

**CAMPUSOCIETY.**



**AIMEE SEMPLE M'PHERSON AND Sir Walter Raleigh** have nothing on the A. T. O.'s. Just to show that chivalry is not dead, even on the Nebraska campus where the Awgwan and the Vigilantes flourish, the Daily Nebraskan cites the example of the **GAL WHO LOST HER SOLE** or how Little Red Riding Hood overcame the Big Bad Wolf. Along about noon when the brethren were rushing home to lunch, some poor bewildered girl caught the sole of her slipper on the bad sidewalks in front of the white Venetian blinded domicile on "R" street. In practically no time at all, she was surrounded by some fifteen Alpha Tau Omega's, all suggesting ways and means to fix the shoe. How they did it, we don't know, but now it's rumored that the A. T. O. slogan is "Let the boys of the Maltese Cross Take Care of Your Soles." And accommodation like that is not to be scorned—so, if any deserving person wants a bit of shoe repairing—let her see The Knights on the Range—just any one of them. They'll take care of it.

**SCENE** over the weekend: Jack Face dancing at the Sig Alph braw with an umbrella over his head... showers of confetti and pink punch at the Kappa Sig house... Betty Hillyer and Don McDowell rushing back and forth between the Sig Alph and the Sigma Nu parties... Jack Fate calling for his date in that dilapidated white ambulance... Caroline Skans, Alpha Phi pledge, and Malcolm McFarland at the Xi Psi Phi party and Mr. and Mrs. Harlow Brewer (Alice Beckman)... looking very happy and lovely in brown velvet... Cynthia Pedley, backstage at the Kosmet show, waiting for the presentation and playing bridge with three A. T. O. cowboys... Muriel Hook in her Eskimo costume announcing that she was nervous... Marge Souders and Art Ball discussing the relative merits of revolvers... Betty Chery in blue checked gingham... Bruce Campbell and Mary Louise Dow arrayed in every color of the rainbow and looking hopefully around the Tasty for an unoccupied booth... Ruth DeKloiz and Juncan Sowles, together again... Jean L'Noue and Jean Woodruff... Jean isn't in school but Lincoln seems to be an attractive place to spend the weekend especially when the football team is at home... a trail of confetti through the Cornhusker lobby... and most of the campus sophisticates gone rowdy Saturday night... in outlandish costumes... and Herb Walt and Sancha Kilbourn, sitting in silence at the Tasty.

**SUNDAY** afternoon the W. A. A. council entertained the Board of Regents and members of the faculty, who contributed to the building of the W. A. A. cabin, at the cabin. Tea was served by the

**Movie Box**

- STUART—**  
"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA"
- LINCOLN—**  
"THE THREE MUSKETEERS"
- ORPHEUM—**  
"TO BEAT THE BAND" and "PERSONAL MAID'S SECRET"
- LIBERTY—**  
"BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL"
- SUN—**  
"MARK OF THE VAMPIRE" and "HARD ROCK HARRIGAN"
- COLONIAL—**  
"THE LAST OUTPOST"
- Westland Theater Corp.
- VARSITY—**  
"THE NUT SHOW"
- KIVA**  
"BETWEEN MEN"

**WHAT'S DOING**

**Monday**  
Business Administration Woman's Club at the home of Mrs. Dane Cole, 3 o'clock.

**Tuesday**  
Chi Omega alumnae at the home of Mrs. E. B. Schmidt, 7:30 o'clock.  
Gamma Phi Beta mothers club, 1 o'clock luncheon at the chapter house.

**Wednesday.**  
**VACATION** starting at noon.

council members and Faith Arnold, Ruth Fulton and Sarah Meyer were in charge of the tea. Thirty attended the affair.

**THERE ARE** case of hero worship, and cases—but the one that really comes thru is the tale of the girl at the Dorm who has fourteen different pictures of Johnny Williams plastered about her room.

**ANNOUNCED** Sunday was the engagement and approaching marriage of Thelma Walvoord of Hickman to Dr. R. M. Chamberlain of Falls City. Both Moss Walvoord and Dr. Chamberlain have attended Nebraska, where she is a member of Alpha Delta Pi, and he, of Delta Chi, and Xi Psi Phi. The wedding will take place some time this winter.

**AND DECEMBER 39,** Gertrude Jane Heiks of Dakota City will be married to Urban Wendorff of Western. Miss Heiks is a former student here, and Mr. Wendorff will graduate in January.

