

GOING PLACES with "Smootzi"



IF YOU'RE NOT A FRESHMAN and are looking for an old familiar column, look no further, for Campus Caps and Gowns are GOING PLACES this year.

Welcome student charge accounts at Burnett Style Shoppe where you find the Co-ed dresses in Mello Swade, wool and silk. So different. Reasonable.

GOING PLACES in style on the campus is Maynard Schwartz, Phi Psi pledge from Central high. We have it from his hand authority that his claim to a leader in men's fashions is a handsome pair of brown "French Shiner-urner Scotch grain wing-tip shoes" (to quote exact words). With these are worn vividly colored socks with "stripes that go around" (quoting again). Need we say more?

Powder blue wool trimmed with royal blue velvet ascot and buttons sets off the blonde hair and blue eyes of Betty Hoag, Tri Delt pledge.

WHERE ARE YOU eating lunch this noon? Stop in at the new College Inn Grill where they serve waffles for only 15c. One block from the campus. 13th and Que.

WANTED: AN INNOCENT! Mortar Board, May Queen, Colonel, Tassel, Cornucop, pledge, coed, freshman... we found them all on the walls of a local store but evidently an Innocent just doesn't rate!

IF YOU'RE FROM MISSOURI and have to be shown, we know you'll like the interpretation of GOING PLACES that Bud Kling of the Journal has given us.

Stripes may go around socks but where do circles go when they don't go around? ... we wonder what manner of socks Mark Owens, Aca-cia, wears when they are described as sporting black and yellow circles that don't go around. Toning down the entire effect is a gray herringbone tweed suit.

SLIPPERS with pumpish lines—silhouettes of irresistible outline—swagger shoes of great potential mileage—styles crisp as cornflakes. All these... and much more at Culver's this fall. 131 So. 13.

Have your knit suit cleaned and blocked by NELSON CLEANERS. Altering, dress-making, pleating, buttons, buckles, hemst. 236 So. 12. B5145.

Zipper come and zipper go but this zipper goes all the way down the front of a gray tweed box style reefer that Helen Ann Rex, Kappa, has been seen wearing.

HEAD FIRST IN SMARTNESS! We know that hats belong on heads but not all hats belong on your head. Consider your costume and coiffure. Wear your ensemble to Vera's Hat Shoppe and find the hat that's right for you. 116 No. 13.

IF YOU'VE BEEN WANDERING "Around and About" with Aunt Sarry since Sunday and want to settle down now, let "Smootzi" help you with your shopping problems, clothes problems... in fact, no problem is too difficult. (Call the Daily Nebraskan).



Society

AS MARY ANNA SEES IT

Speed Blood was on the receiving end of the Sigma Nu house phone during an interview by your correspondent. Called last night to find out if the rumored cigar passing came off, Speed said to wait awhile. In case you haven't guessed, the Pi Phi's had no candy. The Chi O's found themselves almost in the same boat during dinner when a delectable looking box was brought in filled with wooden sticks ala Charlie McArty. The enclosed note explained that tiny Marg Mungler and Pi K. A. Woodie Berge just couldn't get up nerve to pass the chocolates. Later a second box arrived—this time the real thing.

FOOT LOOSE AND FANCY FREE

Back in circulation again are Ruth Van Slyke, Pi Phi, who suddenly decided to call it a day with Sigma Chi Howie Austin, and Jane Barbour and Barbara Meyer at the D.G. domicile. One of the sisters, Fran Marshall, has given back George Rosen's Delt pin, but still has a standing date on Saturday nights.

IT'S RUMORED THAT

Apropos of the frequent dropping and adding, Mr. Scott asked his Shakespeare class if they were all registered there or just shopping today.

Jane Eldridge, K.A.T. social chairman, called a friend at the A. T. O. house last week and asked to have the pledges lined up in front of the house, so that she could select the eligibles for dates with the new Thetas. That's what we might call hand-picked blind dates.

A certain Phi Psi, Jimmie De Wolf, broke his pledge because he didn't want to stay home all semester. Now he'll be doing the rounds with his new Sig Alph brothers.

INSIDE INFORMATION

Bob Ramey boosted the A. T. O. quota by appearing in church Sunday, and the whole Tri Delt chapter turned out to defend their reputation. Incidentally, quite a few

D.U.'s stayed home to read the funny papers.

Speaking of D.U.'s, I wonder if it could have been native son, Ray Colbert, who spent two hours Sunday hunting a secluded spot for a picnic. And when you found it, Ray?

HORSE PLAY

Marian Kidd tells us that 81 girls have signed up for her riding club (personally I never knew that there were that many nags in the vicinity). Anyhow, they're meeting Wednesday at 5 in the lounge of Grant Memorial, and all interested should turn up or call Marian.

AS JOHNNY SEES IT.

When I'm flat on my back on the training table, I get a fan letter addressed to "John Howell, society editor!" Being kicked in the leg is nothing compared to the beating I take in the dressing room, I used to think I was calling signals but the boys have taken matters into their own hands and here I sit at the typewriter with the eight ball right in front of me, and the fan letter.

Because my business is your business journalistically speaking, I pass the letter on to you un-censored and when you get the puns figured out, tell me; personally, I'm tired. These penalties for illegal use of the brain aren't half tough enough.

Get the heading in our paper, Nebraska Journal. Think your idea a clever thrust—an e-Man citation from the shackled skirts—writing—a new rite.

May I have a copy? Wrote a much criticized "call em" at State Teachers Skillege. Much success to you. Hope the column will be "shicy," not a "sorry (sar) torial" one. Make it Robert Pectish, one (wan) a maky or a Marshally Fielding one.

