

Blanche Stevens:

No Second Spring

It will be only a matter of time until women everywhere will hate me, and I will share the darkest niche in public esteem with Alger Hiss and others of his kind. It will not matter that I acted through ignorance and no motive of wrong-doing, and that is why it all seems so unfair. I was an unintentional traitor to my kind, and as unlike Alger Hiss as can be, but people, especially women, judge by results. My husband says that I over-emphasize the whole thing, and just to forget about it. He insists that he likes me dumpy and baggy-eyed and that he would feel uncomfortable with a lithe young-looking wife, and that is dear of him. But I keep thinking longingly of myself as glamorous and "timeless" as they say, and I keep thinking of the millions of other women who might remain glamorous and timeless except for me. And so, since everyone will find out eventually all about it anyway, I want to explain the whole thing; and then when it is all confessed, hate me if you will. It all began when I was Easter shopping in the city. I was loaded down with bulky and heavy packages, but feeling happy that I had finished every bit of my shopping before noon. I trudged along through the slushy streets, overshoes flopping, coat blowing open, hat askew and hands nearly freezing, when a young man bumped into me from behind, jostled me as he leaped ahead and nearly upset me in his haste to open the heavy door of a store for a tall, strong and healthy looking girl. That they were strangers was evident from her reserved politeness as she smiled her thanks. The young man went on down the street whistling. What is it, I thought to myself, that makes middle-aged women invisible? For an old woman, the young man would have stopped tenderly. For any young, strong, healthy girl who didn't need any help at all, he would stop exultantly. But for a dumpy, gray, middle-aged woman who needed help very much—well, you figure it out. The same sort of thing had happened to me many times before, but I had never been quite so hurt by it. Suddenly, I realized that I was desperately tired, and suddenly I thought of Heald's Health Bar. For a long time I had wanted to visit this esoteric spot, the mecca of the city's rich hypochondriacs, but I had never felt that I could afford it. This day, I had saved enough on my judicious shopping, that I felt entitled to splurge. Besides, when that young man

didn't even see me—well, I needed someone to be nice to me, and it might as well be no one but myself. So I waddled down to Heald's Health Bar, jostled and bumped the whole way. Once inside, I almost regretted my decision, for the modernistically curving bars all appeared to be filled. The soft, dignified strains of music that I supposed some doctor had prescribed for the place did not soothe me. Nor did the judiciously applied colors and the soft lighting of the decor. I felt out of place. Only the rich, I thought, could afford to pamper themselves when young men ignored them. For a moment I watched the waitresses, all looking like nurses in their white uniforms and caps,

Strength

Be strong! For in faith lies thy salvation, to resist temptation, And avert the wrong.

Be strong! Let not thy tortured soul— Like the fated mold— Be satisfied with clay.

Be strong! Dip seep the blood of Christ, Splash it to flaming heights That it may each soul— And show Who works for God and right. Jed

and the young men, all looking like pharmacists, working behind the bars, and decided to leave. Just at that instant, a woman stood up to leave her place at the bar, and I was struck by the beauty of her face and figure, and something more that I cannot explain. There was an ageless charm and vitality about her that set her apart from any other woman I had ever seen. In my dazed admiration, I almost forgot to notice that here was an empty place at the bar after all, and that I had better take it. The woman strode with lithe and deliberate grace to the back of the room, and I took her place at the bar. Almost at once, a pharmacist, or perhaps I should say waiter, or even chef, hurried from the kitchen and placed a small glass before me without even a glance in my direction. I was rather surprised at the quick service, but supposed that it was just one indication of Heald's concern for his patients. (That is to say, customers.) I took a leisurely sip, watching neighbors to my right and left at the bar having their prescriptions filled, and partaking of peculiar

looking mixtures set before them. All at once I felt happy—happier than I had felt in years. I felt eager, poised, vital—oh, goodness knows what all. In short, I felt young. I finished my little health cocktail as I supposed it should be called, and almost immediately saw before me a plate filled with a strange mixture of what I shall only call health foods, for I have no idea of what they were concocted. The food was not especially tasty, but as I ate, I was more and more conscious of a feeling of exuberance, and an intense satisfaction.

"For Erotica," he said, carelessly, "no charge at all. Of course." Oh, of course. Seven must have been the lucky number that day, in some sort of a store raffle, or lottery. The young man left his place behind the bar, and actually came to escort me to the cashier. Such service as Heald's have! I thought. It pays to be rich.

