

Personally Speaking

BY NORM LEGER.

We stumbled down 14th street this morning to find the campus as lifeless as we felt, and stopped in at the Uni Drug to join the Saturday Morning Hangover Club for a Bromo or two. Conversation was at a low ebb, and the only greeting we received was a bat of a blood-shot eye and a mournful nod of a drooping head. We returned same.

The Mortar Board ball had come and gone, and the women had had their fling. Their night of howling was over, and the campus male population was still feeling the after effects.

While some were loaded down with monstrous corsages and others were lit up like Christmas trees, literally and figuratively, the men had taken for the one night of the year the defensive.

The novel corsages, the "sign out" sheets in the men's houses, and the cause-for-hysterics apparel the men let their dates carry for them provided both sexes with a good many laughs. For instance, there was the man who assured his house—in signing out—that he would return immediately should the hand of his date, by chance, reach an inch above his knee. One of the girls found herself with the delightful task of carrying for her date a roll of you-know-what and an article of male gym gear which she declared she had never seen before and had heard mention of only in impolite company.

Then there were the four boys who struck up a little bridge game in the middle of the dance floor and shuffled to the rhythm of sweet-playing Spivak, but were surprised to find that the girls were prepared for such a situation—they carried a deck of their own, and had a hand or two of bridge themselves.

The high point of the evening came when a familiar voice (you "know" whom we mean) boomed over the loudspeaker that the presentation of the eight eligible bachelors was to begin, bringing all 1,500 couples rushing towards the coliseum stage to see beyond the parting curtains a dark opening flanked by two huge phosphorescent cats. Out of the dark and into the spotlight stepped eight of the more handsome men on campus, BMOC variety, one by one. Everyone waited expectantly for the appearance of the next to come, and at the proper time the George Miller Fan Club swooned appropriately.

The hour for all UN cinderellas came too soon, and out into the cold poured the throng of dancers who either found their way back to their houses for a last hour discussion of the labor situation and present relations with Russia or to private parties to play parlor games and drink Pepsi Cola or milk. More fortunate coeds evaded the Cinderella requirement of meeting a fairy godmother's (or AWS's) deadline by staying out in town—with no penalties attached.

However, in closing word let us say that you who were compelled to hear the clock's strike of one from the inside should be doubtful of the advantages of doing otherwise. There were few of you represented at the club meeting in Uni Drug yesterday morning, and you probably had fun last night.

We did too, in fact, but that dull, aching head Saturday morning . . .

Military Honorary Initiates 28 New Group Members

Twenty-eight men were initiated into the Pershing Rifles organization.

George Burr, Loyal Mehrhoff, Thomas Brownlee, Paul Hanson, Fred Bauer, Wendell Boesiger, Donald Gudmundson, David Innis, Palmer Johnson, Raymond Knerl, Bernard Lane, Derald Lembrich, Robert McMaster, Andrew McMullen, Herman Oelrich, Walter Palmer, Byron Potts, Byron Raznick, Wilfred Rice, Harry Richman, Leonard Seagren, Ben Shaw, Thomas Patrick, Robert Vanderslice, Wiley Vogt, Donald Wickham, Milton Zehr, and Kenneth Morehead.

Men who are interested in the organization are invited to attend weekly meetings at 5 o'clock every Wednesday evening in Nebraska hall.

Don't Sneer At Lincoln, Friend! It's Nebraska's Beloved Child

BY WALT SIMON.

Ever since our rather interminable stay in the service we've been haunted by the fact that nobody—absolutely nobody—seems to know anything about Lincoln, Nebraska. When we get off the trains in New York City the porters don't greet us by saying, "Carry yo' bags, suh," they merely sneer, finger our lapel, and rasp, "obviously not Brooks Brothers."

This article is an explanation, a history, in short, a reason for, Lincoln Nebraska—which, I think you'll agree, needs a reason.

Cozy Nest.

Lincoln is cozily nestled between four rather significant points—Swingle's Glue Factory and Butcher Shop, Salt Creek (commonly referred to as condiment canal), a rather odd Phallic symbol conceived by an obscure group of aborigines devoted to the worship of the 'one raised finger' method of calling a waiter, and the Awgwan office.

There are a group of malcontents bounding about the ville who have forwarded the idea of erecting a tombstone on 13th and "O", with the rather poignant message inscribed thereon "Lincoln, Beloved child of Nebraska, Stillborn 1867." This however is fallacious

—Lincoln is breathing, if only slightly.

A Little History.

To those who believe Lincoln possesses no history we lift an eyebrow—true we never burned witches, but there are any number of recorded cases in our annals of hot-footed Mortar Boards—and who is there that can dispute the eerie traditionalism of red robed Druids pouncing upon neophytic onlookers every spring in an almost biological attack. Furthermore, our lonely columns are not only inexplicable, but unextricable (not to mention despicable).

As for a reason, well think of all those homeless peasants—even in Russia one must dwell. In the words of the immortals, "Home is where you hang your wife."

The superintendent of the physical plant at Iowa State wished he knew what kind of paint the students used to decorate the sidewalks during homecoming week. He says that it has resisted the weather better than some of the paint he can get. The ironical "Sink the Sooners" painted in front of the Home Economics building is still as clear as it was seven weeks ago.

Dairy Honorary Features Guest Equipment Expert

At the Varsity Dairy club meeting Wednesday night, W. G. McCubben manager for Creamery Package Manufacturing company, Omaha branch, spoke to the club on the use of equipment used in the butter industry in Nebraska. He also discussed new developments in creamery equipment.

McCubben worked for some time in the dairy department doing graduate work before he attained his present position.

The club approved the revival of the Dairyland Cafeteria, traditional feature of Organized Agriculture, which meets February 3 and 4 on ag campus. The cafeteria is operated by club members and sells lunches to the participants in the annual meeting.

Nominations were made for club officers and the election will be held at the next regular meeting, the second Wednesday of January.

Sports fans on the De Pauw campus got a big thrill recently when Alice Marble, winner of six major tennis championships, spoke at a campus student convocation.

Pi Lambda Theta Panel Discusses Education Needs

Pi Lambda Theta, national education sorority, held a panel discussion on the need for a United Nations' education in science and culture organization at their meeting last week in the Union faculty lounge.

How the organization could be developed within the United Nations, prospective and former steps taken to further it and problems in its future developments were chief points of discussion.

Serving on the panel were Eliza Gamble, chairman; Joyce Stuve, Jean Matteson, Fern Fields and Lorene Novotny.

Classified

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