Advertise by Coinage of hues (two's): Passionate pink, rough

Students Will Obtain 'N' Books at Y Today

"N" books will go on sale in Social Science hall today and Wednesday for sophomores, juniors and seniors. Price of the book is 25 cents. Freshmen may get their copies for only a nickel by going to the Y. M. C. A. office in the Temple or the Y. W. office in Ellen Smith hall, announces C. D. Hayes, Y. M. C. A. secretary.

AWGWAN EDITOR HURLS LITERARY CHALLENGE AT NEBRASKAN STAFF FOR ANNUAL TOUCH FOOTBALL GAME.

(Continued from Page 1.) We are fully aware that Johnny are quarterbacking on the Hukker varsity for his extra-curricular major but that fact fails to daunt nine good men and true, or us neither.

Insist on Matching Socks. Standard equipment to be worn including shoes—tennis, kid, or patent leather; pants—corduroy or serge; shirts—broadcloth, sweat, or quarter-sleeve; socks—the only limitation being that each individual's socks shall match; headgear—optional.

There are only one qualification upon which we shall insist. The Nebraskan shall not "spike" their line with pulchritudinous females, thus diverting the intentions of Awgwan's triple threat men. If such unfair, or "loo fair" practice is followed, the Awgwan will be forced to call upon the reserve of youth and beauty. However, what we propose is a football game and not a beauty contest.

In the words of Sir Galahad, an Awgwan alumnus, "Our strength are the strength of 2 (make it 1, a 'FULL' team) because of our hearts are pure."

Can the Nebraskan say as much? And mean it? Editor's note: "In answer to the slovenly challenge of the scandal mongering publication known to the few as the Awgwan, we are compiling an acceptance at this time. However, we wish to point out to our cultured readers the caliber of the humorists of this campus. Scrutinize carefully the English of the above challenge.

"When first we saw the said manuscript, proposed by the Awgwan as a masterpiece, we fairly shrank and vowed not to mingle, even on the gridiron, with such lowly persons. Though the Nebraskan is noted for its football ability among the faster pigskin circles, it is first of all a body of cultured people. However, democratic as we are, the game will go on."

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GIRLS FED UP WITH CONFINEMENT BUT HUNGRY FOR NORMAL LIBERTIES AS PARALYSIS QUARANTINE REMAINS.

(Continued from Page 1.) of being shut in so long, the first two days were the worst," said Alice Akerson. "We were pretty short on eats for awhile until we got organized to do some cooking. The first two days we didn't have much else besides cookies and candy bars."

"Feeding 30 girls from a kitchen so small that three people can get into it only by saying '1-2-3 shift' is something of a problem."

said Mrs. Mabel Cox, house manager. "The girls have been very cooperative, however," she added. "And as for that Johnny Howell, the worm (this from practically the whole porchful), you can say that we're going to gang him when we get out. We're going to get him by the neck and listen to him choke. The nerve of the worm, saying that even girls afflicted with 'polio' are vain enough to come trooping down two flights of stairs and out on the front porch to have their pictures taken. Besides, whoever heard of a football player who could write society, anyhow?"

Romance? "Oh, yes, there's plenty of it, but it's rather difficult and not very private you know." Sara Casebeer confessed she had "developed a larynx of hog-calling contest proportions from shouting to acquaintances across the street."

The girls honestly admit that they are "pretty anxious to get back to school." Since they hadn't yet purchased text-books, they have been unable to keep up with

class assignments and will be considerably behind in their studies when and if the quarantine is lifted. "We've read every scrap of printed material threadbare," offered Doris Hiett, and now we are about ready to start on the telephone book."

Father L. W. McMillan, rector of the University Episcopal church, and next door neighbor of the confinees, is the official gloom dispeller, report the girls. Thus far his neighborly interest has resulted in gifts of a crate of cantaloupes, eight pounds of candy and a stack of magazines.

"Anyway we've all learned how to pronounce 'poliomyelitis,'" concluded Alice Heck.

Amateur hockey and college basketball are increasing in popularity at Madison Square Garden.

New Jersey is one of the few states in the union which has neither a medical nor a dental school.

The Tassels are coming.

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HOW WILL NEBRASKA FINISH?

A FOOTBALL EXPERT TELLS YOU IN THIS WEEK'S POST



IN THE SAME ISSUE

SEVEN MUST DIE. Begin a peach of a South Sea mystery: Thirteen on an adventure cruise that gets too dangerous for comfort. Second of seven parts. By James Warner Bellah.
FOUR SHORT STORIES by George S. Brooks, Dorothy Thomas, Ray Millholland, and Arthur Train.
FOUR MORE SPECIAL FEATURES. What the newspapers didn't print about the White House fight on the Court. Plus more articles, serials, cartoons, humor and what not. Pick up your copy at the newsstand now!

NEXT WEEK DON'T MISS

A new romantic novel, "And One Was Beautiful," by Alice Duer Miller. A young girl's love for a man the world condemned. Here's a plot that will keep you in suspense from the first page. In six parts starting next week.

WHAT'S the football forecast? Good, bad, or medium? What men from here will be in headlines? Here's a football expert's prophecy, and a team-by-team appraisal of your competition. Over 200 players are named, the choice of coaches and sportswriters for fame this year. How the new kick-off and forward pass rules will change the game. Who's paying for players this year and who isn't. Pages of good dope, enough to make you a one-man expert, and dinner table marvel. Don't miss it.

Pigskin Preview

by FRANCIS WALLACE
AUTHOR OF "I AM A FOOTBALL FIXER"



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