"Number seven, Erotica," he said to the cashier. "Oh, of course. Erotica." And the cashier smiled almost reverently at me. The pharmacist helped me out with my bundles before I had time to wonder what this Erotica meant. And then I remembered having seen advertisements of a very expensive line of cosmetics called Erotica. "Healds" are in cahoots with Erotica on some promotion stunt," I said to myself, and forgot all about it for the time.

As I neared The Elite Dress Shoppe, a young man hastened from behind me, opened the heavy door of the establishment and bowed me inside with a radiant smile. I had had no intention of entering the shop, but his courteous action deposited me inside, and he went off down the street whistling. My spirits rose still farther, and I strode into the interior of the shop, feeling tall and lithe and beautiful.

"Mercy, how did you ever get this far?" exclaimed an obsequious floor manager resembling Adolph Menjou. "Let me check those parcels for you." He was fairly exuding charm, and, I might add, personal interest in me. "Better yet, let me have them sent to your home."

"But I do not live here," I replied with a wonderful poise quite new to me, unawed for once by this magnificent personality. "And I did not purchase these things here."

"No matter, no matter!" he cried gaily. "Be my guest! Or shall we

supervised the diets of many international and perennial beauties. She had decided to try the feasibility of putting sort of mass-production diets on the market so that eventually women everywhere could reap the benefits of her wisdom. She had worked with her own chef at Heald's for a solid week to assist him in preparing for mass production the sample that I, alas had eaten by mistake, when Erotica had left her place to go to the Ladies' Room. The whole staff cooperated to make me understand that this was a disaster of major proportions. Not only had the incomparable temper of Erotica exploded in all its grandeur, but she had vowed never to try to dabble in such philanthropy again. Back to her private customers she was going, taking her great Chef and her secrets with her. As her anger ran its course, and the afternoon rushed on while the Chef hastened to prepare another portion of her necessary diet, she aged before their eyes until she looked, they said, all of seventy-five (which she is).

Of course, I thought immediately of Heald's Health Bar, and made my way there, jostled and bumped as before. It was too early for the regular diners, and I took my place at Number Seven with no trouble at all. "The same I had for lunch," I told the young man, playing it safe.

"I beg your pardon?" And he eyed me coldly. Then suddenly his expression changed, and he raised his voice in agitation. "It's her, it's her!" he shrieked, and shortly bedlam reigned supreme. I could not make head nor tail of what was going on for some time, but I can tell rather briefly now what caused the uproar. It seems that Erotica of the famous and expensive line of cosmetics named for her, had experimented for many years with youthifying diets and in fact, had supplied and

Verily, I Say

"Verily I say unto you, marry not an engineer for he picketh his seat in the car by the springs therein and not by the damsel beside him. "Always he carrieth his slide rule with him and he enterleth his maiden with steam tables. "Verily, though his damsel expecteth chocolates, when he calleth he brings samples of iron. "Yea, he holdeth his damsel's hand, not only to measure to the heat content thereof, and kisses but to test the viscosity. "Even as a youth he pulleth a girl's hair to test its elasticity but as a man he discovereth different devices. "For he seeketh ever to pursue scientific investigations, and his marriage is an equation involving two unknowns and yielding diverse answers." —Throbbing Pistons.

say, let it be on the house?" He winked roguishly, relieved me of my parcels, and had made all arrangements for having them shipped to me, almost twinkling. Then he gave my arm a friendly squeeze. "Happy shopping!" he beamed, and waved me toward the French room of the store. From then on, events became sort of blurred and misty in a radiant sort of way, and I felt like a child on his most exciting Christmas morning. I had forgotten that such courtesies existed. Somehow or other, I finally emerged from the shop the owner of the most fantastically expensive wardrobe I had ever dreamed of possessing, and all marked down, just for me, to ridiculously low prices. "It is such good advertising when women like you wear our garments," I heard over and over again. The afternoon unfolded like a dream and I wandered about in a happy daze receiving courtesies. It was not until a young man brushed by me to open a door for some strong, attractive girl that I suddenly felt my old self again, and desperately tired.

Ag Election Ag College students will go to the polls in the Ag Union during the coming spring elections on Monday. Polls will open at 8 a.m. and close at 7 p.m. One boy and one girl will be chosen to represent Ag College on the Council next year. Candidates whose names will appear on the ballot are Pat Stalker, Betty Parks, Joan Norris, Norma Wolf, Richard Hagemeier and Bob Danert. Proposed amendments to the Ag Exec Board constitution will also be voted on at this time.

