning off the porch light. As I turned to leave he called,

"Hey, Gert! I forgot to tell you—I'm going steady, but my girl didn't have enough money to take me out tonight. I knew you'd want to go, and who am I to spoil your good time?"

I gnashed my teeth in rage. He waved cheerfully and I thought of the money I had literally stuffed him with during the evening. "So long, Gert," he howled, "I hope you had a good time, too."

Yeah, I did, and—C E N S O R E D!!!

Ragged Edges

BY JERRY JACUPKE.

Those of you who are dedicated to the basic thoughts regarding this lovely campus life may possibly find this interesting, but those that are on the elite plane (the, oh so very social-conscious type) may find it rather disturbing.

Bob Walters is going to Omaha Monday to meet a plane from California to renew an old affair. We wonder what Mary Lou Peyton thinks of this—for the rumor is that they are going steady. However, this point seems to be debatable.

Bob Berkshire, state record holder in the high hurdle event, had his second date of the year with Peggy O'Donnell. Careful, Bob, first thing you know, you'll be buying a present. It's too close to Christmas to start dating.

Strange Love.

Chick "Vaughn Monroe" Neal was seen with a strange woman last Thursday night. Could it have been his secret love, Doris Andrews?

The relationship between Fran Mandula and Betty Keebler is still not steady. Sing to her some more, Fran. How can she resist that swoonderful voice?

Cletus Fisher is slightly provoked with the Tri Deltas. It seems every time he goes over there he gets kicked out. That's the way it goes, Clet. The gals can act that way nowadays. There's no man shortage—but remember, boy, most houses observe the 9 o'clock rule.

We all thought that the affair between Jeanne Woodworth and Bob Lipps was becoming serious, but does Jeanne know that Bob has been phoning Nancy Glynn quite frequently?

Rough Time.

Harry Meginnis is really making it rough on a few of the men on the campus. He is bottling up two gals—Dorothy Borgens and Phee Mortlock,

who are striving for his affections. The worst part of it is, Harry doesn't seem to show any amount of attention either way. Maybe that is the way to handle women. It's a cinch we don't know.

Jo Ackerman seems to be pondering over this steady deal with DU Goodwin. Latest reports are that she's afraid to sit down and think it over for fear of changing her mind. Heavens, gal, you should understand your own emotions.

Phi Gam's Sign Out.

The Phi Gams lived up to the turnabout affair in magnificent style. All the boys were required to sign out for one o'clock nights before leaving for the Ball. Two will get you ten that they all didn't make the deadline. How about that, Bud Johnson???

Now that football season has terminated it seems that a few of the boys are looking for something to do with their spare time. So what has happened! Jim Thomson, Carl Samuelson, and Dick Hutton are all getting married in the near future. Keith Manning rushed things a little and announced his marriage to Pat Fowler at the Ball Friday night. Those who desire such a status should latch on to a football player for they seem to be logical prospects to get your hooks into at present. Tom Novak, for one, has no attachments yet. He frequents the Chermot ballroom in Omaha every Saturday night—alone. There's a tip to interested parties.

Hugh Merymee (the devil) made poor Joyce Newman pick him up for their date Friday night at one of the downtown beer parlors. After a whirlwind romance that began several weeks ago, Howie Mengshol and Nell Scott have decided to restrict their dates to each other.

Bikini A-Bomb Tests Reviewed by Landreth

BY JACK HILL.

"The mushroom formed above the ten million ton water column and atomic smoke poured from the bottom." This statement marked one of the high spots in an interview with Lt. Commr. John L. Landreth USN, former damage control and damage evaluation officer of the USS Saratoga and now associate professor of naval science at the university.

Touring the state while speaking to various organizations and schools, the young naval officer has related his eye-witness experience many times but he never fails to become enthusiastic about the greatest scientific experiment man has ever conducted.

Landreth, who serves as aide to Commander W. W. Fitts, USN and Captain M. D. Mathews, USN, executive and commanding officers of the university Naval Reserve Officer Corps has combined a short talk on national awareness of the necessity of an integrated naval building program with his personal views of tests Able and Baker at Bikini.

Saratoga Stripped for Action.

He said the Saratoga, "The Grand Old Lady" of the fleet, arrived at the Pacific atoll on June 1 after four months of preparation. The old aircraft carrier had been stripped of all valuable equipment not required for the tests and her exact condition had been recorded in order to judge the changes which would take place when the first bomb was detonated.

Putting the ship in normal battle condition, the "last minute evacuation team" of 11 men lived on the flight deck of the Saratoga until the morning of the actual test. The team, which was led by Landreth, was removed to a transport which cruised approximately 14 miles from the island so that the ships lay out of sight below the horizon.

Momentous Explosion.

In a vivid description of the atomic flash, Landreth said, "As the seconds ticked away, I felt my pulse grow faster and then suddenly we could perceive the flash, even through the protection. A few seconds later we received the order to uncover our eyes and face the test area. It was a great disappointment for instead of seeing this momentous thing, we at first could see nothing and then noticed a cloud a little darker than the others in the direction of the ships."

Landreth continued, "Soon, however, the atomic column began to protrude from the cloud, and finally the mushroom formed like a great ball of whipped cream. Then the underside of the mushroom was slowly tinted a brilliant red from the intense heat."

Preparations for Return.

When the clouds had cleared away from the lagoon, the transport began preparations for return. The crew, guided by a 'geiger counter man,' returned to the Saratoga and found the ship only slightly damaged. Commander Landreth explained that the ship had been anchored on the edge of

the target area in order to save it for the second test.

The period between tests Able and Baker was a busy one, Landreth said, with civilian scientists directing the naval force in the installation of more special equipment and his personal duties of filling out 20 test reports amounting to 6000 forms.

Only slight changes were made in the procedure for the Baker test which was to be underwater. Anchoring about six miles from the test site, Landreth reported the appearance of "the huge water column."

When clear visibility was once again possible, the Saratoga could be seen to be afloat but badly damaged. An attempt at towing her to shore was made, but the radio-activity was too great and she sank at 4 p.m. Landreth concluded the interview by saying, "We suspected that she was proud to have survived the worst the Japanese had to offer and that she could now dedicate her life to the future."

Reports the Daily Californian, "We call this a new approach. Seems a girl received word that she had a caller, but didn't recognize the name when it was told her. With great curiosity she went to greet the man but still didn't recognize him. What's more, he looked a bit puzzled himself. Then he explained that he had found her name in his wallet and assumed that he must know her. In a year or two they'll probably be married."

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