**SATURDAY** evening at the United Presbyterian Church, Dor-

othy Kellemy was married to Elmer Hanson of Lincoln. Mrs. Hanson has attended the University and Mr. Hanson, the Lincoln School of Commerce. The couple will live in Lincoln.

**MARRIED** November 19 in Portland, Oregon were Edith Mark of Lincoln and Jack Armfield of Riggs, Idaho. Mrs. Armfield is a former Nebraska student, and Mr. Armfield attended the University of Oregon.

Lorraine Hitchcock, Alpha O Mortar Board, and Leo MacMahon, P. A. D., expressed their feelings about each other more definitely Monday night with candy and cigars.

**Weaver Portrays Plant's Struggle During Drouth in Ecology Article.**

(Continued from Page 1.)  
peratures and low humidity, but primarily to low water content of soil, since plants in watered areas continued to thrive. The authors describe conditions at the start of the long dry period as follows:  
"After an unusually warm winter with light snowfall, the spring of 1934 began very dry. March had practically no efficient rainfall, a total of 3 of an inch occurring in seven different showers. Temperatures were often abnormally high. Notwithstanding, blue grass and other early grasses developed rapidly and all grew well during April. Later, however,

the number of flower stalks was greatly reduced and their height was about one-third to one-half normal. The inability of bluegrass, which is an introduced grass, to adapt itself to the drouth was well illustrated, and its early drying gave the prairie its early dead appearance. By the last week in May the drouth had become announced and June grass, a shallow rooted plant, failed to reach its normal stature of twenty or thirty inches. Instead it attained a height of only eight inches.

**Few Showers.**  
"The dry period had not yet gradually affected the dominant bluestem grasses, but by the first week in June the water content of the top soil was greatly reduced and the drouth had made a deep impress upon the uplands. A few scattered showers early in June brought little relief and the July rainfall of 4 of an inch was dissipated in seven showers.

"Even as early as June 7 the soil moisture was so depleted on the higher ground that the leaves of Indian grass were tightly folded and a few inches of the tips had dried, indicating that this plant had migrated too far up the slopes during years of abundant moisture.

**No Flowers on Prairie.**  
The ecologists found from their weekly checks that the tendency of plants to blossom early was marked in many species. But in general, the prairie was all but void of flowers after June 15. Again the authors describe the appearance of the country at this stage of the drouth.

"Over the entire prairie there was a yellowish green tone rather than the characteristic one of deeper green. Since the grasses were short and some plants were dead, the grays and browns of last year's debris showed unusually well as the dry winds whipped the vegetation. A remarkable feature was the brighter green of the scattered tufts of big bluestem which absorbs moisture to a depth of 6 and 7 feet, as contrasted to the reddish brown of little bluestem whose roots scarcely exceed 4 feet in depth."

Plants whose roots extended down into the earth grew well in spite of adverse weather conditions. The common prairie rose with roots twenty feet long, showed no wilting even during greatest period of stress.

**Heat Waves Terrific.**  
Even the plants and animals had suffered considerably from the ravages of the drouth through the spring, the most devastating period began June 20. Terrific heat waves swept the prairies and a scorching sun scorched vegetation as if by fire and even big bluestem showed signs of succumbing. "By now," the authors state, "there was no moisture available in the upper foot of earth. Wind movement was high and the rates of evaporation were often twice as

great as the average rate recorded during previous years. The moisture in the air decreased from the usual 40 to 50 percent to only 15 or 20 and on some afternoons to only 5 percent.

"No rain fell. Clouds were rare and the light was intense, the dust-filled yellow, western sky in the evening portending another day of drouth. Hot southerly winds blew as from a desert. Drouth that had bleached the green hilltops to patches of brown alternating with white, now crept down the slopes." In pastures and fields great cracks had formed which only made evaporation more rapid. Still, however, in the prairie, no cracks were observed, because soil was held by roots and covered with a mantle of vegetation.

"By the middle of July the tops and drier slopes of prairie covered hills appeared as dry as the bluegrass pastures and even in the deeper ravines the darker greens of May had been bleached considerably."

**Life Hangs On.**  
But life hung on desperately. Only after weeks of wilting and burning did many of the plants make their retreat underground to await the advent of rain. Even the autumn bronzes, yellows and golds normally appearing late in the fall were of short duration. Rays from the blazing sun bleached vegetation to a winter gray. Cloudless days continued to take their toll. Man, plants and animals were losing ground.