Election Theta Xi has elected their officers for the coming year. They are as follows: president, Ron Blue; vice president, John Nelson; treasurer, Bob Mathews, and corresponding secretary, Roger Wichman.

Spring Day

Contest Schedule

- 1:30 p.m. Men's Chariot Race Women's Tug of War Men's Push Ball Men's Wheelbarrow Race Faculty and Men's Baseball Throw Women's 3 Legged Race Women's Costume Relay Race Women's Greased Pig Catch Women's Football Throw Men's Push Ups 2:00 p.m. Coaches Shot Put Women's Tandem Bike Race Women's Egg Catching 2:15 p.m. Women's Sack Relay Race Faculty Pie Eating Faculty Peanut Pushing 2:30 p.m. Men's 100 yard Backward Race Men's Tug of War Men's Football Throw Women's Peanut Pushing Men's 3 Legged Race 2:45 p.m. Men's Tandem Bike Race Faculty Egg Catching Faculty Baby Bottle Contest Faculty and Women's Baseball Throw 3:15 p.m. Faculty 3 Legged Race

Four Acts . . .

(Continued from Page 3.) A genius is better My wild Irish Setter. O, where is my toe? Yo-Ho, Yo-Ho. (he stops stage center and holds popsicle above his head, whereupon Therefore enters walking on his hands moving in a circular path across up stage center whistling "Yankee Doodle". PRESIDGET (enters laughing insanely) The insatiable sensuality of the circumcised dog proves that Sigmund Freud is the 37th wonder of the world, signifying also—truth is swiss cheese!! (sits down on stage in front of Bispo in a puddle of pop-sicle drippings.) Therefore: (belches loudly) ACT III Note to prop manager: the stage should now be littered with discarded Permalube cans (30 weight). Therefore: (rushes across stage shouting) Fort Sumner has been fired upon!!! BISPO: (who has been lying face down in the center of the stage since the curtain rose—) The humid humus is mixed with leaves . . . (he leaps to his feet) Incest be damned! I would rather cry havoc in a rain barrel Than give up the chase for her chastity. (more excitedly . . . . . Apply your implications if you must I defy you to do back again to dust. in a frenzied monotone) . . . . . O, sweetly, sweetly the forest calls Chick-a-loo He-haw. SPRIDGET: (suspended upside down from a light baton and bathed in purple light.) You don't understand me! BISPO: HEE-HAW (falls dead) ACT IV Author's note to reader: Therefore and Spridget, for the first time in the play, are aware of each other. They both walk hesitantly over to the fallen Bispo.) SPRIDGET: (querulously) Mofudia! He's dead. (she sits down quietly on an oil can while Therefore runs panic-stricken. Therefore: (leaping up and down monotonously) HOW CAN WE BE SURE!! HOW CAN WE BE SURE?! slow curtain . . . . . PBK Speaker Paul Good, Omaha attorney, will be guest speaker at the University Phi Beta Kappa chapter initiation Sunday. He will discuss "Philosophy, the Guide of Life" at a 5 p.m. tea in Union Parlors ABC. His topic is one of the mottoes of Phi Beta Kappa.

FOR STUDENT COUNCIL VOTE . . .

Arts & Sciences



MONROE USHER AUF Assistant Nebraska Staff Reporter Swimming Team Phi Gamma Delta



ART WEAVER AUF Board Member Tennis Team Phi Delta Theta

Business Administration



VELDON LEWIS University Flying Club Sigma Nu



BOB SCHUYLER Kosmet Klub AUF Board Member Biz Ad Exec. Council Secretary IFC Phi Gamma Delta

Engineering



HARRY DINGMAN Kosmet Klub Blue Print Circulation Manager ASME Delta Tau Delta



GORDON WARNER ASCE Corn Cobs Builders Delta Upsilon

Teachers



LARRY LESTER Jr. IFC Delta Upsilon



DAVE MOSSMAN Kosmet Klub Varsity Rifle Team Phi Delta Theta

Agriculture



DICK HAGEMEIER Spring Day Committee Chairman 4-H Club Agronomy Club Ag Y Alpha Gamma Rho

These are well-known men whose record in activities and other college affairs on this campus speaks for itself.

A vote for these men is a vote for a more active, alert representation in Student Government!