By Aug. 5, at the end of the historic heat wave, the bluestem grasses had lost their last vestiges of green and were wilted and dried even on the lowest slopes. Big bluestem, tough as it was, gave up the struggle. First, two or three of its basal leaves turned brown and died and a little later the remaining leaves died at the tips and then progressively towards the base.

**Small Plants Die.**  
And with the death of big bluestem, many smaller plants which thrived in its shade, showed great distress. The water table in the ravines on the Belmont prairie, normally at or near the surface, had lowered to 5.5 feet by the first week in August and to 6.5 feet by the end of the month. Scattered showers and periods of cool weather mitigated the drouth at this time and before the end of the month more than an inch of rain had been received. "By this time," says Dr. Weaver, and his assistants, "returned greening and growth was not general among most of the plants. The general bleached aspect of the prairie remained unchanged and as common bluegrass made no new growth at all. After the rains of early September some of the grasses of both uplands and lowlands made some new growth but the season was too far advanced for much development and many of the plants appeared dead."

**A ROUND AND BOUT**  
With  
Sarah Louise Meyer

Irish-tongued James Stephens, poet, is today's man of everybody's eleven o'clock hour—supposedly. At least he will be mine. Excerpts from his lecture at the University of California, Timely spoken, would seem to substantiate vague hints in advance publicity as to his conversational genius. Two of his platform statements, decidedly gentler than his private ones: "I know when I have a poem the same way a hen knows she has an egg."

"All perfect ladies are or should be cats; if they aren't they have lost their femininity and are part male."

**Patter—**"Ideal spot for a good time: just the right degree of loungitude and lassitude."

Surely it's no longer indelicate to speak frankly of that perennially washed-up inner sport, bathing. Not in the light of a Saturday night dreading duty, but in a cosmopolitan sense—a social opportunity.

Of course some sorority girls regard chats during wholesale ablutions as pretty much a thing of custom. Confidences are shouted from tub to tub or voiced in the conversation in a delightfully intimate fashion. It's so much a matter of course that we are surprised at the down-the-snoot-ish account in a recent New Yorker of the installation of twin tubs by the wife of the New York City Chamberlain, Mrs. Adolph Berle, jr.

It seems that the unique fixtures "had become a necessity, because Mr. Berle's most brilliant remarks were made in the tub and Mrs. Berle was unwilling to miss them. The Berles now bathe simultaneously and wittily, side by side, a living mass of soap-suds and epigrams. We understand they are very serious about this, as they are about everything."

The Berles, despite the metropolitan organ's raising of biased eyebrows, have plenty of precedent. Of course little freshmen are embarrassed at viewing the pictures of Ethiopian guileless community clean-ups with their gulf-

fawing dates, the Russians were considered too plebian in their mass bathing, and the mixed nude swimming of health cultists is thought thoroughly shocking. But public bath houses are almost as well-known edifices historically as the purely political buildings. The Greeks, Romans, Persians—even the Inca Indians, I guess—placed bathing high socially as well as hygienically. The most prominent present day setups in the wholesome cleansing line is that of the ingenious Japanese. For centuries the Nipponese, most proprietors of all people, indulged in their passion for cleanliness in chummy mixed parties.

Even those forced to bathe in primitive individual tubs are never sentenced to isolation. Our own slightly modest Bernard Jennings confesses to have been a bit disconcerted at the omnipresence of the solicitous chambermaids during his baths in the Land of the Rising Sun. The girls seemed quaintly unaware of the Western world's deference to the principles of Victoria of England.

H. Carew, in writing of "Honorable Bath" (condensed from Blackwood's Magazine in the Readers' Digest) makes out that Bernie's experiences are not unusual. "Wooden bathing tubs with charcoal furnaces are often found in the most surprising places in the small country inns. A corridor on the way to the kitchen is quite a favorite place, where you can sit and enjoy your bath with a constant stream of servants passing to and fro. In the hot weather they are often placed out in the backyard, and it is quite a common sight to see some respected guest enjoying his soak with three or four people sitting around talking to him."

"The Japanese like their baths very hot, 120 degrees hot in fact. Because of this the immersion is a slow, unpleasant process, and, once in, the bather must not move the slightest fraction of an inch. Each ripple is the source of utmost discomfort to other soakers. From the baths they emerge "the color of boiled lobsters and enveloped in steam."

Wiser than Westerners, the Japanese know that congenial par-bolling is far better than confession for the soul.

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